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INSIDE NEWS

14 What's Happening To Marriage In Hollywood? by Bill Tusher
Natalie Wood 40 "Why Do They Lie About Me?" by H. L. Walker

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

John Cassavetes 19 "Who Needs Good Looks?" by Rohna Moughon
Jack Lemmon 28 Heaven Protect The Poor Bachelor! by Peer J. Oppenheimer
Susan Hayward 32 G-Mon's Most Wanted Woman by Helen Hendrix
Don Murray 44 Marriage By Murray by Paul Benedict
Joan Collins 58 Girls! Learn To Wolf Whistle by John Moynard

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Susan Strasberg 24 Stoga Struck
Jerry Lewis 36 Look Who's Delinquent!
Jean Seberg 48 Wunderkind

TELEVISION

Mike Wallace 61 TV's Top Grill Master by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheiloh Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Robo and Bonnie Churchill
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rohna Moughon
Rock Hudson 52 Rock Hudson's Dilemma by Bob Russell
Fashions 54 New Look in Summer Fashions by Natalie Wood
Records 68 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: LIZ TAYLOR, STARING IN MGM'S "RAINTREE COUNTY"

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**Coming Attractions**

**BY RAHNA MAUHAN**

**Beau James**

DURING the six years James J. Walker was mayor of New York City, the city went through many episodes—the two most startling being the depression and Walker. People eventually got over the depression but few who knew about Walker ever really got over him. Playing the dapper, rakish mayor, Bob Hope brings back a vivid Technicolor swatch of political history and an era where most things looked hazy through bottoms of glasses filled with bootleg liquor. Everything seemed to come easy for the mayor except love. Marriage to Alexis Smith was just a marriage of convenience with Tammany Hall politico Paul Douglas juggling the puppet strings. It took a speakeasy singer, played by Vera Miles, to add warmth and romance to his life—two homey comforts that come high in price when you consider she cost the fun-loving mayor his job. A fascinating peep show on high living and political corruption in a time that seems ages ago, but which was only a little beyond yesterday. (Paramount.)

**Something Of Value**

BASED on the best-selling novel about the native uprisings in Africa, a great deal has been deleted to spare movie audiences. What remains is still a terrifying enough example of the real thing. Brought up by the same native Kikiyu woman, Rock Hudson, the son of a British landowner, and Sidney Poitier are as close as brothers until they reach maturity. Each, they learn, must go his separate way; Hudson to become the white lord and master, and Poitier, the servant. Neither wants this, but the time is wrong to change what has been accepted by both races for years and years. Young and impatient, Poitier tries to speed up the process of gaining equality. He joins the Mau Mau, the terrorist renegades sworn to drive the British out of Kenya or kill them until no more remain. Like all mob action, the Mau Mau does dreadful harm to its own people. Power is suddenly grasped by men crazed by violence and blind to the real needs of the natives. Death hangs over the land like a heavy cloud. While Hudson and his new bride, Dina Wynter, are off honeymoonng, the family farm is attacked. His sister, Wendy Hiller, barely survives. Her husband and two children are murdered. Because he knows the land, Hudson volunteers to lead a group of Britshers to where one group of Mau Mau is hiding and try to bring about Poitier's surrender. Alarming story as true as yesterday's headlines, and one that can only be kept from re-appearing in future headlines through wise, understanding government, and patience and faith in the people. (MGM.)

**Tammy**

IF Debbie Reynolds doesn't start showing signs of ever getting a teensy bit older, her daughter Carrie Frances will be able to pass for Debbie's mother in another few years. This Technicolour dish of Southern fried mush is Debbie's latest, and not very best at all. Brought up by Grandpa Walter Brennan, Debbie has been fortunate never to have dealt with modern living or modern men. When Grandpa gets nabbed by the law for distilling corn likker, he sends Debbie to Leslie Nielsen for safe keeping. Better she should have stayed on the river barge! Nielsen's all right; he's mainly interested in saving his family manse. He can do two things: marry wealthy Mala Powers, and/or grow a new species of tomatoes. With Debbie spouting all varieties of back country wisdom and homilies and grits, Nielsen finds it in him to become man enough to own up to his failings. And dang-blasted if his ma, pa and maiden aunt don't see the light, too, and change their ways. teenagers thrive on this sort of story. Guess it's the youthful glow of health. (Universal-International.)

**The Vintage**

BECAUSE he's his brother's keeper, Mel Ferrer does all he can to prevent the Italian police from catching up with John Kerr. Ferrer's job isn't easy. Wanted for murder, Kerr, unfortunately, has a temper and personality that shrieks for recognition. Under the hot, shimmering sun that's great for the vineyards of Southern France, but brutal on heated emotions, Kerr and Ferrer finally find work as itinerant grape-pickers. The delicate situation takes a further turn for the worse by the appearance of Michele Morgan, their bullish boss' sensible wife. Kerr is smitten. Meanwhile, back in the vineyard, Ferrer and Michele's sister, Pier Angeli, are gazing into each other's eyes soulfully. But what can a man do when his first duty is to an unstable young brother? As you can see, many violent cross-currents of Technicolor drama surge through this well-done sophisticated tribute to the wine industry. (MGM.)

**This Could Be The Night**

FRESH as a Spring breeze, this romp around romance snaps at skirts and swirls about naughty bits of dialogue like confetti. Night club proprietors Anthony
Franciosa and Paul Douglas are in for some drastic changes when Douglas hires school teacher Jean Simmons as a part-time secretary. One of these well-equipped people who know about most things, in no time at all Jean has everybody in the bistro bouncing along the road to happiness except Franciosa. He’s got it made just the way he is—with a stable of fillies and no marriage plans. So what does Jean gotta do? Corrupt this healthy, noble bachelor state of affairs by bringing out a completely hidden trait in Franciosa! Beneath that hard-boiled exterior he’s as safe as a two-minute egg. Sex and characters, one of whom is Joan Blondell, lurk in the most unexpected places in this hilarious, wonderful comedy that introduces Franciosa, an early Christmas gift to the womanhood of America. (MGM)

**Gunfight At The O.K. Corral**

**Gambler** Kirk Douglas, suffering from some fatal lung affliction, would just as soon someone snuffed out his life in a hurry instead of sitting around while death nibbles away at his breathing mechanism. To prod some of his trigger-silly Western contemporaries into doing the job, Douglas builds up a reputation as the fastest gun in the territory—and darned, if it isn’t true. With that fatalistic attitude, Douglas attracts trouble and the wrong kind of people at an alarming rate. To Marshal Wyatt Earp, Burt Lancaster, this type person isn’t conducive to the latest civic clean-up drive. In those days, streets weren’t littered with papers. Instead, dead bodies cluttered up the place. Fortunately, Lancaster doesn’t succeed in doing a thorough job of shooting Douglas out of town. There comes the time when he desperately needs another gunhand to keep from being killed along with his two remaining brothers. Rhonda Fleming and Jo Van Fleet add the Technicolor frills to this virile Western that has four good guys walk slowly up the deserted main street for a showdown. (Paramount.)

Universa-International presents

**Debbie Reynolds**

**Tammy and the Bachelor**

Directed by JOSEPH Pevney. Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY. Produced by ROSS HUNTER

**Leslie Nielsen** • **Walter Brennan**

Mala Powers • Sidney Blackmer • Mildred Natwick with Fay Wray

continued on page 72
TAB'S DREAMBOAT—Tab Hunter's hurried trip to Europe wasn't just to visit French actress Etchika Choureau but a date with the real dream of his life, a new Mercedes Benz. Tab's trip was a special thank you from his studio for his extensive publicity tour in behalf of "Spirit Of St. Louis." Now, he's part of Hollywood's sports car set, and the exclusive Benz brigade headed by Clark Gable and Gary Cooper.

"GIFTED" GAL—Liz Taylor, who has been dubbed "La Belle" by husband Mike Todd, can never complain about things being dull around the "Mighty Mike." He's given her everything from a Renoir painting to her own Midwest theatre which blinks out in neon, "The Liz." Todd is definitely the head of the house, which is just the way Liz likes it.

HERE AND THERE—Elvis Presley's fans are up in arms over the report he'll get the big trim, hair and sideburns that is, in "Jail House Rock." They don't mind the scissor-session, just want some of his locks for their Presley Hall of Fame ... Bachelor girl Dorothy Malone isn't cutting rugs these evenings, but buying 'em for her new Beverly Hills home ... Richard Egan, a canny lad, can practically write his own ticket these days. He draws $50,000 plus 25 per cent of the profits on his U-I picture, "The Man Who Rocked The Boat." ... Who says actresses aren't friendly? Mitzi Gaynor interrupted Taina Elg's pirouettes on the "Les Girls" set to wheel in a huge birthday cake and launch a surprise party for the delighted Taina ... And, when Rock Hudson arrived in Rome, he found his quarters boasted a special six-foot-six-inch bed to accommodate the king-size Hudson frame.

GUY'S GALS—The Guy Madison's, who already have two girls, are hoping their summer date with the stork will be a boy. Nevertheless, you can bet the newcomer will have a good Irish name to match sisters, Erin and Bridget. The latter, a sturdy stereotype of her pop, has been nicknamed by Guy, "Wee Belle Hickok." And speaking of belles, Mrs. Madison is one of the prettiest mothers-to-be in town and seems to be going everywhere. With only 16 months between her two daughters, she already has the nursery completely furnished and a stylish maternity wardrobe. The latter she made herself on the sewing machine Guy gave her.

THE LOVE-GO-ROUND—It must be the season for courtin', for there're lots of new twosomes. In New York, Mark Damon has been squireing a couple of dark-eyed Susans—Susan Strasberg and Susan Kohner. In Rome, Tony Perkins dated Silvana Mangano's sister, Patrizia. In Hollywood there are Nick Adams and Karen Steele and Martha Hyer and producer Ross Hunter.

COUPLE OF SWELLS—Looks like Eddie Fisher will make the best-dressed list this year. He's spent several thousand on a new wardrobe, including seven tuxedos, each in a different color. Vic Damone is also coming up with a style innovation, father and son tuxedos. One-year-old Perry Damone wore his midnight blue tux for his television debut.

continued on page 63
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by Alec Waugh

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN

The place is the West Indies.
The tantalizing sun hides so many sins!

JAMES MASON
as Maxwell Fleury

DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
as Margot

JOAN FONTAINE
as Mavis

MICHAEL RENNIE
as Carson

JOAN COLLINS
as Jocelyn

HARRY BELAFONTE
as Boyeur

with
Diana Wynyard • John Williams • Stephen Boyd • Basil Sydney • John Justin • Ronald Squire • Patricia Owens

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK • ALFRED HAYES

Screenplay by
CINEMA SCOPE

COLOR by DE LUXE

Released by 20th Century-Fox
What's happening to marriage in Hollywood?

In recent months a wave of marital earthquakes has rocked several of filmland’s happiest-seeming households

By BILL TUSHER

It would be difficult to conjure up a more impressive mass demonstration of domestic bliss than the glittering assemblage of movieland couples who put their best fronts forward at a recent convening of cinema elite in the Crown Room of Prince Mike Romanoff’s tony establishment in Beverly Hills.

The occasion was the local unveiling of a sparse-haired, middle-aged German actor, O. W. Fischer, who had been imported from Germany to co-star with winsome June Allyson in the forthcoming remake of "My Man Godfrey" at Universal-International, which studio was magnanimously picking up the tab for the soirée.

Among those who rolled out of their Cadillacs and Thunderbirds to bid Fischer welcome was a veritable Who’s Who of Hollywood luminaries who had solemnly promised to love, honor and obey until death or some more urgent pretext did them part. Although the beaming Miss Allyson was at Fischer’s side greeting the arriving guests, she had come with her own devoted husband, Dick Powell. Two other couples in attend-
RESTLESS Lana Turner resumes her vain pursuit of happiness once more with the break-up of her three-year marriage to Lex Barker.
ance with somewhat less seniority in marriage—at least to one another—were ageless Ginger Rogers and her handsome young Gallic mate, Jacques Bergerac, and equally ageless Lana Turner and her attentive spouse, Lex Barker.

Miss Rogers and Monsieur Bergerac caused a certain amount of harmless neck craning inasmuch as they were back together after a round of not too well concealed bickering and well-publicized separation. Miss Turner was the object of staring merely because she had trimmed down her famous chassis, and she looked, if that was possible, lovelier and more alluring than ever. After three years of basic training as Mrs. Lex Barker, she had come to be regarded as the happy party to a reasonably durable marriage. The 11-year-old wedlock of June Allyson and Dick Powell—having weathered a number of vehemently minimized but enormously publicized difficulties—was now considered well nigh indestructible.

Dick seemed content and unconcerned as his wife and Herr Fischer smilingly established the rapport they would presumably need on the set of “My Man Godfrey” and again when she danced with a handsome, deep-voiced young actor after she had disposed of her duties as an official greeter.

But within a month of the cocktail party at Romanoff’s, there ensued a wave of marital earthquakes that sent the needles jumping on Hollywood’s romantic seismograph. In the general upheaval, the elaborately launched Herr Fischer was dropped from “My Man Godfrey” for the announced—and acknowledged—reason that he could not bring himself to follow the instructions of his American director, and he was replaced by David Niven.

THERE were even more interesting reshufflings in domestic lineups. June Allyson and Dick Powell despairing of making a go of their marriage, and separated in order to contemplate their incompatibility from a distance. Lana Turner and Lex Barker produced another temblor when they abruptly grew tired of playing house and thereupon quit each other’s company.

The rocking and rolling of vulnerable Hollywood marriages did not seem particularly unseasonable, but the casualties bordered on epidemic proportions. Nor were the victims con-
caused some marriages to falter

...Rusty Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson, didn't quite make it from one Valentine's Day to another; Jack Webb celebrated the beginning of his new picture with the ending of another short-lived reconciliation with his second and not easily appeased wife, Dorothy Towne; and Sheree North and Bud Freeman called it a day.

Within a month, Dick Powell and June Allyson patched up the differences over which they maintained tight-lipped silence during their separation, but there was no sign that the breaches between the other four couples would be successfully or permanently gulfed. If these five marriage disasters offer proof of anything, it would seem to be that it is folly to generalize about what's wrong with Hollywood home life. The circumstances, as they would have to, vary in each case in terms of the individuals involved.

Lana and Lex didn't feel obliged to offer public post-mortems on the failure of their marriage, but there were clues that could be sifted from the wreckage. Lana, in her indefatigable, and thus far vain, pursuit of happiness, is, on the record, chronically susceptible to disenchantment and ennui. Barker, for his part, has an understandable penchant for trying to make private stock of the public beauties he marries. His reluctance to share his wife with a demanding career proved fatal in his marriage to Arlene Dahl, and there is evidence that it may have contributed to the demise of his marriage to Lana. If it is true in marriage, as it is in mathematics, that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, this would furnish a reliable index to Lex Barker's unrest.

"A career," Lex moaned when his marriage to Arlene Dahl founded, "is important, but personal relationships have to come first. There are some happy couples in Hollywood who work, but they hold their marriage much higher than their separate careers."

Lex maintained that his happiest time with Arlene was when her contract had expired at MGM.

"She sat around for six months with nothing to do," he said rather wistfully.

It would appear that the sylph-like figure Lana displayed at the party in Romanoff's Crown Room was a distracting fore-runner of things to come. After three years of virtual hibernation, a good deal of it at their home away from home in Acapulco, Lana was preparing herself for an all-out resumption of her career.

T

HE ink was scarcely dry on her enticing new business arrangements when she and Lex separated. Whether Lana's revived interest in her career is cause or effect would seem to be begging the question. There were, of course, other problems.

In the summer of 1956, Lana and Lex seemed ecstatically happy when she became expectant.

"She is thrilled and delighted," Lex exulted, "and hopes it will be a boy. As long as it's a perfect baby, I'll be satisfied."

"The one thing that Lex and I both want," Lana said fervently, "is a baby."

Three months later, Lana suffered a recurrence of the tragedy that had visited her during her short-lived marriage to Bob-Topping. She lost the child.

Whether the disappointment was too much for Lana and Lex to overcome perhaps they themselves do not know for sure. But the deterioration of their marriage seems, coincidentally or not, to date from that unhappy event.

It would perhaps be unwarranted to characterize Lana as a fickle veteran of four marriages, but there is substantial evi-

MARRIAGE of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell lasted eight years. Although frequently at odds, he and June have so far stuck it out.

dence that she cannot accept the stresses and strains of pro-
tracted marital relationships. She would appear more in love with the idea of getting married than in staying married. She was twice married to her second husband, Steve Crane, and one marriage ceremony with Lex Barker wasn't enough, either. Having been joined in matrimony in Turin, Italy, they went through the vows once more for good measure when they returned to Hollywood—even going to the extent of taking out a new marriage license in Santa Monica.

The multiplicity of marriage ceremonies, however, proved no guarantee of marital longevity. Happily or tragically for Lana—depending, perhaps, on her own point of view—she has remarkable recuperative powers. She has as equal a facility for retrieving her heart as she has for losing it. No one can accuse her of being intimidated by the old bromide, "Once bitten, twice shy." She is an old hand indeed at breaking heartfelt resolutions never to marry again, or even to love again.

As fetching and love-starved a creature as Lana Turner is, she is not one to remain long on the shelf. On the heels of her separation from Barker, she joined a contingent of Hollywood stars who journeyed to the annual film festival in Uruguay, and the mission was not long in South America when Lana was

continued on page 66
JOHN CASSAVETES:

"Who
needs good looks?"  

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

Certainly not the human dynamo named Cassavetes, who "only" has genuine talent, enthusiasm and drive to burn

THOUGH Mike Todd wasn't handing out jobs the day John Cassavetes walked into his office, he was giving advice. "In order to be a success in this business," Todd cautioned the young actor, "you've got to know more than anyone else."

Well sir, Cassavetes hasn't been the same since. He cherished those kindly words and applied himself to the Herculean task. Spending about 16 hours a day learning every angle there is to know about show business, he's managed to do himself and adviser Todd proud. In the last four years, Cassavetes has accounted for about 90 television roles and four pictures: "The Night Holds Terror," "Crime In The Streets," "Edge Of The City," and "Fever Tree." Most of his work had the critics doing handsprings. Sandwiched between all this explosive activity, he's also found time to start a new actors' workshop called Shadows, Inc.

"I come equipped with all this energy," Cassavetes will admit with a large hint of pride. "It's the trend these days to worry about overdoing. Take it easy! Relax! Count to ten! I can't be bothered with all that nonsense. There's never been anything wrong with me that work wouldn't cure."

At 27, in thriving health, the lean, dark Cassavetes has every reason to be impatient. He knows he doesn't have the full attention of the public yet, and if it was up to him, another day won't go by before some radical changes are made. He refuses to believe people deliberately turn on a television set, or go to the movies to see a bad show.

While we had been waiting for Cassavetes to appear in the small high-ceilinged business office painted a dull, uninspired brown, Maurice McEndree, Shadows, Inc. producer, explained Cassavetes has an amazing effect on everyone he meets. Like a twister, he picks everything up in his path and sweeps it away with him. "He has so much genuine talent, enthusiasm and drive." McEndree looked at his watch, shook his head.

"You really should have called to remind him you'd be here at 12:30. John has so many things on his mind, sometimes he's inclined to be forgetful. If his wife didn't lay out his clothes for him. . . ." McEndree shrugged off the rest.

One of the things Cassavetes might have had on his mind right around then could very easily have been the long-term contract he recently signed with MGM. In his first picture, "Three Guns," he'll be a sort of Western delinquent, playing Robert Taylor's hot-headed kid brother.

When the red-hot item finally catapulted into the office, an hour and a half late, McEndree and Burt Lane, Cassavetes partner in Shadows, Inc., had done a complete job of spreading the happy word which had marinated in 150 proof enthusiasm. By the time they had finished with their tour of the little theatre, and introducing the cast—no one looked older than about 20—of the experimental picture Cassavetes is try-

continued on page 20
"A WOMAN like Gena, with understanding and interest in a man's work, has a special beauty." She's now starring in a Broadway play.

"CONTAINED" and "exquisitely mature," friends describe Gena.

High-voltage John leads a quiet...
add so much more to your life than... What I mean is... I couldn’t live without her.”

He had obviously warmed up to the subject and showed no intentions of letting it get away from him. There was a lot a woman could mean, he continued. She represented security for a man outside his work. She was the only one capable of bringing him down from the top of the world where all the human emotions could be felt. Home, then, became a place where you could let down the guard on your weakness.

“You get closer to positive things,” Cassavetes decided, “because a woman can step between you and all those little frustrations in daily living that can drive you crazy.


H sure. I want to be a success,” Cassavetes admitted. “I want to be a millionaire with two—no, make it three—swimming pools.”

Lane and McEndree thought that was the funniest thing they had heard in the last second or two. “John’s been turning down a lot of work so he could stick with Shadows,” one of them said. “Nobody here has any money. We’ve been pumping it all into this project.”

A non-profit organization, Shadows, Inc. had been formed in September, 1956, to give new and untried theatrical talent a chance to prove itself. Cassavetes and Lane also wanted a place where they could turn out plays minus commercialism.

Cassavetes refuses to tell what the experimental picture is about. “Everyone will get the wrong idea and say we’ve got a cause. I couldn’t care less about causes of any kind. Anyhow, this picture is just for acting groups and perhaps colleges.”

“When an actor is out of work a long time, he grows self-centered and bitter. I know, I went through it for five years myself before I broke into television. You get so wrapped up in your personal worries and miseries, you lose interest in other people. That’s deadly for anyone—especially an actor. Watching people is the only way to discover what they’re like. How else can you expect to understand them? Whatever success I have, I want to use to help others.”

The main concern of this actors’ workshop, Cassavetes insisted, is to develop the separate individualities. Once you figure out what your capabilities are, nothing, including criticism, should stand in the way of your own individuality.

“It’s not only my opinion but has been proven many times: Individual expression is the highest paying commodity. “Who needs good looks, when you’re an individual?” Cassavetes demanded. “For example, a lot of stars look entirely different in ordinary everyday living. No producer, at first glance, would call them good material. Before James Dean became a star, I saw him around town many times. He certainly didn’t have what you’d call physical appeal. Nor did Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Edward G. Robinson, and Charles Laughton. Make-up can do wonders for any face, but you can’t get away with a surface job of individuality. All the great ones have it. Look at them, and you’ll find a definite and personal expression.”

In these times of almost dreary conformity everyone dresses alike, everyone lives in the same sort of house, every... Continued on page 23
JOHN CASSAVETES continued

"Individual expression is an actor's

"FAILURES are people who've lost sight of their dream." John holds to his.
most valuable commodity,” one that John always strives to perfect

one’s tastes must follow the accepted pattern, but someone like Cassavetes comes along to represent the individualists.

As a child there was nothing that would have especially singled him out. No meteors flashed across the sky when he was born in Polyclinic Hospital, New York City. His older brother, Nicholas, grew up to be a successful Wall Street broker. His father, Nicholas, Sr., does very well with his export business, and for a sideline is an expert on immigration. The family is of Greek extraction.

“We lived in the city until I was about twelve, then moved to Port Washington, Long Island. After I graduated from Port Washington High School, I entered Colgate as an English Literature major. At that time, I really had no ambition to speak of. All college meant to me was a place to go and be secure for a while longer.”

While sopping up security, an interesting thing happened at Colgate. Cassavetes started reading plays and decided acting had possibilities. He quit school after two and a half years and headed back for New York where he enrolled in the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts. A stint in a Providence, R. I., stock company followed, then a small part in a Gregory Ratoff movie called, “Taxi.” Ratoff was impressed with Cassavetes and hired him as assistant stage manager for the play, “The Fifth Season.”

WITH a live wire as charged as Cassavetes, you’d expect short circuits at times when the sparks would fly, but according to him, disruptive temperament has no place in the theatre. Somewhere he got the idea that much of the talk about prima donna shenanigans in the movies and on the stage are nasty stories circulated by press agents.

Thorough as usual, Cassavetes didn’t rule out another brand of temperament. That’s something else entirely, he excused. This difference of opinion, or whatever you choose to call it, appears in people who, for years, had had nothing and still remember the hard struggle to achieve their goals.

They know their craft and in this strength lies their weakness.


MEETING of John and Gena took place when both were studying dramatics. Now signed by MGM, John’s set to make “Three Guns.”

“It works this way,” Cassavetes started to explain, “they come to know what they know at great personal expense. If someone contradicts what they are doing, or how they do it, this can make you feel very insecure and afraid someone is trying to take away all you’ve worked for.

“That’s why I think people should be helped so that they don’t have to claw every inch of the way alone. They’d be more anxious for the success of the entire production and not only their own ambitions.”

Outside the young actors were stirring. A girl with a pony tail and blue jeans came in to rifle through the filing cabinet. Cassavetes seemed to be slipping further and further away from the interview. “Remind me to give those actors money for haircuts before we start shooting on Monday,” he advised McEndree. “And what are we going to do about that fight scene in the alley? We’ll need two guys to jump him.”

McEndree and Lane for all their professional sang froid, looked downright surprised. “He can’t handle two men!”

“Sure he can,” Cassavetes waved aside all doubts. “He’s a powerful guy. You just wait and see.”

We weren’t sticking around to see. But it’s a cinch that a few days later, there were two actors sorely in need of First Aid, lying in some cinematographically picturesque New York City alley. And realist Cassavetes had again made his point.

He’s the kind that always does.
CO-STARRED with Henry Fonda in "Stage Struck," Susan has breathed the air of the theatre since childhood; her mother was an actress.
BRIMMING with joie de vivre, Susan has a rare poise for her age.

A star at 18, Susan could be playing herself in her new film about "footlight fever"

LIKE her screen double, Susan scored in her first Broadway play, "Diary Of Anne Frank."
In the setting of her New York haunts, "Stage Struck" Susan creates a brilliant new role

AN UNAFFECTED teenager, Susan had to overcome parental objections to act, though her father's director of the Actors Studio.

CONVINCING producer Henry Fonda that she's right for his show keeps Susan busy in "Stage Struck."

CONVERSATION with actor Christopher Plummer touches on Susan's many interests. A few years ago, she wanted to be an artist.
Predictions that she has the brightest future of any young American actress won’t go to Susan’s head because of her devotion to work.
Heaven protect the poor

PLAGUED by forgetfulness, Jack finds bachelor life can be complicated. One night he had to break a window to get into his own house.
bachelor!

Whenever Jack sets out to
master the feminine
mysteries of running a house,
almost anything can happen

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

THE state of bachelorhood, at best, isn't easy for a fellow if it means running his own home, looking after his meals, taking care of the millions of odds and ends which crop up constantly. But if he's been married, and used to having things taken care of for him, as Jack Lemmon had before he and Cynthia parted, it's twice as hard, three times as frustrating, and often ten times as hilarious—as Jack's experiences during the past few months have shown.

To see how he was getting along, I took a chance and dropped in on him a few weeks ago, while in his neighborhood. To my surprise I found him sitting on the front steps of his almost-empty house, face cupped in his hands, looking up in the sky in a sort of resigned way.

“What ya doing, old man...?” I asked.

“Waitin', Pappy. . . .”

“Waitin' for what?”

“My refrigerator. They were supposed to deliver it at nine this morning. It's two in the afternoon now and they still haven't brought the blasted thing. I tell you... this is for the birds. I never knew a guy could waste so much time!”

I sympathized duly, kept him company for about 30 minutes, and then took off for my comfortably furnished house, my wife, and three kids.

Six hours later, when we were having dinner, I got a phone call from Jack. “Just in case you were wondering, Pappy, it just this minute came...”

“The refrigerator?”

“Yep...”

“Congratulations!”

“There's just one catch to it.”

“What's that?”

“It's the wrong one!”

Poor Jack. He had to spend another day on his front steps till the situation was straightened out.

Jack soon realized just how much times had changed since he was last on his own back in New York, fresh out of Harvard, with little money and lots of ambition.

He had shared a five-dollar-a-week, seven-room, walk-up apartment on the lower East Side with a roomie. Three rooms were closed off after they lost their battle with a family of rats. Other inconveniences included a telephone on the main floor, of little use to Jack after he refused to pay his landlady 25 cents a week to holler his name whenever a call came for him, little heat, and a bathroom in the drafty hallway shared with another tenant who practically lived in it.

Jack didn't mind. At 23, the rougher things got, the better he liked them. Inconvenience simply made life more adventurous for him.

But now he's a few years older—and had learned to appreciate the comforts of home, meals fixed on time, laundry that

continued on page 30

DIVERSION from the dangers of solitude has been provided by Jack's career. In "Fire Down Below" he co-stars with Rita Hayworth.

Look for the pocket-size Popular Library edition of “Fire Down Below,” soon on sale at all newsstands.
After a morning of struggling with the toaster or swabbing the...
"OUT OF my way, please," says Jack, but surprisingly, the shot is good. His social life is jumping, too, but so far no new marriage plans.

breakfast dishes, Jack finds a lively round of golf is child's play

only piece of furniture in the living room, and finally, bruised and battered, unlocked the door.

A bright light flashed in his face. "What are you doing here?" the officer burst out.

"What am I doing? I'm trying to get some sleep ... !"

THE policeman began to feel a little less sure of himself.

"Are you the owner of the house?"

"Of course I am. What made you think I wasn't?"

"One of your neighbors called us after she heard someone break a window. So here we are. Say, you look familiar—aren't you Jack Lemmon?"

Admitting it proved to be a big mistake. The officers stayed around another hour questioning him about the movie industry, and the stars he'd worked with . . .

At least in one respect Jack is better off than most fellows who live alone; he has too many ways and means of keeping himself occupied to feel lonely.

Although Jack enjoys, and needs the company of others, he has also reached a degree of self-sufficiency rarely found among actors. The main reason he chose one of the most isolated spots in Bel Air was his desire to be alone, and undisturbed—to read, to study, and to play the piano.

Of course, there isn't that much free time. Jack has been working steadily since he returned from England after finishing the Columbia picture, "Fire Down Below," opposite Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum.

First there were retakes on the film, then TV commitments, and now one of his best parts to date—the lead in "Mad Ball." Besides, with taking care of the yard and the house and looking after his two-and-a-half-year-old son Chris about two days a week, there aren't many free hours. In fact, one day with Chris usually calls for another day to catch his breath again.

Take the last time the young man kept his father company, when he cheerfully helped him wash the car. He seemed so trustworthy that when the phone rang inside the house, Jack

continued on page 70
SUSAN HAYWARD:

THE G-MAN'S

Most Wanted Woman

One look at Susan and former FBI man Eaton Chalkley knew he'd found the woman he'd been unconsciously seeking for years

By HELEN HENDRIX

WILL Susan Hayward, who once starred in a picture called "My Foolish Heart," and then proceeded to live up to the title, find happiness with Eaton Chalkley, the attorney and industrial investigator she married after a whirlwind courtship?

Until Mr. Chalkley came into her life, it was obvious to everyone in Hollywood that Susan was following a course which could lead only to heartbreak and the destruction of everything she had ever worked for.

From the day she announced the truth about the colossal failure of her marriage to Jess Barker to the day when black headlines proclaimed her battle with another girl over a Hollywood actor in his apartment, Susan seemed to be doing everything possible to destroy herself, both literally and figuratively.

Until she openly proclaimed her marital failure, Susan seemed determined to do everything possible to preserve the illusion of a supposedly happy home life. Once the bars were down and she had to admit the ugly truth behind the happy marriage stories, she seemed to collapse emotionally. Her conflicts with Jess Barker led to the black day when, in complete despair over her inability to patch up the broken pieces of her life, she tried to do away with herself.

Even though her life was saved, her emotional act endangered the one thing she held most dear: the custody of her two boys.

No one with an ounce of candor could claim that Susan Hayward, during the year previous to her meeting with Eaton Chalkley, was emotionally stable. Trying to explain the strange, erratic course of her life after the break-up with Jess Barker, a close friend said, "After all, great actresses like Susan are not clods."

A clod she certainly wasn't!

Now Hollywood is wondering: Will her marriage to Eaton straighten out Susan's tempestuous life? Will she return to the kind of happy, impulsive, trusting girl she was before her complete disillusionment with Jess Barker?

To answer that question, we have to take a look at the surprising whirlwind romance which completely changed the course of Susan's life.

Almost up to the day she married, Susan herself was extremely secretive about the romance. Even among her close friends, there were two groups: those who thought that she was not seriously interested in anyone, and those who thought she'd fallen in love with Dr. Frederick Mayer, a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands from whom she was receiving instruction in philosophy.

On the set of "Top Secret Affair," her romance with Eaton continued on page 35
In the past year there has been a big change in Susan’s attitude toward life and it’s opened up a whole new world for her.

A MAN who has piled up this much wealth and success in five years or so rarely lacks for feminine company; and Eaton was attractive enough even without these assets to cause women to pursue him fervently and hopefully. But he was footloose and fancy free.

Once he unburdened himself to one of his close friends. “Look at me,” he said. “Wouldn’t I be a fool to get married?”

I go and come as I please. When I feel like doing so, I can knock off work and take a plane to Florida. Or if I prefer, I can fly to Havana, or the North Pole. No one has the right to ask me, ‘What time will you be home, darling?’ or ‘Where were you last night?’ Being a bachelor is just wonderful—and I intend to stay one.”

This, of course, was before he met the red-headed Susan.

They met at a small dinner party at the Mocambo. Susan was with Harvey Hester, a friend of Eaton Chalkley’s from Atlanta, and Eaton was with another attractive young woman. When Eaton’s girl friend got up to dance with Harvey, Vincent X. Flaherty, the newspaper columnist, who was also in the group, said to Eaton, “Why don’t you dance with Susan?”

Eaton needed no further prompting. From the day he first met Susan, his head was in a whirl. So was hers.

But Susan wanted to keep this romance her own, very private, very secret affair. No one knew how serious it was until about a week before the wedding, when Eaton confided in a friend, and asked him for the name of someone who could arrange a quiet wedding in Phoenix, Arizona.

Just before the wedding, Susan called up her closest friend among the columnists, Louella Parsons. “Louella,” she said, “This is it. I’ve never been so happy.”

And now what? How will Susan like being the wife of a man whose interests are not primarily connected with Hollywood? Will she care for small town life in Carrollton, Georgia, her groom’s native habitat?

At the present time, Susan has a contract to make one

continued on page 64
JERRY LEWIS:

LINE-UP BLUES overtake Jerry arrested with juvenile lawbreakers in "The Delicate Delinquent," his first film made without Dean Martin.

photos by Bill Avery

LOOK WHO'S

Jerry makes like a menace in a tenement jungle until a lady social worker straightens him out for law, order and love

CARRIED AWAY by switchblade knife, Jerry must be subdued by lovely social worker, Martha Hyer, who uses friendly persuasion.
DELINQUENT!
POOR JERRY doesn't seem to relish the prospect of wrestling with The Great Togo, leading villain of the mat in Los Angeles arenas.
DISMAY is written all over Jerry's face as he begins the plunge to the mat after being thrown by Togo in "Delicate Delinquent" scene.

Jerry's reform begins with a wrestling course at a police training academy and is he sorry when he meets his instructor, The Great Togo

PRETZEL-bending technique takes its toll on Jerry who's "bent" on becoming a rookie cop.
"Why do they lie about

Most of the stories they tell about me are false," says Natalie and gives the evidence to prove it

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

It has been said that Natalie Wood has been more misquoted, misunderstood and misinterpreted than any other young actress in Hollywood. The easiest way to set the record straight, we think, is to play that old game of "True or False" with Natalie... and she agrees. So here we go!

Q. True or false, that you indulged in "pajama parties," as reported, while you were in New York?
A. False. I don't even know what a "pajama party" is—unless it's a sort of slumber party such as we used to have when we were pre-teenage girls. Those reports were definitely, completely false and I resented them very much.

Q. True or false, that you have managed to persuade no less than FOUR nationally syndicated columnists to print retractions of things they had printed about you?
A. True. But (ruefully) I sometimes wonder if a retraction does much good. The story, itself, gets a big play at the top of the column, with a big headline. The retraction, if you get one, comes weeks later in tiny print at the bottom of the column and probably no one reads it at all. But there is some satisfaction in getting it anyway.

One retraction was after a big story appeared saying I had been having an important romance with John Ireland just after he and Joanne Dru broke up.

What actually happened was that I happened to be having lunch with Dennis Hopper who is a friend of John's, when John came in with another girl. John and his friend stopped to speak to Dennis and me and they sat down and chatted a few minutes. That's all there was to it! But the next day this columnist came out with the story that John Ireland and I were in the "big romance" department.

continued on page 42
A high-spirited teenager, Natalie

Well, now you can’t have a thing like that! Especially when John and Joanne Dru were just breaking up their marriage. I had to ask for a retraction. And I got it.

Q. True or false, that you were ever engaged to Elvis Presley, as was widely reported?

A. False. I never was engaged to him and never even considered it. Nor did he, I’m sure. Of course, we had a lot of fun together. But I’ve never been engaged to anyone.

And then there were all those reports about our being “alone together” in Memphis. Those were completely untrue. His father and mother chaperoned us the entire time I was there. And it wasn’t true, either, that my own father and mother objected violently to my going to Memphis, no matter what anyone says. They knew I would be chaperoned, they consented to my going and they took me to the airport when I left. They met me when I came back, too. We never had the slightest friction about my trip to Memphis, believe me.

And, while we’re talking about my father and mother, I’d like to spike another story which has appeared again and again. That’s the one about my mother not liking Jimmy Dean.

She did like him very much, although I didn’t actually see him as often as the newspaper stories said I did. Still, I did go out with him, I did work with him, he came to the house and both my father and my mother liked and approved of him. I’d
like to get that straight for Jimmy's sake. That story is false.

Q. True or false, that you and Nick Adams were prepared to be married at a wedding chapel in Las Vegas and that you suddenly lost your nerve and fled back to Hollywood?
A. False. Nick and I were in Las Vegas to do a magazine layout which required us to pose in front of some points of local or scenic interest. The wedding chapel was supposed to be one of them so we posed there.

Some people who saw the pictures wrote stories to the effect that we had actually planned to be married in the chapel that day but that we got cold feet. That story was false and that was another time I demanded—and got—a retraction.

Q. What other stories which were printed were so "false" that you demanded that the writers take them back?
A. One of them was that I had had a serious quarrel with Tab Hunter. That was definitely false and I don't know how it ever started.

Tab and I are great friends. Sometimes, because our work separates us, we don't see one another for a long time...maybe weeks. But when our work does let us get together again, then there we are, having so much fun together.

We like so many of the same things, so many of the same people. We're sort of...let's say...comfortable...together. It's a nice, easy relationship.

I definitely want to put the record straight about that. Tab and I have never had a fight. We are friends and we expect it to keep on being that way.

Q. True or false, as reported, that you prefer older men to men of your own age group? That you plan to be a "femme fatale"?
A. Oh, false...false! I don't know why people keep writing and printing those things. Look! I'm 18. I'm having fun and meeting and getting to know a great many people, most of them my own age but occasionally, after all, someone a bit more mature.

A report came out of New York that I was "seriously interested" in Oleg Cassini. What actually happened was that we were at a social function in New York and happened to be standing near one another when a picture was shot. Perhaps Oleg was looking politely attentive, as a man of his breeding might do. I don't know. But the story started.

I am sure that his interest in me was no more serious than mine was in him. He must have been as embarrassed as I was when these reports were printed. But what can you do?

And as for that "femme fatale" thing, well that puzzles me, too. If I understand the term rightly it means some ultra-alluring woman who leads men astray. I hope I am nothing like that and I am certainly not trying to be any such thing.
LIKE his career and his whole life, Don’s marriage is guided by a rare sense of purpose which makes him an enigma to Hollywood

By PAUL BENEDICT

ECONOMY is a firm principle for Don and Hope Lange, an actor’s wife sans mink.

SIX weeks before their baby was born, Don Murray and his wife, Hope Lange, were discussing one of the most important decisions of their lives. More correctly, Don was making it for both of them.

“We really should buy the house we looked at today...”

Hope wasn’t convinced. There wasn’t much money in the bank. The baby was due soon, which meant added responsibilities. And while both their careers, particularly Don’s, had taken terrific strides in recent months—they were too new to consider themselves solidly established. And so she hesitated.

“We’re living in an awfully nice house now. Don’t you think we should wait a little longer?”

“No, I don’t. Maybe we’re taking a chance. But now is the time to do it.”

“All right, Don. If you say so...”

The next morning the property was bought.

Don is no more the bossy type of husband than Hope the meek little housewife who gets beaten down by her spouse. In their kind of marriage they simply agree that since the husband carries the major burden of responsibilities, he is the one to make the important decisions. This attitude has prevented any serious disagreements.

Not that Don gets his way all the time. Other, less important, problems are worked out by compromise. Like how to decorate their new house, or what kind of car to buy.

If Hope had her way, for instance, the bedroom would have been feminine and frilly. Had they followed Don’s original suggestion, it would have looked like a den. They agreed on an in-between solution.

Deciding on a car proved more difficult. A couple of weeks before Don started “Hatful Of Rain” at 20th Century-Fox, the Murphys felt the time had come to turn the old Dodge sedan back to its owner—their landlord—and buy a car of their own, particularly since they had now decided to settle down in California on a permanent basis.

Don had his idea of the kind of car he thought they ought to get, and so did Hope. They were almost a hundred horsepower, two models and several shades apart.

continued on page 47
Unaffected by success, the Murrays still

HAPPY over his booming career and new son, Don hopes to give the boy the same self-reliance that he learned from his own father.
enjoy “the simple things in life”

After dinner one evening, Don suggested they go for a drive along Wilshire Boulevard, to canvass some of the showrooms lining that street.
Two hours later they were still undecided when they passed a black Chevy convertible. “It’s lovely,” Hope cried out.
Don agreed.
Half an hour later they put in an order for exactly the same model—to be picked up at the factory by Don’s father, who was about to come out on a visit from Long Island anyway. This provided him with transportation, and saved them quite a bit of money as well.
Don and Hope are quite money conscious, mostly out of necessity. While his income is considerable, much of it goes into a project to which he devoted himself several years ago.
In 1953, while Don was working for the Brethren Church in Europe, he became interested in the plight of refugees living in barbed wire encampments on the outskirts of Naples. People without means, not permitted to work, without any future or hope, existing in a world that didn’t know what to do with them.

Together with Beldon Paulson, a fellow he had met in Europe in 1953, Don set in motion a project to enable some of these unfortunate people to emigrate to the United States, and convinced the Italian Government to let the rest help support themselves by setting up their own communities in Southern Italy, and to become self-sufficient by developing their own industries and agriculture.
The initial money for this enterprise comes entirely out of Don’s and Hope’s earnings, which means they have to restrict their own spending to a bare minimum.

Don and Hope are not stingy, but neither do they believe in extravagances, even if they could afford them. Hope is probably the only girl married to a successful actor who doesn’t own her own fur coat! Don is even more conservative with himself. Before he will get a new suit or coat, it usually takes his Missus several days to talk him into it.
They don’t have a budget in the conventional manner. Whoever runs short will cash a check, keep part of it, and give the rest to the other. Generally speaking, Hope buys the groceries and takes care of the minor bills, while Don signs the checks covering the major expenditures, like the car or the house they just bought.
So far their only large expenditure has been their new Beverly Hills home. Even that was reasonably priced, and Don himself took care of the redecorating. In fact, one morning an agent driving down his street suddenly slammed on his brakes when he found a tall, lanky, good-looking fellow painting the outside of the house.
After introducing himself, he exclaimed, “I’d never have thought I’d find a painter who looks so much like Don Murray. It’s amazing.”
“But . . .” Don began.
“No buts,” he cut in. “I can’t promise you anything. But you come to my office tomorrow morning and we’ll see what I can do. Ever act before? I mean, in high school, or anything like that. . . .”
“Sure,” grinned Don, “I just finished a picture at 20th Century-Fox with Eva Marie Saint and Tony Franciosa . . .”
The agent gulped hard and took off.
The Murrays have managed to keep down their expenses in other ways as well. Hope is still doing her own housework, continued on page 74
JEAN SEBERG:

Wunderkind

Fresh out of Marshalltown (Iowa) H. S., Jean’s still dizzy from her sudden election to portray Shaw’s “Saint Joan”

SURPRISED by her good luck, Jean is starry-eyed over meeting celebrities like her co-star Sir John Gielgud and Ingrid Bergman.

DONNING her 30-pound armor takes Jean half an hour. Producer Otto Preminger chose her from 150 girls after a world-wide contest.

continued on page 50
After only a season's experience in summer stock, teenage Jean will star as the Maid of Orleans. 

SHORN to portray the warrior Joan, Jean wears a wig over her half-inch crew cut in early scenes as the peasant girl from Domremy.

KNEELING in the cathedral for the climactic coronation scene or meditating off-camera, Jean's face reflects the gravity of her role.
FINISHING touches are put on Jean's armor. The only feminine principal in "St. Joan," she worked during 36 of the 41 days of shooting. END
Rock Hudson’s Dilemma

Should Rock sing romantic ballads in his record debut or risk a try at his beloved folk songs?

By BOB RUSSELL

Rock HUDSON has a problem on which he sincerely wants help and advice. Perhaps you can help him. If you can, he will be grateful.

Perhaps you didn't know that Rock can sing. But he can, and very well, too, and the record companies have known it for some time and have been urging him to make some recordings. But Rock is a modest guy and he felt that he wasn't ready. He needed voice lessons and coaching, he needed practice and he needed to gain self-confidence.

For Rock, as everyone knows who knows him at all, is a true music lover with a wholesome respect for music. From his earliest, rather poverty-stricken days in pictures, he has spent much more than he could really afford on record players and an impressive collection of records to play on them. Whenever Rock was at home, even in that stark little first apartment of his, he has had music . . . music . . . music . . .

He gardened to music, built furniture to music, studied his lines with a merry tune in his ears. Mostly he liked his music loud and occasionally heard from his neighbors about it.

People who were invited to his house were aware that if they didn't want to hear a lot of music they'd better not go. Because at Rock's house they were going to be subjected to music, willy-nilly. The man was steeped in it.

He haunted concerts and symphonies whenever his work would allow and about the only times he went to night clubs . . . or does now . . . were when he heard that there were good, original numbers or unusual talent on the show.

As he progressed in his career, of course, he bought more and more elaborate musical equipment and more and more recordings of various kinds. Recently he has been going in for all sorts of Hi-Fi equipment and, as any Hi-Fi enthusiast can tell you, there is practically no limit to that hobby. It can go on to infinity!

Probably one of the major adjustments Phyllis had to make when she married Rock was to accustom herself to having music . . . loud music . . . from morning until night, unless her husband was working in a picture at the studio. With no peaceful silences in between.

Phyllis alleged, loyally, that she loved music too and enjoyed it. But, as some friend remarked, it took a strong woman to love music that much. It must really be love.

However, she has had variety because Rock's tastes in music are wide and tolerant. He apparently loves it all, from the severest classic right down the line to rock 'n' roll . . . with some interesting and unusual sidelines.

And that is one reason for Rock's present dilemma. What type of thing should he do for his recordings? What will his fans like best?

"I wouldn't think of attempting anything too ambitious, such as opera or even the more serious concert numbers," he
MODEST Rock, who's received careful coaching for his first recording session, wants to be sure that his selection will please his fans.

"And I don't think I'm really the rock 'n' roll type... But there are so many other things."

Some of his advisers think that he should choose ballads, which he does very well, and stick to those. Others think that he should try to do a variety of things, "to show how versatile he is." Rock, himself, is a bit wistful over a wonderful collection of folk songs he possesses and would rather like to concentrate on those. They have been heard seldom and he thinks it would be an interesting experiment. More advisers say, "Unh-uh. Too risky. Choose something familiar."

But Rock doesn't want to be just another singer, doing the old familiar things. If he is going to do this thing at all, he would like to do something distinctive.

So he now wonders whether he should concentrate on ballads, at which he is admittedly good? Or should he try a different and novel category, such as the folk songs which he loves to sing?

In this first experiment at singing in public, Rock is really baffled. He would really like to know what people want to hear him do.

Will you fill out the ballot on this page with your advice to him?

END

Watch "Stand Up And Be Counted," produced by Robert Wald, Monday through Friday on CBS-TV, 1:10-1:30 p.m., EDT.
That's one reversible skirt you're looking at—striped on one side and plain on the other, for double your money's worth. Match to striped or plain top. By Juniorite.
the NEW LOOK in summer vacation fashions

A girl can never look prettier than in the fresh gay clothes of summer and here's your wardrobe to prove it!

By Natalie Wood
Warner Bros. star now appearing in "Bombers B-52."

If you love clothes—and of course you do—there's no time like summertime to express yourself with fashion. First of all, summer fashions are less expensive than other clothes—and that's heavenly! So you can buy more of them, and have lots more variety. And you don't have to stick to one safe color scheme, so that everything "goes with" your coat. You can branch out and experiment! And if you want to have a fling with crazy hats or mad shoes, here's your chance, because they're so much easier on the budget than "important" accessories in other seasons. So here goes! I've had an advance peek at the new look that's coming up for the vacation season, and it's wonderful. It's really new, too, with lots of fresh ideas that look entirely different from what you wore last summer. The bloused top is all over the place—a bloused-back top, sometimes with a drawstring around the middle, to wear everywhere from the beach to a big date. And there's the whole thirties idea—a revival of the fashions of the 1930's, which you and I don't remember, but which is gay and young and rather flirty. The '30's look is generally loose and easy, not fitted, with lowered waistlines, pleated skirts, and Chanel-ish continued on page 56
Exciting way to entertain at home—in cotton brocade separates. Choose pants with cuffed shirt, or full skirt and scoop. By Susan Laurie.

The printed pongee shirtmaker in Celanese, crisp and cool for a very hot day. Or dress it up for a summer date. By Kay Windsor.

FASHIONS continued

jackets. There are lots of middies, too, with sailor-boy dickies and braided colors, mostly in navy and white, like the ones they used to wear at Newport. But all that's the very latest, so new it's just on its way in. Meantime, for you who like to show your small waists, there are still plenty of fitted dresses around, and lots of casual separates with the sleeveless tops and full skirts you love. The shirtwaist dress is still the unbeatable all-time classic, and if the sheath is your best silhouette, you'll find summer ones in dozens of colors and fabrics. Remember, though, that not every summer fashion is good taste everywhere, every time! Cute as playclothes are, bare-topped, no-backed sport clothes really don't look quite right on city streets. And a beautifully made linen shirt dress is far too "dressed" to wear to a picnic! On these pages I've collected for you a suggested summer wardrobe. They represent types of clothes you need—make your own substitutions according to your personal taste. You'll find clothes like these on sale throughout the country, in a wide variety of fabrics and prices. The ones on these pages range from under $10 to under $40. Happy shopping, and have a wonderful summer!
The blouson top, smash hit of the season, in stitched Wellington Sears duck, over front-button very brief shorts.

Pedal pushers and a buttoned square-necked top, so that you can toast your midriff. In Wellington Sears duck. By Alfred Paquette.
JOAN COLLINS SAYS:

Girls! Learn to

"MEN HAVE all the luck," insists Joan. This policeman in New York's Central Park certainly agrees after chatting with the beauituous Briton.
wolf-whistle

By JOHN MAYNARD

"Down with the double standard!" cries Britain’s gift to Hollywood, an outspoken believer in equality of the sexes

In the view of Joan Collins—and a handsome view she is—something ruddy well better be done, and done quick, about the contemporary axiom that the girl has to sit around and wait for the boy to call. Phone. That is.

This way of things upsets Miss Collins badly, as do other aspects of the double standard.

She figures it is grossly unfair to her sex that its membership must wait for the ring, the wolf-whistle, or even the ring. Ever hear of the girl asking the boy to marry her? Beam it that way, yes, but not do the asking directly.

"Not that I ever would," said Miss C. hastily during a recent conversation that dealt as well with other topics. "Do the asking, I mean. Or even call a boy I was interested in. One must go with the conventions, and all that. But the conventions are so stupid. All the girls can do is wait. And wait. And wait. And if the boy she likes doesn’t make the first move, she’s utterly what? Paralyzed? Or is immobilized what I mean? Well, never mind. The day’ll come when all that will be changed."

There is some exterior evidence that Miss Collins herself—oh, you’ve seen her in pictures—wouldn’t lack for dates, and she doesn’t. It’s the principle that gets her down.

"What if I were at a dance?" she asked after a while. Of course, she wasn’t. The hour was wrong. Besides she was eating lunch (sandwich) at the 20th Century-Fox commissary between bouts with a picture called "The Wayward Bus." This commissary, or any studio commissary, is a place where the eyes have a tendency to table-hop, and Joan’s eyes did so. Not

her audience’s, however. Never that. "Where was I?" she said, after a visual stroll from one end of the room to the other. "Oh yes," she said. "I’m at this dance and there’s a boy I especially like. Can I ask him to dance? Can I cut in on him? Ridiculous! But it’s just as ridiculous that I can’t. So really stupid. And finally maybe—and I don’t just mean maybe—a girl marries the man she doesn’t want to because her hands are tied and her lips sealed. They may have given women the vote but they forgot about a lot of other equal rights when they did. Women should have the same privileges as men, right down the line."

"And the same responsibilities?"

The question, in this particular case, was singularly apropos. When, in May of last year, Joan Collins won an interlocutory decree of divorce from actor Maxwell Reed, she paid him.

"And that," said Miss C., "is a very long story, and for another time. But you see I’m a good source anyway. Now back to what I was saying. I’m interested in this man, say. It happens I’m not, and not in that man either. There’s no one special. I date around and love it. I won’t marry for years. I’m only 24. No, not Arthur Loew—I could see it coming. But say I am interested. And we date. But he doesn’t call again. Now maybe it’s just because I wasn’t attractive to him—that’s the usual reason. But sometimes there’s something else, something that could be cleared up if only society granted a woman one little bit of initiative. But it doesn’t. That would make her unladylike. I’m not talking about her being aggressive. I’m talking only of reasonable latitude. So he doesn’t call back, and he doesn’t and he doesn’t; and the very best I could do

continued on page 60
"Why should a girl pine away, waiting for a man to call her?" is Joan's logical plaint

would be something real square, like phoning to ask if I'd left an earring in the car. And if he said no, and then never called again, that would be it. Finis.

"But the man. He can call until you and he both are blue in the face. I've had men call me—and this is Joan Collins speaking again—every night for months, and get nothing but no for an answer. And do they take the hint? You wouldn't believe it! I can't be so unkind as to say point-blank, I don't want to go out with you! I think you're revolting, something like that. That's plain brutality. But you'd think it would sink through. Women take the rebuff of silence, of the no-call, no-write, without a word, because they must. And they do it with pride and dignity—they have no choice. But by the double standard, a man can be as much of a boor as he likes—and be considered pretty hot stuff for it. I don't say there is no justice, but there could be more on the social level where women are concerned, and I invite all interested girls to join me in the crusade."

Joan Collins's name is Joan Collins, which is a sort of funny thing when you come to think of it. She is British and looks like a countrywoman of hers, a Mrs. Todd, and she speaks in the clipped, rapid manner of her tight little isle. She is what a casting director might call hot-eyed—meaning, mainly, dark and large—and to the front office of the 20th Century-Fox Studio, she epitomizes sex more than anyone in its employ unless there be one exception. But that last would be a matter of measurement; and even then, a bulge of not more than an inch.

"Also," Miss Collins observed not long ago, "if sex is purely a matter of measurements, then someone must be very wrong. Actually, if that were the case, you could sweep out every studio in town and bring in replacements by the thousands."

It is not likely that Miss Collins's thoughtful remark was born of nervousness, although it is possible. She is edgy and uncertain about her career right now, having the feeling that "The Wayward Bus" will determine her direction once and for all—onward and upward, or out.

"I can't stay in one place," she said the other day. "No one can. It's one or the other. What I'm really looking for is a rut." There was a mild interruption. The studio attaché present either spilled or threw his water all over Miss Collins. No actress in the history of 20th Century-Fox has previously stated for publication that she was pining to be in a rut.

"You can throw all the water you want," said Miss C., mopping herself off, "but that's just what I'm after. All this running around from one sort of role to another is getting me nowhere. I don't know just what kind of rut I want. Maybe dramatic or sexy or comedy—I don't know. But I'd like to get settled, all right. I know it's not the usual thing to say, but have you ever looked around Hollywood and thought how many of its biggest stars have got there by picking out their rut and staying in it? And I do mean the biggest. No, there's nothing wrong with a rut if it fits you right. I don't mean a vacuum, you understand. I mean a rut you can grow in. I'd like to play Cleopatra. Perhaps that'll start a ball rolling in the right direction."

Joan's part in "The Wayward Bus" is dramatic and rather slatternly. Conceivably it is not the sort of rut she seeks. Cleopatra, considering Miss C.'s attainments, sounds better.

"When Joan," a studio publicist has declared, "walks through our end of the office, all work stops. And you must admit, we have our share of voltage back there. But she stops us dead where no one else can. Or to check that for diplomacy, just about no one else."

For a while along in there, she was talking yankee bop with the British intonation, but the bop's about gone now and the intonation is flattening out a trifle. However, she does like bop music and American Jazz and is acquiring a staggering collection of both.

The cosier trivia indicates that she sleeps, in her modern apartment, with the living room light on and cannot and will not cook. She started her career playing a juvenile delinquent and still has little patience with the Girl Next Door in the sense that it would apply to her as actress or person. She's mildly superstitious, banging one elbow purposely if she accidentally bangs the other, and she still thinks well of the 20th Century-Fox official who on first seeing her, remarked: "Lend-lease is finally paying off."

She's a dancer of roughly professional stature and likes to dance to her radio to pass time. That she looks like Liz Taylor—and she does, markedly—she declines to admit; and once in her abortive stage years, she cackled hysterically through-out a heavily dramatic scene. Someone had told her a joke she liked just before she went on.

For the moment, nothing else of historic value re Joan Collins presents itself, though time doubtless will take care of that. Time may likewise get around to letting her assume a few male prerogatives in the courtship dodge. Nothing would please her more.
MIKE WALLACE:

TV’s top grill master

His unorthodox way of interviewing guests has brought fame to Mike Wallace on his “Night Beat” show

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

THE DuMont Telecenter in New York has the peculiar green look of an aquarium into which someone forgot to put fish. I slithered in out of the rain and was ushered through a yellow-lit maze into an office and there sat Mike Wallace. I recalled how someone had described Wallace’s “Night Beat” program as “part Person To Person and part Spanish Inquisition.”

“I’m a terrible interviewer,” I said, flinching under his steady gaze, “and you’re so good—”

“But I have so much more help than you,” he said, charmingly. “I have a whole research staff digging away for me.”

“How do you feel about your two ex-wives talking about you in the newspapers?” I said, referring to a recent series that had been written about him.

“If they want to talk about me I can’t stop them,” he said, mildly. “Anyway, they said pleasant things about me.”

They did, too. Buff Cobb, from whom he was divorced in 1955, said that his present wife, Lorraine (nee Perigord), was probably ideal for him and that he’d obviously grown up since the time she (Buff) had been married to him.

“Well,” Mike said, “I wouldn’t say it’s that I’ve grown up. It’s just that in the last two years I’ve done a lot of serious thinking about myself and I suppose you could say I’ve found myself. By the way, I just finished making a movie—my first—this afternoon. Elia Kazan is shooting some scenes here—in a studio on East 57th Street—for ‘Faces In The Crowd.’ I sat around with Budd Schulberg (he wrote the book) and he wrote in a scene for me. A little scene. It probably won’t run more than 45 seconds. I interview someone who is going to run for Senator.”

“What else did you do today?” I asked.

continued on page 62
MIKE WALLACE continued

"I spent some time answering mail. Then at 12 I went out to work on a man-in-the-street newsfilm. The subject was whether Communist Editor John Gates should be allowed to speak before college groups. Then I made the movie and by three o'clock was back in the office, catching up on my reading.

"I have to do a tremendous amount of reading for 'Night Beat' (mostly newspapers and periodicals). You get to know a lot of things, but not very deeply.

"Then I went to the doctor. I had a sore throat. He told me to stop smoking for a few days. I probably should. After that I had to go all the way down to a garage on 12th Street to pick up my son's car." (Strictly speaking, it's his son through marriage. Mike's two sons, by his first marriage to Norma Kuhphan, aren't old enough to drive cars—Peter, being 14, and Christopher, nine. Lorraine's children, who live with them, are Anthony, 17, and Pauline, 10.)

The phone rang and Mike answered it. "Where was I?" he said, turning to me. "Oh, yes. Now I'm here talking to you. At seven o'clock there's the newscast. Then I'll go out for a bite to eat, come hack and work through till midnight. Week-ends I spend walking, reading, eating and sleeping."

"How does it feel being a big celebrity?" I asked. (Although he's been on radio for 17 years, it's "Night Beat" that has won him the most fame.)

"Well, people come up to me on the street. Just the other day a man came up and made a fist. 'Keep asking 'em, Mike,' he said."

"Don't you ever feel you're invading personal privacy on your show?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I don't feel that. I don't ask personal questions for the sake of prying. We're mainly interested in ideas and motives on 'Night Beat,' and I ask personal questions only when they throw some light on what we're discussing. Sometimes I have a hard time keeping my own opinion out of it, but Ted Yates is always there keeping me straight and I've learned to control myself."

He met his wife in Puerto Rico in 1955. Mike was down there to "sub" for Robert Young as emcee of a March of Dimes dance at the Caribe-Hilton Hotel.

The story goes that he was sitting alongside the tennis courts (walking and tennis are his favorite sports) and this ethereal blonde with braids down to her waist passed by.

"Who's that?" Mike asked the pro.

The tennis pro took in Mike's suavity and told him to forget it. Besides, the pro said, she runs the art gallery at the hotel and works nights.

Mike wandered over to the gallery and Lorraine told him the same thing—she worked nights.

By the end of the week he discovered over dinner that she was of French descent, born in Pasadena, divorced, an artist with a workshop-gallery in Haiti and 34 years old. They were married about five months later, in New York.

"This marriage," he says, "is forever."

The eagle-eyed reporter who wrote the newspaper series on Wallace describes Lorraine as gracious, feminine and reserved with "the habit of gazing adoringly" at Mike when she thinks no one is looking.

"There's no organized recreation in our household," Mike says. "We are extremely 'talky.' Lorraine and I discuss everything—world affairs, my work, our plans, books we're reading—anything that comes into our minds."

Once he's in bed, Mike doesn't like to get out of it. He likes to sleep late and have breakfast brought to him. Then he'll get up, dress, and flop back onto the bed to catch up on his reading.

I asked Mike if he felt that he was fulfilling himself in "Night Beat" or if he had plans for something even bigger. He said he enjoyed his work and planned to keep it up indefinitely. To another writer, who once commented on the variety and hectic quality of his career, Mike said, "You fill your own personal vessel for a good many years without realizing you are doing so; without knowing why you are doing the jobs you do. You sell time on a small station in the Midwest. You write eight five-minute newscasts a day for $55 a week. You emcee a beauty contest, play bit parts, announce here, emcee there—and on and on—seeming to mark time that stands still... until suddenly, the bits and pieces fall together, the pattern begins to emerge—and the pattern is that of a capable performer."

"So many young people on TV today are too intent on the showcase aspect of show business, instead of developing and broadening their own personalities by living and learning. With rare exceptions, the top personalities in show business—in any medium—have done a lot of living and learning. And that takes time."

Mike started living in 1918 in Brookline, Mass., where he was born. His father, a wholesale grocer and later an insurance broker, was able to provide good education for his two sons and two daughters. He was also able to provide Mike with "whatever ideals I have—honesty, the Golden Rule, and a strong sense of responsibility."

MIKE met his first wife at the University of Michigan where he was also interested in radio, speech and dramatics. After graduation, Mike got a $20 a week job at a Grand Rapids station named WOOD-WASH. It wasn't much, but to Mike it was proof positive that the field he loved was letting him in. Naturally, he did everything, from sweeping floors to writing and announcing commercials. In 1941, he got a job at WXYZ in Detroit, for $50 a week. The job was to announce for "The Lone Ranger" and "The Green Hornet."

From Detroit, Mike went to Chicago, where he'd won a competitive audition and was hired to announce a daytime serial and do a newscast. In 1943, he went into the Navy and came out, in 1946, with the rank of Lieutenant, j. g. Back to Chicago and late-night interviews from the Balinese Room of the Blackstone Hotel and, during the day, announcing on so many network radio programs that he was unofficially known as Mr. Radio.

Somewhere, the marriage failed, and Buff Cobb came into the picture. In 1951, Mike was in New York and began the first of more than 2,000 interviews he's conducted on radio and television. He even managed, in 1954, to appear on Broadway in a play called "Reclining Figure." The play closed fast but Mike got good reviews.

Before his divorce from Buff Cobb that had a "Mr. and Mrs." show. Afterward, Mike got his present news telecast on Channel 5, and the years he'd put in started to pay off. NBC asked him if he'd like to co-host with Margaret Truman on "Weekday." Right after he met Lorraine, NBC-TV asked him if he'd like to emcee "The Big Surprise." In October of last year, "Night Beat" began. At the end of April it was turned into a weekly half-hour network (ABC) show with a different name. But the game is the same.

As Bennet Cerf describes it: "Far from buttering up victims in the approved fashion, and murmuring a succession of 'wonderfuls' and 'amazings,' Mike needles them into revealing what really makes them tick—and who are their pet hates."

"Ideas and motives are what we want," Mike keeps saying.

That's what he gets. And, all in all, he's never been happier.
The youngster looked right into the camera and yawned. No wonder they named him after Perry Como.

OUTSPOKEN—Hugh O’Brian doesn’t fence the marriage issue. TV’s Wyatt Earp feels this is the year for him to get married. His career is on the up, he has security, and the time now to think about such things. Although he hasn’t said whom he’s thinking about, he’s been seeing a lot of Monique Van Vooren.

TRIM TWOSOME—On the other side of the romantic ledger, Dennis Hopper isn’t keeping it a secret that he prefers Venetia Stevenson. They drive look-alike cars, lunch daily at Warners, and boast similar hair styles. Venetia has had her blonde hair cropped almost as short as Dennis’ Napoleon bob. Her ex, Russ Tamblyn, has just been called into service by Uncle Sam.

CARRIAGE TRADE—Rosemary Clooney and Mrs. Jerry Lewis are two gals who believe in large families. Patti is expecting her fourth, while Rosemary’s little “Toulouse-Lautrec” will be baby number three for her and hubby, Jose Ferrer. Incidentally, you’ve never seen a lafette such as Rosemary’s accumulated. Everything from lace christening caps to open-toed straw sandals. “What no maracas?” we inquired. “Sure,” she promised and immediately produced a pair the size of rattles. Many of the gifts are from Jose’s fans in his native Puerto Rico.

JUST PLAIN JACK—And, speaking of Sernas, the handsome “Paris” in “ Helen Of Troy,” is becoming quite Americanized. He and his wife and baby daughter have just moved into a home in Bel-Air, and he’s instructed all his new friends to call him Jack instead of the Gallic Jacques. In order to get away from that overly-handsome dabbing, he’s cropped his curly blond hair into a two-inch Marine crewcut.

PARTY TIME—Kirk Douglas busted lose with a real wing-ding. The fun-fest was a combined housewarming, farewell to Hollywood (he’s off to Europe for film commitments), and a good old-fashioned get-together with his friends. Taking a cue from his picture, “The Viking,” Kirk and Ann went Nordic in their decorations, which included a Norwegian coat of arms on their napkins and giant ice carvings of ships as centerpieces. Three hundred guests were on hand.

FAMILY PLANS—Janet Leigh, who hadn’t made a film in a year prior to “Badge Of Evil,” admits her favorite role is that of mother. In fact, she and Tony hope to have two more youngsters. “We think two boys and a girl would make the perfect combination,” they agree. Another new role for Janet is that of co-producer in the couple’s Curtleigh Production Company. Understand their first film, “Cortez And Son,” will be shot in Mexico and Janet thinks Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren would be an ideal co-star for Tony. How’s that for an understanding wife?

THE COVER-UP—Jayne Mansfield, who has been reprimanded for her decollete evening gowns, did an about-face. She arrived at a recent party bundled up to the chin in a white fox cape and refused to take it off even when dancing with favorite fella Mickey Hargitay. The $5,000 cape was long, and cut full—just like Jayne.

WEDDING BELLS—Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa are shopping for a brownstone apartment as their honeymoon quarters in New York. (She al—

SINGER—Julie London, formerly the wife of Jack Webb, will marry musician Bobby Troup.

ready owns a duplex in Beverly Hills.) And Betty Lou Keim and Warren Berlinger, the cute twosome in “Teenage Rebel,” are now going steady and may name the date very soon.

MORE NEWLYWEDS—Now that Henry Fonda has won his beautiful Contessa, he can be extremely proud of his tall, regal-looking bride. She has an uncanny style sense that turns heads wherever she goes. Although Alda is a member of one of Europe’s wealthiest families, she’s never ostentatious.

PACK OF PECKS—Gregory and wife Veronica, incidentally, have had a full house. Greg’s three sons stayed with the couple while their mom, Greta Peck, vacationed in the West Indies. Peck joined the youngsters in their baseball workouts, but the real excitement occurred when their prize Weimaraner had puppies.

SHORT CUT—Doris Day shugs off that theory women dress to please other women. “Not me,” she admits. “I dress to please the men in my life, my husband, Marty, and my son, Terry.” In fact, she got their vote of approval before she snipped her locks and turned into an ice blonde.

BUDGET BENDER—Rock Hudson called wife, Phyllis, every day on the trans-Atlantic phone the entire time he was in Italy without her. The studio updated the start of his film, “A Farewell To Arms,” and she was hospitalized with a liver complaint, so their plans got scrambled. But things are always happening to them. If it’s not time schedules, it’s transportation. Their most vivid experience was sightseeing in the mountains, when the brakes of their car gave way. Phyllis was at the wheel, and after a few frightening minutes careening around curves, Rock managed to throw the gearshift in low and bring the car to a stop. Accord—continued on page 74
picture a year for 20th Century-Fox. The rest of the time, she is free to do as she pleases—to wander through Georgia with Eaton, if she wishes, or to make films for other studios.

At the moment she's fed up with Hollywood—eager to spend time elsewhere. But will she be able to adjust to all this?

Let's stop and picture it for a moment.

Picture Eaton's big mansion in a small town 40 miles out of Atlanta. He loves horseback riding, and there are plenty of acres to ride over. He's a superb, athletic. Susan, too, has learned to love the outdoors. Perhaps Susan and Eaton and her two boys can share this life together.

Or will he be jealous of this constant reminder that another man, Jess Barker, was first in her life, and is the real father of the two boys? Eaton seems too cosmopolitan, too broad-minded a chap to think that way, but love sometimes has strange facets. It takes a very big man, mentally and spiritually, to love another man's children as he would his own.

To a large extent, the future happiness of Susan and Eaton depends on how he feels about the twins, and how they react to him.

Given half a chance, the two boys will probably be hero worshippers. One of the boys long ago said, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, "An FBI man." If Eaton chooses, he can keep both boys fascinated with his tales of the F.B.I., and by taking them fishing, as Susan used to do before her marriage.

In Eaton, Susan has a husband whom she can respect completely. Part of the difficulty between Susan and Jess arose because she lost respect for him. When they were first married, he was a very successful actor, and it appeared that his career was headed for far greater heights than Susan's. But when his popularity ebbed and he couldn't find work as an actor, Susan believed that it was his responsibility as a husband to find some other kind of work. "It would be better to dig ditches than to be idle," she once said, eyes flashing.

But Jess couldn't see that way.

He was an actor, and he would get work as one. Better to remain idle than to do work for which he wasn't fitted, he argued.

WITH Eaton Chalkley, Susan will, of course, have no such problem. Eaton is resourceful, energetic, successful. His income may very well rival Susan's, or even surpass it. And with Eaton's strong shoulder to lean on, Susan can limit herself to one picture a year, or none at all, if she so desires.

What a contrast from the day when she first married Jess Barker!

Susan's own surprising explanation about that marriage was that she had talked Jess into it. "I was in love with Jess Barker and we wanted to get married," she said. "He claimed, however, that he wasn't ready for marriage and its innumerable responsibilities.

"I told him he didn't have to worry about taking care of me. I could always take care of myself. Another reason he didn't want to get married was because he was a fresh new actor and was afraid marriage would affect his standing with hobby-slexers."

Today, Susan is marrying a bridegroom who is anything but reluctant. Eaton, like Susan, is a one-time loser in marriage, but he was a bachelor for 11 years before he met Susan.

When Susan mixes in society in Georgia, I haven't a doubt in the world that all the men who meet her will fall for her immediately, as men nearly always have.

Her problem will be to win the affection and trust of the women in Georgia, and this will be a very difficult job for Susan, with all her charm.

In the first place, they will be a little suspicious of her, because she is a gorgeous Hollywood star, because she is probably more beautiful than any of them, and because she is a divorced woman. To be sure, even in a small town, there are bound to be a couple of divorcees, but their divorces have inevitably been very quiet ones—and not accompanied by black headlines like Susan's.

And there will be rich, proud women who would have given anything to have Eaton as a son-in-law who will now be called upon to accept Susan into their homes. Since Southern hospitality is fabulous, I'm sure that they will, at least outwardly, accept Susan.

But Susan herself has never been a completely outgoing type of person. She has made friendships slowly. With those she doesn't know, she usually is very reserved, slow to trust them, and sometimes very blunt and outspoken.

Just as Susan will have a problem adjusting herself to life in Georgia, so Eaton may have a problem of adjusting himself to his beautiful but temperamental redhead. "As a member of the redhead clan," she has said, "I will admit redheads are quicker to blow up and extremely touchy. They are harder to get along with than girls of other colorings."

Can Susan, because of her great love for Eaton, overcome her hot temper?

HOLLYWOOD still remembers with a shudder the black headlines that followed the week-end battle between Susan Hayward and actress Jill Jarmyn in the home of actor Donald Barry.

According to Miss Jarmyn, she had walked into the back door of Donald Barry's home one morning because "I thought I would go in and have coffee with Don. Like I have before."

However, Susan had evidently come in for an earlier cup of coffee.

"She came in screaming, 'Who is this?'" said Miss Jarmyn, "and then started swinging at me with a clothes brush. She hit me on the head with it."

Said one Hollywood columnist, "Don must brew a heck of a cup of coffee!"

Actually, this episode took place about fifteen months ago. What a lot of difference fifteen months can make!

In the past year, Susan has found that she is not only a symbol of success, but a woman, with a woman's heart. And being a very emotional woman, she is dependent for her sense of security upon the love of someone she loves.

Like most women, she is a bit possessive, and wants to be sure she commands every bit of a man's love.

With Don Barry, she could never have been sure that she was loved for herself. After all, he had a great deal to gain in favorable publicity if columnists saw them at the night clubs together and linked their names together in print.

In Eaton she has the kind of man she subconsciously wanted—a man of mature strength, a man she can look up to. Even when the woman is someone who has had to fight all her battles alone, unaided, something in her still cries out for the man of her heart, someone who can protect her from too much conflict.

Summing up her own life, Susan once said, "I'm the girl who has made all the mistakes in the book."

But now she can face the future with more confidence. For in spite of all the difficulties that loom ahead, she has a right to be radiant. To be chosen by a man like Eaton Chalkley as his wife is no small compliment. So long as she can feel secure in his love, Susan can face the whole world with triumphant confidence. No longer will she have to fight her battles alone by herself.
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reported on the verge of a fifth husband and a seventh marriage ceremony. The new entry in Lana's marital square dance was identified as Luiz Santos Jacinto, a handsome and wealthy young Brazilian with whom she had allegedly revived an old romance when she stopped off at Rio de Janeiro.

However, although the authenticity of this romance was vouched for by a celebrated international purveyor of gossip among the lifted pinky set, it was pooh-poohed by Lana's fellow-travelers on the South American junket. In fact, on the authority of no less esteemed an eyewitness than Lana's friend, Ann Miller, her friendship with Senor Jacinto couldn't have been more pedestrian. The man who really monopolized her time was another old friend, South American millionaire George Guinle, a playboy whose penchant for romancing Hollywood beauties is balanced by his aversion to marriage.

For all that has transpired since the separation, there are those who do not rule out the possibility of a reconciliation between Lex and Lana, who have survived other splits with less overt consequences. One factor that favored this bright hope was that, at this writing, no lawyers had yet been consulted.

A month after they were wed, Lex had said of Lana, "It's only been a month, but already I know I am married to the only woman for me."

And Lana had said, "We want this one to work. We know it will."

And as the Rev. Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan said when he defended his performance of the marriage ceremonies between Lana and Bob Topping:

"She has a real hunger to establish a home and a family. She has a spiritual quality that demands admiration."

Of course, Rev. MacLennan also had said, "I know the marriage will last," although, to be sure, he did not state for how long.

Conversely, the sometimes tumultuous marriage of June Allyson and Dick Powell has managed to survive all their differences, including their most recent one. Although June and Dick declined to divulge the nature of the incompatibility that drove them apart, their silence did not prevent speculation on their problems. The fact that case-hardened Hollywood observers described themselves as more dismayed than surprised by the quickly healed rift indicated only that they were giving substance to ancient rumors.

However, this is no valid proof that these frequently rekindled suspicions are founded on fact. The strength of the Powell-Allyson marriage is attested by the fact that it has risen serenely above all the periodic rumors from Peter Lawford to Alan Ladd—rumors set at rest with categorical denials from all concerned, and reaffirmations of love and affection by June and Dick.

June and Dick have been busy defying skeptics from the inception of their marriage, which the experts then gave no more than six months on the outside, due chiefly to their disparity in ages. Dick's 20-year seniority, however, has not prevented them from building a strong family relationship, reinforced by their complete devotion to their children, Pamela and Ricky. Each time their marriage has been threatened by rumors or other crises, maturity has prevailed and they have decided that their bonds were stronger than the problems that nettled them.

The rumors linking June and Alan Ladd assumed runaway proportions when Alan and his wife, Sue Carol, briefly separated at the time June and Alan had been co-starring in "The McConnell Story." But Alan returned to his wife, Dick Powell stuck to his wife, all concerned stuck to their denials that anything remotely improper had happened, and two of Hollywood's most durable marriages withstood the impact of crisis.

There can be no gainsaying, in view of what has happened, the determination of June and Dick to preserve their marriage. When they separated they didn't immediately go on dating binges but rather continued to meet in an effort, ultimately successful, to iron out their differences, and to reach a mutually agreeable basis for resuming their married life. They didn't offer grist for scorching headlines, in the manner of the Jeanne Crain-Paul Brinkman pyrotechnics. They did not burn their bridges behind them. The foundations of their marriage were not so weak that the first argument, or even subsequent domestic Donnybrooks, shattered them. They evidently were mature enough not to demand or expect a marriage free of problems, and evidently were in love enough to want to remain married in spite of the problems.

**U**NHAPPILY, life being what it is, while some couples manage to master their problems, other couples are mastered by theirs. Such, apparently, has been the case in the Russ Tamblyn-Venetia Stevenson, Jack Webb-Dorothy Towne, and Sheree North-Bud Freeman breakups. These marriages were wrecked by unreadiness, unwillingness or inability to adjust.

When Russ and Venetia married, he was 16, and she all of 17, they were like two dolls on a wedding cake. Ironically, the same factor that made for their ineradicable charm—their babbling youth—provided the basis for the disintegration of their marriage in less than one year.

In a statement with an oddly defensive ring, Russ had declared not long after he took Venetia as his bride, "I can truthfully say I've been happier than I ever expected to be. And I think the future looks even brighter. It's an advantage rather than a disadvantage to get married young. We feel it's easier to make marital adjustments when young."

Unfortunately, it didn't turn out that way. When they sorrowfully called it a day before the dawn of their first anniversary, Russ remarked, "Both of us feel badly about this, but we have tried, and it just doesn't seem to work out... Our marriage really didn't work from the start. I think perhaps it was because of our differences in background. Mine is a non-theatrical, practical background; Venetia's was all theatrical."

"They really did try their best," a confidante of both confirmed, "but they're just of different backgrounds and viewpoints. Rusty is a typical American boy who grew up in Inglewood and North Hollywood. He comes from a Mormon family, and his father is a plumber. Venetia, on the other hand, is sophisticated and worldly. Rusty is not. She was born worldly and cosmopolitan."

It was pointed out that Venetia's outlook was shaped largely by the professional lives of her British parents—both now in Hollywood—director Robert Stevenson and actress Anna Lee.

"They just look at things differently," she shrugged. "Maybe Rusty will acquire it. But he hasn't yet. Maybe if they were ten years older, they would have worked it out. I don't know. I do know they were trying for months to iron out their differences, and they kept their differences to themselves. There were no rumors, no anything. They just couldn't understand each other's outlook."

Those close to the couple agree with their own expressed gloomy outlook that there is no chance for reconciliation. This also seems to be the attitude toward the latest in the long succession of rifts between Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne. As in the case of Russ and Venetia, their marriage has never been
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**Silver Screen**

**ON THE NEWSSTANDS NOW!**

continued on page 69
VOICAL groups are a big thing these days. There has been an epidemic of them—good, bad and indifferent. One of the best of the "goods" is the Hi-Lo's—four guys with a million vocal ideas. In the Columbia album, "Suddenly It's The Hi-Lo's," the boys cover a lot of ground, from "Brahms' Lullaby" to "Basin Street Blues," in fine style . . . Eddie Heywood, he of "Begin The Beguine" fame, appears to have another gold mine as yet untapped. A coupling of "Trees" and "Bebe" on the London label both have strong hit potential. "Trees" looks like the one to pull down a blue ribbon . . . You can add another notch on Harry Belafonte's song-smash six-shooter. King of the lp etchers, Harry is offering a new album that should keep the Victor presses working round the clock. "An Evening With Belafonte" has a little bit of everything, presenting some hitherto unexhibited facets of Mr. Belafonte's prodigious talents . . . David Rose and his orchestra take a native beat and give it a "white tie" treatment on "Calypso Melody." The flip side is "The Theme From The Wings Of Eagles," another Rose-colored orchestration (M-G-M) . . . While we're on a Calypso kick, Chuck Miller's Mercury recording of "Me Head's In De Barrel" is a barrel of fun and should make Chuck a strong contender in the present West Indian derby. A change of pace is offered on the reverse side with "Good Mornin' Darling," a slow beat rhythm and blues opus.

Roll out the red carpet and bring on the reception committee for Helen Grayco's Vik album "After Midnight." The girl's got a voice that rates a V. I. P. treatment. You'll hear what we mean on numbers like "Glad To Be Unhappy" and "You're My Thrill" . . . Dean Martin's going to capture a big batch of sales with his latest recording, "Captured," backed by "The Man Who Plays The Mandolin" from Dean's movie, "Ten Thousand Bedrooms." "Captured" is the side, though, that should keep the dealers in short supply (Capitol) . . . Two Decca sound track albums at practically opposite poles of the musical spectrum are both exciting audio fare. The score for the 20th Century-Fox film, "Anastasia," is regal, brooding, melancholy, while the sound track for Mike Todd's "Around The World In 80 Days" is a melodic travelogue that embodies the humor, exotic grandeur and high adventure of the picture. You pay your money and you take your choice.

The McGuire Sisters have paired "Blue Skies," one of Irving Berlin's more outstanding anannities, with "He's Got Time," a spiritual. It's a tribute to their versatility, being able to handle both sides in superlative fashion (Coral). . . . "Tennessee" Ernie Ford has a way with a novelty number that is indeed wondrous to behold. Behold what he does with "One Suit" and "The Watermelon Song," a catchy Capitol coupling. Easy-going Ernie makes a good case for the casual approach to the gentle art of vocalizing . . . Pat Kirby, who made her mark on the Steve Allen "Tonight" TV show, has a new Decca album, "What Is This Thing Called Love?" The expert answers to this burning question fill both sides of Miss Kirby's offering and vary in explanation from "Love Is A Simple Thing" to "All Or Nothing At All" . . . For some Calypso unsullied by the crass commercial refinements of Tin Pan Alley, dig Lord Flea and his Calypsonians romping through "The Naughty Little Flea" and "Shake Shake Sonora." What? The songs are products of Tin Pan Alley? Well, they sound authentic, anyway, and that's all that really counts (Capitol).
What's Happening
To Marriage?
continued from page 67

not run screaming to their press agents, the newspapers or lawyers. Most of the current crop of Hollywood separations seem occupational in tone, but they haven't produced the kind of scandal which the remainder of the nation loves to read in the morning papers and deplore at the evening meal. It will be interesting to see how long before Hollywood offers another piece de resistance as rich as the Jeanne Crain-Paul Brinkman smorgasbord—and it cannot be ignored that even their seemingly irreconcilable differences were overcome.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, marriages are true to life. The stresses and strains that besiege personalities in conflict are the same. Marriages are born in hope, and expire in despair and disenchantment. Sometimes love conquers all—and sometimes selfish considerations and/or personality disturbances conquer love. Love and marriage and divorce are the same. Only the locale changes. END

Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 8

227,000 beads. The dress is still making personal appearances around the country. Vive la Grandmere! . . .

Don't believe the stories that Mel Ferrer is the boss in his marriage. He only seems to be, because wife Audrey Hepburn, makes it appear that way—like the clever lass she is. It's little Audrey who makes the decisions—but gently. And she's a good business woman too with definite opinions on whom she will act with. . . .

Two girls back to back, doing a mean rhumba at a recent party—Natalie Wood with Robert Wagner, while her erstwhile flame, Nicky Hilton, jived with Joan Collins. It's hard to keep tabs on these youngsters. Which brings us to Tab Hunter, and his terrific success as a record singer. He'll be waxing some more songs. And everyone else here, ditto. Including R. J. Wagner, Robert Mitchum, Jack Lemmon and Jeff Chandler . . . 1957 will go down in Hollywood history as Tony Perkins' year. In addition to his excellent acting in "Fear Strikes Out," Tony has "Desire Under The Elms," with Spencer Tracy and Sophia Loren, to follow his current "Sea Wall." Then "The Matchmaker," "Joey" and "Look Homeward, Angel." He's very likable. I've seen success change a lot of actors, but I think Tony will be wearing the same size in hats next year.

When Elvis Presley is asked if he is romantically interested in anyone right now, he replies, "Yes, Unde Sam." If he isn't in the Service now, it's just a question of days. . . . That's all for now. END

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EVEN when playing golf Jack Lemmon is beset with problems. Pal Biff Elliot's concerned too.
excludes fairly normal social activities, "fairly normal" because no actor can make plans like fellows who have a more predictable occupation.

While Jack is not "going steady" with anyone, his most frequent date is attractive, dark-haired, brown-eyed Felicia Farr, who is also under contract to Columbia Pictures.

They go to night clubs, to movies, to parties. Like Jack she likes good food, witty company, and—which proved nearly disastrous for both of them—the feeling of a Thunderbird under her control.

Jack is most generous with his belongings, and protested only mildly when on the way home from a party a short while ago, Felicia asked him to let her drive.

Instead of shifting into reverse, Felicia put the car into first, and nearly plowed down the carport. Jack pointed out the reverse shift, cautioned her "to take it easy," then sank back into his seat and mumbled something that might have been a prayer as Felicia shot backward—barely missing going over the cliff!

That Jack let her drive the car again is not only a sign of his generosity, but an indication that he's grown quite fond of Felicia.

Yet Jack has no intention of getting married soon, to anyone. He simply wants to have a good time in his private life while concentrating on his career to the fullest extent. The future, he's convinced, will work itself out eventually.

END

"Why Do They Lie About Me?"

continued from page 43.

I think I am just a healthy and (I hope) normal girl who happens to have a job which plunges me into the spotlight now and then. I want to do my job as well as I can and have as much fun as I can while I'm doing it and not let the spotlight—or the gossips—spoil things for me.

Q. Are there any special "true or false" questions you would like to include in this? Things that you want to get off your chest...to set the record straight?

A. There certainly are and I thank you for giving me the opportunity.

There's the one about how I want to get away from my family...and this has been printed again and again. All about how, the moment I passed my 18th birthday I planned to break away and get an apartment of my own where I could "manage my own life"...as if I had been dominated or something.

Nothing could have been more untrue and moreover I think those reports were mean. We just have bought a new house for all of us. Where we can be together.

It's true that I have my own little wing and my own private entrance but I had almost the same conveniences in the old house. This one will merely be larger and more convenient for the entire family.

I am definitely not breaking with my father and mother and sister and I don't expect to do any such thing until I marry. That is final.

Q. What about marriage, now that we've brought it up? Was Tab Hunter right when he said that he didn't expect you to marry before you were 21—and that then he expected it to be final?

A. I don't know what made Tab say a thing like that. I'm sure. But he could be right. Maybe he knows something about me that I don't know about myself?

Q. Are there any more things on which you would like to put the record straight?

A. Yes. A question which comes up again and again in my fan mail and which requires answering. "Because you were a child actress, did you have an unhappy, artificial and stilted childhood?"

I'd like to say that I definitely did not.

For one thing, I always lived at home when I wasn't actually working in a picture—and usually when I was—and I went to the nearest public school. When I worked in a picture and was tutored by the studio teacher.

My life at home was not very different from what it would have been if I hadn't been in pictures at all. It was merely interrupted sometimes with thrilling interruptions. But the discipline and training were always there. I realize that now.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to tell us?

A. Yes there is. There is such a thing as being "a successful movie personality" and being that may make you a lot of money. But there is also such a thing as being a real craftsman, a real actor or actress. And that's what I want to be.

After all, I started to learn this business when I was a very little girl. I want to go on learning and I am really serious about it. Completely serious.

But somehow I don't see why people should begrudge me the fun that normally comes with being 18, even if I am working hard at my job. Do you?
Shoot-Out At Medicine Bend

RETURNED from the Civil War, Ralph Scott finds his brother killed by Indians who couldn’t be run off the homestead with faulty ammunition. Determined to smoke out the scoundrel responsible for selling the settlers cheap, inferior weapons and supplies, Scott and his buddy, James Garner and Gordon Jones, head for Medicine Bend. En route, their clothes, money and horses are stolen. This turns out to be a blessing in disguise, since the clothes they borrow from a Quaker-type religious group help conceal their identity. With no one suspecting them in Medicine Bend, Scott is able to get the sleazy goods on bossman James Craig and his henchmen. Angie Dickinson and Dani Crayne behave themselves rather well considering they are females trespassing in a Western, though saloon canary Dani has Garner and Jones hanging on the ropes—by the neck, that is. (Warner Brothers.)

Abandon Ship!

BACK in the 1880s, this harrowing story of 26 people adrift in a small boat on the ocean really happened. For the movie, Tyrone Power is put in charge of the shipwrecked group, and the time, for some obscure reason, is pushed ahead to present day. However, the decisions Power must make are still as dreadful. It is he who must weigh the wisdom of sacrificing the weak and injured, by throwing them overboard, so the stronger might have a surer chance of surviving the arduous journey to safety. One of the women in the skiff meant to carry 14 people at the most is nurse Mai Zetterling, though after all the unfortunates are jettisoned, there really isn’t much for her to do except stick by Power even if she disagrees with his orders. The story becomes even more frightening, perhaps, because having survived one horrible ordeal, the weak and defenseless survivors are forced to face death again. (Columbia.)

The Bachelor Party

WHEN Paddy Chayefsky, the TV writer, whips up one of his somber soufflés about life in a metropolitan housing development, his type “happy ending” could effortlessly double as a life sentence in purgatory. Married to Patricia Smith, Don Murray rebels at the frustrations of marriage. Truthfully, there’s not very much he can do about being stuck in a dull clerical job, going to college in the evenings, and facing an added responsibility of a baby. His resentment lurches into the open during a boozey stag party for Philip Abbott, who’s altar-bound. On his night of pseudo-freedom, Murray and chums wander into many strange situations that all seem ugly, hot and distorted. But no experience is really worthless. Murray learns that escaping his responsibilities would be impossible and there’s only one path ahead of him—and that, he decides, is a lot better than loneliness. (United Artists.)
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although they are now looking for a woman to help them out—with the house, not the baby which was born on March 19. "We will always take care of the child ourselves," Don insists.

In raising their son, the Murrays will follow pretty much the manner in which Don himself was brought up. Taught to be self-sufficient at an early age, he earned his own spending money from the time he was ten. His father was kind and interested in his children's activities, but he could be very strict—particularly when it concerned lying or stealing. Then all leniency was discarded.

Don will never forget one day his father really lost his temper. Don had come home with a bag full of greenish apples, his contribution to the family menu that day. His father took one bite, then screwed up his face from the bitterness. "Where in the world did they sell you these?" he asked.

"Nobody sold them to me," Don replied cheerfully.

"You mean you stole them?"

"Oh, no! I picked them off the trees..."

Don couldn't see anything wrong with that, but his father did! And after he got through with his son, Don made darn sure he paid for his purchases after that.

Hope believes in catering to her husband probably more so than most wives.

For instance, one of Don's favorite pastimes is writing. When he was 17 he started work on a novel, based on his own experiences. He's still at it. He also wrote a number of articles for religious magazines when he was in Europe, and is now busy with an original screen treatment for television.

Like most writers, Don can achieve more when he is not disturbed. That means no matter how pressing a problem, when Hope sees him pounding the typewriter she will wait till he finishes before talking to him. Not many wives would do that.

To please Don, Hope has collected recipes since they were first married. Her task is made somewhat more difficult by her husband's refusal to criticize her food when it doesn't come out as he likes it. That's why it took her six months to find out why he loved lamb when his mother served it, and never commented on it when she prepared it. One day she made a long distance call to find out the secret. Said the older Mrs. Murray, "He likes it so well done, I almost burn it." Till then Hope had always thought it came out that way by mistake.

Except for making spaghetti sauce—two years in Italy have made him an expert in Italian cooking—Don prefers to stay away from the kitchen, unless there's an emergency. Like when Hope came back from the hospital after she had the baby, and he did all the cooking for two weeks.

Don has only one complaint about his wife's culinary ability. "She made me gain 25 pounds in one year. If this keeps up, I'll be playing character parts at 30."

Likewise, Hope dresses to please him, not other women. When he doesn't like her clothes, she promptly returns them. Curiously enough, the only discord in their lives came over her wardrobe.

Although they had talked about getting married for some time, the wedding date was set rather suddenly. Consequently, Hope had but a couple of days to get her trousseau together.

Customarily, prospective husbands don't voice an opinion on trousseaux, at least not till after they are married. In most cases they don't even know what makes up one. But Hope had no intention of taking any chances, so she modelled the dresses and suits for him. He didn't like most of them. Although quite upset by his criticism, she took them back. Two days later she admitted he was right.

Comments Don today, "She really has very good taste. I just didn't give her enough time to select things."

Don and Hope's marriage is as unusual for Hollywood as the two people are themselves. In fact, when Don was asked how he managed "not to go Hollywood" considering his recent success, he looked a little bewildered. "I'm not sure what you mean by that unless you refer to people who do anything for the sake of publicity."

Since the Murrays moved West, they have completely stayed out of the Hollywood limelight.

Don and Hope have the ability to enjoy the simple things in life—a good conversation, a ride through the country, a walk along their tree-lined streets, the most minute presents. In fact, anyone who had watched them open their Christmas presents last year would have thought they really were a couple of over-grown kids.

They sat on the floor, cross-legged, in front of a huge gaily decorated tree, amidst some 30 beautifully wrapped packages.

When Hope opened hers, she was more excited than a six-year-old on the first day of school. "A napkin ring!" she cried out, delightedly examining a present that cost about $1.50.

It was Don's turn next. He was just as enthusiastic about a narrow leather belt she had given him, and so they went from present to present, with few items running above two dollars.

"It's the idea of giving, not the expense involved that counts," Don insists.

That's the true meaning of Christmas. But how few people remember it. . . .

Don's marriage—like his career and his whole existence—is based on the concept of self-sufficiency, creativity, and purpose. There's no more room for meaningless small talk at home than attending equally meaningless cocktail parties some place else. "Life is too short to waste any part of it," Don insists.

Quite obviously, he doesn't.

END

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 63

ing to Hudson, "It was hard to know which was quivering most, the car or Phyllis."

QUEEN OF HEARTS—The Clark Gables, who celebrate their second wedding anniversary this month, have a wonderful camaraderie. Ever since her hospitalization, Clark is so protective of his Kathleen. She, on the other hand, seems to have a knack for knowing just how to please him.

WEBB'S ROOST—Jack Webb has built a bachelor apartment on the Republic Studio lot. Webb has converted the top floor of his office building into a solo retreat that includes living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen, and is over- seen by a Filipino houseboy. Jack never seems to let down. Even his month in Europe wasn't a vacation, but a business holiday to open his film, "The D.I.," and to give 40 interviews on "Dragnet."

SOLVES DILEMMA—Terry Moore, who believes a wife should be with her husband at all times, has certainly led her friends a merry chase trying to keep up with her and hubby Gene McGrath's whereabouts. She's finally solved the dilemma by having her stationery made up listing all four of their addresses, Caracas, Panama, New York, and Beverly Hills. She has a small box across from each address and simply checks off where she is currently residing.

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TV-LAND

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SCREENDLAND SPECIAL
Liz Taylor 16 Liz Taylor’s Search For Love by John Moynord

INSIDE NEWS
Ernest Borgnine 26 “Confessions Of A Homely Romeo” by Ernest Borgnine
Tony Perkins 33 “Why Hollywood Girls Leave Me Cold!” by Bill Tusher

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
Doris Day 38 Dodo On The Grill by Amy Francis
Jean Seberg 46 “I’m No Cindirello” by Rohno Moughon
Janet and Tony 51 Kelly In The Nursery by Helen L. Walker

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES
Debra Paget 30 In A Person’s Garden
Ben Gazzara 43 Mr. Gazzara Goes To Boston

TELEVISION
Betsy Palmer 58 Steno’s Gift To TV by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES
Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheiloh Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Rebo and Bonnie Churchhill
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rohno Moughon
Fashions 54 Test Your Fashion Senses! by Natalie Wood
Alan Ladd 56 Alan Ladd’s Dilemma by Bob Russell
Records 68 Let’s Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: JAYNE MANFIELD, CURRENTLY STARRING IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX’S “WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?”

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HELLO to you all from Hollywood, land of sunshine, smog and smear—if you can believe those scandal mags—and please don’t... Jayne Mansfield has a funny reason for refusing to marry Mickey Hargitay in October—the month when her divorce is final. “It’s too close to Hallowe’en.” Sounds like she isn’t sure whether she’s getting a trick or a treat.

... Clark Gable, now a ripe 56, and so in love with his blonde, beautiful wife, Kay, who was hospitalized with a heart attack, is planning a long siesta from the cameras. This marriage is more important to Clark than all the movies in the world.

... Most candid girl in Hollywood—sultry Sophia Loren, who calmly states to interviewers: “My mother and father were never married.” Then adds, “It might have been worse if they had.”

The very pixie-like Tony Perkins is making some enemies who believe his different-ness is too cute for a grown-up lad. Personally, it’s a pleasure to find a newcomer who is not run-of-the-mill...

Cary Grant is boosting new lady star, Suzy Parker, a combo of Audrey Hepburn and the late Carole Lombard. “She’ll be as big as Grace Kelly in two years,” predicts Cary who accepted the Texas-born Paris model as his co-star in “Kiss Them For Me.”... Bella Darvi, sans her Hollywood producer pal, has been losing at the rate of $1,500 a chip in the Cannes gambling places. But—“They’re only plastic,” she philosophizes. Ha!

It can’t be true, but there was a printed report in a British newspaper that Ingrid Bergman was scripting the story of her love for Roberto Rossellini, as a movie vehicle for herself. Her side of the romance would be interesting reading...

To go back to the gaming tables. Pity Elizabeth Taylor. She spent her first honeymoon in the Cannes Casino waiting for Nicky Hilton. And ditto for her last with Mike Todd. What shall it profit a girl to have all the diamond tiaras and gleaming Rolls Royces, if her husband stays up until 4:30 in the morning losing money on the tables? Even if he won, it’s still dreary for the bride.

Russ Tamblyn has a crush on Italy’s statuesque Gia Scala—as of going to

continued on page 8
There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like

Marilyn Monroe starring with Laurence Olivier in The Prince and the Showgirl

Some nations have a medal for Everything.
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN
continued

press, that is. Russ was actually considering hitch-hiking to New York to see her. Fortunately for his feet, MGM called him in for another picture. . . . How about Mike Todd's remark when told there was no balloon ride in his Jules Verne classic, "Around The World In 80 Days." "That," said the almighty Todd, "was Jules Verne's big mistake!" . . . The fans—by the judge I receive—prefer Kim Novak for "The Story Of Jean Harlow." But whether Jerry Wald and 20th can get her is something else. I agree she would be a better choice than Jayne Mansfield.

In her settlement with Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner was paid back the money she advanced when Frankie had tough career sledding in the year before "From Here To Eternity." Plus interest. One thing you must say for Sinatra. When he has it, he's generous. . . . Ava should be signing her name Mrs. Walter Chiari when you read this. . . . But I doubt whether Frankie's dates with Lauren Bacall add up to romance. He was a bosom buddy of the late Humphrey Bogart. But I wouldn't want to predict what the future will bring. . . . Miscasting of the year—dressing Ann Sothern as a boy for a number in her night club act. You can do tricks with a camera but not with a live audience.

Pert Yvonne Lime is fighting a losing battle, if she is really serious about being in love with Elvis Presley. When I asked his manager, Colonel Parker, if there was a chance for Yvonne or any other girl for that matter, his answer was a laugh and "I don't hear any wedding bells." . . . Advice to Linda Darnell: sell your house and live in one owned by your new husband, Robbie Robertson. Then your marriage will have a better chance. . . . John Wayne discussing Sophia Loren: "She's going to be the biggest star in the business and not because she's got the biggest chest." I agree.

Mrs. Alan Ladd called her press agent to say please to have me come over and see for myself that Alan has lost weight. I'm glad. Actually, he was ill when he made "Boy On A Dolphin," which I'm assured accounts for the blown-up look. And, he was unhappy at having a co-star taller than he is. . . . It's a cinch that Gary Crosby will marry before his old man. At last reports he was wooing an Ice-Capades dancer whose name escapes me at the moment.

Dorothy Malone is seeing Scott Brady again. . . . Fred Astaire is dating Barrie Chase, daughter of writer Bordon Chase. But close pals do not hear wedding bells. Fred is still in love with the memory of his late wife, they claim. . . . Fred, now 58, may be cutting out some of the more strenuous steps from future production numbers. . . . Too bad that Phylis Hudson's serious hepatitis cancelled her trip to Italy to be with Rock. They were planning to make it a second honeymoon after he finished "Farewell To Arms" with Jennifer Jones.

Gale Storm is secure financially for the rest of her sweet life. The "My Little Margie" re-runs pay her an extra $100,000 for ever and ever—almost. . . . And live TV stars in Hollywood are kicking themselves for wasting their all on one-shots. . . . When Victor Borge saw a misprint on a Variety Club luncheon card in London, he commented, "Someone's kicked the 'L' out of Liberace. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry." . . . John Barrymore, Jr., feuding with half-sister Diana Barrymore over family disclosures in "Too Much, Too Soon," has sworn a mighty oath—to erase the blot off the Barrymore escutcheon—by being the best actor of the bunch. Young John made a good start as Romeo in "Romeo And Juliet" here at the Pasadena Playhouse. And one of these days soon, he will pen his recollections of his father. . . . Tab Hunter wants to make more records. His Warner bosses want him to make more movies. One of them has to give or they both lose.

Walt Disney's recently re-released "Cinderella," is making as much this time around as when it was first released to the public. . . . Can you guess why Sinatra calls his buddy Yul Brynner, "Egg-man"? . . . If Eva Bartok can manage to live in the same country as her ex-fourth husband, Curt Jurgens, they will re-marry. They realized it was still love when they met and dated in the South of France.

Rumor is divided as to whether Marilyn Monroe is expecting a baby now. But one thing is positive. She wants one. And she will stay off the screen for as long as it is necessary to get the prescribed rest to make this dream a fact. There seems to be no doubt that Marilyn was expecting the long-legged bird while she was working in "The Prince And The Showgirl," but the stork flew away soon after. . . . The hep London set are betting that Diana Dors will not reconcile again with Dennis Hamilton, and that her next husband will be 25-year-old Tommy Yeardie, a double for Dennis. . . . German star Maria Schell, who replaced Carroll Baker in "The Brothers Karamazov," couldn't make the grade in England when continued on page 74
Jerry's at his funniest ever... he's so tough no one but himself!

Paramount presents

JERRY LEWIS as...

Warning! This kid'll kill you—you'll die laughing!

Jerry shows up the leather-jacket set!

Jerry flips for these teen-age Chicks!

featuring ROBERT IVES · HORACE McMAHON
produced by JERRY LEWIS written and directed by DON McGUIRE

Co-starring DARREN McGAVIN · MARTHA HYER
Love In The Afternoon

If what's in the Paris air can be bottled and shipped out—oooh-la-la. It's this same magic ingredient that keeps French private eye, Maurice Chevalier, gleefully scurrying about in a business boom. Truthfully, though, this spring the air alone isn't totally responsible, it's also the arrival of middle-aged millionaire Gary Cooper. He's a roué who comes to Paris periodically to get recharged, as it were. Cooper's last boudoir caper with a married woman would be exactly that—his last, if her gun-totin' husband had his way. Chevalier's daughter, Audrey Hepburn, a chip off the old block when it comes to eavesdropping, rushes to Cooper's rescue, trips over his charm, and falls in love. The odds, considering Cooper's far-flung stable of fillies, seem hopeless, but then again, never under-estimate the power of a Parisienne, especially one like Audrey. Directed by Billy Wilder, this was meant to be strictly entertainment and a sophisticated comedy of sex that has a brilliant sharp sparkle. (Allied Artists.)

Man On Fire

Long drawn-out account of a father, Bing Crosby, who believes love of a child can only be shown by possession. He has a great deal to learn. Following his divorce, Crosby managed to obtain full custody of his eight-year-old son. Now, two years later, his wife, who has re-married, wants equal rights to the lad. When Crosby says no despite the advice of lawyer E. G. Marshall, the case is hustled into court. The mother obtains full custody. From then on, it becomes a crucial matter of will Crosby, with Inger Stevens' help, adjust to the decision. Despite the fact that Crosby does a remarkable job, this requires something beside a coat of snappy dialogue. (MGM.)

The Delicate Delinquent

From a tenement janitor to policeman mightn't be as difficult as it sounds, but the way in which Jerry Lewis makes the transition is cluttered with all sorts of fascinating detours. Picked up as a juvenile delinquent, when all he was doing was emptying a garbage can, Lewis becomes a test case for Patrolman Darren McGavin who insists the kindly approach can do more to save a delinquent than punishment. Lewis, who, until then, had never received any attention, except from tenant Mary Webster, is a willing subject for McGavin's theory. In fact, these therapeutic measures work wonders. Lewis decides he wants to become a policeman. Eventually he makes the grade, but in the process almost louses up McGavin's romance with Martha Hyer. For a change of pace, there's less of Lewis the loose-limbed clown and more of Lewis the actor with some surprising and hilarious results. (Paramount.)

The Prince And The Showgirl

When a shoulder strap popped apart backstage at a London music hall, an empire was saved. The shoulder belonged to American showgirl Marilyn Monroe and the empire was ruled by Laurence Olivier. Their historic entente developed while Olivier, on hand for a Coronation, was surveying the local feminine talent, and pop, there she was. Instantly, Olivier knew Marilyn was the girl with whom he'd most like to split a cold bird. a continuation on page 66
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ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 8247
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest.
HOLLYWOOD
LOVE LIFE

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

★ Has the Presley influence bit Rock Hudson?
★ Pier Angeli and Vic Damone's design for living

LANA GOES LATIN—Although Lana Turner and Lex Barker have agreed to
disagree, she is building on the lot they
liked in Acapulco, Mexico. Knowing Lana,
we weren't surprised that she added a lot
of glamour touches to the blueprints, in-
cluding a pink marble bath with an ad-
joining garden for sun bathing. "It's the
only bathroom," she smiled, "that looks
pretty enough for a party setting."

TEENAGE TWOSOME—Cutest cou-
ple around town is Tommy "Teenage
Crush" Sands and disk-doll, Molly Bee.
Sands, who is under contract to 20th Cen-
tury-Fox, insists he and Molly are friends,
not an "item." She agrees and puts it this
way—we like the same music, enjoy the
same food, have the same manager, and
share the same press agent.

STILL ACTING—After all the talk of
Liz Taylor's retiring from the screen,
hubby Mike Todd squelched the rhubarb
by announcing she'd star in his next big
epic. "Don Quixote." What raised eye-
brows was Liz will appear as Cantinflas' 
wife, who's described in the book as unat-
tractive and by that now classic line,
"What does he see in her?"

SURRounded—Elvis Presley cer-
tainly isn't bothered with that bachelor bug-
boo, loneliness. When he was at MGM
making "Jailhouse Rock," he had a per-
sonal staff of six constantly with him.
They were easy to identify, since they
either wore sideburns or campaign but-
tons with you-know-who's picture em-
blazoned on them. Although Elvis declined
most party bids, once or twice he did bust
loose with a party in his hotel. It was
spearheaded by his two cousins and two
old school pals from Memphis who travel
with him.

THOUGHTFUL ROCK—Rock Hudson
was determined to help his wife Phyllis
recuperate even though she was ill in Hol-
lywood and he was grounded in Italy for
"A Farewell To Arms." He called her
regularly via trans-Atlantic, surprised her
with weekly get-well gifts (most recent
was six cashmere sweaters), and promised
her a convalescent trip to Hawaii. One
other surprise is he's been taking guitar
lessons from make-up man Alberto Rossi,
and can now play a couple of Phyllis' fa-
vorite tunes on the instrument. At first,
Rock admits, there was a lot more plunk
than plink to his playing.

DOUBLE GOOD-BYE—It was a tear-
y and tender farewell with Natalie Wood
and Bob Wagner when Bob hopped a
plane for Japan for his "Stop-Over
Tokyo" location. Nat had no sooner said
one good-bye than plan trouble found
Wagner being transferred to a different
liner, so another farewell scene. But Nat-
alie busied herself studying for "Marjorie
Morningstar," and, believe it or not, get-
ting up at 5:30 a.m. for those trans-Pacific
calls from Bob.

REVERSE STRATEGY—Richard
Egan is doing a switch on the old adage,
"The way to a man's heart." It's who is
doing the cooking, and the girl he's
trying to impress with his culinary efforts
is Pat Hardy. His specialty is steak and
salad a la Egan, which he prepares in his
U-I dressing room whenever she stops by
for a lunch time visit.
Should she love him…
give him the kisses
he begged for…
or should she count
the cost and the
heartbreak this
forbidden interlude
would bring?

WEDDING BELLS—Jeff Hunter and
towel Dusty Bartlett no sooner announced
their marriage plans than Jeff began
drawing blueprints for the honeymoon
home. Hunter, it seems, has other talents
besides acting. His business ventures in-
clude his own management firm, oil in-
vestments, producing short films, and real
estate holdings. No wonder the first thing
he does each morning is look over the
“Wall Street Journal.”

DETERMINED PAIR—Vic Damone
and Pier Angeli are determined to have
more time together. She accompanied him
to San Francisco for a singing engagement
and later that week to New York for his
television show. Unlike most couples who
travel on their vacations, they’re doing a
reverse and plan to spend their vacations
in their new Bel-Air home. “It’s rather a
topsy-turvy plan,” Pier admits, “but at
least this way we’ll be spending all of
our time together.”

CAPRICIOUS CUPID—Just when
pals thought Dennis Hopper and Venetia
Stevenson were going steady, they received
continued on page 14

Seldom seen in nightclubs, Ann Blyth and
husband, Dr. James McNulty, at Mocambo.
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

a jolt. Suddenly their dates stopped, and each started seeing others. Whether this is a permanent arrangement is anyone's guess. In the meantime, Dennis has been showing Hollywood to New York TV actress Susan Oliver. The petite blonde is the girl selected by Doris Day to play the lead in Dodo's first non-starring production, "Green Eyes."

FAVORITE TOPIC—Yul Brynner doesn't seem to mind his shaved pate being the topic of so many comics' routines. Why should he when a national woman's organization just named his "the sexiest skull in history"? Yul remains clean-shaven for "The Brothers Karamazov," but goes overboard in "The Buccaneer" with hair, moustache and beard.

ROYAL SPLENDOR—Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis started their sixth year of marriage in a lavish way. They toasted each other in London, flew to Norway, and boarded the Brand VI, Barbara Hutton's former yacht, for the sea location on "The Viking." As it turned out, the ship has become an ocean-going "apartment house" with co-stars Kirk Douglas and Ernie Borgnine, also residing on it.

SURPRISED GRANT—When Cary Grant began his love scene on a San Francisco cable car with new star Suzy Parker, he was prepared for onlookers. What surprised Grant was that one of the passengers was his wife, Betsy Drake. Her "walk-on" will be left in the film, "Kiss Them For Me."

SIZZLING SUZY—Cary's co-star, Suzy Parker, is a tux-haired Texan who is provocative in both looks and quotes. A top model in Paris, her face has been on all the fashion magazine covers, and Milton Greene, who took such luscious pictures of Marilyn Monroe, flew to Holly-

wood to do ditto on Suzy. Here are some Parker quotes: "I think European men are more stimulating, but I'm giving Americans a chance to prove I'm wrong." . . . "I like my freedom, so I'm in no hurry to marry." . . . "One of my favorite hobbies is shooting, and I can knock the ashes off a cigarette at 20 paces." She's quite a girl; even in "reel life" she wins Cary Grant from Jayne Mansfield.

BLOWS BUDGET—While her ever-lovin' husband, Steve Parker, has been making TV films in Japan, Shirley MacLaine has been making a few movies of her own. She's just bought a new home in the Hollywood Hills and is in the midst of furnishing it. The day we chatted, she was wrestling with the idea of buying an $1100 sofa. She kept telling herself, "It's too expensive. After all, I have a year-old daughter to put through college."

EXPANSION—The Jerry Lewises are in the "boo-boo and blueprint" stage trying to figure out how to add rooms to their Pacific Palisades home. The couple

NEEED the extra space for the five children that they have.

HELPFUL HUBBY—Stewart Granger, who frequently helps wife Jean Simmons select her wardrobe, is doing ditto for the Western gear she'll wear on their Arizona ranch. He's had special "dude duds" made up, complete with chaps and a porkpie white Stetson hat.

NEW ROUTINE—Rita Hayworth's social life is practically at a stand-still while making "Pal Joey." The company has a new system of working from noon to 8 p.m., with dinner being catered on an adjoining sound stage. Although this snafus any dinner dates, Rita doesn't mind since it also puts an end to those unearthly 5 a.m. make-up calls.

NINTH ANNIVERSARY—Rory and Lita Calboun plan to celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary aboard their new 42-foot schooner. Rory has changed the name of it from the "Quisette" to "Lady Baron," after his wife, Lita Baron Cal-

AMONG the stars now working in Europe is Kirk Douglas, here accompanied by wife Anne.

ALL'S tranquil on the Anita Ekberg-Anthony Steel front again. They're also on the Continent.

NEWLY wed Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa are part of gala premiere audience.
houn. Business-wise, Rory is engaged in quite a house-cleaning. He's put his Ojai ranch up for sale as well as his rug cleaning business in Beverly Hills.

SPECIAL GIFT—One of Hollywood's nicest love stories is that of the Lloyd Nolans. When the actor was starring and directing in London, he looked around for a special 23rd wedding anniversary gift to his wife. Finally, he bought her an Aston Martin sports car. And what did Mrs. N. do? She reciprocated by turning over the keys to a silver Jaguar.

PIPER'S PICK—Piper Laurie has moved into her bachelor girl apartment in the heart of Manhattan. Sounds like Piper picked a pip of a place, it's a mammoth eight rooms, ultra-modern, and has a view. Incidentally, she's the only actress we know who has dated on both coasts over a week-end. She completed "Until They Sail" at MGM, had a fun-packed farewell Friday, then planed to New York, arriving just in time to keep a theatre date on Saturday.

MEXICO-bound Dana Wynter and husband Greg Bautzer will shop for a hacienda there.
Liz Taylor’s search for love

Her dream of happiness has eluded lovely Liz through two broken marriages. Has she finally found it with Mike Todd?

By JOHN MAYNARD

"THE THING I am saddest about.” Liz Taylor once told an interviewer, “is that I had to grow up all in a rush. Oh, there simply wasn’t time to wait! I suppose I felt that being young was a bore. And never realized that when one is young, there simply is nothing to do about it but be young. And such a wonderful way to be if you go about it right—I think. But then, I wouldn’t exactly know, would I? But if only I could go back, this much I’m sure of—I’d take it year by year and day by day and hour by hour. I’d have the dates I never had and go on the picnics I never went to and play on the beaches I never saw. But I can’t go back. No one can.”

Now there is certainly an element of poignancy to this diatribe, but the fact also is that Miss Taylor was professedly a happy woman when she delivered it. It was during the fullest flowering of her marriage to Michael Wilding—plus, perhaps ironically, a period when flapping columnar mouths insisted the marriage had had it. Said Miss Taylor this day, apropos the rumors: “In the end, it comes to this. We know, Mike and I. They don’t. And when I say

continued on page 19
CROWNED with a kiss by Mike, Liz has an unmistakable radiance.
Blooming early, Liz encountered first love,
marriage and divorce too soon

'They', I mean it to sound like a capital 'T'. All the people who seem to have nothing to do but talk and scribble and guess wrong and wrong and wrong again. They say this, They say that. But Mike and I,"—the reader should bear in mind this is Mike Wilding she's talking about—"we draw a tight little circle around our innermost selves and no one else can get through, and They are way, way out in the cold. And after that, what else matters?"

Well, something did. Not then or even the next year, but eventually. A close male friend of Elizabeth Taylor's was one of the very first persons to see her after the announcement of plans for a divorce. He drove hurriedly to the hilltop $150,000 modern house the Wildings had made such a cheerful shambles of, and found her, understandably, in chaotic emotional straits. These were so chaotic indeed that she told him what the trouble was: a penalty of youth had encountered a penalty of middle-age. She still loved him on that bitter day. He still loved her. So there was nothing to do but part.

And now there is Michael Todd, and it is time for another re-assessment of Elizabeth Taylor. She has told close friends and she has told the world via the press that she is sublimely happy with Mike Todd, and as of this moment of writing, it must be believed. Todd, her associates think, is the man for her, and always was. There was just the circumstance of their never having met, which at that can be a formidable circumstance. Todd is a gambler, an extrovert, a swash-buckler, and very much a man in every way. It is not true that he consciously dominates his incredible wife, but neither does he swash or buckle in her shadow. He throws Rolls-Royces at her, this guy, and yachts, and is tender and pitying and somewhat paternal about the herniated spinal disk that's been hurting her so desperately. But there's not a doubt of his maleness or the vitality of his being. Vitality crackles in him. His voice is firm and assertive, and patient in the way only the tough and the strong can afford to be. He's an ugly guy, past 50. So? He's for Liz Taylor, this one, and she's for him.

That's how it was in May anyway, Liz pushing gently on toward 26, lovelier than ever, proof indisputable that a superlative can be capped, ready again to mete out the interview that goes— I Have Grown Up At Last. But now it may indeed be true.

What of her youth? It may be perceived in flashes only unless one was there right along—and no one really was there right along but Mother. Mother was there one day ten years ago, take or give a month, when a visiting Eastern columnist, erroneously believed to have a circulation of over a million, was herded into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. Along the wall facing the entrance is where the stars sit and the visiting press or both together if that is what the circumstance is, and on this day Liz Taylor, 15, and her mother and two age group contemporaries of Liz sat at one of the tables. The Eastern luminary was presented, there was desultory talk, and Liz resumed her conversation with her young friends. Her voice, which had been shy and constrained with the columnist, now was eager and vibrant again. They were discussing a beach picnic. The columnist turned to leave.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Taylor.
"—don't have to wrap the hamburgers separately," said Elizabeth to her friends. "See what I mean?"

continued on page 20
"Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Taylor. "Mr. So-and-So is trying to say goodbye to you."

"What, Mother?"

"You haven't said goodbye to Mr. So-and-So, dear."

"Oh," said Elizabeth Taylor, on her very, very best. "It's been awfully nice meeting you. Excuse me, please."

"Go on with your picnic," said Million-plus, and left.

Possibly there is a bit of patois in this thin little anecdote. But she was making $750 a week, and she was already famous. Not many years later, though, she married for the first time—Nicky Hilton, hotel heir, a handsome and attractive young man except when drinking and then, like most, not so good. Money and fame notwithstanding, that honeymoon of theirs couldn't have been such a much for the violet-eyed, adoring little bride. The wire service men along the Riviera were kept busy. Nicky was gambling, Nicky was no longer "on the wagon". Liz sat in straight-backed chairs in lobbies and waited for him. It was her very first real love and she was less spirited then than now. Later, she had a dilly of a crack-up, but that was—

No. It is better now that 1957's assessment of Elizabeth Taylor go back to the beginning and proceed from there. Flashes are useful only up to a point.

To begin with, there was a lovely, pleasant woman named Sara Warmbraten who attained some note as an actress as Sara Sothern and who, parenthetically, was brought up in Kansas, not England. She was to be Liz Taylor's mother and to play a major part in her life. Virtually all mothers do, of course, but this was going to be something special. In Kansas then, Sara Warmbraten met Francis Taylor, and later got to know him real well in London, where Sara Sothern had a notable success in the play "The Fool," and these two were married. The younger of their two children—the older, Howard Taylor, is crowding 28 and despises motion pictures with a chill contempt—was born in London on February 27, 1932, and was named Elizabeth Rosemond. Taylor ran a posh Bond Street art gallery.

The Taylors came to America in 1939, and made their home in Southern California. They settled in Hollywood, where Francis Taylor opened another art gallery.

Liz looked like Vivien Leigh when she was eight years old—an extraordinary accomplishment in itself—and she wasn't yet nine when MGM and Universal Pictures began an unseemly battle for her unproved services. Universal—not yet U-I—won, but did nothing about it, dropping its option on the bemused tot a year later. MGM now grabbed her in her tenth year; but her first chance came not on the lot but on a blacked-out Hollywood street during air raid duty. Francis Taylor was a raid warden. So was Sam Marx, an MGM producer. They talked desultorily this fateful evening and Marx—this story is too preposterous to be anything but true—mused aloud as to where he was going to find a beautiful little English girl, aged ten or thereabouts, to play a small but important role in "Lassie Come Home." There is no doubt in the least as to what Francis Taylor said; Liz tested, along with several other moppets, and got the part. She was, an onlooker has remembered, serene and nerveless, either talented or poised to the point of incredible precocity. Her screen test was without a flaw.

continued on page 23

PORTRAIT of the Wildings at home shows Michael holding young Christopher while Liz and Mike, Jr., seem haunted by impending sadness.
NEW LOOK of decision is revealed in this picture of Liz, taken shortly before the break-up. No longer has she the "mind of a child."

photos pps. 20-21 by Sanford H. Roth
LAUGHING Liz enjoys a joke with Monty Clift, a friend who's always stood by her. Their new film, "Raintree County," may be their best.

"RAINTREE COUNTY": Between scenes of the big MGM production, Liz arranges her hair critically or learns lines with the aid of Monty Clift.
While each new chance
of happiness flickered and died,
Liz's success as a film
star grew steadily brighter

There followed inconsequential parts in "The White Cliffs Of Dover" and "Jane Eyre," and then—at 12—a very consequential part indeed: the starring role in "National Velvet," a charming story likewise involving a horse. Those who have contended—a group occasionally joined by Liz Taylor—for years that Liz could not care less about acting and stardom are brought up short when they remember the battle she put up for this chance. For six months, she practiced riding two hours a day, getting up to 80 jumps in an afternoon when she reached the necessary steeplechase phase—National Velvet was a jumper. It is redundant today to state that she got the part and became celebrated overnight. Actually of more interest in a personal study is that she slipped a very few years after that from child actress to adult actress without a single hitch. There was no period of transition. In films, and maybe in life, it hasn't happened before or since. The full and immediate flowering made, for once and for all, the Liz Taylor story; whether tragic or comic, pathetic or admirable, none can say for sure. It's up to the viewer.

Here is a viewer: "She's got it made now. I wouldn't blame you for laughing but it's true. That transition they talk so much about was tough in a way, yes, but they shouldn't shed tears over it. She is a woman, you know, and there are compensations. What she missed out on in one way, she made up in another. To us on the lot, it all seemed to happen at once, on one certain day. The day before she'd been a lovely child but nothing more. Then this noon she came in the commissary for lunch. Full skirt, tight belt, low cut blouse. And you know, it wasn't a chest anymore, it was a bosom. And Liz was grown up, all in a night. What do you do, laugh or cry?"

Of that same day, another observer is on record. "Her bosom bounced, she had that look in her eye—and every man at the studio had a new look in his eye, too."

Said Liz, in a famed cry of despair—but this was later: "I had the body of a woman and the mind of a child." Her ambivalence at that time was, to be sure, pathetic. The Hollywood press still has not forgotten her appearance at the opening of an ice show. Studio attaches considered her decolletage too low. A tactical safety pin was affixed. Liz, mortified evidently at being treated publicly as a child, took it off again. Again it appeared. In time, she started to cry. Hollywood's photographers, a case-hardened lot, felt real bad about something this time. They were genuinely touched by what the child-woman was going through.

AGAIN—a viewer. This is a woman, rather on the plain side. She does not like Elizabeth Taylor as much as she respects her. Her viewpoint is a professional one. "This talk about how she'll never make another picture, now it's all Mike Todd, that's nonsense. I don't mean she's lying but Liz is a ham no matter what she says or thinks, and if the right part's there, she'll take it. Mike'll want her to. He's a showman. I know Mike. Here's what was the matter. Liz had that unhappy spell. You know, she's only liked four pictures she's done, including her latest, "Raintree County." The others were "A Place In The Sun," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," and "Giant," not that it matters. Well, anyway, she went to New York for the opening of "Last Time I Saw Paris," and the critics panned it. And her. Driving to LaGuardia Airport the next night, she cried all the way. Her point was, what was the use? You do your best, you work your hardest and what happens? The hatchet. Then she said she wasn't going to make any more films. So you see, that one has a history. I will say this: I don't think she'll ever again make a picture for the sake of making a picture. No turkeys. But she hasn't retired, or if she has, you can have my head with an apple in the mouth."

A fourth viewer, closest to her of them all: "She's through. She's found out life can be fun of itself. It's her best and last discovery."

It took her a while at that. She was too beautiful for things to be simple. Love in its various facets tied her into knots. She dated at 16, football star Glenn Davis, to whom she was "engaged to be engaged." But he went to Korea and she went to England to make a picture, "Conspirator," and at the studio she met a British actor, then 36, who fascinated her. "You know," this man was to say later, "rather than ask the waitress for some salt, she'd walk clear through the commissary to get it from the kitchen, wiggling her hips. Then she'd wiggle her way back." Murmured Elizabeth in return, "That was for your benefit alone, darling." When Michael Wilding recalled this and Elizabeth Taylor corroborated it, it was years later and in another country and they were man and wife. But he did enter her life much earlier than is commonly known.

Later, back in Hollywood, she dated casually, even more casually dismissed the ardent attentions of one of the richest

continued on page 24
Tough, strong and vital, Mike Todd is the rock on which Liz is building her new contentment

DIAMONDS and Rolls Royces are not the only gifts Liz receives from Mike. He's at once patient and tender and very much a man.

INDISPUTABLY happy with Mike Todd, Liz seems to be enjoying with him the fruits of the maturity she has so painfully achieved.

men in the world, and yet in the end became, by word of a friend of hers, a bit awed by another fortune, that to which Nicky Hilton was heir by virtue of his filial connection to Conrad Hilton, who has more hotels than most hotels have rooms. It is also Liz Taylor's distinct impression that she was in love with Nicky Hilton, and assuredly she should know. Before her marriage to him, Liz's own father and mother had separated for a while and this in the opinion of some had shaken her feeling of security and driven her to Hilton. Others thought she just wanted to get out from under her mother's influence. But Liz still maintains this was not the case.

She and Hilton were wed on May 6, 1950, two months after her 18th birthday. Mobs outside the Beverly Hills church almost tore the walls down. The two honeymooned in Europe, whence Liz wrote her parents exactly one letter—from Paris—in five months. It was a happy letter. Nothing seemed happy after that. Hilton's side of this thing, as is often the fate of the man, is not well known. But it is true that Liz became a chain smoker, lost 20 pounds, and returned with her husband to Hollywood fit to run up the sides of walls. They fought over everything, including money, and finally Liz moved out of their rented house. She was working again, in "Father's Little Dividend." For weeks she lived like a lachrymose gypsy, staying one night at this friend's home, another at that, weeping and semi-sleepless. Hilton's reaction to her departure was one of loving panic. He threw flowers at her in carload lots, telephoned, begged that they reconcile. He caught up with her in person at the home of her agent, Jules Goldstone, and pleaded his case. Badly. His language finally became overly assertive and Goldstone tossed him out. That was that.

Liz now found a secretary-friend named Peggy Rutledge with whom she had, and still has, a warm companionship. But on the set of a new picture, "Love Is Better Than Ever," she cried constantly and quivered with suppressed hysteria during waiting periods. She was incipiently a nervous breakdown. But she did find consolation with the picture's director, young Stanley Donen, and concluded she was in love with him. It is a conclusion to which she had in the past proved herself susceptible. To the intense irritation of her friends and her studio—Donen temperamentally was just not for her—she smooched with him in public, notably one night at the Palm Springs Biltmore. Finally she was dispatched to England to make "Ivanhoe." There she met Michael Wilding again. He was 39 now. This absolutely and for sure was love. And it was. It was true. With the blessing and approval of her closest platonic friend, obsessed, dark-minded Montgomery Clift, she married Wilding in London on February 21, 1952. He had not yet turned 40. She was 19.

Now that is gone, too, but it took a long time going. The two were happily lazy together. They floated in the pool to negate the effort of swimming. They rolled out rather than mount the ladder. They had two sons, Michael Howard and Christopher. Where he went, she went. and vice versa. They never seemed to be making a picture at the same time. That can be good or bad, depending on geographical circumstances. Each anniversary of their wedding, they would dine happily on what they had for their wedding supper in London's Berkeley Hotel: pea soup, bacon and eggs, champagne. Beyond doubt they loved each other, but with one notable change;
ENIGMATIC beauty and flamboyant showman, Liz and Mike, so oddly matched, have proved opposites attract, expect an heir in November.

Liz had started out deeply impressed by Wilding's age, maturity and rich, facile mind. As time went by, she became not so impressed, though still amiable: "Lover, you're my husband, not my father." Then the thing that happened happened, and they were irremediably apart.

Soon into her life stormed Mike Todd. Todd is a minor legend around New York, and became a major one around Hollywood after he'd persuaded umptys million dollars worth of film talent to do bit parts in his picture, "Around The World In 80 Days," for next to nothing. Surely here is a persuasive fellow. For years he was a brilliantly successful producer of Broadway musicals. Then, on a major effort, he came a cropper. He was stone broke. Typically, the condition did not bother him too much or prevent him from grabbing dinner checks, but broke he was. So what do you do when you're broke? Get a new film process, Todd-AO, going, make the outstandingly successful picture of the year, walk off with an Oscar, become rich again, and marry Elizabeth Taylor. As reported, in fact Todd's a tough one mucho hombre. He doesn't believe in pity. He believes in strength and courage.

He's a plunger and a spender, in many respects a character straight from a dated frontier, another time. But he knew what he wanted. So, after a brief spell, did Elizabeth Taylor, the legend, the woman, the beauty, the child who never was a child, the mother.

For a long time, their marriage was a foregone conclusion. None doubted their love, least of all themselves. There was no hiding it, no attempt to hide it. The estranged Wilding flew to Mexico to facilitate the divorce. Days later, they became Mr. and Mrs. Todd, the bride semi-crippled and tormented again by her aching, ailing back. Rolls-Royces and Todd proclamations filled the air. The press was happy. Todd was happy. Liz, her physical pain notwithstanding, was happy.

Of course, she's been happy before. Bets are not advisable. But Todd is as tough inside as out. All her life she may have been waiting for one like that—all of 25 years. But they have been years indeed. She has been storm-shaken just a bit over-time. The lagoon she is said now at last to have found must look to her very calm, most protective and extremely beautiful after so much rough sailing.
"Confessions of a homely

In this revealing story of his own romances, Ernest Borgnine offers proof that a plain guy can wow the girls

By ERNEST BORGnine

"MY BEAT-UP face didn't prevent me from marrying the girl I loved," says Ernie, with wife Rhoda. That beard is for "The Vikings.

You may find this hard to believe, but when I was a kid growing up in New Haven, Connecticut, I wasn't half bad-looking. I can show you pictures of me when I was 16, and brother, I had one of those nice, svelte physiques. You'd think I should have had it made, that I should have been beating off the girls, and having the time of my young life. But the truth is that I was shy and backward. I had a terrible inferiority complex, and I literally was too bashful—or whatever you want to call it—to ask the time of day. I'm not kidding.

I wouldn't say I was a complete washout with the girls in those days. That wouldn't be entirely true. But I was no great ball of fire, that's for sure. I guess I had a couple of schoolboy romances, the same as any other kid. But I didn't have 'em crawling out of the woodwork—like you might figure any slender, good-looking boy would.

You may find this even harder to believe, but I didn't really discover what it meant to enjoy popularity with the girls until after I joined the Navy, started to drink beer, and ran my weight from 134 to 234 pounds! I was porky and jowly and—I suppose you can say—homely, but it didn't bother me none, and it didn't seem to bother any of the girls I met and dated.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not boasting. It's just that there always have been—and no doubt always will be—enough girls to go around for all of us plain, ordinary, unspectacular looking guys. Like Lincoln said, the Lord must have loved us, and must have been sure that the girls could love us, or he wouldn't have made so many of us. I wasn't in the Navy very long, going out with my shipmates, before I made what I think is a pretty important discovery: the only time a plain guy is out of the running with the opposite sex is when he disqualifies himself!

He—and he alone—louses himself up by casting judgment on himself instead of letting others judge him. He decides he isn't good-looking enough, he isn't good enough, smart...
Romeo

"THE ONLY time a plain guy is out of the running with the opposite sex is when he disqualifies himself," Ernie found out in his Navy days.

Photos by Curt Gunther
enough, smooth enough or what have you. He loses out not because he’s a common, ordinary guy, not because he isn’t an Adonis, but because he doesn’t believe in himself enough to be himself.

You know, it’s a funny thing, but ever since I made “Marty,” people act as if I opened up a new way of life—as if ordinary guys never made it with girls before, as if I suddenly emancipated the homely romantic from his shackles of loneliness. Thanks for the compliment, but no thanks. That stuff’s been here all the time.

I’ll let you in on a little secret. Even though I won a deeply cherished Oscar for playing the part of Marty, it was one of the easiest acting jobs I’ve ever done. I’ve been a plain, ordinary guy all my life, and I played a plain, ordinary guy in the picture. I could believe because I lived it.

The trouble with so many people in real life is that they knock themselves out trying to catch up with life as it’s lived in movies. In “Marty,” it was a case of movies finally catching up with real life, and if the amazing mail I’m still receiving is any indication, thousands of people were thereby relieved of frustrations and insecurities which stood in the way of their personal happiness.

I’ve always found that it’s not how good-looking you are that counts, but what you are that counts. And I mean with the girls, too. Not only on the job, or in your own home.

I remember once when I was stationed in New York, I had a blind date with a girl, and we had a real swell time. We went bowling and dancing, and at the end of the evening I took her home. Instead of kissing her good night, I merely shook her hand.

Later, she confessed to me that when she got inside, she stood in front of the mirror and said, “Something must be wrong with me. Why didn’t he kiss me?”

Sure, I suppose I could have given her the rush act, but what would I have gained? Instead of seizing the initiative, I would have lost it. Interestingly enough, she thought because I didn’t kiss her right off the bat that something must be wrong with her—not with me. She wasn’t thinking of my looks, but of me, of what kind of guy I was, of me, of what made me tick.

Naturally, it didn’t take her long to decide that there was nothing wrong with her after all. There was only one decision left. This Ernie must be a pretty nice guy, a gentleman. And because I acted with restraint on our first date, she was more than happy to see me again. We went out many more times. We did wonderful things together and had wonderful times—but it was not the kind of romance begun on a kiss. We were just two people having a good time, and that way the romance didn’t have to be prodded. It took care of itself. After all, any man can kiss. Any woman can kiss. I think most girls like to be taken for themselves before they’re taken in your arms.

I’m sure there’s nothing wrong with being handsome, but it isn’t necessary. And contrary to what some handsome guys might think, it’s a long way from being enough in itself. A guy can be as homely as sin, in my opinion, and he’ll have no trouble with the girls as long as he’s pleasant, considerate and courteous. That’s where the sex appeal really is—not in dimpled cheeks, finely chiseled features and wavy hair.

I’m no different from any one else. I used to have the
his real personality takes over"

qualms any common, ordinary guy has. I used to have a feeling of inferiority when I looked at those guys on the screen. Let's admit it. Every man believes that within himself lies a lover in some way, shape or form. But he can't express himself like those good-looking boys on the screen. When the average guy goes to the movies with his wife, she suddenly becomes unhappy with her lot, and says, "Oh, look at that beautiful hunk of man! How I'd love to have him make love to me!" The guy is insulted, actually. He says, "What's this guy got that I haven't got?"

They felt a lot better when they saw a common, ordinary, not good-looking man like me get up there and have a love affair in front of their eyes. Then they felt a sense of identity instead of frustration. They felt all was not lost. If someone as homely as that Borgnine guy could pull it off, anyone could.

After all, the whole thing behind human compassion is the mating instinct. Deep down every guy wants to get himself a mate. When they saw poor old Marty get a mate up there, they knew there was hope.

But in all honesty, looks are beside the point. In fact, being handsome can be more of an obstacle than being plain-looking. A lot of these guys with handsome kissers tend to let their guard down. They tell themselves, "I'm so pretty, nobody can turn me down." Yet if they don't develop their personalities, they're nowhere. They become automatons and bores, and become the loneliest guys in the world.

An ordinary-looking guy naturally isn't apt to think he's God's gift to women, and right there he's one up on the pretty boys. That automatically makes the girls like him better. They think he's easier to get along with.

"WHEN I was a kid, I was too bashful even to ask the time of day."

TICKLISH problem, this beard. "My Academy Award role, 'Marty,' was one of my easiest acting jobs. I could believe because I lived it."

Until I joined the Navy when I was 18 in 1935, I guess I was pretty much of a social failure. For one thing—and it was a pretty big thing—I couldn't dance. This is a far worse social liability than the homeliest face. I thought dancing was mostly for sissies, you know. I used to think, "What do they accomplish getting out there on the floor?"

But when I started going out with my shipmates, I had a miserable time until I learned how to dance. I remember the first time I danced. I went with my buddies to a square dance in the Valley of the Purple Hills outside of San Diego, and a girl grabbed hold of me and said, "Let's go."

My camaraderie with my shipmates in the Navy helped me forget my shyness and overcome my insecurities, and I never gave a thought to how I looked. Making friends was no problem at all—and girls make the best friends. The one thing I like to do is talk to people. It makes no difference who they are, or what they are. And the one thing I've discovered is that people like to talk to people who like to talk to people.

I don't even remember how I got my first date with a girl, but I do know—even with my porky appearance and butcher clerk face—once I learned to dance it never was a problem.

Let's put it this way. If I were born with Rudolph Valentino's face I couldn't have had any more fun out of life, any more satisfactions and happiness than I've had with the face my Maker gave me. I don't care who the guy is, or in what walk of life. I don't care if he's homely, average or devastatingly handsome, looks are forgotten the minute the personality takes over. Some guys make the mistake of thinking they are defeated before they start because they're continued on page 72
DEBRA PAGET:

In a Persian Garden

LADY IN wading in a Baghdad harem turns out to be Debra in the new Paramount picture, "Omar Khayyam," set in eleventh century Persia.

photos by Bud Fisher

The sight of Debra underneath the bough proves very inspiring to the poet Omar Khayyam in the movie version of his life.

DRAPE D in a towel or a silk robe, Debra causes some wild doings in the ancient East.
"I can’t stand aggressive women," Tony sounds off, when hounded by calls from beauties he’s never even met

Don’t get Tony Perkins wrong. Paramount’s lanky boy wonder is really very fond of Hollywood girls, but . . .

Well, let’s put it this way. A couple of weeks ago, the droll and engaging Mr. Perkins phoned to invite a girl to a premiere with him. It was ten or ten-thirty in the morning, but you’d think he’d awakened her in the middle of the night.

After interminable ringing, he finally heard the receiver being picked up. This was followed by a long silence. While Tony kept pitching determined hellos into the mouthpiece, all he could detect were agonizing little sounds from the other end of the phone. It finally struck him to his dismay that the young lady wasn’t up to anything as weighty as saying, “Good morning,” so he tried to save the day with even smaller talk.

“Isn’t it nice out?” he asked hopefully. He figured this would make it as easy on her as Groucho Marx challenging a contestant to reveal who’s buried in Grant’s Tomb.

“Gee,” the girl’s voice was blurred with sleep and full of the pain of sudden awakening when she finally found it. “I don’t know, honey. I haven’t been out yet.”

“‘She was sleepy, out of sorts and confused,” Tony spreads out his indictment. “She was irritable, and I was irritated. It was impossible to converse with her. I decided to give it up, and call two hours later, by which time I presumed she would have come out of the ether.”

Tony doesn’t have the vague idea of what puts Hollywood girls under this morning anaesthetic.

“It’s a special lethargy which attacks the female sex out here,” he observes with undisguised bewilderment. “The same girl in New York would have been bright and cheery. She’d have been up hours earlier, would have taken her dog to the park, would have had her breakfast, and would have been just about to start on her rounds.”

A mouthful of yawns, Tony feels, is an awful way to start a conversation. If falling into the same indolent habits means going Hollywood, he thinks he’s safe.

“I don’t let that tropical torpor get me,” he says firmly. “I’m up at seven o’clock every morning of my life, including Saturdays and Sundays, especially in Hollywood. Here life seems to start later and end later, which I find deplorable.”

Tony also discerns that Hollywood girls have certain lamentable tendencies when they finally do stagger out of bed. His general reaction to Hollywood’s home-grown dolls is that they

continued on page 35
Bewildered by the "special lethargy that seems to attack girls out here," Tony notes that even when awake they're "conversationally nil."
He finds Hollywood girls "car happy, party punchy, premiere goggy"

are largely aggressive, conversational slackers, obsessed with careers, simple but unable to enjoy the simple things in life, car happy, party punchy and premiere goggy.

This is not to say Tony is of the belief that Hollywood girls don't have their redeeming features. This is merely to suggest that their redeeming features often manage to escape him.

Particularly when he gets seductive telephone calls from girls he doesn't know. With misplaced courage that would better be used for foiling ice cream parlor holdups, they unearth his telephone number and ask him to take them out. Lest anyone labor under the quaint notion that they may have heard flattering reports on his boyish charm, Tony hastens to disabuse you of such romantic nonsense. He swears that his sudden popularity with these total strangers of the opposite sex is due only to their belief that he might be able to do them some good in the business.

Tony levels no charge which he's not in the unhappy position of being able to back up. In a typical experience along these unsavory lines, he got a call from a girl he'd never seen or heard of. She confessed that she didn't know who she was, admitted disarmingly that she didn't know who he was, but explained that she was a friend of a friend of his. Having disposed in very workmanlike fashion of the preliminaries, she asked if he'd like to take her to this party.

"It will be a very nice party," she assured the flabbergasted Tony in a come-hither tone. "There will be a lot of nice people there, and," at this point her voice rose significantly, "there will be lots of important people there."

This is the inevitable pitch that always bugs Tony. There will be lots of important people there. That's supposed to break down the last pocket of resistance.

Although, to put it mildly, Tony was floored to be sought out this way, it was his inclination in the beginning to go along for a while. He did this on two theories—(a) he just might have a good time despite the disconcerting approach, and (b) he thought it only sporting that he should expose himself tolerantly, if suspiciously, to local custom before he undertook to rebel against it. So when this first girl finished telling him how beautiful she was, and asked him to escort her to the party, Tony shrugged: "Okay, I will."

He checked their alleged mutual friend, and learned that he'd never heard of her! But Tony went anyhow. By then, continued on page 36

GUN-TOTING Tony twirls a mean six-shooter for Paramount's "The Tin Star." Starlet Elaine Aiken, a Broadway girl, is a favorite date.
curiosity had the best of him. He discovered, as he had feared, that this was an aggressive wench who thought, foolishly, that she could get something out of him.

"This happens rather often," Tony confesses sheepishly, "but now I'm on guard. At first I used to answer my phone without thought as to who might be calling. When it was one of these pushy girls, I'd let her go through her spiel, let her give me the party buildup and get around to ask me sweetly, 'Why don't you take me?' Then I would tell her why."

It's not that Tony has unqualified objection to being asked out by a girl. If he appreciates the motives, he can be as flattered as the next guy.

"Actually," he points out generously, "this same sort of thing happened in New York, but in a different way. So I didn't mind it too much. There, if a girl called for a date, at least it was someone I knew. It wouldn't represent an act of female aggression in this case because it would be entirely proper in terms of the rapport we shared."

Tony draws a fine, but vital, line of distinction on this delicate matter of etiquette.

"You see," he squirms, "I heatedly object to being aggressively pursued. I'm all for girls—girls not necessarily over-feminine and helpless, but at least not too pushy. I'm a great believer in the difference between boys and girls, and I think that's a difference that ought to be appreciated and cultivated. Some girls in Hollywood are so aggressive they behave like—like agents! Some of them are very strident and too businesslike. That's not for me. I like a girl who doesn't know much about business—hers or mine—a girl who doesn't know all the answers, a girl who has to have at least a few things explained to her."

Once he dates a Hollywood girl, as far as any stimulating conversation goes, all Tony can say is, "Westward, ugh!"

There was no rancor in Tony's voice. He wasn't emotional about it. It is doubtful that the opposite sex ever was carved up at the hands of a more gentle assassin.

"The sad truth," Tony faced it calmly, "is that you can't get anybody to talk about anything but movies in Hollywood—not even unimportant things. I met a girl at Allied Artists while I was doing 'Friendly Persuasion,' and she seemed like a nice, self-possessed type. So I suggested that we go out, play miniature golf, and have dinner. It was a big mistake. She'd recently been put under contract to someone or other, and that's all she talked about. So I just got off her wavelength and got a very good score. Out on a date, I'd rather talk about anything but movies—even something I'm not particularly interested in, just to take a recess."

Tony actually takes unusual precautions against the encroachment of movies on his free time. One evening, as he called for a date, he suggested to her hopefully, "Let's not talk about movies tonight."

She responded brightly, "That's a wonderful idea. Let's not talk about movies. Isn't that sensational? Not talking about movies! What a crazy bit! What ever made you think of it? That's the greatest I've ever heard. Spending a whole evening not talking about movies!"

Now Tony has evolved a better plan. Just before a date he'll send a girl a wire: "Let's not talk about movies tonight."

"This," he reports happily, "seems to work fine."

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SHEPPING his "Tin Star," Tony will play an ardent admirer of Sophia Loren in "Desire Under The Elms."
Tony is delighted with blonde Elaine Aiken, a Broadway girl as distinguished from a Hollywood girl, because Elaine never mentions movies. He's seen a lot of Elaine ever since they played sweethearts in "The Lonely Man" at Paramount, and he finds her refreshing because she hasn't succumbed to Hollywood platitudes.

"There's never a loss for things other than movies to talk about when I'm with Elaine," Tony says with a pleased smile. "She goes back and forth quite a lot—back East, that is—and she keeps me up on mutual friends she's seen, what's happening back in New York, her family on Long Island, what she's doing with her home, things you might talk about if you were going out on a date in suburban Des Moines."

Another girl Tony dates a good deal is Norma Moore, his leading lady in "Fear Strikes Out." He's indebted to Paramount, because he meets such stimulating girls that way.

"Norma," he declaims enthusiastically, "is wonderful, just wonderful. But like Elaine, she's not a Hollywood girl either. Norma's from North Carolina—where they also manage to talk about other things besides movies. She's completely different from Elaine. I have a different kind of time with her, but the kind of time I enjoy having."

"She's a great reader," he notes. "She's interested in records, and so am I. She's an excellent conversationalist. She's opinionated—but that doesn't have to be a word that's bad, does it? All it means is that you have your own opinions. She has plenty of opinions, and we have a swell time discussing them."

Tony finds that a welcome change from Hollywood girls who usually take radar readings to find out if it's safe before they even think of airing an opinion.

"In Hollywood," Tony shakes his head in amazement, "girls aren't interested in talking when you take them out. They're interested in being photographed. When you go out in New York, nobody pays any attention to you. You go to the theatre. You walk home, and you've had a nice, restful, uninvolved, casual evening."

Tony is convinced that such, unfortunately, cannot be the case in the city of dream factories.

"You can't have a casual evening in Hollywood," he laments. "If you're going anywhere, even some place insignificant, they're firing flashbulbs at you all the time. They're taking you away from your girl and telling her, 'You don't mind, honey.' She's left there with her mouth hanging, and you're lined up against a stone wall getting your picture taken."

continued on page 67
"A woman's got a right to change her mind!" Doris insists, defending herself against an assortment of critical barbs

By AMY FRANCIS

"EVERY now and then," says Doris Day, "you read things about yourself in the magazines and the newspapers and then you read your fan mail and find that people are puzzled at seeming differences and inconsistencies. So, occasionally, it's a good idea to set the record straight."

And a good way to do that, she agrees, is to play the venerable game of "True or False," which we are just about to do right now. Here we go!

Q. True or false, that you plan to give up the gay-singing and dancing roles and go in for straight drama?

A. False, although I know a great many newspaper columnists have said that I felt this way. They are wrong. Certainly I was pleased that the public accepted me in a straight dramatic role in "Julie." But... and this is an important "but"... so many of them said that they liked me better in singing and dancing parts, I shall certainly try to mix the types of things I do in the future. Some drama but a great deal of song. My current picture, "Pajama Game," is a musical, and now I'm making "Teacher's Pet" with Clark Gable, a comedy. You see, I'm trying to please everyone, including myself!

Q. True or false, that you think the husband should be head of the house, head of the family, both at home and in business arrangements. How are you working this out with your husband, Marty Melcher?

A. Well, in our household it's mostly true. Marty is certainly the head of the house in that he keeps everything organized and running smoothly, even most of the household arrangements. He manages all of our business affairs, both his and mine, and I practically never hear anything about the details.

But if there are major decisions to be made, decisions which affect both of us, then we sit down and talk and talk and talk. I hate to make decisions and am usually afraid of them. But Marty makes me face up to them if they are vital to us, makes me try to understand them. And after we have batted them to and fro, a light will dawn. That's it. Suddenly we see that the whole thing is there in a nutshell. What a wonderful feeling that is, that feeling of total agreement!

Q. True or false, that success came easily to you? Or was it the other way around? And how did it affect your viewpoint?

A. This has two replies. The first answer is "false" because I worked and worked very hard in show business from the age of 16. You couldn't call that getting success "the easy way." I lived, almost literally, in a trunk, I did one night stands for years. Traveling with a band is one of the most rugged careers a girl could have... and I had it.

But after I arrived in Hollywood, everything seemed to smooth out in front of me. Everything seemed easy and wonderful and triumphant.

And that, I guess, explains a lot of things about me. Why I... continued on page 40
grill

"TRAVEL holds no glamour for me now. My early career was a series of one-night stands."
"I used to be afraid of decisions but Marty don't like to travel, even to world glamour spots. I've had it. I'm the girl who does not want to "toss a few things into a bag" and take off for New York or Jamaica for a night club opening. For years night clubs were for me just places to work. "Tossing things into a bag" meant a sleeper jump to Wichita. One of my greatest luxuries and joys, these days, is the privilege of just staying at home in the house I love, with my husband and son!

Oh, I like to dash the few miles to Palm Springs for some sun and tennis and loafing. But I have no wish to roam the world, believe me. So many people in the industry have been thrilled in recent years by location trips to places like Africa or Tokyo. I enjoyed my European jaunt last year, but now I really don't care if I never get farther away from home than Palm Springs!

Q. True or false, that you think there has been too much discussion of the problem of career-versus-marriage or two careers in one family?

A. True. I honestly don't see what there is to discuss. I think two careers in one family are wonderful. Of course, in Marty's and my case I suppose it's especially wonderful because our careers dovetail so nicely.

But I know plenty of women who call themselves "housewives" and who are very discontented about the whole thing. I think this is especially true if they are sufficiently well-to-do so that they don't have the entire physical care of their children and don't have to undertake all the housework. These are women who "run" their houses and a more unhappy lot of people I don't know.

When they go out with their husbands they feel left out of
has made me face up to them"

all the dynamic conversation about what other people are accomplishing. They have no sense of direction.

One of them tells me, "At the end of my dull day my husband comes home from his exciting one . . . only he is tired and wants to rest. I'm bored and want to do something interesting. That sounds like a small problem but it can grow into a big one." These people have no common meeting ground.

What that girl really lacks is a sense of accomplishment. the feeling that what she is doing is as important as what he is doing. The hours have something to do with it, too. When I wind up a long day at the studio, well, Marty's has been just as long and just as hard. When we have a few free weeks, we usually have them at the same time and can do all the lazy things we have been planning together.

Q. True or false, that one of your pet aversions is to get all dressed up for a formal affair?
A. False. But it used to be true. And the solution to my problem was simple! You see, I have a rather unusual figure—long-waisted—and have always been difficult to fit for clothes. I could never, but never, buy anything ready-made without spending endless tiresome hours for alterations. And even then I was limited to certain types of clothes. It simply never seemed worth the trouble.

But now I have found the most wonderful dressmaker who designs and makes things for me which are unlike anything I have ever had before and which are so right for me. Now that I can have evening things which I really enjoy wearing, I adore to get dressed for an evening out. And Marty has bought me such beautiful furs to go with them. I've turned into a real gadabout. That was a psychological thing, I guess.

Q. True or false, that you don't like to give or attend big Hollywood parties?
A. True, in general, although I must make some exceptions. Some of Hollywood's big parties are perfectly lovely, beautifully planned, fabulous productions. The guests are carefully chosen and the hostess arranges for people to circulate so that you see and talk with people you know or meet new people who interest you. It's especially wonderful when you make new friends.

BUT . . . these perfect parties are the exceptions, and when I say that in general I don't like big parties, I mean I don't like most of them. Too often you drive a difficult distance, reach the house and plunge into a miling crowd of people who are either utter strangers or who act as if they were. No one introduces anyone to anyone. I don't mix with strangers too easily and I am likely to find myself hemmed into a corner with no one to talk to and wishing earnestly that I were at home by my own familiar hearth.

As for giving big parties myself, well I admit that I am a nervous hostess. No matter how carefully I have chosen my guest list, no matter how carefully I have planned for which people to sit with other people, I am terribly afraid that someone will feel as lost and out of place as I have at other parties. I get too tense.

That's why I have given so few big parties. But I am going to reform. Marty is good at these things and can give me confidence and I am determined that when we get into our new house . . . if we ever DO . . . that things will be different.

Q. True or false, that you have very few women friends and that these are carefully selected for special qualities?
A. False, of course. I have, I hope, many women friends and I certainly don't sort them out and select them for "certain qualities," no matter what you have read about me. We simply happen to like one another and I'm sure none of us

tries to analyze why. Because my work is so demanding, naturally I don't have as much time for hobnobbing with other women of my age as some people do. But since we have joined the Beverly Hills Tennis Club I have seen much more of my feminine friends than I ever did before. Donna Reed is one of my closest companions.

It happens, now that I think of it, that most of the girls with whom I have the most fun are not actresses. They are the wives of our attorneys or public relations men. One is an assistant dance director at a studio. Some of them aren't connected with pictures in any way. I guess Donna is the only "big name" on my list of intimates but I hadn't thought of it until now. They just happen to be people I like and who, I think, like me.

When we can, we meet at the club and play tennis and swim and sit around and gossip just as any other women do. Then, if our husbands can join us, we "gang up" for a trip to the delicatesse down the street where we eat hot dogs and the men try out weird things like sauerkraut. We seem to laugh a great deal! Sometimes, when all our schedules permit, we have dinner together, complete with husbands, at one another's houses. We all enjoy that too.

I'm sure there aren't any "special qualities" which attract

"THE PAJAMA GAME": Troubles in a pajama factory briefly separate union leader Doris and boss John Raitt in this gay musical.
Dynamic quality of Ben's face stands out as he crosses Boston Commons not far from the theatre where he was starring in "Hatful Of Rain."
Mr. Gazzara goes to Boston

The vibrant star of "The Strange One" sets the Hub afire in one of the Broadway roles that made him famous.

HOMETOWN paper for Ben is "The New York Times" which he buys near Commons. He comes from Manhattan's Lower East Side.

MARQUEE advertises the play in which Ben's recreating the agonies of a drug addict attempting to "kick the habit."

continued on page 44
Roaring with laughter or resting backstage, Ben reveals his own special brand of rugged charm.

COMEDY interlude with his stage manager between the acts of “Hatful Of Rain” breaks up Ben. He’s a graduate of the noted Actors Studio.

TENSION of the second act leaves Ben limp. Having played a sadist, alcoholic and narcotic addict in succession, he’d like a change.
SON of poor Sicilian immigrants, Ben isn't hard-boiled, except on the stage. END
JEAN SEBERG SAYS:

"I'm no Cinderella"
Unlike the famous fairy tale heroine, the newest Saint Joan achieved sudden stardom more by work than by luck

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

N O ONE would be surprised if an alert producer should see the possibilities of "The Life Of Jean Seberg," as a Technicolor, panoramic tribute, for a refreshing change, to youth. The cast would have to include such names as Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, John Gielgud, Otto Preminger, and what is known as a glittering assortment of international figures. All these people, in one way or another, have influenced, or at least touched on, the life of Jean Seberg, an almost fragile looking honey-blonde who came from a small town—pop: 20,000—to win a talent contest and become the newest Joan of Arc.

In six months, Fate, with a hefty assist from producer Otto Preminger, had swept Jean from a 20th Century phenomenon of a world-wide talent search into a 15th Century drama, "Saint Joan," from a pony-tail to a crew-cut, and from Saturday night kaffee klatches to interviews in various plush eateries here and abroad. Jean, according to those who know her, has withstood the changes remarkably well. If it's been an experience for her, it's been a revelation for the people who have met her.

With someone as young as Jean—she was 18 on her last birthday—poised on the rim of success, it's difficult to imagine beforehand the effects her overnight fame might have had on her. Naturally, you don't expect she'll hook her thumbs in her skirtband and flip out some excruciating rejoinder like, "Man, it was the absolute most!" Nor did
On location abroad, teenage Jean charmed a whole continent with her refreshing candor

WINSOME Jean grew up just like the girl-next-door in Iowa, but in her teens began to read a lot and "live alone in her imagination."

she burble something that often passes for profound like, "I'm devoted, simply, utterly devoted to my career." Instead, you get a direct look from gray-green eyes, and the girl before you says very simply and honestly:

"No, I don’t feel at all bewildered, or not caught up with myself. Perhaps it’s been because most of the people I worked with knew I felt self-conscious. They tried, in so many ways to help. I’ve often thought how fortunate to learn early in life that the greater the people, or the stars, the more encouraging and generous they are.

"Sir John Gielgud was wonderful and so considerate. Richard Widmark even offered to cue me on my lines, and Ingrid Bergman, whom I had met just once, sent me a telegram wishing me luck." Jean’s small face glowed at the memories.

Just returned from the Midwest and a lengthy visit home with her parents, probably the last in a long time, Jean had every reason to be weary. Ahead of her loomed a flight to London. Two days there for one of the premieres of the picture, then back to the United States and a four-week cross-
country tour to meet the press, exhibitors and to get her name banded about even more than it has. That over with, Jean will hurry back to Europe to star in another Preminger production, “Bonjour Tristesse,” based on the novel by Françoise Sagan. Somewhere along the line, she had expected a week or so in Italy to rest up, but the way things look, she will have to settle for some quick dips in the Méditerranéan off the French Riviera where “Bonjour” will be filmed.

Back in Marshalltown where Jean’s father, Edward W. Seberg, Jr., runs a drug store, the swimming facilities don’t come anywhere near to matching those offered on the Riviera, but life was much calmer there—well, as calm as a home with four growing children can be. In this attractive family that is of Swedish descent, there are also Jean’s 21-year-old sister, Mary Ann, who plays the bagpipes and goes to Iowa State College, a 14-year-old brother, Kurt, quite shy but who is being forced now, for better or worse, according to Jean, to come out of his shell, and seven-year-old David, who has no conception of what’s happened to his sister. The last time Jean was due to arrive, he was obviously put out and supposed “we got to make that long trip to pick up the actress.” “He’ll probably be the one who’ll be the actor in the family,” Jean laughed. A lanky, strong-jawed waiter leaned over and in a teddibly British accent asked if Miss Seberg would like a strawberry tart. No, no strawberry tart or anything for that matter. Jean, who weighs 108 pounds and wears a size seven dress, wasn’t permitted sweets, but that was her least worry.

“One thing I dislike, is the way some people keep trying to turn this into a Cinderella story, and act like I didn’t have a brain in my head. It’s not true,” she insisted.

And how right she is! Cinderella did nothing but suffer and be unhappy. Only in fairy tales is that enough to deserve hitting the jackpot. Before Jean was chosen from among 30,000 entries, she had worked hard toward becoming an actress. She also had her allotment of adolescent unhappiness and feelings of loneliness. It’s an established fact that you can be as much a young soul-searcher in a small Midwestern

continued on page 64
SMALL center of Janet and Tony's big house, Kelly is the irresistible reason why the Curtises rush home from the studio at the end of the day.

photos by Don Ornitz, Globe
All the gaiety and fun of the new Curtis home revolves around the room where their baby girl holds court

By HELEN L. WALKER

In some localities in these United States a baby may just slip up on people, surprise them a bit perhaps, but arrive with little fanfare. Babies are quite common occurrences in a lot of places. But not in Hollywood. It isn't that we don't have babies here, goodness knows. Just look at last year's statistics. It's simply that Hollywood babies are so special...they cause so many ados and confusions, so many upheavals. A Hollywood baby may change the whole pattern of living for a famous pair of people, may alter studio schedules, thus altering the lives and jobs of innumerable employees. A Hollywood baby may even influence the stock market.

Let's consider the advent of Kelly Curtis, the dimpled darling who arrived last June 17th to bless Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. She certainly caused upheavals in the Curtis menage!

They were both in Paris when they learned that Kelly was on her way. By the time they arrived in Hollywood, Kelly's imminence began to have a distinct influence on the local real estate market. Because Tony and Janet looked around the rented home they had been contentedly inhabiting for some time and said, in unison, "Oooh, this won't DO." They meant, of course, that it couldn't possibly "do" when such an important addition to the family was expected.

Forthwith, they went shopping for a house which would "do" for this all-important baby. And it had to be pretty special. A house which would be "right" for a baby's first days, a house where they could all "put down roots," have birthday parties, Christmas trees, Easter egg hunts, a house where they could all start to establish family traditions and make family history. "A house," Janet said, softly, "which can be expanded for more babies..." It wasn't easy to find, for they were

continued on page 52
"I NEVER thought Tony and I would enjoy getting out of bed at dawn," says Janet. "But Kelly's at her very cutest early in the morning."

HARMONY in the nursery is threatened, as Kelly's playful grab pins down Tony's flute. He's currently in "Sweet Smell Of Success."

Pint-sized Kelly has touched off

searching for a house designed to last them a long, long time. They finally found one which looked exactly right. Janet describes it as a "Connecticut country type of house." It is large (nine spacious rooms), with mellowed fieldstone surrounding the lower floors and white painted wood and shutters at the second story. Rolling lawns and clipped hedges and neat gardens surround it and there is a big, glassed area on one side of the house overlooking their lovely view.

Then, of course, they had to "do things to it." Anyone in Hollywood who is going to have a baby has to "do things" to the house, no matter how large or elaborate or lavish it is. You can't just let the little thing think that no preparations have been made for it, can you?

In Janet and Tony's case, the first thing was to arrange and furnish the all-important nursery and kitchen... months before the baby was due to make its appearance. It was firmly in the contracts that all the "things to be done" must be done before the Curtises moved in on March 15. (Kelly was born on June 17th!)

Janet was entranced to learn that she could install a whole multiple unit in the nursery which included stove, sink and refrigerator, all in one tidy row. That was done. Pronto.

Then the baby's room was painted, papered and furnished
a full-scale revolution in the lives and times of the Curtis family

with everything that a baby could possibly need. The nurse's room was enlarged and made comfortable.

Then the kitchen was made bigger and additional equipment was installed. "You just never know what you are going to need," Tony and Janet seriously agreed.

Janet giggles now, "All the workmen got so interested in the baby and in my 'condition' . . . I think they all felt a personal interest in my pregnancy. Every day when I would come up to see how things were coming along they would all ask me, in the most anxious manner, how I was doing! There were about 20 of them, sharing my 'interesting condition' and keeping track of it, too!"

Then the washer and drier had to be bought and installed, a diaper service contracted for . . . and Janet and Tony thought, taking deep breaths, that they had done everything to prepare for the baby's arrival.

But Janet had forgotten one thing. The Showers. No baby arrives in Hollywood without a dozen or two Showers at which gifts galore and more than galore are piled on the mother-to-be in such profusion that she is often left bewildered. Janet got smart about all this. When her friends told her of their plans, she persuaded them to agree to one shower, with husbands invited, so that it could really be a gala affair.

"I didn't see why it should be confined to just girls . . . women. Why shouldn't the men be in on the fun? It was a 'swinging success' and lasted until four in the morning. And no photographers."

In their frantic preparations for Kelly, Janet and Tony didn't pay any attention to their own needs. So when they moved into "Kelly's house" (as they call it now) on March 15, 1956, they had exactly one chair downstairs to sit upon, themselves. And the baby wasn't even due until June.

So they bought some chairs and then looked around for other things to "do to the house" before the baby should arrive. They found plenty, of course. These things can grow on you, especially in Hollywood.

Janet's and Tony's bathrooms were remodeled and an addition made for a powder room. Then they began thinking about "what if there should be another baby not too long after this one?" And they had blueprints drawn up of additions to be made in that happy event, an enlarged nursery, room for another nurse and so on. This "other baby" is now so real to them that they are planning for it to arrive next year.

"After all," Janet says, contentedly, "we can go on making additions and enlargements to the house for years and years!"

continued on page 70
Test your fashion sense!

Do you know what to wear with what?

Do you know which fashions are coming in — and which are on their way out?

Are you a smart shopper?

Take this quiz and find out!

By Natalie Wood

Warner Bros. star now in "No Sleeping Till Dawn"

The girl with the flair for fashion:
She’s dressed in a smart black synthetic suit that’s cool for now, but definitely fall in feeling. She wears the newest little brimmed hat, in the newest way, pulled down on one side. She finishes with pearls and white gloves — she knows black and white are right anywhere.

1. You have a grey flannel suit you bought last spring, and this fall you want to make it look as new as possible. Which two of the following will give you the most fashion mileage?
   a. Accordion-pleated skirt?
   b. A print blouse?
   c. A bright wool blouson jacket?
   d. A matching flannel coat?

2. You’re a sweater collector. You need some new date clothes for fall, but you’re dying to put the money into some luscious cashmeres you’ve seen. Should you
   a. Buy the date clothes and give up the sweaters?
   b. Buy the sweaters and give up dates?
   c. Wear the sweaters on the dates, with a party skirt and dressed-up jewels?

3. You’re invited to a party on very short notice, and you have “nothing to wear.” Should you
   a. Rush out and buy a dress in a hurry?
   b. Stay home?
   c. Wear your most becoming old dress?

4. There’s a big fashion revival of the “thirties look.” (The kind you’re seeing so much of in old movies on TV.) Which of these belong to it?
   a. The little brimmed hat?
   b. The middy blouse?
   c. Newport blue?
   d. T-strap shoes?
   e. Long pearls?

5. When you’re fitting a new dress, which of these elements is the most important one to consider first
   a. The shoulders?
   b. The hips?
   c. The waistline?
   d. The length?
2 You have a boxy shortie coat and three slim skirts. You want another skirt in a new fall color to wear with the shortie. Should you buy
   a. A full skirt?
   b. A pleated skirt?
   c. Still another slim skirt?

3 You love sweaters, but feel self-conscious in them because you consider yourself bosomy. Should you
   a. Give up sweaters altogether?
   b. Wear them open over blouses?
   c. Try a long-line bra?

4 The newest suit has a loose, easy jacket, worn open over a soft blouse. It's a revival of a fashion made famous by which of these celebrated designers?
   a. Dior?
   b. Chanel?
   c. Balenciaga?
   d. Givenchy?

5 You love the comfort of pants around the house, especially when your gang meets at your house for pizza and records. But you're awfully afraid you look a touch hippy. Should you
   a. Give up pants?
   b. Wear them, hippy or not?
   c. Enjoy the pants but hide the hips with a gay over-blouse worn outside?

6 If you're going to buy one coat to wear over everything on all occasions, your best choice is
   a. A princess coat?
   b. A camel's hair coat?
   c. A fur-collared coat?
   d. A straight wool jersey coat?

7 You worry about your ankles, because they seem a little heavy to you. Which dress shoe is most flattering?
   a. Dressy flats?
   b. V-necked opers?
   c. Buckled pumps?
   d. Ankle strap shoes?

8 You're bored with your summer clothes, and you want to buy something new. It's too hot to wear fall wools, but it's too late to buy light summer clothes. Which of these buys would keep you cool but look right in September?
   a. A rayon or acetate suit in a fall color?
   b. A tweedy cotton dress?
   c. A cotton knit sheath with short sleeves?

9 For fall you expect to buy three dress-up costumes: a full formal, a satin sheath in a bright color, and a dressy full skirt with a scoop necked top. Which of these wraps will go with all of them?
   a. A dressy pastel wool shortie?
   b. A black velvet jacket?
   c. A faille cape?

10 For a basic daytime dress, which of the following styles will be the newest this fall?
   a. Plaid shirtdress?
   b. Flannel coat dress?
   c. Wool knit sheath?

11 You have a scoop-necked Empire-waisted taffeta party dress in bright red. Which of the following would be the smartest accessories?
   a. Pearl earrings, pin, necklace and bracelet?
   b. Black velvet ribbon around your hair, and pearl bracelet, pearl pin?
   c. Gold earrings, pearl necklace, flower at your waist?

12 For football games, active sports and casual outdoor wear, which of these is newest this year?
   a. Hooded corduroy jacket?
   b. Poplin stadium coat?
   c. Big bulky sweater?

13 Which of the following will give a quick fall look to the summer clothes you're wearing now?
   a. A black velvet belt?
   b. A fur-printed scarf?
   c. A dark-colored fabric handbag?

14 You've shopped the town for a new fall suit and you've narrowed your choice to one that has style, color and fabric you like. But it doesn't fit properly and it needs $10 worth of alterations.
   a. Should you pick another suit that fits, even though you don't really like the color so much?
   b. Buy the suit you like and skip the alterations?
   c. Pay the extra $10?

see page 60 for answers
Alan and Sue Ladd are currently confronted with a dilemma which almost inevitably confronts every Hollywood parent eventually. Shall we encourage our young child in his ambition to be an actor? Every actor who has young children bumps into this problem sooner or later. Usually sooner. But the Ladds hadn't expected to have to cope with it so early.

When they took their ten-year-old David on location with them about a year ago while Alan was making "The Big Land," it was for a lark, a vacation. When they allowed him to play a bit in the picture, well that was just for fun, to keep him amused, and they didn't dream that anything would come of it.

But something did come of it. The boy received excellent notices and then Alan and Sue were concerned with trying to keep that fact from him. "Let's not have him getting inflated ideas of his talents at his age!" moaned Alan. "I couldn't stand a ten-year-old ham in the family." But you can't keep much from a ten-year-old these days.

So... o... o the problem reared its head. Shall Alan and Sue encourage David in his acting ambitions? They admit that there are a lot of pros and cons.

On the pro side, Alan says, "The acting business has certainly been good to me. It has brought me money and prestige. It has introduced me to many, many wonderful people whom I wouldn't have met if I hadn't been in it. It has enabled me to travel to far parts of the world which I wouldn't have seen in any other sort of job.

"On the other hand, David is very young and we don't know that his talent is an authentic one.

"Besides, this boy has the potentiality for being a really good athlete. He has coordination and enthusiasm. If we let him get before the cameras too soon, he may lose his excitement over these other activities and therefore lose an important part of his youth, his growing up.

"He is doing well in the public school he attends, gets along nicely with his schoolmates, makes good grades. I know he would be expertly tutored at any studio which employed him, but wouldn't he miss something in human relationships?

"On the other hand, can you start too soon to develop real acting talent when it shows itself? I just don't know..."

Sue says, "The matter of money came up, to our surprise. David has had an allowance of 25¢ a week and we intended for it to continue that way. But of course when he worked in the picture he had to be paid 'the scale' and in no time his schoolmates were teasing him, 'What's with you being paid 'the scale' and getting a two-bits a week allowance?'

"We finally settled that by telling him that he was being paid 25¢ a day but that most of what he earned had to go into a trust fund for his college education later on. He seemed to
"AUTHENTIC talent is hard to judge in a boy of ten," says puzzled Alan. David also shows signs of developing into a first-rate athlete.

accept it but I thought his acceptance was a bit grudging. "He did break me up, though, when he asked, seriously, 'Do I get to keep about a dime after taxes?'"

But Alan worries, "Perhaps, if we don't let him get started on a picture career he may lose golden opportunities, regardless of the sacrifices of normal boyhood. An acting career demands sacrifices, as I well know. If he is really talented, I wouldn't want to deprive him of the sacrifices. They can be important, too, to any artist."

"He knows, because he has grown up in our family, that no one works harder at his job than an actor does. He knows, too, that acting is a business of controlled emotions, just as an athletic career is a business of well-developed and well-controlled muscular power. He thinks he can have both things in his life. But he is only ten!"

"We are sure we have a talented lad on our hands. Do we start to let him develop his talents now? Or do we mark time for a few years and see how he develops, meanwhile, trying to let him have a normal, 'average' boyhood? Because, let's face it, the life of a child actor is neither 'normal' nor 'average.' It's a real dilemma."

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CHECK ONE

☐ Alan Ladd should encourage his son to act
☐ Alan Ladd should not encourage his son to act

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Here's How You Voted on Rock Hudson's Dilemma:
Rock should sing romantic ballads—76% Rock should sing his favorite folk songs—24%
IT WAS a sunny morning in New York's Washington Square when I climbed up to the top—four flights—of a high-stooped red house and knocked on Betsy Palmer's door.

She opened it over the protest of a couple of barking dogs, and as I skidded on a rubber bone I asked if I could see them face to face.

"I shut them in their room," Betsy laughed. "I wasn't sure you liked dogs."

She let them out of their room—a whole, little room painted a cheery color and with nothing in it but a chest of drawers and a couple of beds, dog beds. Names of the beasts were Pandora and Bouffant, two of the happiest grey French poodles in New York.

Betsy, who is tall, slender, blonde and beautiful (with brown eyes), waved me into her immense living room to look around while she brought out coffee.

There was plenty to look at. I decided it was hardly likely that room could be 40 feet long and 25 feet wide—you don't find living rooms like that anymore. Not only the size, but the height. The height was the equivalent of two stories and rose to a cathedral roof with wooden beams cutting across. A golden bird cage, planted with leaves, hung from one of the beams.


"That's the only thing wrong with this apartment," Betsy said, later. "Nothing stays up on the walls unless you hold it there. It just won't take nails."

In a corner near the front windows, and taking up no more space than a piece of doll's furniture, was a Steinway grand piano. At the far side of the room was the dining area, decorated with antique white furniture and a large table covered by a white lace cloth. All the furniture was old, cozy and of no special period. A throne-like chair near the piano was left behind by the previous tenant. Nearby, a couple of sofas faced each other along a brick fireplace.

"How long have you been living in this wonderful place?" I asked, as Betsy came in with the coffee and sat down on a blue silk sofa.

"Just a year," she said, with smug joy, stretching out in her black velvet slacks.

"Isn't it wonderful? Vinnie (her husband—ed.) and I didn't particularly want to live in the Village, but a real estate agent told us we had to see this place. So I dragged Vinnie down. Then we started climbing. When we got to the third floor, Vinnie said, 'I don't care if it's the Taj Mahal up there, it's not for us.' But as soon as we opened the door we knew it was. It made every other place look cramped.
Betsy was so happy with shorthand that show biz almost missed a charming new star

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

"It's like living in a country house. It seems so far away from everything. You ought to see it in winter when snow is on the trees in Washington Square Park. It looks like fairyland. And in summer we can sit out in our roof garden.

"We'll have been married three years in May, but I feel more like a bride today than ever. Vinnie gave me the piano for our anniversary. I play it well enough not to be embarrassed when friends want to hear something. But mostly I play for my own enjoyment. Even when I was a little girl it relaxed me. My folks could always tell when I was upset, because I'd sit and pound the thing for hours.

"So that's my present. When we were engaged Vinnie gave me a hi-fi set. There I was with a diamond and a sapphire, instead of a plain old diamond engagement ring. The fact is, he didn't even ask me to marry him. It just happened.

"I met my husband through a friend of mine—Sy Feinberg, a doctor. I went to see him for laryngitis and he said, 'Betsy, I have a friend, and I think you and he will get along just great together.'

"Well, I really wasn't too interested. I was just shedding a boyfriend. But I thought—what the heck, I'll meet him. Sy and his wife gave a cocktail party and introduced us to each other. That was December. We were married in May. We really started dating in January. I thought he was all right, but that was it. Then, suddenly it dawned on me, here was the man I was going to marry.

"I was up at West Point, working in a movie—'The Long Grey Line.' We were there for four weeks and were about to leave for California. Vinnie decided he wanted to come along. We went to City Hall and got a license and were married in The Little Church Around The Corner.

"The very first night we were married Vinnie had to deliver a baby (as you may have gathered from this, he's an obstetrician). And he delivered three on our first anniversary. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for this one.

"Why? Are you planning to go away?" I said.

"NO," she said. "I just like him to be around. The fact is, we got back from a vacation last week. We were in Miami and Cuba for the first time. It rained almost every day in both places. We had a real good rest. Neither Vinnie nor I are nightclub-goers, so we hit the sack early.

"We don't go to nightclubs much in New York, either. I love to cook. I just adore it. I had a roommate once who was so bad I had to learn in self-defense. Now I can stay in the kitchen all day long.

"The thing I like about cooking is the feeling of being creative, and the personal pride you feel in putting things on the

continued on page 62
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table that look good and taste better. Sometimes, my husband thinks I'm berserk on the subject of cooking. I love to get together with his mother and talk about recipes. I like lots of Italian type food. I have a wonderful cheese cake recipe. It's the greatest—you have to push the cheese through a sieve.

"We do our entertaining at dinner. Not large groups, not more than six or eight people at a time so that we can sit around and talk.

"Our friends? Well, we have a variety. Mostly, they're not in show business. I don't know why. For instance, Jimmy Daly and I, whenever we work together he says, 'Gee, Betsy, I'd like you to meet my wife. You'd both get along fine.' And I'm always telling him I want him and his wife to come down here, but we just never get together, What is it? Maybe it's the city and the way the time flies.

"A very good friend of ours lives right downstairs. He's an artist; his name is Chen-Si. That's his water color up above the fireplace. Isn't it beautiful? He won a prize for it in 1955. One Sunday morning, Chen took us to brunch at a teahouse in Chinatown. We love to do that sort of thing when we get a chance.

"I LOVE New York. I've been here about six years. I was born in East Chicago. When I got out of high school I went to my mother's business college in East Chicago for six months—she's had the school for 32 years—then I worked for the B & O Railroad for a year-and-a-half as a stenographer. I had no thought at all of going into drama.

"My folks said, 'Don't you want to go away to school?' And I said, 'What for?' I was happy. But I thought about it, and went down to the YWCA to take an aptitude test. The test showed that I had a flair for the arts and that I got along with people. So I said to myself, well, which art throws me in with the most people? That's when I enrolled at the DePaul Drama School.

"I was very fortunate. As soon as I got out of school I was hired as the resident ingénue at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. That was my first season in summer stock.

"Then I did six months in winter stock—in Woodstock, Illinois. It was a great experience. One of the few old-fashioned stock companies still around. There were 11 players in it and we did a new play every week-end. Not only that. We made the sets and the costumes, sold tickets, cleaned out the opera house before we moved in the customers. It was wonderful fun. Of course, we didn't make much money. In fact, at Christmas, one of the owners absconded with the funds. I'll never forget the people I lived with that winter—the Carlsons—they were like a mother and father to me.

"I always worked while I went to school. Classes were at night. Once I sold shoes at Marshall Field's. You know, I think every actor has sold shoes. One job I had was at WGM in Chicago. I typed scripts. Then they asked me to do a TV show without pay. I did. I became a kind of girl Friday—hostess, ad libber, talker about lingerie and such.

"But the summer after I did that I was called in by the Chevy Chase stock company in Chicago—the first company that had a star system—to read for "Happy Birthday," starring Imogene Coca. It was a small part and the director decided I'd be better for the second lead, Maude the floozie. That was two seasons' work. Imogene encouraged me to come to New York.

"Well, before I came here, I joined the Salt Creek Summer Theatre, a new stock company. Richard Carlson was starring in 'Petrified Forest.' He told me, 'Betsy, go to either Coast, but don't stay here! There's no room to grow.'

"I was here four or five days before I got my first job—a running part on a TV soap opera—it was Susan Peters' show—and I commuted to Philadelphia for three months. But when the show went off the air I started looking around New York again. Nothing much happened.

"In the fall I ran into a young chap I had met and I said, 'What are you doing?' And he said, 'I'm doing a give-away show.' By this time I was thinking of becoming a stenographer again, but I found myself on 'The Wheel Of Fortune' every Friday morning. They called me the poor man's Roxanne.

"I got to know a lot of people at CBS. And I got to do a lot of commercials, and now and then a dramatic show. In the summer I went to Rhode Island for the pre-Broadway tryout of a play, but it never came in.

"But I came back and went over to CBS to say 'Hi' to everyone. (I'm a great one for dropping in and saying 'Hi.' It must be the mid-Western in me.)

"'Great God!' they said to me. 'Are you doing anything next week? We're going crazy looking for someone to re-place a gal on the summer Westinghouse Theatre.' Then the ball didn't stop rolling for me.

"The panel shows are new in my life, but I enjoy them. The first was 'I've Got A Secret.' And then 'Masquerade Party.'

"The public becomes more aware of you when you're on a panel show. They associate you with your own personality. The other day a woman came up to me on the street. She'd seen me on 'Masquerade Party,' and she said, 'Have you ever done anything else on TV?' I was ready to slash my wrists.

"I'VE made a few movies. I've just finished 'The Tin Star,' with Anthony Perkins. I much prefer live TV, though. I'm so used to the pace. It's hard to slow down when you're sitting around on a movie set. TV is impossible. It's a rat-race. There's no time for rehearsal. But thank God for it!

"What else about me?" she said, with a dazzling smile. "I'm not very exciting. Aside from my work, my whole life has been calm, cool and collected.

"I paint and sculpt a bit, purely on my own. And the other day I bought a water color. I read a lot. I go through phases. When I was a kid I liked boys' books. When I got a little older I flipped over Jules Verne and Eric Raimarch. And at the moment I like to read books about doctors.

"Movies don't make me cry, but books can. I wept like a baby over 'Cry, The Beloved Country.'

"Vinnie and I like to go to the theatre. I enjoy musicals where I can detach myself. Oops! I almost forgot. I was in two Broadway plays—one of them was 'Affair Of Honor,' with Dennis King. I'd like to do another play—they say the third time's the charm. Will you listen to me? For a gal who didn't care about getting into the business, I sure can miss it when I'm not working.

"On television you can't work as much when you're a star. They don't want to show your face so much. So I do other things that I enjoy.

"I love to go swimming. I used to teach it. I've done a lot of scouting and counseling in my life. I nearly made scouting my career. I taught archery, too. I haven't shot a bow and arrow in years. I bet I've forgotten how.

"Last year Vinnie and I took up golf. And we learned how to water ski. In Mexico, two years ago. All you need is a sense of balance."

And you're a girl who has one, I thought, wishing she'd tell me she'd just decided to leave the country and wanted me to take over her apartment.

"As for me, personally, I'm a pretty tailored girl," she said. "Although I've taken to wearing hats so that I'll look like a lady. I love the color yellow. It's my favorite color. Maybe because it's like the sun."

Maybe because Betsy's like the sun, is more like it.
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"I'm No Cinderella"

continued from page 49

gives the impression of trying to glean as much as she can from any situation. She
listens and watches with a quiet alertness.
She smiles readily but isn't the sort who'd
beam out vacant smiles. She's the first to
admit that on her a Dior creation looks
pretentious—Preminger gave her two
originals as a Christmas present. Or for her
to strike sexy, cheesecake poses in a
bikini would be as ludicrous and wasteful
as a middy blouse and pleated skirt on
Jayne Mansfield. Nor do her brightness
and intelligence have any of the exasperat-
ing features of giddy youth fluttering
through a series of delicious experiences.
Her mind is open.

Jean never did get to go to Iowa State.
University as she had planned, but promis-
es herself if ever she settles down, she'll
start taking some courses. There's one
striking feature Jean has that no formal
education could have given her. That's her
calm, rather pixie sense of humor. It can
take the form of an almost silent chuckle
at herself like the time she mentioned
having written a fan letter to Marlon
Brando when she was 12. She asked that
he come visit them in Marshalltown. He
ever answered the letter. The wit who
heard this suggested she write Brando
again and see what happens now.

On a recent plane trip, she was a lab-
oratory assistant. "By not telling what I
really do, I get people to talk about them-
selves. I like getting acquainted with
people. I suppose just because I like
them..." she paused to think that over,
then seemed to decide her statement
needed more elaboration. "Talking to
strangers makes you more understanding.
I used to see everything in all shades of
black and white and now I realize there
are also many shades of gray. A lot of
people I had found unbearable might have
had other traits had I let them shine out
at me. I hope I never lose the common
touch. It's no good any other way. You
must value people on their own level."

Considering her age and background,
Jean comes out in any evaluation as a
pretty remarkable girl. She's shown on
many occasions a tremendous stamina and
endurance, and it has nothing to do with
the six vitamin pills she says she takes
each day or all the steak and roast beef
she eats. Leaving the stability of home and
parents and suddenly being plunged down
in a strange country and an even stranger
world of movie-making, she managed to
take it all in her stride without turning a
hair of her half-inch haircut. (Ingrid Berg-
man told Jean in Paris—"Everytime they
do Joan of Arc, they cut her hair shorter.")

At one ugly point in the filming of the
picture, where Joan is being burned at
the stake, the flames from the gas jets in
front of her went out of control. Her jacket
cought on fire. She was burned and fright-
ended, but insisted she was all right. As
it was, she didn't have to go back to work.
The scene was left in the picture with just
the rescue parts cut out.

The next day, the car in which she and
Preminger were riding to the studio
skidded on an ice slick and smashed into
a lamp post. Her leg was scraped, her
burned hand roughed up but they con-
tinued on to the studio in another car. The
one thing about the burning incident that
annoyed her was the total disregard some
newspaperman had when he called her up
around 1 a.m. and asked if they could
photograph her in bandages and in bed.
"I had never realized how unprivate
your life becomes once the press finds you
interesting copy." Jean was still obvious-
ly puzzled over the extra time an actor
must put in on publicity matters. "I'll talk
about almost anything, but there are a few
things I'd never discuss. One is how much
money I make. And I shall always try to
draw the line as far as my romantic en-
tanglements are concerned. You know," she
said, looking wiser than anyone her age
had a right, "there are certain things in
your life that should be kept secret, or
you find you'll lose them. Suppose I were
to tell you about the sort of man I'd find
attractive right now? If I did, then I'm sure
I'd never meet him. And that applies
to a few other things I want."

Jean's head tilted to one side as though
she were listening to a playback of what

down as you can in a big city tenement.
Ever since she was 12, and saw Marlon
Brando in "The Men," Jean knew she
wanted to be an actress. At the same time,
she became what her mother, Mrs. Dor-
othy Seberg, an ex-school teacher, remem-
bers as "different." "She read a great deal,
and holds some sort of record for borrow-
ing books from the public library. She
lived a rather lonely life of her own choice
in a world of her vivid imagination. I
guess Jean was getting ready all along
for something special to happen to her."

Despite her introversion, Jean tried out
for dramas in her second year at Mar-
shalltown High School, and began study-
ing drama under Carol Houghton, the
speech teacher she credits with developing
the talent that permitted her to win the
contest. It was Miss Houghton, along
with local manufacturer J. W. Fisher, a
family friend, who thought of sending in
Jean's entry blank without her knowledge.
At the time, she was off playing her first
season of summer stock in the East.

When she returned home, the letter ask-
ing her to appear at the auditions in Chi-
cago was the first she learned of the sly
little move to shove her into the limelight.
With her parents along, Jean breezed
through her auditions in the Windy City.
A month later, one of the three finalists,
Jean was announced winner by Preminger
who by then had completely charmed
and reassured her apprehensive parents. Two
months later, she was in London rehearsing
with the imposing cast. Three months
later, when shooting started, Jean became
the youngest, and certainly the most un-
known, girl to star in a role that had previ-
ously been interpreted by Ingrid Bergman,
Siobhan McKenna and Julie Harris.

And has all this activity worked as a
tranquilizer on the loneliness she had felt
back in Marshalltown?

As usual, Jean's answer was thor-
ough. "A lot of the loneliness is
gone," she admitted. "I've had an oppor-
tunity to meet more people with whom I
have the same interests. I haven't made
any real friends, though—you know,
someone you can really talk to. When
that time comes, perhaps this will take care
of some of that problem. The
rest," Jean shrugged that off philosopi-
cally, "nothing can cure. It comes with
being an individual."

Again, unlike Cinderella, there's been no
Prince Charming, handsome, wealthy or
sympathetic to add a romantic garnish to her
story. "There's really no time for attach-
ments of that sort. It's no good meeting
anybody. Nothing can come of it right
now. You'd meet someone attractive, and
interesting, then off you'd go to another
city or plunge into more work."

Like a number of creative persons, Jean

UNAFFECTED Jean realizes that she'd look
silly in a bikini or an elaborate Dior creation.
she had just said, "It's frightening the way the things you say make you sound so pompous in print. I've read as many stories about myself as I could, and always wind up asking, 'Did I say this pretentious thing?' Of course, I know I did, and the writer couldn't help but understand the way I meant it, but somehow, if you're not careful, words can take on a different look in print.

"I was terrified about going home," Jean recalled. "But it wasn't nearly as frightening. Home hadn't changed one bit. I could let down my hair—all one half-inch of it, and get about the business of turning into a human being again. I suppose everybody was waiting to see how I had changed. I was waiting to see if they had changed. And what a relief to find it wasn't like that at all!

"I have about five close girl friends at home, and we got together as usual with much talking and lots of exciting things to tell each other."

EVEN in Europe where the Continental tastes are rich and exotic, Jean got along famously and decided people were the same all over the world. She loved the French, and they obviously took to her. One Paris journalist was heard to remark after talking with Jean that in addition to Lend-Lease, the Americans ought to ship along more Jean Sebergs. Her charm, frankness and young girl qualities could convince anyone that American youth deserves a serious reappraisal. But Jean can't understand why everyone should be so surprised if she seems sensible. After all, a lot of girls her age are married, raising families, and facing all kinds of responsibility.

"Young people aren't wandering," Jean announced, in an effort to correct a rather patronizing attitude older folk often have toward their juniors. "Kids want the same things as their parents, and just as strongly. The most important thing is to be loved and to give love. Most of the time you don't express it, but it's there."

The serious look was whisked off suddenly by a broad smile that lit up her face—actually lit it up into something all young and shiny and full of the future. "When I met Francoise Sagan, I didn't know what to say. People were pushing us together and there was so much confusion. All I could think of to say was that I'd written some things, too. I'm glad she didn't ask what because all they were were some poems for school and church newspapers, and once when I was much younger I thought I'd write a novel. I guess acting and writing do require the same needs for getting down emotion and detail, but imagine saying 'I wrote' to a girl who had written two best-sellers by the time she was 21!"

So what's so strange? If Jean ever gets around to putting the story of her life down on paper, she'd have material for three novels, and with her determination could probably whack them out by the time she was 19.

"Follow faithfully seven very simple beauty rules," says glamorous Natalie Wood, and "in exactly one week you can look in the mirror and see a more beautiful you!" You won't want to miss reading Natalie's beauty secrets—simple tricks on how to achieve a radiant new look quickly! This article is typical of the fascinating features found in every issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine.

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num of champagne and a fifth of vodka in his private chambers. The rendezvous didn’t turn out quite as Olivier had anticipated, nor for that matter, did Marilyn expect to go to a Coronation, or save Olivier’s kingdom from revolution. And best of all, whoever expected a prince to fall in love with a showgirl? True, it’s happened before, but not quite the same way. A wonderful comedy that’s a complete joy to watch, and it will be a long time before the salvo of huzza and bravos die down for the delightful Marilyn. (Warner Bros.)

Bernardine

ACCORDING to this tidbit that introduces Pat Boone, there’s nothing like a real live romance to shock a teenager into adulthood, or drive his parents to distraction. Richard Sargent’s snug dream world comes to an explosive end when he meets telephone operator Terry Moore. With Boone doing the coaching, Sargent seems to come along nobly as a different type operator. Then pal, ole pal Boone fixes Terry up with his older brother home on leave from an Air Force base in Alaska. Actually this little maneuver was supposed to keep Terry out of wolves’ reach until Sargent finishes studying for his exams. Instead of mere protective custody, it rapidly becomes a case of pigeon piracy. Because she’s his mother, Janet Gaynor tries to straighten out Sargent’s miseries, but where she fails, the Army comes to the fore with a sure cure. A Technicolor splurge of laughs slanted toward teenagers which naturally would make it a bit confusing at times for adults. (20th Century-Fox.)

Joe Butterfly

TURNS into a boisterous romp in early postwar Tokyo when five Army men (George Nader, Audie Murphy, Charles McGraw, John Agar and Frank Chase) are ordered by commanding officer Fred Clark to turn out the first Pacific edition of Yank magazine in three days. Without the help of Japanese black marketeer Burgess Meredith, chances are not even a comma would have been produced. When ace cameraman Audie Murphy is sent back to the States for dumpling competitor Keenan Wynn into the blue Pacific, Meredith manages to spirit him back to his buddies. When it looks as though their fancy office, a private home Meredith commandeered for them, will be taken over by Army brass, Meredith dabbles in a wee spot of blackmail to keep things honest. And when the mysterious Tokyo Rose stirs up a storm, Meredith comes up with a little item that gets Murphy pardoned and his chums decorated. A delightful comedy as gay as the Technicolor Japanese lanterns that liven up the screen. (Universal-International.)

The Midnight Story

A PRIEST is murdered, and the law must find the killer before he has more time to cover up his guilt. One of the suspects is Gilbert Roland who owns a fish eatery on the waterfront, has a cousin Marisa Pavan, a mother and a young brother. Without any attachments, officer Tony Curtis is assigned the job of proving Roland’s guilt, if any. Posing as a jobless drifter, Curtis manages to become a member of the family without so much as ruffling a hair, or wrinkling his well-fitted tee-shirt. Life, however, doesn’t remain as neat. Complications set in after Roland takes this Judas into his home. Marisa falls in love with Curtis, Curtis is willing, and Uncle Roland nimbly skips from guilt to innocence as though he were playing hop-scotch. All this emotional activity is bound to leave a hang-over—especially when Marisa discovers Curtis’s real identity. An average melodrama that bogs down with talk and over-acting. (Universal-International.)

Fire Down Below

TECHNICOLOR drama that keeps busy weaving situations and hips with the same intensity. As a woman without a country, and a few other commodities, Rita Hayworth triggers off a rivalry between bosom buddies Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon. The brew starts seething after one of Rita’s benefactors pays joint boat owners Mitchum and Lemmon to ferry Rita to another island in the exotic West Indies. En route, the boat engine develops trouble. Ditto the lad as soon as Rita appears on deck swathed in a bathing suit. Mitchum warns Lemmon: she’s no good. Lemmon counters with something that can be boiled down to—uppercut, you cad. I want to marry the girl—uppercut. Of course, you know with whom Rita ends up, Mitchum natch-erly. Lowdown yarn amply spiked with raw dialogue and Calypso rhythm, and some mighty fine acting by Lemmon who spends most of the picture trapped in the hold of a burning ship. (Columbia.)

Omar Khayyam

WHEN Persian poet Omar Khayyam wrote “A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou singing beside me in the Wilderness.” little did he think one day these very words, would carom across a wide movie screen that looked as colorful as a Persian rug dipped in a vat of Technicolor. With Cornel Wilde as the soft-eyed but virile muscular poet, and Debra Paget as his love who is snatched from his arms to be wed, against her wishes, to Shah Raymond Massey, it’s clear that mere spouting of poetry isn’t going to solve any of Omar’s problems. Life has become more complicated. Now, he’s got to put the muscle to the wheel, the shoulder to the grindstone, as it were, and rid the palace of the unknown leader of assassins who is conspiring to take over the country. To keep things barrelling along at a modern clip are John Derek, Michael Rennie... but as Omar himself might say, “Take the cash and let the credits go.” (Paramount.)

The Monte Carlo Story

A time when young love is being sung about and talked up to such an extent that anyone over 21 is likely to feel senile, along comes this reassuring Technicolor offering from Monaco-way. With Marlene Dietrich, whose mouth seems to be permanently pursed, this is a love story in the continental manner. The two persons involved have been mellowing for years. The willing subject for Marlene’s willowy wiles, nobleman Vittorio DeSica is a proper charmer as the destitute gambler who is in hock up to his last breath with some of the local citizens. To insure a return on the money they’ve already invested in DeSica, they decide he must marry a wealthy widow. Marlene conveniently alternates on the scene. The two fortune hunters have heats in common... a taste for luxury, a passion for roulette, and not a cent between them. Even though each discovers the other’s fraud, all is not lost. American million- aire Arthur O’Connell and daughter Natalie Trundy sail up to furnish some fresh viewpoints and, much more appealing, fresh greenbacks. Apart from the rather annoying portrayal of Americans as crude, this is an enjoyable, flippant little number of love in hock. (United Artists.)
"Why Hollywood Girls Leave Me Cold"  
Continued from page 37

"When a movie is over," Tony points out incredulously, "instead of walking home slowly with your girl, as you would in New York, with big crowds around you, you have to run out of the theatre and spend an hour looking for your car. Finally you locate it—behind five other cars, and you can't budge. All the aisles around you are cleared as you sit helplessly behind the wheel of your car waiting for the cars in front of you to get moving. By that time you're completely out of sorts."

Tony feels much of this unpleasantness might be avoided if Hollywood girls didn't expect to be driven even when you're helping them across the street. In defense of Hollywood girls, Tony is willing to concede that they may be victims of their environment.

"If you can finally separate a Holly-wood girl from her enthusiasm about herself and her work, and from her aggressions, and put her in the category of a date, then get to the beach without any crises," he says amiably, "it is possible to have a very good time. The days are long, and there's plenty to do—if you can be with a girl long enough to sort of get her mind off movies."

Moreover, the magnanimous Tony has other nice things to say about Hollywood damsels.

"They seem to be more spirited than girls in New York," he acknowledges. "Along with a lack of aggression, New York girls are not as apt to be as enthusiastic as Hollywood girls. In New York, where the girls may be a little more feminine, they are at the same time not as fun-loving."

There's another attribute of Hollywood girls, of which Tony is neither unaware nor unappreciative.

"Girls here," he gives credit where credit is due, "wear less than they do in New York. This could be taken both ways, though I prefer to think of it as an asset. Some girls, I confess, are more attractive overdressed, and some girls are less attractive underdressed. I think Hollywood girls use less make-up, which I like. I suppose that's because there's more going out during the day, more going out for lunch, and more going to the beach. But whatever the reasons, I'm for it. And Hollywood girls seem to dress more casually, which I find more attractive than dressing up. I'd rather see a girl in a sweater than in a formal."

To put the whole problem in perspective, Tony would seem to feel there's nothing wrong with Hollywood girls that can't be cured by overlooking their faults—which, since he is at heart an affable and magnanimous young man, he someday may get around to doing.
Frankie's gone and done it again. The Thin Man, Mr. Frank Sinatra, has fashioned himself a fine hunk of album, "A Swingin' Affair" by name, that has a mess of semi-precious goodies hidden within its jacket—fifteen of the free-wheelingest standards ever whipped onto wax (Capitol). . . Once upon a time there was a singer named Helen Morgan, and she was quite a singer, too, back in the late Twenties and early Thirties. Well, the Fittes' Polly Bergen doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone in the thrush department, either. Witness her Columbia album, "Bergen Sings Morgan." When you hear Polly sing "Bill" and "Why Was I Born?" it's as though Miss Morgan had been perched atop her famous piano in the recording studio. . . Question: What could be better than a Patti Page vocal? Answer: Why, a whole flock of Patti Pages on the same biscuit, of course. The Voices of Patti Page accompany Patti via the multiple tapes on "Old Cape Cod." We like her even when she does an old-fashioned "single" on the flip side, "Wondering" (Mercury) . . . Joe Bushkin, a mighty handy guy with a keyboard, puts together an 88-note salute to love. From the album title song, "A Fellow Needs A Girl," to "Don't Take Your Love From Me," the feathery-fingered Mr. Bushkin makes out an air-tight case in favor of Dan Cupid (Capitol).

The cult of Calypso just grows and grows. Latest converts are the Norman Luboff Choir as they wend their way through a "Calypso Holiday" via their new Columbia album. The Luboff crew have no trouble "going native" with a dozen Trinidadian treats . . . Tommy Sands is the name and million-sale records are his game. The solid-gold teenager's Capitol album "Steady Date" should be a steady best-seller for many months to come. The new hero of the high school set has himself a ball expounding vocally on young love, its trials and treats . . .

An ode to a jacket by Johnny Desmond, "A White Sport Coat (And A Pink Carnation)," is the best thing that's happened to men's wear since they stopped wearing celluloid collars. The flip side, "Just Lookin'," is just good listenin'. Dick Jacobs and his Skiffle Band are on hand to liven up the proceedings (Coral). . . Wild Bill Davison abandons his frantic approach to music in the Columbia Album, "With Strings Attached," and with his compatriots from Eddie Condon's Village Club plays pretty for the people on such numbers as "It's The Talk Of The Town" and "Serenade In Blue." We cast one vote in favor of the not-so-wild Bill.

An entirely different Judy Garland comes across on her new Capitol album, "Alone." Judy has a big blue spotlight focused on her as she paints an indigo portrait with such ballads as "By Myself" and "Mean To Me." The orchestra of Gordon Jenkins provides an appropriately melancholy backdrop for Miss Garland's two-sided bout with the blues . . . See America First! That's the motto of the Dave Brubeck Quartet as they take a musical sojourn from Maine to Mexico in the Columbia album, "Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A." With the fabulous Paul Desmond handling the alto sax chores with even more than his usual aplomb, the Brubeck cross-Continent safari is a fascinating half-hour excursion and fine jazz to boot . . . The Cool Miss June Christy has moved to sunnier climes in her new album, "Fair And Warmer." Everything's on the upbeat from "I Want To Be Happy" to "It's Always You." Pete Rugolo's high-spirited orchestrations help to keep temperatures on the rise. Weather prediction: "Fair And Warmer" to be followed by heavy sales (Capitol).

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EST.
Test Your Fashion Sense!

continued from page 55

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS HERE:

1. a. An accordion-pleated skirt with your suit jacket, and a bright wool blouson with your suit skirt will give you three complete costumes. Besides, both the blouson and skirt are very new this season, will mix with each other, and with all your other separates.

2. b. or c. Yes, add still another slim skirt, or a slim pleated skirt. Your full skirt will look too bulky with a boxy shortie.

3. c. By all means, wear a long-line bra and see how well you wear sweaters!

4. b. Chanel made this look famous, and now it’s big news all over again.

5. c. Buy your luscious sweaters in pale or bright colors, dress them up with jewelry. Nowadays sweaters go everywhere, including dances.

6. c. A gay overblouse would be smart even if you didn’t have hips!

7. d. A princess coat won’t go over everything; a camel’s hair coat is too tailored; a fur-collared coat might be too dresy. But a straight wool jersey coat, in a color that blends with your wardrobe can look either very tailored or very dressed up.

8. b. V-necked openses slim the ankle and flatter the leg.

9. c. The important thing is to look attractive. Wear the dress everybody compliments you in, no matter how often you’ve worn it before!

10. a,b,c. All three of these would be smart buys—cool for now, but new and fallish when September comes.

11. b. A little black velvet jacket is a joy forever. It goes over everything and always looks dressed up.

12. c. Wool knits are the newest of the new, and make marvelous everyday costumes because they don’t wrinkle and look very smart.

13. a,b,c,d,e. All of them!

14. a. Would be far too many pears at one time. C would be messy and uncoordinated. Just two pieces of pearl jewelry would be perfect, with the velvet ribbon for pretty accent.

15. c. The bulkier, the better!

16. b. Crepe is the fabric of the year.

17. c. Proper fit begins with the waistline.

18. c. Be patient a little longer, and buy a dress you really love—with the accessories it deserves.

19. a,b,c. Every one of them will show you your fashion seasons.

20. a. Pay for the alterations—they’re worth it. A suit is only as good as its fit, and a good suit deserves to fit perfectly.
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Kelly In The Nursery

continued from page 53

It's really very interesting and exciting.

Kelly made some distinct differences in
their personal schedules and patterns of
living, too, as what baby doesn't?

There have been times when they had
no nurse at all for brief periods and the
problems posed by adjusting their show
business schedules of eating, sleeping and
waking to those of a small baby have
been hilariously upsetting.

But their daily schedules have been
altered a good deal, nurse or no nurse.

For instance, "I always envied Tony,"
Janet says, "because when he was working
he didn't have to get up at dawn, as
I did, to get to the studio for make-up.
Make-up takes so much longer for wom-
en, you know, and men get all that extra
sleep in the mornings . . ."

"But now I observe that my spous is
up with the larks, showered and shaved
and ready to spend some time with his
small daughter who is often up even be-
fore the larks and who has some of her
cutest and most charming moods at those
uneartly hours. I suppose that's true of
most babies. And I find myself getting
up, too, even if I don't have to report
to a studio, and we three have a lot of
fun together. It certainly is different
from the old days. I never thought that
either Tony or I would be getting out of
bed practically in the dawn for fun.

"She has made a big difference, too,
in my afternoons. It used to be that when
and if I wasn't working I liked to go
shopping or stop in to see some friends
in the late afternoons. Buy a new hat
or pause for a cup of tea or a cocktail
and take my time about it. You know.

"But not any more. Kelly's most alert
hours are six to eight in the mornings
and four to six in the afternoons and I'm not
about to miss any of them if I can help
it. Nor is Tony. So gone are those social
little stop-ins with friends in the after-
noons, the leisurely late-day shopping
trips. The Curtises simply dash home to
see our child.

"We sometimes make it a race to see
who can get there first . . . but that's all
in fun, of course. It doesn't matter. But
I can tell you that neither of us has made
a single appointment if we could possi-
bly avoid it, for those hours, since Kelly
became old enough to notice us at all.

Maybe all this sounds just a little to
people who have plenty of time to spend
with their children. But we don't have 'plenty'
of time and this is important to us."

Kelly has even made a difference in
the way she dresses at home, Janet says.

"Well, of course I used to think it was
too nice to wear velvet toreador pants
and satin blouses when Tony came home
from the studio. But those things just aren't
practical these days, what with a baby
who has to be burped and who may just
blurt out the front of a blouse. ('Blurt-
pie,' in case you are wondering, simply
means to 'spit.' It's a word we invented
for it and it seems funny to us.) Wash-
able things are the rule now and I must
say that Tony seems to like them as
much as he ever did the silks and satins
and velvets . . . if he notices them at all.

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Editor, SCREENLAND, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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

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"Now that I think of it, does he notice them? Hmmmm . . ."

Then there is the matter of keeping things in the house both safe and sterile. Rugs and courses, for instance, for which Kelly is creeping at breakneck speeds all over the place. Every floor must be sterilized and sterilized.

And Janet’s beautiful curving staircase of which she is so proud. It is now fortified with formidable gates so that a little girl, adventuring too far, shall notumble down and break her little head. So many things to think of!

And then there are the swarms of visitors who want to see the offspring of such a popular Hollywood couple. Janet has to make and enforce some pretty strict rules . . . and she is just the girl who can do it too.

"To Kelly," she says, happily, "there is no such thing as a ‘stranger.’ She loves everyone and opens her arms to one and all. And I love that trait in her.

"But I have to be the one who says, 'If you have a slight sniffle or a cough, could you come some other day?' And I have to be the one who says, ‘Please don’t kiss her on the mouth, no matter how healthy you feel!’ You shouldn’t have to say these things to people . . . they should know. But do have to say them sometimes and I’d rather take the chance of offending them than letting Kelly catch something.

Just now Janet feels that Kelly is changing her life so that she will want to work less often and make her work in pictures count more. Tony’s career is zooming and Janet is trying to make her and Kelly’s lives dovetail completely with that career.

As this is written they are planning and preparing for a trip to Norway where Tony will make “The Vikings” this summer. He is busily growing a beard for this role and it seems to puzzle Kelly a good deal. The beard, I mean. Brtistly. Very surprising to a very young girl.
“Confessions Of A Homely Romeo”
continued from page 29

not good-looking. They cover up their feelings of inferiority by being surly, defensive and belligerent. Then they make the mistake of thinking people don’t care because of the way they look. Their real trouble—and it’s so easy to correct if they face it honestly—is not the way they look, but the way they act.

By that I don’t mean you have to be a saint to compensate for not being a Tyrore Power or a Tony Curtis. No girl expects a guy to be perfect, or could stand him if he was. But you can be nice, and still be human. You can be friendly without being phony. Once you learn to like yourself, it’s easy to like other people.

Take my own case. Since “Marty,” I’m supposed to be the nice guy to end all nice guys. Well, without being coy, I do enjoy people, as I’ve said I do. But that doesn’t mean that I can’t get as mean or jumpy or as ornery as the next fellow. I’m no different from any other human being on this earth. Sometimes I get up on the wrong side of the morning, and I don’t feel good, and I won’t talk to anyone, and I guess I’m pretty unpleasant. If things don’t go right, I’ll go home and pound my fist, or bang my head against the wall.

Usually, it happens in time of stress, when I’m not working all the time, when I’m wanting things to go right. Many times I’ve blown up because of insecurity, because I felt I wasn’t getting as much work as I’d like. I remember putting my fist right through a wall one time in desperation, calling upon the gods, “For heaven’s sake, help me. Don’t just look down. Help me!”

I think it’s good to blow your stack occasionally.

But one thing I can say is that I never blew up in front of a girl. When I go out, I like to have a good time. And as far as the girls are concerned, if you act nice, to them you look nice.

Of all the nice things that have happened to me, the most important is that this beat-up face of mine didn’t prevent me from marrying the girl I loved. I met Rhoda, when I went into the Brooklyn Navy Yard Hospital for a minor operation. She was my nurse, and she took such good care of me, I decided I might as well keep this in the family.

Not that Rhoda was easily won. I wanted to marry her when I got out of the Navy in 1945, but she turned me down—not because I wasn’t good-looking enough. Because I took up acting, and she didn’t want to have anything to do with an actor. She thought it was too insecure a business.

As time went on, though, I showed her that even though he was an actor, if a man was hard-working, a living could be made, and we could be happy together. Her father, naturally, also thought Rhoda could do better, and he told her so.

But I always respected his feelings, as I did Rhoda’s, and when I proposed, I wrote to her folks, asking permission to marry her. I poured out my heart in the letter. They wrote back that if I felt that way about their daughter, they knew I had nothing but the best of intentions and they told me I had their blessings.

And so we were married. I’ve never regretted the act, or the way I asked for Rhoda’s hand. I think my in-laws are the greatest people in the world. I still feel marriages should be arranged that way. My little girl, Nancy, is only five now, but I’m looking forward to the day when the inevitable happens. I know I would certainly want the young gentleman who marries my daughter to ask for her hand. Not because I did it, but because, generally speaking, it’s a thoughtful thing to do. It shows you’re considering the feelings of others as well as your own.

Luckily for us homely guys, you don’t have to be handsome to live handsomely. No sir, you don’t have to be handsome. All you have to do is be yourself.

How many times have you seen a woman get into a car, and she’s wearing a fancy dress? It’s set just right. She’s afraid to move. There isn’t a mark or wrinkle in the dress. It has to be perfect. She sits stiffly—and she’s miserable, worried about her precious dress getting ruffled. Well, I’ve always felt if you own the dress, wear it like you own it. Wear it! Have a good time in it.

The same is true of life. Handsome or not, live your life like you own it. Enjoy it. Wear it. Be yourself—and you can’t help looking good.
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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

she was signed a few years back by Rank. After "Karamazov," she'll be the biggest star in Hollywood.

Don't be surprised if Her Grace Kelly becomes Her Majesty. There's talk in Monaco of promoting the Prince. Gracie is all for it, and let's face it, the little blonde from Philly looks more like a Queen than most of the reigning monarchs—with the possible exception of Elizabeth of England. From George Liberace after cutting a rock 'n roll record—"I wanted to go the whole Presley route, but my brother told me I wouldn't look good with grey sideburns." And from Joan Collins, explaining why she will not re-marry for a long time, "I get very tired of being told by men what to do and what to wear, how to look, and when and where to come and go." Of Sydney Chaplin, whom she dated: "He wasn't a good influence." That's not what Judy Holliday is saying. They were swooning when I saw them in New York.

And here's this printed quote from Catharine Hepburn: "If only men would pay more attention to us homely girls, what affection they would get." I've never thought of Katie as homely, have you? And she certainly had her share of affection, and a wonderful marriage in the early part of her career—it lasted from 1928 to '35.

When Anita Ekberg refused an interview to a Paris reporter, he revenged himself by calling her "The bore with the bust"—in print. Anita is always friendly with fourth estaters in Hollywood. But something happens when she goes abroad. When Anita was asked what she thinks of photographers, she replied: "You mean the men who stand on chairs?"

And Olivia de Havilland isn't going overboard with her reconciliation with sister Joan Fontaine who rendezvoused in the summer with all the de Havillands in London—except for Olivia who found it more convenient to be in Switzerland.

Gary Cooper and CBS-TV couldn't come to terms, and as of going to press, his weekly deal with the network was in the ashen. So was Roy Rogers' show with NBC. I'm told that the former cowboys of the screen are having tough sledding against the new batch of TV heroes—and I do mean Jim Arnaz, Hugh O'Brian and Clint Walker.

There's a rumor that Natalie Wood will eliminate her non-stop dates—orders of her Warner Bros. boss. The publicity was hurting. And the rumors were flying when Debbie Reynolds twoved with Ross Tamblyn at a filmland function. She explained he was a friend of the family. And when you get down to cases, why can't a married woman go to a party with a friend of the family, when her husband is out of town, working? Robert Stack and Cameron Mitchell are yelling for their release from 20th Century-Fox. The grass always looks greener at another studio.

And the palm for the most honest actress in Hollywood goes to Robert Montgomery's actress-daughter, Elizabeth. When I asked her why she wasn't working in a picture, she looked pensive and said, "Because no one has asked me to." That's all, kiddies, for now. END

A CLEAR case of love starts John Raitt and Doris singing in the film, "The Pajama Game."

It was something like that when I took up knitting. Only when I gave up knitting it was forever. I had been told it would 'relax me.' It did nothing of the sort. It just made me more and more tense and my family said it made me more difficult to live with. And the few things I managed to knit were as tightly drawn together as I was. You have never seen such tight stitches! It was a good thing for everyone when I gave up that little hobby.

Q. Have you any personal "true or false" which you would like to add to these? A. Yes, I have. I have had a good many, letters recently accusing me of inconsistency and I should like to explain that it is "true" that screen actors change their minds and their attitudes as often as other people do. Perhaps more often. We don't freeze into a rigid mental mold and stay there. We change.

To take a small instance, one magazine story quoted me as saying that I dislike modern furniture and modern decor and that I detest colors of orange and yellow. That I prefer Early American or French period pieces and the more subdued shades of blue and gray.

Then another article announced that in our new house we will be using lots of modern and that shades of orange and yellow will be appearing there. So . . . the letters came in about the inconsistencies.

The fact is that all these things happen to be true! We did dislike modern decor at one time but our circumstances have changed, we are buying a new house and our attitudes have changed. Our whole mental climate has changed. We feel differently about many things.

As I have said, this is a small instance, but things like this happen so often. So, before you accuse your favorite star of inconsistency or accuse a writer of being a careless reporter, do stop and ask yourself if your own attitudes haven't changed on some things, too? And wouldn't it be dull if they didn't? END
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Hair Beauty Products of

THE RIESER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 18
Beth felt a wave of envy for the woman in the green sedan

Beth knew the couple with the green sedan had been married for years. Yet he was attentive as a bridegroom. "If only George were like that", she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs...**

**Listerine kills germs by millions**

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Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

**Listerine Antiseptic**

stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

**Listerine Antiseptic**

stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Don’t ever scratch!

SOLO Rubber-Tipped BOB PINS

Do sharp, rough bob pins make you feel like a pin cushion? Then switch to SOLO’s new rubber-tipped smoothies. Never was hairdressing easier...more rewarding. Enjoy new freedom from cuts and scratches! SOLO “Safety-Tips” grip-tite day and night. Buy a cardful today.

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VOLUME SIXTY; NUMBER THREE

November, 1957

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INSIDE NEWS

Anthony Franciosa 17 The Truth About Anthony Franciosa by Foster James
Kim Novak 21 Kim Novak’s Special Problem by John Maynard

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Carroll Baker 30 Baby Doll’s New Doll by Peter Albertson
Audie Murphy 36 The Return Of The Native by Reba and Bonnie Churchill
Joan Collins 40 You Wanna Rassle? by Jack Holland
Bob Wagner 48 “No Girl Should Marry Me!” as told to Helen Weller

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Rock Hudson 26 A Farewell To Arms
Anita Ekberg 44 Oui, Oui, Poree
Rita Hayworth 52 The Hayworth Magic

TELEVISION

Ernie Kovacs 54 Man In Motion by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham
Reviews 12 Coming Attractions by Rahno Maughon
Fashions 50 Around The World In Blouse And Skirt by Natalie Wood
Records 66 Let’s Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, NOW STARRING IN THE WARNER BROS. FILM, “THE PAJAMA GAME”

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JAMES DEAN PLAYS HIMSELF IN “THE JAMES DEAN STORY”

THE REAL STORY OF THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR OF OUR TIME!

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE — A THRILL TO REMEMBER! presented by WARNER BROS

Hear TOMMY SANDS sing “LET ME BE LOVED” Written by STEWART STERN who wrote the screen play for Rebel Without A Cause

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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- SOPHIA LOREN DAZZLES BLASE HOLLYWOOD
- MARLON BRANDO TO DO ROMEO?

This is Sheilah Graham, reporting what's new and true, from Hollywood. ... The best kept secret of the year was Vivien Leigh's illness when she and husband, Laurence Olivier, were touring Europe last summer, ostensibly with Shakespeare's tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," but actually on a good-will mission for the British government. Vivien's sickness was given out as pneumonia. But it was a recurrence of the breakdown she suffered in 1953 when she was rushed back to England by plane. And who will ever forget the sad picture of this great actress being half-carried into the plane by Danny Kaye? ... Paulette Goddard is on the Paramount payroll until 1960. She made the deal 20 years ago. This is the smartest, most energetic gal I have ever met. And she'll be signing her name Mrs. Erich Remarque just as soon as his divorce is final.

Elvis Presley's manager, the canny Colonel Tom Parker, has been refusing TV shots for Elvis at the rate of $40,000 a throw. "If people can see him for nothing on TV, how can I get $250,000 a picture for him?" argues the Colonel. And I'm sorry for pretty Yvonne Lime. She had Presley on the verge of matrimony, but his advisers were again it. ... The cheapest buy, picture-wise in Hollywood, is Jayne Mansfield—$60,000 for four pictures. There'll be some changes in her contract, or the girl with the biggest front in Hollywood will stage a sit-down strike.

Her Grace Kelly has a democratic pen. The people to whom she writes the most in the film colony are her ex-stand-in and her hairdresser at Paramount, ... Cary Grant made a minimum of $1,600,000 from his last four pictures. This elegant actor is almost as clever as Paulette Goddard in the cash department. He gets 10% from the first gross dollar. And we should all be so gross.

Kirk Douglas was described this-a-way by a British reporter: "His eyebrows are like worn-out steel wool pot scourers. His light hair looks as if it was cut with blunt hedge clippers." ... The dream of Charles Laughton's life is to play Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This I can't wait to see. ... Or Marlon Brando's Romeo, which he will do on continued on page 10...
The best fun throughout the ages and the raciest hit of the Broadway stage is "The Pajama Game" by George Abbott and Richard Bissell. Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, it stars Doris Day and John Raitt, with Carol Haney and Eddie Foy, Jr. The play is produced and directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen. Based upon the play 'The Pajama Game', the film is produced by Warner Bros. with music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Every ever-lovin' thrill of one of the biggest smash entertainments of all time!
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Based on the Novel by Ross Lockridge, Jr. • Print by TECHNICOLOR® • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • Produced by DAVID LEWIS

AN M-G-M PICTURE
was renouncing his acting career to become a Trappist monk. When Alec denied the rumor, he added whimsically, “I don’t think my wife would like it.”

Why did a lovely girl like Kim Novak go to Italy to see Italian Count Bandini, instead of Vice versa? The Count is in the canned goods business. But surely he has more time to travel than the very busy Miss Novak. . . . I’ve just found out why Jayne Mansfield’s gown was so revealing at the cocktail party for Sophia Loren. She wore it without the foundation sent with the dress by designer Elgee Bove.

It shouldn’t be long now before Richard Egan and Pat Hardy say “I do.” And mean it for life. They’ve been waiting to be absolutely sure. . . . And wasn’t it lucky Ava Gardner had to wait so long to get her divorce from Frank Sinatra, or she’d have jumped into a hasty marriage with Walter Chiari. . . . Hugh O’Brien’s face was very red at the last rodeo he attended. A moppet was quicker on the draw and stole his Wyatt Earp badge.

Virginia Mayo is just breathing until October when her contract at Warners expires. She has made few and far between pictures for her home studio in recent years. And she wants to be free for a TV series with husband Mike O’Shea.

Eddie and Debbie Fisher are having house problems. Can’t seem to settle for the right one. But the vacation in Europe has been good for them. Debbie loves Eddie more when he is away from his entourage—advisers, to you and me. . . . To go back to the housing question, it’s kind of ironic that Edward G. Robinson had to pay $100,000 to buy his own house in Beverly Hills. Gladys, the ex Mrs. R., received $50,000. Eddie bought back a few of the paintings he sold for three million dollars to that Greek ship owner. And he will marry constant pal Jane Adler when Gladys picks up that final decree. . . . The height of incongruity. Natalie Wood at a recent premiere, sporting a white streak in her brunette locks. But she didn’t look old, just happy—because her escort was Nicky Hilton.

Anne Baxter is corresponding, in Spanish, with bullfighter Antonio Ordenez. . . . June Allyson can’t get fat and Judy Garland can’t get thin—and Judy isn’t going to try any more. She feels better with the extra pounds. . . . And Claudette Colbert has to eat candy for her health, while Ann Sothern shouldn’t but does. It would be fun to shake them all up in a bag and bring them out just right.

In spite of their divorce, Victor Mature and ex-wife Dorothy’s son continue their father-son relationship. Like Tyro Power, Vic swears he’ll never wed again. But I’m sure Ty will. Ditto Vic. It’s Mai Zetterling for Ty. But who for Vic? Too many right now for me to make an accurate guess. . . . No wonder the stars like working for John Wayne. When Duke loaned Bob Stack to U-I, he gave him a bonus of close to $30,000. . . . While we’re with the money, Mike Wilding revealed that he owns part of an oil well with ex-wife Elizabeth Taylor. Yields him $3.50 a day—“gross, before they take the sand out of the oil.”

Pat Boone can have a big screen career if he loses some weight. He was...
SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT TURNS...AND IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE, THE HEART OF AN ENTERTAINER IS CANDIDLY REVEALED!

FRANK SINATRA
Now he stands alone...the most electric personality of our time slams home his most shocking and realistic performance!

MITZI GAYNOR • JEANNE CRAIN
EDDIE ALBERT
in
The Joker Is Wild
A CHARLES VIDOR PRODUCTION
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN
Screenplay by OSCAR SAUL • From a book by ART COHN
Based on the Life of Joe E. Lewis • A Paramount Release
No Sleep Till Dawn

ONE of the best sergeants of the Army Air Force ever had, Karl Malden allows daughter Natalie Wood to lower a veil of materialism over his piercing blue eyes. Until Natalie-baby started hankering for all sorts of things money can buy and Malden's paycheck couldn't afford, her dad was so wrapped up in the Air Force that his wife, Marsha Hunt, could have sued the USAF as "the other woman." But to keep his only child in convertibles and out of pilot Efrem Zimbaliist, Jr.'s reach, Malden decides to quit the Army and snuggle up to a high-paying executive's job. The decision finally made, wouldn't you know it, he's just got to make that last test flight with Zimbaliist! This Warnecolor cheering section for the Strategic Air Command makes very effective recruiting material—especially if each base could come equipped with a reasonable facsimile of Natalie. (Warner Bros.)

House Of Numbers

NEATLY turned-out thriller that adds some fresh frills to an old hat puzzle. His convict brother facing a possible death sentence if the San Quentin prison guard he attacked dies, Jack Palance agrees to help him escape. The fact that no convict had ever successfully escaped from San Quentin doesn't stop Palance. Instead of getting his brother out, his plan hinges on his sneaking into the prison. The plan is fantastically clever and would have succeeded but for one important slip-up: Palance didn't reckon on his brother who was apparently missing a sense of fair play and a few marbles. Playing two roles doesn't seem to tax Palance's talents. He just lowers his hairline for the bad guy, and speaks in soft, educated tones for the good guy. There's a girl in this too, Barbara Lang, who wears tight slacks and her heart on her sleeve for Palance. (MGM.)

The Golden Virgin

LIKE a lot of folks who attempt to discover why they suffer the way they do, wealthy Bostonian Joan Crawford goes back to the past, which to her is the mean splotch of an Irish village where she had been born. Instead of an answer, she finds a child, Heather Sears, made deaf, dumb and blind in an accidental explosion. Separated from her gadabout husband, Rossano Brazzi, and with no one to love, she takes the child back to America. Nourished by love and professional help, Heather blossoms out in a few years to become the living symbol for the thousands of deaf, dumb and blind children all over the world. Through her, money begins to pour in to help the school that taught her to communicate again with the outside world. And it's this lush smell of greenbacks that lures the vagrant Brazzi back to his wife's arms. Once there, he peeks out from under Joan's sheltering wing and likes what he sees—besides diverting the contributions into his own coffers, there's the added attraction of very pretty Heather. In this drama that pummeled the daylights out of decency, Joan suffers with a minimum of close-ups, and Brazzi is uncomfortably effective as one of the most evil cads ever to creep into a young girl's bedroom. (Columbia.)

Man Of A Thousand Faces

STARS the very versatile James Cagney as Lon Chaney, one of the greatest movie stars of silent films. Starting out as a vaudeville comedian Chaney's professional life was almost ruined when wife Dorothy Malone attempted suicide publicly in a frantic effort to repay him for ending her career as a singer. Dorothy recovered, but the ill-fated marriage ended in divorce. Their only son is placed in an orphanage until Chaney can prove he can support the child and give him a proper home. From that moment on, according to this, he swore he'd become a financial Rock of Gibraltar. A genius in the art of theatrical make-up and pantomime, Chaney was a chameleon who could adapt himself to almost any role called for. In time, he got his boy back and a new wife—Jane Greer. But his past wasn't as dead and buried as he had hoped. Years later, when the boy finally found out his real mother was still alive, it was almost too late for Cagney to undo the terrible wrong he had done to all of them. The occasional glimpses into the era of silent films is fascinating, especially when Cagney duplicates such Chaney horrors as "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame" and "The Phantom Of The Opera," but this primarily revolves around the domestic troubles of an incredible man. (U-L.)

continued on page 64
THE SUN NEVER ROSE ON A BOLDER HEMINGWAY LOVE STORY ... OR A GREATER MOTION PICTURE ACHIEVEMENT!

Tyrone Ava Mel Errol Eddie
Power Gardner Ferrer Flynn Albert
in Darryl F. Zanuck's production of Ernest Hemingway's

The Sun Also Rises

CinemaScope COLOR by DeLuxe Directed by Henry King
Stereophonic Sound Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Featuring Gregory Ratoff, Juliette Greco, Marcel Dalio, Henry Daniell and Robert Evans
Based on the Novel by Ernest Hemingway
DELAY FOR JAYNE—Don’t hold your breath waiting for that announced October wedding of Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay. Jayne believed she’d have her final divorce decree this October 23, but through some error in filing it won’t be finalized until January 9, 1958. Wedding bells will have to wait!

EXPERIENCE—After Jeff Hunter’s marriage to pretty model Dusty Bartlett, a friend asked Jeff if his new bride had any ambitions. Jeff’s candid reply: “No, thank God!” But Jeff and former bride Barbara Rush continue their friendly status and they also share many scenes in “No Down Payment.” Jeff next goes to England for “Count Five And Die.” Bride Dusty will accompany him and they’ll make it a honeymoon trip. Meanwhile, Barbara says she’s going to devote the next three years to her career—but she’s dating studio executive Frank McCarthy quite frequently.

SPLITS AND THINGS—The big cast of “Payment” is producing lots of news in the romance department, both good and not-so. Sheree North filed for divorce from music publisher Bud Freeman; Patricia Owens ditto, from writer-producer Sy Bartlett. Cameron Mitchell and wife Johanna reconciled, then had another split-up. Joanne Woodward still dates Paul Newman, but not exclusively; young actor Robert Quarrie is also her frequent escort. And Joanne admits she’s been “engaged” three different times since meeting Paul. Says she, “That’s not unusual for a Southern girl.” This Joanne is really an actress, and so good as the girl with a triple personality in “Three Faces Of Eve” that studio wags say, “It could win her three Oscars.”

HAPPY TALK—All seems serene in the June Allyson-Dick Powell reconciliation. June had vacation time so went along to Hawaii with Dick while he produced-directed “Enemy Below” there. Our Honolulu agent reports they were a picture of marital bliss and on Sundays used to stroll arm-in-arm down Kalakaua Boulevard in Waikiki. Dick even got special permission from the Pentagon for June to board the U.S.S. Whitehurst while scenes were shot on the Navy ship; usually, no women allowed.

HEART-THROB—Hollywood hostesses, always in need of extra bachelors for parties, have been showering invitations on newcomer Curt Jurgens, who’s quite a hunk of man. Curt, 6’4”, is a real, Continental lad who can toss off sweet nothings in French, German and English. He’s had three wives, Eva Bartok being the most recent. Art house patrons know his pictures made in French and German and now’s all will see him co-starring with Bob Mitchum in “Enemy Below.” Several local gals wouldn’t mind being the fourth Mrs. J.

NEW TWOSOME—Now that Lana Turner has her divorce from Lex Barker, expect her to have more and more dates with Robert J. Evans. They’ve been doing the dine-and-dance bit and he also has been visiting her on the set of “Peyton Place.” Bob is the type Lana likes—tall, dark and handsome. He’s also wealthy! He and two brothers own a women’s dress business back East and he divides his time between the “rag market” and acting. Bob will play Irving Thalberg in “Man Of A Thousand Faces.”

STILL SOLID—The Hudsons are tired of explaining that their long separation has no bearing on their marriage. Rock has been in Italy for “Farewell To Arms” and after Phyllis became so ill her doc—

ALREADY parents of two, happily wed Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty await another.

FRENCH newcomer Christine Carere with Edward Manouk at a Hollywood night spot.
end

door waxing

forever

NOT a liquid — not a paste — nothing
to pour, nothing to spread. Here for
the first time is a NON-ELECTRIC
DRI T SHINE POLISHER ... a chemi-
cally treated disc that you simply glide
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a tough, invisible scuff-proof film ... 
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INSTANTLY. And since this built-in
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To clean this gleaming, super-hard
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scrubbing too.

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A few years back, while drilling
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the grimy oily drip came up jewel-
right. In fact, whatever surface this
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shined and glimmered.

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baked this wonder-chemical into a flat
"pancake" disc and smoothed it across
a floor, that floor actually shined 5
times brighter than when it was waxed.
And incredible as it may seem, each
single shine lasted up to 2 full months.

Tested in Office Buildings,
On Ships' Decks and by U.S. Gov't

But to really prove their point these
scientists invited some of the nation’s
leading companies to test this brilliant
discovery on the floors of their office
and factory buildings. AND WHAT
RESULTS THEY GOT!

From all over came reports of the
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companies throwing away their pails
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fashioned paste and liquid waxes ...
and using nothing but this sensational
chemical polishing disc with its built-in
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— DRY SHINE FLOOR POLISHER.

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Now that you’ve read about the
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Simply send the free-trial coupon
below. When your MINI-SHINE pol-
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your home ... even the dullest, hard-
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there are no liquids to pour, no pastes
to spread. Nothing else to buy or apply.
You simply g-l-i-d-e MINI-SHINE
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minutes your floors don't gleam like
new ... if they aren't shinier and more
lustrous than ever before ... if they
don't hold that rich, bright shine for
up to 2 full months ... if you don’t
agree that never again will you be a
slave to weekly waxing ... never again
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waxes or polishes ... then simply re-
turn your MINI-SHINE POLISHER
... you have given your floors a pro-
fessional shine at our expense. That's
how sure we are you'll be thrilled with
the amazing MINI-SHINE floor pol-
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Work, Money Right Away

The price of a MINI-SHINE POLISHER is only $3.98 Why you save
double that figure in "floor-wax money" the first few times you use it. And since
MINI-SHINE is guaranteed to last 5
full years — you save at least $50
you'd ordinarily spend on wax.

However, due to the demands of in-
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a limited number of MINI-SHINE
POLISHERS available for public re-
lease. Therefore, all orders will be filled
on a first-come, first-served basis. Once
our supply is exhausted we will be
forced to withdraw this offer. So to
take advantage of this free-trial op-
portunity, send the no-risk coupon
today!

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thanks to amazing new MINI-SHINE. Polishes a 10'x10'
floor in less than 5 minutes ... NO MORE SCRUBBING,
EITHER. To clean your MINI-SHINE finish, just damp-
mos ... that's all. PERFECT FOR ALL TYPE FLOORS—
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Send me my MINI-SHINE FLOOR POLISHER right away, with this understand-
ing, if MINI-SHINE does not do all you claim ... if it doesn't save me time, work
and money ... if it doesn't end floor wax-
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☐ I enclose $3.98 on money-back guaran-
tee. (I save 56¢ in postage, handling and
C. O. D. charges.)
☐ Send MINI-SHINE C. O. D. I will pay
postman $3.98 plus C. O. D. and postage.
(Approx. 56¢.) Same money-back guaran-
tee, of course.

Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City _____________________________ Zone _______ State ________
The TRUTH about Anthony Franciosa... This much you could say for the young man up there with Jean Simmons and Paul Douglas on the screen—he was different.

You wanted to know him better. There was a warm glint in his eye, along

with the maleness; a look of having wandered many a dark and shadowed street, not knowing whether it was worth the bother of waking the next day. There was also the other thing, the tenderness. It had been won, you knew, the very hardest way...

So the lights flicked on again in the small private projection room where a rough, uncut version of "This Could Be The Night" had been screened, and the cluster of studio VIP's looked at each other, still puffing on their cigars, and for a moment did not speak. There were, of course, the tattered, time-worn phrases—the "terrifics" and "colossals," but these, somehow, seemed a little threadbare and puny now, to describe what they had just seen.

"How old did you say this boy is?" one producer asked, of no one in particular.

Another cigar gloved. "Do we have him for any more pictures?"

"I saw him on the stage in New York," said still another voice. "when he did 'A Hatful Of Rain.' I knew he had it then."

Joe Pasternak, the man who had produced the picture—the man who had insisted on this newcomer, this Anthony Franciosa—looked around happily.

"This boy," said Pasternak, "has so much talent, they might even let him keep his name."

They'll do that to you out there in Hollywood sometimes. Change you. Shape you. Glamourize you. Cap your teeth, raise your hairline, fix your nose. The Mold, The Pattern. "What did you say your name was, bud—Bernie Schwartz?"

No good; it'll lay an egg at the box-office. From now on you're Tony Curtis." "Roy Fitzgerald? Uh, uh; Rock Hudson." "Phylis Isley? It's awful, baby; we'll call you continued on page 18
All that Tony thought and felt, all he suffered

Jennifer Jones. Art Gelien? Tab Hunter is much better.”

Three syllable names; four syllable names; maybe even five syllable names. But seven syllables? An-tho-ny Fran-ci-os-a? “Ummm, I don't know...” The heads together, the plotting. “Wel-l-l, let’s see now. Look, you ever go walking barefoot in the rain? Play the bongos? Thumb rides to the studio? No? We gotta have you doing something, with that name and all. You sure you don’t want us to change it?”

Mrs. Franciosa’s boy Tony was very sure. Still keeping that pleasant smile—no sweat, no strain, really—he made his point. A very good point. “If an actor is successful,” he said, “the name is beautiful. If he isn’t, it doesn’t matter how good his name is.”

He had something there. Quite a lot, really. More than even he knew himself, and he’d had it for a long time. You take a kid who’s born and brought up in New York, an only child whose parents are separated early, and you give him a boyhood among people of his own kind—warm, laughter-loving, excitable Italians—and maybe you get some sadness and pain, but your days are pretty much of a lark, too. (“Hey,
and enjoyed in his long quest for self-fulfillment now give depth and passion to his acting

Mom, you see my basketball shoes? And save me some of that good macaroni; I'll eat it when I get home.

There was school, of course; P. S. 52, and later, Benjamin Franklin High School. But Tony and books didn't have much affection for each other. Says Tony now, "I guess I didn't care for school."

School plays were a laugh; this was no dedicated thespian who gobbled Shakespeare and Odets with his pizza. "I don't know what I did with my time," Tony says. "Played basketball, I guess, or hung around the corner candy store, or went out with the gang to Coney Island or Jones Beach. There was no special line of work I wanted to get into—certainly not contracting, which was my father's business. Besides, I didn't see too much of him. School didn't mean anything, so I just cut it out, like a lot of other kids."

Acting came later—much later. First there was the matter of finding himself—finding who he was, what he really wanted. For a long time he didn't know. Jobs came along and Tony took them. He washed dishes in a hamburger joint, worked as an awning installer, waged heavy lead "pigs" in a stereotype room at a printing plant, hired out as a welder. The jobs lasted a week or two, sometimes a month, sometimes even longer. It wasn't work he relished; he didn't leap out of bed each morning, eager to subway down to a hash house or the printer's shop. But the work gave him eating money. It kept his hands and his muscles husy, but his mind was still questing.

"I'm Tony Franciosa," something inside of him kept saying. "But who am I really; what am I going to be?"

You can see the turns and twists and corners in that quest even now; all that he thought and felt, all that he suffered and enjoyed with a sharp pleasure, you find in what Tony Franciosa does up there on the screen. You'll see it in "This Could Be The Night"; you'll discover it in "A Hatful Of Rain," in his scenes with Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint and Lloyd Nolan.

"He isn't that handsome," said a movie-calloused woman columnist just the other day, "But something in this hoy gets you; he looks tough and virile, but there's that great warmth there. It reaches out and touches you."

continued on page 71
Her sudden readiness for marriage brings Kim a dilemma. "I seem to have lost myself. How can I expect any man to know and love me?"

Kim Novak's Special Problem

The big, high rehearsal stage on Gower Street in Hollywood was about as vast, hideous and utilitarian as a play-pen can get, and off in the northeast corner in front of her portable dressing-room, eating from a rickety table, Kim Novak dug in and thought of how she could slam one out of the park in the interests of contemporary history. This is not easy for Miss Novak, who is interviewed roughly every hour on the hour on an intensely limited range of subjects (i.e., "How about Mac Krim?", "What's with Count Bandini?", and the high, hard one, "Y'in love with anybody?"); but she is an intelligent and perceptive girl who likes to play ball within the common limits of taste, and whether she's going to strike out or not, she's willing to take her cut.

This day there was nothing special on the agenda—indeed, her questioner was serving up pitches of infinite variety—unless John Ireland was special, and this seemed at least doubtful. Ireland is a fellow of wild and improbable gauntness with whose name Miss Novak's had been associated, and it is just possible he is in temperamental contrast to her long-time friend Mac Krim, of whom Miss Novak is apt to say frequently and vaguely, "I love Mac, but—", trailing off then in a kind of puzzled inconclusiveness. She said this now, grappling with her thoughts, and her more sensitive listeners had the feelings, as they so often do, that she really meant, "I'm fond of Mac, but." There are those who feel that after so long a time, Miss Novak regards Krim's devotion in the light of a calm, protective harbor, whereas she may subconsciously be seeking something out beyond the breakwater, something in the way of a rough wind. For continued on page 23
DRESSING up for a scene in “Pal Joey,” Kim dons a new personality as well as a new costume for her part in the film.

CAUGHT between opposing demands of her work and private life, Kim says, “There’s never time to be alone and find myself.”
Missing: Marilyn Novak, 24, blonde, beautiful. Occupations: chorine, society wife, witch

this different kind of pace, Ireland anyway looks the part.

Besides, there was something special going this day, something not always an accoutrement to a studio conversation. There was, so to speak, a sound track. Oh, not really—but in the cavernous distance, a pianist threaded his way ceaselessly through the tune from "Pal Joey" that has for 16 years been a haunting fashion. It was going to climax the picture version in most elaborate form, and Miss Novak, Rita Hayworth and others were working on it, as they would be for yet another week. Your mind—if you were of that generation—fitted what words you could remember.

—wild again, beguiled again—*

"Keep this up," said Miss Novak to her single-minded interrogator, "and you might yet get somewhere. But no, I'm not going to say there's any special person. I can't say it. But there's a special problem."

"But you still deny you're ready for marriage." It wasn't a question. Miss Novak's been denying this for so long that she can bowl a perfect strike while reeling off the libretto.

"So hang onto your hat," said Miss N. "I don't deny it. Maybe a week ago it wouldn't have been true. But now I think I am ready for marriage. What do you think of that?"

"At the most," said the party of the second part, "that I am now in line for the Pulitzer Prize. At the least, the bass certainly are running. What, or who, makes you think so?"

"What," she said, "is the word." The table tipped north as she pressed down on fruit salad. It tipped back and south again as her adversary bludgeoned a steak. Away to the side, the Gower Street door to the stage slid open, disclosing a lot of sun-glared concrete across the way and a girl in a calypso hat taking a picture of another girl in a calypso hat. Miss Novak was less dressy. She wore slacks of a sort, a faded blue denim shirt and knee-pads. Repeat, knee-pads. She'd been spending the day sliding down a slide on her knees. So what else? It's a rather peculiar way to make a living but still, it pays well.

"And by 'what'," said Kim Novak, "I mean several things, including the fact I'm 24. But mostly, the maternal urge has been so strong lately, and I know I'm ready for motherhood and, of course, marriage. You shouldn't go out on a limb, you know, but you can throw all the old denials out the window. As of this moment. It's not world-shaking, I'm sure, but then you don't want the Pulitzer Prize anyway. You can't put it between two slices of bread, can you? Take the other day. There was this group of children where I'd parked, Oh, eight or ten of them. And all of a sudden I wasn't an actress any more—I'm going to come to that—I was a woman. It was right then very warm and wonderful and I spent so much time buying them ice cream and candy and fussing over them that I'm sure their mothers were getting alarmed. May have created a wave of indigestion, too. But that wasn't Kim the way I used to know me. I know me now or any other time!" Abruptly she put down her fork and began looking rather unhappy.

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered—am I!* (said the piano player in music.)

"And," she said, "if I don't know me, how will anyone else ever, and what kind of a terrible thing would I be doing to a future husband if I gave him a dishonest counterpart of another woman? But not intentionally—and that is the terrible thing—because I don't know me any more. Somehow back there I lost Kim Novak. And Marilyn Novak—that's really my name—she's a precocious little girl back in Chicago, lonely I think and waiting for me to come back the way she knew me.

"It's this profession. It must be this way with every actress at one thing or another. When have I last been Kim Novak? And who is she or who was she? There've been part after part, and never enough time between to be alone and find myself again. Oh, how wonderful being alone for a while and rediscovering reality! In pictures, I was a chippie and a life-starved Kansas adolescent, a society wife and a cashier in a dump, a very great actress whose own perfectionism led her to drugs, now the girl in 'Pal Joey,' and next time a witch in 'Bell, Book And Candle,' and I'm studying witchcraft now, that's how deep into it I get. So say I am in love—and I'm not going to say categorically I'm not—can I expect the man I love to settle for a role, a character, a sham? Can he marry Jeanne Eagels and find she's turned into a witch? Can he marry a witch and find she's reverted to the mannerisms of a chippie again? And me half-believing each part because I'm an actress, and maybe finding in the end there is no Kim Novak any more.

*Copyright © 1941 by Chappell & Co. Inc., New York, N. Y.
Though courted by attractive men foreign and domestic, Kim's too absorbed in becoming a better actress to narrow her choice to one

It would be a shoddy gift to the person I love, and I think of it all the time.

"That's why I've said so many times, I've all these doubts about marriage and career going together. And now it's the career bit going so hard and busy, and I'm never alone to readjust. Sure I'm lucky—I think. But it's the pace, like when you see me in 'Joey,' if you do, then I'll have forgotten about it a long time ago and be witching all over a set, and I've forgotten 'Jeanne Eagels' now because I have to. I can't look back and I don't know what's ahead. And when I marry, it will be for love and there'll be no room for dishonesty, however unintentional it is. But right now, Kim Novak's lost in the shuffle and I can't kid myself she isn't. That may be all right for me—for now, I mean—but it isn't all right for my love and the father of my own. And he won't know who I am if I don't."

Well, as predicaments go, it was a lulu. And the piano, having got by the middle part to which no layman ever knows the words, hummed carelessly, 'I'll sing to him in Spring to him, and long for the day when I'll cling to him', while simultaneously the table skittered sideways and got the grapefruit slices mad.

But the fundamental wasn't changed. The girl who has stalled committing herself for so long was doing so now: she's ready for marriage. There's just that one drawback, which might conceivably decorate a post office wall. Lost: Kim Novak. Reward for Finding: Marriage and Happiness. Out of the realm of speculation it can be booted.

And so, apparently, can the controversial Mr. Ireland. Not by Kim, who is not by inclination a dealer in personalities,

BACKSTAGE on the "Pal Joey" set, Kim may be reflecting on Mac Krim vs. Mario Bandini vs. a man she has yet to meet.

CONFERENCE with director George Sidney finds Kim listening attentively for hints on how to play a scene.
"PAL JOEY": Chorus girl Kim is surprised in her dressing room by night club singer Frank Sinatra in a shot from the Columbia film.

but by a close associate of hers who appeared stunned when the question was broached.

"You’re sure you don’t mean Alexander Hamilton?" this person asked incredulously. "Not General Pickett?"

"Ma’am?"

"I ask because John Ireland in connection with Kim Novak is no more timely than sleeve-garters. Even the magazines who jumped the gun with unauthorized articles had to back off later on the grounds they were being a bit quaint. I know these two were friendly for a while but it’s as vague in my mind as what happened to President McKinley and I’m sure you’re not going to start any forest fires trying to revive it."

"And Count Mario Bandini?"

"We have still the word of all who have met him that he’s a charming fellow and that Kim and he found each other fine company in Europe. He’s been called a kind of Italian George Sanders, minus a few years, and that he is. There was also some froth about his visiting here but he hasn’t shown up yet unless disguised as a piece of luggage."

OTHER reports have had the Count waxing somewhat furious over trans-continental phones on mention of Kim’s keeping company with this, that or John Ireland, but they are the stuff on which Miss Novak is notoriously uncommunicative. One friend of his did think for sure at a certain time that this was love, but she is less sure now. Besides, if the Count turns up a matter of some weeks from now, he’s going to be fraternizing with a witch. You heard what the girl said.

On the other hand, it was Miss Novak’s beaming intention, as this session closed, to head for Europe just as soon as "Pal Joey" went to the cutters and she was certain she wouldn’t be needed for any retakes on the picture. So—she likes Europe. Little else could be proved.

She hung over a bannister as her lunch companion left and said, in regard to printed discourses on her emotional life and the workings of her mind, that she wished writers would get things straight. "Sometimes," she said, "I say something that seems halfway bright or interesting, and then it gets all twisted around or left out, so I just wish I hadn’t said it. What was the use?"

And there was the time a visiting writer of unusual skill and perspicacity pegged a whole story on Kim’s fondness for the color lavender, basing it on his visit to her then-new apartment, and this in turn got his magazine so whipped up over the art possibilities that they scheduled a slew of expensive color stuff in the pictorial line to go with the prose, and when they got ready, there wasn’t so much lavender in the apartment at that. The magazine was reasonable enough about it but never did quite see why she wouldn’t redecorate for them. But Miss Novak is fascinated by article writing and says that if she were interviewing a star, she’d do one of these "impressionistic pieces—the kind I hate them to do on me."

The piano vamped idly and came to its end: Bewitched, bothered and bewildered—*

Miss Novak’s lips moved slightly. She may have hummed under breath, "—am I." More likely she was just dislodging a seed from somewhere.

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“WOUNDED” and waiting for the cameras to roll, Rock gets instructions from director King Vidor for a scene in the hospital ward.
Rock and Jennifer Jones recreate the main roles in a new film version of Hemingway's poignant love story of World War I.

STONY road carries Rock on a sightseeing tour around North Italian city of Udine.

photos by Bob Landry

continued on page 28
In the shadow of the snow-capped Italian Alps, Rock gets in the mood for his new film, “A Farewell To Arms.” He plays an American ambulance driver who flees the war for a romantic idyll.

RAGGED Rock stands over the wounded in the David O. Selznick production for 20th release.

SOLDIERS all include Rock, Kurt Kasnar and the noted Italian actor Vittorio de Sica (right).
RUGGED Rock supervises the moving of supplies high in the mountains while planning to elope to Switzerland with Jennifer. END
Happy city life is enjoyed by Carroll and husband Jack Garfein.

Giving her young daughter Blanche the warm and stable childhood she missed is more important to Carroll than furthering her film career.

By PETER ALBERTSON

Fortunately for the Advancement and Betterment of the Protective Benevolent Society of Actors Studio, Carroll Baker was fired, canned, sacked from her job as television weather forecaster. Not that Carroll, who took “Baby Doll” out of the toy shop and eased her into sultry surroundings, couldn’t wield an authoritative pointer with the best of them. She just wasn’t tuned in on the rarefied sensitivity of Texans. All was breezing along that eventful night with a low pressure here, a touch of moderately warm there, then Carroll smiled her sleepy-eyed smile and added, “There’s a lot of hot air blowing up from Texas.”

Wal podner, them’s fightin’ words...

“It was an accident,” Carroll insists. “How could I have known there was a convention of Texans in town who would misunderstand?”

That night, she lost her job.

Considering all that’s happened to Carroll since she decided to quit junior college and become a dancer, life has been playing a lively but friendly game of chess with her. More the queen than a pawn, however, you get the idea from talking to her that she doesn’t hesitate to go along with anything that will make her happy.

At times, it hasn’t been easy following the course she’s set for herself. Take the time Carroll packed her suitcase and headed for New York on a one-way ticket sans her mother’s blessings, but with her mother’s financing. As Carroll put it, “I was doing

continued on page 32
doll's new doll

photos by Al Wertheimer, Topix
so well in Florida with the dancing, I thought sure I'd burn up New York with this specialty act I'd been working on."

At first, all she did workwise was a couple of dancing spots in out-of-town bistros. Then, because she was a dancer, when she finally landed television jobs, she didn't dance once. Instead, she did commercials, walk-on bits in dramatic shows, and of course, the ill-fated weather forecasting.

From these fringe sorties on drama, Carroll dredged up a latent yen to become an actress. It followed. She remembered when she was a child how she'd stand on a chair in front of the mirror and emote. When the urge hit again, this time a big girl, Carroll didn't waste time in self-pity.

Instead, she hied herself up six flights of stairs to apply for admission to the Actors Studio. She was turned down on her first try. The disappointment was assuaged somewhat by a young volunteer director, Jack Garfein. It didn't take much more than a couple of cups of coffee to find they had a lot in common. Young, talented and broke, they started dating. Again Providence beamed—sly hussy that she is, she knew what was best for Carroll. With no money for dating...
AMBITIONAl to be a better actress, Carroll nevertheless wants "to have a life of my own and not be totally involved in my career."

life that she chooses; her attitude toward her work has the same simplicity as her manner

purposes, they spent whatever time they had together reading plays, studying acting technique and getting real chummy with the theatre, pronounced with a capital T. This concentration did wonders for Carroll's morale and ambitions. She finally was accepted as a student by Actors Studio which welcomed her to its ragged-shirted bosom. As Director Elia Kazan said when he chose her for "Baby Doll": "She's nice and sweet in her face, but she's sexy and ambitious."

Like the man said, she's ambitious, all right, but she's sensible enough not to turn her marriage to Garfield into one of those part-time arrangements. "I feel my marriage is my life—and acting is my work," she said, emphasizing the distinction which so few career women make. "I'm interested in doing good creative things, but I want to have a life of my own and not be entirely involved in my career."

Since the birth of Blanche Joy in December, 1956, Carroll has another excuse to tread gently with her career. "If you have a baby and aren't available," she shrugs, "there's nothing anybody can do. You're just not available."

That isn't exactly what she told Warner Bros. to whom she's still under contract for four more pictures, but the effect was much the same. Again using her firm, let's-have-no-shilly-shallying reasoning, she decided that portraying Diana Barrymore in "Too Much, Too Soon" was not her cup of tea. She refused to do the picture. The three-weeks suspension that followed wasn't quite the to-do the newspapers and gossips would have it, according to Carroll.

"I adore working in films," she admitted when the ruckus quieted, "because your work is permanently recorded. On the stage it isn't. I expect that in about 20 years, I'll be able to turn on the television set and say to Blanche, 'See dear, that's what I was like.'"

At 25, with one of the most talked-about pictures to her credit, Carroll has all the enviable assurance of someone who is going places. Without seeming defiant, she chooses to lead her own brand of life. She wears little make-up and doesn't keep herself in a constant tizz by worrying about the effect of a few calories too many. She figures how much she weighs has nothing to do with her acting ability.

One of the things about Hollywood that piqued her was continued on page 34
the attempt to convert her into a glamourpuss, "It's quite a problem the way they treat new actors and actresses. They try to pour them all out of the same mold.

"When I got there, they gave me the full treatment. I went to make-up men, hair stylists, clothes designers. They all pitched in and the final result made me look like at least six other starlets. I'm glad my hair can be its natural color of brown now instead of that 'Baby Doll' blonde."

This same let-me-be attitude reflects even in her wardrobe which is plain, simple and minus any unnecessary frills.

Because her marriage to Garfein is a happy one, Carroll can pooh-pooh this stuff and nonsense about not being able to successfully combine marriage and acting. In show business, she agrees, it's more difficult to get a proper prospective on marriage. But like everything else that is hard to come by, the results are well worth the extra effort.

"Look at Eva Marie Saint!" she commanded. "A fine actress and one of the most beautiful people I know. Why?" Carroll paused and looked as if she'd just figured out a nifty new hypothesis for the quantum theory. "Because she has an inner glow and beauty that comes from being completely happy and at peace with herself and her family! Like Eva Marie, Jack and I have a wonderful, stable life and existence. This I cherish with all my heart."

This absorption with marriage, the home, her child and the stability they offer might be largely attributed to the fact that her own childhood had about as much substance as an eiderdown quilt. The many patterns, pieces and places that made up her early life, however, lacked the necessary warmth and comfort.

Born in Johnstown, Pa., it was during her infancy that Carroll started moving about from state to state with her parents. Her father was a traveling salesman and whenever his territory changed, the family moved.

"When I was six, we lived in Wheeling, West Virginia. I went to the first grade there. At eight, we went to live in New York for a while. Next, there was some place near Newark, New Jersey—that lasted six months."

THE next move was to Greensburg, Pa., a coal-mining town. There things began to level off in one respect; Carroll remained there until she finished high school. Around that time, when Carroll was 16, her parents' marriage fell apart. "They hadn't gotten along for many years and it finally came to the breaking point. That's when I started getting all involved in school activities. I became one of the big wheels at school—led the band, was secretary of the student council, got crowned football queen in my senior year. It was all a

"ACTING ability has nothing to do with calories," says Carroll, who likes her hair its normal color and her figure its normal size.
and she continues her meteoric rise to the top

way of not being at home. And I saw to it, keeping busy like that, that I got home as little as possible."

When her marriage ended, Mrs. Baker and Carroll's younger sister went to Florida. Carroll stayed behind to graduate. Her grandmother, a seamstress with whom she lived, helped get the money for Carroll's dancing lessons.

Following her graduation, Carroll had every intention of continuing her education by enrolling in St. Petersburg Junior College when she had joined her mother. But after she was there a few weeks, word seeped out that Carroll danced. Next came an invitation to perform at the Florida Citrus Growers Association convention.

"They loved my dancing," Carroll remembers. "Everyone made a fuss over me. You know how Florida is with conventions. Soon I was traveling all over the state. I just couldn't keep up with school. Poor mother was heartbroken, but I liked dancing and was beginning to make money."

Understandably, she hasn't regretted her decision. As for her own daughter's capabilities of deciding on such an important step in the very, very far off future, Carroll is confident and even hazards an opinion. "What Blanche does with her life, I'll leave completely up to her. And there should be no problem," Carroll said using the precise manner most young mothers have when they talk about the future of their offspring. "Eva Marie Saint and I have often talked about it and agree that if a child is happy and well-adjusted, and spends a great deal of time with her parents who are normal, well-adjusted people, she will make the correct choice for herself."

So that Blanche Joy is assured of her quota of loving care, Carroll intends to take the child with her whenever she must work out of town.

TO MAKE sure the family has the most time together, Carroll won't even consider moving to the green patches of the suburbs, where like lemmings, most city-dwellers flee as soon as the cry of their first-born is heard. As Carroll sees it, it would make life very difficult. With Garfein busy directing controversial pastiches like "The Strange One," and Carroll acting, both keep long, late hours very often. Lengthy treks back and forth from a quaint country retreat would seriously cut into the time they now have to spend with their daughter.

Besides, Carroll isn't the suburban hausfrau type. Her attitude towards such a domestic necessity as cooking is enough to send a gourmet sobbing blindly to a dish of Callies en Aspic Muscabe for consolation.

"I'm not much interested in food or cooking. I can't see spending all that time in the kitchen turning out some gastronomic masterpiece which is then consumed in about ten minutes." Next, adding the coup de grace, Carroll insisted, "I'm just one of those people who eat to live, not who live to eat."

True, there have been more original things said by members of the Actors Studio set, but Carroll has other things on her mind beside concocting bon mots for publication. There's her husband, her baby and her work. All three take up a lot of time and loving attention. So, all right, so she isn't the world's best cook, but on the subject of how to keep a marriage happy, Carroll can step to the head of the class—and that's the kind of thinking that does Jack and young Blanche the most good.

END
The return of the native

"Home will be my address for a long time," says Audie, reliving his hilarious and harrowing experiences on location in Indo-China

By REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

AUDIE MURPHY, who traveled around the world to star in "The Quiet American," returned with enough happy and, at times, hazardous experiences to write a fair-sized adventure yarn.

Yet, ask soft-spoken Murph about the five months he spent in Saigon, Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and he veils his experiences with such calmness they sound as conventional as going to the store for a can of coffee. But, that’s Audie’s nature. He minimizes trouble, arches his back when there’s panic, and prefers to play-it-light describing a crisis.

Don't push him, give him his rein in conversation, and he begins to relax. Unconsciously, he sprinkles the talk with potent tidbits that reveal his travel tour on occasion was a Dick Tracy installment without the benefit of a wrist radio.

Murph’s minimizing was in rare form when he mentioned locationing in Saigon. “One evening, I was in my hotel room, lying in bed, just about to drop off to sleep. My attention was divided between the book in my hand and the ceiling where I drowsily watched three lizards of a rare and sinister-looking Oriental breed devouring mosquitoes.” Suddenly, Audie snapped awake. One of...
LOOKING down on streets of Saigon, Audie finds a whole new world awaiting him for the U.A. release, "The Quiet American."
During filming in the exotic Orient, Audie had to fight off lizards, fans and appendicitis;

the lizards fell bookmark fashion onto his reading matter.

His reaction? "Glad I'm not one of those fellas who sleeps with his mouth open!"

Things became decidedly more dramatic while he was in Hong Kong. "I wasn't needed on the film for a few days, so I flew there to do a little shopping for my wife."

In true Murphy fashion the "little shopping" turned out to be two king-sized cedar chests filled with clothes, plus a teakwood cocktail table. "I was doing fine with my souvenir buying, but not so good in the health department. I kept feeling ill, so just before flying back to Saigon, I stopped by a doctor's for a pill or something. A few hours later, I was at the Matilda War and Memorial Hospital having my appendix out."

When the U.S. Army heard that its most decorated hero of World War II needed an emergency operation, they quickly offered to send a surgeon, but Audie had already had his appendix removed by the time the Army offer reached him.

"No use bothering people," he'd shrugged. The one thing he did "bother" about, however, was extracting a promise that his wife, Pam, would not be notified until after the operation. The following day, when she learned about it, she frantically was on the trans-Pacific phone.

"Pam was ready to fly to my bedside," Audie grinned, "but I insisted, 'Nothing doing. You're not going to use my illness as an excuse to go shopping in Hong Kong.'"

Pam couldn't get mad at this easy-going husband of hers. What could she reply to his calm reasoning? "Why worry, folks?" Audie continued. "If everything turns out okay, then there's plenty of time to talk about it. Besides, I'm rather enjoying all the attention."

Behind his play-it-light attitude, there were plenty of complications. Instead of recuperating for a month, Murph flew to Saigon after two weeks. The damp tropical climate
SURVIVING surgery and buffalo steaks, Audie enjoys some sightseeing by pony cart with Georgia, Claude Dauphin and Bruce Cabot.

Fortunately, his "Quiet American" courage never deserted him

made the cut heal slowly. It wasn't until weeks later, in Rome, that it completely closed. One look at Audie, now 20 pounds underweight, and Academy Award director Joe Mankiewicz, ordered a re-scheduling of the production. The first scene originally had Audie carrying six-footer Michael Redgrave several hundred feet. Naturally, it was put off.

It was Murph's unconcern about special treatment that kept the company overly zealous about his welfare. Every night a French physician was on hand to check him over and he also got a special menu from which he could order.

"I was doing all right regaining my lost weight until the day I learned I wasn't 'recuperating' on steak, but water buffalo," he grinned.

The other time he lost his appetite was when a host ordered something with an exotic name an arm long. "It looked tempting. It tasted good. But it turned out to be the pads off baby ducks' feet," he paused, "with noodles."

If it hadn't been for his illness, Audie would have been wined and dined even more in the Orient. His outstanding war record, citizenship, and zooming career attracted notice. Everywhere he went, people followed him. They wanted a closer look. In fact, from the time he arrived by plane, until he left for Rome, he was seldom alone.

"They were reserved, unobtrusive, and understanding—even when they caught me in surprise. It had begun the day I stepped off the plane in Hong Kong, sporting a day's beard. The stewardess let me sleep until landing time, so I'd had no chance to clean up."

The waiting press and photographers paid it little attention. They were more interested in Audie's courageous exploits, but he'd change the subject. Usually, he'd modestly parley with, "Everybody has his challenges. Me? I'm a big coward when it comes to needles. In fact, I had so many vaccinations before coming here my arm looks like a screen door."

continued on page 60
JOAN COLLINS was just 17 at the time. So was her date, a boy named Jerry. Both were students at a drama class in England.

Joan had only been out with one boy before so she had to ask her parents if it would be all right for her to accept the date with Jerry. At first, they were reluctant. English parents are usually a little reserved. But when they finally learned that the boy’s father was a prominent actor and a respected man they gave their approval.

It was not what you’d call a successful evening. Jerry was tall, gauche, obviously on his very first date. He made all the mistakes—he walked into a restaurant in front of Joan, he sat down before she did, and he began to eat first. There were also deadly long pauses in the conversation. Then they went to the theatre and the seats were terrible. It was a miserable evening.

When he took her home he said to her at her door, “I say, do you mind awfully if I kiss you good-night?” Joan came back with, “Don’t be silly, I have to go in. Daddy’s waiting for me.” This was all said, of course, in her most mature tones.

“This was one kind of boy I could do without, the one with no poise, no assurance, and no manners,” Joan remarked recently on her return from Japan and “Stopover Tokyo.” “I grant you I was no bargain then either—trying to be sophisticated and all that and dressing up to look older but only making myself look younger. But, after all, the boy I had dated before Jerry at least had some assurance and,” as she added with a grin, “he was French!”

After Joan started her film career in England, she, like many aspiring young actresses, ran into the producer with the gleam in his eye, the wandering hands, the “let’s-be-adult-about-it” approach. This is a type Joan flees like the plague.

“There was one part in a picture I wanted very much,” Joan recalled, as she smoothed out the bulky knitted sweater that still managed somehow to accentuate her curves. “I was called for a test and after the test the producer, who heard I lived a long way from the studio, offered to drive me home since it was late in the evening. On the way home he asked me, ‘Do you really want this part?’ I assured him that I did. Very frankly he said, ‘Well, you be nice to me and you might get it.’

“I laughingly told him not to be silly, that I couldn’t think of such
“I must confuse men,” says Joan. Some think her the cold type, others a hey-hey girl just out for laughs—both are wrong.

I forgot about the part. A week later I got a call from him to make another test and was told that the role was between me and another girl—and I was reminded, ‘It’s not too late to be nice to me.’ Again I said ‘no’ and went off a few days later to the south of France, convinced I had lost the role.

Yet two weeks after, I got a wire from this producer telling me I had the part. But what a trial that picture was! I was forever trying to get away from him. He kept coming into my dressing room and then subtly—or so he thought—locking the door. Then he’d utter such absolutely devastating lines as, ‘Don’t you find me attractive?’ When I said I didn’t he’d promptly reassure me, ‘But of course you do!’ I had to wrestle with him a few times. Finally, I’d hide in the closet in the wardrobe department when I was through work for the day, and when he’d come in looking for me the wardrobe woman would say I’d gone home. After he’d leave I’d have to sneak out.

I have been able to avoid most situations like this. I can generally figure out when a man is going to be the wrestling type and I don’t date him. When I do get involved with an overly romantic fellow I just laugh at him. Nothing deflates his ego so fast as when you make light of his advances.

“I prefer to date men near my age,” Joan reveals, “but I’d never go with one who’d let me be boss. I couldn’t respect him.”
him and arrive, much to his great surprise, with my agent.

"Not all men use lines, though. Some are quite sincere
and it's not hard to know which are sincere and which are
throwing you the big act."

If there is any one kind of man Joan can't take it's the
conceited gentleman. She runs into the great "I" class quite
frequently but she has her own way of handling them.

"I close my ears to those who sound off about their past
conquests with girls," Joan said, "especially if they do this
on the first date." She paused, smiled broadly, ruffled her
already ruffled hair and added, "But once I get to know them
quite well and they start regaling me with their 'adventures'
I am quite interested. Why shouldn't I be? After all, I'm
a woman—and curious."

"Actors are more often guilty of being conceited than any
others. Yet, the really big stars are wonderful people who
don't blow their own horns. It's the aspiring young actor
who gets carried away by himself.

I CAN'T stand actors who are terribly conscious of techni-
calities or who offer to help you in a scene. All this is a
form of conceit. I've worked with some who will call 'Cut'
in the middle of a scene, 'My dear, the mike was casting a
shadow on your face' when, in reality, it was doing no such
thing. Usually, such actors want the scene done over because
they weren't seen to the best advantage. Then there's the
actor who says, 'Really, I'm surprised—you're quite a good
actress. I had thought you were a flibbertigibbet.' I could
drown this species.

"I can also do without the actor—and there are several of
this breed—who is forever fussing with his hair or who poses
with you for a still picture and asks so solicitously, 'Which
is your good side, Joan?' I always answer, 'I haven't the
vaguest idea.' Then, softly and sweetly he'll purr, 'Well, then,
if you don't mind I'll sit on your right since this is my best
side.' And I dislike those who are so phony as to waltz on
the set in the morning and kiss you twice on the cheek."

Joan is the kind of gal who seems to give men the impres-
sion that either she is the hey-hey gal who is just out for
laughs or else is the cold type—which is quite a contrast in
impressions. Actually, she's not at all cold. She has tremen-
dous enthusiasm and vitality and love of life. But, she is not
the girl who ha-ha's her way through the days.

At any rate, this confuses some men.

"I must confuse them because I often run into the deadly
type of male who feels he must analyze me," Joan smiled. "He
has to tell me what's wrong with me. I've had men say to
me, 'You ought to be by yourself more, you ought to sit and
meditate, read plays.' These are the ones who want to
straighten me out, who say, 'Don't you think it's about time
for you to see an analyst?' They then become analysts and
give me a character run-down. I went out with one fellow
one evening who said to me, 'You ought to have more balance
in your life.' When I asked him just what he was talking
about he told me I should read more books, be more serious,
and on and on ad nauseam.

"Well, I have analyzed men—to myself—but I have never
felt it was right to tell anyone what was wrong with him.
And I feel that men who presume to tell me how to live or how to
act aren't only rude—they're deadly bores.

continued on page 65
The bewitching City of Light looks even lovelier when viewed by a couple like Anita and Tony, so obviously under the influence of l’amour.
CRANING their necks at sights along the Champs Elysees, tourists Anita and Tony leave the famous Arch of Triumph behind them.

continued on page 46
Making “Paris Holiday” isn’t all work for la belle bombshell from Sweden; on a leisurely day off she and Tony savor the Gallic flavor of a gay boutique, a street scene and a sidewalk painting.

PERCHED on a Parisian motor scooter, Anita appears scared, or maybe she just wants an excuse to hold tight on a short spin.

“T’LL TAKE that and that and that,” insists Anita, but Tony seems undisturbed when faced with his wife’s special pleading.
STROLLING Steele decorates the "world's most beautiful city." U.A.'s "Paris Holiday" co-stars Bob Hope and French comic Fernandel.

PRACTICING painter captures the attention of Anita and Tony, who later buy his picture as a memento of a happy anniversary.
BOB WAGNER SAYS:

"NO GIRL"
"Not yet! Right now my work, my yen to travel and my beautiful new boat offer too much competition for a wife"

AS TOLD TO HELEN WELLER

"EVERYBODY wants to see me married," Bob Wagner told me over lunch one day. "Charming Hollywood hostesses call and ask me to dinner parties, then add, 'There'll be a lovely girl for you.' Married friends try to badger me to the altar by asking: 'Why aren't you married, R.J.?' There's nothing like it.'

"They should save their efforts," Bob added with a grin. "I wouldn't be such a bargain as a husband. Not right now, anyway. Any girl would be crazy to marry me.

"I'm spoiled. The way things are, I can do what I please, when I please. I'm used to living my life my own way.

"I'd want a wife to fuss over me and build her whole life around me. But on the other hand, if she were to show signs of becoming too possessive, I'm afraid it would make me restless. I couldn't stand it and I might blow up. So what kind of deal is that for a wife?

"I like women very much. Especially beautiful ones. Some of my best friends are beautiful women, another factor which militates against my becoming the prize mate. When I go anywhere—whether it's a party or cruising around Balboa—I find myself naturally making quick tracks toward a beautiful doll. This is a pleasurable pastime and one I'm not sure I can forego—yet—for any one girl. I just can't see myself suddenly becoming blind to the attractions of a well-turned out female.

"In fact, I enjoy noticing pretty girls and being attentive to them to such an extent that I don't think I can give it up any more than I can give up eating. If a fellow like myself were to start to make up to a pretty girl at a party, out of force of habit, of course, a spouse would be justified in reading the riot act. Unless she's one of those modern characters who believes in flirting with men herself. But I would take a very dim attitude about that, so you can imagine the blow-up that would take place.

"Then there's my job," Bob went on candidly. "As an actor I'm constantly thrown into association with some of the most beautiful women in the world. What kind of picnic would it be for a wife to sit at home and picture her guy spending his working day making love to a beautiful girl?

"A man in my business is confronted with more temptations than a man in any other line of work. I can't pretend that at this moment I'm eager to turn a stony eye on these temptations. I'm human. I love the temptations. Why not?

continued on page 50
"Before I settle down and give a girl the attention she deserves,

I love to meet beautiful girls and take them out and get to know them better.

"In fact, I enjoy girls so much that I doubt that I am ready to concentrate on just one—which is my idea of marriage. Lots of guys my age are ready to settle down in the house with the slippers by the fireside and good old Jane. Good for them. I'm not ready for that bit yet.

"If a girl who became my wife now were to find it annoying to spend the day picturing her husband with a beautiful doll in his arms, she'd find the irregular hours of my work just as hard to take.

"When I'm working, I'm up and out of the house at dawn, which would preclude starting the day together with a cozy breakfast for two. But it's the post-working time that would make a wife of mine complain even more. You see, I'm not accustomed to making a dash for home as soon as the director says, 'Wrap it up.' I have to unwind and relax, in the only way I know how. I return to my dressing room on the lot which is really my retreat. It's a comfortable, cluttered little two-room apartment with a refrigerator and hot plate which would, at the moment, provide real competition for home life. I have what amounts to 'open house' in my dressing room and lots of people who work on the picture with me drop in and we sit around for hours and have a hull session. Over a drink, we'll talk about lots of things, and sometimes this goes on until late at night. No wife in her right mind would stand this sort of thing for long.

"I've been working in pictures all of my adult life and sitting around like this with my pals is such a fixed habit I'm not likely to break it so quickly. It's part of my working life. I'm afraid I couldn't give it up just like that and go home to the wife and the hot dinner at the stroke of six or seven. It just wouldn't be fair to ask any girl to go along with that.

"A girl who didn't understand show business wouldn't be able to take it if her husband breezed in at all hours when shootings run late, or if he comes home with his leading lady's perfume on his suit from the last clinch.

"An actress would be more understanding, which holds some conflicts for me. It so happens that I'm attracted to career girls. I find them stimulating and fun. I admire girls who work and are creative, so it's just as likely as not that I'd fall for an actress.

"But unfortunately, I'm one of those unreasonable guys who just doesn't go for the two-careers-in-one-family dog-gerel. I would want a wife to place my interests first instead of concentrating on her own career problems. When I come home I'd want her to sympathize with me if things didn't go well, and celebrate with me if they did. She couldn't very well cater to my seesaw whims if she had too many professional concerns of her own.

"And between films she couldn't pick up and go with me

continued on page 68
I must be ready to abandon my footloose bachelor ways for good

"Someday the right girl will come along and make me realize how silly I've been."
The Hayworth Magic

As a lady with a highly susceptible heart in her latest movie, "Pal Joey," flame-headed Rita radiates the kind of fascination that's made her one of the screen's most exciting stars.

SWINGING to the syncopation of Frank Sinatra's drums, Rita seems to be taking his mind off the business at hand.

SORCERY in a song (or a bottle of perfume) is almost too much for a mere man when it's Rita's personal brand.

photos by Zinn Arthur
NEGLIGEE or evening gown sets off the Hayworth face and figure equally well. Columbia's "Pal Joey" is based on a Broadway musical.
"OPERATION MAD BALL": His movie debut in the Columbia comedy stars Ernie as a stuffy captain who's the terror of his men.
Dashing off a novel in two weeks or making a movie is child's play for Ernie, who used to work 22 hours a day

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

THE secretary who let us in was very reassuring. "Yes, Ernie Kovacs lives here." She disappeared for a minute and her voice floated over an intercom system. We were downstairs, and Ernie Kovacs was upstairs. The foyer, in which I was waiting, was painted a rich dark brown and dimly lit by a chandelier.

The interesting thing about it was that it looked like a museum. Two complete suits of armor (including visored headpieces) were standing there. Fortunately, they didn't move. They were surrounded by weapons of medieval war—jousting poles and shields, paintings, a couple of helmets with iron-mesh veils. And a bishop's chair.

"Edie (that's Edie Adams, wife, and star of 'Li'l Abner') didn't care for all that armor at first," Ernie said, later. "I guess women are supposed to laugh at armor the way men laugh at hats. 'But this bishop's chair,' I told her, 'It's more than three hundred years old.'"

"'Yeah,' she said, 'It looks it.'"

"For a long time, the kids—that's Kip, 8, and Betty, 10—refused to enter the apartment on the downstairs level." Lucky for them there was an entrance on the floor above.

"It scared the daylights out of them," Ernie went on. "'Daddy,' they said, 'Can't you buy something else?' What I really wanted to buy was one of those elaborate outfits they used to put on the war horses. But I thought maybe that would be too much—besides you need a horse to set it on. Anyway, the kids aren't afraid any more.

continued on page 56
"If you can make a living doing this, why do anything else?" says Ernie, now starring in the wacky comedy, "Operation Mad Ball"

The bad thing about that armor is it reacts to changes in weather. We had a spell of moist weather for about ten days and everything in the place turned brown. Good thing we had this English chauffeur at the time. He seemed to be very knowledgeable about armor, so I bought him some wax and let him at it. Poor fellow.

The secretary led us up to the first floor landing and there was another dazzling collection—Wedgwood ware and beautiful white Oriental figurines and, on pedestals, were a couple of jockey-size blackamoors.

"How many rooms are there?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Lots of rooms." Right off the landing were two 25-foot-long rooms. They were the living room and dining room, looking very inviting despite their formidably elegant antique furnishings.

A couple of steps up from the landing was the den. One wall of it was bright with books. Three other walls were heavy with an arsenal of guns, all sizes. Unloaded. Beyond the den was an enclosed sunroom where Edie's hand had created a sparkling, gay atmosphere. Behind a long coffee table was a long sofa covered in bright blue linen and loaded with red, yellow and lavender cushions. There were white wrought iron tables and lounging chairs.

As he talked, Ernie Kovacs lounged in one of the chairs, looking long (6'2") and not so lanky (210 pounds) with a cigar in his mouth and two in the pocket of his sports shirt.

"The kids used to have a pool at one end of the terrace," Ernie said, pointing outside. "They'd get in and splash around and the tenants 19 floors down got drenched—they always thought it was raining. So we gave up the pool."

"What happens to all the furniture out there when it rains?" I asked him.

"We have this very nice butler," Ernie said. (The very nice butler—a small, plump Japanese man had just set a table for lunch at one end of the sunroom.) "As soon as it starts to rain he goes out and brings all the furniture inside. When the rain stops he takes it all out again. When the rain starts he brings it in..."

Ernie didn't know how many rooms there were either. "A funny thing," he said. "I just found a room downstairs underneath the stairway. It has running water in it. I told Edie it would be a wonderful place for me to get away from it all. In case we have parties and I want to work I can go down there and lock myself in. Only thing is we don't have parties. I don't know, I just don't dig them. We never had a party here. We entertain at dinner a couple of times a week.

"You know what Edie and I like to do? We like to grab a plane Saturday night and fly somewhere and come back Monday morning. We take the kids with us. They're always with us. We went to Cuba that way three times. I don't think the kids ever know what country they're in. But it's all the same to them. The only thing they're interested in is the swimming pool and they stay in it all day. They come out looking like prunes."

"We took them to Venice. They sat there in the gondola reading comic books. 'C'mon, give me those books,' I said. 'I want you to look at the scenery.' They were more interested in Donald Duck."

"But we take them every place. We sit down at a table with them and we have more animated conversations than we could have with some adults."
Ernie said he was a little peeved at the misconception most people have about performers' children. The misconception is that they never spend any time with their parents.

"Especially now that I don't have a daily routine," he went on. "I see them all the time. Beginning with breakfast. And even when I'm working—maybe writing—and the kids come in, I always stop to spend time with them. They probably wonder what the heck I do for a living, because it looks to them as if I didn't do any work at all.

"We take them out to Travers Island a lot—it's about a half-hour drive. There's a club out there and they go swimming. Wednesdays and Saturdays I take them to an afternoon movie and we meet Edie for dinner.

"OF COURSE their biggest thrill is when Edie takes them downtown. They go shopping and have lunch together. If there's a matinee Edie takes them to her dressing room. There's a little balcony above the stage and they go up there and watch the whole show from the wings. Naturally, they know it by heart. The kids'll give up anything to spend the day with Edie.

"When she shops she buys a lot of mother-daughter outfits and they're tickled. The other day the three of them worked out a soft-shoe routine and surprised me with it. They were really terrific, but I didn't let them know it. I don't want them to be performers. That is, I won't groom them for it. When they grow up they can be anything they want.

"This February, Edie and I may go to London—strictly for kicks—to do some commercial TV. Ah, yes, once again I'll hear someone say, 'He's ahead of his time. It's good but—'

"I've heard this all my life. The director or the producer of the program will call you aside and say, 'Really, it's great. I understand it. The crew understands it. The head of BBC understands it, but the average guy in the street—he won't understand it.'

"It turns out that the only fellow who really understands it is the average guy in the street. He'll come right up to you and say, 'I bet those squares up there don't know what you're doing.'

"But before we go to London I'm planning to stage a Martha Raye revue and a musical called 'Solomon Grundy.' I'm an interloper into every business," Ernie laughed. "I just get in long enough to start trouble and then I get out.

"I expect to do a few spectaculars on TV—maybe four or five. But no regular show. This isn't the year. The regular show has had it this year. Everybody got on the bandwagon telling everybody else what's wrong with the regular show. Actually, a regular show is the best kind to have—if you don't over-extend yourself. It creates habit dialogue, and you know how difficult it is to break a habit.

continued on page 70
Around the world in blouse

The big new lantern sleeves make your blouse very 1957. Match the red and green or brown and turquoise to a plain skirt.

By Dorothy Korby, about $7.
and skirt

By Natalie Wood
Warner Bros. star now in "No Sleep 'Til Dawson"

Quickest route to complete fashion coverage is a blouse wardrobe, some skirts, and a talent for mixing

CAN you possibly imagine life without that wonderful invention—the blouse and skirt? It's too awful even to think about! A blouse can be so many things—from the classic white shirt to a velvet scoop for evening. A skirt can be a blessed basic—or a conversation maker in its own right, all drape or panel or fan of pleats. With the right top, teamed with the right bottom—you can go around the world—and collect admiring glances at every stop.

If you're a blouse collector, and who isn’t, now's the time to plot your strategy for the new school season. As always, planning is the secret of getting the most fashion mileage from your separates wardrobe. Falling for every cute blouse you see is one thing. Choosing carefully and cagily for maximum rotation is another. First of all, you'd be a smart girl to collect your skirts first— because you buy fewer of them, and because they represent a bigger investment. Let's say you start off with three new skirts. Be sure they are as different as possible from each other. If you buy a straight version first, next look for a full, flared or pleated one. Your third might be a wrap-around, or maybe one of the new flying panels. Vary the colors and patterns, too. Add a check or plaid to a plain, and then branch out to a tweed or a new knit. At any rate, avoid picking three straights, or three fulls, or three patterns—that will give you no variety at all!

Once you've got your skirts on hand, you're ready for the fun of picking blouses. And here's where you have a chance to come up with a dozen totally different costume looks, if you choose carefully. Aim at having each blouse blend with at least two skirts. Vary your colors and styles—if your first blouse has a flip-up collar, make sure your second one has a little round one, or perhaps a jewel neckline with no collar at all. If one blouse is crisp and tailored, make the next one feminine and ruffled. Try a plain color to match one of the shades in your checked or plaid skirt, then switch to a print, either light or dark, to top your solid skirt. Vary the mood of your blouses—some sporty, some dressy, some sweet. A well-balanced collection of blouses enables you to reach in the closet and come up with a costume for any occasion.

Naturally, what you add to your blouses and skirts makes the difference between a mere top and bottom—and a put-together fashion look. Jewelry, scarves and belts complete the costume, and here you want variety, too. Switch from gold charm bracelets to pearls, alternate wide belts with narrow ones, jump from print scarves to plain ones. You'll be amazed at the number of kids who say: "I wish I had your clothes allowance!"
Murph also had his moments with the fans. In Saigon, they'd wait for him at his quarters in the Majestic Hotel. A glance at the hotel with its Mediterranean architecture and turn-of-the-century charm, and it appeared like a gracious landmark. Yet, peek inside the lobby and see an excited gathering.

Sometimes the group would swell to several hundred. When it did, a clerk would call up to Audie's room and politely inquire when he was going out.

One day it was three in the afternoon and he wasn't leaving until seven. When he came downstairs, four hours later, he was amazed to find the entire group patiently waiting.

Another surprise for Audie was that most of them had passport-size photos of him. "Sounds like real popularity," we ventured. Murph shot us a glance. "There was a vendor outside, who'd set up shop. This means he got some photos when he learned we were to work there, spread a handkerchief on a curb near the entrance and was in business."

"But," we persisted, "the people still didn't have to buy." The compliment seemed to embarrass him, so we changed the subject.

"What was your next port-of-call?"

"Rome," he replied, "where Pam joined me."

"Didn't you celebrate your seventh wedding anniversary there?" we inquired.

"Yes and no," he answered, a slow smile turning the corners of his lips. "I knew we had an anniversary coming up, but I'm no good at dates, so I had a crew member primed to remind me."

The morning of the anniversary arrived, and Audie said nothing. Before he left for the studio, Pam rode herd on his seeming forgetfulness.

"I hadn't forgotten," Murph confided, "but the whole thing got my goat, so I just let her think I had. The next day, I gave her some dirty old lira and suggested she go shopping."

ITALY held a mixture of memories for Audie. It was just 13 years ago that foot soldier Murph had fought his way up the Italian boot and was stationed in a pup tent in Rome's Borghese Park. This time, he had a suite in the Grand Hotel, was starring in a movie, and had one of his films playing at the main theatre appropriately dubbed in Italian.

Although his memory for dates may be faltering, his remembrance of friends and events don't fade. During his two months in Europe, he had three free days. One of these he spent at Anzio, the scene of the bloodiest battles of the war. The way he described the town reveals much of Murphy's character.

"Anzio is a sleepy little beach resort. To look around, it didn't seem like there had ever been a war there. Only an occasional piece of fighting equipment on the beach recalled its past history.

"The one thing that makes you stop and remember is the cemetery. Seeing those miles of white crosses, and knowing what they stand for takes away the holiday spirit."

As Audie took the train back to Rome, his mind must have been filled with thoughts of Salerno, Monte Cassino, and Anzio. When he rejoined Pam and the others, he seemed more solemn and withdrawn. He by-passed the usual tourist "musts" to rent a car and spend a day driving through the countryside.

His illness and the extensive locations drew-out the shooting schedule. So, from time to time, when homesickness got the best of the Murphys, they would phone their two sons via Trans-Atlantic.

Recalling one conversation with his three-year-old Skipper, Audie laughed, "All he'd say was an expression he'd heard on a TV Western, 'Can't talk, pardner. Got to get a chaw of tobacco. Putt—ding!'"

For these words of wisdom, Murphy paid out a small fortune. Six-year-old Terry as well as small fry Skipper also kept their parents informed via the mail. Terry's "letters" were to the point. "To Dad with love, Terry Murphy." Skipper's consisted of drawings of gorillas and alligators. There was no substitute, however, for actually seeing the children. Soon as Audie's part was completed, the Murphys spent one day in France and then boarded the S.S. United States for the trip home.

"You know," he grinned, "that ship has the greatest food. In five days, I gained 10 pounds." Pam claimed it was the release from tension and the thought of going home that made Audie eat like crazy all day long.

It had been five months since he'd seen Terry and Skipper. He withheld their screaming, hilarious welcome and bear hugs to push them back, and take a deep hungry look. Although his eyes said something else, his greeting was, "You two need a haircut."

So, two hours after his return home, there was Murphy in the barber shop seeing that his youngsters had "gentlemen's haircuts." One reason why Audie is a barber's best friend flashes back to his own childhood. "I never had money for clothes, much less 25 cents for a haircut." When his locks got too long, someone would sit him down, get a pair of clippers, and crop his hair so it looked as spiky as a straw pile in a windstorm. You can bet his youngsters never have any such problem.

Murphy's label-splashed luggage never had a chance to gather dust, for quicker than you could say Denver, Colorado, Audie was on route there to check up on his racing quarter-horses. "I can't keep to budgets," he volunteered. "If I see a good buy in a horse, I buy it. Murph had seen 10 such "good buys." They hadn't won a race while he was in Europe. But, upon his arrival in Denver, they won five races in two weeks, which meant they'd pay for their oats.

It's true no one can list his horses as liabilities. Besides his racers he owns eight mares and a half-interest in a thoroughbred, Depth Charge, which he bought from the King Ranch in Texas.

After the Denver sojourn, Audie unpacked his bags and settled down for a spell. "I hope the San Fernando Valley is my mailing address for quite a while."

It looks like Audie will get his wish. His movie autobiography, "To Hell And Back," was such a smash success that Universal-International has already put him to work on a sequel, "The Way Back." It will deal with his discharge from the service, his Hollywood struggle, his marriage, and other highlights of his post-war life.

It's a very few young men, who at 33, have a Congressional Medal of Honor, a thriving career, a happy home and family, and two movies dealing with their life. Pam Murphy agrees. In true Murphy style, Audie dismisses his wife's pride with, "Now you just mind your manners, or I'll have you play yourself in the picture." Pam, who shies away from even a candid photo, withers at the thought. Then, as an added tease, he continues, "or, maybe one of those glamorous blonde stars should play my wife."

The devilment that shows through his grinning eyes makes it clear he has no such thought. But as it was in Hong Kong, Saigon, Rome, and Hollywood, such conversation does take the spotlight off of Audie, and that was what he was angling for all along.
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TO GLAMORIZE YOUR LIPS...
YOUR EYES...YOUR EYEBROWS

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Don't shake your head... don't say it can't be done! Patricia de Paree is doing it! All 18 GLAMOR-AIDS — that Expensive Beauty Shop Look every day — for only $1.00. Yes, only $1.00!

Of course this is an amazing bargain! Normally you would pay many dollars for the 18 items in this set. But this is MORE THAN A BARGAIN. This is Patricia de Paree's way of making new friends — of persuading you to try our famous line of cosmetics — of discovering for yourself the beauty your face is capable of. And even at this unheard-of price of $1.00 you take no risk. You must be thoroughly delighted with every single part of this set or you get your money back immediately.

And now look at what you get for only $1.00

You get 2 Lipsticks: Your choice of 2 Patricia de Paree stay-on lipsticks. You can have one for daylight excitement, one for romance filled evenings.
1. ORANGE — A sun-kissed color charmed with excitement;
2. SCARLET — High-voltage red with electrifying appeal;
3. RASPBERRY — Luscious as sun-warmed berries;
4. PETAL — Petal pink... youthful and enchanting;
5. ROSYETTE — Press a rose petal to your lips;
6. MAGIC RED — Ever knew its secret;
7. CYCLAMEN — Pulchritudinous hue with tremendous lavender impact.

The 2 lipsticks alone are worth $1.00, but they are only a small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

You get a Lip Lining Pencil:
Your choice of one of the 3 special Patricia de Paree Lip Lining Pencils. The type used by Hollywood make-up men on Movie Stars to make the perfect pencil outline needed for teasing lips.
1. LIGHT RED; 2. MEDIUM RED; 3. DARK RED.

The special Lip Lining Pencil is yours not for $1.00... but part of this 18 glamor-aid set.

You get an Eyelid Lining Pencil: Your choice of one of the 4 Patricia de Paree professional Eyelid Lining Pencils. Glamorous women use it to dramatize eyes, bring out every bit of the hidden excitement lurking in their depths.
1. BLUE — A beautiful blue that harmonizes with shadows;
2. GRAY — For the conservatively clad who needs no color;
3. SILVER — For the girl who wants to be different;
4. BLACK — A standard color for all occasions.

You've paid $1.00 for Eyelid Lining Pencils alone. Now it comes to you as part of this 18 Glamor-Aid set.

You get an Eyebrow Pencil:
Your choice of one of the 5 famous Patricia de Paree Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils. Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality.

You'll love the natural look of your glamorous new eyebrows. Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Parlor" appearance.
1. LIGHT BROWN, 2. MEDIUM BROWN, 3. DARK BROWN, 4. AUBURN, 5. BLACK

Beauticians Eyebrow Pencil. It is part of this 18 Glamor-Aid set.

You get 6 exotic Lip Outline Forms:
These delicately-shaped Lip Outlines are the type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. If you were to pay $1.00 for the Lip Forms alone the exotic shape of your lips would be worth it. Yet these lip forms come to you as only part of this 18 Glamor-aid set.

You get 6 specially designed Eyebrow Outlines:
The perfect mates to the Lip Forms. In seconds you create chic, perfect eyebrows, matching your glamorous personality. Six different Eyebrow Forms to add just the right touch for any occasion. You won't want to part with these soft plastic Eyebrow Forms at any price. Still they are only a part of this 18 Glamor-aid set.

You get this priceless Beauty Course designed by Patricia de Paree, beauty consultant to the most glamorous women in the world. Jammed with beauty hints and information showing you the professional way to determine your type of face... proper make-up and hair styling for each of the 7 basics; technique for perfect lip shaping, eye lining; adding the doe-eye dash; applying eye shadow; mascara techniques; eye shadow coloring; and creating the perfect brow outline.

Forget about expensive Beauty Parlor treatments. You'll save plenty and you'll look as beautiful as the Movie Stars. You can change thin, wide or heavy lips to luscious perfect lips; you can change shapes of mismatched, strangely shaped eyebrows to perfectly formed face flattering brows. Just think of it... you get beauty perfection that will last years... perhaps for a lifetime with the 18 piece Patricia de Paree Beauty Essentials Kit. A miracle value at only $1.00 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Try the 18 piece Beauty Essentials kit for 10 days at our expense. You must find you have a new exciting romantic appearance, or return the kit for full refund of purchase price.

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What to the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit. I am enclosing $1.00 PLUS 25¢ to cover passage and handling for each set I order. Here is 2... please send me __________ sets at $1.00 plus 25¢ (to cover passage and handling) for each. If I am not completely satisfied I will return the kit(s) for full refund of purchase price.

Enclosed is ______ check ______ cash ______ money order

NAME: ____________________________

ADDRESS: ____________________________

CITY: ____________________________ ZONE: _______ STATE: __________

I get my choice of 2 Lipsticks (order by color)
1. ____________________________ 2. ____________________________

I get my choice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil (order by color)
1. ____________________________

I get my choice of 1 Eyelid Lining Pencil (order by color)
1. ____________________________

I get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil (order by color)
1. ____________________________

And I get 6 Lip Outlines, 6 Eyebrow Outlines, and 1 Beauty Perfection course.
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$50 WARDROBE  featuring 12 magical changes!

An exciting collection of mix-mate magic for the smart young Miss. Seven fashionable separates which combine into twelve pretty changes . . . for less than $50!

This is just one of the many fascinating and helpful features in the big first issue of Miss, the new fashion and charm magazine for girls! The colorful pages of Miss are dedicated to entertaining you, clothing you, prettifying you, counselling you. Here's a preview of some of the other features in the current issue of Miss, now at newsstands!

Excellent Beauty
There's no such thing as "perfect" beauty, but here are many tested ways of emphasizing your best features and minimizing your not-so-fine features. Easy-to-follow tips for prettifying your skin, eyes, lips and hair.

How To Make A Small Room Grow
With a little careful planning and these easy-to-follow suggestions, you can make a small room appear much, much larger.

The Good Sports
Here is conclusive evidence that you can relax . . . go biking, hiking or just plain strolling . . . and still look as pretty as any girl can be!

Interview With Jean Seberg
Hollywood's newest star tells you about her Cinderella-story-come-true . . . about beauty problems, clothes, boys and her future.

Buy the first issue of Miss Magazine, now at all newsstands
Operation Mad Ball

Fortunately, for the war effort, World War II was over when Army Sergeant Jack Lemmon began his scorched earth campaign against C.O. Captain Ernie Kovacs. Hand in hand with this determination to outwit Kovacs at every curve, Lemmon has further sworn himself to revoke the army regulation that says enlisted men must not become unduly familiar with Army nurses—some balderdash or the other about rank. To keep amour flourishing, Lemmon dreams up a ball, a sort of mad Bacchanalia where women let down their hair, champagne corks pop, and he can lower the bars with Lt. Kathryn Grant. The trick now is how to accomplish these miracles without Kovacs knowing. With an impressive cast of funny men—Mickey Rooney, Arthur O’Connell, I.Q. Jones and Lemmon—it’s really TV star Kovacs who keeps things rippling along in this latest farce. (Columbia.)

The Sun Also Rises

Our times have been neatly tabbed “the age of anxiety.” It sounds real wicked. But compared to what went on in the days of “the lost generation,” the people who remained to pick up the pieces after World War I, our neuroses are small potatoes. Caught up in the frenzy of pandering to one’s own weaknesses, Ava Gardner skips like a nymph down the DeLuxe Color path of romance. Country after country and man after man flit by like so many milestones along the route. There’s American in Paris newspaperman Tyrone Power—with him, it’s love, the real thing, mind. Unfortunately, wars have a nasty way of changing some men. It’s all disconcerting to Ava to say the least, and by way of forgetting Power she plunges into a mad, giddy whirl with wastrel Errol Flynn after beating off tycoon Gregory Ratoff. Another ex-lover, Mel Ferrer, doesn’t give up as easily as Ratoff. He manages to head for Spain just around the time Ava and Flynn arrive for some bullfighting and fireworks. One look at matador Bob Evans, who looks as though he were poured into his clothes and put in a freezer to set, and Ava is off again. This time, she has sense enough to do her repenting in Powers’ protective custody. Sultry romances that loosely tie together a flashy collection of unhappy, lost characters in the best Ernest Hemingway fashion. (20th Century-Fox.)

A Town Like Alice

THOUGH this has nothing at all to do with the Ukraine, there’s a saying that comes from the Mid-Continent which says that courage is the strength to hang on one moment longer. In this, the people have that sort of endurance. Taken prisoners by the Japanese when Malaya was invaded during the last war, a group of Englishwomen and children are sent on a death march that lasts eight months and takes the lives of all but a handful. When one woman dies soon after the almost endless trek begins, Virginia McKenna takes over the care of her three young children. Sickness, starvation and degradation snap at their weary heels like a pack of mad dogs. Yet even amidst all this, romance manages to break through when Virginia meets Australian prisoner of war Peter Finch. Then, that too ends horribly when Finch is tortured and sentenced to death for stealing chickens for the starving marchers. Based on what is reported to be true fact, this tense experience isn’t for the faint of heart.... (J. Arthur Rank.)

No Down Payment

TRIES to give a reassuring answer to the troubled young marrieds who might find life a purposeless barrage of debts, doubts and disillusionment. As a cross-section that takes in just about every problem a couple can dredge up, this shows four Mr. and Mrs. teams: Cameron Mitchell-Joanne Woodward; Tony Randall-Sheree North; Jeffrey Hunter-Patricia Owens; Pat Hingle-Barbara Rush—all snug and comfy in their push-button development homes. Neighbors all, it takes little, just a 5-1 martini or two, to remove the finish from the veneer. Perhaps the most obvious fault shared by all is discontent with the way life has doled out its scant prizes. Remarkable performances make this a powerful insight into a way of life. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Spanish Gardener

The son of an over-protective father, young Jon Whitely stirs up a full-blown fuss when he and gardener Dirk Bogarde become chums. Far from delicate, as diplomat father Michael Hordern would have everyone believe, Jon is a real type boy—as sensitive English lads go,
that is. Bogarde has him digging merrily in the garden, getting gently steamed up over pelota, the local version of cricket combined with a sort of high pressure lawn tennis, and trout fishing. Daddy-o doesn't dig the relationship. He stewed in jealousy and finally leaps at a trumped-up opportunity to accuse Bogarde of theft. Luckily, tragedy is averted when Horder realizes his error and as an added fillip shows he's a real wizard at setting fugitive Bogarde's arm. The Technicolor story is as slim as a view of Bogarde in profile, perhaps because Bogarde, one of Britain's top attractions, doesn't strike you as being particularly the outdoorsy sort of chap. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Careless Years

If this continues to go by this title, it will be one of the classic misnomers of the year. Certainly, the dilemma teenagers Dean Stockwell and Natalie Trundy face up to seems very far removed from hot-rods, crew-cuts, and rock 'n' roll. These kids are loaded with cares! And so young, too! Not yet graduated from high school, in the process of going steady, they become so emotionally entangled, there seems to be no way out except to sneak off somewhere or get married. Since both are honorable and decent youngsters, marriage becomes the only solution, despite all parental objections, logic and reasoning. Fortunately, before they take the steps that might make a shambles out of two promising young people, they have sense enough to bow to common sense. Bold, frank and very well done story with Natalie and Stockwell turning in performances that are impressive in sincerity and grasp of the problem. (United Artists.)

You Wanna Rassle?

continued from page 43

"It's not that I don't like those who are intellectual. I admire sincere intellectuals. And I have my serious moments when I 'balance' my life with weighty conversation and books. But I don't make a production out of moments.

"Frankly, I like to date younger men, those around my age, because they're more interesting and not so anxious to analyze me. I've dated only one man who was older than 32.

"I could never go with a man who let me boss him or dominate him," Joan said candidly. "I admit I'd probably take terrible advantage of him for a while but then I'd drop him fast. I couldn't respect any man I could rule. I need a strong person—otherwise I can get quite out of hand and become rather difficult."

In the past when Joan was having many dates she got herself into more than a few embarrassing moments. Sev-

continued from page 67
Let's Look at the Records

Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, CBS-TV star

Young Diahann Carroll does vocal justice to one of America's least appreciated composers, Harold Arlen, in an excellent Victor album. When Arlen standards are bunched together, it's a fantastic collection—not just hits but in the most impeccable musical taste. A shimmering slice includes "It's Only A Paper Moon," "My Shining Hour," "Over The Rainbow," "Come Rain Or Come Shine," etc., etc., etc. ... At quite an opposite pole from Miss Carroll sits Ella Mae Morse. Ella's rockin' and rollin' in fine fettle. "I'm Gone" and "Sway Me" are first rate specimens of the current style that keeps the juke boxes busy (Capitol). ... Nelson Riddle, he who provides most of the backgrounds for Capitol's stable of singers, steps into the spotlight himself with a couple of instrumentals, "Rue Madeleine" and a South Sea smoothie labeled "Tangi Tahiti." ... The man with the name like a cigar, Roy Tann, wins a box of Havana for his latest effort. "Hot Rod Queen" has a beat that would break records on any drug strip—mucho horsepower. The flip side is a quick change of pace with a Latin-beat exposition on the romance-producing qualities of "Acapulco" (Dot).

Another queen-sized musical package from Sarah Vaughan—"Sarah Vaughan Sings George Gershwin," two 12-inch LP's loaded with pop classics from the pen of America's greatest tunesmith. To single out any one of the 22 offerings for special recognition would be a disservice to the rest of the timeless standards (Mercury). ... Jordan has been with Columbia but has rediscovered her magic hit formula with her latest M-G-M recording "Summer Love"—its beat is strong, its chances are good. The flip side, "I'm Sorry For You, My Friend," should be no detriment to sales, either. ... Eddie Calvert, a trumpeter who need not doff his horn to any man, stands in front of Norrie Parmer's Orchestra as he skillfully turns out a pair of tunes from Columbia Pictures' "Beyond Mombasa," the title song and "Jungle Moon" (Capitol) ... Another pair of instrumentals are worthy of note. Buddy Morrow's Orchestra moves richly and smoothly through two solidly constructed band numbers, "Easy Does It" and "Midnight March." Mr. Morrow really has a way with a swingin' instrumental (Mercury).
eral times she was out with a man with whom she had broken a previous date, using the excuse, "I'm sorry but I have to study my script Tuesday night." Then in the middle of her following date with him she'd say, "I saw the most interesting show Tuesday night." She'd then try to pull out of this faux pas by saying a friend of hers had come in from New York and she had to show him the town.

"I only break dates with those men I don't really care for," Joan explained.

Joan usually accepts dates for concerts, cocktail parties, premieres or parties in someone's home because she enjoys such affairs, but often she forgets to mark such dates down in her book. Consequently, she makes other plans for the same evening and then finds herself in a social predicament.

"One night I had four dates for the same evening," she laughed. "But a couple had only been tentative. I had told the fellows I'd let them know."

Joan doesn't take dating lightly—as a rule. She enjoys going out and she can have fun at a barbecue or a ball, at a small party or a big affair, at a movie, or at an expensive night club. It all depends on the man. But in no case does she ever dress to please her date.

"I dress to please myself," she said flatly, "although I have learned where certain men are inclined to take me and I dress accordingly. I dated one man for the first time and I had a feeling I should wear slacks. I had never seen him wear a tie or get really dressed up so I reasoned he wouldn't be any different on the date. Sure enough he arrived at my house wearing a shirt, no tie, sweater, and slacks. We went to a small restaurant and to a movie, I frankly like going out in slacks. They're so comfortable.

"I do occasionally wear daring dresses—the cleavage type and all—but only when I feel like it, not because some man might like them on me."

There are certain types of men Joan will never date. For one, the gent who says to her, "Come on up to my place and I'll fix you a dinner" draws a blank with her. So does the type who goes with her only to be photographed with her. And she'll never date a man who keeps calling her when she continues to refuse to go out with him.

Joan lit a cigarette, leaned back in her chair, and said, "They say a girl regulates the kind of date she is to have and lets a man know how he is to behave. In some cases, this is so. But for some reason, I give the impression to men that I like the wrestling bit. Well, I'm not the Grace Kelly type, it's true, but I find I can let a man know he has me figured out wrong. If a girl digs a man she can let him know what kind of an evening she wants."

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"No Girl Should Marry Me!"

continued from page 50

when I wanted to go, and for as long as I wanted to be away, either. For that matter, neither could most girls, even those who didn’t work. I want to start out for somewhere the minute I think of it. Sometimes I hop into my car and leave for my boat so fast that I forget to pack, and I spend a week on board in a pair of swim trunks or jeans. What girl would be happy with that setup? She’d probably want to plan, shop and pack away enough things to carry her over a definite vacation time.

"The other night I had a sudden yen to drive to Newport and spend the night on my boat. I took off and ended by cruising out into the ocean and tying up in Catalina for two weeks, with no thoughts about social obligations, phone calls or clothes. I’ve noticed that while many girls say they love a boat, once they’re in the galley it’s another story.

"Any girl in my life might have to play second fiddle to my boat, a 26 ft. Chris-Craft named ‘My Lady.’ She’s a beauty and I spend much more money on her than I should. If a wife were to figure up the lamps and knickknacks for the house that she could buy with the dough I lovingly pour into ‘My Lady,’ she’d be furious, I’m sure.

"As a matter of fact, that would be another bone of contention. Houses and household possessions, which mean so much to the normal woman, are things I want no part of, at the moment. More reason for a girl declining me. I’m so used to being footloose I feel that I can’t be happy if I’m tied down to a home and mortgage.

"I live in an apartment because I can turn the key in the door any day and high-tail out of there for weeks or months at a time. My parents have been after me for a long time to buy a house, but I don’t want to. Yet, that’s the first thing a wife would insist upon. Who can blame her? What girl wants to be confined to an apartment without enough closet space, when she can be up to her happy little neck decorating a home of her own?

"But I like the way I live. It’s very cozy. I live in a two-bedroom apartment in Beverly Hills that’s filled with large, comfortable pieces of Viking furniture and lots of old pewter, all of which a woman would probably want to toss right out and replace with modern things. The hi-fi is on all the time I’m home, and I can leave it on all day without it getting on anyone’s nerves.

"With all my kidding about it, the reason I think any girl would be crazy to marry me now is because I couldn’t cater to her as I think I should. I want to be sure I can make the adjustments from footloose bachelor life to a more settled routine which every girl has a right to expect when she gets married.

"There’s the traveling. I love it, and I’m lucky that my job includes a lot of jumping around the world at studio expense. I was in Mexico for seven months when I worked in ‘White Feather.’ Last year, I froze four months in the Alps making ‘The Mountain’ with Spencer Tracy. I was in Japan for several months working in ‘Stopover Tokyo’ for 20th. In between, I fly all over the U.S. on personal appearance tours.

"Which brings me to another thing that would be a sore spot in my marriage. What to do with the little woman? Should she come along? Truthfully, I’m of the opinion that she shouldn’t. It’s distracting, takes away from a man’s concentration on the job and leaves the girl with a feeling of being left out. Comes more breathtaking. You see what I mean? And if there are babies, she certainly can’t gallivant with her spouse. It just doesn’t pan out successfully.

"Nor does it pan out to have the separations. I wouldn’t want separations in a marriage of mine. I think they’re the quickest route to the divorce courts. So until I can reconcile this situation in my own mind, I don’t think I’d be the best candidate for the wedding ring.

"For me, marriage would be more ideal if the girl I marry and I can be together, provided, in my case, that she could put up with my moods. My disposition when I come home after a day’s shooting is not always the best. Especially if I’m not satisfied with the way I’ve done my scenes, and I seldom am!

"I must admit, however, that I’m fairly good-natured before breakfast. I even sing in the shower. But whether it’s the morning when my mood is pretty unin-
Sheilah Graham’s
Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 10

attractive in “Bernardine,” but not dynamic. In fact the film was stolen by unknown Richard Sargent, who can be a big star with the right stories.

It would be simpler for Mario Lanza’s producers to have filmed “Seven Hills Of Rome” in Hollywood. It wasn’t fair to expose him to all that spaghetti and red wine in Italy. He has trouble dieting here, but there’s it’s impossible.

I’m putting Tony Curtis’ name down now for an Oscar nomination next March. His sleazy press agent role in “Sweet Smell Of Success” knocked me out of my rocker. This boy has it made as an actor. . . . It will be a race between Ann Blyth and Grace Kelly as to who has the most children. Ann has a good start with two in the nursery and one on the way. Both beauties want large families. . . . Which reminds me of when Zsa Zsa Gabor was asked if she believed in big families, and she replied, “But of course darling. I believe every woman should have at least three husbands.” . . . Little sister Eva believes the same, obviously. After three divorces, her romance with a top restaurateur is the talk of London tea tables.

“Elvis Presley is not a wolf,” according to one of his girl friends, Anne Neylund. “Only one time did he start to get fresh,” she told me, “Then he stopped suddenly and said, ‘I never go too far with a girl I respect.’” That’s nice to know. . . . And this is Sheilah Graham, signing off for now.
"This business of going off every third week is no good. You try to catch someone's show and you can't find it. Then you forget when he's on. The next day you meet the guy and he says, 'Oh, I was off last night,' as if everybody knew it. Nobody knew it. It gets so you never know who's on or off.

"But if you give too much it's not appreciated. That's what happened to Sid Caesar who's a great comedian.

"They wanted me to carry the Caesar show through the summer, but I said no. For one thing you shoot all your best material. Instead, I wrote a book—to keep busy, more or less. But it wasn't just something I tossed off. It's a novel (called 'Zoomar') about my business—the characters you find in it, the language they speak."

In case you're wondering, Ernie was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1919. And he went to high school in Trenton. After his voice changed he played the pirate king in a high school production of "Pirates Of Penzance" and was offered seven voice and acting scholarships. ("You saw what they resorted to to get me out of high school.")

He turned pro and was heard singing throughout the Hamptons on Long Island. In between (there were always in-betweens and at least five projects going simultaneously) he played character parts on the stage. The trouble was, he thought his parts didn't have enough character. So he formed his own stock company and wrote his own characters and decided he might as well design his own scenery. It all worked fine. When he dropped in on New York for the John Golden auditions he got all kinds of offers. What happened next is what makes Ernie different from other people. He took a job in a drugstore. He needed the money.

But when the store was out of cigars he went back to the theatre (in Brattleboro, Vermont), and worked so hard he wound up in a hospital. It wasn't much. He just had to stay there a year and a half. "They called me Old Death's Door."

Ernie survived to risk his health on radio as a disc jockey and news commentator. In 1948, he won the NBC award for newscasting. He knew a lot about the news because he also wrote a daily column in a Trenton newspaper, and he knew how to write that because for five years he wrote mystery shows for radio. And gags for nightclub comics.

It was on Philadelphia radio that Ernie began to introduce all the zany characters that make up his comic repertory. And in 1951 he was asked to come spring them on the world through NBC-TV. Which he did, on "The Ernie Kovacs Show," and on two or three other programs he got involved in.

"Then I went out to Hollywood to do a movie, 'Operation Mad Ball,' and I thought if you can make a living doing this, why do anything else? Everybody was so relaxed—they only had one picture to do—and everything was really very wonderful.

"It was great as long as I had something to do," Ernie added, reconsidering. "I mean if I knew that in four days I had to show up for a certain scene then I could spend my time loafing around a pool. But if I didn't have the work to look forward to I wouldn't have gotten restless.

"Making the movie itself was a lot of fun. It was almost like working ad lib. I didn't study my lines until I got on the set. If I'd known them too well I would have hammered it up.

"One night we had to shoot an all-night party. So we had a party. They delivered a couple of truckloads of champagne and we stayed up all night drinking. Meanwhile the camera was grinding out the party scene.

"What a difference from the way I used to work! I used to work seven days a week solid. I'd get to bed at 3:30 a.m. and wake up at 4. It wasn't really waking up, it was more like a nervous reaction. I'd put my hand to my chest and it would feel like fire. I'd take a shower just to get my body temperature down.

"I was always so tired. I'd crawl over to the studio and not be able to read a commercial for the first ten minutes. Then I'd have to take a breath between every word. A nice old lady wrote to me. She said, 'Dear Ernie, I suffer from asthma, too.' Finally, I quit the radio thing.

"It's wonderful now. My time's my own. Of course, I like to work. I'm just one of those people who likes to be busy. Fact is, I'm starting another novel soon." Fact is, he's quite a guy.

**ROLE** of captain in "Operation Mad Ball" gives scope to Kovacs' brand of comedy.

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The Truth About Anthony Franciosa

continued from page 19

Perhaps this same warmth and tenderness first attracted Shelley Winters to him, too, when Tony and Shelley were starring together on Broadway in “A Hatful Of Rain.” The two are married now, following a long courtship while Tony sought a divorce from his first wife. “It was just one of those things,” says Tony, unwilling to say more.

Tony Franciosa was 18 before he discovered there was such a thing as the theatre or acting. “Until that time,” he says, “I had never even seen a play.” But then came the day when he went along with a friend who was being interviewed for a small role in a YWCA play. The director looked over at Tony, saw a tall kid with brown hair and hazel eyes, caught something in him that no one else had seen before, and said,

“Why don’t you try out for this play, too, young man?”

“Me?” said Tony.

“Sure, you.”

Even today Tony wonders why he did it. And yet he sensed that somehow it was right. “It seemed,” says Tony, “that a whole new world was opening up for me, because of the work and the people I met. I knew that this was the kind of thing I wanted to do.”

But there was no golden pumpkin coach to Broadway, waiting with four white horses for Mr. Anthony Franciosa, 18. It doesn’t even happen in the movies anymore. What did happen was that Tony, not too hopefully, joined a group called Off-Broadway, Inc., dedicated to experimenting with plays and with actors.

Here he won a four-year scholarship to the Dramatic Workshop where he came under the aegis of the renowned German director, Irwin Piscator.

Tony still laughs when he thinks of his stage debut. It was in “The Taming Of The Shrew,” and he had to walk in a semi-circle across the stage wearing yellow tights. Rehearsals didn’t bother him, but on opening night the ex-awning installer from P. S. 52 strolled halfway across the stage thinking of himself in that ludicrous outfit—and burst out laughing. The giggles wouldn’t stop. He ended up with tears in his eyes. The audience thought the tears were tragic and real—and Anthony Franciosa got his first good acting notice.

Life sometimes twists things like that. And yet there was still the problem of getting other acting jobs, and then, says Tony, “in between I had to eat.”

He took any work that promised a pay check, but his main worry was how to quit when a stage role beckoned. Once he was working as a checker in a restaurant and doing so well that his boss offered him the job of night manager. That same day he was also told he could have a part in a new play. “I really didn’t know how to tell my employer I wanted to quit,” Tony remembers. “I was chewing my nails trying to figure out a good excuse, when suddenly my boss walked in. He took one look at me wearing a dunce cap—and fired me.”

On still another occasion Tony was actually waiting on tables in a girls’ camp in upper New York State. One night a

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PRICE SEE PAGE 11

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friend phoned that there was a possible audition awaiting him in New York. There was only one obstacle in Tony's way—money. He didn't have cash enough for the fare back to the city, and he knew that if he quit, there'd be no severance pay.

"My only solution," says Tony, "was to get fired. So I started breaking dishes."

Impulsive and direct-acting—that was Tony. You still see that in him today. He is, his friends will tell you, a most intense young man. Back a few months ago, when Tony was in New York for location filming on "A Hatful Of Rain," he tried to open a window in his room at the St. Moritz and severed an artery in his arm. It seems there was a patented catch on the hotel's casement type windows which Tony didn't understand, and in his battle to force the window open, he thrust his right forearm through the glass. It took seven stitches to close the wound.

Back on the 20th lot again, and not more than ten days later, Tony rehearsed a barroom fight with such intensity and with so much realism that he broke the arm wound open again. This time they added three more stitches and gave him a week's rest.

Intense, yes; but violent, no, even though he recently was given a ten-day jail term for slugging a photographer. As Tony, himself, explained: "I blow up once or twice a year. This time I got caught at it.

"The ironic thing is that if I'd slugged anybody six months earlier, nobody would have noticed. The movies certainly put you in a goldfish bowl."

Sometimes, with Tony, there may be only a thin line between the insouciance and the act. Shelley Winters still remembers Tony's first visit as an actor to the West Coast, when he offered to drive her home from a party. Apparently he saw no need to tell her that he had never learned to drive. "He took the wheel," says Shelley, "started the car by some miracle and took off. After a couple of blocks I directed him to make a left turn. Tony made a right hand turn. He also stalled the car and killed the engine, then confessed that it was his first time behind the wheel. I turned white. When I recovered, I decided to fake over, so we could both get back alive."

That was a while ago, but even success hasn't made Franciosa a better driver. During his recent stay in Hollywood, Tony rented a car, then started practising so he could pass his driver's test. Almost immediately he got a ticket for driving without a license. A little later, he took time off from the picture, went to the Motor Vehicle Bureau and passed his test—then skidded on a wet spot in the road and blew out a tire. "I think," said Tony ruefully, after the studio sent a car to pick him up, "that the automobile and I are just not compatible and never will be."

Well, though he may have two left feet when it comes to things mechanical, he can still plow a straight furrow on the stage or before the cameras. He went zooming up from the Dramatic Workshop to the New York Repertory Theatre, to the Players Group at Lake Tahoe, California, and then to the Shellwin Productions in Chicago, Boston, and Connecticut. He first hit Broadway in a supporting role in "End As A Man" and followed it with a small but potent role in "The Wedding Breakfast."

Whenever he could, he worked and studied at the famed—and controversy-stirring—Actors Studio, from which came Marlon Brando, James Dean, Susan Strasberg and a host of others. (A Miss Marilyn Monroe has acknowledged that the Actors Studio has helped her, too.) Of this working actors' laboratory Franciosa has said, "This is not a mystical, arty organization of numbleurs, ear-tuggers or people trying to be different. This is one of the most important training grounds young actors have had in this country for the past 50 years."

Certainly everything that Tony had done and thought and felt helped him when his first big break came. On November 9, 1955, Michael Gazzo's play, "A Hatful Of Rain," opened in the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Anthony Franciosa, the kid who had never seen a play until he was 18, had the role of Polo.

Tony was an instant hit; the critics tossed their hats in the air over his talents and his warm and compelling personality. He won both the Outer Circle Award and the Drama Critics Award as the Best Supporting Actor and the Blum Award as the Most Promising Personality. Elia Kazan, the director who did "Baby Doll," chose Tony for the bright and ruthless Joey in his film production, "A Face In The Crowd"; MGM signed him for a starring role in "This Could Be The Night!" and 20th Century-Fox selected him to recreate his original role in

continued on page 74
Current attractions in SILVER SCREEN Magazine


How Pat Boone Shocked Hollywood"—Startling news on how Elvis Presley's number one competitor set the film capital of the world aghast!

"Jayne's Other Dimensions"—Jayne Mansfield, best noted for her physical attributes really doesn't have to rely on looks alone to win friends.

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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 14

tor forbade her making the trip to join him, Rock's next for U-I will be "Twilight For The Gods," to be shot in the Hawaiian Islands and Phyllis will make that trip. After all, the weather there is more clement than the Alps!

DATA ON DATES—Venetia Stevenson has been seen most with Tony Perkins. Tony recently gave her a Siamese cat named Benson—"we know not why"—and a portable radio with a built-in sun dial. So she'll always know what time it is? . . . Then when Tony went to New York for a quick vacation he dated ex-flame Norma Moore who has been working in Manhattan. These younger stars really switch their dates! . . . Joan Collins, who was dating Nicky Hilton, has switched back to Arthur Loew, Jr. About a year ago their friends thought she and producer Loew were about to wed, but she didn't get her final divorce decree. Now she has it and once again wedding bells are predicted. . . . Natalie Wood, who was also dating Hilton while Bob Wagner was in Japan, now is going "practically steady" with Bob. She spent her 19th birthday with him aboard his boat. They went fishing but all Nat caught was seaweed. Incidently, Bob phoned Nat at least twice a week from Japan. And that's quite a budget item!

SPLITS—Inger Stevens has her divorce and although she continues to have dates with Bing Crosby, their friends say they are not altar-bound. . . . Terry Moore and Eugene McGrath have a temporary reconciliation and Terry says a final decision about their marriage has to wait until she finishes "Peyton Place." . . . Jeff Richards and his wife Vicki have what they call an "amicable separation" and chums still hope they'll reconcile. Jeff has been sharing an apartment with Rod Taylor.

HAWAII CALLS—Seems like the Hawaiian Islands are becoming Hollywood's backyard with so many pictures shooting there, plus vacationing stars. Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim McNulty had a leisurely holiday there, even going over on a slow freighter for a complete rest. Ann went all-out and let herself get a real suntan and freckles. She could allow herself this luxury because she won't be doing another picture until after the birth of their third baby in December.

BOONES WANT BOY—Pat Boone and his wife Shirley, who are expecting another baby, are so eager for a boy they've selected the name Michael. They have three little girls. Pat was the Real Thing in his first film, "Bernardine." His fan mail is so heavy that his studio rushed him into a second picture, "April Love."

UNEXPECTED—There were lots of surprised people when Cliff Robertson and Cynthia Lennon were married. Cliff was always the "old family friend" when Cynthia was married to Jack. Before son Chris visited him recently, Jack had the den of his house remodeled as a bedroom for the boy. A friend asked the period of decoration Jack chose for the room. "Early Childhood," said Jack. Quipster Lennon swears the title of a cowboy ditty he's writing is "What Makes You Squint So On Your Wintos." And when Jack goes to Italy for "The Roses," will Felicia Farr be far behind? Their steady dates look serious.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE—When Dana Wynter married lawyer Greg Bautzer she said she was quitting movie-making. But comes a good part and a girl often changes her mind. So Dana will do "Fraulein"—and in Germany, although she said she didn't want to be separated from her Greg. She invited him to go with her for the location but he declined—"I'm no stage mother," he said. But he will join her there for a post-picture vacation. Dana had to become a blonde for her role. At first she refused to bleach her hair on grounds that Greg might not like it. All types of wigs were tried, unsuccessfully, so finally she dyed for her art.

HAPPY FAMILY—Doris Day, Marty Melcher and her son Terry form a family that really has fun together. All summer they were on a tennis kick. Now Doris and Marty are concentrating on rebuilding the house they bought in Beverly Hills. They liked the location and fell in love with the yard, with a big pool and an enormous tree, said to be the oldest in that tree-conscious town. But the house was oldish and rather unattractive, so the Melchers are ripping out walls, making additions and completely redecorating the place.

SHORT SHOTS—Earl Holliman and Dolores Hart, still an item, decided on a different kind of date so had an old-fashioned picnic in the Fern Dell, a beautiful woods spot complete with babbling brook, in Los Angeles' Griffith Park. . . . Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. . . . Fred and June Haver MacMurray celebrated their third.

BABY TALK—Just to prove that all babies don't look like Winston Churchill, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith began taking pictures of their daughter at the age of five days. Even at that tender age Tracey Leone Smith was a beauty with brown hair and dimples! . . .
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TV-LAND

Tony Perkins’ personal report on Sophia Loren

Natalie Wood

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INSIDE NEWS

Ingrid Bergman 14 The Price Ingrid Paid For Love by Favius Friedman

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Natalie Wood 25 A Phone Call To Natalie by Helen Louise Wolker
Tony Randall 28 Will Tony Randall Spoil Success? by Rahno Moughan
Pat Boone 37 Popo Pat by Maxine Black
Sophia Loren 40 A Personal Report on Sophia by John Maynard
Tab Hunter 47 Your Witness by Jerry Asher

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Sal Mineo 20 "The Things We Did Last Summer" Doris Day 34 Do-Re-Mi Doda
Don Murray 45 Debut For Christopher
Anna Magnani 50 "The Dark Gorba"

TELEVISION

Jack Paar 58 Poor For The Course by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lawdown by Sheilah Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rahno Maughan
54 Debbie and Eddie's Dilemma
Fashions 56 What Makes Her So Sophisticated by Natalie Wood
Records 68 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

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T HIS is Sheilah Graham reporting with the lowdown, highdown, and who loves who in Hollywood. . . . And if Rita Hayworth is not Mrs. James Hill by the time you scan this, it will be the longest time she has dated a feller without rushing into matrimony. . . . Ditto for Ava Gardner and Walter Chiari, who fight, kiss, make up and fight with almost monotonous regularity. Surprising news that Ava has tired of her lazy life in Spain. Now that she sold her house near Madrid, Ava plans to divide her living between London and Switzerland. . . . And I'm curious to see how producer Al Lewin will sidestep the censors when he shows Ava as the Duchess of Alba being painted in the nude by Goya, in his movie biography of the famous 18th Century painter. . . . “I want to play a—” said Leslie Caron, using a word that is usually used to describe a loose woman. “But producers think I look too pure, so I've written a story myself which my husband will direct. I'll be tres, tres gay,” Ooo la la. . . . Sad sight. George Raft at MGM, hoping someone will offer him a good part in a good picture. . . Of course, there's always a television series. But who wants to work that hard.

Most unexpected twosome—Frank Sinatra and former quiz kid, Vanessa Brown. And how do you like the line in Sinatra's “Pal Joey”—where he explains—“You don't expect me to get along on Wheaties all the time.” If you read your scandal mags, and I hope you don't, Frankie's prowess with the ladies was credited to a persistent diet of the breakfast cereal. . . . It's anyone's guess which way the Natalie Wood-Bob Wagner romance is blowing today. Nat is the only girl Bob has ever been really in love with, although he flipped quite a bit years ago for Debbie Reynolds, now expecting her second child with Eddie Fisher. . . . And wasn't it said that Maria Schell, who replaced Marilyn Monroe in “The Brothers Karamazov,” lost her expected child. The picture was difficult physically, and maybe Maria should have refused the role.

The Jose Ferrers need a bigger house.

GOINGS-ON at gala Hollywood banquet intrigue Dorothy Malone and Dick Egan.

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN
continued

What with three children already, and three more to go, "Rosemary is determined to have six," Jose told me, "and she wouldn't care if she never worked again." What with motherhood and her TV show, it looks like the pleasant-faced singer won't be making many more movies. . . . Prediction—that young Susan Strasberg will win the Oscar for her repeat in "Stage Struck" of the role which won the Award for Katharine Hepburn in 1933 when it was called "Morning Glory." . . . And 1958 will be a big year for Tony Franciosa, Hollywood's brightest discovery of the year.

Cary Grant tried to hypnotize me into hating fattening foods. "Just think thin, the hate will follow," said the suave Mr. Grant, staring into my eyes. I keep thinking—but only about Cary. . . . Victor Mature has forgiven his ex-wife Dorothy for winning about $600,000 in alimony from him and he is now very fond of an English girl, Joy Urwick, the daughter of a doctor. Vic can afford to marry again. For each of ten pictures he is receiving $175,000 in cash, plus 25% of the profits. And all of Vic's pictures make profits. You don't know what swimming is until you have plunged into Jayne Mansfield's sequin-trimmed pool with a full-size mosaic figure of Miss Mansfield at the bottom. From the attitude of the British press about Jayne's visit, it's hard to tell whether they have been sharpening their pencil's or scalpels. . . . From now on Tyrone Power's visits to Hollywood will be few and far between. He'll make a picture here every once in a great while—otherwise he will toil and play in New York or Europe. . . . Rain, wind or suspension, Kim Novak will be at the airport to greet Mario Bandini when he flies into New York some time near the end of December.

The stir created by the love scenes between Harry Belafonte and Joan Fontaine in "Island In The Sun" is nothing to the storm generated by the kissing and passionate love-making with German Curt Jurgens and Dorothy Dandridge in "Tomango." . . . Things I don't believe department. Maurice Chevalier's remark, that at the age of 69 he is too old to fall in love, How about Supreme Court Justice Black's recent wedding at the age of 71?

Marlon Brando's double chin was showing in "Sayonara" and he has been counting the calories ever since. Marlon's most frequent date of late has been India's gift to Hollywood, pretty actress Anna Kashfi. . . . Caused quite a flurry when Lucille Ball took off suddenly for the East with her children but minus husband Desi Arnaz. Her associates explained it was "nothing serious, she and Desi often argue, but this marriage is solid." . . . Clark Gable's second wife, Rhea, has finally sold the home in Bel-Air she has owned for more than 20 years. It was rented to a Hollywood producer for 19 years. Rhea lives in Houston, Texas—not too far from Hedy Lamarr. . . . Fast rising star Jock Mahoney was furious when his producer wouldn't allow him to perform his own stunts in "Money, Women, And Dreams." "I allowed him to fall off a 42-foot cliff in our last picture," the producer told me, "but he's too valuable now to risk." Jock was once a stunt man.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh are keeping their fingers crossed that the next baby will be a boy. Ditto Grace Kelly and Her Prince Rainier. But Gregory Peck with four boys, has put in an order for a girl. . . . Sophia Loren is provided with a bodyguard by her husband-by-proxy Carlo Ponti. I hope they straighten out their confused marital status for Sophia wants to settle down and raise a family. . . . Evelyn Keyes' history-making remark after marriage to Artie Shaw—her fourth, his eighth—"I like getting married. My middle name is optimistic." She took it hard when Mike Todd, her boyfriend of several years, suddenly took off and married Elizabeth Taylor. But all's well that ends in marriage—I hope.

Two couples who I'm told will never divorce—the Laurence Oliviers and the Roberto Rossellinis. Actually, it was Ingrid Bergman's idea that Roberto should accept the offer to make pictures in India. And I believe that Olivier will always be head over heels in love with Vivien Leigh. She hasn't been very well, but Larry is a patient man. . . . Which reminds me, Marilyn Monroe is again consulting doctors about the possibility of successfully bearing a child. She has always wanted a family and I hope she gets it—especially if the girls look like her. . . . Stewart Granger is another top star to leave MGM where the only biggie still under contract is Robert Taylor. He's been a star for Leo the Lion for 21 years. But nowadays, there is more television being shot on the major lots than motion pictures. Which is rather sad. . . . Zsa Zsa's lovely remark—"I have never hated a man so much that I would insult him by returning his jewelry." . . . Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Jenny Ann, has arranged to spend her vacation next year with her mother in Europe. And this is fine with Rossellini's nephew—Franco.

The producers in Hollywood offering Kay Kendall fabulous pictures are wasting their time. She will not leave husband Rex Harrison, not even to play Scarlett O'Hara all over again in "Gone With The Wind." Rex was still married to Lilli Palmer when Kay's beautiful orbs lighted on him—or vice versa—when they were filming, "The Constant Husband." So she will remain with him in New York and England for just as long as he lends his fascination to "My Fair Lady," which ought to be a bigger

continued on page 74
SHE WANTED BREAKFAST IN BED
...but she didn’t want to eat alone!!!

The scandalous saga of an actress, a mistress, a matron, and a maid... and a butler with a very subtle butler!

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Universal-International
HOLLYWOOD
LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- Mystery girl in Anthony Perkins' life?
- Fun-loving Joan Collins on a “prim” kick

SIS FOR CARRIE?—Debbie Reynolds admits Eddie Fisher hopes their second baby is a boy, but she’d be happy if it’s a girl so Carrie Frances, who celebrated her first birthday in October, would have a sister as a playmate. Besides, Debbie had a flock of pretty girl-type baby clothes, given to Carrie, which the toddler hasn’t worn! Well, boy or girl, the littlest Fisher will arrive around May. Meantime, Debbie guest-starred on Edie’s first show of his new TV series and finished “For Love Or Money.”

SPRING OF MONEY—Debbie further admits she’s grateful Leslie Nielsen was her leading man in “Tammy And The Bachelor” instead of Tony Curtis. Shocked? Well, here’s the story. Originally Tony was to do the role and Debbie was to sing the folk song “Black Is the Color of My True Love’s Hair” to Tony in the film. When Tony was assigned to another picture, Leslie got the lead, but he’s a blond and the song would have been silly. U-I commissioned Jay Livingston and Ray Evans to write an original song. It was “Tammy.” Debbie recorded it. The platter sold more than a million and Debbie’s royalties will amount to more than her film salary! So that’s why she’s grateful Leslie got the role.

GRATEFUL, TOO—And Leslie is also happy he made “Tammy” because that really got his career in high gear. He has it made now and goes into “Sheepman” with Glenn Ford. Meantime, his divorce is final and he’s steady dating Sandy Ulman, a pretty secretary at MGM. They say they have no wedding plans. But Leslie gave her a handsome pearl ring. It’s not been on Sandy’s engagement finger but don’t be surprised if she switches it there soon.

SINGIN’ IDOL—It didn’t take Tommy Sands long to “discover” Lili Gentle after they started co-starring in “The Singin’ Idol.” But Lili also dates Nick Adams who’s in the same cast! Tommy says “Going steady is a fine idea, but not for me. I’ve got to concentrate on work and it wouldn’t be fair for me to kid a girl. I’m not ready for marriage.” He’s 20. This is Tommy’s first movie and he’s really working. He appeared in all the tests with the many girls considered to play his co-star, and was happy to, because he wanted camera experience. Lili has to continue school at the studio for another year because she’s only 17. When we lunched with Tommy he ordered “green salad, a small piece of American cheese and crackers.” The studio commissary waitress, a motherly type, asked “How am I going to get some weight on you with a lunch like that?”

TONY’S GIRLS—In New York for the play, “Look Homeward, Angel,” Tony Perkins is not trying himself up with just one girl. He’s been dating Norma Moore, Elaine Aiken. There’s also a “mystery girl” back there to whom, he says, he’s “been engaged twice.” But he won’t tell her name!

“NEW” JOAN—Although she is dating Arthur Loew Jr., Joan Collins vows that she’s no closer to marriage” than in the past. She thinks she’s at a crucial point in her career, is going to tend to her acting and give up the night club routine that she really enjoyed. She’s even on a “prim kick” and has a new wardrobe of very conservative clothes. Many of these are made from fabulous silks she brought from Japan. Joan just can’t resist shopping and her big problem is closet space for her clothes.

RAISED EYEBROWS—Rick Jason and his wife are really confusing the staid hotel-keepers in England, because they always register as Rick Jason and Miss Aria Allen. Aria is a writer and Rick insists that she maintain her own identity, so she never uses “Mrs. R. J.” When they were married they each legally incorporated, then gave 51 percent of the stock to the other. Aria has

THE Bob Stacks take some time out from their parental duties for a bit of diversion.

HAPPY in marriage to Prince Rainier, the former Grace Kelly awaits second child.

DINING a deux, Ronald Reagan and wife Nancy are the picture of domestic bliss.

Continued on page 70...
Do you like to draw, sketch or paint? You may have more talent than you suspect. With training, it's possible you could build a fascinating and profitable career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning.

I urge you to try for this Free Art Scholarship. You just make a simple sketch of the "Draw Me" girl. Over a million individuals have drawn this girl. Many successful artists today got their start just this way.

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DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

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500 South 4th Street • Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest.

(Please Print)

Name ___________________________ AGE __________ Phone ___________________________

Address ___________________________ City ___________________________ Zone ___________________________

County ___________________________ State ___________________________ Occupation ___________________________
The price
Ingrid Bergman
paid for love

The heart is a lonely hunter ... Ingrid's took her across
an ocean to a world of happiness she had
never known and pain she could not have imagined

INGRID BERGMAN once made a remark that caused much laughter in Rome. "I've kissed Humphrey Bogart," she said, "but I don't know him." She could now say as much for Roberto Rossellini, the flamboyant, nearly-bald Italian movie-making genius who was also a genius at making love. The man for whom she had abandoned husband, child and home, in a love affair that had left half the world gasping, had now abandoned her.

The "good life together" is all but over, as Ingrid in her heart must know. She has already told friends that she is determined never to divorce the father of seven-year-old Robertino and the twins, five-year-old Isabella and Ingrid, and not to live in Rome. "The next chapter of my life," she said, "will have a London setting."

Now, for the first time, Ingrid Bergman is aware that she really never knew her husband, though she kissed him and loved him, bore his children and suffered obloquy for him. Like Joan of Arc, her favorite saint who was immolated in the flames of her fervor, Ingrid Bergman is again immolated at the blazing stake of love.

Those who know the inside Bergman story say it was not her unchecked impulses that brought her unhappiness, but the world's belief that she was a saint who could do no wrong.

"For years in California," she once said, "I was noble and good, I was always the girl in 'Intermezzo.' Then I rebelled. I'd been restless in Hollywood for a long time. I was bored and I was tired—and I had to make a break."

Rossellini stormed into her life, thawing the Viking maiden whom most men saw only with a halo around her head. Other men had treated her like bric-a-brac, but Ingrid Bergman, who all her adult life had cried, "I'm not a saint, I'm a woman," saw in Roberto Rossellini a man who could be very tender, but earthy too. He had the animal magnetism that always attracted women

continued on page 16
SO NEAR and yet so far away is the time when the Rossellinis were a happy couple. Left: Ingrid's daughter, Jenny Ann, with step-sister Isabella.
INGRID BERGMAN continued

Separated from Roberto by the career that once brought them together, Ingrid fills the void with a social whirl

("He isn’t just a man," sighed his former love, Anna Magnani, "he’s a hurricane"), and Ingrid, lonely and unhappy for too long, had found him warm and outgoing. "For the first time," she said, "I don’t feel shy or awkward or lonely."

She remembered the icycoldness of Dr. Peter Lindstrom, whom she had married in Sweden when she was only 20. She had met him first when she was 17; he was nine years older than Ingrid and she thought him quite an old man. Later, when she and Lindstrom lived in Hollywood, she had liked lots of company, but she could not have it.

"Peter knew I enjoyed the companionship of other men," she once confessed to a friend. "But he paid little attention to it, because it was always a fleeting enthusiasm for this one or that one. He would often say that no man gave his wife more freedom. That was true, but I was always free away from him and not with him."

She remembered, too, the time she had invited author John Steinbeck to their house. "When I saw him again several months later, I shall never forget what he said about that evening. ‘I was never so cold as when Dr. Lindstrom came into the room,’ he said. ‘Suddenly, I found myself shivering. I looked up, and sure enough, there were icicles forming on the ceiling.’"

So there had been the forbidden game of hearts, the paradise on the lava slopes of Stromboli. There had been the child born out of wedlock, the bitter struggle to wrest a divorce from Dr. Lindstrom, while newspapers served up the torrid “Bergman-Rossellini romance” piping hot. But now, seven years after that "strange sort of marriage" (Ingrid and Rossellini had to be married by proxy, in Mexico), there was once more a price to pay for love.

Of the rumors before—repeated rumors—Ingrid Bergman had laughed and said, "People are always trying to get Roberto and me divorced." This time, though, Rossellini had been in India for months, making a documentary film, and already the headlines screamed that Roberto, who liked to drive his white Ferrari over icy roads "like the hammers of hell," had found in India a new and younger love, a 27-year-old beauty, Sonali Das Gupta.

She is the wife of Hindu film producer Hari Das Gupta, the mother of two children—soft, melting-eyed, exotic and willowy, the greatest possible contrast to the strong and towering Bergman whom Roberto had left behind in France.

Sonali, it appeared, had been led down the garden path before. As a school-girl, she had fallen in love with her art teacher, a man 52 years old, because she felt that he could make her a great artist. And the man had eloped to a seaside resort; they had remained there until Sonali’s family found them and dragged them back to Bombay.

Rossellini, forgetting that he had told the press. "I have known women all over the world, but never anyone like Sonali," called all the rumors “nonsense” and "untrue." Ingrid admitted that she hadn’t heard from her husband in weeks, yet she branded the headlines as "terribly false." In early summer she had said, "Soon I am returning to our villa in Santa Marinella. My husband will join me there when he finishes the film he is making in India." But Ingrid stayed on in Paris, while Rossellini remained in India.

EVEN while Ingrid was facing the tormenting press, crying "I lead a good life with my husband, and I’m content in a way that I never was in Hollywood," that husband in still another mood, told reporters, in Bombay’s Taj Mahal Hotel, "that he was an honorable man, that he would work things out, that he would divorce Ingrid and marry Sonali."

When he was asked, "Do you not realize that the women of the world would consider you a Dracula if you caused your wife any further heartbreak?" Rossellini, sipping his Scotch and water, merely smiled. "I know my wife," he said. "She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. Remember, she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her. And we have had a good life together."

There had grown up in Hollywood, in Ingrid’s other life, a kind of phoney, untouchable legend that made her a plaster saint and the First Lady of Hollywood. Rebelling, she told a friend, "I cannot understand why people think I’m pure

ATTENDING a party for Laurence Olivier, Ingrid appears as radiant as ever. If there is a shadow, the public doesn’t see it.

continued on page 18
"NOT TO act," Ingrid once said, "is the same as not to breathe." But her friends have said that she works just to keep life going.

DINING with friends, Ingrid tries to forget that her life is being torn apart by ugly divorce rumors which she hotly denies.
and full of nobleness. Every human being has shades of good and bad in him."

It was true that in America Bergman was the Palmolive Garbo who was like the girl next door—if you lived in Heaven. Hard-veined, soft-souled gentlemen of the press went into hypnotic silences after meeting her, or wanted to roll over like a cocker spaniel, hoping "she would stir you with her toe."

There was indeed a time when she and the frequently-susceptible Gary Cooper had been seen together off the set, while they were working in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." There had been, it was rumored, quiet dinners in dim-lit restaurants; walks, hand-in-hand, down shadowy Beverly Hills streets; whispered laughter in corners far from the cameras. Friends, for a time, feared the breakup of two marriages. Then, somehow, this had passed; and later, when a gossip columnist hinted in print that another of Miss Bergman's co-stars was in love with her, that co-stars as well as scores of other men—directors, producers, writers, even cameramen—put their names to a manifesto in which they eagerly insisted, "We are all in love with her."

It was the effect that the pre-Stromboli Bergman had on everyone. Once, a magazine writer went to her friends, her co-workers, even waiters in her favorite eating places, asking, "Do you know anything bad about Bergman?" then had gone to Ingrid herself to ask in desperation, "Haven't you ever done anything bad? Are you perfect?"

But with those luminous eyes of hers, she could look like a saint, or like her idol, Joan of Arc. One masculine Bergman addict emerged from a showing of "Notorious" to display what was then the typical male reaction. He had watched her in that famed "telephone scene" where Cary Grant is in her apartment in a South American city, taking a call from his boss. The boss demanded that he report to headquarters at once. While Grant was at the phone, Miss Bergman pressed her cheeks against his, nuzzled his ear lobes, whispered tender words of love. Just the same, when the phone conversation ended, Grant heeded the call of duty.

Said the Bergman addict, shaking his head, "I wouldn't have left her at a time like that, script or no script."

Yet with her husband, Dr. Lindstrom, there had been no real happiness—not for a long time. Three years before Ingrid met Rossellini, she had already asked Lindstrom for a divorce. He refused. A friend said, "Lindstrom was a good man, but there was something of the dictator about him. He insisted on managing all of Ingrid's business affairs. Sometimes he even howled about his wife's clothing bills, though she had helped finance his training as a neuro-surgeon."

Ingrid herself declared later: "I didn't dare make a decision without his permission."

This was when no actress in the world was drawing more people into movie houses than Ingrid Bergman. In one year alone, three of her pictures grossed $18,000,000. Yet at home, Ingrid had to eat her beloved chocolates in secret because she knew Lindstrom wouldn't like it. Even ten-year-old Pia knew who was boss. One day Ingrid told Pia she could go to the movies. Pia looked up at her with a twinkle in her eye. "What's the use of you telling me," she said. "You know very well I have to wait for Papa's permission."

"Pia is a very observing child," Ingrid was to say. "She made a smart observation in court when she said that her Mama was always bored at home; that Mama would get tired of sitting by the pool, and be glad when she could get away."

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continued on page 51
and Ingrid faced her future very much alone

ALONE much of the time now, Ingrid has said, “The wind blows this way and that and in life you have to take what it gives you.”
"The things we did last summer"

Sal will remember all winter long the date he had with lovely Ina Balin when blue skies and a warm sun made for a wondrous outdoor idyl.

photos by A. L. Goldman

**DASH** for the water at Bayville, L. I., finds Ina in the lead with Sal in close pursuit. After the swim, Sal offers Ina a drag on his cigarette.
BASKING in the sun, his date nearby, Sal hasn't a care in the world. He's currently starring in Columbia's "The Young Don't Cry."

continued on page 22
SAL MINEO continued

Good times still fresh in Sal's memory are now a happy part of his picture album to be relived again and again during the year long

ROMPING on the beach with his younger sister, Sarina. Sal grabs for the ball. He also has two older, non-acting brothers.

FULL SPEED ahead as Sal lets out the throttle of his motorboat to Ina's obvious satisfaction.

A DUNK in the water and Sal and Ina are all smiles. Sal met Ina when she visited set of a film he was making in Hollywood.
SITTING on the prow of Sal's boat, "Dino," named after his recent film, Ina and Sal have eyes only for each other. And next summer? END
What’s new at the Wood girl’s house? Well, we put through a call to find out and what happened at the other end is mad, mad, mad.

NATALIE WOOD sounded breathless, as she nearly always does these days, when she answered the phone. “Oh, we are going to talk about my role in ‘Marjorie Morningstar,’ aren’t we? You know it has meant so much to me and I fought so hard to get it. . . .”

“Certainly we are. Now, tell me, what special preparations are you making . . . ?”

Natalie broke off with, “Oh, do excuse me a moment! It’s Nick Adams. He’s just arrived and wants to show me his award . . . I haven’t seen it yet . . . just a minute. . . .”

There was a male voice and then confused sounds and a great deal of chatter and laughter and then Natalie came back to the phone.

“It’s his very first award, you know, and it’s a good one. The Pierre Award from the United Fan Clubs of America, continued on page 26
There's a gayety about Natalie these days, as well as

and I don’t know why he has taken so long to come over to show it to me. It’s a sort of ‘Little Oscar,’ you know, and means he is a favorite personality.

“Is he excited! And so he should be. He’s shouting for champagne. But he’ll have to settle for Cokes. And snacks. We always have to feed that Nick Adams. What a hungry man. Ooops!”

The “Ooops!” I gathered, slightly later, was due to the fact that the toy poodle who is “never allowed outside,” was outside and was digging up a petunia. And the Weimaraner seemed to be fighting with something or someone.

“Well what became of Nick?” Natalie inquired, plaintively. “Couldn’t he have stopped all this? Or is he still eating? Where were we...? Oh, ‘Marjorie Morningstar.’

“Well, I’m spending nearly every waking hour on dancing lessons and dramatic lessons...it’s just endless...and so very exciting...”

There was silence and I felt that I had lost her again. After a few minutes, the breathless Wood voice returned.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to rush off. But the bullfight painting for my bedroom has arrived. You know about my room, don’t you? It’s all black and white and chrome, very modern and very severe. And Dabbie Oppenheimer has done this wonderful bullfighting picture for me which will cover one wall. It’s not a mural. It’s a real painting and will be framed all in black.

“The dramatic moment...that death moment, you know, with all that wonderful flow of color and movement...the cape...the man...the sun. I guess it’s what you call ‘the moment of Truth.’

“I went to my first bullfight a year or so ago when I went to Mexico City for the opening of the Hilton Hotel there...and I’ve been to the fights in Tijuana a couple of times since. And I’ve had them explained to me, what everything means. Every move, every phase of the fight is symbolic of something important in human lives. It’s all so colorful and so dramatic.

“I don’t mean that I would like to try fighting bulls, myself, as a lot of girls have done. I’d just like to understand it and I do like to look at it.

“Warner LeRoy gave me a lot of bullfighting posters, too, to put on the other walls of my room and I have a huge ceramic figure of a bull which I bought myself and thought
I'd put on the coffee table. Only now I discover that he's much too big for the coffee table . . . when he's up there, no table! So I'll have to find something else to do about him.

"Then," she went on, contentedly, "Nick Adams gave me a divine lion skin rug with a mounted head and I haven't found out just where I'm going to put that. But it's beautiful. And I have about fifty stuffed tigers and things to strew around. You know about me and my stuffed tigers, don't you? That I collect 'em?"

I assured her that everyone must know about the stuffed tigers by now but she was going happily on.

"Lance Reventlow sent me a real bullfighter's cape from Madrid. A matador's cape. It's all ivory satin and it's red satin inside and embroidered all over with sequins and it should have an important place . . . only it's so big . . ."

"Wha—at? Oh, I think it's my kid sister, Lana, and her play-reading class. But I do want to tell you that, despite everything that's been written about it, I do not have a big suite in this new house. Nor do I have 'my own private entrance.' I have a bedroom, sitting room, bath and a nice, mirrored dressing room. Pink mirrors. A TV set, a hi-fi set and two telephones. That's all.

"Will you please excuse me a second while I talk to Lana about the play-reading . . ."

She was back in a moment, suppressing giggles. "I shouldn't laugh," she said, seriously, "because they are really very earnest about all this and I am very proud of them. But today they are doing 'The Member Of The Wedding' and Lana is playing the Julie Harris part . . . you know, the little girl . . . and she is also playing the Ethel Waters role! She's only 11, you know, and it's quite an assignment . . ."

Natalie then essayed the (to me) impossible role of trying to talk to me on the phone while still listening to the young fry's "reading class."

"Sometimes," she confided, in a whisper, "they kid the whole thing. Other times they take it seriously and 'ham it up' all over the place. I think this is a 'hamming it up' day. I think Lana is very good in the Julie Harris role, but as Ethel Waters . . . !

"I don't want to laugh when they're trying so hard and

continued on page 74
ON THE screen, Tony Randall was a sensation as the average man—Hollywood's improbable version in Technicolor—bullied, baited by Fate, a pawn of coincidence and the dupe of happenstance. A few hundred assorted critics have called him, in one style or other, the "funniest young comic to descend on Hollywood in a decade."

Taller (he's 5' 10½"), slimmer and younger looking than in pictures, his age has been given variously as 33, mid-30's and just plain born February 26. He's a fascinating mixture of reserve and frankness. Almost unbelievably cooperative, he still can draw a taut line occasionally. He'll tell a columnist he wears nothing but a little mentholatum in his nose when he goes to sleep, then bridle when asked his wife's birthplace.

From the moment we waded through the lobby carpeting where Randall lives in New York, it was clear he was a very special person indeed. Even the elevatorman takes a keen interest in his famous tenant. "Mrs. Randall is out," he clipped when asked for the Randall apartment. The atmosphere in the small elevator was positively distrustful. All the way up you felt sinister. When the elevator door whooshed closed, there we were in a small private hallway leading to two apartments—Randall's was the one on the right.

At his door, Randall, wearing gray flannels and a blue shirt open at the collar, ordered us to wipe our feet. He really meant it, too. Stood there, barring the way until our feet were wiped.

The apartment which Randall obviously took great pride in was one of those incredibly handsome affairs. A cavernous living-room which

continued on page 30
Randall Spoil Success?

seems more than likely to trip the cynics and leave him riding high

photos by Tom Caffrey, Globe
A RUGGED individualist, about the only time Tony can be led around easily is on a carousel in Palisades Amusement Park.

TONY RANDALL continued Tony's unique

overlooked Central Park, was furnished mostly in antiques. In front of the fireplace was an arrangement of white furniture floating on an island of thick creamy carpet. The effect was elegant, and if you were inclined to nosebleeds, frightening. Randall walked boldly onto the immaculate white rug. “Come on,” he invited. “You can walk on it. Now you know why I asked you to wipe your feet. “Florence (Mrs. Randall) went to the dentist. She hates to be around when I’m being interviewed. Just being mentioned in print upsets her,” Randall replied.

As far as Randall is concerned, his marriage is something apart from his professional life. He’s happily married and thinks that’s all that should concern the public.

“You can say this, though,” he offered a sacrifice on the altar of publicity. “Florence worked as a schoolteacher, then as a model to support me while I was studying to be an actor.” Actually, by a brief figuring out of times and dates, Mrs. Randall probably didn’t have to support her talented spouse too long.

After graduating from Tulsa High School, Oklahoma-born Randall enrolled in Northwestern University. It was there he met and married his wife. While studying speech, he became overwhelmed by the possibilities of drama.

He quit school after a year and headed for New York. A year later, in 1941, he made his stage debut in "A Circle Of

HOLDING ON to the roller coaster for dear life, Tony soars down. His career, on the other hand, has done nothing but rise.

HOLDING ON to the roller coaster for dear life, Tony soars down. His career, on the other hand, has done nothing but rise.
Chalk.” During the following years, he was a radio announcer then branched out into a radio actor. His ether credits sound like the large economy-sized box of soap opera: “Portia Faces Life,” “My True Story,” and “Light Of The World.” His movies have been less sudsy—“Oh Men, Oh Women,” “Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?” and the latest rocker, “No Down Payment.”

Do you like opera?” he asked politely. To someone whose music appreciation stopped at the Guy Lombardo version of the Toreador Song, this might have been an embarrassing question had Randall waited for a reply. Instead he selected something from his private stock of Italian opera records and put it on the hi-fi.

“Listen to this.” We listened. Randall seemed transported. “I haven’t got it on the right volume,” he excused. “Music is an expression of deep emotion and should come at you so loud the walls vibrate.”

When the record ended, Randall reluctantly shut off the set. Then he hurled out a pretty good snatch of what we had just heard. Earlier, he had polished off a few dance steps. “I take singing lessons, not for anything special, mostly because I like to—not that I’d mind doing a musical.” He’s all set. At one time, he had studied movement with the great dancer, Martha Graham, but these days he keeps at 160 pounds by more rugged, if not as artistic, activities.

“Twice a week, I work out at a Health Club,” Randall leaned back comfortably in the white sofa, large enough to double as a luxury yacht, and studied the toe of his hand-sewn moccasin. “In movies you look 10-20 pounds heavier, and with the wide screen—seriously—it’s murder. So now, I weight-lift to keep in trim.

“Aside from weight-lifting, honestly, I’m not very athletic,” he admitted. “No one could call me the All-American type. Hate sports—especially baseball. Wouldn’t own a car, even though it’s supposed to be healthy to be car-conscious. I don’t like hunting, fishing, and think dogs should be kept outdoors. I dress plainly and don’t go in for fads. I like collecting modern paintings, drinking expensive bourbon, eating steak and making love.”

Once he felt he had the course plotted and safely steered his personal life away from the shoals of inquisitive eyes, conversation careened along. A lecturer at the Museum of Modern Art couldn’t coax your appreciation more than Randall exhibiting his modern paintings. He went from picture to picture, turning on the lights and praising each one like a parent showing off the occupants of the nursery.

Outside the room where he keeps most of his memorabilia that had been collected over a period of years, we had paused to get a closer look at one of the Persian prints on continued on page 32

THE BIGGER they are, the harder they fall . . . Tony shoots at the sitting ducks but his favorite target is any kind of phony.
Tony resents being called a comic, "I'm not a comedian, I'm an actor. Don't you think I even look like an actor?" he pleads

the hall wall. Randall's quick warning froze our eyes. "Look if you want," he invited, "but I think it's better to let you know what to expect." It was the sort of picture friends send from Paris which is exactly how Randall had gotten it. "I didn't hang it up while my mother was alive," he added.

Randall's sense of humor has a quality of detachment and making the ridiculous seem perfectly normal. Like the pair of binoculars he keeps on a delicate antique table in the living room so he can set the household clocks accurately by looking at a building, far down the avenue, that flashes on the time to the minute.

"You don't have to tell a funny story to get laughs," Randall confided, pouring more coffee. "It's being able to show the absurd behind the veneer of respectability. There's nothing funnier than a person who takes himself seriously.

"Almost all comedy that's worthwhile has its basis in knocking off top hats, pushing idols off their pedestals. I guess most people laugh because they'd do the same things if they had the opportunity. I'm always tempted in real life to knock off top hats. I've been very disrespectful most of my life, but I'm learning to control myself.

"Do you know most comics haven't got a sense of humor?" He wouldn't say which ones, but according to him, it was nothing to be alarmed about. "Very few people are born comics. A sense of humor is something that is developed like everything else." A few years back, he had discovered he could say funny things—and people would laugh. "The more funny things I said, the more recognition people gave me. I became a funnyman."

However, he resents being called a comic. "I'm not a comedian," he insisted. "I'm an actor. Don't you think I even look like an actor?" Just so no one gets the wrong impression and expects him to appear from now on only as the sophisticated clown, Randall recalled all the serious acting he had done in the past. "What I'm looking for now is a series of roles that would allow me to grow."

For someone whom almost everybody describes as "one of the nicest guys.... Randall isn't the one to be agreeable for the sake of avoiding argument. His strongest dislikes have to do with phoniness.

"A lot of actors reach stardom through one role, and think they have it made. After that, none of them bother to prepare for any serious acting. They can't take the pains or the trouble to become the craftsmen they should. Acting is a profession a person should live up to, not use as a ticket to glamour. Perhaps I'm a fanatic on the subject and resent people like these because I, personally, had to work so hard to get where I am."

The casual impression he gives while acting in some meringue like "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" doesn't follow him home like a friendly puppy. In the posh surroundings of home, Randall manages to look the sort for whom a cracker wouldn't crumble at the wrong time. There's an unmistakable neatness and preciseness, without being fussy, that makes itself known in his thinking, appearance, and philosophy toward life. Very simply, he's satisfied the way things have been moving along.

On the surface, his life is as uncluttered as the hall closet. Large enough to house an orderly floating crap game, the only things in it are two light tan poplin raincoats and a wide-ribbed corduroy cap with leather binding on the visor.

"I'd like to wear them around town again," Randall said, trying on the cap. It still fits. "But after wearing them in 'Oh Men, Oh Women,' I'm afraid people might think I'm showing off."

The way Randall said it, you knew right off he thought anyone who thought that was a ninny. "It's overnight success that spoils you," he explained. "And I sure don't qualify there. Anyway, I think it's a good idea to forget success and concentrate on trying to be good in your work."

Not only has fame not spoiled him, after all, he's been fairly well known for years before Hollywood discovered him, but anyone who still rides the subway after all the fanfare, huzzahs and hoopla he's been getting these days is not only remarkable, but has unprobed depths of humility.

"That's another thing I like about this apartment, it's so close to a subway station. Which reminds me, I've a singing lesson in another few minutes. Say! Have you ever smelled really good bourbon?"

Randall brought out the bottle of bourbon and we inhaled, agreeing it smelled like an Iowa cornfield, then heeled to as Randall led us to the elevator. The elevatorman who had taken us up was out to lunch. We reached the street without incident. Overhead, Randall, like the host whose spirits are suddenly revived at seeing a trying gossip leave, was leaning out the window, waving and smiling jovially. We couldn't hear what he was saying, but you can just bet it was a dilly—it usually is when Tony Randall says it.
RANDALL at his ridiculous best, is one of the funniest talents to break through the celluloid barrier in a long, long time.
SCANNING the score of tune she is about to record, Doris smiles approvingly. Doris began her illustrious career as a band singer.
Singing pretty and looking pretty, Doris brings her own brand of charm and warmth to a studio recording session.

WAXING eloquently in recording booth, Dodo's the picture of relaxation. You'll see her soon in Paramount's "Teacher's Pet."

GOSH, it sounds good, Doris seems to be saying as she listens to playback of recording. Doesn't surprise us. END
WAKING UP with a smile, two-year-old Linda Lee and her daddy begin the day by exchanging bear hugs. Pat’s latest is “April Love.”
Seated at the dinner table three-year-old Cheryl Lynn Boone repeated the simple grace her parents had taught her. Her bowed head brought her bangs to plate level while her pert ponytail flipped up atop her head. “Amen,” she finished, raising her eyes triumphantly to her proud father seated at her side. Two-year-old Linda Lee eyed her curiously as Cherrie broke into a satisfied laugh. “I did it good, didn't I, Daddy?” Cherrie asked.

Giving thanks at mealtime is a new accomplishment for Pat Boone’s oldest daughter. “I have to prompt her now and then,” Pat explained. “Maybe I should teach her a shorter form. On location for ‘April Love,’ Walter Brennan said everything there was to say with ‘Bless this food and us that eats it.’

Cherrie, an articulate little doll, according to her dad, not long ago explained to a playmate, “Our baby, Debbie, has her teeth already but her words haven’t come in yet.”

“When all three of them are in fine form (and that happens every day) laughing, squealing, crying, talking, singing—it’s something to hear,” Pat laughed ruefully. “I expect the neighbors just take to the hills. But the day Cherrie stood by the TV set wailing ‘Ho-o-un-d Dog’ was the most. That little doll has given us problems for a while. Watching her favorite kid programs on TV she sings along with them. One day when I was singing at a theatre Cherrie sat in the first row, and decided to help me out the same way. She’s got a real slice of ham in her but she comes by it naturally, having a singing dad and granddad. Never shy, she just sang right out. And I laughed through the whole show.”

Handsome Pat’s hazel-brown eyes sparkled with that special gleam common to fathers when discussing Life With continued on page 38
Pat’s life is like a three-ring circus but he always appears relaxed as he juggles his time with an ease that an acrobat would envy.

Father. His voice still has a soft hint of his Nashville origin. Singing seems to run in the Boone family for already younger brother Nick has signed a recording contract in Hollywood, using the name Todd instead of Boone. Pat sees great things ahead for 21-year-old Nick, says Pat, “I’d been crooning to myself as I crawled around in our home in Jacksonville, Florida, as a baby, Mother tells me. And our three little dolls do the same thing. Maybe they’ll be a trio like the Andrews Sisters. Or, if the new baby we’re expecting in February is a girl—maybe we’ll have a quartet. Ouch,” he grinned.

“But honestly we do hope for a boy... even have a name picked out—Michael.”

Pat’s own parents wanted a girl and had selected Patricia for their first-born. When Pat was born they made a hasty switch to Charles Eugene on the birth certificate, but called him Pat at all other times. The 23-year-old idol of the ponytail set was full of mirth, recalling the letter Red Foley, Shirley’s dad (one of the country’s top Western and country singers), wrote Pat; “I’m proud of you, and I couldn’t be happier about the kind of husband you’ve been to Shirley. But doggone it, boy, when are you going to provide me with a grandson?”

Pretty, red-brown-haired Shirley understands this desire of her dad because he had four daughters, no sons. “If the new baby isn’t a boy,” Shirley says, “we plan to adopt a couple of boys later on to round out the family. From the first, Pat and I wanted a big family and we wanted them while we were young so we could all grow up together.”

Bringing up a large family is complicated enough but when you are a public figure and live in a glass house, it’s even more complicated. “No matter where we’re living,” Shirley laments, “Pat’s fans surround the house, ring the doorbell and wake up the babies.” Pat takes this in stride but Shirley, as mother hen to her brood of babies, sometimes finds the price of fame a little trying. “They’re only babies and need lots of sleep,” she explains. As soon as we get them all into bed for their afternoon naps, zing, the doorbell rings. We’ve even put a notice over the bell telling Pat’s fans where they can send for photos but it doesn’t help. The kids stand there patiently waiting to see him. And Pat, with that heavy schedule of work and a full-time college course, is scarcely ever home.”

Pat’s hectic career these last few years has called for sound judgment in his marriage. And, in order to foster the essential “togetherness” and “family-mindedness” of a good marriage, Pat and Shirley take the children with them wherever they can—bottles, schedules, changes of diapers and everything.

“As soon as we arrived in Hollywood I rented a station wagon so Shirli could pile the gang in it and come to the...
"I BELIEVE," says Pat earnestly, "that it's not the quantity of time a father spends with his children, it's the quality of that time."

studio for lunch in the commissary or visit in my dressing room. . . . You should have seen all five of us in our twoseater Corvette, going to the beach! The sardine family almost stopped traffic."

The Boones do things together because they have more fun together and really believe that "our youngsters are more exciting to be with than the most glamorous people anywhere. Every day something new turns up with those three strong individualists and we want to be there to see it if at all possible." Still, they believe that if a marriage is to be kept free from routine, boredom and monotony, "married people need to be alone to refresh their love. No matter what," says Pat, "I take Shirl out to dinner once a week. She's a fine cook but she needs to get out of the house and we both love to explore restaurants, those featuring exotic foreign foods—like Japanese or Armenian."

Because the Boones love being together, the necessary and unavoidable separations are painfully hard to bear. "Even when Pat is just going away for a day," Shirley said, "I never leave the plane without tears in my eyes. On Pat's last tour he did 36 shows in 21 cities in 18 days, traveling by chartered bus. Naturally, we couldn't go along with him. And when he went to Kentucky on location for 'April Love' I couldn't go with him either because of the coming baby. We missed each other terribly and Pat was so lonely for the children. I wish Pat by calling him 'Boy Father' because he shaves only every other day. But he is a real father."

He's also the possessor of a neat sense of humor. In Memphis, home of a certain singer, Pat was asked by a reporter: "And do you have a fleet of Cadillacs, too?"

"Nope," grinned Pat, "but I do have a fleet of baby buggies."

That "fleet" hasn't harmed the sensational singing star one whit. When young Boone jumped aboard the Success Express he was warned to soft peddle his marriage, tell his kids to get lost because "a wife and kids are quick poison for a crooner." "Bosh," said Pat.

IT'S true that Pat's hectic schedule doesn't allow him as much time with his children as he'd like. But he's always been husier than a hot dog vendor in a ball park. And the discipline Pat taught himself from early boyhood on when he was a top student, athlete, church worker, singer on radio stations, has paid off. Today he can neatly juggle 32 hours of activities into each day.

"I believe," Pat explains earnestly, "that it's not the quantity of time a mother or father spends with the children—it's the quality of that time. Haven't you seen tired, harassed mothers, victims of bad home management, who are constantly reprimanding their children? Or the other kind of mother who dutifully feeds and cares for her children but gives them nothing else? Many fathers these days are going to school and working. Their hours with their youngsters are necessarily limited. But more depends on how you spend your time with your youngsters than how much time you have to spend. I plan—but I don't always succeed—on spending those precious hours wisely.

"Shirley and I try to do things with the children that we also enjoy. Disneyland, the beach, the zoo, playing ball. continued on page 66
a

PERSONAL REPORT

on Sophia Loren

Wherein, Tony Perkins makes some astute observations about Sophia Loren and winds up by revealing a little of himself in the process

Anthony Perkins wore no man's collar, least of all his own. In period costume for "The Matchmaker," he had removed it to lunch in comfort. His height is extraordinary when observed vis-a-vis. His bucolic, oddly moon-shaped face—for a man who is likened to Stewart and Cooper—reflected absolutely nothing. He ordered fruit salad and a cheeseburger and said gently:

"What's it about? They told me but I'm slipping."

"It's about Sophia Loren. You mind? You worked with her in 'Desire Under The Elms.' We're upstaging you a little but nobody could get to her on the lot. Not even the World Almanac."

"Why should I mind? Nice girl."

"I first met her in Rome. We were working opposite sides of the street. Literally. And I walked over one day to see her, introduced myself, and she returned the call and everything was copasetic. She's quite a simple girl really."

"Paisan type?"

"At heart, sure. Or so I'd guess. Remember, I'm not really an intimate friend. Just a co-worker in 'Desire Under The Elms.' Peasant up to a point. But not before a camera. We were doing this haystack scene. Or hay loft. You know those. Well, she not only knew what she wanted, she knew what she was going to get. Her lighting, her angles, her method of playing it. I grant you, something of me remains in the scene but I still hope the hack of my head is photogenic. Actually, it was written as her scene so that's the way it should have been. Still it gave me a chance to see continued on page 42
Whereupon, Sophia proves that Perkins is right when he

Continued on page 56
says: "She is a very simple girl really; when she works, she works and she can’t be distracted"
WEIGHING Christopher seems to be something that both father and son enjoy. Don's appearing next in "The Hell Bent Kid."
Mr. and Mrs. Don Murray take great pleasure in presenting to you Christopher Paton in his first public appearance.

"Peyton Place" is the name of Hope's next movie but she seems to place this particular "Paton" first.
With all those rumors about Tab becoming "difficult,"

Screenland invited him to take the stand and answer some blunt questions; here he is,

Your Witness

SINCE June of 1951, fate in the form of a Hollywood contract has held endless challenges for Tab Hunter. Today, six and a half years later, young America's No. 1 Dreamboat stands at the crossroads of a controversial career. No one can question Tab's popularity and his growth, both personal and professional, defies scrutiny.

Tab himself, however, believes he hasn't even scratched the surface of his acting potential, so he's set his firm jaw to prove he's right—or wrong! Invariably in such cases, there are always those who question motives, criticize endeavor and misjudge the one who has the guts to fight for survival. The rumor rousers have been giving Tab a good going over, which is why we asked for his deposition in the form of playing our favorite game—"True Or False."

"Okay," Tab retallated good-naturedly, "I'm willing to explain—as long as no one is lead to believe that I am trying to complain!"

Q. True or false, that you speak your mind and get yourself into hot water?
A. True to a degree. False to a degree. I've learned it's better if you haven't anything good to say, not to say anything at all. I haven't learned not to pull punches under certain circumstances. Just recently I turned down "Darby's Rangers" and went on suspension—off salary, that is. I could have beat around the bush and try to "charm" my way out of it. But it didn't offer me a chance to expand as an actor, which I need to do. So I said so as nicely as I know how. My decision paved the way for newcomer James Garner and this pleases me very much.

Q. True or false, that you've feuded with Natalie Wood and stated that you will never again make another picture with her?

By JERRY ASHER

UNTROUBLED by reports making him a "controversial" figure. Tab enjoys a television show with his good friend, Bob Wagner.

continued on page 48
A. False, but I know how this rumor got started and it’s my own fault. Natalie and I made two pictures together and we had a ball. True, we argued about playing one scene in “The Girl He Left Behind”—and had dinner together the same night. When these pictures made money, someone came to me and said the studio was going to make us a permanent team. “You mean like Mutt and Jeff!” I cracked and this was supposed to be a joke. The next day it was all over town that Natalie and I were at each other’s throats!

Q. True or false, that your recording of “Young Love” was one of those “freak” things, which sold over one million discs on the strength of your popularity with the fans?

A. True, and God bless their loyal hearts. This doesn’t mean, however, that I’m taking it lightly. I won’t push my luck and although certain columnists predicted I’ve had it with my first record. “Nifty-Nine Ways,” my second record hit the half-million mark. While I’m waiting to make another, I’m working very hard to improve my voice.

Q. True or false, that you’re very embarrassed when “Island Of Desire,” your first movie, is shown on television?

A. True, but I look at it philosophically. At the time I had never faced a camera before in my life. Outside of a school play, never had a day’s acting experience. So I did the very best I could and you can’t condemn a guy for that! When this picture appears on TV, I always hope that people who see it won’t say, “My, isn’t he terrible!” instead of, “My, hasn’t he made strides!” And if I haven’t made strides—please show me the nearest exit!

Q. True or false, that you’ve earned the reputation for wanting to pick your own roles and run the show?

A. False, very false. Maybe I have the reputation, but I haven’t “earned” it. After endless study and hard work, can you blame a guy for wanting roles that show what he’s learned? As for running the show, even a dimwit knows it takes the combined efforts of a great many people to turn out a good picture.

Q. True or false, that no one is allowed to put on your make-up but yourself?

A. False, and this is one I’ve never heard before! In the first place, I hate make-up and try to avoid it whenever possible. I’ll admit I won’t allow the make-up department to cover the little blood vessel under my right eye. People in real life have blemishes and I can never understand why your face should be flawless—just because you’re in the movies.

Q. True or false, that your studio is growing weary of your attitude and may allow you to “sit out” your contract?

A. I’d say false, because they gave me the co-starring role with Gwen Verdon in “Damn Yankees,” the New York musical being transferred to the screen. And I’ve heard I’m being considered for the nephew role in “Auntie Mame,” when Rosalind Russell makes a movie of her sensational stage hit in January.

LISTENING to playback of his voice at a recent recording session, Tab’s thoroughly absorbed. First record was a surprise smash hit.
beginning to bloom as a romantic singer

Q. True or false, that your worst faults are eating too fast, not returning telephone calls, stubbornness and being much too impulsive?
A. True, but as long as you're putting me on the spot, let's list all my faults. I'm a big fat procrastinator, too. My brother Walt's wife had a new baby recently. I was so happy for him I put off writing for weeks. I hate taking back empty bottles for refunds and then my conscience bothers me when I throw them out. I bum cigarettes and I'm the brother-can-you-spare-a-dime-for-a-cup-of-coffee type. No matter who you are or what you do, I think everyone should know his job. I get impatient with people who don't.

Q. True or false, that you're self-conscious about your name and can't be kidded about it?
A. False, but I had to get over it. Today I can even kid myself. When I did a TV sketch with Jimmy Durante and Jeanie Carson, we played Tab, Glab and Drab! My friend, Clyde Kennedy, who stables my horses, calls me Tab. Debbie Reynolds was the first person to call me Tabaroo. Perry Como called me Tabala when I appeared on his show. I'll even answer to "Hey You" if it's good-natured, but I feel sorry for anyone who's snide about my name and can't see that I'm just trying to do the best I can like everyone else.

Q. True or false, that you're extravagant and spend money on foolish things like owning horses?
A. True, but I'm recovering. May I say I don't think horses are "foolish." I love them and they're my release from Hollywood pressures. They keep me outdoors and out of mischief. I know I shouldn't grab for the check when it isn't my party. It drives my business manager nuts, because he has me on a budget and is trying to keep me out of the poorhouse in my old age. My first trip to Europe was for business, but my second was a mistake and I should have stayed home and studied. The studio paid for my third trip. I am paying off an annuity and depositing a monthly income tax reserve.

Q. True or false, that you're a faddist who goes for such things as health food kicks?
A. True, and why did you have to ask me this one! When I met Gloria Swanson she recommended a wonderful place in Glendale called, "Food For Life." Everything they sell is organically grown, but I had a heck of a time getting over there. Then Venetia Stevenson and I went for that three-day juice routine and I felt like I lost a hundred pounds. The basic idea is to cleanse your system of all poisons, but at the end of the third day I dashed out for a double malt and two cheeseburgers. Then I went home and wolfed a whole jar of peanut butter. They say—you are what you eat. So now you know what I am!

Q. True or false, that you believe Hollywood actresses are spoiled babes and want no part of dating them?
A. Look mister, I'm too young to die! I'll just answer this one by saying my first date with an actress was Debbie Reynolds. There have been many equally as nice, but you can't trap me into telling about the one who was furious when we didn't get a ringside table. She insisted I tell the head waiter who I was. Well who am I—I wanted to know—and I haven't seen her since!

Q. True or false, that you weren't as wide-eyed as you pretended to be and were just acting naive while you were learning to act?
A. False. What comes below greenhorn? When I went to Jamaica to make "Island Of Desire," they told me all expenses were paid. So I was a big man and kept buying drinks for everyone. Then I was handed a bar bill for $250, continued on page 64

CHECKING signals with pianist (above) or discussing the score (below), Tab's all business. He'll star in film "Damn Yankees."
"The Dark Garbo"

That’s what they’re calling the Italian star whose artistry—and passion for privacy—rivals the silent Swede’s; but when did La Garbo ever kiss a lamb?

PERCHED on a crate, Magnani smiles between scenes of “Wild Is The Wind,” a Hal Wallis-Paramount picture.

CLASPING hands with director George Cukor, right, and assistant Mickey Moore, Magnani signifies all is well.

TENDER kiss is bestowed on lamb by earthy Anna Magnani while on location in Nevada.

continued on page 52
Her expressive features convey torment, joy and whimsy as Anna Magnani bids for another "Oscar" award in "Wild Is The Wind".
ACTING with each other is fun, but Debbie and Eddie confess it is hard to work together all day without stress and strain.
Debbie and Eddie’s Dilemma

Is too much at stake for Debbie and Eddie to continue making films together?

DEBBIE REYNOLDS and Eddie Fisher feel that they are at a crossroad in their marital-career situation. Briefly, the question they face at the moment is, “Shall we make more pictures together? And if we do, should we do it now?”

They loved doing “Bundle Of Joy” together and apparently the public loved seeing them in it. It was enormously successful. So what more natural than the problem of whether or not to follow it up with more teaming pictures?

Eddie frankly wants to be an actor and he feels that that picture did a great deal toward launching him on an acting career. Moreover, it was fun for these so-in-love people to work with one another before the cameras. It was fun for them to take their picture problems home and talk about them in the evening. It was even fun to get up together for early calls!

Later, on, after the picture was released, it was exciting to read the good reviews and to get the thousands of fan letters from friends in two entertainment mediums who liked seeing their favorites together in a tender love story. The whole thing had been a wonderful romp.

But that, Eddie and Debbie concluded later on, was just the trouble. Would the public ever take them seriously as a team in pictures? Or would they think that everything they did together was just another romp? Would it destroy all the suspense of any story they did together because everyone would know that they would wind up in one another’s arms? Or would their fans accept it if they did not wind up in one another’s arms? These problems make it difficult to find scripts which will be good for both of them.

Then there are the personal problems.

“Much as I want a career in pictures,” Eddie says, seriously, “I certainly don’t want it at the tiniest expense to my marriage. Is it good, we wonder, to take these mutual problems home too often? We know already that it is difficult to work all day together without developing some sort of strain. Is it worth it to keep on doing it? Or will we, if we continue, get accustomed to it and take it in stride?”

Debbie adds, wistfully, “There is also the fact that if Eddie and I could both be working in pictures we could be together much more. And now that we have our little daughter, Carrie Frances, this becomes more and more important to us. If Eddie isn’t working in pictures when I am, then he has to be away from us so much . . . for TV, for night club work, dozens of things. Perhaps if we made just one or two more pictures together, he would be firmly established in Hollywood and wouldn’t have to be away so much. I don’t mean that he would necessarily be doing any better financially . . . possibly he wouldn’t even be doing as well. But we could be together.

“But would it be good in the long run? Is it really a good thing for a husband and wife to work together too much at such a strenuous job . . . and pictures are strenuous . . . and then take it all home with them to mull over in the hours which should be their intimate own?

“There is no use pretending that making a picture isn’t a strain and that making it with someone you love isn’t a very special strain. Should we try to live with these tensions?

“One problem we do not have, one which troubles many couples who try to work together. There is no ‘star temperament’ in either of us to make us jealous of one another’s opportunities or to mar our personal relationship. We have really had fun working together.

“There have been a few husband-and-wife teams who have made it work, such as the wonderful Lunt and Fontanne. Perhaps some day Eddie and I could grow into it and that would be wonderful.

“But we wonder if we are mature enough to try to make a steady thing of it now, despite all the personal advantages and pleasure in it? Would the strain of working together too constantly eventually put us on edge with one another?

“Will the public continue to accept us together for very long? Shall we keep on searching for good scripts for the two of us right now . . . or shall we wait?

“This seems important to us. What shall we do?” END

Paste ballot on postcard and mail to:

SCREENLAND
10 E. 40 St., New York 16, N. Y.

CHECK ONE:
□ Debbie and Eddie should continue making films together.
□ Debbie and Eddie should not make films together.

NAME__________________________AGE__________

ADDRESS_____________________________________

CITY________________________STATE__________

Results of your balloting will be sent to Debbie and Eddie.
The sophisticated look is not a matter of money. Example: a sleek sheath (available in any price range) plus a big pin worn on the hip, topped with a simple hairdo, add up to super-smartness.
You know her, the girl with that certain something we call sophistication. There's a special air about her, no matter what she's wearing. What is it? How does she get that way? And how can you look like that—if you want to? Well, if you think hard about that sophisticated girl, and try to analyze the ingredients of the look, you'll see that it always begins and ends with simplicity of line. Look at the girl in the picture opposite. She's all one long sleek curve—but a gentle curve, nothing obvious! And her hair has the same simplicity—no curls, no fuss. But simplicity isn't the whole story, either. Picture a girl in a plain little dress, probably with a white collar and a simple hairdo. Is she sophisticated-looking? Not necessarily! She may look like the typical sweet kid next door. So what does the sophisticated have besides simplicity? She has dash. She has drama. Does the girl in the picture opposite wear her pin on her shoulder, like everybody else? No, she wears it on her hip—and it's a huge pin with plenty of impact. Her bracelet is big, too, and instead of wearing it on her wrist, she wears it halfway up her arm. And she carries something like simplicity! Her posture is wonderful—head high, back straight. She looks very sure of herself, very confident, very "I know where I'm going, and how to get there!" Which is a good trick for any girl to practice. Is the sophisticated girl fashionable? She is, but she is not necessarily a fashion plate. If a big coat is the last word, and she knows big coats are not for her, she skips them. If off-shoulder necklines are on the way in, but she doesn't like the looks of them off her shoulders, she passes them up. She makes her own style, selecting what's becoming from current fashion, and ignoring the rest. How can you acquire the sophisticated look? Start with paring down your present style, whatever it is. The sophisticated girl takes off, rather than adds. Go in for simple lines, then wear one piece less of jewelry than usual. Make your costume, from your hairdo to your toes, one clean sweep with no distractions. Then focus the eye of your audience in one spot. The trick is to dramatize one thing at a time. If you want to wear a big red stole—fine. But wear it over a plain dress. Don't wear gimmicky shoes, or a dramatic belt, or a handbag that's a showpiece in itself. Keep your colors in one key, except for the single splash of contrast. The most sophisticated color scheme of all is a monochrome, with no contrast at all. If you like full skirts, wear them—but everything else should be severely simple. Cut out an excess of buttons, bows, and gimmicks—wear only one at a time. A plain girl can be a knockout, if she achieves the sophisticated look!
Paar for the

“Tonight’s” is NBC-TV’s “Tonight” show and Jack Paar has adroitly steered it—and himself—right to the top of television

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

Above the lobby of a theatre on 44th Street in New York there’s a spacious suite of offices occupied by Jack Paar and company. Things start jumping at about 7 p.m. Someone begins banging away at a piano, someone else shouts gaily above the music; secretaries, back from an early supper, get busy at their desks.

“It’s always so noisy around here,” said Alida Mesrop, Jack’s young coordinator of promotion and public relations, “that Jack Douglas writes with ear plugs.”

At that very moment, Jack Douglas was sitting behind a big desk in Jack Paar’s large, square office, and he was writing. It turned out to be a sign that would later appear on a blackboard behind Paar’s desk on the “Tonight” show. It read: “Bananas Loaders Wanted: College Men Preferred.”

Jack Paar was lying on a leather sofa; he was barefooted and puffing a cigar. When Alida led me in he sat up, pulled on brown socks, brown loafers and jumped to his feet. He was wearing tan slacks and a tan and white striped shirt open at the collar. He looked tired. He was tired.

“I got up early this morning. Nine-thirty,” he said. “And I spent all day working on the lawn and I ate too much. Usually I eat only one meal a day.”

Before he took over “Tonight,” Jack usually went to bed at about nine o’clock and woke up at five in the morning. That’s changed. Just as “Tonight,” itself, has changed.

Someone once described Jack’s specialty as “off-trail” nonsense. Jack, himself, says, “I’ve never pretended to be an actor. I’m at my best when I’m talking. “Tonight” is about the last opportunity for a guy like me.”

His first opportunity presented itself during the war when he left his announcing job in his native Cleveland, Ohio, to serve time in the Army.

“One hour after I had my uniform on,” he recalled to a friend, “I was asked to say a few words about the Army at an officers’ club. So I got up and told them that the club reminded me of ‘a big tent show with rules.’ That got around, and the next thing I knew I was being sent to Washington with two colonels to be toastmaster at a banquet for three generals. Imagine me—a lowly private—telling those guys off!”

“It was all very American, basically. And sweet and clean, I think. I got a lot of laughs and it went well, and so I was sent all around the East in little Army units to entertain the troops. Then I was attached to the 28th Special Service outfit. It was an infantry company, technically. We’d train all day and give shows at night. Our mission was morale in the field.”

He lifted the morale in the field to such heights that all the privates would talk about him with something like reverence in their eyes. He inspired this by poking merciless fun at “the brass!” He’d say something like: “Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine . . . there isn’t anything he wouldn’t do for me that I wouldn’t do for him. And that’s the way it’s been for the past five years—we haven’t done a damn thing for each other!”

At first, the officers got sore, but Jack’s mild-mannered, witty delivery won them over. “I don’t go out there to make ‘em sore,” he said. “I go out to make ‘em laugh . . . I like to make the General laugh, too, even if he does wind up laughing at himself.”

Many very famous and very talented performers gave their time freely to entertaining the troops, but it was Jack Paar who was the biggest hit of the South Pacific. There wasn’t an atoll he didn’t visit with pipe in hand and satisfying venom on his tongue. “We worked so far behind the Japanese lines,” he said, “that we worried about being bombed by the Germans.”

After the war he became Jack Benny’s summer replacement on radio. He soon became everybody’s replacement.

“What does Jack Paar do in the wintertime?” TV critic John Crosby once asked. “Live on the nuts he stores in the summer time? I have learned to tell the season by Jack Paar. When Paar appears it’s time to lay away the winter clothes and get out the tennis racquets.”

It was true, and Jack was in a peculiar predicament. Ten years ago he was always being named “the most promising new star” on polls, but success never found him.

continued on page 70
course

PRACTICE (left, above) makes perfect, which is why Jack looks so relaxed on show (below).
He did go to Hollywood for a couple of movies that left a bad taste in his mouth. One of those movies was with Marilyn Monroe, and in his quiet, outspoken way Jack got into trouble with columnists about it.

"Please get this straight," he finally explained. "Some published quotes attributed to me have given the impression that I disliked Marilyn while I was working with her in 'Love Nest.' That is not true. She was a nice, big little girl. one who was constantly carrying books of poetry with the titles visible, so you could see what she was reading. It seemed to me she always wanted to be an intellectual, but she thought it was something you had to join. This naturally bored me and I was also annoyed because she was always late."

He went on to state what he admired most in women. "I admire . . . the one quality that is the most sexually stimulating. And do you know what that is? Poise."

By that time he had met a woman with a great deal of poise. It will be 14 years that he's married to his wife, Miriam. She had never been in show business, which suited Jack fine.

"Professionally sexy women are really lacking in sex," he feels. "What they're interested in is making an impression. "I met Miriam when I was in the Army. I was speaking in Hershey, Pennsylvania, one night with my commanding officer and I met her. Five months later we were married."

Reticent about his personal life, it was his girl Friday—Alida—who described Miriam more fully, "She's a dark blonde. She looks like Laraine Day. She's very soft-spoken, but not quiet. She's pleasant and nice. There's a warm quality about her. You feel completely at ease with her."

Jack, Miriam, their eight-year-old daughter, Randy—who looks just like her Dad—and a dachshund named Schnapps live in an early-American style home in Bronxville, New York.

"Miriam and I worked with the builders," Jack said. "The place was originally a barn. There's no basement. It has four floors and about twelve rooms."

The place was personally landscaped by Jack and his wife and it includes a rock garden (which he tends) and a swimming pool (which he uses often).

When the Paars moved into the house about a year ago Jack was doing a daily radio broadcast from his den which contains an elaborate recording and broadcasting system. In 1952, he had a morning TV show called "Up To Paar" and then for a year he had an afternoon show. Neither was getting him the acclaim he deserved, but they were both good experience. On his morning show he filled 15 hours a week with no trouble. That makes "Tonight" a snap.

"We used to climb up on the lights and shoot ping-pong balls back and forth for 40 minutes," Jack recalls. "They loved it . . . I'm at my best when all hell breaks loose. My philosophy is that what is happening now is much better than what happened eight hours ago and has been rehearsed ever since . . . I think I'm different—unique. My wife does, too. She said just this morning, 'There's no one like you!'"

When Jack was casting around for a suitable showcase, Ed Sullivan engaged him for many guest spots, and Jack will always be grateful.

"I have been called difficult to work with," he recently told columnist Marie Torre, "by people who do not know me. What I call integrity has been more than a few people could cope with. I have left two shows in my career simply because I could not in good faith continue to work under conditions that were in conflict with my sense of integrity. I have refused to have any part of rigged quiz shows; I have refused on one occasion to read a commercial that I found offensive. I have refused to appear at benefits or on telephones where any one was taking a salary on the side. Am I difficult to work with? I think the answer is: maybe!"

"Difficult, indeed!" scoffs Alida. "Jack's the most considerate, most understanding person I've ever met or worked with."
"But," added Ingrid, "I never put myself on a pedestal as a perfect mother. Peter used to say, 'It is not good, the way you play with Pin as a friend, as an equal. The child should have respect for you.' And I would answer, 'I don't want her to have respect for me. I want her to love me.'"  

Hollywood, for Bergman, was a terribly lonely place. "It was so dull!" she cried, remembering her life before Roberto. "All they ever talked about, out there, was this producer or that one, or how taxes were killing them. Often, after I'd finished a movie and had stayed around the house for a while, I'd want to see some plays and hear a few concerts, and I'd sort of run away to New York. I like that city. It's alive."

She was to say as much for Rossellini. "He's so alive," she exulted, after meeting him. "He makes me come alive."

One Italian film executive, in trying to define Rossellini's special charm, said, "He creates a dream atmosphere about himself. The women around him live in a dream world. He is the true man of today. The rest of us all suffer from romanticism with foolish notions about how gently women should be treated."

Rossellini's "Open City" and, later, "Paisan," had moved Ingrid deeply. She had had two bad pictures in a row—"Arch Of Triumph" and "Joan Of Arc"—and Hollywood seemed to offer her nothing but "more of the same, only more so." She wrote Rossellini what amounted to a fan letter, in which she said, "If you should ever need an actress whose English is quite good and whose only knowledge of Italian is Io ti amo, please call on me." Quipped one insider: "Mail order romance was something new for the Italian Romeo, but he was up to it. He merely had to hide Ingrid's letters in his aunt's house, lest the fiery Anna Magnani, then his great friend, find out about them."

There were other women in Rossellini's life, too: His wife; a Roswita Schmidt, and Marilyn Buferd, the Miss America of 1946. The double threat lover shuffled his women around with fine impartiality. What he lacked in youth and physique, he more than made up for in hand-kissing and other demonstrations of Continental charm.

Somehow, the Italian genius had managed to shelve all his girl friends except Magnani, when Ingrid Bergman arrived in Paris with her husband for the momentous first meeting with Rossellini. They were to discuss Ingrid's starring in Roberto's proposed new film, "Stromboli." Rossellini, who arrived for the meeting two days late—the name of the delay was Anna Magnani—finally saw the film, promised to bring a draft of the script to America within three months, bowed to Dr. Lindstrom (the doctor was not impressed), kissed Ingrid's hand, and departed.

Early the following year, Roberto came to Hollywood as the house guest of the Lindstroms. The good doctor still did not like the Italian. But when Rossellini left to go back to Italy, "he must have given Ingrid the full treatment of his persuasive genius," an intimate said, "because when Bergman joined Roberto later in Rome, it was not for just a film."

Ingrid's arrival in Italy was a field day for the press. The Roman charmer made sure that newspapermen understood the full implication of the Bergman visit; he thoughtfully provided the Swedish star with a suite in the Hotel Excelsior; it connected with his own by inter-communicating doors. (He was to do this later, too, with the Indian beauty, Sonali, in Bombay.) And, further, to make sure that this bit of sublety was not lost, Roberto showed, only to his intimates, of course, a copy of the letter Ingrid dispatched to her husband in which she confessed "that she had found a new soul mate."

Rossellini asked for an annulment of his first marriage on the grounds that he was under the influence of drugs when he married. Ingrid wrote to Lindstrom pleading for a divorce, and then the pair set off for Stromboli and the film they were to make."

"I probably loved Roberto from the time that I first saw his pictures," Ingrid admits. "Oh, it wasn't the kind of thing that comes to you suddenly. I never thought, 'God, I'm in love.' I just felt as though I had known Roberto for years."

On the constantly-erupting volcanic island they lived without plumbing, fresh water, roads, newspapers, movie houses or wheeled vehicles. The peak of luxury was the makeshift shack that was Ingrid's shower. And while Roberto may have been a gentle lover, he set for Bergman the most rugged standard of realism she ever had to meet. In one scene where she had to break away from the arms of a fisherman, Rossellini sent Ingrid back barefoot repeatedly over the knife-sharp lava with the stingy rebuke, "I still do not find in your face the nuances that must be there." The blood on her feet was left in the film.

Despite all this, Ingrid found life on Stromboli a paradise. She and Rossellini refused to turn their love into a furtive affair. They walked everywhere on the island, hand in hand. "All that counts for Ingrid," said her friend Jean Renoir, the film director, "is her feeling that something is right. If she feels that it's right, then even before she knows it to be right, she acts. If she loves someone, she would no more try to hide it than she would try to keep the sun from coming up."

Appalled at the rumors, Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy, talked all night with Ingrid and Rossellini, but refused adamantly to grant Ingrid her freedom. When he left 24 hours later, he still insisted that his wife "come to her senses." "She referred to her behavior of the past three weeks," the doctor said later. "She said she had changed her mind and promised to discontinue the relationship. Her words were, 'This has to stop.' She said she would have nothing more to do with that man after the picture was finished. We planned to meet when her work was done."

This is Dr. Lindstrom's version. It continued on page 62.
THE PRICE
INGRID PAID FOR LOVE
continued

does not jibe with what Ingrid herself said. Even so, Ingrid's "returning home" was by now an emotional impossibility.

On December 12, 1949, columnist Louella Parsons reported that Ingrid was expecting a baby in three months.

"I don't know how she found out," Ingrid said. "I don't know who would have told her. And I don't ever want to know."

Life for Ingrid and Rossellini became all but intolerable. Photographers and newsmen hounded them, patrolling the front of the Rossellini apartment, where Ingrid was then living, day and night. One pair of newsmen, disguised as broom sellers, even went to a Minnesota farm and tried to coax a statement from a bewildered young Pia. For two solid months, until her baby was born, Ingrid was a prisoner in the apartment; she did not dare leave.

When Renato Roberto Justus Giuseppe—afterward called Robertino—was born in the Villa Margherita Clinic Feb. 2, 1950, cameras with telescopic lenses were trained like cannon on the hospital. Nuns were offered bribes of a million lire to let pictures be taken of the newborn baby. On the radio Ingrid's obstetrician discussed her childbirth in clinical detail. Rome's riot squad raced over in jeeps to restore law and order, and Ingrid had to have her rooms guarded by armed carabinieri.

"I didn't know how much more of it I could take," Ingrid said. "If they had been deliberately trying to drive me crazy, they couldn't have done a much better job."

She was vilified, condemned, raked over the coals by press and public alike. A U. S. Senator in the halls of Congress declaimed, self-righteously, "Out of Ingrid Bergman's ashes perhaps a better Hollywood will come . . ."

"They tried to kill me, but I am hard to kill," Miss Bergman said. "All right, I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman, and it's not the last. It's too bad, but there it is. Anyone can make a mistake. It's how they act after the mistake that should be judged, if you ask me." And Rossellini added, "Believe me, it took more courage on our part to have the baby."

What hurt Ingrid most was not what others had done to her. It was what she had had to do to someone else. "My decision not to give up Roberto was a selfish one, I know. I put my happiness first. But I never dreamed I'd encounter such bitterness and that I'd lose Pia."

"The worst part," she went on, "was having to hurt my daughter. To do that to her, knowing it wasn't her fault—I was sick over it. Nothing that has ever happened in my whole life has made me feel half so rotten . . . And now, she doesn't even call herself Pia any more. She hated the name that we had given her; her friends made fun of her—you know how kids are. So she's Jenny Ann," Ingrid sighed. "Jenny Ann! It's so hard for me ever to remember that."

But even with all the horror, Ingrid was not yet a bitter, beaten woman. She and Rossellini picked up the pieces of their lives, settled down to raise a family. Money was scarce—for a long time the $300,000 she had left behind in California was tied up in the courts—but even so, she and Roberto spent at a furious rate. They had the apartment on the Via Bruno Buozzi in Rome, bought a $100,000 villa at Santa Marinella and a large schooner. "We'll probably wind up in the poorhouse," Ingrid laughed. "But at least I will have been happy." And she could still act. "Not to act," she once said, "is the same as not to breathe . . ."

Unfortunately, the films Ingrid and Rossellini made together were dismal failures. The same critics who hailed Roberto as the great director of his day were now raising doubts as to his ability. Somebody had to be the breadwinner; Somebody had to pay for Roberto's red Cisitalia racing car and the white Ferrari—the "summer Ferrari"—and the seaside villa and the children. The blonde Swedish star started studying the script of "Elena And The Men," in which she was directed by Jean Renoir.

"We are splitting artistically—my husband and I—but only artistically," Ingrid was quick to explain. And Rossellini said, "When people who love each other work together in pictures, it can kill the love. I'd rather have my love."

Yet a man who felt rejected could turn bitter, just as Dr. Lindstrom turned bitter, too. Friends were saying that Roberto's failure to direct his wife in anything but box-office turkeys had wounded his ego so badly the hurt would never heal. Ingrid's star was rising again; Rossellini's had sunk to the nadir. He had not been consulted about "Anastasia"—"it was the worst thing Ingrid ever did," he sneered. He was jealous of Ingrid's success in Paris in the French stage version of "Tea And Sympathy." He sat, ignored and unnoticed, in the corner of a London hotel room while Ingrid was petted and partied. "For Rossellini," one comment said, "London was hell. He left London convinced that he was no longer necessary to Bergman." He flew to India at the invitation of the Government to make a documentary film. Ingrid and the three children were alone that Christmas.

The man for whom Ingrid Bergman had given up everything—husband, child, home, honor—now seemed to be blaming her for all his troubles. In Bombay, Rossellini was saying, "My wife? Ingrid is a very independent woman. A strong woman, in many ways much stronger than I. I will be quite honest. The first years of our marriage we worked only together. If they offered Ingrid something without me, she refused even to read the script."

"Those were the happy years. The children were small. They cried for Mama and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older and they are not so dependent on her and Ingrid grows restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are . . ."

Far away on the other side of the world, in Paris, Ingrid was still pretending that all was well. "People are always trying to get us divorced," she said. "But life has seldom been so good to me as it is now."

She could even—the Incredible Swede—lash out in defense of Rossellini. "He's not a villain," she cried. "He's nice. He's a considerate, humane man with practically no vices. He doesn't drink. He doesn't gamble. He has no hobbies, except motor car racing. When he's in his Ferrari, he forgets all his problems and he relaxes."

But when, suddenly, newspaper headlines flared: Roberto jilts Ingrid for new love in India, time, for Ingrid, had come to a stop. There were no presents for the children at Christmas; there was nothing for Ingrid, even on her seventh wedding anniversary—nothing except a brief cable of eight words from India: WISHING YOU A LONG AND HAPPY MARRIED LIFE. ("I have done no shopping since I came," said Roberto, in cold defense. "I am working. I am a busy man. There is not time.")

Yet there was time enough to meet Sonali Das Gupta, flatter her, ask her
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then, too soon, it was time for Jenny-Ann to leave for home—home, and school—in the United States. The get-acquainted holiday had ended. Downcast and depressed, alone as she had never been before, Ingrid Bergman could only say, “The wind blows this way and blows that way, and in life you have to take what it gives you. I am grateful for everything that has happened. I have never regretted anything.”

Ingrid, perhaps, was not “doing penance for anything.” She was, in November, at work again in London, making “Kind Sir” with Cary Grant. (“When I saw Ingrid,” a friend said, “she struck me as a woman going back to work just to keep life going.”) There was to be, she said time after time, “no divorce from Rossellini.” Sources close to Roberto were saying that he was still determined not to leave India without the mother of two who deserted her husband (as Ingrid had) and defied centuries of tradition to join him at Bombay’s Taj Mahal Hotel. The rumors that Ingrid had already met a new love—an actor with whom she had appeared in a film in Paris—were met only with a numbed, stony silence.

Of the career that is always so much a part of her life, Ingrid said, “I’ll go anywhere, if a role and story appeal to me.” But no place she could go—nothing she could ever do—would make her forget the price she has paid, and perhaps is still to pay, for a love the world holds is unworthy of her.

Your Witness

Your Witness continued from page 49

a full week’s salary in those days. That’s when this bird brain learned a studio only pays for merits on location.

Q. True or false, that you have a penchant temper and really explode when someone rubs you the wrong way?

A. True, at times. But it isn’t some one, it’s something. Like the time I kept calling Venetia Stevenson when my TV set was broken. I knew she was home and I wanted to catch Kim Stanley’s TV show. Venetia wouldn’t answer her phone, so I dashed over and scared her silly when I exploded. Once I blow my stack I’m over it.

Q. True or false, that you won’t mingle with Hollywood’s top brass socially, although it might “help” you?

A. True. I never want to be in a position where things are put on a personal basis. I think acting is like religion. You know about it but only discuss it at the proper time and place. And no one can convince me that an actor gets a job by losing at tennis—if you know what I mean?

Q. True or false, that you’re bitter about those endless stories revealing the “real” Tab Hunter?

A. False, because there’s no place in my life for bitterness. Sometimes I do wonder if those conflicting stories confuse the people who read them. For example, I’ve told everyone I’m still trying to finish furnishing my small apartment. But when my good friend and agent, Dick Clayton, allowed me to be photographed in his hilltop home, the writer spun a tall tale about my struggle to pay for my dream house. Some dream! It turned out to be a nightmare, for Dick, who finally had to put an electric lock on his gate.

Q. True or false, that you have a phobia about making a fool of yourself?

A. Please don’t call it a phobia, but it really is true. I try to avoid being put in a spot where I can’t do my best.

Like the time I had to sing to a live audience and forty million viewers on the Perry Como show. When they suggested spinning my recording of “Young Love” and letting me mouth the words, that did it. I plunged in and sang the song myself. Was I scared? And how?

Q. True or false, that there are those who think you’re taking yourself too seriously these days?

A. True—the same ones who accused me of not taking myself seriously enough last year!

Q. True or false, that you have no plans for marriage and raising a family of your own?

A. False. I’d marry tomorrow. Next week, or next year. In other words, the minute I find the girl who’s right for me and vice-versa. And if I had my way, I’d have three children, a girl, a boy and a girl and in that order.

Q. True or false, that you’re a victim of terrific “highs” and terrific “lows?”

A. Too true. Anticipation is terribly exciting, but you can’t put all your faith in it the way I do. Then there are times when I suddenly hit bottom and I couldn’t tell you why. I just try to be alone and remember it will all pass—until the next time!

Q. True or false, that you think it’s difficult to be “yourself” in Hollywood?

A. True in many cases, including mine. So much happens so fast, it takes a long time to know what or who “yourself” really is. Check with me again in 20 years—just in case I’m around!

Q. True or false, that there is anything else you’d like to say before you climb off the witness stand?

A. True. I’d like to say I’m grateful for this chance to tell the truth. I’d also like to thank my wonderful fans for supporting me while I’m fighting hard to prove that I’m not just another actor who came along bearing that label—“Product of Hollywood!”
MISS Magazine—the Smart Choice of the young set
A Personal Report On Sophia Loren

continued from page 42

that meeting in New York with William Wyler, the director. The meeting that got me out here. Whoever wrote that couldn't have had it wronger. I was doing 'Tea And Sympathy.' My agent wanted me to talk to Wyler. I didn't want to. That's a fact, I didn't want to. Couldn't see any point to it because l was practically set for another play. But my agent insisted and I did, and Wyler and I got along and that was that. And this is this. But a lot of it you can have.

"You even walk down Sunset Boulevard in your bare feet?"

"Your name's not Mike Wallace, is it? I walked to the market in my bare feet a few times. That would be Sunset. So do lots of people. But they got away with it, I didn't."

"Now where does that leave lovely Sophia Loren?"

"Hey, we lost her somewhere back there, didn't we?"

"That we did. She ever mention Gina Lollobrigida?"

"Never in my hearing. She is very, very grande dame on the subject of Gina Lollobrigida, which I hope you can spell. As grande dame as she was the night of the Romanoff's bash. Do you remember that night?"

THAT night caused quite a rumpus in Hollywood. It was Miss Loren's formal bow to the town and everybody, as Miss Parsons says, who was anybody was there, plus hundreds of faceless derelicts who presumably did not have names. Miss Loren's entrance was late and smashing but no one, absolutely no one, can out-late Jayne Mansfield. And Miss Mansfield's entrance was no more demure than a scream in an alley. Those who have pondered why Miss Mansfield was advised to come at all and thought she was badly advised now may have their answer. She was advised by a 20th Century-Fox publicist, who said he would sacrifice his head if he had done her wrong. Miss Mansfield didn't want to come, it says here, but the publicist's head is still on. In any event, Miss Mansfield swept up to Miss Loren and the two were photographed together amid fanfare and toroso. They were aloof as two wrestlers before the bell. Unquestionably, Miss Mansfield diverted attention from the guest of honor. Just as unquestionably, Miss Loren rose miles above the whole thing. The photographer who gasped awedly, "My God, they're having a contest!" could not have been wronger. Miss Loren was declining to compete.

"Sophia really had it that night," said Perkins. "She always has it. There's more innate dignity in that woman than there is in a stable of Astors. Keep battling, friend."

"All right, let's go back to the part about over-compensating."

"No, just compensating. You would, too. Look, Sophia had it terribly rugged. I've said that. Now she's a movie queen and she lives it up. On the set, too, We always knew she was around. But why not? Don't have me say it as if I didn't like it. She's a star—a real star for Pete's sake. I didn't even mind being up-staged a few times. Besides, I got some of that back. But who's going to be looking at a puss like mine when Sophia's is on the screen?"

"Girls."

He smiled thinly. "You ever taken a real good look at my face? Someone's myopic. I better be good because I sure ain't pretty. But Sophia's—a legendary beauty. And the wonderful thing is, she's not self-conscious about it. You know, she just never stops thinking."

"Compensate some more."

"Sure. It comes to this, in my opinion. You read about stars who long for the past. But most of them don't. Why should they? Their past a lot of times was tough. They live desperately in the present. Desperately. And no one more than Sophia. Why would she want to go back to what she had? She might even like for an analyst to get it out of her, I don't know. But I'm sure Stregheto is no more where she is concerned, and must never be again. Is that bad? Sophia's rolling in clover, she knows she's rolling in clover, she loves it and she says she loves it. That's about as honest as you can be. Where's Little Stick now? Taking bows somewhere, I hope."

"Did you, kidding aside, like working with her?"

"Well all kidding aside, I loved working with her."

"And as a person?"

"Wonderful. Check around if you like—everyone agrees with me."

"But there was nothing between you beyond the professional association?"

"No-o-o-o. Was it rumored?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then, why—?"

"Stretching. We got all this beautiful art on her. The theory is a few words make art look better."

"It looks like I'm writing you a glorified caption."

"That's it."

Perkins stood and stretched his amazing length in several directions. "Sophia couldn't see you, eh?"

"Apparently not."

"Funny. She's not like that at all. But when she works she works and she can't be distracted. And lunch interviews made her nervous. And when she's in her dressing room, she has to rest. That's what you were up against. But you weren't up against her personal wishes, I'll tell you that."

"That's better. It makes her paizan all over again."

"Paizan with furs," amended Perkins. "Thanks for the featured billing. Call me if you need me."

"We don't need you. Because we've got the pictures."

END

Papa Pat

continued from page 39

bicycling, Walt Disney movies, making home movies—are fun for all of us; Shirley and I enjoy pocket billiards and I've taught Cherrie how to hold the cue. She puts on her ten-gallon hat, her cowgirl boots and rides the range across the living room floor with me as her bucking bronco.

According to the Boone family the most fun ever is a do-it-yourself session in a coin-operated Photomaton. Whenever they spot one in a drug or dime store they take turns having their pictures taken while hamming it up. The more outlandish the facial expressions—the more fun.

Pat just can't imagine what it would be like—not being a father. "It's wonderful," he says, "to hear those squeals and shouts when I enter the front door after a hard day of picture-making, or watching a baby haltingly learn to say one first word and a few months later

continued on page 69
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Father John A. O'Brien, one of America’s foremost marriage counselors, has written “Happy Marriage.” Containing a special preface by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, “Happy Marriage” tells you how to prepare for marriage and presents many of the important facts you should know in order to find a perfect mate. This helpful book is now available at all newsstands in an inexpensive 35c Popular Library edition.

You owe it to yourself to buy a copy today.
MORE musical morsels from the Horne of plenty. Lena Horne's latest album for Victor, "Stormy Weather," holds a flock of tempting items in store for the listener. Some of the main course delicacies include the title song, "Mad About The Boy" and "Just One Of Those Things." . . . "Bing With A Beat" is the title of Bing Crosby's new Victor album. Backed by Bob Scobey's Frisco Jazz Band, he has things going at a swift pace befitting the hot Dixieland doings. Everybody's as relaxed as warm Jello as they bounce through such diverse can- tatas as "Last Night On The Back Porch" and "Mack The Knife." . . . Les Paul and Mary Ford have not yet run out of multiple tapes or the ability to get a good sound down on them. Their Capitol recordings of "Strollin' Blues" and "I Don't Want You No More" once again have Les and Mary dittoing voice and guitar in expert and exciting fashion. . . . For those who like to take their compos- ers in the giant economy size, Columbia has the perfect package. It consists of a series of 2-LP albums featuring the music of Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Cole Porter. The hands are handsomely mounted and adroitly performed. And if there have been any important tunes overlooked, they've eluded us, too.

What should be a big song for a big picture, "Raintree County," is given the four-star treatment by Nat "King" Cole. The flip side, "With You On My Mind," is a pleasant enough ballad, but "Raintree" should be getting the heavy play across the country. After this recording, the movie may come as a bit of an anti-climax (Capitol) . . . The mass hysteria that accompanied the recent calypso craze has subsided considerably, but the man who was the guiding force behind it shows no signs of diminishing popularity. Harry Belafonte's latest Victor album, "Belafonte Sings Of The Caribbean," is still deep in West Indian rhythms and still very good. . . . Gisele Mackenzie, late of "The Hit Parade," is a gal of many fabulous talents, not the least of which is the ability to sing as charmingly in French as she does in English. In the Vik album, "Mam'zelle Gisele," she offers a full house of Gallic interpretations. The numbers that were originally written in English lose nothing in the translation. . . . That staunch group of musical lower classmen, The Four Freshmen, are once again Big Men On Campus with their latest Capitol recording of the standard "Sometimes I'm Happy" and a torchy ballad, "Julie Is Her Name." Latter was written by Bobby Troup who just happens to supply the musical backgrounds for Julie London.

Another Julie, Julia Wilson by name, applies her husky tonsils to an album of standards gathered under the Vik banner and labeled "My Old Flame." Miss Wilson's flame is neither old nor flickering but burns brightly and steadily . . . The King Sisters after an all too long hiatus from the music field have been coming on like Gang Busters as of late. Their new Capitol release features the girls on a couple of evergreens that have managed to stay fresh and alive through the years—"Easy To Love" and "That Old Feeling." . . . Ruby Braff is a trumpet player who refuses to be categorized. Neither Dixie, nor progressive, nor hot, nor cool, Ruby just settles for playing a whole mess of fine horn. His new Epic album titled simply "Braff!" illustrates the non-conformist qualities of Mr. Braff perfectly. Ruby makes his point on numbers such as "When My Dreamboat Comes Home" and "Moonlight." . . . Lonnie Donegan, backed by his Skiffle Group, has a pair of half folk ballad, half rock-a-billy type numbers out on a new Mercury record. "Gamblin' Man" and "Puttin' On The Style" definitely have The Beat but not in overpowering quantities.

Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, CBS-TV star
chattering away like a magpie. Or mastering turning right or left or stopping short on a tricycle. I hope I'll never lose my interest and eagerness to help my kids grow along the way.

"As far as I'm concerned children can be children. If that means noise, confusion, occasional freshness or shouting or bouncing, that is all right with me. But I hope I know where to draw the line. If you give youngsters rules to live by they'll find times when there are no rules to cover a given situation. But if you give them principles (as my own parents tried to do with me) they have a solid foundation on which to build their lives."

Pat doesn't profess to be a perfect father. He's only human, after all. He knows, for instance, that Cherrie, beloved first-born, is an exceptionally bright child, always on the go, a ball-of-fire who tries to rule the family. Maybe, because she is so cute, he's spoiled her a little, as many another loving father does. But when she interferes with his home recording or college study hours, he lays down the law.

Young Pat is as good a father as he is a singer, actor and student—and that's mighty, mighty good. How does this amazing young man manage his triple-threat life—career, family man, college student?

Jack Spina, Pat's manager, has the answer. "The pace Pat keeps up is unbelievable," Spina says. "Sometimes I'm not sure whether he's man—or Superman. He has as much energy as his ancestor, Daniel Boone. You know, he's Daniel's great-great-great-grandson. One of Pat's greatest assets is his ability to take his amazing work load in stride. I think it goes back to his ability, learned early, to take one problem at a time. This 'mental switching' enables him to go from TV rehearsal to college classroom, from dazzling Hollywood premiers to sound stage, to home and family and back to his books. He carries his textbooks wherever he goes and during the day grabs any stray minutes to bone up for exams. That boy has learned how to concentrate fully on the task at hand with no tension over the one to come. I wish I could do it and when I do it my secret, he says, 'First I do the best I can every day; secondly, I don't worry about tomorrow until tomorrow; lastly, I concentrate on what I'm doing, even if it's only playing with the kids. If I were to stop and think of everything I have to do, I'd have no time to do anything except worry.

Instead. I just let go, lie down on the floor for five minutes, chew a stick of gum, and go on to my next appointment.'"

Watching Pat at 20th Century-Fox as he winds up his second film, "April Love," you marvel at his ability to relax in the midst of tension. Hands in pockets, relaxed as a kitten on a hearthstone, Pat ambles up to record a song. Undisturbed by the crowd watching him, he sang the song seriously and well. Then, just as relaxed, he explained his sched-

ure for the next six months. "We're going back to Leonia, to our house there. It's a simple little house with a pretty garden and trees and you'd barely know you're only 25 minutes from New York City. I need only 16 more hours at Columbia to get my degree and I don't know yet whether I'll do it in one term or spread it over two. I have to see how much time my TV show takes.

After that, we expect to move back to California, find a house big enough but one without a swimming pool. With three little toddlers we can't have anything but a wading pool although Shirl and I love to swim."

There are busy days ahead for Pat Boone and that's good news for the army of babysitters who adore him and all of whom he loves dearly. But his own three babysitters (and the new, one the stork promises to deliver in February) hold the front place in the heart of Pat Boone, family man.
written what Rick calls "a terrific Western" screenplay which he wants to do. So as majority stockholder in her corporation, he made her "retire" the script until he can do it! Meanwhile, he's getting a real break in "Family Doctor" being made in England.

DEVOTED—Before you read this you'll probably have seen Don Murray and Hope Lange co-starring on TV in "The Homeless." Interesting note: Don wrote the play before they were married, when he was courting Hope and wrote the female lead expressly for her! Hope and Don, a very devoted couple, don't believe in long separations.

THAT'S BUSY!—Lori Nelson, starring in the new TV series, "How To Marry A Millionaire," is too busy to worry about how to marry a millionaire. Honest! She's just finishing millionaire-publisher Bob Peterson. Says they were "getting too serious" and Lori wants to concentrate on a career!

ROMANTIC—Gary Grant and Betsy Drake are nothing if not a sentimental couple, even after eight years of marriage. To celebrate Betsy's birthday Cary had the housekeeper serve breakfast, complete with roses, for them on their terrace which overlooks all Los Angeles. Fortunately it was a smogless day and they could enjoy the view. And would you believe Betsy is The End as a cookie baker? While "Houseboat" was in production, members of the crew started bringing home-made cookies to the set. It became a contest. Cary said his wife could bake better ones and Betsy sent a batch. The crew agreed that she sure knows her cookies!

LOVE?—Kathy Grant postcards from romantic Majorca in the Mediterranean "Everything's going my way." Makes sense. She has the femme lead in "The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad" and while on location there, has been dating co-star Kerwin Mathews. Spies says this looks like the Real Thing and that she's completely forgotten Der Bingle.

return! With no action after a week he concluded it was "dogmapped" and bought her another pup, same breed, which she named "Charlie."

LOVE COSTS $$$—When work separates Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin he calls her three times a day. This was quite an item while Cyd was in Hawaii for "Twilight For The Gods." But Cyd's real happy she'll be back in time to celebrate Tony's birthday on Christmas. Then she'll go with him to Las Vegas for his singing engagement and they'll celebrate New Year's there.

LIKES BLONDES—John Smith, a very eligible bachelor, isn't trying himself down to any steady. His dates include Venetia Stevenson, Susan "Green-Eyed Blonde" Oliver and Ingrid Goude. He prefers blondes and he's a blond, so opposites don't always attract!

MIXED EMOTIONS—Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty are naturally delighted that they'll be welcoming their third baby about the time you read this. But with the larger family they'll need a larger house. They hate to leave their honey-moon house but they can't add rooms because of the size of the lot. So move they must.

DATA ON DATES—Joan Woodard and Paul Newman continue their real-life romance co-starring in "The Long Hot Summer." ...It seems serious between Anne Francis and musician Buddy Bregman ... John Saxon divides his date time between Gia Scala and Vicki Thal ... Julie London and Bobby Troup broke off their engagement but still date ... Lance Reventlow, Barbara Hutton's son, divides his date time here between Peggy Connolly, who used to date Frank Sinatra, and Joanna Moore. ... It's been real steady-type dating for Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman. ... Ditto for Barbara Rush and studio executive Frank McCarthy.

SHORT SHORTS—Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell celebrated their fourteenth anniversary. ... Terry Moore and Eugene McRath have reconciled but she won't talk about it. ... Gena Rowlands is sad that husband John Cassavetes had to go on a 14-week location to the Virgin Islands and wasn't here to encourage her through her first film role, opposite Joe Ferrer in "Bay The Moon." She was a Broadway star ... Jerry and Patti Lewis, with three sons, hope the expected baby is a girl. ... Leslie Caron, back in town to make "Gigi," is showing the sights to her British husband, Peter Hall, here on his first visit. They also brought along son Christopher.

END
Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

Hart is called up to answer charges of being a traitor and aiding the enemy. The evidence seems overwhelming—a tape recording by Basehart saying America engaged in germ warfare, a signed statement saying the same lies, and testimony that Basehart had tried to preach Communism to the other prisoners. In trying to present a fair case against the accused, Widmark, on the Army’s legal staff, uncovers the real reason why Basehart refused to tell his side of the story of becoming a traitor. Explosive drama that doesn’t supply any clear-cut answer but leaves some of the deciding for the audience. (United Artists.)

Slaughter On Tenth Avenue

When a stevedore on the New York waterfront is mortally shot, Deputy Assistant District Attorney Richard Egan is assigned the case. Everyone knows who the gunmen were, but no one will talk, not even the victim’s wife, Jan Sterling. Without witnesses, or people who will testify in court, Egan knows he doesn’t stand a chance of cracking the back of the crooked union that has been siphoning money from the workers and spreading terror along the waterfront. In trying to amass enough evidence to take union boss Walter Mathau to trial, Egan doesn’t seem to stand a chance. Even his boss, Sam Levene, seems to set a few more obstacles in the path of justice. Fortunately for Egan, his brand new wife Julie Adams is understanding, and the dockworkers themselves decide some reforms are needed. Average crime story that sticks close to fact. (Universal-International.)

Town On Trial

Sent to a small English village to investigate the murder of a young attractive girl, Scotland Yard inspector John Mills unearths many unpleasant undercurrents on a surface that’s serene and normal. Not a believer in tact, he manages with the aid of doctor Charles Coburn, to get some evidence on a number of people who have a motive or opportunity for the killing. Though he is, Mills is too late to prevent the death of still another local girl. Only after her death, does he realize how important some of the things were he had heard from Coburn. Well-done mystery. (Columbia.)

Across The Bridge

A tense suspense thriller by that master story teller Graham Greene. When financier Rod Steiger is caught in a huge swindle, he tries to escape to Mexico. In an attempt to cover up his trail, he almost commits murder to get Bill Nagy’s passport. Along with the identification comes Dolores, a dog which had belonged to Nagy. Unfortunately, Steiger picked the wrong man with whom to trade identities—Nagy is wanted by the Mexican police as a political assassin. Every attempt Steiger makes to escape are continued on page 72

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rest backfires, until the man who had made fortunes risks capture for a mongrel who had nothing to give but devotion. There's much of significance in this, but it's best to sit back and enjoy it as entertainment. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Unholy Wife

I T doesn't pay, I tell you, it just doesn't pay to work most of your life like Rod Steiger, growing grapes and building up a wine empire, then have some woman muscle in. Steiger wasn't satisfied wandering around the vineyards in the hot California sun, squeezing grapes, no. he had to get a wife, Diana Dors. Anyone else would have recognized her sort of woman, but not Steiger, he wanted to be a good husband to her and a devoted father to her little boy. Soon after the “I do's,” she's saying “I will” to rodeo cowboy Tom Tryon. But how to get rid of Steiger? When she finally works out her plan, it's about as complicated as a theory on relativity, only she doesn't plan to have any relatives left when she's through. (Universal-International.)

The Helen Morgan Story

AFTER seeing a number of screened biographies on entertainers, mostly those from the '20s and '30s, you arrive at the conclusion that whatever made these people great in their field also made them weak as human beings. Helen Morgan, surprisingly well played by Ann Blyth, is another of the stars who faded far before their time. Parts of this story are true, others are fiction, but the result is a better than the average run of the hackneyed biography mill. From being one of the biggest money-makers in show business, the singer eventually slid into oblivion. The pattern isn't new, but the sensitivity and sadness that was so much a part of Helen Morgan was new. The songs, sung by Cogi Grant, are wonderful. (Warner Bros.)

Escapade In Japan

V ERY few seven-year-olds could come miles near young Jon Provost’s speed as a seasoned traveler. Rescued from a life raft following the crash of a plane in which he was flying to mother Teresa Wright and father Cameron Mitchell, Jon was picked up by a Japanese fishing family. Thanks to his small Japanese chum, Roger Nakagawa, Jon barely wrings the sea water out of his socks when the lads go tooting all over the more scenic parts of Japan in search of Jon’s parents. How two boys managed to outwit the police force of several large Japanese towns, the U.S. Army and diplomatic service, is delightful proof that some children lead charmed lives. (RKO)
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A Phone Call To Natalie
continued from page 27

actually I'm pretty proud of them. They really work hard at it. There are five of them here today and pretty soon the really important part will come—when they all stop to have Cokes and potato chips and all kinds of things. It's a good thing this house is well provided with snacks. We need them!

"Which reminds me... where did Nick go? Oh, well, he'll turn up when the snacks start to appear. Photographers are coming in a little bit to photograph the bullfighting paintings and posters and things and I'll have to... Oops, I'm sorry. There's the doorbell..."

"Now, about..." I began a moment later, and she said, "The photographers are here to set up their things to take pictures of the bullfighting painting and posters and after a bit I shall have to pose for them in this room. I'm sorry but I'll have to move to a phone in another part of the house. I'll join you in a minute. My goodness, people seem to be cleaning the swimming pool, too. This place is really swarming!"

When I retrieved her I asked. "Have you been in this swimming pool at your new house? I understand you had the other one a whole year and never did get into it."

"That's true," she admitted, "although Lana and her friends gave it plenty of use. But I've been in this one and I love it..."

She suddenly emitted a slight squeak. "Don't tell me Mother is locked out again. How can she be, with all these people around? Well, somebody let her in. Mother, why don't you ever carry a key...? ? ?"

"And where's Nick? Having snacks with the play-reading class?"

"About 'Marjorie Morningstar,' I'm really working terribly hard for it." She broke off and for a moment she sounded anxious about it.

"I do hope," she said, "that you won't think this is a typical day in my life, just because so many things have happened to interrupt us. It's because I do have a day off from lessons and hair tests and costume fittings that everything has piled up so. If I weren't working so hard other days, a day at home wouldn't be so frantic. But they've had me working all the time every day until today."

I heard the other phone ring again. "Yes, Judy," she was saying, "I did get you a stole to wear tonight. I didn't have one of my own that I thought was quite right, so I got one from the studio. It will be perfect, believe me, honey, it will. See you later. Yes... you come and dress here."

Back to me. "That was one of my very best friends. We're double-dating tonight for a premiere and a party and I borrowed a stole for her. We often get together to dress for these things... Hmm. I think some flowers have just come for both of us!"

"Oh, dear!" For the first time during that hectic afternoon Natalie sounded a little bit tired.

"Lana," she reported, "has some members of the baseball Little League at the door and she has promised them that I will do something about autographs. I'll just have to. They're so sweet... all those little boys. But we can finish our conversation first."

"Morningstar" is the most important part, "the most challenging one, that has ever come my way," she said, earnestly. "I have to do a good job with it and I intend to. Tomorrow I'll be back at the studio, working hard. Today was my day off. It was nice of you to sort of share it with me and I hope it hasn't been too trying..."

I thought that Natalie's "day off" would just about kill a lot of people, including me. But, as I cradled the phone, I earnestly wished her well in her role of "Marjorie Morningstar," as I am sure many other people will. This girl is really working for it.

P. S. Natalie was right. Nick Adams was having snacks with the "play-reading class." Cokes, potato chips and cheese snacks. Natalie joined them. END

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 8

London success even than it has been in this country... Marlene Dietrich being the good old days—"There just aren't any glamour stars today because there aren't any glamour star makers—like Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer," Well, there'll always be glamour as long as there's a Marlene Dietrich... Watch for Princess Grace Kelly to start her own picture company in Monaco, after the birth of the new baby. She has a ready-made set—the Prince's palace.

Mae West and Charlie Chaplin are writing their memoirs. If they tell the complete truth, the books will be worth reading. But no more evasive jobs like the Duchess of Windsor's hook, please.

PRODUCER George Stevens, studying photo of young war martyr Anne Frank, wants living counterpart to play her in film.

Rock Hudson, glad to be back with wife Phyllis, who was ill for too long, admits that as a contract player for U-I he hasn't been able to save any money. He hopes to stitch away a fortune via his independent picture company. And to make sure that some of it sticks, he has hired a business manager for the first time since he became a star... Otto Preminger's tough tactics while directing discovery Jean Seberg in "Bonjour Tristesse," were the talk of Europe. She was crying more than smiling between takes, but stated philosophically, "Perhaps bullying is good for me. I'm inclined to be lazy." Personally, I would think Otto's tactics would take away her confidence, which she needs badly after the fiasco of their "St. Joan" misadventure.

Richard Egan dilly-dallied so long with Pat Hardy that she lost interest. This of course is their cue to elope. You'd be surprised how many couples this reporter has needled into an elopement. Eddie and Debbie are one. Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, another. Garbo has decided to be more social and has actually stood still for some press photographs—after protruding from good friend Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis... Happiest couple in Hollywood—Art Linkletter and his Lois, wed 22 years... Son Jack takes the marriage plunge in December... Surprise of the year, Jennifer Jones allowing the photographers to take pictures of herself and three-year-old daughter for the first time, when she returned here after her "Farewell To Arms" in Italy. The little girl is the image of her pretty ma... Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn will be apart this winter for six weeks, while he goes on ahead to prepare for "Green Mansions" in South America. Their first long separation since the marriage. They've been lucky. Most acting couples have to work in different directions... That's all for this semester... END
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7. Lady of Spain 14. Dance to the Side
8. Keep It A 15. Happy Happy Day
9. Me

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INSIDE NEWS
Rock Hudson 34 Can Rock Save His Marriage? by Gordon Reynolds
Tony Franciosa 42 How Tony Subdued Shelley by Leo Guild

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
Natalie Wood 14 Are They Right For Each Other? by Helen Louise Walker
Rossano Brazzi 18 "My Husband Is A Little Boy!" by Mrs. Rossano Brazzi
Tony Perkins 27 What Tony Found Out About Hollywood by Jerry Asher
Kim Stanley 30 Meet "The Goddess" by Rana Maughan
Debbie Reynolds 48 Bargain Wife by Helen Hendricks

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES
Deborah Kerr 22 Bonjour, Miss Kerr
Pat Wayne 39 Island Fling
Frank Sinatra 46 Ask Frank
Claire Bloom 57 One For Tea

TELEVISION
Clint Walker 55 No More To Wonder by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES
Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Shelihah Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rana Maughan
Beauty 52 Five Minutes To Beauty by Natalie Wood
Records 66 Let’s Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

• Tony Perkins lost to Hollywood for a while
• The amazing transformation of Doris Day

THIS is Sheilah Graham with a how d'ye do and what's new from Hollywood. . . . Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner are so much in love, they will probably be married by the time you read this. Bob gave Nat a beautiful diamond and pearl engagement ring. . . . Nevertheless, Raymond Burr, the once adored of Natalie, will give you odds that the marriage won't last. She prefers the masterful type of man.” . . . Marlon Brando is planning a picture in India with wife Anna Kashfi—after the baby of course. . . . Victor Mature startled the British by drinking tea only during his picture-making stint over there recently. But he was true to form with the perennial girl on his arm—this time, the doctor's daughter, Joy Urwick, who should be Mrs. Mature by the time you read this. . . .

Lauren Bacall helped Frank Sinatra with the redecoration of the huge Al Jolson home he bought in Palm Springs. If this isn't love, it'll do until a better facsimile comes along. . . . Ann Sothern has enlisted two doctors to help her lose weight. The excess poundage mars her beautiful looks. . . . There are two Kathy's in the Crosby clan—Bing's wife and Bob's daughter. It would be great if Bing and the missus had a girl to go with those four grown-up boys.

Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler, co-stars in U-I's "Raw Wind In Eden," are in the I-don't-care-who-knows stage. Although there's always the chance that Esther will reconcile with Ben Gage—they have twice before. . . . But the day after Rock Hudson celebrated the second anniversary of his marriage to Phyllis, by taking her to all the well-publicized bistros, his agent was on the town looking for "a bachelor apartment or home" for his client. . . . Hedy Lamarr had the last laugh at U-I when she received a car for a guest scene in a film that was later left on the cutting room floor. . . . And Jayne Mansfield reckons she has arrived—$10,000 for one appearance on TV. She blew the entire lot on her trousseau—everything in pink.

What's the name of the wealthy business man in San Francisco who bought Martha Hyer those expensive French im-

continued on page 8

BATTLING of Liz Taylor and Mike Todd was heard around the world on recent trip.

INSIDERS are saying that marriage of Joan Fontaine and Collier Young is shaky.
It's a BALL when THREE GUYS FALL for the one they CALL...

The GIRL MOST LIKELY

(and she promises to marry all three!)

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Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screenplay by DEVERY FREEMAN • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN • An RKO RADIO Picture • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Release
The Bridge On The River Kwai

His bridge can be a lot of things—a vital Japanese military installation built on the lives of Allied prisoners of war, a target for a commando raid, and probably most of all, a proving ground for men’s souls. American naval officer William Holden has spent enough time in Colonel Sessue Hayakawa’s prison camp to develop a philosophy that it’s more important to just live than to die nobly. He escapes, but destiny has already marked him. New arrival British colonel Alec Guinness is still full of military code, rules and pride. Nothing the Nipponese colonel can think of, and he’s an expert on fiendish persuasion, cracks Guinness. In the end, Guinness triumphs by convincing Hayakawa that without proper know-how, the bridge can’t be constructed. Building it becomes an obsession with Guinness, his way of showing the superiority of law and authority over brute rule. He does a remarkable job—too remarkable. It becomes a threat. The British have to send a commando team, headed by Jack Hawkins, to blow it up. Holden and young Geoffrey Horne comprise the other two-thirds of the expendable trio. It’s at the bridge that each man faces for a short brilliantly clear moment, the truth of what he really is. Filmed in Ceylon in Technicolor, this has an impressive number of moving moments, insights into valor and courage, and close-ups of weakness and strength. (Columbia.)

The Enemy Below

WARTIME chase between submarine destroyer and a German U-boat, and the strategy each captain, Robert Mitchum, the American, and Curt Jurgens, the German, use to outwit each other. Each is wrapped up inextricably in the other with the end coming only when one destroys the other. The early maneuvering, up-periscopes, and stop-all-engines seem tame compared to the final battle that almost blows everything, including the wide screen, into smithereens. Out of the debris something else emerges—man’s respect and admiration for a job well done. Well, friendships have been built on less, you know. . . . No women light-en the doings here, just the memory of Mitchum’s wife who had been killed when a freighter blew up. (20th Century-Fox.)

Witness For The Prosecution

ILL and warned to stay away from anything that could trigger another heart attack, criminal lawyer (called barrister in England) Charles Laughton never should have taken on the defense of Tyrone Power. Accused of murdering a wealthy widow, Power convinces Laughton of his innocence but, unfortunately, the only witness who can save Power from the gallows refuses to testify in defense of her husband. Instead, Marlene Dietrich appears as the surprise witness for the prosecution. Her testimony all but hangs Power, until an anonymous phone call and a packet of love letters prove the sly Marlene is carrying with another man. It is further proved that in falsifying evidence against Power, she had hoped to rid herself of him. On the strength of these new developments, the case against Power closes with the verdict of not guilty and Marlene in dire need of some legal assistance, herself. This is not the end of this fascinating thriller by Agatha Christie—justice has not been satisfied. Like an iceberg, only a small portion of the case lies on the stormy surface. The acting is superb and the suspense twists and turns until you finally give up trying to compete with these brilliant masterminds. (United Artists.)

Darby’s Rangers

A SERIES of wartime vignettes lashed together with barbed wire and detonator fuses, then prettied up with a few ribbon bows of romance. An American Army unit assigned to commando training with the British, this group is the usual unusual assortment of males. It speaks exceedingly well of their stamina that, after such staggering amounts of physical dross to which they are subjected constantly, they can still work up an appetite for women. One, Stuart Whitman, a gambler and ne’er-do-well, meets London bus conductress Joan Elan who is really the daughter of Lord Reginald Owen. Well, riffl[e his deck and call him Lucky! But Whitman has a scruple or two along with some aces up his sleeve. Only after he’s convinced their different backgrounds can...
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You do this too?
REAL LOVE—A personal appearance tour is a grueling thing. Most stars, when they return from one, do nothing but rest for a few days. But not Bob Wagner. After his recent Eastern swing for the opening of “Stopover Tokyo” he flew back here, had his secretary meet him at the airport with a change of clothes and caught the next plane North to visit Natalie Wood on location in Carmel for “Kings Go Forth.” What’s more, each day he shopped for their lunch which he took to the filming site, a few miles out of town! Bob brought Nat a new engraved gold hangle for her charm bracelet but she’s keeping the message a secret. They may still have a June wedding.

D-D DATA—The Diane Varsi-Dennis Hopper romance is a real scorcher, and not because they’re both in “The Hell Bent Kid.” Actually, they don’t do scenes together. Diane is co-starred opposite Don Murray, and this is only her second movie! The fine acting job she did in “Peyton Place” won her this new plum role. Diane is really quite a gal for her 19 years. She’s just separated from her second husband, independent producer James Dickson, and has a year-old son by her first marriage!

DOTTIE’S DISCREET—Dorothy Malone, who’s playing Diana Barrymore in “Too Much, Too Soon,” is very secretive about her romantic life, and there’s a reason. “Most of my dates are men not in the entertaining world and they, I’ve learned, are literally scared off by publicity. So I don’t talk about them and when we go out we try to go to spots that don’t have press agents who report on all the guests.”

ERROL’S GIRLS—Guess who was Errol Flynn’s date for a recent big charity ball, before his wife returned from Europe? His 10-year-old daughter, Rory! Another older daughter, Deirdre, was also seen dining with her dad in quiet, conservative-type restaurants. “I’m making dates with my daughters these days,” says Errol, long known as a Don Juan. Both these girls are daughters by his marriage to Nora Edington. Now current wife Pat Wymore and their daughter, Arnella, have joined Errol in Hollywood. Errol calls four-year-old Arnella “Mike.” Get it? Pat and Mike. Anyway, Errol has plenty of girls around him! After spending so much time out of the country, Flynn says he’ll stay in California for at least a year. He’s currently portraying John Barrymore, another Don Juan, in “Too Much, Too Soon.”

ROCK’S MUM—Rock Hudson is saying absolutely nothing about his separation from Phyllis. Only thing he admits is that he’s taken an apartment but on a month-to-month basis, not a long-term lease, and that’s an encouraging indication. Meanwhile, the Hollywood quipsters are asking what’s the long location for “Farewell To Arms” which resulted in a “Farewell to Phyl’s Arms”? And, inevitably, “Did Success Spoil Rock?” We’d say an emphatic “no” to that. Rock’s still a nice, continued on page 58

ONCE a steady duo, Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter have only occasional dates.

SECRETIVE about her love life, Dorothy Malone has brother Bob escort her around.

DATE of Errol Flynn at a recent charity affair was his 10-year-old daughter, Rory.
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Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner:

Are they right

The title role in "Marjorie Morningstar" was Natalie's biggest acting assignment to date and she's pleased as punch with the results.
for each other?

They’re very much in love

and their courtship is wonderful,

but can these two young

people make a go of marriage?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

“I LOVE her and I want to marry her.” Words couldn’t be simpler or more direct than that. It was Bob Wagner speaking, of course, of Natalie Wood.

Hollywood is pretty breathless about this new, glowing romance between a talented and beautiful pair of young people. But Hollywood is worried, too, as it always is on such occasions. Is it “right” for Bob and Natalie? Will they really make a go of it? There was the saddening news, not so long ago, of the Rock Hudsons’ splitting up after what seemed like ideal marriage . . .

Well, let’s see about Bob and Natalie. Why shouldn’t they be happy in wedlock? Or why should they?

Some months ago, I was talking with Natalie on the phone when she excused herself to take a call on another line. When she returned to me I could feel her excitement, although she was trying hard to be casual. “It was Bob Wagner,” she confided, “calling from Tokyo. Wasn’t it nice of him?”

Bob, I learned later, was “nice” about calling Natalie several times a week while he was on location for “Destination Tokyo” and when he returned, laden with gifts of beautiful silks and carvings and other things for her, well, he was “nicer” than ever. Neither of them has dated anyone else since and these were two young people who dated everyone.

The pair have dined publicly with their parents several times and Natalie’s mother has committed herself. “Bob is a splendid young man and if they want to marry, they have our blessing.” Bob’s father has said, “Natalie is a lovely girl, lovely. Bob will be very lucky . . .” So that part of it is all right, apparently.

Their backgrounds are not so different when you come to think of it. It’s true that Natalie has been in show business since she was four or so. But Bob’s heart and soul have been in it for years and years, too . . . since he caddied for Bing Crosby and Bob Hope at Lakeside Country Club and worshiped at their shrines.

Both their fathers are successful men and neither Bob nor Natalie has had to work. These kids just wanted to act . . . and they did.

But there is this difference. Natalie was plunged into acting when she was a tot and has taken it all for granted. Bob earned his way and is very serious about it all. Natalie, especially since she became 18 (a little over a year ago) has continued on page 16
been inclined to kick over the traces, give way to a gay
impulsiveness, inclined to pranks and fun and practical
jokes. Young Wagner is not the prankish type. He doesn't
like it, doesn't approve of it and will have none of it. Life
and career to Bob are real and also earnest.

But Natalie, as a woman in love will always do, has made
concessions. She has given up the prankish, madcap bit.

"It was fun while it lasted," she admits now, "but I know
it was all pretty juvenile. I think I am through with the
kicking-up-heels thing. I've had it." That would seem to
take care of that, but there is more.

Natalie, living with her parents, has had her own self-
contained little suite of rooms, her own telephone and, since
she became 18, her own private entrance.

Bob, of course, has had his own apartment for several
years, a bachelor establishment with a big fireplace, the
accoutrements for entertaining his friends in his own in-
formal fashion. He and Natalie have each, although they
are young, worked out a pattern of living. Can they make
these dovetail? Can they make them work together?

Both of them have been making concessions. For in-
stance, Bob is devoted to his boat, "My Other Lady," (his
first one was called merely "My Lady"). He's almost as
much in love with it as he is with Natalie, herself. Any girl
he courted would simply have to share his love for and
interest in it.

Natalie rose to the challenge like the little trouper she
is. At her own home she rarely did so much as boil an egg.
Yet when she started to go on boat outings with Bob
(usually chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Sales), she
valiantly took over all the cooking and cleaning up chores.

"That was the only thing I knew I could do," she says.
"So I decided that Bob would be the Captain and I would
be the maid."

She progressed, though, to an occasional cooking "do",
spaghetti, sausages and mashed potatoes, broiled chops, un-
til she really learned her way around the little galley.

"This girl never even made a cup of tea in her own
home," Bob says, proudly. "Now she's really a whacking
good cook!"

It's possible that Natalie's mother is a touch surprised at
these revelations about her daughter, who was never the
domestic type at all. But if she cares enough to learn to
clean up and to cook in a tiny, two-by-four galley, she must
really mean it!

Then, take fishing. Natalie just wasn't the fishing type
of girl. You know, baiting the hook and all that sort of
thing. But she valiantly went along with Bob, even dis-
playing a mild enthusiasm. So they fished and fished off
Catalina Island, several week-ends in a row, and never did
either of them have a single nibble at a line. Bob was em-
barrassed, to put it mildly. "Gee, honey, when you really
do hook one it will be a lot of fun," he kept assuring her.

A ND Natalie loyally enthused, "It's just such fun to be
here with all this sun and water. And when we do catch
something, it's going to be a big thrill." If that doesn't
sound like love, well, what do you want? (P. S. They still
haven't caught anything.)

Some of Bob's concessions have been to do what Natalie

The mischievous girl is gone and in her place is a young
lady who looks to the future with the eyes of a woman in love ...
ONLY YESTERDAY, it seems, Natalie’s mother was accompanying her to the studio; today she watches Nat with wonder and pride.

NOW she feels that she is ready to consider marriage seriously.

likes to do when they are ashore and at home. She doesn’t like “planned” dates much, while Bob is methodical about his engagements. Likes to know ahead what he is expected to do. Natalie likes the last-minute call, the obeying of the impulse of the moment . . . “Let’s go to the beach for waffles!” “Let’s take a moonlight horseback ride!” “Let’s eat in some silly, out-of-the-way place with checkered tablecloths—and if they aren’t checkered, we won’t stay!”

Methodical Bob has not only conceded to these vagaries of his beloved but he has found they are fun. “Natalie has certainly taught me something about variety,” he says, “and how much fun the small, unexpected things can be. Maybe I was too solemn before I knew her.”

He was a rather solemn young man, it must be admitted, because he was so serious about his career. That is one of the differences between them which is rapidly lessening.

SINCE this romance has started, Natalie has won and played the most important role of her career to date, the lead in Warner Bros.’ “Marjorie Morningstar,” and this, as well as Bob, has made a tremendous difference in the erstwhile giddy little playgirl.

This was a role she deeply wanted and worked for and fought for and now, almost overnight, she has become as serious about her career and her work as Bob has always been about his. There had been this wide gap in their thinking . . . that Bob, although he was born with a silver spoon, had had to work hard, really struggle for his success in pictures. Natalie was plunged into hers at the age of four and had grown up taking it pretty much for granted.

continued on page 67
By Mrs. Rossano Brazzi:

"My husband is a little boy!"

To millions of women, Rossano Brazzi is the very personification of the glamorous, charming continental male, but in his wife's eyes, well, here's her story

We were having supper under the thatched roof of the Coco Palms dining room on the beautiful Island of Kauai—where Rossano was working in "South Pacific"—when an eager fan pushed her way past the crowded tables until she came face to face with my husband. She was a good-looking woman in her early twenties, intelligent, smartly dressed, and very eager. "Mr. Brazzi," she burst out, "I've been a fan since I saw you in 'Summertime'..."

"Thank you," Rossano smiled appreciatively. She hesitated a bit. Then added shyly, "You are still my favorite actor..."

"That's very kind of you to say so," he replied with typical Brazzi charm. I could see her melt with pleasure as she turned and left.

One of our new American friends turned to me in surprise. "Don't you ever get jealous, Lydia?"

"I might," I confessed, "if I didn't know my Rossano better..."

To others, he is sauvé, self-assured, the matinee idol of women and the envy of men. And I'm glad, because if it were different, he wouldn't be playing Emile deBecque in "South Pacific" today.

But to me he is just a little boy—the same, sweet, somewhat shy man I married nearly 18 years ago.

I remember the day we met, when both of us attended the same university in Florence. Rossano had given a superb performance in a school play which got me so enthused, I just had to rush on stage after the last act to congratulate him.

I'm a very emotional woman. Rossano must have known about it because when he saw me coming he backed up as far as he could before I could plant a big kiss of admiration on his cheek. He was more embarrassed than a school boy on his first date...

Although we soon knew that we had a crush on one another, as you would say over here, Rossano never had the nerve to make a formal proposal. We were walking

continued on page 20
Of the rugged individualist pictured, his wife says:

“He is convinced that he is boss and I wouldn’t contradict him”

along the banks of the Arno River one afternoon when he remarked casually—but I could hear the tremble in his voice—“And after we are married, Lydia . . .”

That’s how we got engaged.

Rossano has never lost that boyish quality, although it seems to be apparent mostly to myself and a few others who are very close to him.

Basically, he is not a shy person. He loves people, parties and affection—from people he knows. He is charming on interviews and relaxed on the set and on personal appearance tours because it’s part of his work and he looks at himself like an outsider. Yet he cringes when he becomes the center of attraction on other occasions, and will do almost anything to get out of it.

For instance, we were having dinner at a very nice restaurant in Beverly Hills the other day when I asked him to please call the house because we expected a special delivery letter from a dear friend of ours.

“You call. Please?” Rossano came back.

“Why should I call?” I exclaimed.

“Because if I get up, people will recognize me and stare at me all the way to the phone!”

So I got up and made the call myself.

He acts the same way when we go to a movie, a play, or concert. On his insistence, we come in after the performance has started, when it’s dark inside and we can sneak to our places unnoticed. And after the show is over, he walks out so fast I can hardly keep up with him.

When I say my husband is boyish I don’t mean “immature”. He is one of the most intelligent persons I have
ever met, with a mind that is razor sharp. He graduated from University at 19—at the top of his class, and became an assistant to a lawyer while continuing to work for his bar examination.

Although Rossano handled only one case before he turned to acting full time, he would have had a brilliant career in law. He proved it with the one and only case he ever handled.

A woman had stolen a chicken, and was as guilty as she could be. But Rossano got her acquitted because he found an old law which said if an object is unclaimed after 24 hours, it belongs to whoever has it. Since more than 24 hours had elapsed before a claim was made, he won on a technicality—but he won.

However, most of the time Rossano enjoys being treated like a little boy, although he’d be the last to admit it. In fact, he is convinced that he is boss in the house. I wouldn’t dare contradict him—when he’s around. But I get my way...

Last year, I felt we needed a bigger house. Whenever I mentioned the subject, Rossano cried out, “Lydia—why do you want to move? I’m happy where we are...”

I thought he’d be happier some place else. And so I waited until he went to Africa for “Legend Of The Lost,” then I bought a beautiful old home near the Villa Borghese, overlooking the most ancient part of Rome.

I didn’t write Rossano anything about it. Nor did I tell him when he got back. Instead, I made a deal with my husband’s agent to bring Rossano to the house under the pretext of having a drink there with a friend...

The moment Rossano walked in, he was fascinated by the place. “Someday I’d like a house like this,” he said with longing.

That’s when I came out from behind the door where I’d been hiding. “It’s ours,” I said.

He looked at me like I had lost my mind. “Lydia—what are you doing here? And what is this all about?”

“I bought it while you were in Africa...”

Although delighted, he was too stubborn to show it. “And what would you do if I didn’t like it?”

“In that case,” I said beamingly, “I already have a buyer for it. And,” I added, “I can make a profit.”

“Don’t you dare,” he cried out, and I knew everything was going to be all right.

Most of the time, he is happy to let me take over... When we go on a trip, I pack his clothes. When he gets sick, he can’t be babied enough. He lets me make his appointments—and remind him to keep them.

But I’ve learned to sit back and keep quiet too, literally speaking! Like when he gets behind the wheel of his car...
Bonjour, Miss Kerr

Leaving behind for one moment the rocky Southern coast, Deborah pauses during filming of Columbia’s "Bonjour Tristesse."
An early start each day on location leaves lots of time for sun 'n' fun on the unforgettable French Riviera.

**SERIOUS** interlude: a confab with producer-director Otto Preminger (not seen in picture) finds newcomer Geoffrey Horne deeply interested.

**HAPPY** interlude: hubby Tony Bartley and Jean Seberg look on as Deborah chats with daughters Melanie and Francesca.

photographs by Bob Willoughby

continued on page 24
A lazy life on the Riviera? Not for Deborah. But hard work is no strain against a background of Mediterranean blue.
BARE FEET typify the new Deborah who first took off her shoes in “From Here To Eternity,” won an Oscar nomination.

IN FRANCE you do what the French do and aperitifs with David Niven are part of the happy routine on set.

MOOD for the tragic finale of “Bonjour Tristesse” is set by Deborah as she tries to comfort Jean, upset over Deb’s engagement to her father.
By JERRY ASHER

What Tony Perkins found out about Hollywood

Thoughtful Tony looks back over two meteoric years in a tough town and discovers that the spotlight's glow is often warming but not always rosy

Unlike most actors and especially one of his youthful years, Tony Perkins has an intuitive gift for sizing up a situation and responding with keen perception. On this particular occasion, he hadn't the remotest intention of deviating from customary procedure.

Smack on the nose at the appointed time, Tony walked into our hilltop home, incidentally, one of his favorites. "I'll always remember the first time I came up here," he pushed by and stood at the window. "The color of the water in your pool is amazing—it's not like any other I've seen here in Hollywood."

Tony's eyes and words were directed straight ahead of him. Turning unexpectedly, he made his way through the dining room into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator door. "There just has to be ice cream in the freezer," he speculated, "there always was before." He scooped out a mound of vanilla into a dish he'd lifted from the cupboard shelf.

"Do you mind if I lie on the tile floor while we talk? It's cooler there." The question actually was more of a declaration. Tony slid his ice cream across the expanse and curled himself around its final resting place.

"You said on the phone you wanted to know the difference between me now and August 18, 1955, the day I arrived in Hollywood," he took the initiative.

"What you really meant was," Tony continued with a roguish gleam in his dark, discerning eyes, "am I bitter, continued on page 28
disillusioned and on the defensive? Am I eager to strike back at those who’ve maligned me—now that I’m no longer the newest white hope of Hollywood?”

Tony had summed up our intent and purpose in his fashion, but we don’t think that deep down he honestly believes he’s anything less than a reigning favorite. His pride wouldn’t permit it and besides, he’s well aware he represents over eighteen million dollars in unreleased pictures. It still follows, however, that wise and wary Tony has made illuminating discoveries about Hollywood and what can happen to a novice when his star is jet-propelled into ascendency.

In some instances, he’ll discuss his discoveries with complete candor. But when he flashes a furtive look, or shrugs with amused indifference, you know you’ve hit a nerve center!

Conceding that Tony’s become a top target for censure and criticism, would he do a lot of things differently—if he had them to do all over again? Tony’s reaction was spontaneous, but he creates the impression he’s trying out his answers on himself—first!

“I wouldn’t do one thing differently—not one thing. Remember when they put my picture on the cover of a national magazine? Some actors wait years for such a break, but it happened to me almost immediately and I was thrilled. What’s more, I went around the entire Paramount lot and showed it to everyone. I know some were amused and predicted I’d be bored and blasé before the ink was dry. It doesn’t matter what they said. If I got another cover on that same magazine today, I’d still be just as thrilled—and I’d still show it to everyone from the gateman to the front office.”

Would he—really? You have to take Tony’s word that he would, but it’s no state secret that he’s deeply sensitive and bent on shunning disapproval. Despite himself, anxiety creeps into his expressive eyes, even when he makes light of a situation. Take that time he happened to be chatting with SCREENLAND columnist Sheilah Graham at a big Hollywood party. Said Sheilah, more or less to make conversation:

“Well, Tony, now that you’ve hit the top, has success lived up to everything you dreamed it would be?”

Not a bit abashed, he grinned back at her.

“I find success, as you term it, both disillusioning and disappointing. So much is expected of you that no matter how hard you try, someone is going to disapprove of you.”

When Sheilah’s face telegraphed her surprised feelings, Tony quickly countered. “Well, you asked me, didn’t you? So I gave you an honest answer!”

REMININDING Tony of this incident served to awaken it in his conscious mind. It was obvious he was re-evaluating his point of view and giving it second consideration.

“When I said I was disappointed and disillusioned,” Tony recalled, “that wasn’t the full context of my meaning. I meant I was disappointed and disillusioned about certain things.

ON THE SET it’s time for checking all details. Tony’s latest picture is Paramount’s “Desire Under The Elms” with Sophia Loren.
himself often and each role he meets with equal thought, study and “endeavor”—his motto

I meant that I had found out that you can’t do certain things without thinking and when you do, you always pull a clinker in success.”

Would Tony care to expose clinkers that had back-fired? “How many would you like me to expose?” he dead-panned. Then he threw back his head and laughed. Obviously he was laughing at his own private joke, which had failed to penetrate beyond that first layer of Perkins sensitivity.

“Walking around barefooted!” The words shot out of him. “That was a clinker to end all clinkers! Did you see that cartoon showing two men meeting on the street? The first asked the second why he had such a look of chagrin on his face. The second answered: ‘I just saw Tony Perkins and didn’t recognize him with his shoes on!’ See what I mean? Walking barefooted suddenly became my badge, just because I did it a half-dozen times. With all the fuss that was made, you’d think I’d been walking around in my birthday suit!”

Another clinker? Tony looked thoughtful. Then he concentrated on the empty ice cream dish, as if he half-expected it to refill itself. Stretching himself full-length on the floor he stared at the ceiling.

“I’m clinker-happy,” he muttered into space. “Now let’s see—clinkers—clinkers. Oh yes, this one catches up with me every time I cut a corner. When I was in Europe, people publicizing the picture kept reminding me to write newsy

CURLED up on anything is Tony’s own way to relax anywhere.

letters to Hollywood columnists. I probably would have written to them all anyway, as they’ve been very nice to me. So I got panned for doing this and was accused of buttering up the press. Next time I’ll know better.”

“As long as I’m in this business,” now Tony was dead-serious, “I want to get along. It’s true that I didn’t make use of my opportunities and apply myself when I was in high school. I’ve tried to make up for it since and Hollywood has helped me to prove I can accept limitless responsibilities. Because I believe success in Hollywood is 90% personality, this explains why I like to try every angle.

“Perhaps this ambition was instilled through my memory of a big sign in the main study hall at college. There was just one word in bold letters—ENDEAVOR! I’ve never forgotten it and I think endeavor is wonderful. I think I can make myself clear by explaining it this way.

“YOU have your choice when you start out to make your own way. You can be hard-boiled, or you can be tough and driving. You can be driving and impatient, or you can use—endeavor. I’m not tough, pushy, or impatient, regardless of whatever impression some people may have of me. I could never achieve success by marrying an Elizabeth Taylor, or being seen at Ciro’s with the current Zsa Zsa. So what is the answer? For me—endeavor!”

When Tony Perkins checked in at Paramount he walked in through those studio gates for the first time in his life and received number one attention. “The Friendly Persuasion” was a smash hit; everyone knew it and went out of his way to extend the red carpet. By his own admittance, at this point Tony’s outlook was limited to visualizing his name in lights on a theatre marquee. In time, his eyes were opened by his discoveries.

“Now when I get a script,” he nods knowingly, “I think about how many pages are in it and how hard the work is. This was inevitable, because the reaction to ‘The Friendly continued on page 70
KIM STANLEY

Meet "The Goddess"

She's Kim Stanley, who is making her movie debut with the kind of role that's sure to win her plaudits and perhaps even an Academy Award.

The waiter took the order without batting an eyelash: one vodka on rocks with a twist of lemon, a glass of milk and a Shirley Temple. The vodka was for Kim Stanley, the impressively talented star of Columbia Pictures' release, "The Goddess," written by Paddy Chayevsky. The milk was for the picture's press agent, who had ulcers. And the Shirley Temple was for Kim's six-year-old daughter, Lisa.

"What hotel is this?" Lisa asked, doubling up her legs, planting her feet on the leather seat and bracing her chin on her bare knees. "The St. Regis," her mother supplied. She didn't look at all formidable as some of the local gossip went, just mildly harassed like most mothers with three young children do.

Lisa looked around and didn't seem especially impressed. You couldn't say the same about the other patrons in the softly-lit lounge of the New York hotel. It was cocktail hour and the looks beamed in the direction of our oddly-assorted group skipped first to the child, then to the glass of milk, next to a doll with orange hair and lingered longest on Kim. She was wearing a sweater and skirt. The sweater was Loden green, the kind put on for comfort, not show. Since she is neither a raving beauty, nor an elegant continued on page 33
photos by Muky
Though it's hard to believe, Kim says: "I'll never be a great actress; you must devote your life to it and I can't."

**ATTRACTION** but not by Hollywood standards, Kim has an indefinable quality that makes people aware of her when she's around.
dresser, it was her hair you noticed first. There was lots of it, very bright and golden, and it hung almost straight down to her shoulders. Every now and then a wisp would fall across her right eye, but she was so wrapped up in whatever it was she was saying, she paid no attention to it.

"I'm really sorry I had to have Lisa along," Kim apologized. "But she's been sick with this flu thing and it's her first day out. I honestly didn't think about the interview and promised to take her to a place on 49th Street where a man blows wonderful little glass figures."

The drinks came. A Shirley Temple is ginger ale, grenadine, and a cluster of maraschino cherries. It looked very special and pretty.

Lisa was still unimpressed. She had wanted hot chocolate—her throat was raspy—but sounding like any other apprehensive mother, Kim had vetoed the idea. "You'll get overheated. It's very warm in here, and we'll be going out into the damp cold."

Then Kim launched into an almost unheard of opinion in show business on whether or not a woman's career interferes with raising a family.

"Oh, it definitely does. Even though my sister-in-law says I spend more time with my children than most of her suburban friends do with theirs, I have to reassure myself at times. I felt it especially keenly while I was making 'The Goddess.' It was filmed here in New York and for three months I was away from the children from six o'clock in the morning until about seven at night. By then I was so tired, I had just about enough energy to say goodnight." That in itself was almost enough to sour Kim on movie-making. "I try to keep the children with me as much as I can. We're all going to Europe soon where I'll do 'Cat On A Hot Tin Roof' on the stage in London. It'll be my first trip there, and I'm so excited about it."

Born Patricia Reid in Tularosa, N. M., to Dr. J. T. Reid and his wife, the former Ann Miller, Kim was attending the University of Texas when she heard of another girl in one of her classes with the name of Patricia Reid. That was when she became Kim Stanley, pronto.

At this same school, as a pre-medical student majoring in psychology, she decided the extra-curricular play-acting she was doing was much more satisfying and less sickening than dissecting a frog.

After graduation, in 1946, she came East bolstered only by the encouragement of a director who had seen her act and suggested she consider becoming a professional. Besides those good words, $21 languished anemically in her purse. In New York, she rented a $7 a week furnished room in the West 30's near 10th Avenue and started job hunting.

The outlook was bleak, but Kim kept at it despite being told by producer Russel Crouse, for whom she read Shakespeare, to go back to Texas. Eventually, she found work with a summer stock company in New Jersey. During the next two years, acting jobs were non-existent, so she supported herself by working as a model and a waitress. Every minute of her spare time was consumed by studying, and finally she enrolled at the Actors Studio. She saved her money, as only a dedicated person can, and branched out in such avant garde puzzlers as "him" by e. e. cummings. "The Dog Beneath The Skin," and Gertrude Stein's "Yes Is For A Very Young Man." Then, all of her money went into an off-Broadway acting group. The venture was a financial failure. Her next role was the lead in the Equity Library

continued on page 61
Can Rock Hudson Save His Marriage?

It seemed ideal until Rock walked out on Phyllis. Both are mute on the reasons and in their silence there is room for hope.

The tall, hatless young man who slid out of his Buick convertible looked around guardedly as if to make sure no one had noticed him. The wind whipping at his hastily combed-down chestnut hair, he lowered his chin, snatched the parking stub from the attendant’s hand, raced up the steps to the carpeted lobby of The Beverly Hills Hotel, took long, purposeful strides to the front desk, and told the clerk, “I’d like a room—a single.”

His lips were tight and his eyes were flashing with anger as he signed, the register. The clerk looked at the signature, and had to summon all his occupational discretion to keep from registering the surprise he felt.

“Yes, sir,” he said, and rang for the bellboy.

He had almost blurted out, “Yes, Mr. Hudson.” But Rock Hudson hadn’t signed his own name.

Rock Hudson’s elaborate efforts to keep Hollywood from finding out that he had walked out on his wife in a burst of husbandly indignation were, of course, futile. A mere pseudonym on a hotel register was scarcely sufficient disguise to conceal his unhappy secret.

By morning the news was out, and Hollywood was flabbergasted—as it always is when the ceiling falls in on an idyllic love nest. Certainly there had been no foreboding of this crisis in one of tinseltown’s most relaxed marriages. Rock and his vivacious brunette wife of less than two years were paragons of marital devotion.

Unsubstantiated rumors that Rock had been fleetingly enamored of Jennifer Jones, his leading lady in “A Farewell To Arms,” were dismissed as the inevitable poppycock that becomes grist for the mills of hearsay every time two screen lovers become paired. The titillating tidbit was filed with a generous grain of salt inspired by the reminder that even more flamboyant rumors of a romance with Elizabeth Taylor continued on page 36.
had been sweeping the town when Rock disposed of them by the spectacular device of marrying Phyllis Gates.

Not that Rock's marriage to Phyllis was anything as cynical as a device. Far from it. Their union had quickly taken stature as a near-perfect mating. They lived a comfortable, unhurried and happily prosaic existence within the walls of their red Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse in the Hollywood Hills. Career—at least so it had seemed—had posed none of the usual problems. There was only one star in the family—Rock. And Phyllis was his happy satellite. She had one career, one ambition—to shine as Mrs. Rock Hudson and nothing else.

EVEN Rock's film assignments in far-flung corners of the world had not kept them apart. When Rock went to Africa on location for "Something Of Value," Phyllis was at his side. Wherever his work took him—to another state, another country or another continent—Phyllis went along. It gave them an opportunity to travel together. The more they saw of the world, the more they saw of each other.

Only once were they separated—when Rock went off to Rome to make "A Farewell To Arms" opposite Jennifer Jones. Phyllis had to remain behind because of hepatitis and her attack was so acute that it required her hospitalization. But during those five months apart, it wasn't a case of out of sight, out of mind. Rock phoned his wife daily from Italy, and they laughed over their private jokes, and spoke longingly of the day they would be reunited.

That day eventually came, and to all intents and purposes, their reunion was as joyous as they had hoped it would be.

There was little time for contemplation, however, for as soon as Rock finished shooting "A Farewell To Arms" at Warner Bros., his home studio, Universal-International, shipped him off to Honolulu for location shooting on still another picture, "Twilight Of The Gods." This time, however, Phyllis accompanied him, and from all reports she and Rock got along rapturously on the islands.

It came as all the more of a shock, therefore, when without any storm warnings, Rock stomped out of his dream castle. What had gone wrong?

Surely, it was not the first time Rock and Phyllis had argued—but evidently it was the first time Rock had chosen to walk out, rather than talk it out. Whatever it was that had precipitated the impasse, Rock was in no mood to talk about it, nor was Phyllis, who remained behind, stoically continuing to preside over the family home.

Rock allowed himself only one cryptic comment:
"This is something between my wife and myself. We're the only people involved, and it's up to us to resolve what problems we have. I'm not prepared to say anything else. It's pointless to."

Thus, with his typically uncommunicative attitude toward
films; friends feel if he had a much needed rest his marriage could be saved

his personal life, Rock flung open the doors to speculation, and Hollywood pundits, informed and otherwise, rose to the occasion by putting on their guessing caps.

Was it over, with a sudden clap of domestic thunder, between Rock and Phyllis? Or was a reconciliation inevitable, if not imminent, as confidently hinted by Rock's closest confidante and his wife's erstwhile employer, agent Henry Willson—an optimism shared, incidentally, by all friends of the young couple?

Yet it seemed alarming that the first and obvious hope of a rapprochement failed without realization. They had separated less than a month before their second wedding anniversary, and friends who knew how sentimental Rock was about personal milestones, had optimistically hoped that Rock and Phyllis would celebrate by kissing and making up.

In fact, six months after they were married, Rock had sent his blushing bride a bouquet of flowers with the inscription, "You now have a half. Would you like to try for one?" They fully expected that now she would receive another bouquet from her estranged mate, with a contrite overture, "You now have two. Would you like to try for three?"

But no such gesture was forthcoming. If that was significant, however, what importance was to be assigned to the fact that Rock Hudson was unable to pass up his second wedding anniversary as if the recent stresses and strains on his marriage had made it a matter of indifference to him?

Certainly his friends seized upon it as a hopeful augury when Rock took Phyllis out to celebrate their second anniversary. And just as certainly, they were distressed when he failed to return home at the end of that fateful day. As Rock had said, it was up to Phyllis and him to resolve "what problems we have," but their failure to reconcile on their second anniversary generated ominous fears of just how grave those problems had become.

Hope fought with apprehension. On the one hand, Rock and Phyllis alike had scrupulously refrained from any overt acts or statements. Rock had fled to a hotel, not a lawyer. He had burned no bridges behind him. Nor had Phyllis, who continued to keep up appearances around town as Mrs. Hudson. She had shown not the slightest intention of reverting to her maiden name of Gates, and she kept up social relationships with their mutual friends, including a hospital visit to Marlon Brando's wife, Anna Kashfi, whom she had

continued on page 60

37
Island Fling

Pat went to Balboa for a holiday, met a young lady he often dates and together they had a slightly terrific time.

*A WHARF* is just the place to catch some cones, so it seems.

*A BICYCLE* ride provided some laughs for Pat, who certainly bears an amazing resemblance to his famous father, John Wayne.

*PAT'S DATE* in Balboa, a resort about 50 miles from Los Angeles, was pert and pretty Vicki Lewis.

*continued on page 40*
All you need is some sunshine in a blue sky, a tangy sea taste and baskets full of fresh air to make you feel completely relaxed.

TOURING the island, Pat and Vicki came across a post office and thought it would be a lot of fun to send post cards to their friends.
FISHING equipment fascinates both Pat and Vicki. You'll soon be seeing handsome Pat in the Buena Vista release, "The Young Land."

A STRAW hat for Pat and a basket purse for Vicki because a holiday, no matter how brief, isn't a holiday without a souvenir.

THEY try a fishing rod out for size. Pat and Vicki will test their skill on the waterfront before wending their way towards home.
How Tony

Winters' storms have ceased—

By LEO GUILD

"Tony is the reason behind everything. Because of him I watch myself now when I talk to people. Before I knew Tony, I used to speak before I thought, and I saw how what I’d said flippantly would hurt people. Now I try to give things the benefit of some calm thinking before I say what's on my mind."

And Tony, whose reputation hasn't exactly been for placidity and meekness, is behind all this? "Tony has taught me tolerance for other people's opinions," Shelley admitted gravely. "He knows as well as I do that he has a problem—his impulsive temper—but it only shows up when it's warranted... when he's provoked beyond the point he thinks is justified." (One close observer likened the Franciosa temper to Ravel's "Bolero": "Before you know it, it's built to where you can't stand it, but it fades away as quickly as it began.")

"But," Shelley added, "he knows it's there, he doesn't pretend it doesn't exist. It's just one of the problems that we have worked out together."

That word together is the tip-off to Tony's and Shelley's life now. They approach everything from the vantage point of two people continued on page 44
Subdued Shelley (and vice versa)

she's found a place in the sun due to a force named Franciosa, a reason old as time
Out of the chaos of his emotional problems a highly creative actor struggles to understand himself and his world whose lives are irrevocably bound up in one another. Their marriage, which seemed to some people to have come out of the blue, was actually preceded by two long years in which Tony and Shell got to know each other so thoroughly there was no doubt in either of their minds that this marriage had to be.

From the first, it was Tony to whom Shelley turned. She was a temporary refugee from Hollywood, living in New York with her young daughter, Vittoria, the one good thing Shelley has to remember from her marriage to Vittorio Gassman. Tony was a desperately broke young actor who'd learned how to make a few cents go a long, long way while he studied his hard-chosen profession at the Actors Studio. They met when they were arbitrarily picked out of the class to work up a scene together, and thus the stage was set for the grand collision.

As a background to this, Shelley had had seven years under contract to Universal-International. During those seven years, she spent an accumulated two years under suspension. She turned down pictures she didn't feel were right for her, and ones she didn't think she was right for, and each time she turned them down, off the payroll she went. She was, in a sense, the original rebel without a cause.

ON LOCATION in Nevada for "Wild Is The Wind," Tony's vital approach to acting was matched by co-star Anna Magnani.
TOGETHER is the word that best describes the Franciosas these days. Shelley tries to join Tony on location whenever she can.

...or with a lost cause, the finding of Shelley Winters. The pictures she did make were uneven—some touching near-greatness (like "A Double Life" and "A Place In The Sun"), more often, mere hacks turned out to capitalize on the Western vogue or the craze for detective movies. Her press relations at this time were at their lowest ebb; she had a reputation for being loud and brash; she consistently seemed to be at odds with the world.

"I was really that kind of girl," she said, in a low voice. "The studio got hold of some remarks I made that were—I'll admit it—sarcastic, and I guess they decided, 'Ah, that's what the Winters dame is. She's the bluff, wise-cracking type,' and from that time on, as far as they were concerned, that's all I was."

The publicity mills began to grind out reports of this terrible-tongued Virago, and not far behind them was Shelley, working hard to live up to her publicity. There was, for instance, the story of Shelley being warned about a certain producer whose reputation was none too savory. "Be careful when you have an appointment with that one," she was told. "He'll tear the dress right off your back!" "So," replied the unruffled Shell, "I'll wear an old dress."

THEN there was the newspaperman who asked Shelley if she thought she and Marilyn Monroe were anything alike. This was at the time when Shelley and Vittorio Gassman were splitting, and Marilyn and Joe DiMaggio were calling it a day. "Well, we're both blondes and we've both alienated the American film market in Italy," Shelley flipped saucily.

Strangely enough though, when Shelley seemed to be the bravest and loudest, she couldn't have been feeling less sure of herself. Caught by the monster-mill of publicity, she had begun to lose sight of the real Shelley Winters. Oh, sure, she could pick up a fan magazine and find herself neatly dissected, analyzed and explained by a writer who had never met her, but this didn't help bring her any closer to what she was so desperately seeking.

And during all this time, where was the comet that finally crashed into Shelley's life, changing it for good? At the age of 21, Tony put his family, his friends, his whole familiar way of life behind him and bolted. He had discovered acting and thought it might be for him, but faced with the awesome prospect of an audition for the Actors Studio, which bears some three hundred aspirants and takes about six each year, he had been too frightened to go through with it. And so he left New York, where he and Shelley bad—unknowingly—been only half a city apart, and bummed around, all over, ending up at last in Los Angeles.

And, as fate would have it, they did not meet in Los Angeles. She was a star, wrestling with the problems that were almost destroying her as an actress and as a woman; he was ... whatever he was doing at the moment to give himself enough money to live on. It took New York to throw the two together, some four years later.

Tony came back to New York as capriciously as he had abandoned it. He faced the terrifying Actors Studio audition continued on page 72
For the answers to some ticklish questions, we turned a camera towards The Voice and proceeded to

ASK 
FRANK

You've been called "difficult to live with." Is it true?

Is it true you're very proud of your three children?

Is it high praise when you call a gal "a real gasser"?
And just what do you think of Miss Lauren Bacall?

Set us straight on how you feel about newspapermen.

Is there truth to the report you've got to be "boss"?

How would you find life sans beautiful women? END
BARGAIN WIFE

She's pretty and gay as a young spouse should be, but when it comes to balancing the household budget Debbie Reynolds makes the Treasury Department look like amateurs.

It was Lita Calhoun who first told me, "Debbie Reynolds is the most practical girl in pictures. She has taught me... and a lot of other young marrieds... how to have a real respect for a dollar."

Debbie, her pert little brow wrinkled with earnestness, rejoined, "Well, I was trained that way. My parents had a terrible time during the Depression and my mother taught me to be practical, to make every dollar count. It's all in the way you're brought up, I guess. It is so important to know just where your dollars are going."

Debbie definitely knows where her dollars are going and she is the living, if unusual, proof that a girl can be one of the most glamorous ones in show business and still have a level head on her shoulders.

Take the new house which she and Eddie have just bought. This is an example of serious second-thinking. They had bought one earlier, a house which seemed "the perfect dream house" to them. But it didn't work out that way. There was, as it turned out, simply too much space, both inside and out.

The first one had enormous grounds with nearly a hundred trees planted around it. And inside it was spacious... much too spacious, with enormous hallways and passages.

"The new one," says Debbie, "has just as much real space—three bedrooms, a living room, dining room and so on—but there is much less waste space to take care of. The kitchen is smaller (which pleases our cook) and the grounds are a fraction of the size of the other one we had.

"It was simply a matter of 'dreaming too big' in the first place and of recognizing our mistakes later on. We are just as comfortable here and it is easier to take care of."

"Another thing," she gloved, "is that we bought this one furnished. So now we don't have to go through all the strain of trying to furnish a big place while we are both working so hard. We can take our time and get what we want, little by little, and..."
LADY-IN-WAITING, that's Debbie, who's expecting her second baby shortly. She and husband Eddie Fisher are hoping for a boy.
When it comes to Eddie, the practical Debbie admits extravagance: “You have to splurge a bit on people you love . . .”

we won’t make so many mistakes. You can save a lot if you take time to shop around, you know.”

Debbie is adept at “shopping rounds,” as any of her good friends will tell you. She is the one who, when she found she was going to have Carrie Frances, “shopped around” and found a wonderful place in downtown Los Angeles to buy very good nursery furniture for a bit less than in the Beverly Hills shops.

“You don’t need to spend a fortune for a tiny baby,” she said, wisely. “You just want to get what it needs. You can dress it all up with bunnies and decals if you want to.

“The next thing I knew,” she relates, “there seemed to be quite a parade of my friends patronizing the same place to buy little cribs and so on. So many of us seemed to be expecting at the same time.”

As for “dressing up” the nursery, the five fabulous baby showers her friends gave her took care of that, what with satin crib sheets, decorated drapes, lamp shades, bottles, jars, blankets and every other bit of gay baby equipment you can imagine.

“I always wanted to have my children close together,” she says, and now that I am pregnant again so soon and have so many lovely things left over from the first shower . . . well, I’ll have use for them. It would have been a pity to waste them. It would be really wonderfully practical if this baby is another girl!

“Of course,” she went on, “part of my reputation for being practical is based on the fact that my mother has always designed and made most of my clothes. I hope she always will. I can have so many more things than I could if I bought them at the expensive places.

“When we were abroad I priced things at a few of the ‘good’ shops and I was truly shocked at the prices. Of course, if I were to go to some of the exclusive shops in Hollywood, I’d probably be shocked, too. I just don’t go. The idea of paying a thousand dollars for one dress is not my idea of fun.

“Mother and I went to a shop in Beverly Hills the other day where they were having a sale of Dior fabrics. We bought enough perfectly beautiful material for about fifteen dresses and suits for me for what I would have had to pay for two dresses (not even evening dresses) at an ‘exclusive’ store here. I’ll have a whole new wardrobe.

“Of course,” she mourned, “some girls can sew and make things for themselves. That is wonderful and I wish I could do it. I just never learned. I could be even more practical . . . Mother did give me a sewing kit one time but I haven’t even learned to use that. It’s for sewing on buttons and turning up hems, but I haven’t mastered it.”

Debbie prefers informal clothes for everyday wear, slacks, sweaters and shirtwaist dresses. And she likes bright, clear colors, red, blue, pink or lilac. “Colors that make me feel happy,” she laughs.

She says that she dislikes formal frocks. “I always feel that I am working when I have to get into those . . . and usually I am. I wear them mostly for personal appearances or other kinds of professional doings. I am usually a little bit jittery when I’m getting into them and it’s such a task with all those things you have to do to your hair and your face and so on. They seem like working clothes to me.”

DEBBIE likes to buy shoes and there, indeed, she enjoys a “bargain.” But she insists that she doesn’t suffer the frustrations some of her friends do when they buy bargain shoes and find that they do not “go” with anything else they have. “I know exactly what I want when I go to buy . . . and I get them,” she says, firmly. “I do not buy just because they are marked down.”

She nearly came a cropper, however, with some antique furniture she bought while she was in Atlanta, Georgia. She thought she was being ever so practical about that. Eddie had wanted to buy her a fur stole but Debbie had her eye on this authentic Victorian furniture.

“After all,” she coaxed, with the Reynolds logic, “a stole isn’t really practical in California. You can wear it only a couple of months each season. Furniture you can sit on all year long!” Eddie finally acquiesced, but reluctantly.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued
TROOPER or not, there are always tense moments before a show. In this case, it was Eddie's TV hour on which Debbie appeared.
Powder by pressing gently, not by rubbing or smacking the puff here and there, and applying all the way from neck to hairline.
Five minutes to beauty

That's all it takes for make-up extras that make a million dollar difference in your appearance!

UNLESS you are already an expert at make-up, you'll find that five extra minutes may turn you from nice-looking to very pretty—or even from very pretty—to downright beautiful! Here are some quick extras that will show you how magical make-up really can be.

FOUNDATION TO THE VERY EDGE: After you put on your make-up base, take an additional 30 seconds to remember the areas you forgot! Carefully cover your neck and as much of your shoulders as your dress will show.

POWDER, PLUS: Powder by pressing gently, not by rubbing or smacking the puff here and there. Powder to the hairline, including your eyelashes and lips, neck and ears. It will only take a half minute longer.

DRAW A PRETTY MOUTH: Next, outline your lips with a lipstick brush, right over the powder. Start with the center of the upper lip, brush to the corner, then to the center of the lower lip. Do other side the same way. Take 30 seconds extra to extend the corners of the lower lip very slightly beyond the corners of the upper lip. This gives your mouth an upward lift that makes you look gay and happy. Now, fill in your outline with lipstick and extend a little inside of your lower lip. This avoids that striped two-color look.

DO YOUR MOUTH TWICE: If you'll blot with a tissue, lightly re-powder your freshly made-up lips, and then repeat the whole process—your lipstick will last much, much longer. It will take an extra minute, and it's worth it.

RUB YOUR EYEBROWS—THE WRONG WAY! Brush your eye-brows in the wrong direction, then use your eyebrow pencil in short feathery strokes to head them the right way again. This makes color and shaping one operation.

CURL YOUR EYELASHES: A quick half-minute with the eyelash curler will make your lashes seem longer. If your lashes already wave in the breeze, you're cheating yourself if you don't play them up with the curler.

MASCARA—TWICE OVER LIGHTLY: For mascara, repeat the same double-take technique that you used with lipstick. Brush mascara lightly over the powder clinging to your eyelashes, let dry a few seconds, re-powder sparingly, then apply another very light coat. Makes the lashes look naturally thicker and lasts much longer.

MAKE IT LAST: Now, lightly tap your entire make-up job with a square of cotton wrung out of cold water, or,

LIststick will last longer and so will the shape of your mouth if you make up your lips twice. It's well worth the extra time.

better yet, ice water. Go over your whole face, lips, eyes, nose and all—but gently! This "sets" your make-up and gives you a wonderful glow.

And there you are! The whole thing takes five minutes. And you never looked more attractive.
HEALTH foods are not merely a fad with Clint who is convinced that they keep him feeling fit. One look at him and who will argue?
No more to wander

Clint's star has risen high with TV's
"Cheyenne" and he'll settle under it and
forget the traveling it took to get on top

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

If YOU'RE not an avid fan of WABC-TV's "Cheyenne" (and how can that be? Its star, Clint Walker, gets about 1,500 fan letters a week), you'll probably fall for Clint in "Fort Dobbs," his first motion picture for Warner Bros., who have him under long-term contract. If you were to meet him in person, you'd surely fall for him.

That is a lot of man. It's safe to say he is the biggest man in cowboy movies. He stands six-feet-six, with an 18-inch neck, a 38-inch waist and hips so slim that he can hardly keep his gun belt up. And though John Wayne and Gary Cooper are hardly small men, Clint burst the seams of their costumes. (Warners figured they'd save money using hand-me-downs, but they were wrong.) It was also difficult to find a horse Clint wouldn't make look like a jackass when he climbed aboard. But he fits fine into the magic eye of any camera, which is the important thing.

Up until two years ago a lot of people noticed Clint Walker, but nobody ever recognized him. Now everybody recognizes him and the many people who are beginning to know him discover that he's an individualist who lives on sunflower seeds and finds fulfillment in nature's wonders.

His father once told him, "Money is the pleasure of a moment, but a mountain is good forever," and Clint took that to heart.

His greatest enjoyment is not to sit and count his money, but to throw a load of camping (and uranium hunting) equipment into the back seat of a station wagon and head for the great unknown with his wife, Verna, and their seven-year-old daughter, Valerie. They're likely to spend weeks out where nobody else is, sleeping under the stars and munching on some figs.

If there is anyone in Hollywood who believes that you are what you eat, that man is Clint.

"A few years ago I wasn't feeling well," he said recently. "The doctor told me I had high blood pressure. That was the beginning of my consciousness about food values.

"I don't use salt—that is, mineral salt. I use vegetable salt. I don't drink coffee or tea. I like grape juice with lime in it. I don't smoke. I like salads and I eat meat only once a day." That is generally at breakfast. One morning he walked into the Brown Derby, ordered two steaks, six eggs and a quart of milk. "To take out?" said the waiter,

continued on page 64
ACTING since her early teens, Claire made her mark playing Shakespearean heroines on the London stage and in British films.
ONE FOR TEA

To Claire, acting comes first except around mid-afternoon when, film schedule or no, like any Englishwoman worth her salt the lady prefers her tea.

PLAYING a young Russian girl in "The Brothers Karamazov," is far afield for Claire Bloom but she saw it as a challenge.

AMERICA was not new to Claire who had two years of schooling in the U.S. when a little girl.
Hollywood Love Life
continued from page 12

amiable guy. But a very, very tired one. He's gone from one picture to another with no rest for several years now, meantime getting so big at the box-office that he was named Star of the Year by the Theatre Owners of America, which puts him in a class with Bill Holden and Jimmy Stewart. Great. But he's still very tired and, obviously, his personal life is suffering for it. Rock wants a long, quiet vacation, talks about Italy, Hawaii, Sun Valley, each day changing his mind, another indication of how tired he really is.

BACHELOR GIRLS—Joan Collins and Joanne Woodward, who have become close friends, have decided to take an apartment together in Beverly Hills. They plan to buy furniture and decorate it themselves. Which indicates that neither one is contemplating a speedy marriage. Joan's beau, Arthur Loew Jr., will be producing pictures in Europe for six months. Joanne and Paul Newman still date, but of course his divorce is not final.

"SIMPLE" TASTE—Dick Powell just bought wife June Allyson a new white Lincoln Continental, just about The Most in cars! So June turned in her white Thunderbird. The Powells also have other cars. But, oddly, you will usually see June being driven around town, to work or to shop, by her secretary in the latter's '55 Ford! June has a new short hair-do, with brief bangs and a duck tail; she'll probably have to cover it up with a wig for "And Ride A Tiger."

DOUBLE PERFECT—Many movieland mates don't like working together but not so Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. They recently finished "The Vikings" in Europe and plan in the Spring to co-star in "The Perfect Furlough," a modern comedy. "We love to work together. Tony is not only the perfect husband but the perfect co-star," says the ever-lovin' Mrs. C. In the past, you may remember, they also co-starred in "Houdini" and "Black Shield Of Falworth." Meantime, Tony is making "Kings Go Forth" on location and Janet stayed home to unpack all the pretties and paintings they bought in Europe, also giving her a chance to redecorate. Daughter Kelly, now a walking, talking doll of 18-months, is just the cutest. Janet is another gal who's given up her long hair-do for a very short cut.

TOGETHER, TOO—Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer are another couple who enjoy working together. They co-starred in "War And Peace" and, come Spring, Mel will direct Audrey in "Green Mansions," to be filmed in Venezuela. Meantime, Audrey goes to the Belgian Congo for "The Nun's Story" and loathes the idea of being separated from Mel for three months. Audrey fell in love with the Yorkshire terriers she worked with in both "Love In The Afternoon" and "Funny Face," so Mel bought her one, a pedigreed pooch with the imposing name of Famous of Assam. Audrey calls it "Farie" for short.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDE—The Crosby boys had the Holmby Hills house filled with white chrysanthemums to greet Bing and Kathy Grant when they returned from their honeymoon, part of which they spent at Bing's lodge at Hayden Lake—without any servants. Bing went duck hunting, Kathy cooked. Honest! Bing says if Kathy wants to go on acting, that's okay with him. So, she's doing "Gunman's Walk."

REALTY NOTES—Hugh O'Brian has a big enough bachelor apartment but is looking for a two-bedroom house, leading chums to believe he may be on the verge of marrying. But Hugh has been saying he "wants to marry" for quite a few years! He still plays the field in the date department, has recently snared Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's ex, to several parties. . . . Venetia Stevenson also has been looking for a house, this also arousing speculation that she might remarry soon. She says no—that she merely wants a place where she can stable her horse, "Battlin' Bim," which she bought from Tab Hunter. Her romances with Tab and Barry Coe have definitely cooled. Barry's new flame is starlet Pat Mitchell. Venetia, betimes, is hard at work; she has her first starring role in "Island Of Lost Women." P.S. She's now mentioned as a "romantic item" with co-star Jeff Richards!

KIM SERIOUS?—Never underestimate Kim Novak's interest in Italian Mario Bandini, despite her dates with Jeff Chandler—now being sued for divorce by Marge. Kim and Mario spent the holidays together, then he went to Venezuela on business. If she has time between pictures she'll go down for part of his stay there. At any rate, Kim wants him to come back here while she's making "Bell, Book And Candle," explains, "I want him to see me when I'm working. I'm a different person when I'm in a picture and he's seen me before only when I'm on vacation, relaxed." Sounds serious, doesn't it?

SURPRISE—Jim Darren is a sentimental lad who loves "surprises" for his family. The night he was leaving for location on "Gunman's Walk" he called his mother in Philadelphia and asked if she'd like to come out here and stay with his wife and year-old son while he was away. But Jim timed the call so that while he was talking with his mother, his wife Gloria continued on page 62
My Husband Is a Little Boy

Rosalie Cheever

...and there was nothing. My husband, end.

"My husband is a little boy," I said.

"Hunh? How do you know?"

I scratched my head, which was crossed. It must have crossed my mind to cross my face, but I didn't. I said, "I can't tell you how I know this."

"Well, a moment, Mrs. Brazzi," he said.

I scratched my head, which was crossed. It must have crossed my mind to cross my face, but I didn't. I said, "I can't tell you how I know this."
met when Anna co-starred with Rock in "Battle Hymn." Fortunately, Rock had characterized their trouble as "something between my wife and myself." He did not utter one word or do a single deed which would justify a suggestion that the marriage had come to an end.

Yet, he appeared to be making no haste to get the foundered marriage on the road again. His procrastination made for furrowed foreheads and vague feelings of apprehension among his friends.

What had come between Rock and Phyllis? Certainly there didn't seem to be the remotest basis for suspecting that there was another woman or another man. Then what? From what source had the wedge come? What secret frustrations were pulling at their marriage?

Was it the fact that their marriage still was childless after two years? Could it be that? Rock's dream of a houseful of children was no secret, nor was it the customary rhetoric of a brand new groom. Rock had given great and serious thought to the matter of children since he had become a married man.

"I'd like a lot of kids," he said thoughtfully. "I was an only child. One of the reasons I want a big family is that I had no brothers or sisters."

As a potential father, he had even considered what he would do about legally changing his name from Roy Fitzgerald to Rock Hudson.

"If there were children on the way," he had said, "it would be smarter to legalize the name. Otherwise the children would have to go through life with another name, and that certainly would be very confusing."

Could the hunger for progeny, then, be ranking in Rock's subconscious? Could this have become a major frustration which he had taken to expressing in moodiness and irritability? Could the same unspoken problems have become, in its way, an equally disturbing factor to Phyllis? These were among the imponderables that had to be considered in evaluating the gravity of the split between Rock and Phyllis.

WHAT about other seemingly less spectacular possibilities? What about the normal irritations that plague a marriage? As Rock had been in the habit of saying, "I'm a normal guy in a normal marriage, and we do the normal things that any other couple does." Did this furnish a clue, perhaps?

Was it possible that Phyllis, on the heels of a long illness and long separation from her husband, was anxious to make up for lost time and had been after Rock to step up his social life? Was it possible that Phyllis, being only normal, kept after Rock to a point that bordered on nagging, and that Rock, being only normal, balked at being nagged? How
epic did a reason for marital strife have to be?

Had Phyllis perhaps become too determined in her efforts to get Rock to do little chores around the house and put his clothes away neatly? Had she allowed herself to arrange too ambitious a social calendar for Rock's lugubrious tastes? Had Rock suddenly had his fill of getting home from the studio at night and being met at the door by Phyllis with the greeting, "We're going out tonight?"

Time was when Rock found that rather endearing, but times change, and so, conceivably, do men, particularly if they have been under the backbreaking pressure of work to which Rock has been subjected. Hollywood has been using him up like a limited supply of uranium, shoving him from one major where the rub is, then? Certainly his friends seem to think so, and if their thoughts run stubbornly in that direction, Rock himself can take the blame—or the credit—for it.

"I'm very moody," he is on record as admitting, "and I'm difficult to get along with when I'm moody. I don't say anything. After she finds out I'm moody, she just lets me alone, and it works out fine. There are little things between a husband and wife nobody else would understand or cope with. . . . Acting is a high-strung business, and there's always a danger of emotional hangovers at home. Marriage requires all sorts of concessions, compromise, give and take."

Could it be that for once the required concessions were not forthcoming?

INTERESTINGLY enough, one of Rock's happy discoveries early in his marriage was that it did not involve any big new facts of the personality or way of life.
Meet "The Goddess"
continued from page 33

Theatre's presentation of "St. Joan." Again, she didn't get paid, but this time producer Kermit Bloomgarden was so impressed, he engaged her immediately to replace Julie Harris in his Broadway production of Lillian Hellman's "Monserrat." More plays followed, none of them lasting too long, and then television—her favorite medium for acting.

Not as time-consuming as movies, Kim feels that the much-maligned television field is replacing summer stock in giving young and new talent the experience it needs. When Kim spoke, she used her hands freely to gesture. The movements were graceful and usually directed toward herself with the tips of her fingers resting lightly on her breastbone. "You feel freer in television, and oddly enough—I know this sounds crazy—I feel as though no one is watching me and it becomes a little more natural for me to act."

When she gets involved in discussion, she has the tendency to lean forward from the waist toward the person to whom she's speaking as though trying to establish a closer form of contact beside words. This was especially noticeable when she talked about Lee Strasberg, the mild, gentle-looking man who has helped develop some of the finest acting talent in recent years. Kim was almost transported back to the remodeled church that houses the Actors Studio on West 44th Street—classes Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"There's really no such thing as 'The Method,'" Kim confided. "Lee Strasberg is a man gifted to see the capabilities a person really has. He releases a freedom of the spirit. It's something like psychoanalysis. You have to know yourself before you can improve. Lee has that rare ability to convince you that you're capable of more than what you've been doing. If only you could attend classes for six months, you'd see what marvelous things he can do."

She suddenly laughed at some thought that occurred to her. Like everything else about her it was nice—a deep, natural laugh. "You know, I've been reading stacks of movie magazines dating 'way back to get an idea of what a movie actress is like for the role in 'The Goddess.' It's amazing how even the magazines have changed. Before it used to be glamour, exotic, and escape. Now, it's so-and-so is a marvelous mother, she cooks, markets and all but takes in laundry to bolster the family budget."

"I really hate to see this sort of thing—there's no illusion any more. Glamour and exhibitionism aren't nasty words. All actors are exhibitionists. I don't mean showing off with the 'ain't I cute' sort of thing. To show off one's self and to try to keep yourself above average is a good thing. That's why you choose acting instead of being a librarian or engineer."

Though she sounds like she has a lot of thoughts worked out in her mind, like everyone else Kim has a few frustrations rattling around. With her, one of them is a secret—not any more—yen to be a comedienne despite all the emotionally painful roles she's appeared in.

"I'm grateful for all those roles, and I wouldn't turn any others down if they were right for me. But I really would love to do high, witty comedy. If this European trip hadn't come up, I'd do Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' this summer on the road. He and Snitzler (he wrote 'La Ronde') deal marvelously with sex. They have a light touch that keeps sex from being a long drawn out dirty joke—and I hate dirty jokes. Most of the important comedies that are turned out seem to be just that."

A perfectionist, Kim would probably worry just as much over doing comedy as she would any dramatic performance. She may win the Academy Award next year for her performance in "The Goddess," yet, when the picture was finally finished, and she saw the rough cuts she was—to put it in a tranquilized form—unhappy. Someone who had worked with her remarked that if Kim had been allowed to pass on her own scenes, the picture would be two years in the making.

"I COULDN'T help it. The whole thing was terrifying. I fell out of character, I didn't have time to sit around and let it come back to me. And this business of shooting scenes without continuity or a sense of completeness is almost impossible for me to do. I have always got to work through the story with the character and build up to the climax—there's an emotional fulfillment in it for me."

This need for a sense of completeness motivates a lot of Kim's thinking. The lack of it is obvious to her in many things. Divorced, Kim senses the difficulties of bringing up her 4-year-old son, Jamison, in an all-female household. She is concerned about his feeling apart. "You know what he said to me after I brought Laurie home from the hospital? 'Why didn't you get a boy for me?' Kim laughed softly. 'Aside from that, I really think the children are pretty well adjusted. You're supposed to be able to tell by the way they get along outside their homes. Mine seem to do all right. They get along well with each other—except Jamie, right now, is still disappointed in Laurie being a girl.'"

If this determination to have her brood lead normal,"balanced lives had anything to do with an unhappy childhood of her own, Kim didn't say, except that her family moved around Texas a lot—but that could hardly be taken as a reason for all her resolve to act. "I suppose I wanted to rebel. It was the arrogance of youth showing itself. Actually, you know, I wish someone would finally grasp what

CENTER of attention as a big film star is Kim Stanley in a scene for "The Goddess."

really makes an actor or actress, I don't mean what Paddy Chayevsky has done with 'The Goddess'—that's something special. I mean just take the average actor or actress . . . you know what I mean?" (Often in her conversation, Kim, who is exceptionally lucid and intelligent, will stop and wonder if you understand what she's trying to say. The answer is usually yes.) "Most actors you'll find have much the same attitudes toward life. They might have been formed in different molds, but all of them are very much alike in what they're made of. Something happened that made acting a necessity for them. It's the need for mass love. Most of them come from broken homes, unhappy childhoods—maybe it was their extra sensitivity that made them unhappy—or family life that missed somewhere. They all want to be able to say: 'Here I am. Look at me!'"

Colorful and not afraid to say what's on her mind, it figures that many things Kim says fast become tasty slices of a theatrical mind. Like the time Kim was in the stage version of "Bus Stop" and insisted her star billing be reduced to that of a featured player, even though she had won the N.Y. Drama Critics Award for her acting.

"I did it because I actually wasn't the star," she explained to her goggle-eyed audience. "There were five equal parts and I was one of them. Don't get me wrong. I'm no shrinking violet, but in this case, it might have been misleading to the public."

Then, there was the time she admitted she hadn't seen Marilyn Monroe do the film version of the same role for the movie. "I didn't avoid the film either because I thought she would ruin the part, or because I was afraid she might have done it better," Kim said, then added a typical Stanley postscript:

"But frankly, it's possible she could do it better than I could—especially on

continued on page 62
MEET "THE GODDESS" continued

close-ups. This, we thought is an actress talking? Furthermore, she should talk about close-ups! In "The Goddess" she plays a 16-year-old. "Marilyn has that wonderful child-like quality that is explosively sexy. Beside she's a fine actress. Hollywood couldn't have made a better choice for the part."

TOTALLY unlike Marilyn, Kim was once turned down for a part she had wanted very much, the one Donna Reed won an Academy Award for in "From Here To Eternity," because she wasn't sexy enough. But excluding the obvious, Marilyn and Kim do have something in common besides the Actors Studio. Both paint, or rather MM draws and Kim paints with oils, then realizes she's not good enough and reverts to charcoal sketches and watercolors.

"I think if I weren't an actress, I'd like to be an artist," she patiently considered the far-fetched possibility. "I've no commercial talent but I love it. No, I've never studied it. But that's another thing Lee Strasberg makes you become aware of—music and art.

Although the days of working in drafty, dusty off-Broadway theatres for free are over, Kim doesn't give the impression she's now making up for lost time in an orgy of high-living. True, the apartment on Riverside Drive is comfortable enough, her children are well taken care of. There can be extras like ski trips, a month or so off on Fire Island to recuperate from her movie debut, and there will be an extra two months in Europe. What is it then? Fame? According to her the applause is nice on the ears, but it's not that either. Acting is important to her, but Stardom isn't her goal. There's a vast difference, she pointed out, between a star and an actress of stature.

"I know I'll never become a truly great actress, say like Bernhardt. All your life, concentration and devotion must be directed toward that one thing. It must be your entire life, and I can't do that." Well, perhaps when the children are a little older. . . .

"No, I don't mean the children," Kim seemed hesitant about clearing up this statement. "I really don't want to stay in the theatre all my life. I can't be a success until I know myself fully and I haven't done that...yet, because acting alone doesn't hold the answer. To be a successful and good actress, you must love it more than anything else, and there are human relationships that seem a great deal more important. I don't think I can completely fulfill one if I still hold on to the other."

Lisa, uncommonly good for a little girl whose entire afternoon had been loused up by grown-ups, started making fretful sounds and putting on a red hat that tied under the chin. As most parents know, this was the brink...Kim handed Lisa her coat and started scrambling into her own. Lisa was delighted. She flashed a smile. Three front teeth were missing.

"What happened?" we asked.

Lisa's mouth clamped shut and a distressed look flitted across her face. Kim came to the rescue with a smile. "Lisa doesn't like to talk about it. It's something she'd rather forget." For the first time that afternoon, a question had gone unanswered.

Then off they went hand-in-hand searching for the man who made unicorns out of glass. It had begun to drizzle outside, still several people stopped to stare at the attractive little—the girl who didn't want to be a star and a great actress who doesn't think she can be one. Fortunately, everyone else knows better. END

Hollywood Love Life continued from page 58

and Jimmy Junior walked into her house on a surprise visit!

WITH EARL AWAY—Dolores Hart used her spare time to good advantage while beau Earl Holliman was away on a vacation—hunting trip in the High Sierras. She's a talented artist and got very busy at her easel and finished several oil paintings she had started some time ago.

HOUSE PROBLEMS—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher moved into their new home before their remodeling was finished. Big problem was that the kitchen equipment had been completely ripped out! Debbie was more concerned about finishing the nursery for the new baby. . . "Efremin Zimbalist Jr. bought the former Fisher house, moved his family in with practically no furniture. "I spent so much for the house the furniture will have to wait," he says. But they do have a fully equipped kitchen! . . . As soon as Liz Taylor can manage, following her appendectomy, she'll start hunting for a house to buy in Palm Springs. She and Mike Todd rented one there for their vacation, but now want to join the Hollywood crowd who own property in "The Springs."

WEDDING BELLS—Jayne Mansfield would like to be married to Mickey Hartig at the beautiful glass Church of the Wayfarer overlooking the Pacific at Palos Verdes, but it's probably too small for their "most intimate friends"—plus the press. Her wedding gown will be the bride's dress she wore in her first movie, "A Girl Can't Help It," and her flower girl will be daughter Jayne Marie. Jayne brought back a wedding present for herself from England—a complete dinner service of fine bone china.

ORANGE BLOSSoms—Hollywood chums were caught with their guesses down by the surprise marriage in Chicago of Peggy Connelly and Dick Martin of the comedy team of Rowan and Martin. . . Is Suzy Parker secretly married to Pierre La Salle of Paris?

DATA ON DATES—John Saxon still dates Ingrid Goude and Vicki Thai but has also discovered Linda Cristal, the Argentine beauty now under contract at U-I who might very well be Our Town's next big Glamour Girl...Joanna Moore, whose career is also very definitely on the upgrade, has been dating Jack Webb and says she's "fascinated" by him. . . Montgomery Clift, who's just about the undating-est male in Hollywood, surprised his pals by squeezing May Britt to a couple of fancy parties.

NATURAL—Dana Wynter's lawyer husband, Greg Bautzer, is happy she's finished "Fraulein," for which she had to bleach her hair. "With a studio full of blondes, why did they have to choose my brunette wife and change her?" he asks. Cheer up, Greg. It is the best role she has had to date!

ELIGIBLE—One of the most eligible young bachelors around town is David Nelson, son of Ozzie and Harriet, who was given co-star billing as the result of preview reaction to his very first film, "Peony Place." Then he turned 21, which means he comes into a trust fund built up through many years of work in radio and TV with his dad and mother. Rumor has it this should add up to about a quarter of a million dollars! There are plenty of young starlets around town who would be happy to throw their matrimonial hooks into this lad!

SOCIAL NOTES—Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith bought 20 acres of range land at Mid Pines, will raise cattle, build a house there and also cottages to rent. Making her "The Notorious Landlady"? . . . Lauren Bacall has moved into her smaller house but it has a fabulous music room with all sorts of fancy hi-fi equipment—the better to bear Frankie Boy's records? . . . When Julie London went to England to work, film she took her two children and their nurse and rented a big flat in London. Bobby Troup is also over there. Will they marry before they return? . . . Mamie Van Doren says she and husband Ray Anthony "don't battle more than the average couple." So, what's average, Mamie?? Anyway, Ray flew to Miami—where Mamie had a singing engagement—to refute rift rumors. END
Tops in Fun!

You'll enjoy the delightful escapades of Emmy Lou and her high school chums in "More Bobby Sox." Don't miss this delightful collection of cartoons based on the famous newspaper comic strip.

Buy the Popular Library edition of "More Bobby Sox" today.

Only 25¢ at all newsstands.
No More To Wander
continued from page 55

grasping at straws. But no, it was to take in.

"I love dates and nuts and plums and raisins," adds Clint. "These are high-powered foods ... I don't eat much when I'm out with people because most people don't like health foods. That's why I always take unsweetened raisins and sunflower seeds wherever I go. I always put a few bags of them in my valise ..."

It would make a great hit at one of those dull Hollywood parties, but wouldn't you guess, Clint doesn't go much for that sort of night-life. "You can't please everybody," he says. "So why should I try to fake an interest in the night club circuit? We go to some of the Hollywood parties because we realize it is part of the movie game. I can't say I like 'em, but my wife and I do like to get into our best duds and go out among 'em—as they say in these parts."

To recover from one of these ordeals, in fact, simply to face every day as it should be faced, Clint, Verna and Valerie work out with barbells in the morning. The bells are in the garage, and the ladies use the small ones. When Valerie tires of the bells she is at liberty to climb into the treehouse her father built. She won't find Tarzan, Jr., up there, but she'll have a nice view of the San Fernando Valley and the three-quarters of an acre Daddy owns.

The Walkers live in an unpretentious, roomy house, furnished with an eye for size—Clint's size. Not only is he big, but he can tear a telephone directory in half with one rip. Naturally, there's an over-size bed in his bedroom, and the living room is filled with a four-section divan which, put all together, is large enough for the three Walkers to sprawl on comfortably.

Clint, who's had about 39 temporary homes in his nine years of marriage, has plans for a permanent dream house.

"I got me a raise not long ago," he told a writer, in September. "And now I'm going to look for just the right sort of cliff—a sandstone outcropping which will just far enough up off the desert to give me room for my house at the tip.

"There are loads of old miners all around that country who can dig the rooms right into the cliff, like mine chambers. The living room, and maybe a couple of the other rooms, will have great big picture windows, the glass set right into the sandstone walls, so that we can have a terrific view across the desert to the mountains beyond.

"Then I want to have a sort of spiral staircase, up a vertical tunnel, from the house to the top of the cliff above, so that we can use it for a sun deck ... Furniture? A lot of it can be dug right in. While they're digging out a wall they just leave a sort of ledge the right height for a settee. Then I'll face it with some fancy smooth stone and put great big cushions on top of it, and I got me a mighty fine divanport ..."

Fortunately, he's got himself a wife who not only goes along with anything Clint wants, but has doubled as a tower of strength when he needed it.

"Verna has always stuck by me," Clint says with great and understandable pride. "In Alton, Illinois, when I couldn't sell enough vacuum cleaners door to door to pay the grocery bill ... in Brownwood, Texas, when all we could afford was a broken down shack six miles from town that was lighted by kerosene lamps and had a shower made out of a bucket punched full of holes ... in Long Beach, California, when I worked as a night club bouncer and she had to live in a trailer in the woods, and the times in Hollywood when she went to work as a waitress to pay for my dramatic lessons ..."

Verna is five-feet-three with green eyes, dark hair and the courage of an early pioneer. No uncalled for advice and no complaints have ever come from that pretty upper lip. There was even a time when she pawned her wedding ring for groceries, and laughed about it. Even now she keeps her head. She refuses to drive anything fancier than a 1950 Chevrolet, and feels that the 1948 Cadillac Clint bought (there are some things celebrities have to do) is about as ostentatious as she wants to get.

Clint met this jewel of a wife in his hometown—Alton, Illinois, but he had a hard time winning her.

He had quit school at 16 to see the world. He became a seaman in the Merchant Marine and saw Canada, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska and North Africa before coming home on leave. When he came home he wandered down Main Street to the local ice cream parlor, and there was this wispy of a girl who'd never left home in her life. He noticed her immediately, but she was popular. It took three or four months before he got up enough nerve to ask for a date. They had the date, discovered they were very nearly speechless in each other's company, and Clint decided to forget her. The trouble was—he couldn't.

So he took a long sea voyage and wrote her letters every day. She answered him once in a while. That's what drove him mad. "It was her 'I can do without you attitude,'" he says, "that was so infuriating and so intriguing."

When Clint got home he pulled a trick as old as the hills. He dated Verna's sister who was a stunning looking model on leave from New York. So Verna said, all right, we're engaged.

Instead of marrying the girl right then, Clint signed on a tanker that was heading for the South Pacific. Verna's reaction was cool. She went to California with her sister and informed Clint that she'd be dating other men. Go ahead, he said, furiously. A year passed.

In the spring of 1948, the scene shifted to Alton again. Verna and Clint were both back home. One day he put it to her. Either they got married or they never laid eyes on each other again.

"Let's get married, Norman" (that's his real name), Verna said.

They were married on September 7, 1948. Clint's worldly goods consisted of an old Model A Ford and $150. After the ceremony, he handed an envelope to the preacher. When it was too late to
grab it back, Clint discovered he'd handed over his bankroll.

Then the wandering began. But these days, all roads eventually lead to Las Vegas. That's where Clint got a job as deputy sheriff and met Van Johnson who introduced him to agent Henry Willson who urged him to come to Hollywood and try his luck.

Success hasn't made Clint any happier than he's ever been. He's always been happy with Verna. He's a serious man who sees life in its proper perspective and isn't fooled by the surface of things. "I'm inspired by the belief that there is a purpose in life," he says. "That we are here to become wiser than we are, and that our duty is to build our knowledge of life. . . . The greatest thing a man possesses is his wisdom. When you have wisdom, you have everything. My purpose in life is to grow. . . ."

HE IS pleased that "Cheyenne" has been called an instrument for good among kids and he'd like to branch out into other types of roles that would "bring home by example that the only life which ever pays off is the good life. That the qualities to which we pay so much lip service—honesty, faith, love thy neighbor—are more than just words, and that living them is the only true way to happiness."

He admits that, as a father, he gives orders, "but I try to make Valerie understand why I'm telling her to do this or not to do that. I've found that with kids, even more than with adults, if you can make them understand what you're trying to accomplish—if you include them in your thinking—you won't ever have any trouble in getting cooperation from them."

He gets love and cooperation from Valerie, but he does not get a high degree of recognition. One day he saw her playing with a lasso in the yard and he went up to her and asked if she was being a cowboy like Daddy. "Oh, no," she said. "I'm a real honest to goodness cowboy. I'm Wyatt Earp."

Aside from this minor disappointment, Clint is content. He may never go back to Alton, Illinois.

"Why, I'm afraid to go home," he says. "You know what those publicity people have said about me? They've put stuff about me being a football star and an amateur wrestling champion. The folks at home know that isn't true. I never had the time."

"When I was nine years old I was setting up bottles as targets in a carnival. When I was 14 I was big enough to get jobs on the boats that steamed up and down the Mississippi. Football star! How'm I going to hold up my head among them?"

Chances are the folks back home won't hand that head to him on a platter; they're more likely to hang it, or a reasonable facsimile, in their own home town hall of fame.

"I feel sorry for any girl that marries me," says Tony Perkins. "For one thing, she'd have to get used to my moving around a lot. I just can't sit still. I've got to be doing something. I'm loaded with nervous energy and that's the trouble."

Don't miss reading "What His Wife Will Have To Expect Of Tony" in the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine. It's an intimate, revealing study of Tony Perkins, Hollywood's fastest-rising young star. Typical of the exciting articles in every issue of SILVER SCREEN.

Buy the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine, now at all newsstands.
A SIMPLE setting is the keynote of Sarah Vaughan’s new EmArcy album, “Swingin’ Easy.” Backed by a trio, Sarah does her best in-close voice and gets across the impression that the songs are strictly between you and her and the recording engineer. It’s the way a supper club chanteuse should sing but never does... If you dig Dixie, we suggest an immediate sampling of Bob Scobey’s Frisco Band, of which there is none more Dixie-er. Their Good Time Jazz album, “Direct From San Francisco,” is a foot-stomping example of pure, almost pristine, two-beat. The followers of Dixieland, a hardy and devoted lot, can rejoice in such champions as the Scobey crew... Two of the biggest bargains on LP’s concern themselves with swingin’ and singin’. On the Camden economy label, we have in this corner The Count, Count Basie, of course, with a small group, orchestra and vocalists, in a batch of early jump tunes—a dozen collectors’ items for less than a deuce. In the opposite corner, is the Camden album “Dream Along With Me,” presided over by the genial music master, Perry Como. Perry’s not only offered at bargain prices but is served up with some of his most famous songs. Such classics as “Me And My Shadow,” “More Than You Know” and “My Melancholy Baby” are the frosting on an elegantly inexpensive Como cake.

Known in show business as a singer’s singer, Kaye Starr is the kind of songbird that other singers will catch on their nights off. Miss Starr’s stock-in-trade is a strong, straightforward, try-and-stop-me approach to a set of lyrics. There is nothing cute or gimmicky in the way Kay delivers and that is evidently the secret of her staying power. Her latest Victor LP, “Blue Starr,” rates four stars and infinite playings... Debbie Reynolds Fisher has no more recording worlds to conquer as she already has her million-dollar seller, “Tammy,” behind her. But the new Reynolds M-G-M coupling of “Wall Flower” and “All Grown Up” should cement her position as a first-rate singing star and not a one-time fluke. Both sides deal with the problems, real and imaginary, that beset the teenager, and Debbie delivers as if she knows what it’s all about. Too bad no Mr. & Mrs. platters are in the offing. Eddie and Debbie together would seem to be “Big Sell.”... Joe Saye is a blind pianist, born in Scotland, late of the British Isles, who is currently enhancing the American jazz scene with his unique gift. His new EmArcy album, “A Wee Bit Of Jazz,” contains a large chunk of Saye originals based on old Scottish airs, but the effects achieved never issued forth from a bagpipe. Lending strong support on the sides are Herbie Mann, flute par excellence, and a rhythm section that is money in the bank.

The happy association of Nat “King” Cole and Capitol Records has once more borne delicious fruit. Nat’s new album, “Just One Of Those Things,” is just one of those smash hits that the King keeps turning out with gratifying regularity. Nat has Billy May and his orchestra to help things along, which makes everything practically perfect. ... The Four Freshmen, one of the country’s better vocal groups, have a new Capitol recording that’s Latin and loaded. The oldie, “Granada,” is given a fresh paint job and never sounded so good. The flip, “How Can I Begin To Tell,” has a sultry South American beat and some real cool harmonies. ... Tony Perkins has taken enough time off from his skyrocketing career to record an album for Epic, the title of which is simply his name. This definitely establishes Tony as a triple-threat man—screen star, stage star and singer. Wonder if he can dance?
Can Rock
Save His Marriage?
continued from page 60

Certainly in that respect, Rock and Phyllis have not changed. They still refuse to air their dirty linen in public, and on this continuing respect for the sanctity of their marriage, their friends pin their enduring hopes for a warm and lasting reconciliation.

Friends of Rock and Phyllis Hudson refuse to believe the marriage is over. They are convinced that nothing aids it that cannot be cured by a long layoff from work. They point out that not once since they were married has Rock had any appreciable time off from the grinding rigors of stardom. Rock was busy making "Giant" when he and Phyllis married, and before they had even shaken the rice out of their hair, he was back at Universal-International hard at work on "Written On The Wind."

During the making of that picture, Rock was exhausted, and someone asked, "Too much marriage or too much movies? You look beat."

There was no question in Rock's mind about what was wrong. "Too much movies," he laughed.

Unless things have transpired between Rock and Phyllis Hudson that those closest to them do not even remotely suspect, the same hopeful diagnosis seems to hold—too many movies, not too much marriage! END

Are They Right For Each Other?
continued from page 17

Now she says, "I know what Bob has always known, that you can't take success for granted. You have to earn it and work for it, maybe even do some suffering for it."

That knowledge, so long familiar to Bob, so recently acquired by Natalie, has created a strong, strong bond between the two of them.

"It will be good," says Natalie (and the "will be" seems significant), "that we have the same sort of careers and work. We understand each other's problems. I have dated men who were not connected with show business and when we went places together, no matter how important the man might be in his own field, it was embarrassing for him and for me when I had to pay attention to fans and people. He felt left out. Of course that doesn't happen with Bob. The fans know him as well as they know me! And an actress, married to an actor, would never be surprised or annoyed if he was late to dinner because he had

continued on page 68
ARE THEY RIGHT FOR EACH OTHER?

continued

stayed a little longer at the studio to look at the day's rushes."

Bob visited the set of "Marjorie Morningstar" whenever it was possible, watched avidly every scene Natalie made, applauded wildly and often congratulated her with a kiss and a hearty, "That's my girl!" To the vast amusement of all the members of the cast and crew, we might add.

And when the "Morningstar" company went on location at Schroon Lake in New York, it was interesting that Bob "just happened" to have business which took him East, so that he could visit Natalie there.

She wears a little elephant hair ring which he gave her, although she says it isn't an engagement ring... and we imagine it is not. But it is a very affectionate good-luck token, as almost everyone knows.

And Natalie has been working as she has never worked at any manual thing in her life before, knitting a wondrous affair which she says is a blanket for Bob's boat: To use on the boat, that is!

There are other symptoms of romance. What other young man sends his girl's mother flowers on "Mother's Day"—unless he means something pretty serious in regard to the daughter? Moreover, Bob is emphatic in his admiration for Natalie's taste in clothes. "She always looks so 'right,'" he says, "no matter whether we are going to a big, formal affair, or to a small dancing spot or just to cove on the beach. Natalie seems to be infallible about this. I think she knows things about interior decoration and all sorts of home furnishings, too, although we have not discussed it very much yet."

They lunch together whenever it is at all possible and whoever gets off the set first calls for the other one at quitting time when they are working on different lots. Otherwise they meet later on for an evening date.

They try to give each other unexpected presents... as when, for a surprise, Natalie sent Bob's dog, a golden retriever, to a dog school for special training, while Bob was away. She couldn't have pleased him more. And there was the mink stole which Natalie had bought for herself on "time payments." Bob brought her the receipted bill for the full amount with the simple notation, "Because I love you."

Neither of them was amused when some pals of Bob's plastered his dressing room, in his absence, with still pictures of Natalie in Tab Hunter's arms... stills from some old pictures. It just didn't seem funny to this so-very-much-in-love pair.

They have agreed not to advise one another on career problems. But Bob wouldn't okay the records he made recently until Natalie had heard them and given her approval. Just what the recording company thought of this we don't know.

What are their chances for happiness if they should marry? (And we're betting that they will!)

They are both fairly young as years go, but they have both been engaged in an industry which ages people early, as a rule. They have learned early of the ferocious competition in Hollywood and they have seen love and marriage destroyed by that competition between the sexes. They have both dated many others and come to know numbers of fiercely ambitious young people, people of their own kind and of their own ages. They should know pretty well what the odds are.

We think that if they decide that they love one another and decide to try marriage... their chances for happiness are good. Don't you?
be bridged, do the wedding bells chime—clung, clang, clank. Another Ranger, Peter Brown, goes for a small lass of Scotch once too often and finds Venetia Brown habit-forming. But the most shook up of them all is Lt. Edward Byrnes—the West Pointer who missed the point. He's an unadjusted new replacement who needs Etchika Choureau to teach him how to carry money without buying everything. For some reason, this makes him a better soldier, too. Standing above all this, and understandably, is Colonel Darby, played by James Garner. When this shows the Rangers as a fighting team rather than boudoir blitzers, it's a fairly good action picture. (Warner Bros.)

Lafayette Escadrille

Since hardly anyone will notice the exceptional data on the training of the first fighter pilots because of Tab Hunter nuzzling Etchika Choureau, perhaps it's best to treat this as a romantic interlude. A rebel, Hunter joins the famous squadron of World War I made up of young American men to be trained as aviators by the French. Unable to cope with discipline, Hunter finally deserts and flees to Etchika—a trinket he found in a red-lit Paris boite. Hunter is forced to stay cooped up in her apartment. At first, flight training was never like this, but anything can become monotonous if a man can't support the woman he loves. Hunter sneaks out and gets a job of sorts—there's a nasty name for it... perhaps we better go back to talking about planes. Anyway, this is the sort of story that would have been better preserved for a stag reunion where its telling would be appropriate. On the screen it's just a dull, unpleasant movie—surly and soiled. (Warner Bros.)

I Married A Woman

All sorts of giddy marital mix-ups plague the happy (?) home of Diana Dors and George Gobel. A mother-to-be, Diana seems endowed with every necessary fixture other than intelligence. She can't get around to telling ad agency executive Gobel of their impending parenthood, which sort of evens the score since Gobel can't get around to telling her they face poverty if he can't dream up a new gimmick for their largest account. Suspecting that her spouse's distant stares are disinterest, Diana starts a campaign to make him jealous. Her idiotic behavior incredibly enough nets her a cruise, diamond necklace and a penitent, wiser husband. Adolphe Menjou sparks things considerably as Gobel's boss, and John Wayne in color and black and white adds a soupcon of unexpected whimsy. (RKO.)

The Admirable Crichton

In 1906, life was scaled to a more charming pace, especially if you had money. When wealthy Cecil Parker, spurred by nobler thoughts, attempts to indoctrinate his staff of servants, headed by butler Kenneth More, in the joys of democracy, the results are disastrous. In fact, it's deemed advisable for his family oil on a lengthy cruise until the scandal blows over. En route to forgetfulness on their yacht, a storm interrupts. Parker, his three daughters, two of their fiances, More and a serving girl, Diane Cilento, are cast away on a desert island. In time, the wheel turns. Resourceful and adaptable, More soon heads the small group. Everyone is delighted with the arrangement but the idyll is interrupted on the brink of More's marriage to one of Parker's daughters. A rescue ship arrives. Delightful comedy. (Columbia.)

Flood Tide

When a man is accused of murder and sent to prison on the testimony of Michel Ray, a 10-year-old boy crippled by a spinal injury, Engineer George Nader rushes back to the States from his job in Venezuela. Still in love with Michel's mother, Cornell Borchers, Nader has gone through enough with them to have every reason to suspect the boy is lying. In a complex mother-son relationship that had developed since the accident in which the boy's father was killed, Nader thinks he sees a clue to why the boy is so mentally disturbed. Quietly, he starts a campaign to gain Michel's confidence, and though he had failed once before, he succeeds this time. Average drama. (Universal-International.)
Tony Perkins’ Hollywood Discoveries

continued from page 29

Persuasion' and my next picture, 'The Lonely Man,' was vastly different. The same care and preparation that went into the former was conspicuously missing in the latter. 'The Lonely Man' was one of those pictures that was a business proposition and not a work of art. When they wrote the screenplay, they didn't, of course, plan to send it to the Cannes Film Festival. But after the preview I discovered the full meaning of that local expression—you're only as good as your last picture!"

Romantically speaking, Tony's favorite dates have included such sweeties as Venetia Stevenson, talented newcomer Susan Oliver and Gary Cooper's lovely daughter, Maria. For some unexplainable reason (to Tony), he hasn't seen much of Maria for some time. When she isn't out of town, she just happens to be busy when Tony calls. It could be coincidence. Then again, it's possible the Coopers decided their sheltered daughter was being overly-exposed in Tony's spotlight of attention. The suggestion of such a situation startles him.

"It never occurred to me," Tony sighs. "I hope I don't make this discovery, too, but if I do, I'll be sincerely sorry. This is something you really can't control and it's pretty discouraging when you're forced to slip into an out of the way place for a quiet date with a nice girl. But the second you step inside Ciro's or Mocambo, in Hollywood, it has to be a hot romance. This is true, even if it's your first date with the girl!"

WHILE he saved nickels, dimes and dollars, Tony drove around in a rented car. Finally he accrued a substantial down payment on a powder blue Thunderbird and it was a pretty proud moment in Tony's life. Driving back to his new apartment above the Sunset Strip, he came to a red light. A car drove by an actor he'd parked payments with in New York, pulled up next to Tony. He could feel a pair of accusing eyes staring at him.

"Well, Tony," the actor called out, "I see you've finally gone Hollywood!" The red light turned to green.

"Yeah, that's right," Tony shot back over his shoulder, "I sure have gone Hollywood." It didn't upset him or even annoy him, but it did cause him to comment about it later on when he recalled the incident.

"If a shoe clerk or a bookkeeper buys a new car, no one gives it a second thought. But when it's an actor, in this case an actor who'd never owned a car before—he's accused of going Hollywood. Who accuses him? The same ones who say that he has the first penny he ever earned!"

Today in Hollywood, good roles in fine pictures are at a premium. But such top trouper as Bill Holden, Marlon Brando, Don Murray and Paul Newman are in constant demand. Tony Perkins fits right into this category. His unreleased pictures are "This Bitter Earth" (made abroad), "Desire Under The Elms" with Sophia Loren, and "The Matchmaker" with Shirley Booth. Tony's now back on Broadway for a refresher course in "Look Homeward, Angel." Not a bad record for a two-year try and we're not overlooking Tony's, poignant portrayals in "The Friendly Persuasion" and "Fear Strikes Out." After his stage stint he's due back for more films.

"I've found out many revealing things about Hollywood and myself," Tony sums up the score. "I love my work, I've been lucky and I'm grateful. Maybe because I grew up feeling rejected during private school days, there is a need for approval whenever it's warranted and possible. However, only a supreme egoist would expect it consistently in a competitive town like Hollywood. My career, my peace of mind and my personal survival are most certainly not dependent on anything quite so ephemeral as that.

"The first time I came to Hollywood (it was in 1952 when he actually screen-debut in MGM's "The Actress") it was like walking on 20 feet of snow in snow shoes. There was no place for me. I wasn't needed or wanted, but when I came back the second time, it was vastly different. There was a job waiting with good billing and excellent salary. So I took off those snow shoes and went in with both feet. This, I've discovered, is the only way to do it!"
Eventually part of the furniture, (which Eddie hadn't really seen until then) was installed in the house, the rest remaining in storage. And Eddie, looking at these substitutes for his wife's stools, didn't like them. He is, after all, a man who likes the modern mood and these things certainly didn't fit in with his ideas.

"Put these things in the basement!" he would request, pointing at Debbie's favorite chairs. So down to the basement they would go.

Next morning Debbie would patiently bring them back up and place them, unostentatiously she hoped, here and there in the big living room. "If I sort of scatter them," she mused, "he'll get used to them and not even notice them." Eddie would come home and bristle over again, "I thought I said to put those things in the basement." And it would all begin again.

But finally, to the utter amazement of both of them, an antique dealer agreed to take them off their hands... and at a profit to boot.

"This was a real shock to Eddie," Debbie confided, "but it does prove that I wasn't impractical after all. Of course, it took a little time... and of course he bought me the mink coat, anyway...

"But..." and here she looked a little sly and amused, "I've still saved four of those chairs. I'm going to have them recovered and put them in the new house and I'm sure he won't recognize them once they're finished!"

She is having a wonderful time planning to redecorate the new house, as well as the small place they have bought in Palm Springs. That is another of her practical ideas.

"You talk," she explains, "we adore the hot weather and we'll stay there in the off-season when no one else wants to be in the desert. Then perhaps we'll rent it in the winter to people who don't like hot weather. It will probably pay for itself through the years and then it will be all our own!"

With all this redecorating enthusiasm she haunts second-hand shops, antique shops and especially junk shops. At the moment she is especially interested in wrought iron, the lovely, lacy designs one sometimes finds even in abandoned garden gates. She has some plans for those gates at the Palm Springs house.

Moving has posed a few problems for the Fishers in the matter of their personal belongings.

"Eddie," says Debbie, admiringly, "sorts out all his things very often and discards what he won't be needing, so his cupboards are all tidy. I just can't bear to do that. I have dresses I've owned for ten years and I can't bear to throw them away. They do accumulate and they do pile up." She sighed.

"I save other things, too. String and wrapping paper and especially Christmas boxes and ribbons. Eddie will say, 'What are you going to do with those boxes and bows? There are so many! Where are you going to keep them and what for?'"

"All I can think of is that they may be nice to have next Christmas. They will save me having to shop for them."

"Meanwhile," he says, "look at the space they'll take up. And we'll have to move them, too, to the new house. And probably not one box will fit the gift that you want to wrap next year."

"The trouble is that I'm sure he's right but somehow I can't bear to part with these things when they seem so bright and almost new. It's just something in me, I guess."

"Sometimes," she added, wistfully, "it just isn't so practical to be practical, after all."

However, Eddie does have his little weaknesses, too.

"We don't dare let him know when a door-to-door salesman is here," says Debbie. "Especially those brush people. He wants everything they have and he buys them, even if we have the identical things in the kitchen cupboards. I guess it's because their catalogs and samples are so very attractive."

Debbie admits that she is sometimes extravagant where Eddie is concerned... and Carrie, Frances.

"You have to splurge a little bit on people you love... sometimes..." she admits. "After all, you have to have some fun, don't you?"
How Tony Subdued Shelley

continued from page 45

and "cooled it." Shelley had enrolled there too, as another famous blonde did later, to try and learn a little more from the best teachers she could find. And so it was at the Actors Studio that the historic clash of the irresistible force and the immovable object finally took place—with immediate results.

Shelley, insecure and needing badly to be reassured about her acting, found working with Tony to be the most electrifying and immediate experience of her life. And Tony, who hadn't expected much from the "Hollywood hoyden," found himself reluctantly admitting that there was much, much more to Shelley than he had imagined.

After the first scene there were more. There were also long walks around the slumbering city, deep discussions about their work; parties and coffee-clatches with fellow actors which lasted late into the night. Then early one morning as they looked into each other's weary faces, Tony and Shelley came up against the blunt fact that they had far more to talk about besides acting.

The discovery cut across their minds like the icy New York wind that stung their faces. Shelley realized suddenly how much she had come to depend upon Tony. The girl from Brooklyn, who only a few months back had said, "I walked up Broadway and saw my name on five marquees—and I was the unhappiest girl in the world. All I was doing was making the Edison Company rich," had stumbled into a fiery young man who made her feel for once in her life completely filed. She walked around in a bedazzled daze, feeling to the tips of her fingers a much-loved woman.

Her fellow classmates at the Studio had noticed a remarkable change in Shelley's acting, too—a new depth and perception that had grown steadily since she met Tony.

For Tony it was a new sensation, too. With a broken marriage behind him, he found for the first time a woman who understood his passionate intensity and was not baffled by his hunger to act.

And so Shelley, the immoveable one, sighed a little, and relaxed and let Tony handle things—from then on.

"I can't tell you how much Tony has helped me," Shelley said, her voice warm and happy. "For instance, in my acting—it's absolutely necessary for an actress to have discipline, if she expects to be a great actress, that is. In Hollywood, I had absolutely no control over myself or my emotions. Because Tony is basically an impulsive person, he has a struggle trying to discipline himself, so he knows exactly what a fight it is for me to do the same thing. I've learned so much from him, watching him with other people.

He's such an understanding man. He may not say much but he watches people closely—he doesn't judge them by what they do on the surface."

As an example, Shelley said she'd been raging around their apartment for two days, furious at the world in general. Tony watched all this with a faint, half-quizical air, then took her in his arms.

"Why do you let things people say continued on page 74"
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HOW TONY SUBDUE SHELLEY
continued

aff ects you so much, lover? That letter from — — — — — — certainly isn’t worth all this, is it?”

Shelley was startled, then thoughtful. She’d had a letter from a gossip friend in Hollywood, mentioning a piece of ugly slander which had hurt Shelley. She’d shown it to Tony, then torn it into bits, but the words stayed with her.

“I hadn’t been conscious of it, but that’s what had been eating away at me like a bo or for two days. As soon as Tony mentioned it, I realized it was silly to go on brooding over something as trivial as that. But he knew how deeply I feel things— even things I thought I’d dismissed from my mind.”

Tony has turned out to be a wonderful father as well. To Vittoria, now four and a half, he is a patient listener, a marvelous inventor of stories, a tireless horse for gallops around the house, and—if necessary—a firm but just disciplinarian. Shelley has enrolled her young sprig in a school which is one of New York’s best models of progressive education. When Vittoria came home the other day with the unsettling, though normal, question about where she had come from, Tony and Shelley exchanged glances and then rose nobly to the occasion. They read her a book, recommended by the school for just such a moment, which explained simply and beautifully to the inquisitive little girl how she had been created from her mother’s and father’s deep love for each other.

“It satisfied her questions completely, and it was such a simple way to tell her. When I think what an embarrassed production some parents put on over such a simple, inevitable question . . . !” Shelley laughed, shaking her blonde head from side to side.

With Vittoria in school and a busy schedule of television for Shelley and a Broadway play in the offing, she is tied to New York for a while. She prefers the stage or live television, because having found the nerve to stand up before a live audience, she now would rather work in those mediums. “There’s something about being able to build a characterization and sustain it that I have to have,” she said. The piece-by-piece Hollywood method of making a movie, often as not starting from the middle of the film and working out from there, has had it as far as Shelley is concerned.

Tony, however, is a hot acting property in Hollywood just now. After the studios started to read the mail that poured in over Tony’s sensitive job as Polo in “Hateful Of Rain,” they lost no time in finding other parts for him. His latest one is the co-starring role opposite Anna Magnani in Hal Wallis’ “Wild Is The Wind” and he has two more pictures waiting for him.

So for the moment, the Franciosa family must commute to be together. It’s hardly an ideal set-up for any newly-married couple, but they can weather it. They’ve got too much together to let mere geography separate them.

END

Sheilah Graham’s
Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 8

She started off with great energy. But the last week was murder with Judy reported on the verge of a collapse. But well or weak, Judy can do no wrong in Blighty. . . . Diana Dors has signed an eight-week contract for Las Vegas, for a total of $80,000. She’ll need every dime of it, says Di, who expects her divorce from Dennis Hamilton to be very expensive.

Jack Benny turned down the stage lead in “Father Of The Bride,” because he prefers to live in Hollywood, and prefers to live, period. The chore, with all his other activities, would have been too exhausting. . . . Errol Flynn has given a lifetime job to his ex-mother-in-law, Mrs. Eddington. She works as his secretary and housekeeper when Errol lives in Hollywood—which is more frequent of late. It’s quite usual nowadays to see him with an arm around two young ladies—his daughters. . . . Rosanno Brazzi’s wife, Lydia, collapsed from too much dieting. She had lost 20 pounds when the doctor called a halt. . . . True Love Department.

Mitzl Gaynor wept buckets when husband Jack Bean took off for three days of business in the East. It was the first time they had been parted overnight in all the three years of their marriage.

Cary Grant has been asked to un-tan for Technicolor. Against the peaches and cream of his leading ladies, Cary’s sun-soaked puss is too much of a contrast. There are plenty of rumors of wobbiness in his marriage with Betsy Drake. But I believe that when a statement is to be made, they’ll make no bones about it.

The new star of the year—James Garner, and I do mean “Maverick.” . . . But it was sad to see Fess Parker, good ole Davy Crockett, in such a small part in Disney’s fine film, “Old Yeller.” . . . Are Rhonda Fleming and Doc Lew Morrill calling it a day—again? There were fire-works the last time. Not so this. . . . Frank Lloyd Wright, the master architect, is designing Marilyn Monroe’s dream house in Connecticut. One whole wing can be converted into a nursery. Here’s luck.

Lucky June Allyson is now the proud owner of a big white Lincoln Continental.

Alfred Hitchcock’s explanation of how he gets good performances from his star actresses—which include Kim Novak, Joan Fontaine, Vera Miles and Grace Kelly—“The art is to get them to do nothing, gracefully.” . . . Gene Kelly positively bubbles these days with the resurgence of his career. His include “The Happy Road,” “Les Girls” and “Marjorie Morningstar.” . . . Whatever happened to Tab Hunter’s plan to marry the French girl whose name is like a sneeze—Etchika Choureau! . . . Marlon Brando and Truman Capote are less friendly—since the writer’s amazingly perceptive “New Yorker” story on Marlon.

Greatest change noted in an actress—Doris Day, now so out-going. In previous years, cautious and careful and cantankerous. . . . Dinah Shore is behind Betty Hutton’s re-entry into television. Believes she’s the greatest. So do I. Which gal? Both. . . . With so much success and security coming Richard Egan’s way, you can expect him to let down the bars and announce wedding plans. To whom? Well, he still sees a great deal of Pat Hardy. The gal who gets him will be lucky. . . . Did you know that John Wayne and William Holden are the only two actors today whose pictures always make money regardless? . . . Economy Note: Orson Welles, playing a man of 60 in “The Long, Hot Summer,” wore Robert Wagner’s eye bags—made of rubber for Bob’s Jesse James picture. . . . I’m afraid we’ve lost Tony Perkins for about two years. His “Look Homeward, Angel” smash Broadway stage hit has a run-of-the-play clause.

And finally, the talk of Hollywood lives in France. I refer to sex kitten Brigitte Bardot. This kitty cat is full grown in the right departments. I hear Frank Sinatra took one long look at her in “And God Created Woman,” and offered Brigitte the sun, moon and stars to co-star with him. Personally, I think she’s too hot for Hollywood to handle.
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can't see anything on my girl but...

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**INSIDE NEWS**

Diane Varsi 13 The Strange Story of Diane Varsi by Favius Friedman

**PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS**

Pat Boone 14 Levelling With My Kid Brother by Pat Boone as told to Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Natalie Wood 25 Natalie and Bob Answer Their Fans by Jerry Asher and Bob Wagner

Tony Perkins 29 The Importance Of Being Shy by Rahna Maughan

Janet Leigh 33 “My Teenage Problems” by Bill Tusher

Sandra Dee 38 Enduring Young Charmer by Maxine Block

**EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES**

Yul Brynner 20 Karamazov And Friend

Audrey Hepburn 36 Pacific Hideaway and Mel Ferrer

Geoffrey Horne 46 Date In The Afternoon

**TELEVISION**

Hugh O’Brian 42 Bachelor Tycoon by John Maynard

Patti Page 55 Coast-to-Coast Marriage by Florence Epstein

**SPECIAL FEATURES**

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheila Graham

10 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O’Leary

Reviews 8 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan

Fashions 51 The Chemise! by Sue Collins

Records 70 Let’s Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

**ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, CURRENTLY STARRING IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, “TEACHER’S PET”**

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Sheilah Graham's
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Marilyn Monroe still shunning Hollywood
- Anna Magnani replies to a critic

This is your Hollywood reporter, S.G., with the latest doings from Hollywood. And from around the world locations with the movie stars. . . . John Saxon, the teenagers' delight, twood all over Paris with his 15-year-old leading lady, Sandra Dee, while the pair teamed in "The Reluctant Debutante." . . . I asked Dan Dailey, "What is the hardest year of marriage?" "The present one," he quipped. I wasn't sure if he was kidding. . . . The wettest sight of the year—Rock Hudson weeping, as he watched himself on the screen weeping at Jennifer Jones' death bed in "Farewell To Arms." . . . Did you know that Clint Walker—Cheyenne—is an ex-life guard? But I've never seen him in a swim suit . . . The joke of the year—prankster director John Huston suing the Beverly Hills Hotel for 89 cents, for the damage to his hot water bottle. . . . What's with Terry Moore's marriage again, with Panama industrialist Eugene McGrath?

The dream of Jayne Mansfield's pink life—to have six pink little boys, the image of muscle husband Mickey Hargitay. . . . Ann Sothern's TV price—$25,000 for one show.

Anna Magnani was accosted by a starchy woman at a stuffy soiree, who told her, "I never think of you as a mother." "And I never think of you as a lady," repartee the Magnani. . . . Ingrid Bergman is trying to rent her former home in Beverly Hills, for when she films "To Thank A Fool" in Hollywood, late this fall. It was sold when she made her settlement with Doctor Peter Lindstrom. According to report, Ingrid turned over her "Indiscreet" salary to Rossellini as the price for their separation. I'm getting tired of watching this woman pay and pay.

When Marlon Brando tried to rent the old John Barrymore home on Tower Road, he called the present owners four times to ask, "Are you sure there is no one there?" The deal went sour when occupier Gregg Juarez finally told him, "My wife and I are here and we don't intend to leave." Anna Kashfi's friends are hoping that her expected baby will patch up her marriage. You never know.

continued on page 60

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"Marjorie, take those feelings and put them in the bank. Save them for the man who'll marry you."

The Night Marjorie Follows Noel to His Apartment... and Finds Imogene...

"I've been playing your rules--not touching you, not touching any other girl either... till Imogene."

Their song is "A Very Precious Love"... yours will be too!

Get more out of life... Go out to a movie!
Cowboy

WHEN hotel clerk Jack Lemmon falls in love with Mexican beauty Anna Kashfi, nothing, but nothing, would do except for him to defy her father's wishes and follow her back to Mexico. The only way he can accomplish this pronto is to join cattle driver Glenn Ford's outfit. Since Ford won't hire a green hand, Lemmon leaps at the opportunity to help Ford out of a temporary financial crisis, and becomes an unwanted partner. In the thousands of miles from Chicago to Mexico and back, each hundred or so miles brings a change in Lemmon. He slowly and painfully adapts himself to the uncomplicated code of self-survival—none of the fancy trimmings like clean fighting, being your brother's keeper, or doing unto others. This is one of the few pictures that shows the real life and man that makes up a cowboy. It's a good, clean life, however, calculated to kill the most rugged in a few months. As the taciturn cattleman, Ford does another of his penetrating portrayals in this excellent, powerful Technicolor story of the days of the real Old West. (Columbia.)

The Quiet American

BASED on the Graham Greene novel, this is the somewhat altered version of an American, Audie Murphy, and a British correspondent, Michael Redgrave, caught up in the internal upheaval of Indo-China several years ago. Employed by a foreign aid organization, Murphy comes to the under-privileged country full of ideas and ideals. Nothing in America could prepare him for this. Very few of the people, like Redgrave's mistress, Giorgia Moll, an Indonesian, give any thought to the future. They have no concept of a word like "security." The very most they can hope for is contentment for the present. When Murphy learns the Englishman can't get a divorce to marry Giorgia, he takes her from Redgrave. Desperate, Redgrave allows himself to be drawn into a Communist scheme that should cancel Murphy's good intentions. An unusually good picture with some excellent performances: Police Inspector Claude Dauphin nosing out the different factions and Redgrave as the man who sentenced himself to a living hell because he couldn't stand having the only thing he loved taken away from him. (United Artists.)

Teacher's Pet

COMEDIES like this starring Clark Gable and Doris Day are about as rare as a happy headline. Big City newspaper editor Gable has a thriving batch of healthy opinions about people who study journalism in schools. Since he had to fight every inch of the way, never even graduated from high school, you can well imagine what these ripe opinions are. On the other hand, take journalism instructor Doris. The daughter of a Pulitzer Prize winning editor, she holds that newspaper reporting is no longer just telling the facts, it's an editor's responsibility to make the readers think. Of course, these two strong-headed individuals have got to meet, while psychologist Gig Young, Doris tepid suitor, hovers over them like a guardian angel. Nestled in laughs, every now and then some common sense talk comes through and even that looks good in this very enjoyable, sophisticated battle between the city room and the classroom. (Paramount.)

Desire Under The Elms

FROM the first glimpse of the fog-shrouded New England farm, the setting for this latest Tony Perkins starrer, you know this isn't going to be any May picnic. Instead, it's one of those despondent dramas—so masterfully done by playwright Eugene O'Neill—in which the characters are doomed by their own desires. Love for a home and land, drives the three people in this, Perkins, having sworn to his dead mother he'll never let
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The strange story of Diane Varsi

The shy, moody girl who emerged a star from “Peyton Place” has crowded a lot of living into her 19 years; to some, she is “a female Jimmy Dean.”

When, a few months ago, “Peyton Place” was premiered with major triumph fanfare, a curious thing took place in the shadowed darkness of the crowded theatre.

Diane Varsi, the young unknown who played Lana Turner’s daughter Allison in the film, came to the gala performance with two men—a magazine writer and James Dickson, the man who was mighty soon to be her ex-husband. This was Diane’s first premiere and her initial screen appearance. She had already seen the film twice, in studio projection rooms. But this night was in deference to studio brass, who wanted their newest, most talked-of young star to be displayed to the public.

The evening gown Diane wore— it was also her first—had been provided by the Wardrobe Department. Studio aides had provided her make-up, her wrap, her hairdo. But the trembling nerves, the shakiness and the fluttery stomach were all her own.

Diane slouched in her seat, her thin shoulders tense. She remembered the day she had first come to the studio— by public bus—to read for the role, still unknown, unheralded, unsought.

She could recall the location in Maine, her faith in herself so slim that during the early weeks of shooting she would present herself each day to Director Mark Robson and ask, “Am I fired yet?” She still saw the piece of braided tape she hung on her dressing room mirror to give her shaky fingers something to do while her mind was at work; and she thought again of that moment at the end of the picture when she went to her good friend Robson and said, “The publicity department wants some information about me—a sort of personal history. What shall I tell them?”

“Tell them . . . ,” said the director, “tell them that your history is still in the future.”

Sitting there, among that glamorous, sophisticated audience, Diane saw herself again as Allison—the tortured, rebellious teenager. Suddenly, she felt that she could not remain a moment longer.

continued on page 56
Levelling with
BY PAT BOONE  AS TOLD TO REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

my kid brother

Having conquered the hurdles that accompany every star’s rise,

Pat warns brother Nick, who’s also aiming for the top, of the dangers that lie ahead

“THAT’S a lily! Print it,” signaled the director. The crowd smiled as they heard the term “lily.” By now, the citizens of Lexington, Kentucky, were familiar with our film company’s jargon, and knew a lily wasn’t a flower, but indicated a good scene.

Walking away from the camera, I began searching the crowd for my brother, Nicky, who was making his movie debut in “April Love.” He’d been scheduled to play a one-day bit role, but when he learned that as an extra he could work four days, he switched. We Boones are a frugal lot!

That evening as we chinned in my hotel room, Nick admitted he’d liked his first taste of show business and wanted to give it a try. He has a good singing voice. (No, I’m not prejudiced, for later in the year, Dot Records, signed him and he made his debut on Ed Sullivan’s show.)

Naturally, I volunteered to help. But, he maintained he wanted to do it on his own. We’re both independent, so when he said, “No,” I knew he’d made up his mind.

“I think I’ll change my name to Nick Todd,” he thought aloud. “Later, when my career is launched, I will mention we’re brothers. I don’t want people to think I got an opportunity because of your success.” He didn’t want to fight the younger brother jinx that happens so often in show business. I admired his spunk, but I also couldn’t help offering a few suggestions.

It isn’t often I go in for the “big brother” routine. Perhaps, it’s because Nicky is only one year younger than I am—we even share the same birthday, June 1. However, I felt there were certain pleasures and pitfalls he should be aware of.

I was in a good position to mention the pitfalls, for that very morning a friend had called from Hollywood and read me an item in the paper. It said I had demanded that the script of “April Love” be rewritten and all the love scenes with Shirley Jones omitted. It went on that I didn’t want continued on page 16
to kiss anyone, on the screen or off, except my wife, Shirley.

I was flabbergasted at the report—first because it was in the paper at all, and, secondly, because there had been no script changes. "Listen, Nicky," I confided, "whether your career is a hit or miss, right at the start, set a standard of ethics for yourself and stick to it. When someone prints a lie about you, it's only right to set him straight."

Then, I tried to trace how all this non-kissing publicity must have started. In Hollywood, I'd wondered half-aloud how I was going to evaluate screen parts. Should I refuse to do anything in a movie role that I wouldn't do in real life? Or, since it was a movie, should I do whatever the part called for?

Certainly, if I refused ever to have a love scene in a picture, I'd be limiting the type of roles I'd play, but in the long run, that isn't the really important thing to me. However, in 20th's "April Love," there wasn't any problem and no reason for false reports. I never asked that the script be rewritten. Why should I? It was a story of first love, in which boy and girl were shy—and expressed their love accordingly. There was no reason for a ruckus about that, and I said so.

Of course, Nicky already knew how I felt about certain things that would be out-of-character for me. For example, I make it a point never to drink or smoke either on TV or in films. I don't do so in real life, so why should I set that kind of example for teenage viewers? This isn't because of my religion; it's simply because I have a very high respect for good health.

I've learned to speak up for what I feel strongly about,
especially when people intimate, "Now that you're a star, you'll change." I ask, "How do you figure that? The rules I live by today are the same I set up for myself as a teenager in Nashville. I haven't deviated from them, and I'm sure Nicky won't either."

We couldn't have picked a better time to get together. For while in Lexington, I received a first-hand example of how a big star remains a nice human being.

The bellboy brought up a letter, forwarded from Hollywood. This wasn't unusual, but the name, Bing Crosby, on the envelope certainly was. It contained a clipping from a trade paper with a review of "Bernardine." There was a paragraph marked which compared me with Bing. Referring to it, he wrote, "Now, Pat, you've got to aim higher than this." He went on to mention a TV show I'd just done, and wished me success in "your continued development." Then, he gave me some wise advice.

I was so thrilled over his taking time out to write me, that I re-read it until the paper was limp. Then I sent it to my wife and told her to buy a frame for it.

During my talk with Nicky, I tried to emphasize not to get discouraged. It's one of the newcomer's biggest battles. It's all right to hand out advice, "Chin up, keep trying," but when every door seems to slam in your face, and you have to live those words, it's difficult.

I didn't have to reminisce very far to recall the times this had happened to me. Shirley and I had moved to Dallas, and I was frantically trying to find a job. If I didn't get one, I wouldn't be able to enroll in college. I'd been turned down by most of the local radio stations. Perhaps the biggest blow was when I auditioned for a singer's spot in Dallas and the station manager admitted he needed someone, but I wasn't the one—"Because you sing too softly."

I didn't have much time to worry about vocal volume, for Shirley and I learned we were expecting our first baby. This made getting a job imperative. Finally, I went to Fort Worth to TV station WBAP and was interviewed by Mr. Hough. When he heard I was from Nashville, he seemed very interested. He asked, "How much salary do you want?" I couldn't hedge, it was a direct question. I quickly tried to figure how little I could ask, so I'd be sure to get the job, yet how much I needed to live. My subconscious whispered $75 a month, but my mouth said $150 to $200 a month. When he agreed to $200, I nearly collapsed.

"I'll start you off on our TV Barn Dance, next Friday
continued on page 18
“Listen Nicky, whether your career is hit or miss, right at the start, set a standard of ethics for yourself and stick to it . . .”

night. Be sure to bring your guitar and costume along.”

“I have a ukulele, but I don’t have a costume,” I admitted.

“Okay,” he agreed, “we’ll outfit you.”

It was evident he thought I was a western and country singer, but I needed the job, so I didn’t tell him differently.

That’s one thing about show business that my brother will have to learn early—when opportunity does knock, don’t be afraid to give it a little nudge.

This brought me to another point. Have confidence in your own judgment, but never be blinded to the ideas of others. I cited the time I rebelled at the title of a song I was to record. It was “Ain’t That A Shame.”

“Here I am an English minor in college,” I argued, “how can I sing a tune with ain’t in the lyrics?”

The powers-that-be at Dot Records were patient with me and listened to my arguments, but I had to make the recording anyway. After it sold over a million, and I received my first gold record, I repented. I also realized how little I knew. From then on, I welcomed their suggestions.

This carried over to my private life. When it was mentioned that some people take advantage of your success, I didn’t believe it. But, when my wife quoted the price a doctor wanted to remove our daughter Cherry’s tonsils, and it was a figure larger than the cost of bringing all three babies into the world—including taxi fares home—I began to get the point. So I warned Nicky to expect mounting living expenses as his career progresses.

I tried to arrange things so I’m home with my family as much as possible, but personal appearances and locations bite into our time together. Again, that’s one thing every performer, including Nicky, must face. You do have to meet the public, and that means travel. Although Nicky is still single, there’ll be times when he’ll get homesick.

Life, of course, is full of surprises. Some are sweet and wonderful, others are more deflating. One of the latter I still recall. It happened in London.

For a television appearance, I wore a conservative striped sports coat. It had a soft finish, which I thought would look good from the stage. Unfortunately, the lights picked up every line in the fabric. The critics singled it out thusly, “Pat Boone has a good personality, but his taste in clothes is atrocious!”

It’s like I told Nicky, always try your best to please, but if you can’t change something, don’t worry about it. Instead, save yourself, not for the limelight, but where the spotlight of honor counts most, in the hearts of those you love. END
karamazov and friend

A great book, "The Brothers Karamazov" is now a film and its stars, Yul Brynner and Maria Schell, are so real it might have been written for them.

THE PRIZE role of Grushenka in MGM's "The Brothers Karamazov" went to European actress Maria Schell, discovered by Yul Brynner at a Hollywood party.
DMITRI Karamazov (Brynner) seeks out Grushenka in anger because of her association with his father but winds up deeply in love. continued on page 22
As Dmitri Karamazov, a role that is tailor-made for him, Yul makes full use of his own special brand of magnetism and his remarkable talent for his life, as a consequence of his father's death, Dmitri pleads his case with eloquence but without much hope.

BOTH Grushenka and her lover (Dmitri) try to run away from the complications their love has made but are doomed.

EVEN these ill-fated two have their happy moments together as the smiles of Maria Schell and Yul Brynner indicate.
IN "The Brothers Karamazov," American audiences will be able to see what made Marin Schell's acting famous all over Europe.
FOLLOWING a simple marriage ceremony in the First Methodist Church in Scottsdale, Arizona, Natalie and Bob cut wedding cake.
Natalie and Bob answer their fans!

Unable to reply to all the mail that poured in after their marriage, Nat and Bob take a cross section of pros and cons and respond with humor and taste

WHEN Natalie Wood became Mrs. Robert Wagner, the chain reaction to the final finish of this highly provocative romance hit the film capital with all the impact of a hydrogen bomb.

Following the simple ceremony attended by a small group, which included the happy couple’s immediate families and a few close friends, letters, telegrams and phone calls poured in from the four corners of the world. Bob and Natalie chose the First Methodist Church in Scottsdale, Arizona, because marriage is a sacred affair and they preferred to keep it within the confines of good taste and dignity.

Amongst their many fans and friends, the majority went all out for the popular pair becoming man and wife and living happily ever after. But needless to say, in such cases you can’t please everyone and there are always those who voice disapproval. When we asked Natalie and Bob to tell us how they felt about all this, they came up with an excellent idea. By going through the tons of mail received by their respective studios, they selected a representative cross section which graphically illustrates the general reaction to their marriage.

With the typical honesty and humor that is the original foundation of their heartwarming relationship, Natalie and Bob refused to pull punches.

“If you want a true picture of the situation,” they agreed, “then we’ll give you a true picture. If you want anything else—then we prefer to skip it!”

The following letters speak for themselves. Some bless and some burn, but this is the way the newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner, Jr. would have it. Brickbats or bouquets, they’re still grateful for everyone’s interest. Their one regret? That they’d never live long enough to send individual answers to all the letters sent by those who cared enough to write to them.

Dear Natalie and Bob:
Although I am nearly 70, this is my first letter to Hollywood. You both have many admirable qualities and have given much happiness to millions. Now I hope this same happiness comes back to you. God bless you both from a spinster who envies you.

Bessie W.
Springfield, New Jersey

Dear Bessie:
Your letter touched us and we do thank you.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Natalie:
You are my favorite girl movie star and I can hardly wait to see you in “Marjorie Morningstar.” I like Bob Wagner a lot, but if I were you, I would have married Tab Hunter if I couldn’t get Elvis Presley. What has Bob got that Tab and Elvis haven’t got? Anyway, I sure wish you both lots of luck and happiness.

Peggy L.
Montgomery, Alabama

Dear Peggy:
Your letter made me laugh and thanks for wishing us

continued on page 26
In her latest film, Natalie plays Marjorie Morningstar, a girl in search of love, something that Nat has found in real life.

well. Tab and Elvis are very nice and I’ll tell you what Bob has that they don’t have. My heart! Sincerely,

Natalie

Dear Bob:
I love you. I love you more than any other movie star and I’ve lost you. I’ll never forgive Natalie Wood for taking you away from me. If she really loved you, she’d give up her career and be a housewife. Who’s going to darn your socks and cook your meals when Nat is away on location? If I was lucky enough to be Mrs. R. J. Wagner, believe me, I’d even shine your shoes. Goodbye forever.

Estelle P.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Estelle:
I’m sorry you feel the way you do, because my life is filled with happiness. Now I’ll let you in on a little secret. I like to shine my own shoes. Best.

Bob

Dear Mrs. Wagner: (a-hem!)
I’m glad to see that you got rid of that pixie haircut and I’m glad that you changed your name. You have made a very wise choice when, of all your boy friends, you decided that Robert was the one. You are my favorite actress and Bob is my favorite actor. You look like you belong together. Isn’t love wonderful? Your friend.

Roy C.
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Roy:
You are right. Love is wonderful and I wish you the same happiness that is mine today. Sincerely,

Natalie

Dear Rob’t:
Congratulations. I’m glad you married Natalie Wood and not Terry Moore. You are a good actor, but you’d better stop playing villains or Natalie won’t know when you’re acting, or if you mean it! I hope you appreciate Natalie and I hope she can cook. You’re a cute couple and deserve each other. Good luck to you.

Marjorie K.
Lynn, Massachusetts

Dear Marjorie:
I don’t think Terry Moore’s husband would have approved if I married her! It’s part of my job to play the parts the studio assigns me and, incidentally, I’m not a villain in “Stopover Tokyo.” You should taste Natalie’s hamburger a-la Wood! Many thanks.

Bob

Dear “Little Bug” and “Mr. Squid”:
Are you truly in love with each other, or was your wedding a publicity stunt? If you are truly in love, then we wish you all the luck and happiness in the world. Bob, you were just the swinging-est on the Dinah Shore show and Natalie, last year you sure stole Bob Hope’s TV show and that ain’t easy.

continued on page 38
Natalie and Bob respect each other's work immensely and both will continue their careers, would even like to co-star together.
The importance of being shy

An enormously talented actor, Tony's a quiet, serious young man who finds that his bashful nature can be an asset against the inquisitive eyes of the world.

IT WASN'T that the office of Paramount's board chairman had an electrical short-circuit. It was Tony Perkins who was charged with electricity. Everything he touched crackled. He didn't look the type, either. In a sports jacket, oxford grey flannels, a green sweater and fashionable grumpy buckskin shoes, he appeared more like a prep school fourth form student than the rage of Broadway and Hollywood.

Fresh from a brisk walk of about a dozen blocks, Perkins' face sparkled with an incredibly healthy glow associated with youth, cold showers in the morning, at least a quart of milk a day and a whopping bowl of oatmeal for breakfast.

The quiet charm of Adolph Zukor's office—that noted gentleman was off in Europe—seemed to impress Perkins. On the walls were pictures of people in out-dated hair styles and clothes—people who had been as famous in their day as Perkins is in his. The ceilings were oak-beamed, the furniture massive, and in one corner, under a glass case, was a geisha doll, vibrant and beautiful. Tony paced restlessly, picked up a colorful drawing of a set design, put it down, passed on to the leaded glass windows, opened one and stuck his head out. "Not bad," he flicked out his impression of the view and shut the window at the same time. His eyes behind silver-rimmed glasses, the kind bookkeepers used to wear, lit on a card table.

"Hasn't lunch come yet?" he inquired of no one special.

When the waiters finally did arrive, Tony took over the seating arrangements—he has a talent for organizing things—then sprawled over a chair and promptly went to work demolishing the tomato and shredded lettuce salad. He always eats lunch at 1 p.m. and dinner at 6. It was about a quarter past one then.

"Know what you want to talk about?" he finally asked. He looked directly at me for the first time. His eyes were exceptionally dark brown and intelligent.

"What would you say to running shyness through the finder and see what we can frame?" continued on page 30
Even though no one exactly enjoys being shy, I think people who hold back something of themselves are more interesting.

Tony blinked and stirred his iced water with a carrot stick. The sweater almost but not quite hid the fact that he was tieless. He cleared his throat nervously. "You mean am I, or was I, ever shy? Well," he paused. There wasn't a sound except the tinkling of ice. "I suppose I've always been a little shy. In certain circumstances—it depends on whom I'm with."

His description of "a little shy" wasn't exactly accurate if any of the reports on Tony were to be believed. One representative story coming from a friend who had stopped to chat with him on the street, told how Tony had pulled him behind a sign in front of a movie house where they continued their conversation crouched down hoping to escape the stares of passers-by.

When he walks his dog, Punky, adopted five years ago from a pound because he jumped the highest and seemed most anxious to get out, Tony doesn't amble at standard dog-walking stride. To avoid being followed home, he tears along at a real ferocious clip, out-distancing even the most determined admirer.

Each week he's swamped by invitations to all sorts of parties. A family friend who handles these matters for Tony has a standing order to accept none. He prefers to spend what little free time he has alone, or occasionally with married friends who have families.

"The people you meet at parties, you get to know only in a superficial way. Gee, this is good!" The waiter had arrived with the food: London broil, baked potato, peas, and a large glass of milk for Tony. After tasting everything, Tony resumed. "It doesn't do you any good meeting people on temporary..."
terms. I think parties are always unnerving. There's a lot of tension because I usually become the center of attention. I feel as though I should be somebody or do something extraordinary. And after all, I'm a fairly dull person incapable of saying or doing anything witty."

**TONY,** perhaps because he's so quiet and serious-minded, often gives the impression of placing himself behind a thick plate glass window of a sound-proofed room and watching the noisy bewildering extravaganza his life has become. Now and then, he steps out and wades right into things. He has worked out his own ways of sparing himself some of the jostling and unpleasantness.

"I think one way you can try to combat any feelings of inadequacy or dread of a new experience is to prepare yourself. Have something to say. Or, run over in your mind your own feelings. You can say: 'Well, I have to do this thing, or go here. Now, let's see, who's going to be there? Well, and-and-so-and-so-and-so... Now, if you met them one at a time, you'd be perfectly at ease. It's just this meeting people collectively that seems to give you trouble... Well, why should that be?'" As Tony acted out his theories on auto-suggestion, he seemed to brighten up a little as if it was taking hold.

"You're intelligent, or at least as articulate as those people. So, in a given situation you should be able to stand up as well as they. Think how shy they probably feel!"

"By bolstering yourself in that way," Tony summed up, toying with a coffee cup, "you can step in and maybe be a little more self-confident.

"I'll say this, I'm not as shy now as when I wasn't getting a lot of attention. A shy person gets that way by feeling rejected. As soon as you start meeting a lot of people and find you're not really inadequate at all, it helps.

"Often, getting away from home forces you to face things squarely. At home and with your family, it's usually comfortable and you don't have to try too hard to measure up to other standards."

Starting at the age of 12, Tony's mother, who resides in New York, sent him to boarding school. His father, Osgood Perkins, a matinee idol of the '20s and early '30s, died when Tony was five. Mrs. Perkins finally decided her son needed masculine discipline and attention. There, and later at prep school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he learned to follow rules and regulations. To this day, he still gets up at 7 a.m. every morning, including Sunday.

Today, he's in a position where he can do as he pleases. His fame has rocketed in just a few short years. Right now, he's starring on Broadway in one of the season's greatest dramas, "Look Homeward, Angel," has four unreleased pictures for which he reportedly received $150,000 each, is scheduled to start another picture in July, and recently cut an LP and some rock 'n' roll records. Any one of these
JANET LEIGH:

“My Teenage Problems”

Janet reveals that the emotional crises she encountered while she was growing up closely resemble the difficulties of many young people of today

The rest of the world could be furrowing its worried brow over sputniks and counter-sputniks, but to pretty, bright-eyed Janet Leigh that balmy Beverly Hills afternoon there was nothing of more transcending importance than the coming second birthday of her indefatigable and irrepressible daughter, Kelly Lee Curtis.

“Time goes so swiftly,” Janet gasped with the discovery that comes so startlingly to all mothers. “Really, just as they say, it seems only yesterday that I was a teenager myself, and it won’t be so long before Kelly is in her teens.”

That’s what started Janet to wondering if Kelly’s teen age would be fraught with the same pitfalls as hers was. Memories of Janet’s still very recent teen age—if it wasn’t only yesterday, it was the day before yesterday—returned in a flood of reminiscence.

“I don’t think anybody knows about teenagers but a teenager,” Janet made so bold as to disqualify all the would-be experts not excepting herself. “I’m not a teenager any more than I’m a baby. I don’t know what a baby thinks. I resent people who are such experts on teenagers.”

Her voice became almost impassioned as she faced up to the problem that confronts every generation whether it is coping with the first sputtering of the horseless carriage, the invention of the flying machine, or monkeying around with outer space.

“There are so many stories about our delinquent teenagers, our problem teenagers,” Janet was plainly put out over this emphasis. “People are not being fair. Maybe teenagers have a reason for living a little sooner. We live in such a speeded up world. We even have rockets to the moon. I think people are making a big scream. I can’t blame teenagers. I can’t blame parents. I don’t think they’re wrong.”

Janet herself had “lived a little sooner,” as she put it. She realized that her own teenage had not been representative from a chronological point of view. She had developed physically much earlier than other girls her age, and she had been no less precocious socially and intellectually. When she was 12, she was doing the same things as youngsters of 15. This included going to school with them and dating with them. But Janet felt that her emotional problems were typical, rather than unique. Even if she was reluctant to bill herself as an expert, she was willing to examine her own young womanhood with clinical frankness in the hope that it might be of some value to other teenagers—as well as to their parents.

“I don’t think,” Janet said, “that parents pay enough attention to teenagers. A teenager needs more attention than a baby.” She said it even as she lovingly fondled her own baby. “Teenage is the turning point of life, and parents think their kids are off their hands when they reach their teens.”

Kelly Lee gurgled appreciatively as her mother affectionately rumpled her glistening chestnut hair.

“When a teenager’s education starts,” Janet gave Kelly a resounding kiss to the cheek, “is now. I think we’ve started well with her. We give her all the love and affection in the world, and she’s also disciplined. She knows when I mean no. I never yell at her. I hope there won’t be any rebellion when she’s in her teens. I’ll always try to be fair. There’s more

continued on page 34
Not so long ago Janet needed the kind of advice that daughter Kelly might soon be asking of her parents.

widespread awareness of psychology than when I was a child. Parents today have much more opportunity to know how to handle children than of any previous generation. My own folks, I'm sure, thought they were doing what was right. Perhaps the use of psychology would have tempered the way they handled me. Maybe they could have known more.

Janet wasn't sweeping anything under the rug. She was not about to pretend that there had not been times in her own teens when she felt there could have been less restriction and more understanding. She felt that way notwithstanding her realization, then as now, that her folks always had acted in what they considered her best interests. That knowledge hadn't been enough to keep the fires of frustration from blazing and sending off sparks of resentment.

Janet's resistance to what she considered unreasonable restraints on her social freedom was to build up ultimately until it exploded in a teenage crisis that, handled unwisely, could have wrecked her life. When Janet balked at parental restrictions, she never doubted their love, nor did she feel that she was acting spoiled, or defying them for kicks. She felt rather that the restraint ignored a basic need within her and common to all her teenage friends. A typical example was when she was forbidden to go car riding with boys.

"My father refused to let me ride with a boy," she recalled. "He and mother were scared to death. It was a safety thing with them—more than anything else. They were afraid I might get hurt in an accident. My mother was always a little over-protective. I used to ask them, beg them to let me do it. I explained that all the girls in my group at school did it. I begged them at least to let me go in a car with a boy so we could drive for a burger at lunch, or come home from school. But I couldn't convince them."

Far from producing an acquiescent daughter, the prohibition stirred up an insurgent Janet.

"I did it anyway," she said it more pensively than defiantly, "because it was worse not to be one of the gang than to ignore the instructions of my parents in something that I didn't think was bad. It's terribly important for a teenager not to be different. If Kelly comes home and says everyone is wearing pink shoes, and she wants to wear pink shoes, she's going to do it no matter how much I object. What difference should it make to me whether Kelly wears pink or green shoes if it makes her one of the gang? If everyone does it, it means her two best friends do it—and that makes it just about the most important thing in the world. That's how I felt about riding in a car with boys, and that's why it always was a bone of contention. To do what the rest of the kids did was terribly important to me as a teenager."

Another thing "the rest of the kids did" was stay at dances until they ended at midnight. But Janet had to make like Cinderella at the stroke of 11.

"If I wanted to neck a few minutes with my boy friend," she smiled without diminishing the gravity of the matter when the restriction was in force, "I had to leave the dance at 10:30."

Janet could not be persuaded that her welfare required an earlier curfew than that of her friends. Like the prohibition on car riding with boys, she regarded it as an arbitrary curtailment of her liberties, as another instance in continued on page 64.
HER own teenage problems have made Janet very much aware of her child's need for security. Janet's currently in "The Vikings."
A COUPLE of cowboy outfits and a few days relaxing under the Western skies and the Ferrers feel ready to face the world.
Hideaway

Between busy film schedules, the
Ferrers manage to retreat for a weekend to
a ranch nestled among the
hills along the Santa Barbara Coast

HEPBURN goes horseback riding and lassoes some fun. After this weekend she was off to Africa for “The Nun’s Story.”

THE DAY ends and the cattle are driven home along the beach while a smiling Mel appears happy to be up in the hills just watching.
SANDRA DEE

Enduring young charmer

The prettiest and most youthful star in Hollywood carries herself with a poise that belies her age and reveals a firm inner belief in her future

In a town where the relentless years are considered a movie lovely's greatest enemy, pert, doll-like Sandra Dee's greatest desire is to speed time on its way.

"I just can't wait until my 16th birthday on April 23rd," she sighed, "because that's the day I get my driver's license. Mother gave me a darling Thunderbird for Christmas. I'd left the agency a snip of my hair and they made the whole car—inside and out—all champagne-blonde. I like everything champagne-colored. Even my toy poodle, Melinda, and Pumpkin, my pomeranian, are champagne-colored."

Only one tiny worry clouds Sandy's superb eyes. She may not be back from location shots in London and Paris for "The Reluctant Debutante" by April 23rd. Her hope is to have the dream car waiting at the airport so she can drive it home. But there is the matter of the license. Listening to her, you know that she'll get that important document the very first possible minute.

Observing her on the screen and across a luncheon table, you wonder if Hollywood has found another Elizabeth Taylor—a blonde one this time.

You compare Liz' colossal violet eyes with Sandra's equally colossal chestnut-colored ones and you're aware of the same delicious sensation of drowning in a pair of magnificent eyes. You see about as pretty a 15-year-old as you'd ever find, with features that can only be described as perfect. You're conscious of that super-femininity called sex appeal, and you're conscious, too, that here is a youngster completely absorbed in movie-making.

And you wonder how things will be with Sandra Dee 10 years from now. Today, there's no time for friends, boy or girl; for fun, parties or the sports... continued on page 40
she used to enjoy—ice skating, swimming and horseback riding. There is only time for movie-making and school work. That's how Sandra wants it and that's how she's wanted it since the day she modeled in a benefit fashion show for the Girl Scouts when she was all of 12. Harry Conover saw her then and asked her to become a professional model.

Before that, Sandra lived as any carefully reared child of well-to-do parents lives. Born in Bayonne, New Jersey, of Russian parentage, christened Alexandria, Sandra's parents were divorced when she was very young and her mother later married a cosmopolite and bon vivant, Moscow-born Eugene Douvan, a theatrical agent and friend of many Broadway stars. The great tragedy of Sandy's life is that he died in 1956, just before she was to embark on her Hollywood career.

BEHIND that glittering career, as there is behind practically every successful child star's, is a guiding hand—her mother's. But Sandra is no complacent mama's darling, pushed about by an engineering stage mother. Instead, between Sandra and Mary Douvan, there is a relaxed, almost sisterly relationship, made possible because Sandra is basically ambitious, knows where she is going, and has almost frighteningly mature judgment. Petite, vivacious Mary Douvan doesn't look much older than Sandy and weighs about the same—99 pounds.

Mrs. Douvan recalls that Sandra was a beautiful baby, so perfect, pink and white, that "when she was just five hours old, the nurses kept carrying her around from mother to mother at the hospital." Sandra, it seems, was never shy; at three, dressed in stiff organdy with a big bow in back, she'd entertain neighborhood merchants with Russian folk songs—songs she'd never been taught but picked up from hearing her father sing. "When we were in the car," remembers Mrs. Douvan, "my husband loved to sing the Russian army songs he'd learned as an officer under the Czar. Sandy wouldn't seem to be paying any attention but only recently when I was trying to recall the words, I found that she knows all the songs, word for word!"

"Daddy told me I was going to have a theatrical career before I was old enough to go to school," Sandy revealed in a sudden serious mood. "And everything my father ever prophesied came true. He'd tell me not to date too early, not to have only boys on my mind, to work hard at whatever I did ... I won't ever do anything to let him down," she added very softly.

Eugene Douvan was certain that Sandy would end up in...
the theatre but he refused to allow her to seek a career. "It'll find you," he used to say.

And it did. The springboard was a modeling job at $25 an hour for the American Girl magazine (which Douvan Pere approved of as "nice"). In the "Cooking With Judy" series, Sandra was Judy. Another early job was posing as the mother of a baby. Fortunately, Sandra has the kind of face which can be photographed to appear 10 or 20 years old.

The ball began to roll—too fast for the Douvans, but not for the determined youngster who loved the excitement of modeling, the $30 an hour she was earning at 13, the seven national magazines which carried her pretty face and figure on their covers in one year. Filmed TV commercials some weeks raised the take to $1,500! And each time they are repeated, the Dee coffers ring up another $50.

"WE THOUGHT Sandy would work maybe once a week but it turned out to be six bookings a day," says Sandy's mother. "I worried about her overworking but she remained in perfect health, never tired, although keeping up with her on her daily rounds exhausted me."

Soon Sandy's schedule became so involved that the principal of P. S. 69 in Manhattan suggested she change to the Professional Children's School which educates show-business youngsters. And later it became more practical to have the precocious child educated by a tutor at home after finishing her modeling chores.

"It got to be pretty hectic," Sandra recalled. "Sometimes I'd have to be out in Connecticut early in the morning for pictures, and the agency had booked another job in Manhattan a half hour later. Naturally, I'd be late and both photographer and client would be upset. Once, another model and I had to pose in bathing suits on a ship in the harbor in winter and we turned blue—literally blue. The assistant would add more make-up to cover up the blueness and we kept on shivering. The other girl came down with pneumonia but I was more fortunate.

"At first when I'd ask, 'What about lunch?' I was told to eat an apple or a tomato in a taxi as the other models did. A lot of the really successful models have ulcers because they are forever dieting and use up a lot of energy rushing from appointment to appointment.

"All that constant talk of dieting! For a while, I hardly ate anything trying to keep my weight down. Poor Mom was beside herself begging me to eat and take vitamin pills. Other mothers were forever taking away candy bars from their..."
Bachelor Tycoon

With the kind of business acumen that a Wall St. banker would admire, Hugh has parlayed his television role of Wyatt Earp into a financial bonanza.

By JOHN MAYNARD

On THIS balmy noontime of what Southern California is pleased to think of as mid-winter, the revolving door of Beverly Hills' Brown Derby Restaurant shuddered briefly, performed its nominal function, and injected Wyatt Earp. Or rather, since spooks are not encouraged to enter any of the Derby restaurants unless extremely well-dressed, it injected Hugh O'Brian, who portrays Earp on television and in the process has found his personal and professional identity becoming alarmingly obscured. This does not pronouncedly bother O'Brian, who is busy as a squirrel parlaying the doughty marshal into an industry, but he likes to remind people that his name is O'Brian. His official biography so states opposite the query REAL NAME?, and to dwell upon the circumstance that his father's name is Hugh J. Krampe gives one nothing 'but a headache.

Now O'Brian, having been injected, proceeded briskly down the south aisle, his gun hand ready but in other respects bearing no special resemblance to TV's Wyatt—a peculiarity in itself. But it is true: Wyatt's flat hat and other accoutrements aside, the steel-trap mouth and chilly

continued on page 45
IT'S been said that Hugh resembles the real Wyatt Earp, but whatever Wyatt looked like, the O'Brian version is certainly handsome.
“I've been asked if I'm scared of being Earp for life. I'm not. I was Hugh O'Brian before this began and will be when it's over.
Proof of Hugh’s versatility is in the recordings he’s made which add dimension to his career

look of the screen’s Earp do not belong particularly to O’Brian, who is animated and smiles frequently. On this day he was late but not late enough to have to apologize. He apologized anyway. “It’s been one of those mornings,” he said.

One of what mornings?

“Well, I did an interview with a writer in Milwaukee at eight-thirty. Telephone, you know, not round-trip Sputnik. Then another with a man in Houston. And another in Seattle. All set up, of course. So my bacon and eggs got cold. So I ate them cold. Then my secretary was there, and the mail, and I had to get to a meeting, and now here, and another meeting after lunch. That’s how it goes.”

O’Brian’s vis-a-vis, who knew a little about Earp but nothing about O’Brian, had the feeling of being under water. In due time, he was surfaced.

If Wyatt Earp, either with the aid or the handicap of possessing a last name suggestive of an unfortunate gastric occurrence after a boiled meal, is a legend, then Hugh O’Brian is indeed an industry, various and tireless.

The O’Brian interests—he refers to himself frequently as “we” but not with delusions of royalty—expand into some 18 fields, including a number leaning on the identity of Wyatt Earp. Some doubt that Hopalong Cassidy ever had it so good in the palmiest days of his resurgence, back before TV Westerns lowered their voice. O’Brian, Inc. refers to his father, his business manager, his lawyer, his public relations firm, his agents and himself. That’s “we.”

But O’Brian, unlike Cassidy—whose real name, for the benefit of latecomers, was and is Bill Boyd—does not in other ways immerse himself in Wyatt. That is to say, he leaves the character on the set. No flat hats, no spurs, no boots. Well, on this day he did wear black ankle-length jobs but they probably don’t count. Otherwise, he was flawlessly tailored in dark blue (“I think good clothes are important”) with two pockets on the right side of the coat.

O’Brian looks younger than Wyatt, kinder and quite a lot handsomer. It is hard to say why. Certainly he is a great deal more loquacious.

“I’m always asked,” he said after a while, “whether I’m not scared of being Earp for life in the eyes of the mighty who hire, especially if Wyatt’s life turns out to be only a couple of years more. I’m not. I’m Hugh O’Brian. I was before this began and will be when it’s over. I’ve been on “Playhouse 90” and with Dinah Shore, and I’ve danced on TV specials, and Wyatt’s not around at all, believe me. I know I’ve got to keep my ear in.

“Sure I’m crazy about Wyatt and grateful to him. I’d be a fool otherwise. Furthermore, I’m not going to talk down about him or any other Western because we’re grown up and these are real people. One of these nights Wyatt’ll get married because he really did marry. And so forth. But when Wyatt checks out of television, then there’ll still be O’Brian to feed.”

That’s going to be an order, too. O’Brian was eating hugely, if somewhat erratically, bacon and eggs or not. He ate salad, steak, a platter of sliced oranges, dessert and coffee. Nothing to drink, thank you.

“Go ahead if you want to. I won’t write it.”

“No, no. I’m not being a phony. If I wanted a drink, I’d order it. I don’t, that’s all. You can write what you like. But don’t put words in my mouth, will you?” He reflected unhappily for a minute on a piece on him which had appeared in a national magazine. What, oddly enough, disturbed him

continued on page 38

**DURING** a recording session, Hugh confers with conductor Ken Darby who wrote some of the songs in the Wyatt Earp album.

**NO FLAT** hat, spurs or boots away from the set for Hugh. “I think good clothes are important.”
Date in the afternoon

Fun is where you find it and young newcomer Geoffrey Horne, on vacation in New York between films, has the time, the place and, most important, the right girl.

Rain fails to dampen the spirits of 23-year-old Geoffrey and his very charming companion, lovely model Nancy Berg, wending their merry way in the Big City.
THE MUSEUM of Contemporary Crafts suits Geoffrey and his best girl just fine and they roam around looking over the displays.

continued on page 48
With three impressive film portrayals behind him, Geoffrey is fast making his way to stardom.

**MUTUAL** interests are shared by Geoffrey and Nancy who are an inseparable twosome around Manhattan Island.

**A SIX-FOOT** bachelor, Geoffrey studied at the Actors Studio, played on stage and TV before making his film debut in "The Strange One."

**CURRENTLY** in "Bonjour Tristesse" and "The Bridge On The River Kwai," he's enjoying dates with Nancy while awaiting his next picture.
If you've been on the fence about the chemise, this is the summer to relax and enjoy it! They used to say the chemise had "it"—and it still has! The chemise is definitely in like Flynn—and we think it's a fine thing.

After years of tiny waists, full skirts or their opposite—slinky dresses, it's nice to have the emphasis on looking cute, for a change. If you've watched movies of the '30's on TV or if you've browsed through old fan magazines, you know that the big attraction about the glamour girls of the period was that they were cute. Clara Bow, the "It" girl, was perhaps the cutest of them all—with her windblown hair-do and dimpled knees—but Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett and Carole Lombard were in there pitching, too. They were all perky and impertinent-looking. They were gay and irrepressible and when they danced the Charleston people called them "hot stuff" and "flaming youth." They looked the way everybody else wanted to look. Now fashion has decided that there's no reason the '30's should have had all the fun, and it's time the '50's had a chance. So all of you who were born too late for the saucy, flirty look of the chemise can now catch up with it and see for yourselves how much sex appeal it really has!

The original chemise was a one-piece dress with no particular waistline. Today's chemises are one-piece or two-piece versions, topped with an overblouse that has the typical waistless chemise silhouette. But maybe you're thinking, "What about my figure? Why should I hide it?" The answer is: A good figure can't be hidden, even in a chemise. In fact, the old idea of a concealed figure being more subtly attractive than a revealed one is proved by the chemise. First of all, a chemise must fit at the hips, which is figure-revealing in itself. Second, if you have a pretty bosom, the chemise indicates it without being so over-obvious as the plunging neckline we're all getting tired of. The slim lines of the shift (another fashion word for chemise) show your own slim lines. The only thing this fashion hides is your waistline. If it's tiny, you can show it in other fashions. If it isn't, what have you got to lose?

However, if the chemise hides your waist, it makes up for it by showing a little more of your pretty legs. Skirts are shorter, and are steadily creeping up toward the knee. So be prepared to take up the hem of your chemise when the time comes, and remember that stocking colors are definitely a part of your total color scheme. To make you look as much the real McCoy as possible, get yourself a pair of strapped pumps—they can be very flattering.

By Sue Collins

continued on page 52
The cutest stars of the ’30’s wore gay fashions like these—here’s your chance to look like a flapper—complete with “it”!

Bright red overblouse with touches of white, fitted loosely in the chemise manner over red and white checked pleated skirt. Both in flannel. Also navy and white. Sizes 7 to 15. By College Teens. About $23.

Under the red V-necked overblouse there’s a sleeveless dress with fitted white top and pleated red skirt. All of Soap ’n’ Water rayon. Sizes 8 to 14. By Bonnie Blair. About $8. The yard-long necklace by Accessocraft.

What else should you wear with your chemise? Well starting with your hair, you might try the swirling new pinwheel cut. If you love your ponytail or chignon, by all means hang on to it. But if you’re craving something new, and especially right with the chemise look, have your hair cut in short pinwheel layers on top, and comb forward short curly wisps over your cheeks. It’s cute on almost everyone, and very ’30’s-ish. Then pull on a little felt hat that covers your head entirely in back. Show your bangs, pull your hair forward on your cheeks, and tip your hat jauntily to one side on your head.

As for jewelry, long ropes of beads are the thing. Put away your chokers until the next time they come back in fashion, and begin to collect ropes—pearls, pearls with clear colored glass, chains of gold or silver. Let them hang well below your waist, and watch them fly out when you start to dance!

The only other ’30’s touch you could possibly add is one that’s invisible—an under chemise that’s the newest lingerie going! The chemise you buy in the undies department is a combination of a slip top plus panties. In fact, it used to be called a “combination” when it wasn’t being called a “chemise” or, for short, “shimmy.” It usually has lots of lace on the fitted bodice, and lots more around the pantie legs, which hang straight instead of hugging the leg. Watch also for chemise slips and chemise nighties, in the new hot colors like bittersweet, tangerine, pumpkin. Some have little mad belts just where you sit.

And there you are, the 1958 version of the “It” girl—unless you’d also like to learn the Charleston.
Coast-to-Coast Marriage

Patti's TV show is in N.Y., her husband works in Hollywood; but the traveling is worth it—just look at the light in her eyes

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

The first question any woman normally asks when she meets Patti Page is, "Where did you get that beautiful figure?" If the woman happens to be on a diet, there is the slightest trace of malice and envy in her voice. "I lost 12 pounds," Patti answers in a tone that indicates she is tired of the question. The figure is there—slim, svelte and glamorous; you can see it every Wednesday night draped in stunning gowns on "The Big Record" (8 p.m.; CBS-TV). The rest is history—past history.

If you thumb through the old stories about Patti Page, you notice quite a contrast between her personal and professional life, and between Patti then and now. Ever since 1950, when she made her first appearance on Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town," her professional life has been more than secure; it's been sensational. But until she met Charlie O'Curran in 1954 her personal life was nothing to write home about.

"Patti's idea of recreation," wrote a columnist back then, "is to sit home nights and clean out the closets." Occasionally, it's still her idea of recreation, but there's a difference. Back then, to put it bluntly, Patti was described as fat, self-conscious and lonely. She even was said to suffer from claustrophobia and wouldn't travel anywhere without the moral support and presence of her publicity woman. Loneliness is not a rare affliction and it isn't restricted to career women. Patti had married early and had been divorced. Not only did it hurt, but it didn't fit in at all with the kind of life she'd been brought up to expect. She certainly hadn't expected to be a star. Now it looked as if being a "star" was all she was.

Patti was born Clara Ann Fowler in Oklahoma; she was next to the youngest in a family of 11 children.

"Clara Ann!" says her husband of a year, Charlie O'Curran. "The first time I heard your mother call you that I nearly fell off my chair."

"Hmph," says Patti. "The first time you saw me you called continued on page 56"
PATTI PAGE
continued

me Fat.” And she pouted just a little. “Not fat—Pat,” he says, “It’s really a pet name.”

The record says he called her, “Too fat,” and went on to demolish her completely with, “Of course, I can teach you how to do this dance (he’d been asked to stage a spectacular for her), I can even teach a cow to dance. Unfortunately, the cow will still look like a cow dancing.”

Patti knew right then that she detested him, that he was cruel, sadistic, and mean. The very next day she started on a strict diet.

Back when she was Clara Ann she sang in a church choir in Tulsa. She didn’t plan on becoming a professional singer, her upbringing was alien to it.

MY mother’s very strict, very religious,” Patti says. “You know—the no drinking, no smoking, no dancing kind. When she found out I was smoking she gave me this cold look. ‘Well, I guess you’re drinking, too!’ she said, as if the world had come to an end. The fact is, I don’t drink at all.”

Clara Ann was interested in art, in getting married and in having children. She went so far as to win a national art award from Scholastic magazine, and an art degree from Tulsa University. She’s still interested in having five kids, “but right now I’ll settle for one,” she says.

She got a job in the art department of a Tulsa radio station and she painted a lot at home. She used ordinary house paint on canvas, but the results were so good that Charlie got one of the pictures from her mother and hung it above a couch in their apartment. He is now staging a vigorous campaign to return her to oils. “This is not a case of taking up a hobby,” he says. “Pat can become more than a Sunday painter. She’s really good.

I’m sure she’ll get a great achievement out of this art.”

The achievement she got out of her job in the radio station was to be called on one afternoon to replace a regular vocalist who couldn’t make it to the program. It was a 15-minute musical program sponsored by the Page Milk Company. That’s where the name Patti Page originated from.

Jack Rael, manager of a small traveling band (now her manager), heard her on the radio and persuaded her to come on the road. For two years they toured everywhere, but nothing happened. Late in 1947, Patti recorded a duet with herself called “Confess,” and it was a smash hit. Since then, she has come into possession of nine gold records (a gold record means you’ve sold over the million mark) placing her among the most successful popular singers around.

“But my voice has gone down two or three tones,” she says. “Because of all the talking I do on ‘The Big Record.’ I’m used to singing, not talking. I have to get up at eight o’clock five days a week. We start rehearsing at ten and keep at it until nine at night. And every week there’s a benefit in New York.”

This gargantuan effort leaves no visible scar on her. She still looks slim, svelte and glamorous. Her blonde hair is always well-groomed and her big blue eyes look relaxed behind the horn-rimmed glasses she wears off-stage.

“There’s always time for the things we want to do,” she says, “and for the people we want to be with.”

There was even time for her and Charlie (who is a busy dance director for Hal Wallis in Hollywood) to spend six weeks in Europe last summer.

“It rained every day in every country,” Patti recalls. “We came back two weeks early and went to Palm Springs. Everybody who goes to Europe should come back two weeks early. We couldn’t wait to get back—we flew.

PATTI seems wary of Gale Storm’s idea in this bit from a “Big Record” TV show.

“It was so hot in Palm Springs (118 degrees) that nobody was there and I got plenty of rest. It was a good thing, too, because my show is a terror grind, even though I love it.

“Those six weeks were the first time that Charlie and I were together 24 hours a day since our marriage, and if we survived that I think we can survive absolutely anything.

“Charlie’s crazy about photography. He took pictures constantly, despite the rain. I remember one afternoon we went into the Louvre and Charlie had his camera under his coat. He said, ‘Stand by the Venus de Milo,’ and I did, but I felt like an idiot.

“Besides, I’m the one who’s always looking for cops. Not Charlie. He’s the kind of person who’ll go right ahead and do what he wants and wait for someone to come over and tell him it’s against the law. There I was nervous and trembling. It turned out that for a 50¢ fee anyone can take pictures in the famous museum.

“We wanted to go everywhere, but what we did was sit in the lobbies of hotels waiting for it to stop raining. We wanted to buy paintings, and a friend said we could pick up a Picasso pretty reasonably in a little village near Cannes, I was afraid to go because it would jinx the weather. I didn’t buy anything.

“But we kept traveling. I remember the food in England—it was awful. And on our way back through Paris a miracle happened. The sun came out. We hired a driver to take us to all the places we’d been to in the rain so that Charlie could take pictures all over again in the sun! The funny thing about him is that he hates to pose for pictures. If the publicity department wants to come up and photograph our home, that’s okay, but Charlie won’t be around for it.

“We have a seven-room apartment in New York that looks like nothing now (that’s what she says, everybody else says it’s beautiful). The kitchen is the only room that’s full. There’s something missing in every other room.

“We have French Provincial furniture—country style. It’s in light colors—blue, red, olive. The carpeting is blush-purplish. We had it dyed so it’s no standard color. People think it’s purple. But it isn’t. It just looks purple.

“Then there’s a small terrace. A step in the living room leads up to it. You know, I always wanted a duplex apartment, so Charlie suggested we extend the step along the whole wall. Now I’m fond of saying, ‘I’ll have coffee upstairs.’

THE O’Currans have an apartment in Hollywood, too, and hope to build a house in Palm Springs. Patti loves New York, but she thinks that wide open spaces are better for children. Their house will have lots of picture windows, and at least one room-length sliding glass door overlooking a patio and swimming pool. They’ll start with seven rooms and a “view to future expansion.”

“Why do you know, there are 45 people in my immediate family,” Patti says, explaining her taste for real domesticity. “I have 25 nieces and nephews. When grandmother died it was the first time that all my ten brothers and sisters and I were together in 20 years.

“None of them are in show business. One of my sisters wanted to be a singer, but she was the only one. Now she’s married and has three kids. They tried to turn my kid sister into a singer, but she never wanted to be one. Now she’s married to a minister who disapproves of show business anyway.”

In the interests of homemaking, Patti enrolled at cooking school last year, but she had to quit “because it turned out to be a most tiresome production meeting right after it. The school is run by Dione Lucas who is very well known for her culinary artistry.” Patti went on.

“One night I tried out a fancy veal recipe
continued on page 69
Hollywood Love Life
continued from page 10

COMPROMISE—John Smith and Jane Blair, after a couple of months of going steady, have decided they shouldn't consider marriage yet and agreed to date other people, too. So John had two dates with Barbara Nichols. One, they went to see a preview of his "Handle With Care," two, to see her in "Pal Joey." John and June admit they still prefer to be with June and John.

TROPICAL TROUBLES—Cynthia Robertson went all the way to Panama to visit her Cliff on location for "The Naked And The Dead," arrived to find him a malaria victim, stayed to help nurse him back to health. . . . Aldo Ray, same location, bought a marmoset to bring home as a pet, then learned there are quarantine restrictions on these monkeys.

YOUNG LOVE—Gary Lewis, Jerry's 12-year-old son, made his film debut in a featured spot with his dad—they even do a song together—in "Rock-a-bye Baby." Gary also did a scene with blonde and dimpled Judy Franklin, age nine, who flipped over him. But Gary flipped for his dad's co-star, Connie Stevens, wrote her mash notes and invited her to lunch! Pouted Judy to Connie: "Can't you pick on someone your own age?" She needn't worry. Connie admits that although she's had dates with Tommy Sands and likes him she still "prefers older men."

THE ANSWER—We asked Carol Ohmart what she learned while being a housewife during her year's absence from the screen. "I learned to cook and that beds don't make themselves," said she. After she finished "Born Reckless," she and her husband, Wayde Preston, star of TV's "Colt .45" series, took a vacation touring Utah and Wyoming. Wayde was born in Wyoming. Carol is from Utah.

RETRACTANT—On the set of "Indiscret" a news photographer asked Cary Grant to kiss Ingrid Bergman for a still pic, "I do that only when I'm paid," he replied. What? Well, maybe it was because that was in London. Dignity, donchaknow.

YOUNG LOVE—Judith Meredith, so cute in "Summer Love," has an engagement ring from Wendell Niles Jr., but their wedding's a year away. He's gone to New York to work in an ad agency, she'll stay here for films. "After that long separation, we'll be sure," says Judi.

HORSES, HOUSES—Now that Tab Hunter has three horses, he's looking for a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley where he can stable them instead of boarding them, a very expensive item . . . Venetta Stevenson, who bought one of Tab's horses a while back, just bought herself a house with a barn in Northridge where she can keep the horse. Chums say one reason her romance with Barry Coe cooled was because she's so mad about horses and riding; he doesn't like. So what happens? He's now spending two months in the saddle, riding in a Western, "The Bravados."

NEWLYWEDS—Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner moved into his bachelor apartment, a handsome duplex, when they returned from their honeymoon. Bob had had it furnished with custom-made pieces but Natalie decided it was all "too masculine" and started redecorating in Chinese Modern style. . . . That Debra Paget-Dave Street merger really surprised the know-it-alls. But their wedding was as quiet and dignified as Jayne Mansfield had said she wanted hers to be. . . . Dick Zanuck announced—yes, he did, not she—that bride Lili Gentle is giving up her film career for marriage. But she'll still go to school!

ROUGH START—Jeff and Dusty Hunter really have had a rough few months. Just after their honeymoon Jeff was stricken with hepatitis, the same virulent disease that knocked Cary Grant and Phyllis Hudson for loops. After Jeff was released from the hospital, he was put on a very strict diet. Bride Dusty had developed a bad case of arthritis. Just as a matter of convenience, to avoid double cooking, Dusty went on the same diet. It helped both of them!

BABY TALK—Jim "Maverick" Garner, whose film career gets a real boost with "Darby's Rangers," persuaded his wife to name their new daughter Greta, after you-know-who. . . . Paul Brinkman's real happy with his fifth child, Lisabette, looks like mom Jeanne Crain. The other four resemble him, but they're all handsome kids. . . . The Bob Stacks are building a new house while awaiting their second baby. . . . Ann Blyth and her Doctor Jim McNulty have named their third baby Kathleen Mary. . . . Diana Lynn and Morty Hall expect their little Yankee Doodle Dandy on the Fourth of July.

TOGETHERNESS—Audrey Hepburn's Rome arrival for the start of "The Nun's Story" drew the largest turnout of photons and newsmen—about 150—for a film celebrity within the memory of the Italian press. But Audrey wished one other man, husband Mel Ferrer, had been there. He's busy in Hollywood preparing "Green Mansions" in which he'll direct his star-wife. . . . Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons plan a long, leisurely reunion-vacation on their ranch near Nogales after she returns from making "Home Before Dark" in Boston and he

IT WAS a Las Vegas wedding for Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, now abroad.

DEDICATED—No doubt about the sincerity of Don Murray and wife Hope Lange in his work for displaced persons in Europe. They turned over their checks for their joint TV drama appearance to the fund—about $20,000. And their house is only sparsely furnished and they drive a '49 Dodge! Also, Don's fan club is dedicated to raising funds for the project, named themselves "The Helpers."

DATA ON DATES—Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman still sing "I Only Have Eyes For You," but they have no marriage plans. . . . Leslie Nielsen has added a pearl necklace and bracelet to the pearl ring he gave Sandy Ulman but there's still no official engagement. . . . Al Hedin dates lotsa gals but his favorite is Jo Morrow, newly signed 20th starlet. Al and Bob Evans both are campaigning for the TV Power role in the upcoming remake of "Blood And Sand." . . . Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins and Marion Mc Knight, a former Miss America, have written "The End" to their romance. . . . David Nelson and Diane Jergens have been dating but not too seriously. . . . Gia Scala has been dividing her datetime between Keith Larsen and Don Burnett. Irony: the handsome lads co-star in "Northwest Passage," new TV series. . . . Hollywood bachelor girls are happy to have Curt Jurgens back in town for "Me And The Colonel," but his heart belongs to a French gal.

THE END—Dana Wynter and her lawyer husband Greg Bautzer believe in really keeping their careers separate. She's never heard him in court and he's never seen her on the screen. That's what they swear!
most was a reference to his having spoken of a woman as a "dame," although he acknowledged that an air of mutual antagonism ran through the whole article. "I never use 'dame,'" he said worriedly. "The writer knew that. But when I asked him about it, he said it gave me zip, whatever that meant. I don't think so. And naturally I noticed the antagonistic strain, and to this day I can't account for it. The writer and I got on great."

He was truly worried. There are O'Brian fan clubs, multifarious O'Brian financial adventures, O'Brian personal appearances, circuses, rodeos (at a recent one, he contends, he shook 6,000 hands at an estimated 1.7 seconds a hand, "and don't think those people aren't going to be watching 'Wyatt Earp'"), and just plain O'Brian addicts, and not one of these, he felt, is going to like Wyatt Earp talking about a "dame."

But it did bring up dames and why O'Brian, topping 30 by a bit, never wed. "I'm sorry to give you such a serious answer," he said, "but it's the inevitable one. I never met a girl I wanted to marry, or if I have, then the subject is too personal for this. But I'll meet one. Then I'll stop loving Girls and love A Girl, and that'll be that. Now I date a lot, here and there, and life is wonderful."

Apparently life is. Bachelor O'Brian lives in a split-level apartment—he gave up his Malibu house when his beloved collie was killed by a car ("It was mostly for her anyway")—near Hollywood, and lives handsomely and energetically and with a devotion to the buck that beggars the imagination. He may be compensating a trifle. Asked over coffee how he happened to bag the Earp role, he said unexpectedly: "Because I came cheap." He didn't say it very happily. In a moment he had recovered and back-tracked, but the words were out.

Entrepreneur O'Brian was this day toying with still another project. In its way, it was fascinating. Noting that airline pilots had pretty long layovers between flights, he was contemplating some method of getting them into interim work, possibly on a door-to-door basis, with Marshal Earp packaging the deal. O'Brian's mind is not an idle one.

 Roughly an hour and three-quarters after he had entered the restaurant, O'Brian departed. Erect and trim, his shock of glossy black hair worn rather low on his forehead, he reengaged the revolving door and walked a few steps to his convertible, a Pontiac badly in need of a bath. Although his parking meter had been expired for 45 minutes, he had no ticket. Perhaps the officer had checked his registration and felt a constabulary kinship. Or maybe this is the year O'Brian can't do anything wrong.

From the convertible he plucked a record album (his) and a brochure dealing with Hugh O'Brian and Wyatt Earp, but mostly Hugh O'Brian. Tendering it to the writer, he said rather wistfully and quite seriously, "If you know anyone who wants a book like this worked up, send 'em around. We're in that business, too."

At a leisurely reading afterward, the brochure proved quite remarkable. Its first page, for example, over the signature of O'Brian and with the greeting, "Hi Folks!" begins thus: "It isn't every day that an actor gets the opportunity to thank you—the people who have made this all possible."

"You and you alone are responsible for the success our television show has enjoyed and is enjoying."

Page 4 points to the resemblance between Earp, sketched, and O'Brian, photographed, the caption urging that you notice it. O'Brian is seen as a clean-shaven juvenile, Earp as a haggard, aging, rather homely man with a large and scarraggly moustache. Apart from this, the resemblance is striking.

Thereafter there is a sequence layout of O'Brian drawing and firing a pistol in practically no time at all, and then Mr. O'B.'s life story. It sells for 50 cents. Hugh was born in Rochester, N.Y., over 30 years ago—accounts of the precise year have been disparate—and educated variously at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill., Kemper Military School in Missouri and the University of Cincinnati. He had half a year to go at the university when he enlisted in the regular Marines for a four-year hitch, becoming, at 18, the youngest drill instructor in the Corps' history. In 1945, he was awarded a fleet appointment to Annapolis but decided against it, finished his hitch, and went to California with the family. California and O'Brian took to each other right away. So did O'Brian and acting, and, by and by, he cancelled plans to enter Yale and began appearing with Little Theatre groups. Nighttimes he did that; daytimes he sold apparel to agents along Sunset Strip and urged that they come see him act. Some did, and one especially, and that helped things. He likewise did some early television, and was already showing signs of the business acumen that had begun when he successfully sold newspapers for 25 cents a clip in Lancaster, Pa. He might have done better, but he was only five.

An agent named Milo Frank aided his career as did Ida Lupino, as did a succession of legitimate appearances with skilled older players, plus a three-year film hitch with Universal-International.

When he left there to freelance, he had no qualms that his first assignment was in a picture bearing the ominous title "Broken Lance," and then he did a few more, attracting the eye of Loretta Young for television.

Wyatt Earp, however, was not the end of a linked progression. It just happened. The show's framers looked at him, listened to him, liked him and cast him—and with rare excellence.

All this and more is contained in the Hugh O'Brian brochure, including in total 45 pictures of its subject, the final one (back cover) featuring a pistol called the Buntline Special. Harmless models of this either are or shortly will be for sale. Ten per cent of each purchase, O'Brian has told an interviewer, goes to O'Brian. The life of Wyatt Earp has scarcely been in vain.

END

**Natalie and Bob Answer Their Fans**

continued from page 26

Why don't you cats co-star in a musical? P.S. We just got married, too.

Helen and Harvey B.

Toledo, Ohio

Dear Helen and Harvey:

We are truly in love and we'd love to make a musical, or any picture together.

(Twentieth Century-Fox and Warners please note!) Congratulations right back.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Natalie:

I have nothing against Robert Wagner personally, but he is an actor and aren't all actors too self-engrossed? Wouldn't it be better to be married to a solid business man who will let you have the glory and not try to share the spotlight? Of course, it's a little late to say these things, so I'll sign off with—a very happy marriage to both of you.

Marcella N.

Albany, Oregon

Dear Marcella:

All actors aren't too self-engrossed. I married one who isn't. We believe in
Dear Robert Wagner:
May an "old married woman" give you some advice? You and Natalie are such an ideal couple and I'm sure will be very happy if you run the roost. According to some of Natalie's publicity, she is headstrong and has been spoiled. A husband must be the boss and if Natalie is as wise as she looks, she'll settle down and lean on you. I'm glad to read that she's not possessive as possession is fatal in any marriage. My best wishes always.

Mary N.
Quebec, Canada

Dear Mary:
Don't believe all Hollywood publicity. Sometimes some of it is grossly exaggerated. Natalie and I intend to lean on each other always.

Bob

Dear Miss Natalie:
It's just one month since I left Norway to make my home in your wonderful country. My dream was to come to Hollywood and meet you. Now it is too late and I wouldn't mind so much if you had married poor Jimmy Dean. But Bob Wagner! He's so handsome he must be very conceited. For your sake, I wish you both happiness.

Lars S.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Lars:
Jimmy Dean was a very dear friend. I too think my husband is very handsome and I've never met anyone with less conceit. He joins me in thanking you for wishing us well.

Natalie

Dear Nat:
What a smart girl you are to select a husband who has sowed his wild oats. I've met Bob socially "way back" and he always had so many girl friends. He'll make a fine husband because he knows you have everything and more than all the others put together. I have followed your career with great interest and if I had a choice I'd live my life just the way you're living yours. Thank you for never disappointing me and much happiness and success to you and Bob.

Jane D.
Hollywood, California

Dear Jane:
How nice to hear from you and learn how you feel about us. Please know we do appreciate it.

Natalie

Dear R. J.
I'm sure you won't remember me, but we were in the same classes at Santa Monica High. I've been married five years and never miss taking my wife and kids to see your pictures. Small world, isn't it? When I read you had married Natalie Wood I said to Dorothy (my wife), "I hope they'll always be as happy as we are." You were such a good sport in school and everyone liked you. Natalie must be a wonderful girl and it couldn't happen to two nicer people. Hope to see you around. Your old friend.

Russell T.
Santa Monica, California

Dear Russ:
Of course, I remember you and I'm very happy that your life is working out so well. Many thanks for remembering me. Your old friend.

R. J.

Dear Natalie:
I'm glad to say my very first fan letter is to you. I approve of your marriage to Bob Wagner and I'm praying that you'll have the happiness I couldn't give you. I fell in love with you back in 1950 in "No Sad Songs For Me." Some title! Please send me a picture showing you kissing Bob and I'll pretend it's me. All the best.

Leonard K.
Wadley, Georgia

Dear Leonard:
I sure approve of my marriage too. Sorry I can't send the picture you requested, but hope a regular autographed photograph will make up for it. Many thanks.

Natalie

Dear R. J.
I'm sure glad that you and Natalie didn't allow anyone to talk you out of getting married. Natalie is so pretty and sensible and you are so handsome and solid. Together you are just—"Wow Charlie!" So please don't ever allow any Hollywood gossip to come between you.

Julie Ann K.
Rising Sun, Indiana

Dear Julie Ann:
I'm so glad I'm married to Natalie too. I appreciate your warning, but we both believe that gossip is only important if you give it importance. Thanks for your kind words.

Bob

Dear Mr. and Mrs. W:
I can hardly wait to see your wedding pictures in the movie magazines. Why didn't you get married on television, so that those who love you could have come to your wedding? Please, please stay as nice as you are and don't ever let happen to you what happened to Rock and Phyllis and Venetia and Russ. Your loyal admirer.

Joshua C.
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Joshua:
Because our marriage is sacred, we tried to play it down as much as possible. Your sentiments are most appreciated by both of us.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Newlyweds:
You have proved that if two people were meant for each other, nothing anyone can say or do will change it. Hooray! Now that you're married, you can show everyone all that stuff about two careers in one family is just a lot of baloney. Both of you are doing the same kind of work, so you have much more in common than most husbands and wives who bore each other. Long may you live. Your fan and friend.

Peggy H.
North Auckland, New Zealand

Dear Peggy:
We couldn't agree with you more. We really love the business we're in and hope to be able to stay in it forever. Kindest regards.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Sir Robert:
Frankly, I'm disappointed in your choice of the opposite sex. You are a good family boy and Natalie Wood is a high falutin' career girl. If you had to marry an actress, why didn't you pick someone like Ann Blyth. Or someone like me. I may not be a sexy Hollywood beauty, but my teeth are my own, I don't have to wear a girdle and I'm nearly 40. Let's see any movie star top that! Good luck—you'll probably need it.

Mary Margaret T.
Prairie Village, Kansas

Dear Mary Margaret:
I think I'm very lucky indeed and I hope you'll be as happy as I am. Sincerely yours.

Robert Wagner
Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

it just might. Marlon is so unpredictable.

Brigitte Bardot won't make a picture in Hollywood because she is now receiving 25% of every dollar taken in at the box-office. Her share from "And God Created Woman"—$500,000. In addition to which the blonde sex kitten is in love with actor Jean-Louis Trintignant and aims to marry him just as soon as his divorce is final. As of going to press, Tab Hunter is the boy most likely to succeed Tony Perkins on Broadway in "Look Homeward, Angel." Tab wants to do the play as much as Rock Hudson fought to do "Ben Hur." ... Mrs. Rock Hudson's friends, by the way, complain she has been pushed around in the financial settlement. And that, she does not rate.

From Zsa Zsa Gabor—"I don't believe in money—I only like to spend it." Don't we all? ... Don't ask Lana Turner and Glynis Johns to the same party with British Sean Connery. Both ladies accuse him of allowing his press agent to plant stories of dates with them. ... This sounds incredible, but it's true.

Cary Grant made one million, four hundred thousand dollars last year. After taxes, he was left with $150,000. That ain't bad but it isn't nearly a million and a half, either.

Kirk Douglas was lunching in a popular restaurant when an excited woman dragged her husband over and shrieked, "Look, it's him." Kirk drew himself up to his full height and reproved, "Lady, it's not it's him, it's he." ... But this isn't as funny as when the present Mrs. Douglas married Kirk, and, in her charming French accent, intoned, "I, Anne, take thee, Kirk, to be my awful wedded husband."

The longest engagement—Ava Gardner's with Walter Chiari. Ava has changed her mind about selling her beautiful home near Madrid.

Love starts early in the Lana Turner family. Fourteen-year-old daughter Cheryl has already received a ring from a young gentleman who wants to go steady with the brunette beauty. ... Gina Lollobrigida is insisting on spiritual-looking lovers for her movie opposite. ... If Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall are not married by the time you read this, you can wash this item out of your hair. I never did believe this was a romance. A friend of Sinatra's told me recently that Frankie boy said of Bacall, "She'll make a great wife—for somebody, but not me. I just don't want to marry another actress."

Elvis Presley earned five million dollars last year. His income shrinks considerably during 1958. But the Pelvis won't be starving on his GI salary. War or peace, he gets $1,000 a week from RCA-Victor Records. ... Whatever happened to Mike Todd's plan to film "Don Quixote" in Spain, with wife Elizabeth Taylor? ... And what caused the coolness between Mikes, junior and senior?

James Garner's the most popular of the new stars. He never complains, never refuses an interview or a still sitting. James is 30 next birthday, which still makes him one of the youngest of the big stars. His next picture will be "Footprints," for William Wellman—when he can get some time off from "Maverick." ... And Raymond Burr—Perry Mason—is determined to see Italy this summer. But he's dreaming. There is no rest from telefilming. ... The big question—which blonde and which place—for Bob Hope's annual Christmas jaunt next December to the GI's. It seems like Bob has just about covered everything.

No Hollywood trip in sight for Marilyn Monroe. If and when she makes "The Blue Angel," for 20th Century-Fox, it will be shot abroad. I can see I'll have to go traveling again. ... David Nelson came into a $250,000 trust fund when he reached 21. ... It will be even more for brother Ricky.

Kim Novak assures me she still hears from Mario Bandini via phone from Rome. But she seems to be back with first beau Mac Krim, an old faithful if ever I saw one. ... Both David Niven and Otto Preminger go to great pains to tell you that they are not fending at all and never have. Methinks they do protest too much. ... Victor Mature is buying a home in London. So is Judy Garland. With jets on the way for commercial flying, it will only be a hop and a skip to Hollywood, Paris and London. Which is why most studios are selling their back lots. It's simpler to do outdoor stuff on location.

It's like the old days to see Shirley Temple in Hollywood—two days every month. "It's where I came in," Shirley, who hits 30 next birthday, told me. "I'm filming next door to Rin Tin Tin. I worked with Rinny's ancestor when I started at the age of 3." ... The John Waynes should be moving back into the house in Encino, within a few weeks. Lucky for them all that Filar's dachshund slept in the same room with the baby and her. Awakening two minutes later during the fire, would have been too late.

It was Alan Ladd who acted as cupid for daughter Carol Lee's second marriage. He introduced her to the guy who works for his company. ... They keep linking Gene Kelly with this and that lady, but it's my hunch he prefers to be single and aims to stay unhitched. ... Jack Benny decided he would be too busy for "Father Of The Bride" on Broadway. But Mr. Benny, in his earlyish sixties, still has more energy than actors half his age.

Robert Mitchum's 16-year-old son, Jim, has decided to make acting a full time career—when he finishes his schooling, that is. Ditto for Jerry Lewis' Gary. They'll find it tough going. Everyone expects them to be as good as their dads are now, and that took years and years. ... Donald O'Connor dipped into his pocket and came out with $5,000 for that Jayne Mansfield dress he wears during his night club impersonation. The blonde wig set him back $300. ... I hope it isn't true that jolly Jackie Gleason has left us permanently for London. If this moving keeps up, who will be left in New York or Hollywood?

Hollywood's happiest couple—Clark Gable and Kay who seems to be in better health. ... I don't see Jennifer Jones as Nicole in "Tender Is The Night," but that's what she aims to do. Jennifer should lose that habit of frowning when concentrating on the screen. Mars her good looks.

Joan Crawford's gimmick of choosing captains to choose table mates at her parties, is not catching on. It's embarrassing for those who are among the...
accomplishments is certainly as adequate as you could hope to get in a lifetime. Yet, for all the good it’s done him, certain sacrifices had to be made.

There’s never any time to relax, to be alone. With all the demands on him, he’s gotten to be concerned whether there’s a point to the many requests for his time. His friends, perhaps more than Tony is, always worry that he’s overdoing things. The privacy which he needs desperately is always being invaded. Yet, he’s obliging. On the Person-to-Person show no one could have been more cooperative. Under the hot lights, he perspired in one of his sweaters—they have become almost a trademark by now—and threw open the door of his moderately-sized bachelor apartment to a nation of fascinated fans. It was a toss-up who was unhappiest over the 30 or so technicians scuttling around the place: Perkins, Punky, or Banjo, the exotic Siamese cat.

The apartment which he’d had since he attended Columbia University is the typical male refuge and one female would simply adore doing over with the same charitable abandon of a case-worker turning an unkempt but comfortable urchin into a neat conformer.

Tony will go along with quite a lot of things, but he doesn’t take kindly to meddling in his personal life. “Why should anyone tell me what to do?” he demanded with an uncompromising look.

“I’m an adult, have a mind of my own and like to make it up myself. So far, I’ve tried to lead my life so I’d always be in a position where I can always be my own boss. I’m not under an exclusive contract, but if I were, I think I’d take a suspension rather than do something I felt was wrong for me.”

There was a time, according to him, not so very long ago, either—maybe ten years—when he didn’t have as much control over his destiny, you somehow never do in your teens. On dates, he was always afraid something would go wrong. And he was usually right.

“Boys are left more or less alone to figure out their own way. Perhaps it’s because parents feel a boy would reject assistance more than a girl.” Whenever Tony paused to collect his thoughts, which he did often, you could hear him munching away on celery. Non-smoker Tony was a chain-eater that day.

“When you’re shy—I hate that word—it’s rough enough but when someone tries to get you out of it without investigating the real problem behind the inwardness, it gets to be a mess and the good intentions backfire. Oh, you know what I mean, things like ‘why don’t you get out more like the other young people?’ I don’t understand you at all. Why do you act this way?” None of that does any good, except to make you aware of your inadequacies again.”

Then he told of his first meeting with Sophia Loren and John Wayne. “When I met them on the set of ‘Legend Of The Lost,’ they both were something of legends themselves. So, instead of going over and talking to them, I sort of stayed in the corner, hiding behind a pillar and watching. I was afraid some studio cop would see me and throw me out.

“Sophia Loren! Now, there’s a good example of overcoming shyness!” Tony appeared to be as satisfied as differentiating between a minor ninth and a major seventh on the piano. (A music student, besides an amateur painter, he says he finds the mathematics of jazz harmony totally enveloping.) “Probably when she was growing up in Naples, her experiences were the sort that might have made her more quiet and introspective than usual. But with recognition, publicity and the fortune she’s achieved, she’s much more self-confident and interesting. She’s an exceptional person,” he admired, “outgoing, intelligent, warm and sexy.”

LISTENING to Tony you begin to feel so what’s to suffer with this introvert bit? This is trouble when you can turn out like a Sophia or Perkins? Even Tony had to admit that it has certain advantages.

“Even though no one exactly enjoys being shy—there’s that word again—as a result of it, you could become a little more self-sufficient than you would have being a nice, healthy extrovert: I got to read a lot more than most of the other kids at school, and I still like reading. I’m not one of those people who think the only way to live life is to live it, not read about it.” A good student, Tony was 12 points away from graduating from Columbia when he went to work for MGM in “The Actress” for $350 a week.

“Honestly, I always think people who hold back something of themselves are rather interesting, don’t you? The outgoing and well-balanced ones make you feel they can take care of themselves. It’s not very much of a challenge.”

Since the advantages were beginning to far outweigh the disadvantages, it began to look as though anyone would be a knucklehead not to act shy even though he normally wasn’t. A cunning device not so altogether unheard of in artistic circles.

“Oh, I guess some put it on for the sake of being interesting or mysterious.” From Tony’s expression, he obviously thought of them in the same way Rembrandt would have thought of these package paintings where you match the color to the number. “That sort of thing can be awfully boring and should, I think, make a person feel extremely dishonest.”

In line with a personality that doesn’t seem especially sparked by any overwhelming drive, he admits he devotes little effort to forming strong opinions on anything and very often can be swayed by a stronger opinion imposing itself on his own.

Tony shifted his 160 pounds in the chair and hooked an arm over the back. “And I certainly wouldn’t say I have a great deal of determination. I don’t go out after things as I should, but when I’m given an opportunity, I like to make the most of it.” Like the time he portrayed a baseball player in various stages of a nervous breakdown in “Fear Strikes Out.” He was so realistic, he spent two weeks in a hospital recovering from nervous exhaustion. “I prefer to let things come to me instead of going after them. These records I’ve been doing, it wasn’t me who got things rolling, someone heard me sing in ‘Joey,’ a television play. . . .”

A rival record company executive had an interesting comment on Tony the singer. “His voice isn’t big, but he has a lot more music sense than any of these other Hollywood actors who’ve suddenly blossomed out as singers.”

Problems he’s got, and problems he’s had, and the ones dating back to years ago are now remembered with kindly tolerance like an irresponsible, charming friend who had suddenly disappeared with your best suit and ran up bills in your name. You should hate the bum, but you can’t bring yourself around to doing it.

“Youth is a trying time when you’re going through it,” he remembered, “but now, it seems like a happy time. I think those formative years are the most exciting. You probably think more at that age. Then, too, it was simpler for me. Almost everyone you met was on the same level as you. I dated all the time, then, and it was much easier. It’s true
Enduring Young Charmer

continued from page 41

dughters. After Dad passed away, I’d lie on the couch, evenings, in the living room to keep Mother company. I’d see her crying and thought it was over Dad. But later she told me it was because I was so thin. Wasn’t that awful? But by that time I’d learned better.”

Mrs. Douvan found that, with all things, Sandra must learn by herself—that it doesn’t do to keep nagging at her. It didn’t take long for the pretty little model to realize that she was too thin, too lacking in her accustomed energy. So she gave up the starvation diet for a sensible one prescribed by her doctor—broiled meat, cottage cheese, eggs, vegetables and fruit and she keeps her weight at just the right figure. “I’ll never forget,” Sandra chuckled, “when a group of models and I went to see ‘Giant’ one Saturday matinee. There wasn’t time for lunch, so they came armed with cucumbers and knives (it’s a good thing the management didn’t frisk them) and as we sat through the showing the crunch, crunch, of cucumbers made me so embarrassed I thought I’d die!”

But when Ross Hunter, youthful Hollywood producer, saw the talented young beauty in a TV drama and arranged for her to take a screen test for U-I in Hollywood, Sandy was overjoyed but apprehensive over her lack of drama training. All she’d had were six lessons in lowering her youthful high voice. The voice coach, amazed at her quick grasp of the problem, stopped the lessons forthwith. Nor did she need modeling instruction to become, in the words of the magazine The Saturday Evening Post, “one of America’s top ten models.”

When U-I’s big brass assembled for Sandra’s screen test, they acted as if they’d discovered a gold mine right on the lot. And they had, for even before she started “The Wonderful Years” with John Saxon, MGM asked for her to play the youngest sister in “Until They Sail.” Critics were quick to commend the sensitive portrayal of the newcomer who had to unte her pigtails and “age” from 12 to 18, “I had to report to make-up every morning at 7 o’clock to be made to look old,” Sandra laughed.

For “The Wonderful Years” she played a mixed-up teenager whose emotional turmoil, as she tried to live down a scandal in a small town, almost proved her undoing. And from that, the fragile blonde was rushed into a starring role with June Allyson and Jeff Chandler for “And Ride a Tiger.” In this, as June Allyson’s sister-in-law, Sandy portrays a youngster whose anxiety to taste grown-up emotions before she’s ready for them plunges her into a sea of troubles. Obviously both MGM and U-I believe that the fledgling star can portray complex emotions on the screen. And MGM believes in her to such an extent that they gave her the plum role opposite John Saxon in “The Reluctant Debutante” matching histronics with such illustrious names as Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall.

One doesn’t need tea leaves to see a dazzling career ahead for this youngster, one reminiscent of Mary Pickford’s, who was 15, too, when she first startled moviegoers. Sandra, a dainty, peach-melba type with long taffy-colored, carefully-tended tresses is a very articulate creature, joy of an interviewer’s heart. “You can’t get a word in,” says her mother, who obviously delights in Sandy’s high spirits and sheer zest for living.

In her clothes, Sandra doesn’t ape the teenage uniform, baggy sweater, shapeless jeans, scuffed saddle shoes. Her slight elfin-like figure is always neatly set off in well-fitting clothes.

This is no ordinary 15-year-old. When she turned 15, she received a camphaged-toned mink stole for her birthday. This may give you the impression she is not a typical teenager. And you’re so right.

She gave up $78,000 a year as a top teenage model in New York to accept much less on a movie contract, so great was her desire to become a movie actress. “I figured,” she says sagely, “that I could accept less money in pictures because there is so much for me to learn about acting before I’m worth a lot of money.”

But Sandra and her mother did splurge on a home in the fashionable Hollywood hills high above the Sunset Strip which they hope, when time permits, to decorate to match the New York apartment, in white antique furniture, brass, orichs and silver, Sandra’s favorite colors. There is, of course, a swimming pool, too, but very little time to enjoy it.

Sandra Dee is definitely no average teenager, except possibly in her excitement over everything in Hollywood; her delight in seeing favorite movies time after time; her avid reading of fan magazines (“She can trace the genealogy of every top-ranking star in Hollywood, New York and Europe.”) Her pet dislike is her nickname, “Sandy,” even though her mother and studio personnel use it. “It’s icky,” says Sandra.

But dressing up for premiers she adores. At a recent one she stood under the blinding marquee lights being interviewed by a TV commentator. On her head gleamed a rhinestone tiara. On her shoulders nestled a studio-borrowed white fox stole. Her strapless gown of white satin, snug above and bountiful below; her crisp little white gloves; her white beaded evening bag all drew “ahs” and “ohs.” Head held high, this remarkable youngster answered questions with more poise than most of Hollywood’s adult stars are able to muster—for such occasions.

“But goes the most beautiful girl I’ve seen since Liz Taylor,” commented a local columnist. “But Liz never had her assurance at the same age. That modeling background really shows up.”

And those who know what lies ahead for a beautiful and talented youngster in Hollywood—what joys and what pain—wondered how Sandra will withstand the adulation and temptations of the town. Will she, while still in her teens, already know the heartbreak of divorce and the wolves who are just waiting for a jaded young beauty?

“I don’t think Sandy will go that path at all,” remarked a co-worker. “Those years as a model gave her a respect for work, for cooperation, for punctuality. She learns quickly and knows there is no nonsense or dream world in picture-making. Most of all, she has learned self-discipline—truly amazing at her age. I’ve never worked with a teenager with such self-discipline or such mature judgment. I don’t see Sandra Dee in a few years getting mixed up with a wrong crowd or eloping or becoming temperamental. She has such a direct, mature way of talking I have to keep telling myself she’s only 15. You must remember that she’s had everything in her childhood—culture and wealth and much love from her parents. At 12, a typical evening might be a formal dress ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, dancing with her father, being asked by fashion designer Oleg Cassini to model at a benefit. Guests in her home, all “uncle” and “aunt” to Sandra, included glittering Broadway names. That’s where she gets her poise. This, then, is no girl from the wrong side of the tracks clawing her way up. Rather, she’s like Grace Kelly—ambitious for the pure joy of becoming a fine actress. Movie-making has become her whole life.”

Admittedly, her life thus far as she heads for stardom is unfeffed by friends or fun. True, there is the mink...
Why doesn’t beauty bring love? Glamourous Kim Novak has almost everything that any young girl could ever want—beauty, popularity, fame and fortune. Why can’t this alluring film star find the one thing she really wants—true love? Don’t miss this intimate, revealing story about Kim Novak in SILVER SCREEN Magazine. Buy the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine today. At all newsstands!
which real understanding was lacking.

She felt her parents had adequate reason to feel secure in the knowledge that in the small town of Stockton, California, where she grew up, they knew all her friends and their families, and knew that she traveled with a group of wholesome, well behaved children who came from nice homes.

"Sure," Janet agreed, "we had so-called juvenile delinquents at Stockton High. They did all the awful things then that misled kids do now, but I didn't go around with them. They were as distasteful to me as a teenager as they would be today to teenagers who come from good homes. As a teenager, I exercised discrimination, just as teenagers do today. There was a group at school that drank every night and had wild petting parties. I didn't do what that group did to be part of the gang, because I didn't want to be part of that gang. I hope to give Kelly enough security, and I'm sure she'll have enough common sense so that when she's in her teens I'll be able to trust her choice of the group with which she associates. If she shows good judgment that way, there's no reason why I should question her judgment in things like going car riding with a boy."

If Janet's float of the car riding ban offered a clue to potential danger, it either was ignored or not properly assessed. As a teenager, she did not find it sufficient to be loved. She needed to be understood as well—and more than anything else she sought understanding of her need to belong, to be permitted the same freedoms as others in her social group. This was the background of a breakdown in communication that was to erupt in her elopement at the age of 15, and to provide the supreme crisis in the relationship of a teenage girl with parents whose deep and boundless love she never questioned.

The stage was set with the family upheaval that ensued when Janet's paternal grandfather died, leaving her blinded grandmother, Kate Morrison, alone in the world. Janet's dad promptly quit his job in Stockton and moved to Merced so the family could be near the bereaved Grandmother Morrison, who had been sightless for 50 years. Suddenly, albeit for fine and humane reasons, Janet at the age of 14—mature though she may have been for her years—found herself uprooted from her environment, separated from all the friends and activities that had constituted her life.

"They obviously couldn't have asked Grandma to come to Stockton, and give up the home where she had lived 50 years," Janet did not want for understanding of her parents' dilemma. "It would have killed her. They had their problems when we moved to Merced, and it was the one time in our lives that we were not as close as we usually were. They were so busy taking care of Grandmother that they were giving less time to me than ever before. And it just seemed like I didn't have much freedom. I was allowed to go out only on weekends, and this seemed unreasonably strict compared with other kids."

In her empty feeling of rejection, compounded with her sudden isolation from the life she had known and loved in Stockton, Janet subconsciously turned elsewhere for sympathy and understanding. She found it in the person of a neighborhood youth who was several years her senior.

"I felt I was at an age when I should have started to get more leeway," Janet recalled. She waved at Kelly Lee as Tony Curtis tiptooed into the den, scooped her up and took her off to the nursery. "Everything turned to this boy."

The year that Janet's family lived in Merced was a year during which the young man gradually came to mean everything to her. Then with the rumble of war in the air, her father got an urgent call to the shipyard at Stockton. The homecoming, however, happened too late to offer either comfort or happiness to Janet. Since she had been gone, she had built a new life in Merced—and she was sure the old life in Stockton had long since passed her by.

"The year before," she was fully aware of the irony, "I didn't want to move to Merced. Now I didn't want to move back to Stockton. I couldn't bear the thought of leaving this boy and starting up again with people who already had grown away from me, and had developed their own groups. I was sure I wouldn't belong and I would be friendless again if I went back to live in Stockton with my folks."

THE enormity of Janet's apprehensions can best be measured by the fact that, at the age of 15, she and the boy ran off to Reno and got married.

"That's why we ran away," she explained the elopement, "so I wouldn't have to go away and could stay in Merced. I thought it was the only way that I wouldn't have to move. Not that I didn't feel I really was in love. At the time I was sure of it. But it was no marriage thing. I had no thought of living together and having a home. I just didn't want to go back to Stockton."

The newlyweds moved in with the boy's family in Merced. Two days later, Janet's distraught parents came up and had the marriage annulled. The elopement notwithstanding had brought into the open the great crisis of Janet's teenage. If a feeling that her parents no longer seemed to understand her had been so great a factor in her decision to elope, what would be the consequences if, in her thinking, they failed her again now that she had eloped? This was the ultimate test. Her parents met it by evaluating the elopement not as Janet's failure, but as their own. They did not demand, "What did Janet do wrong?" Instead, they soberly asked themselves, "What did we do wrong?"

"My God," Janet cried gratefully, "I've never had so much understanding as I had then. After their initial hurt and shock, they were very fair about it and understanding. They realized how preoccupied they had been with Grandma and how I needed to turn to someone."

Back in Stockton, instead of treating her as if she was on probation, Janet's parents gave her their complete trust. "They let me stay out as long as I wanted at dances," she related. "I had the same hours that everyone else had. I had the same privileges as other kids. They never once acted as if they were afraid since I ran off once I might do it again. They never harbored the thought or hinted at it. If they had, I would have resented it so much, I probably would have done it again."

Janet leaned over to put the cap on a jar of candy that had been left open on the end table.

"I was taunted terribly by the kids in school after the marriage," she flinched as she recalled it. "They made all sorts of unkind remarks. I talked to my folks about it, and they helped me understand that the kids didn't really know what they were doing. They explained that to them it was a big event, and they wanted to make the most of it. Some were very crude about it. It could have been a big tragedy. It could have ruined my life if it hadn't been handled right. My parents devoted themselves with all their hearts to seeing to it that I wasn't crucified for the mistake I made."

Understanding from her mother and
dad was vital therapy, indeed, but in the aftermath of the elopement there was one problem they were powerless to relieve. Janet discovered that she needed reassurance and understanding from her erstwhile friends, as well, for being the heroine of a teenage elopement had made her just about the most exciting topic of teenage conversation in town.

A former beau who viewed Janet's adventure with tender sympathy emerged as the hero of her social reorientation.

"I had met this boy at Christian Endeavor and had gone steady with him for four years before we moved to Merced," Janet explained. The maid came in with a tray of coffee and cookies, and Janet poured. "If it hadn't been for this boy, I don't know what I would have done. He was so thoughtful. He was the kindest, most considerate boy. He brought me back to the fold."

Janet considered herself a teenage casualty who had been helped when she faltered, and it made her ponder over the thin line between the teenage casualty and a so-called teenage delinquent.

She reflected, also, that she had been able to lean on a vast reservoir of affection and understanding—and trust—which her parents had provided. For every restriction that they had seen fit to impose, they had allowed many more liberties which reflected their faith in her good character. In fact, Janet's parents were so much more liberal than the parents of most of her friends that her home had become a community gathering place. Janet was not unmindful of the security and assurance this had given her, nor insensible to the fact that this was the source of an inner strength that helped her surmount her ordeal.

"I remember the first time I wore lipstick," there was a twinkle in her eyes. "All the girls in my class were wearing lipstick. I was 12, and they were at least two years older. So I told Mom and Dad that everyone was wearing lipstick. Could I? They were terribly understanding and they said I could. They were very wonderful. Mom and Dad and I had a good relationship. I could talk to them quite a bit."

Moreover, Janet found her parents abundantly tolerant and trusting on such rigid teenage taboos as drinking and petting. She realized that their attitude was responsible for the fact that she never found drinking a temptation or challenge and never felt the need or desire to seek surreptitious romance.

"When my friends came in," Janet indicated the extent of the latitude she enjoyed. "my parents would conveniently go to a movie, and leave everything just as it was. They wouldn't hide the liquor, and they left beer in the refrigerator. So there never was the thing of now that they're gone we're going to have a ball. My friends and I knew that we continued on page 74
Minutes later she was joking with actor Ray Stricklyn, her screen brother, and Miss Fitzgerald, while a hairdresser tried out some false red fingernails on her hands. Her eyes stared candidly at this reporter, whom she had not yet met. When we were introduced I said, "I know orders were not to bother you, so I'm just going to say hello."

"All right," Diane smiled, making it a kind of game. "Hello."

"All this publicity hoo-hah," I ventured, "the crowds of photographers and interviewers lurking in wait for you. Do they bother you?"

Diane giggled. "Well," she said, "I don't see too many. I'm a great evader."

This was not the Diane Varsi that had been expected. "She likes to fade into the background," one studio associate had said of her. Another remarked: "If you were standing in a crowded elevator, which also held Diane Varsi, she would be the last human being you'd notice."

**CO-WORKERS** on "Peyton Place" had described her as "gloomy, scared, the direct opposite of the average actress." They commented that she was polite, but not amusing. "On the Maine location," one crew man recalled, "she kept to herself. She was a very mousy girl. She took life so seriously. But maybe that's because she becomes the person she's portraying. She'd come on the set looking moody and forlorn, to portray Allison the way she saw her."

Diane's studio biography says she had no real professional experience before she was signed for "Peyton Place." Her notion of preparing for the role was to read the original novel and the script some 40 times. In her own mind, she became Allison MacKenzie. She lived, ate, slept and breathed the role of Allison. She pasted pictures on her walls depicting Allison's attitudes towards the people of Peyton Place. Monkeys, for example, symbolized the town people.

It was not a strange concept for a girl who had voluntarily left high school in her first year because it was "assembly line education. She needed to find some answer to why she was alive." Diane's parents had been separated when she was small, and she lived with her mother and a younger sister, Gail. She was not happy. "I always felt stifled in school," she said. "There was no stimulus in machine-made teaching. I hated the school cliques and social clubs. The girls called me a square because I was always reading. One day one of them snatched at me, 'Don't you ever think of boys?'"

Diane's greatest shock came the day an acquaintance took her aside and calmly explained some facts of life. "You know why you're unpopular?" the schoolmate said. "It's because you go with the wrong people." Diane's best friend was the daughter of the local truck gardener. For this reason, the other girls looked down on her.

Right then she decided that high school was not for her. She determined to create her own educational program. She went to the local library and took out books on subjects that interested her. For six months she studied by herself: physics, art, theology, philosophy, biographies of famous people, English and psychology.

Her interest in psychology had been spurred by discovering Freud when she was 13. "Freud no doubt influenced me a great deal," she says, a little youthfully.

Even so, Diane felt that she still needed direction. She enrolled in some night classes at San Mateo Junior College. During the day she worked as a hostess in a restaurant, modeled dresses, picked apples, worked in a candle packing plant to earn a little money. She had a pleasant singing voice, and she thought vaguely of becoming a folk singer. An acting career had never occurred to her.

She still read constantly in the library. What her social life was, Diane will not reveal (she is still secretive about many incidents in her past). Yet there must have been moments when she did think of boys. She admits that she was first married around the age of 16 or 17, and that the marriage failed. She won't talk about it. Although she will gladly talk about her son Shawn, now 14 months old. She is happy about Shawn.

What Diane does reveal is that she found a friend and kindred soul at the candle packing plant, and one day the two girls decided to leave San Mateo. "We didn't know where we wanted to go," Diane says. "We had $50 between us. We made up our minds to go away just anywhere, it didn't matter where."

Diane and her friend headed for Santa Cruz, walking the entire seven miles. They found a motel and stayed there for the night. The next day a middle-aged traveling salesman gave them a ride as far as Carmel. They ate sandwiches on the beach, then met two college students who were on their way to school in Pasadena. The boys gave them a lift all the way to Los Angeles.
It was a curious, self-centered kind of argosy, and Diane does not deny it. Her only excuse is that she was seeking something—some answer to the riddle of her life. “I was searching for myself,” she says.

But there were no answers to be found quickly. “I learned that without a high school diploma I was all but unemployable. I hoped I might find a job as a folk singer, but nobody was hiring any 17-year-old folk singers just then.”

Diane had to write to her grandfather for money. “I hated it,” she said, “but there was nothing else to do. I promised myself I would repay him as soon as I had a job.”

Then a new friend she had made in Los Angeles asked Diane if she would like to look in on an acting class. She went, and discovered with delight that this was the thing for which she had been searching. “I loved it,” Diane revealed. “What those people said, the words they used, the way they went about their work, the self-expression they found in it—all this excited me. It was the answer I needed.”

As soon as she could, she enrolled in actor Jeff Corey’s famed drama school. In its way, it is comparable to New York’s much-touted Actors Studio. It was here that Diane found support in her long, hard, lonely struggle to be herself. Gradually, her enormous potential was realized and began to blossom. “She worked with me in private and in regular classes,” Corey said. “She studied hard for two years and she was very good. I don’t know where she got the money, probably from her grandparents. But she always paid her way.”

Meanwhile, two things had happened to Diane. She did her first and only stage play, “Gigi,” produced by the Rancho Playhouse, a Little Theatre Group. She got nothing for this except kudos. She also married for the second time, but again she is secretive. The man was 29-year-old James Dickson, variously described as a hopeful “producer” and sometimes as a record salesman. Just exactly where or when Diane married Dickson, she will not say. But they are already separated and apparently on the verge of getting a divorce.

But what also happened was a chance encounter between Jeff Corey and Director Mark Robson, who was then searching for an unknown to play Alli- son in “Peyton Place.” “I ran into Rob- son in a Westwood delicatessen,” said Corey. “He casually mentioned that he was looking for a young, unknown actress, and I told him about Diane. She sounded interesting to him. He suggested that I send her over.”

Few people in Filmtown believe that there are any pumpkin coaches on Hollywood Boulevard, or that fairy godmothers still exist. Yet the Varsi story is still a Cinderella story if there ever was one.

**If you are between 13 and 20 years of age**, YOU can win fame and fortune in MISS magazine’s “$4,000.00 Young Talent Search!”

MISS, the fascinating new magazine of fashion and beauty for young girls under 20, is now launching a nation-wide “$4,000 Young Talent Search.” The current issue of MISS, now on sale at all newsstands, contains an entry blank and complete details on how you can win the contest.

**It’s so easy to enter** because the search is designed for young girls who are not professional models or editors. Don’t miss this fabulous, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to win fame and fortune and make your most wonderful dreams come true!

Don’t Delay! Get full details on the $4,000 Young Talent Search and your contest entry blanks, in the current issue of MISS Magazine, on sale at all newsstands.
THE STRANGE STORY OF DIANE Varsi

continued

When Diane walked into Mark Robson's office that day, about a year ago, to read for the role of Allison, perhaps less than a handful of people in Hollywood were aware of her. Even fewer really cared.

She was dressed—if one could call it that—in a way that other aspiring young stars would never dream of. Her figure, slightly angular, made little impression in the plain blouse and skirt she wore. Her face was naked of make-up, and her ash-blonde hair looked as though she had chopped it with a butcher knife. (She had cut her hair, but with a pair of sewing shears.) Her shoes and stockings would have appalled the Salvation Army. She had ridden a bus to reach the studio, and she probably had in her purse, if she bothered to count it at all, something less than a dollar, and that mostly in pennies. She gave the impression that she had last dined a day or two before on a box of corn-flakes—dry.

Director Robson, a sensitive, kindly man, glanced up from his desk at the tall, almost gawky girl before him. To himself he said, in that first moment: "Now what in hell did they want to send me this for?"

But there was more to Diane than appeared on the surface. Said Robson's secretary, later: "Diane came in alone, a sort of child of nature. Her simplicity was most appealing. She had innate dignity, and her smile lit up her face from the inside."

Yet it was with not too much hope that Robson handed Diane the script of "Peyton Place" and asked her to read, cold, the scene where Allison relinquishes her lover. It was a tough assignment, and I was not surprised to see that she was visibly dismayed even a Deborah Kerr or a Bergman. Diane read. Then, concealing his excitement, the director asked Diane to read still another part of the script, a tender love scene between Allison and Norman Page. (The part was later beautifully played by Russ Tamblyn.) When she had finished, Robson called producer Jerry Wald and asked him to set a screen test.

"Isn't she interesting?" crowed Robson. He felt that he had made a great discovery—an actress who could catch fire and become a star. But a month was to pass before Diane was actually set for the role. The studio heads wanted a bigger name, while Robson fought for Diane. Other girls were tested. They could not compare with Diane, who was really Allison Mackenzie. Robson at last persuaded the studio to make a final color test, with Diane properly ward-robbed, her hair set by professionals, her make-up expert. The test was shown, and Diane Varsi, as yet utterly unknown, was signed to a long-term contract.

Today, a year later, the girl who once picked apples and packed candles for a kind of lean and hungry living, is the most talked-about newcomer on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Aside from co-starring with Don Murray in "The Hell-Bent Kid" and with Gary Cooper in "Ten North Frederick," she already has behind her unbridled paeans of praise from everyone who has seen her. "Peyton Place," said one awed critic, "made Miss Varsi a star right off."

Diane has been described as not simply a new face, "but a new talent, a young actress of extraordinary range and intensity who cannot help but be a major star. She plays instinctively, and her instinct never fails her."

SHE went from fear and inexperience and a kind of numbed shock in her first picture—"She seemed not to know what had hit her," said one observer—to something like calm certitude in "The Hell-Bent Kid." In this she was a tomboy type—"a boy-girl," as she called herself. And while it was a Western, she could have had clothes more glamorous than those she actually wore. For realism's sake, she picked the dirtiest, most beaten-up hat she could find. Her leather jeans had been given to her with instructions to take them home and get them molded to her figure—perhaps even put a few stains on them. Diane did not get out of the leather jeans for four days.

By the time Diane was in "Ten North Frederick," there was even a kind of newfound happiness, an unsuspected lightness of spirit. If she was ever "the last person you would notice in a crowded elevator," now, once your eyes found her, you would look no further.

Yet oddly enough, Diane, despite all the furor of her sudden rise, is still a kind of unsung hero. She wandered through life. She can still say, with curious candor, "My greatest disappointment is myself." This may be only a 19-year-old appraisal, and possibly even a bit super-charged with a youngster's feeling for high drama. But it is at least an honest self-evaluation in a town where too many lovelies like to stare at themselves in their mirror and croon. "Oh, you lovely, lovely you!"

Diane still prefers to lunch back in the far reaches of the 20th Century-Fox commissary, with only her standin or a wardrobe girl, instead of up front with the other stars. She lives in a tiny apartment a few blocks from her studio, and either walks or drives her second-hand car to work. She gets up at five to feed and play with her baby, then leaves little Shawn with a sitter so she can be at the studio at six-thirty. Some people see Diane as "a queer fish, unsexy, moody and much too serious, punishing herself for some unknown reason." Others believe, as her coach Jeff Corey does, "that Diane simply hasn't had a chance yet to know her goal, or define it, but she will."

One man who has come to admire her
said, "This kid is the real artist type. She knows books and literature, but very little about real life. She has trusting eyes and believes what men tell her. She has also an enormous need for affection—there was that unhappy home life—and I think it was this urgent need that got her into those sudden hasty and unhappy marriages."

A few months ago, Diane and her second husband, James Dickson, announced a trial separation "until we can work out the problems resulting from a conflict of careers." Insiders know this is merely studio doubletalk. He is her legally-designated manager. Diane has said, "We can maintain amicable business relations, even if we no longer love each other."

Some reports had Diane and actor Dennis Hopper becoming romantic while on location for "The Hell-Bent Kid," and that the 29-year-old Dickson was unhappy enough to hurry up to the location site. Some say there was even a physical encounter, and that shortly afterwards, rumors that Diane and Hopper might marry came to an end.

Whatever the real story—and Diane resolutely refuses to open up her private life—mystery will still surround her. She seems to be that kind of a girl. There was even gossip that she was not actually 19, but older, and her studio had to explain that they had withheld information about Diane's child because Lana Turner objected to having a married woman play her daughter in "Peyton Place." Said Lana: "Nobody with a child is going to play my daughter in a film—why, that would make me out to be a grandmother."

This reporter believes that she is 19, even though she has married twice. Whatever Diane's reasons for refusing to discuss her marriages, she is otherwise straightforward, honest, almost naive. Acting, music and poetry are her whole life. If she is sometimes humorless about herself, her seriousness is not without a certain charm. Said one studio associate, recalling a certain incident: "The night we first showed 'Peyton Place' to the press, Diane was there, dressed in jeans and a man's shirt. A top woman columnist went up to her and congratulated her brilliant acting—'so amazing for a girl without too much experience.'"

"Diane looked at the woman, then said, quite seriously, 'This is my first motion picture. I have, however, appeared on the stage.'"

Whatever Diane Varsi may really be—child of nature, or "female Jimmy Dean," she is certainly a girl about whom Hollywood will talk for a long time. She may marry again, make headlines, live life violently or in the shadows. But she has something—that magic glow of personality that stamps its imprint. As all the crew people who ever worked with her said: "This kid"—pointing to her inside—"has it, right here."

Diane will probably always be the Passionate Pilgrim, shining with a kind of light. She is rare enough in Hollywood to make even her oddities seem delightful and worth many a second look.

Coast-To-Coast Marriage

continued from page 56

on some of my friends. It was delicious but very rich. That school is a very chic place; they look at you sort of funny if you like simple foods.

Simple foods and the simple life are what Patti still admires most. When she met Charlie she was even a little wary of dating him. She seemed to be a sophisticated, extroverted man-about-town. Then she discovered that there was another side to him.

"He does love to go out and of course he loves people," Patti says, "but he also loves to stay home. He's very handy around the house; he fixes the TV set and things like that. And I love to putter around, cleaning out closets, tidying up drawers and lining shelves. I always find something to do.

"Sometimes we go dancing, but Charlie's the kind of dancer who makes a girl look good. You know what I mean? She does all the work! I like to play bridge but Charlie hates card games. The wonderful thing is we can sit and just talk for hours."

Their only eavesdropper is a little Yorkshire Terrier named Windy—Charlie's birthday gift to Patti two years ago. They still consider that the biggest gifts that they've given each other are each other.

"I'd always given everything I had to the show before I met Charlie," Patti says, "with a noticeable delight in the change that has come to pass.

Since their Las Vegas marriage (the date was December 28, 1956) they've spent a lot of time traveling across country to be together.

Patti says quite freely, "Maybe, when you've waited for love as long as I have you're ready to make any sacrifice that's asked. After all, what else is there in this world that's so important as knowing there's someone who really loves you?"

And Charlie says, "Before we met each other we were practically illiterates in the books of love, life and happiness. Now we've begun to learn the wisdom of love, life and be happy. Give us another 30 years and we'll write a book on the subject.... Meanwhile, we thank God for each other."
BY NOW it is an undeniable, well-established fact that Johnny Mathis, in the short space (by show business standards, at least) of a few years, has become a voice to be reckoned with. His latest Columbia album, “Warm,” should dispel the last of the doubters as to young Mr. Mathis’ performance on the musical scene. Such standards as “I’ve Grown Accustomed To Your Face” and “What’ll I Do” are handled with the aplomb of a Crosby, Como or Sinatra. Welcome to the front ranks, Johnny. . . . Andre Previn is another gentleman whose tender years belie his musical accomplishments. One of the top arrangers of M-G-M scores, Andre plays a mighty fine jazz piano. Witness the collection found in the Camden album under the title “Mad About The Boy,” . . . . All right, ladies, relax. Epic Records has seen fit to reward the majority of you for your unswerving devotion to Sal Mineo by issuing an album bearing the title—you guessed it—“Sal.” Through both sides of this LP, Master Mineo displays a vocal versatility that surprises even those who know the myriad talents of the young star. Rock ‘n Roll or ballads, Sal takes ’em all in stride. . . .

Now that Mrs. Ray Anthony (Mamie Van Doren, of course) has begun recording under the Capitol label, that Hollywood waxerie, which already had hubby under contract, has just about cornered the market on performing Anthonys. Mamie’s first Capitol pressing has “Something To Dream About,” which is heavy on beat and high on quality, backed by “I Fell In Love,” a ballad in the more classic tradition . . . . It always seems to us like a long, long time between Doris Day albums. This is no fault of Columbia Records; it’s just that we can’t get enough of the gal’s singing. Columbia’s latest effort to pacify us is an album titled “Day By Night” that has Doris in the mood we think she handles best—slow, dreamy, with just a slight touch of melancholy. To Columbia: we are satisfied—for the moment. . . . The Glenn Miller legend has grown over the years until by now the facts sometimes blend with the fiction. But listening to the Victor LP of Glenn Miller and his orchestra in their Carnegie Hall concert of 1939, all the superlatives you’ve heard seem justified. The pre-World War II Miller aggregation was a sweet, swingin’ thing. The big dance band is rare today. We’re lucky to have archives like this to remind us of what we’re missing.

To the detractors of rock ‘n roll, to those who consider it “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,” we offer as evidence for the defense, David Rose’s M-G-M etching of “Swinging Shepherd Blues” and “Rock Fiddle.” Big beat? Yes! Noise? Definitely not! The Rose strings get up plenty of drive with nary a shattered ear drum. . . . Speaking of the Big Beat, crooner Tony Bennett has come up with about as exciting a vocal display as we’ve heard in a long time. His new Columbia album, “The Beat Of My Heart,” features Tony and a group of outstanding percussionists in a steamy session. . . . Patti Page is not one to do things in small measure. When she puts herself on wax, she really puts herself on wax. On her latest Mercury recording, “Bring Us Together,” we have three helpings of Patti with an assist from multiple sound tracks. On the flip ballad, “Belonging To Someone,” we have only one Patti, which still puts us ahead of the game anyway. . . . Until recently, we had always thought that the organ was a fine instrument to lead a bride and groom down the aisle or back up a church choir, and that was about it. Then we heard Bill Thompson’s Verve LP titled (with good reason) “Fantabulous.” He does things with an unwieldy instrument which are—well, okay—simply fantabulous.
Enduring Young Charmer

continued from page 62

stole, but there are no girl friends to show it off to. There weren’t girl friends either when she was a model in New York. “I was so busy — there just wasn’t time,” Sandra explains soberly. “There’s so much jealousy, too . . . I didn’t have to work to get jobs — they just came to me. I couldn’t even handle all the work offered and I couldn’t understand why girls had so much trouble getting modeling or TV work. You know,” she added with rare understanding, “I think they pushed too hard. I think you have to let things come to you — that way you get a confidence in yourself. You don’t waste your energies in trying too hard and in too many different ways.”

There are, too, no chocolate sundaes, chocolate bars, no starchy foods. But there is eternal watchfulness to keep her weight at 99 pounds for her 5 feet 4 inch figure. Day after day she sits down at the studio commissary to half a head of lettuce sprinkled with vinegar, two hard-boiled eggs perk up with a dash of Tabasco sauce and a plate of sliced tomatoes. Now and then on Sundays she loves to cook — for others — the rich Russian dishes her mother has taught her to prepare, particularly fancy desserts which, incidentally, she never eats.

There are long sessions in the studio hair-dressing department to have her medium-brown hair bleached to the taffy blonde which accents her brown eyes. Evenings there is school work or scripts to study (“I’m learning acting,” laughs her mother, “playing all the other parts while Sandra rehearses her scenes”). A short session of TV watching or reading is followed by an early bedtime.

Already at 15, Sandra has been cast on the screen as a girl of easy virtue — this youngster who’s had no real dates yet herself. There are no dates because there just isn’t time — unless a boy would like to help Sandra study her geometry. (Studio arranged publicity dates for premieres with John Saxon and Tommy Sands don’t count in Sandra’s estimation.) There is no rock ‘n’ roll because she doesn’t consider it “the most.” And Elvis Presley is “not my type” she says.

Even if there were time for normal dating, a special problem exists. Sandy, mentally and emotionally, is so much older than her actual age that boys in her bracket couldn’t possibly interest her. Unfortunately, those over 20 aren’t interested in a baby of 15, no matter how mentally mature she is. There is, however, no doubt that this discrepancy will right itself in a year or so.

Right now, she’s taken a professional shine to veteran actor Charles Coburn, just turned 80. He appeared with Sandy in “And Ride A Tiger,” and found her a delight. Sandra told her mother: “Now I know what women mean when they say that older men are the most fascinating!”

But if Sandra hasn’t made a practice of dating she has been kissed in the line of duty. The first kiss was for a love scene with John Saxon for her screen test. “I was scared to death at first in front of all those people,” Sandra explained. “But once I got into it, it was easy. In fact, I liked it.” When Sandra’s grandmother saw the test, she asked: “Where did you learn to kiss like that?” With a mischievous twinkle in her eye, Sandra answered, “I just looked at him and knew how.” “Good acting,” commented Granny.

But Sandra had the last word. “Who was acting?” she asked, all innocence. Yes, she’ll go far — this enduring young charmer.

The Importance Of Being Shy

continued from page 61

that the more important a person you become — theoretical importance, that is — or someone with a capital S, the harder it is to get to know people well. I imagine everybody would like to go back to their teens. Wouldn’t you? No? Well, I would. So, if you can figure out a way for me to do it . . . ?

He actually does — six nights a week and two matinees at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre where he’s appearing as the tortured, unhappy 17-year-old Thomas Wolfe of the play “Look Homeward, Angel.”

Tony suddenly shrugged his shoulders perhaps much in the same manner as the man did when he said you can’t fight City Hall, “I suppose all of us go through being introverted or shy in one form or the other. It might help in some way to remember that it isn’t a permanent condition. Actually, it’s really not a bad quality and certainly nothing to worry about. All of us outgrow it in time.” He smiled knowingly.

He looked over. “Were you shy?”

I nodded.

“There, you see!” Just as if it was proof positive.

As we got up to leave, Tony casually dropped his napkin over a small mound of broken celery. As for me, I had long given up trying to reweave my side of the table cloth and untying the knots. Like the man said — you outgrow it! You outgrow it!
Coming Attractions
continued from page 8

I Accuse

I N 1894, French Army Captain Alfred Dreyfus, played by Jose Ferrer, was accused of treason and sent to Devil's Island as a convicted spy. The trial was a farce, the evidence virtually nonexistent, but a scapegoat had to be found at the time when it was discovered a spy had been planted on the General Staff. Col. George Couloris who had fought Dreyfus' appointment to the Staff on grounds that he was a Jew, seized the opportunity that his doubts had been right, he turns the spotlight of attention on the innocent Captain. Not everyone is entirely convinced of his guilt. However, his wife, played by Viveca Lindfors, and his brother, David Farrar, work constantly to clear Dreyfus. Time and again new evidence establishing his innocence is produced but each time, the French Army officials manage to bury the case. It isn't until novelist Emile Zola, Emlyn Williams and newspaper publisher Georges Clemenceau (Peter Illing) take up the fight. Through them, Dreyfus is returned to France, a broken man, to face re-trial. Again he's found guilty, but accepts a pardon for a crime he hadn't committed. Two years later, he is completely cleared—the real spy makes a public confession. A great drama, beautifully acted, and one that speaks eloquently for the Rights of Man. (MG).

Campbell's Kingdom

DRENCHED in Technicolor, this saga of the Canadian Rocky Mountains has about everything that could lead to a crisis. The hero, Dirk Bogarde, arrives from Scotland to claim his inheritance—a valley left him by his grandfather who had always believed it was saturated in oil. No sooner do we discover that Bogarde has a mere six months to live, when construction worker Stanley Baker is shown up as having falsified geologist Michael Craig's seismographic report on the valley. To further add to the general turbulence, Barbara Murray is the daughter of the man who swindled Bogarde's grandfather. Once Bogarde, penniless but dedicated, decides to drill for oil, you spend most of the subsequent reels terrified that this next trial will surely be the weakened Bogarde's demise. You never saw so much happen to one man—healthy or not. Actually, continued on page 74

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continued

when you come to think of it, that Rockies' air must be powerful stuff or those Scottish doctors are lousy diagnosticians. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Long, Hot Summer

A

n air-conditioning unit couldn't possibly take care of this heat wave. No indeed! Not after Paul Newman, a wanderer, arrives in the small southern town run by Joanne Woodward's papa, bellerin' Orson Welles, who's as gentle as a lamb with "widow" Angela Lansbury. Almost immediately on Newman's arrival, papa recognizes a ruthless, shrewd businessman. Joanne recognizes a threat to her high-minded sensibilities and sundry other things. And brother Tony Franciosa, married to Lee Remick, who didn't have much holding him together in the first place, falls apart when he sees papa favoring Newman. Usually this kind of set-up leads to no good. Here the axe of circumstances is blunted to one common denominator—SEX. And the night that all is solved, lights burn merrily in the upstairs rooms of the Il'l ole DeLuxe color southern manse. (20th Century-Fox.)

Chase A Crooked Shadow

WHAT would you do if a man, Richard Todd, suddenly appeared claiming to be your brother whom you know was killed in an automobile accident a year ago? You'd go to the police. Well, that's what Anne Baxter did, only Todd is able to produce a passport, driver's license, tattoo and fingerprints that all served to identify her dead brother, too. Yet, it's not her brother. It's not, it's not, it's not! There's still one more hope—Uncle Alexander Knox, who will toss the bounder out, surely. But even he greets Todd like a long lost nephew . . . You can see where Anne begins to think about all possibilities, and all enough to congeal your blood. There's a fortune in jewels involved, and one of those trick endings, in this rather complicated yet suspenseful melodrama set in lush surroundings. (Warner Bros.) END

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 60

last chosen. Remember when you were a kid and waiting to be chosen for basketball or hockey? Same thing.

Maureen O'Hara is searching madly for a King, and if she finds him, Maureen will star in the local and San Francisco version of "The King And I." Still no escort, other than her brother. . . . Whatever happened to Liberace? Since his career separation from brother George, there has been practically no news from him. (This, of course, could be changed before you read this.) . . . The man most delighted about Linda Christian's marriage announcement—Tyron Power, who would otherwise be paying the beautiful brunnette $50,000 for the rest of her life. June Haver did a bit on the television show with husband Fred MacMurray. Then decided she was positively through with show biz. . . . Mrs. William Holden was a scared cookie when her doctor diagnosed her illness as phlebitis. It can be dangerous. But surely the most reckless man in the world is husband William. He no sooner gets back to his beautiful home in North Hollywood, than he packs and is on the go. Glenn Ford used to do this, but has now settled down with wife Eleanor Powell. To the delight of the Beverly Hills Boy Scouts—he's the master of one group. . . . The producers are still beating a path to Princess Grace Kelly's door, with scripts in hand. It's my belief she will accept, one of these fine days—and turn the money over to a Monaco charity. . . . And that's all for now, kiddies. . . . So toodleoo. END

“My Teenage Problems”
continued from page 65

were always free to do anything in their presence that we could do behind their backs. As a result, no one ever felt they'd be accomplishing anything by getting out of line. We never had a problem with it."

Similarly, Janet never had to contend with a mid-Victorian parental attitude toward smoothing. Her parents acknowledged that teenagers sometimes kissed, and they took the frank position that they would rather have Janet do her bussing at home rather than have her sneak off in a car on a dark, lonely road.

"I was never hesitant to ask a boy in when he took me home," Janet nodded. "We never stood on the front porch. I'd go into the living room with him. My folks would stick their heads in to say hello, then disappear. I liked it that we didn't have to go anywhere to pet or neck. It made it easier for me. I was never embarrassed. The boys weren't either. They knew they were always welcome at my home."

As far as protecting a girl's honor was involved, Janet avowed that it was certainly much better accomplished on home grounds.

"If you're alone in a car somewhere," she averred with a knowing glance, "a boy doesn't realize his limits. It's not as easy to handle as in your own living room. I always knew I was in control. This started when I first started dating. Dad always said he'd rather have the kids at home."

Janet fully credited her assurance with boys to her parents' enlightened attitude, and to the soundness of their orientation when they briefed her on the birds and the bees.

"Mom and Dad had told me about boys," she smiled. "Mom explained that my attitude would be the governing factor. She said if a boy asks to kiss you, he's not bad. If he makes you kiss him, that's your choice. As I got older, my folks went into more detail. They told me how to take care of myself if a boy really got fresh, but above all, they warned that the first lesson to learn, the most important safeguard, was to be careful about the kind of boys you go out with in the first place."

Janet's folks were so casual about kissing that Janet escaped the guilt feelings so common—and so destructive—among teenage girls. It was treated as such a harmless thing that her memory of her first kiss was hazy.

"It was around—I'd say—in the seventh or eighth grade of grammar school," Janet wrinkled her forehead trying to recall. "We were playing spin the bottle on the front porch. The bottle pointed to me and the boy kissed me. It couldn't have mean less."

Her appreciation of kissing ripened with the years, but 'te ripening, happily, was not accompanied by compunction born of prohibitions imposed by overzealous parents.

Tony, unabashedly making the noises of a proud father, returned to the den, with Kelly Lee perched precariously on his shoulders, and gleefully reaching out for Janet.

"If when Kelly is in her teens"—Janet walked over just in time to catch Kelly as she fairly leaped into her arms—"she comes to me and says a boy tried to get fresh with her, the fact that she came to me would be the biggest point of all. If she comes to me about it, then I've won the battle. Because that would mean I've given her enough belief in me for her to realize that I'm not going to blame her. I'm going to try to help."

This was the wisdom that had come out of Janet Leigh's own sometimes troubled teens. The words had a good ring to them. END
"I thought she was only 30...until I saw her hands!"

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ALWAYS A MAN... ALMOST ANY MAN...

...and a shocked world said: "Like father, like daughter..."
would get her to fatten up. Most of us look better thinner, but not Sophia. . . .

Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler aren’t saying too much for publication, but their romance, or friendship, or whatever they call it, is still very much on.

Ann Sothern, a “Private Secretary” who values a dollar, rents her Sun Valley home for three months every year. Before Ann hit it rich with her TV show, she was heavily in debt from no jobs and much illness. . . . Jimmie Rodgers and 20th are in a stew because Jimmie recorded the studio’s “Long, Hot Summer” theme song on the back of his “Oh, Oh, I’m Falling In Love.”

Jaye Mansfield plans to have a baby after her “Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw” film in London. She’s already looking for a good gynecologist. . . . As for Mr. Hargitay, he lost a role in MGM’s “High School Confidential,” when he demanded $5,000 for four days’ work, plus a chartered plane to fly him to and from Las Vegas, during their jampacked night club act at the Tropicana. . . . George Gobel was so nervous when he first came to Hollywood that when David Niven gave a party for him, George was afraid to lift up his cocktail glass because he was shaking so much. But after the fourth round, lonesome George picked up his glass and giggled, “Looks, one hand!” . . . I don’t believe the story that Grace Kelly will never return to her acting career.

Now that Brigitte Bardot has broken her engagement to handsome Jean-Louis Trintignant of “And God Created Woman,” I look for her to change her mind and come to Hollywood to make some of the pictures on her billion dollar contract at Columbia. The details were all settled just before Harry Cohn, boss of Columbia, passed away. . . . But Sinatra gets her first in a picture they will make on location in Paris. And I wonder how Lauren Bacall will feel about that.

Marlon Brando has been really trying to make his wobbly marriage with Anna Kashfi a success. She’s a sweet girl and he’s lucky to have her. . . . All you people who sneer when I say anything that is not 100% praiseful about Elvis Presley, will be happy to know that even though The Wiggle is in the Army, RCA will be paying him $1,000 a week for the next ten years.

While Desi Arnaz is busy running their Desilu Company, Lucille Ball pops up to Las Vegas every so often to catch the shows of pals like Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich. . . . Mike Todd’s last business appointment was at Metro the day before his tragic plane crash. He lodged with Mehborg Khan, producer of “Mother India,” and during the meal Mike agreed he would go to India to co-produce “Taj Mahal” with Khan. Before lunch the Indian asked for 20 minutes alone in which to say his prayers. Mike turned over his office, waited outside, then escorted his guest to wife Elizabeth Taylor in the commissary.

Marilyn Monroe will star in “The Misfits” for husband Arthur Miller, but not until she has made “The Blue Angel” for 20th Century-Fox. . . . Kirk Douglas priced himself out of his own picture, “The Vikings,” charging his company $350,000 plus 15% of the gross. In the end, he put all the money back when the film ran one million dollars over budget. . . . The Gregory Pecks are so sure the expected baby will be another boy that they have already named him Gregory Peck the Third.

Singing star Patti Page will work for her husband, Charles O’Curran, on Broadway in “The Paris Story.”. . . . From comedian Jesse White, “They brought me in to save the Frank Sinatra show.” Jesse was kidding, but the show improved with him on it. . . . Vincent Price, the art expert, won’t tie himself down with a teleseries he told me.” Vince prefers to guest on shows, especially Red Skelton’s.

OSCAR winner Joanne Woodward gets an admiring glance from hubby Paul Newman.

RED Buttons and Myoshi Umeki hug each other after they got Oscars for “Sayonara.”

AFTER 12 years together, Esther Williams was granted divorce from hubby Ben Gage.

And also to lecture around the country. How Dinah Shore keeps that gorgeous figure: “Small quantities of everything does the trick. Of course, candy is taboo. And it helps if you don’t drink liquor.” . . . But Marlene Dietrich eats anything she wants to.

That lawsuit of Tom Lewis’ against Loretta Young is simply business, says the cohorts surrounding Miss Young. One thing is sure, they would both think long and hard before turning their separation into a divorce.

Wonders never cease. Linda Christian says she made a special trip to Rio de Janeiro to give back the ring to Count Francisco Pignatari. I heard it a bit differently, however, that Linda went back in a last ditch hope of marriage to the fabulously wealthy Brazilian. His income is reportedly $700,000 a year. . . . Dawn Addams’ recipe for successful marriage with Prince Vittorio Massimo, “I’m Irish, he’s Italian, so we fight.”

Spencer Tracy’s salary for “The Last Hurrah”—$250,000 and ten per cent of the gross. . . . Write to Santa Claus—continued on page 64

TESTING Ernie Kovacs’ mustache to see if it’s for real is madcap Shirley MacLaine.
WHEN THE VIOLENT YOUNG LAND WAS HELD TOGETHER BY THE COURAGE OF A TEEN-AGE SHERIFF!

PAT WAYNE following the great Wayne tradition is sensational in his first starring role!

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Music: Milton and Story by John Reese

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Produced by Patrick Ford

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Hear RANDY SPARKS Sing "The Young Land" A Verve Record

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WELL-BRED and monied, middle-aged lawyer Gary Cooper has had little reason in the past to have brushed with life. Then, because wife Geraldine Fitzgerald is ambitious, Cooper is tossed into the boiling pot of politics. He emerges scalded, minus $100,000. Indirectly, he also loses ground with daughter Diane Varsi when he allows Geraldine and his political backers to end Diane's romance with a trumpet player. The next haymaker is landed by Geraldine who confesses extra-marital meanderings. Fortunately at this time, when his ego is at its lowest, model Suzy Parker is a refreshing pick-me-up. There's a great-age difference, but for a wonderful, forgetful while they fool themselves. Then, Cooper realizes how little future Suzy would have with him. He makes his final grand gesture as the outmoded gentleman. An unusual drama that perks up considerably when Suzy turns the May-December affair into an elegant adventure. (20th Century-Fox.)

South Pacific

LAVISH seems the best word to describe the effect that comes from turning out this great stereophonic sounded splash of color, music and romance on an American-held South Sea island. During World War II, Navy nurse Mitzi Gaynor and Marine Lt. John Kerr, both a long way from home, run into problems with two of the more charming local citizens. Mitzi and French planter Rossano Brazzi find their romance affected after he tells her of a past marriage to a native and his two children. Along the same lines of prejudice, Kerr, the ivy league type, cannot bring himself to marry France Nuyen—incredibly lovely but a Polynesian. A mission behind the Japanese lines permanently solves Kerr's dilemma and makes Mitzi see things in a clearer DeLuxe color. While all the serious business is going on, Ray Walston and Juanita Hall add appropriate tawdry humor. The Rodgers and Hammerstein music, although most of the singing is dubbed, is still a delight to the ears. (20th Century-Fox.)

Gigi

THE youngest in a family of well-kept ladies, Leslie Caron shows little aptitude for a future life of unwedded bliss. Awkward, truthful and with none of the artificial mannerisms, Leslie is the despair of grandmother Hermione Gingold and aunt Isabel Jeans. To jaded young Parisian millionaire Louis Jourdan, a sort of family friend, Leslie is a joy. With her, he can relax and forget about his reputation as a great lover. After all, "she's only a child!" But as roné uncle Maurice Chevalier points out in one of the many delightful Frederick Loewe-Alan J. Lerner songs, little girls grow up to be women. When Jourdan realizes this fact, too, the question is: Can Leslie carry on family tradition to new heights of glory? In this Metrocolor meringue made up of two varieties of love, Paris was never lovelier nor romance so completely French. (MGM.)

The Sheepman

A SHEEPHERDER in cattle country can cause as much trouble as an arsonist in a fireworks factory. So when Glenn Ford arrives in town with the news that he aims to raise sheep, tempers flare, guns start popping and Shirley MacLaine becomes a lively little Metrocolor sparkler. Engaged to cattleman Leslie Nielsen, Shirley, hoping to avert bloodshed, helps sidetrack Ford while the opposition attempts to rid the territory of sheep and Ford. Foolish girl, she! Several days and two bodies later, she and the rest of the towns people now know Nielsen was quietly buying up the land in an attempt to freeze out all the ranchers. In this action-packed saga of sheep vs. cattle, Ford is his usual very competent self as the man who has a big problem to solve. (MGM.)

This Happy Feeling

BEING a star isn't everything. Admittedly retired matinee idol Curt Jurgens is afraid to compete professionally with the younger variety of glamour boys. So instead he breeds horses, attends to Alexis Smith's romantic whims, and at continued on page 64
The Star Finds
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James MacArthur
and Carol Lynley!

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...WHILE A THOUSAND ARROWS AND MUSKETS CHALLENGED THEIR LOVE!

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JAMES MACARTHUR

From the Novel by CONRAD RICHTER • Screenplay by LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN • Directed by HERSCHEL DAUGHERTY
COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
HOLLYWOOD
LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ The Rossano Brazzis to spend more time in Hollywood
★ Is the Martha Hyer-Gene Kelly dating serious?

WAGNER'S WOES—Bob Wagner is a very happy bridegroom, except for one thing: bride Natalie Wood has preempted one whole room of their apartment, his former bachelor digs, just for her wardrobe because closet space is inadequate! So now, understandably, they're house hunting. Before they were married, Bob visited Nat on two of her location trips, in Northern California and Upper New York, so she returned the compliment and visited him in Phoenix while he was working in "The Hunters." Sort of a second honeymoon, too, for that's where they were married. Don't expect to see "home art" of the Wagners. They've flatly refused to have pictures done at the apartment. We don't know why, for it's very attractive. They consent to being photographed on Bob's boat but that doesn't offer much variety, so the lens lads are grumbling.

ECONOMY NOTE—With 6,000 miles separating them, Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa are foregoing the luxury of long-distance phoning and write each other daily. Shell has 16 weeks work here for "The Diary Of Anne Frank," then goes to Amsterdam for location and hopes Tony will still be in Europe. He probably will, for "The Naked Maja," in which he stars with Ava Gardner, has had repeated delays. In "Diary," Shell and all the players must look thinner and wear at the end of the story. So, for once, the film is being shot in sequence. Shell is dieting as she goes along but also taking free sample treatments at local reducing salons. She has an eye for a bargain!

NEWLYWED NEWMANS—Producer Jerry Wald gave a welcome home party for Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman when they returned from their European honeymoon with just 300 of their "closest friends" as guests! The newlyweds' plane was late so they went to the soiree straight from the airport, both wearing matching white leather jackets. Asked Wald, "Did you come by motorcycle?" Joanne was showing off her new wedding ring, a charming antique set with yellow and white diamonds which Paul bought in Paris. He hadn't found one to his liking before their marriage in Las Vegas so bought a temporary plain one. But sentimental Joanne will keep the original one "always," she says. The Newmans, who have been living in Paul's tiny hideaway house are looking for a larger one, with a pool to rent because Paul's three children, his former marriage will spend the summer with them.

MEMO FROM M.M.—The usually uncommunicative Marilyn Monroe writes from New York that she DOES plan to come back here to make "The Blue Angel" and that she and husband Arthur Miller have commissioned famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright to build a country home for them in Connecticut. Now there are three people who will probably disagree before they agree! Marilyn has also redecorated their apartment overlooking the East River.

JANE'S WHIM—No doubt about it, Jane Russell is a gal of individual tastes. She and Bob Waterfield were married on April 24, 1943, which happened to be Easter Sunday. So Jane decided that they continued on page 74
This drawing guide—Proportions of the Head—is contributed by Art Instruction, Inc., world’s largest home study art school. It’s from one of the series of illustrated textbooks given to our students in art.

Proportions shown here are average for adults. Most faces vary from them. However, it’s helpful to know these average proportions. Get them fixed in your mind—then practice drawing simple heads until you can place the features without hesitation.

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Leading up to her lover's death at the hands of her daughter is a life of early sorrow and heartbreaks that Lana has been powerless to prevent.

In April all the world read of that bleak, terror-ridden night of Good Friday when Cheryl Christina Crane, home from her exclusive boarding school for the Easter holidays, plunged a long kitchen knife into the abdomen of her mother's lover and killed him. "Momma," she had screamed hysterically, "you don't have to take that."

Just a year before, again in April, a willful, rebellious Cheryl, almost six feet tall but still only 13, returning to another exclusive boarding school from Easter vacation, jumped from a taxi, saying, "I am not going back to school." Five hours later she was found wandering on Los Angeles' sordid Skid Row. A man who said she was being followed by three unsavory characters promised to help her find a hotel room but instead took her to the police station. "I won't go back to school," Cheryl told him defiantly. "I hate school. Besides, my home's breaking up again."

And, also in the Spring, five years earlier, Cheryl, in a troubled voice had asked her mother, "Momma, are you divorced? At school, the girls—"

"Yes, my darling," Lana told her. "I'm divorced. But so are lots of other people. You are still my 'Baby'—the one I love best of all, and you still have your real Daddy, even if 'Pop' and I are divorced." (Pop was Bob Topping.) "And now," Cheryl asked, "I'm going to have Mr. Lamas for another Daddy?"

"No," Lana said in a tight, unhappy voice. "Fernando and I are not going to marry." The child ran to her, threw her arms about her tearful mother and comforted her: "Never mind, Mommie. We'll never be divorced."

But there was another "Daddy" for the bewildered child soon afterwards—Lex Barker, whom she called "Po," her own abbreviation of "Pop." Less than five years later, he too was gone and Cheryl met another candidate for her mother's hand, handsome, curly-haired, 32-year-old gigolo and ex-hoodlum Johnny Stompanato, who wanted very much to be "Daddy" to Cheryl Crane—until that shocking, tragic,

TO protect her mother, Cheryl, 14, stabbed Johnny Stompanato, the lover who cruelly threatened to harm Lana if she jilted him.

continued on page 16
Happiness was never hers for very long... fame brought Lana

night when he lay dead on the pink carpet in Lana's perfumed pink bedroom. And Lana's wild sobs could be heard by neighbors gathered on the lawn out front.

It wasn't the first time bitter tears had seared her throat. At 38, the tragedies of 21 years as a movie queen with a careless heart were mirrored in her beautiful, china-blue eyes. "Nightmare" was the theme song of bandleader Artie Shaw, when Lana married him 18 years ago. And though she tried to forget it in champagne, laughter, fast dance tunes, Artie's theme song haunted her from time to time. It was with her the day she took the stand at the inquest into the murder of her sweetheart. In that shabby court room, the world saw a glamorous movie queen turned on the spit of tragic circumstances and looked into a scarred heart laid bare in a drama more terrible than any she had ever portrayed on the screen.

Ironically enough, in Lana's role in "Peyton Place" as the mother of a teenager, Lana listened in horror in one scene to the confession of a young girl who had killed her stepfather. And for that role she won an Academy Award nomination, little dreaming that her own personal tragedy would eclipse it.

"Every time I fall in love," Lana once explained, "I'm the patsy. My father was a gambler. He liked to take a chance without counting the small change or the consequences. When it comes to love, I'm my father's daughter." Lana has spent most of her life searching for love and she's chosen her loves unwisely—even a few who used her as a human punching bag. But when she gave her heart last year to John Stompanato, she made the most disastrous choice of all. Little did Lana know how deeply she'd regret it.

Shortly before that, after her break-up with Lex Barker, in a moment of rare soul searching, Lana declared, "I'm not proud of my four marriages, five if you count the two with Crane. I'd like to erase the past, but I know you can't do that. I've made an awful lot of mistakes. I've been warned by my mother, my friends, my studio, even my agent. I've fought against advice all my life; but I've taken some, generally when it was too late."

It WAS tragically too late when Lana, fearing for her life, finally decided to get rid of her hoodlum sweetheart, when she told her terrified daughter, "I'm going to end it with him tonight, Baby. It's going to be a rough night. Are you prepared for it?" Lana had been through violent quarrels and showdowns with discarded boy friends and husbands before. But she had no premonition of the nightmarish tragedy which was about to be played out before her eyes. Her latest romance had caused raised eyebrows in Hollywood. But Lana continued to travel with him in Europe, to pay his bills, to write him scores of gushy love letters and vacation with him for two months in Acapulco. She even planned to marry him, said friends, before the quarrels and threats became too violent.

"Lana is an exaggerated, unconventional, slightly mad, utterly enchanting creature unlike anybody else in the world, with plenty of brains but practically no sense," said a writer who had watched her in action for more than a decade. Lana may be all of these things, but she is also a mother who loves her 14-year-old daughter in her own way. Her own way may not be the best way, but then Lana Turner is far from being the best-adjusted woman in the world.

It was rumored that Lana married bandleader Artie Shaw on the rebound. Six months after they tied the knot they untied it.

When Cheryl arrived, Lana and Stephen Crane were proud parents, yet in less than one year they fought over her custody.
everything but love and her search for the elusive emotion only led her to bitter disillusion

Many tears have been shed for the offspring of Hollywood. But Cheryl Christina Crane has been showered with the lion’s share. There are those who say that when Lana sobbed, “It’s all my fault,” after the tragedy, she was merely telling the truth. “In the Turner case, Cheryl isn’t the juvenile delinquent; Lana is,” others believe. An Eastern judge thundered that Cheryl had set a new and lethal example for juvenile delinquents. Some held that the poor little rich girl’s life was ruined by neglect; others attributed it to too much luxury. “In the turnover of husbands and wives, lovers and mistresses, the Cheryls are the misplaced baggage, lost and found and lost again, always tagging along on the next train or plane or boat,” a critic held. And another asked, “What was Lana thinking of, with a teenage daughter, in permitting this unsavory but handsome character around the place all the time? The answer is, I’m afraid, that she wasn’t really thinking about Cheryl, at all.” “Lana was a perfect mother with an ungrateful child who didn’t appreciate all that was done for her and repaid her mother by plunging her into an ocean of misery from which she’ll never recover.”

Both views are extreme. The truth, as always, is somewhere in the middle. It’s true that Lana Turner had given her daughter expensive gifts, beautiful clothes, luxurious living, trips to Europe and Mexico and fine summer resorts, exclusive private schooling—everything, in fact, except a normal upbringing. A court official has stated, “It appears to me that Cheryl never has had a real home either with her mother or father. I think it is about time a proper home was found for her.”

As one who has interviewed Lana Turner through the years, it is this reporter’s opinion that the beautiful film star did not neglect her daughter. For one thing, if Cheryl had spent her last two Easter vacations at boarding school (as many neglected children of the rich do) she wouldn’t have been found wandering in about the most dangerous place a little rich girl could find—downtown Skid Row, nor home to overhear violent quarrels between her mother and Stompanato. If Lana hadn’t had Cheryl flown to London for the Christmas holidays, she would have been shielded from her mother’s unsavory romance.

If anything, Lana was too lavish in her love for her daughter, too over-indulgent with gifts, too strict in keeping the child from making friends with other children and living a normal life. Probably no star has paid more dearly for the normal desire for babies than Lana Turner. For Lana is one of the 15% of the population whose blood is RH negative. Because of that, she lost babies with both Topping and Barker. And when she was carrying Cheryl, she lost her eyesight for a time. At birth, Cheryl had to have transfusions every four hours because of the RH factor—her whole blood stream had to be changed.

There were other handicaps. Every working mother has the problem of adequate time with her child whether she is a secretary or a star. In Hollywood the working hours are long, the social demands are great. And so small children cling to their nurses rather than to their mothers. There are always nurses, housekeepers, governesses, relief help. “I couldn’t spend my days with Cheryl,” Lana once told me, “because I was a working mother. So there had to be nurses. But I think Cheryl’s childhood is happier than mine was.”

continued on page 18
Still, Cheryl was a difficult child, rebellious, willful, discontented and maladjusted. All these things also happen to children in homes where there isn't a much-married, wealthy movie star mother. For all children who grow up in wealthy households suffer a handicap which children of middle-class families do not have, Cheryl, as a young child, didn't get on with her schoolmates. Later she began telling fibs and went into tantrums when she didn't get her way. "I'll never learn to play this silly thing," she stormed one day while practicing her piano lesson.

When Cheryl was 11, Lana threw up her hands in a helpless gesture one day when talking about her. "She's taller than I am. You can't imagine what it's like to look up at a child and lecture her. I pace up and down when I have to scold her and I know I'm getting nowhere." Cheryl grew and grew and is today five-ten. This alone is a dreadful handicap as she towers over the girls in school and finds no boys her age tall enough to dance with at parties. In addition, she is a plain-faced child who does not resemble in any way her beautiful mother. A poor student, she rebelled against the exclusive Sacred Heart Academy in nearby Flintridge at the time she ran away from home so Lana arranged to have Cheryl transferred to a private school at Ojai which was more to Cheryl's liking.

A child who runs away from home or school is a discontented, miserable and maladjusted child. At that time, Lana was urged to seek psychiatric help for the tall, awkward, sad-eyed and plain, irregularly-featured girl. But Lana only wept and decided to take Cheryl away from the care of the sisters in the Catholic school. Earlier, worried about her daughter's shy, moody, reserved temperament, Lana arranged for Cheryl to join a Girl Scout troop, realizing that she had erred on the side of strictness regarding any of Cheryl's associates.

While Cheryl may have felt jealous of her mother's great beauty (she frequently outfitted herself in Lana's clothes and preened before the mirror), while she may have felt alien in a house with a changing pattern of foster fathers, Lana, too, suffered worry, grief, tears and anxiety over her daughter for many years. "Oh, how I wish my Baby will stop being ashamed of her height!" she said sometime ago.

For three years, Lana tried to make a go of her third marriage to wealthy Bob Topping but in the end she had to admit defeat.

Looking radiant, Lana seemed to have found the love she needed with Lex Barker, yet the marriage ended in a divorce.
sorrow is born in the hasty heart

“I keep telling her to walk erect and be proud of how tall she is, even if the boys are all shorter. She gets along wonderfully with Lex. At first, she was a little standoffish with him. But that’s only natural. She called him Uncle Lex, and when she wanted anything, she’d wait until she could get me alone and ask me.”

But it was whispered that Cheryl never did learn to get along with Lex Barker, whose first two wives both pointed out that “he was much like a child himself.” Nor did Lana make fast friends of Barker’s daughter and son by his first wife. And one of the basic disagreements between Lana and her third husband, Bob Topping, was that he was not affectionate towards Cheryl—that he was cold to her, ill at ease with children and couldn’t warm up to them.

Lana did everything to preserve the affection between Cheryl and her father, Steve Crane. He was a frequent caller at the house; he dined with Cheryl at the restaurant he was part owner of and he helped Lana make decisions on Cheryl’s life. When crises came up, such as Cheryl’s horseback riding accident or her running away from home, Crane was ever ready with his help. Both he and Lana forgot the bitter custody fight between them during their divorce trial in 1944, when Cheryl was less than a year old. During the years, Cheryl spent much time with “Granny,” Lana’s mother, while the star was making films out of the country or unconventionally pursuing her desperate search for love. Even then, she sent for her daughter—from Acapulco, from Capri, from London and Paris. Cheryl was along even on Lana’s honeymoon with Lex Barker.

She was there the night her mother tried to discard her latest sweetheart and found he didn’t ‘discard easily. A columnist once wrote of Lana: “To her, men are like new dresses, to be donned and doffed at her pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she’s like a child looking at a new doll.” And it was for this latest male doll—on whom she had only a short time ago lavished money, gifts, jewelry, passionate love letters—that Lana paid an almost unbelievably high price.

Step by disastrous step Lana has learned that sorrow is born in the hasty heart that flaunts moral codes. It all started a long time ago. Lana’s mother, at 14, had eloped with a part-time miner, later bootlegger and gambler, and left him when her daughter, Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, was only eight. The child was boarded with a family who beat her. A year later, the father Lana loved so dearly was robbed and killed after a crap game. At 15, Lana became Hollywood’s first Sweater Girl. All the material blessings she dreamed of materialized—the bigh living, the minks, the diamonds, the Cadillacs. All the luxuries that accompany fame were hers.

“They said I was the night club queen and I was,” Lana once said. “I liked the boys and they liked me. I liked holding hands under the table. Or, perhaps, not under the table.”

SHE also, at 17, liked and hoped to marry Greg Bautzer, the handsome Hollywood attorney, but instead she married Artie Shaw. Six months later it was over and she married Stephen Crane, whose father owned a cigar store and who had come to Hollywood to seek his fortune. This union, described as “marriage, annulment, remarriage and front-page theatrics” when it was found Crane was still married to a first wife and later when he tried to commit suicide by running his car off a cliff, resulted for Lana in “one long nightmare.” Later, she was jilted by both Turhan Bey and Tyron Power. Lana suffered heartbreak when Power turned from her to Linda Christian. Weeping miserably over her broken romance, she said, “Why did he let me go along making a fool of myself?” But a few months later she became Bob Topping’s wife.

Lana has always been an honest woman who has the courage to face her errors. She knew that her marriage to Topping was over six months after it began. “But for three years,” Lana said, “I’ve given this marriage everything I had. How much longer must I try?” Lana had catered to his every whim. She tried to make his playboy life her life, and she spent her money doing so though he was reputed a wealthy man. Topping walked out on Lana, just as later Fernando Lamas did and Lex Barker, her latest husband. No one gave that marriage long, for Lex wasn’t right for Lana. But then, no husband has been right for the tempestuous beauty.

Once, in writing the woeful tale of her life, Lana said, “I am stuck for an ending. But I am quite sure that around the corner there is something good.” But that was before nightmarish tragedy had befallen her.

END
Winning the French

On the Riviera location of "Kings Go Forth," the local population was in awe of Frank until he flashed his grinning smile and began to make friends Sinatra-style.

FRANK and French friend, wearing a smile with his GI helmet, talk man-to-man before the cameras grind.

YOUNG or old, French or American, les femmes go for Frankie and that feeling is an absolutely mutual one.

continued on page 22
Between scenes of his latest film, Frank takes time out to act like a tourist and explore the lovely French countryside with enthusiasm.

TOURIST-fashion, Frank tries to select a few postcards and he winds up getting too many.

WITH producer Frank Ross as his companion and a jeep to get around in, Sinatra explores those very tricky French roads.

ADULTS and youngsters, like their American counterparts, love to collect autographs and Frank is happy to oblige them.

SITTING in the shadows of the set, Frank takes a minute for coffee. END
America's sweetheart—again

The nation's favorite moppet is now the narrator of NBC-TV's
"Shirley Temple's Storybook" and an extraordinary young woman

Young Mr. Black looked at young Mrs. Black and grinned broadly. Slowly, swept by a constant recurring wave of wonder, he shook his head. . . . still smiling.

"She's marvelous, absolutely marvelous," he thought. "There's nobody anywhere like this amazing, dimpled, wonderful girl I married. She can do anything. Command anything. And, yet here she waits like one of the children, asking for my permission."

Young Mr. Black pushed his chair from the dinner table and considered the pleasant, hospitable room in which he'd dined. She'd done it. . . . all the decorating. His Shirley, a licensed decorator, had personally planned each detail of his smart surroundings. He remembered with enthusiasm the excellent dinner just concluded. Again, Shirley was responsible.

Why, she and the children had even grown the vegetables in the salad.

Yes, she's marvelous, he concluded. She's a decorator, cook, club woman, loving mother, chic companion, wise friend, and my wife. And to millions who don't know her half so well, theater-goers all over the world—she's a symbol who represents movie-making at its greatest. She's their incomparable sweetheart, Shirley Temple, ex-child star.

"Well," said young Mrs. Black to her husband, interrupting his flight of thought, "do you think it will be all right? For business reasons it's important that I go to New York but, unless you and the children are sure it will be all right, I just won't do it."

Shirley looked a little stubborn at this point, and she meant exactly what she said. Business or no business, her family came first. Managers might rave, network brass plead, and sponsors fidget, but without her family's wholehearted approval, Shirley Temple Black wasn't budging a foot from her happy San Francisco peninsula home.

"Of course you can go to New York," Mr. Black encouraged. "You'll only be gone for four days, and we'll be fine."

And thus, in typical fashion, the star of one of NBC's biggest shows made a business decision.

"A husband should always come first," Shirley firmly declares. "When a woman puts any interest, career or anything else, she means it.

continued on page 26

THERE'S a kind of nostalgia in seeing Shirley as a grown mother of three:
Susan, 10, Charles Jr., 6, Lori, 4.

By NANCY ANDERSON
SHIRLEY TEMPLE continued  She’s back in the entertainment world but Shirley places being a wife and mother above everything, says: “My family is first”

before her husband, she’s asking for trouble. He’s the important member of the family, and when there’s a conflict between my family and career . . . the conflict dissolves. My family is first.”

And well, indeed, do magazine writers know this. Shirley, because of her haste to get back to her family from every television assignment, is one of the hardest persons in the entertainment field to see. Before she even considered her new role, that of narrator and occasional star of “Shirley Temple’s Storybook,” she made it amply clear that no television or publicity commitment could infringe upon her domestic concerns.

“Ever since I made my last picture in 1949,” Shirley explains, “I’ve gotten offers from time to time to appear in pictures or on television, but I wasn’t tempted because Charles and the children are much more important to me than acting.

“Gradually producers came to understand my feelings, so, before I was approached about the ‘Storybook,’ a contract was worked out that would meet my requirements. I go to Los Angeles only three days a month.

“Terms of the contract are so liberal, in fact, that my husband didn’t object at all. If he had, I wouldn’t have accepted the offer.

“Really, I am extremely lucky. I have an opportunity to be with my children and do the things I enjoy at home and still keep in touch with acting.”

Shirley strongly supports the adage, “the woman’s place is in the home,” yet refuses to be inflexible.

“Each case is different,” she says. “Of course, when a woman has to work to feed her family, there’s no question about what she should do. Otherwise, I think a woman’
should stay at home with her children most of the time.

"Among my friends, however, there are several women who are as lucky as I. They have careers that take only part of their time. Some, for example, teach while their children are in school. Others are in creative fields like design and have variable schedules. They are able to exercise special talents and still be full-time mothers."

The mother who works just to give her child luxuries, Shirley argues, is only fooling herself. No luxury, she contends, equals a mother's companionship and attention.

When slim, energetic Mrs. Black talks about her domestic obligations, she's not talking about playing the hostess at smart dinner parties or supervising the maid. She's talking about running the vacuum, washing dishes, hoeing the garden, and washing windows.

"And that," she says in reference to window washing, "is the job I like least. I think the windows are clean, then I stand back and look out through them, and they are all streaked. Honestly, I think washing windows is boys' work."

"I've always done all my own housekeeping, but, since October, I've had to have some help so that I could go to Los Angeles for television shows."

While claiming no especial enthusiasm for scouring the sink or scrubbing the linoleum, Shirley insists she likes to work in the kitchen and, of course, she is a competent cook.

"Luckily," she smiles, casting a quick glance at her trim 107 pounds, "I don't have to diet. We eat meat and potatoes and green vegetables. About the only way I can think of that I save calories is by seldom eating desserts. We simply don't care for sweets. The children are fond of fruit, so we usually have that."

"Oh, certainly," she concedes, "they like ice cream, but we only have it occasionally."

Shirley, her husband and three children, live unpretentiously. The decor of their comfortable home is contemporary but not belligerently so. Modern pieces in black, white, and neutral tones dominate the living room and dining room but companionably blend with a few beloved antiques.

"I like to change decor like some women change hats," Shirley confides, smiling serenely upon her present decorative scheme. "There was a time when I was enchanted by French Provincial and used a lot of that. Then I went to Early American, but now we find that modern furniture is best for us."

Before jealous readers can gasp at the thought of throwing out a house full of furniture to make room for new, Shirley sets the record straight.

"Goodness, no, I don't throw everything out whenever I get...continued on page 61
Alike and yet opposites, Tony and Shelley are two intensely alive people whose magnetic attraction for each other is:

Love on a high wire

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

Alittle over a year ago, on May 4, 1957, to be exact, a group of reporters surrounded Anthony Franciosa during a break in the shooting of "Wild Is The Wind" in Nevada. "Miss Winters and I have no intention of getting married while I'm working here," Anthony said. "She is in Hollywood at the present time and unable to visit me."

At that particular moment, Shelley was sitting behind drawn blinds in the motel Paramount had rented for Tony on location. She had arrived by plane earlier in the afternoon. Later that day—at 9:30 p.m.—they were married by a Justice of the Peace who didn't recognize them.

Their friends were amazed. It was the climax of a two-year romance that had been called tempestuous. It was the beginning of a no-one-would-swear-forever marriage that was shadowed by two great arguments, each diametrically opposed. They are too different, was one argument. They are too much alike, was the other.

A whole, eventful year has passed and the odds for survival have risen to fifty-fifty which, considering the divorce rate everywhere in the land, is a marvelous concession on the part of Doubting Thomases.

"Tony and Shelley will save their marriage by 'analysis,'" is the latest, vague report on a happy marriage that threatens to become even more so as the anniversaries roll by.

In this age of psychoanalysis, it seems wildly uninformed to claim that love is the reason. Let's say, at least, that love is the power that has blended two very unique and individual people into a harmonious couple. The reason this was possible is more involved.

Are Shelley and Tony really as different from each other as night and day? It seemed that continued on page 30
way to a lot of observers during their romance. The obvious difference was their ages—Shelley is five years older. There was next the question of their careers—Shelley was a star, Tony was unknown. They met on Broadway when both were appearing in "A Hatful Of Rain." For Shelley, it was the triumph of a famous Hollywood actress; for Tony, it was the beginning of what one could only hope would be a brilliant career. Then there was the question of personality. Shelley was the blonde bombshell who turned every conversation into an explosive battle of wits, and reveled in being quoted. Tony was then considered shy and reticent.

"It is possible to get to know him," a director said, "but it would take a long time. He has fenced himself in. And it's a very high fence."

To top it all, before Tony and Shelley ever met, they apparently 'did not admire each other. "No, I didn't like her," Tony has said. "Not because she was Shelley, but because she was one of those 'Hollywood broads.' I guess I must have repeated that to someone—because the next thing I knew it came back to me that she had labeled me one of those 'Actors Studio creeps...'" (And the next thing anyone knew, Shelley was enrolled at the Actors Studio while Tony Franciosa, proud possessor of a flashy Thunderbird, had become a Hollywood star.)

As even a short term of married life was to prove, the differences between them were not only skin deep, but interchangeable. Shelley and Tony seemed, naturally, in the deepest parts of themselves, very much alike.

The only rigid difference was in their ages. Well, maybe she'll mother him, people thought. That's one way to make it work. Tony, himself, has a comment about wives of any age and it is: "The way I see it, a wife regards her husband half the time the way a mother looks at her favorite son. The other half of the time she's just a woman who's gone on a guy." The way people have seen Shelley—she is just gone on the guy.

Back in 1954, it was Shelley who allegedly flung a glass of whiskey at a nightclub photographer when he wanted to take a picture of her and Farley Granger. Back in 1957, it was Shelley's fiancé, Tony, who snapped at a photographer,
"If you take my picture, I'm going to kick that camera into your face." It was Shelley who stood by in petrified silence during the subsequent brawl. "Mama" was hardly visible.

One night, before they were married, Shelley asked Tony to drive her home from a party. He slipped into the driver's seat. The car lurched away from the curb and barely avoided crashing into another car. After two blocks of near catastrophe, Shelley said, "You've never driven before, have you?" "No," said Tony. They switched seats, and Shelley's only comment was that it would be a good idea to take driving lessons and get a license. "Mama" would have delivered a lecture along with three demerits.

It may have been true that Tony's behavior was immature on both occasions, but it would be stupid to twist Shelley's maturity into an argument against her five-year edge on him. And it's obvious that, in public at least, Shelley leans on Tony, bows to his decision as the final one and has always put his career far ahead of hers in importance. All this has much more to do with being a good wife than a good mother. A good mother she is—to her school age daughter, Victoria.

Is it possible that Shelley and Tony are too much alike? Once, when they had a date to meet in a New York restaurant, Shelley was late. Tony tried to reach her by phone. When there was no answer he tore the phone book apart. And Shelley's tardy appearance was a signal for him to blow his top. (That sounds like the old Shelley.)

"If I don't impose discipline on myself," Tony, himself, has said, "my feelings will run away with themselves."

The friends who've analyzed him since he's become a celebrity have reversed the "reticent" tag. They compare him, instead, to dynamite, to a locomotive at full speed, to a spoiled child—all of which descriptions suited Shelley to a T when she was at the peak of her Hollywood career.

Surely, two such dynamos can only explode if brought together. But the fact is, Shelley isn't that way any more. She says she never really was.

She claims she hasn't made any movies recently because the studios still think of her as a blonde bombshell. "I never felt like a blonde bombshell and I'm not one," she recently told columnist Joe Hyams. "I have a kind of earthy sexuality continued on page 60
**The perils of Mitzi**

Crisis never phase her, she's had enough in her life to rival the old-time melodramas and now there is a Gaynor rule for facing up to them.

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**BEHIND** Mitzi are months of work on "South Pacific." Now, a vacation, but where?

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**By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER**

AT THE school picnic at Belle Isle, outside Detroit, the second-graders waited excitedly to ride in the pony cart. Herded into line, those in back couldn't see the cart's progress around the riding-track; a hedge at each side shut off their view. Straining to see, they kept pushing those in front.

Finally, pert seven-year-old Mitzi Gerber reached the head of the line. She watched the cart circle the track, come closer and closer to the starting-point.

Her heart pounded. On the next trip, she would be riding.

As the pony trotted toward her, only yards away, she squealed with anticipation. So did the others around her. This triggered a mass shove from those back of them.

Mitzi must have been off-balance. Perhaps she was jumping up and down. Anyway, the sudden push from behind shot her forward. One foot caught on someone's leg. She tripped and fell, onto the track, right in front of the pony.

The frightened animal reared up, and when momentum sent its hooves crashing down, one landed on the face of the fallen child. . . .

In blinding, agonizing pain Mitzi was rushed to a hospital. They asked her where they could reach her mother. She pleaded, "Don't call her. She'd be upset if I hadn't taken care of myself."

However, they had to call Mrs. Gerber. Mitzi was to be in the hospital for days—in danger of losing her right eye. Miraculously, the eye was saved, and today only a tiny scar at the outer edge remains as evidence of the near-tragedy.

But that seven-year-old's instinctive reaction to pain—that it was something she should try to keep to herself—was a clue to the girl who was to become Mitzi Gaynor. A girl with a fierce belief that she should be equal to any crises that might confront her.

At the age of seven, and even earlier, she had a problem that few children face.

Many young girls like to dance. Many dream of someday being famous dancers. But Mitzi Gerber knew, instinctively, what it would take to make such a dream come true.

With a father who was an orchestra conductor, and a mother who had once been a singer, it was only natural that Mitzi should have music and rhythm in her blood—and that her parents should enroll her in a Saturday-afternoon ballet class for beginners.

But that wasn't enough for Mitzi. She wanted ballet every afternoon, not just Saturday afternoons.

That worried her parents. If she took ballet every afternoon after school as well as Saturdays, she would never be able to play as other children played.

Her parents pointed this out to her. She understood. She didn't care if continued on page 34
Mitzi Gaynor continued

Her future has never looked brighter so Mitzi, with a “let’s-get-away-from-it-all” feeling, plans a well-earned vacation

In a holiday mood, the Beans browse through a record shop where the clerk asks Mitzi to sign the “South Pacific” album.
CATALINA or Europe? Well, Mitzi wants to see the world and with her powers of persuasion it's not difficult to guess who won.
By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"A GREAT many women ... at least American women ... don't seem to know how much they can help their husbands when the husbands are involved in strenuous work. Veronique knows."

So said Gregory Peck, with one amused eyebrow lifted. "The French are very practical people, especially the French women. And my wife is French."

Presently involved in really "strenuous work," what with recently winding up his independent production (his first) of "The Big Country," which he produced in conjunction with William Wyler, and going immediately into "The Bravados," which is to be made in Mexico, with only a few days between the pictures, Peck further commented, "Things can get really rugged, but it does help to have an understanding wife."

The "understanding wife," of course, is the former Veronique Passani, a writer for a Paris newspaper whom Greg met on a trip abroad and whom he married on December 31, 1955. A very beautiful and talented girl.

The two have recently bought a dream home near Hollywood, a home with large grounds, a big garden, a view and what Greg calls "a feeling of the country." But the really important part of that home is "the wing," the self-contained, small, apartment-like section of the house which is their very own, designed for privacy, for their life together.

"This," says Greg, "is our own haven. Here I have a study which I can mess up with books and scripts as much as I like. We have a bedroom, a sitting room, two baths, all the privacy that two people could want and that two people very often need. We can simply shut the door . . . and shut out the entire world.

"I do a great deal of my work at home, although I have an office in Hollywood. I study my lines here, arrange business deals, see many of the people whom I need to see. And Veronique sees to it that I can do these things in peace. That is very important to me . . . that peace . . ."

"Because when we are at home, we really want to stay here. We travel a good deal, you know, and we get all the night club business and cafe going and party activities out of our systems. So when we are at home, we take it rather seriously. Family life seems very important."

The "family life" Greg mentions reaches a sort of climax in the late afternoon when he knocks off his work for the day and he and Veronique gather with the children in the big living room of the main part of the house. The children are their own Anthony (aged 18 months) and Greg's three sons by his first wife who live with their mother just a mile or so down the road and who spend a great deal of time with Greg and Veronique.

Friends drop in during this noisy children's hour, some of them to stay for dinner, and a right rousing time is had by all, especially young Anthony who, according to his father, "seems to hoard his energy and his lung power for this particular time of day!"

But with all the merriment and peace which Greg values so much,
Greg is caught in pensive mood while he awaits the next scene on location for "The Big Country."
Veronique is in the background, keeping the wheels of the household running smoothly, managing everything—managing Greg, with such a lack of apparent effort that Peck is amazed when he thinks about it.

"It must be a lot of work," he marvels. "Yet I am never conscious of her working at it at all. I don't see how she does it with so little fuss and bother. I never see her doing anything about anything... menus or cleaning or whatever housewives do. If there is ever any fuss or friction, I am not aware of it."

He paused a moment and then said, "There is a cliche about a wife being one's 'better half.' In my case this definitely has a basis in reality. Veronique is.

"You see, as I see it, it's this way. The husband may have the energy and the drive to accomplish something but he may depend... completely... on his wife for a saving sense of humor, a perspective to help him make decisions, to relieve tensions. That's the way it is at our house.

"I may blow my top completely at something which has happened at the studio but I suddenly realize that Veronique is smiling, that she actually sees something funny about this crisis of mine... and the crisis will suddenly dissolve. Common sense, tinged and mellowed by that smile, will prevail and everything will fall into focus, be back on an even keel, without my knowing exactly how it happened.

"So... we talk over our problems. My problems, mostly.

I couldn't begin to tell you how many times we have discussed things which seemed serious to me and which somehow lost their seriousness when Veronique brought her humor and her grace to bear on them. Everything suddenly came clear. It's a wonderful feeling."

But Veronique does not confine herself to running a smooth and peaceful household and having helpful chats with her husband. As Greg says, "The French are a practical race... especially the women... and Veronique is no exception."

She watches his diet and can be charmingly stern about it on occasion. Greg enjoys fine foods and wines as much as the next man and he is inclined to indulge himself a trifle when he is between pictures, as who wouldn't? But since he is known on the screen as a tall and lean person, he sometimes has to take off a bit of weight before a picture starts. That's where Veronique takes over.

"Just now," he reported, "she has me on a diet which seems mostly to consist of lean meat and cottage cheese with some lettuce tossed in here and there. And d'you know I like it! It isn't so much, I guess, that I actually enjoy the diet as it is that I like the feeling that she is taking the trouble to plan it for me, to make it as palatable as possible, that she is, in a sense, 'taking care of me.' I think any man likes that feeling, his wife's regard for him and for his health and even his figure!

"It must be a forlorn feeling to have a wife who doesn't

WHILE on location in Stockton, California, for "The Big Country," Greg found time to record an interview for a local radio station.
TOP BRASS: Co-producers Greg Peck and William Wyler, who is also the director, appear to be enjoying their talk with Jean Simmons.

GREG pauses between conferences with Wyler to introduce his Veronique to another "location wife," Mrs. Chuck Connors.
THE MOOD of “Hot Spell” is on the serious side so Shirley just can’t resist cutting up a bit, which is her way of relaxing between takes.
FROM Shirley Booth, who's her mother in the film, Shirley M. learned a great deal.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

Candidly Shirley

On the set of “Hot Spell,”

the expressive MacLaine features ran the gamut from a serious concentration to an air of comic relief.

IT’S easy to tell by Shirley’s deadpan how she feels when interruptions occur at work.

continued on page 42
SHIRLEY MACLAINE continued

An actress must prove her versatility or she will be "typed" and Shirley, aware of this, shows she has what it takes.

THE weather is on the chilly side until Shirley and the cast get to work acting-wise and then it's a believable "Hot Spell."

SITTING quietly with her thoughts, a very tired Shirley shows the strain of a real hard day's work in the Hal Wallis picture.
THAT sharp clowning instinct that is a part of Shirley comes out again during a session with her make-up kit and mirror. END
"My friend, Jim Garner"

By JACK KELLY
as told to Jerry Asher

"You learn a lot about a man when you work together as often as we do," says Bart Maverick of his TV brother Bret

A FEW weeks after James Garner bounced into the TV world in the sensational "Maverick" series, he was called for his first interview with a national publication.

"Please give me a detailed description," urged his interrogator, "of what you do on a typical day off." Jim's eyes twinkled. His poker face never changed expression.

"A typical day off!" he dead-panned, "What's that?"

Not to coin a phrase, many a true word is spoken in jest. A basic day for my gambling friend consisted of 14 straight and strenuous hours, 5 days a week. On Saturday, he studied the script for the following week's show and, on Sunday, he rested up for Monday. Now working against such a lopsided schedule would cause any honest hombre to bite the dust and they had to round up relief. When it became the partial problem for the producers of the popular Sunday night series to write-in a newly-acquired brother, that is when I galloped onto the scene.

As usual, there was a variety of versions of the way the Mavericks became brothers. For the record, I'd like to tell how it really happened. According to one report, Jim didn't take to the idea of sharing the spotlight. That rumor is a heap of hog-wash. Jim is so full of good spirit I don't think a fibre in him justifies not liking anyone. I know that I could never conceive such a thing happening. I'm sure it was and is his intention to be the better actor of the two and I'm equally sure this is

continued on page 46
my intention. To deny it, is ridiculous. To sum it up, it is our personal incentive and mutual goal to become better actors through "Maverick."

Jim actually didn't care who got the job, as long as he got out from under now and then. When I walked on the set to do a screen test for the role, he was so bushed it was etched on his face and I thought he gave a huge sigh of relief. At any rate, the more I thought about the "Maverick" format, the better I liked it. As additional inducement, there was every indication that working with Jim Garner would present no problems—and I was so right! Popularity and fame for the future were at my doorstep, if I cut the mustard. Being well aware of this when I made my decision, in a sense I was visibly nervous. This is when I first discovered that Jim is a wonderful, easy-going guy, who always puts everyone completely at ease.

My first day, like any first job, was a balloon of misgivings. When I walked on the set, Jim stuck out his hand and said: "Welcome to ulcer-ville!" The tension lessened—and we became brothers. It was as simple as that. From then on, Jim's cascade of humor saved many a situation that could have thrown me. If you could see the daily rushes, you'd know what I mean about Jim's humor. He rarely blows a line, but when he does, he has a cute, sly way of tossing in an aside that's terrific. Needless to say, they aren't always in "character," which is why you don't hear them!

My number one problem was to manifest Bart Maverick by understanding what made him tick. In terms of suggestions, Jim offered his own understanding of such completeness, and it really bolstered me. The nature of his personality is such that Jim has his own characterization down pat. Because he always approaches it with newness andoriginality, his Bret Maverick rides into the hearts and homes of millions of viewers, with fresh appeal.

By now it's been firmly established that Jim was a veritable soldier of fortune, who summed up his restless rovings thus: "In real life, I always quit a job when I got bored and started out searching all over again." This inner-urge provoked by an outer calm, I believe, is one of the great secrets of Jim's charm. There's a bit of the drifter in most of us and something comes through in his performances that identifies him with his followers.

Although I've heard that Jim has a walloping temper, he's obviously learned to control it. I've never seen him lose his head or raise his voice. To the contrary, he gets the best results through railery. Of course, he can't be pushed around and he can be firm. This is because he knows what he wants and is quick to speak up in a well-defined way. I guess I can only recall one time when he was anything less than his unassuming, amiable self.

One Monday morning he walked on the set with a lost sort of look on his face, which was very unusual for him. It didn't affect his work, but he seemed to be surrounded by an invisible wall and everyone was curious and concerned. Between takes Jim hung on the telephone and, in typical fashion, whatever his misgivings, he kept them to himself. Finally, toward the end of the day, he became his affable self again.

It was Jack Casey, TV-public relations man for Warner Bros., who let us in on the deal.

"Jim will probably have my hide for telling you this," Jack grinned, "but he's a sentimental guy and especially about his wedding ring. Over this last week-end, he flew to Philadelphia for a personal appearance and it was a very

continued on page 72

HE'S a "children's man" and wherever there are kids you'll find Jim, whose stepdaughter Kim can persuade him to do almost anything.

"JIM will never lose his modesty," says Jack, "and his background is the reason, for he remembers those empty pockets of his early days."
DEBORAH KERR:

Her halo never was

“Lady Kerr” is a title that just doesn’t fit Deborah, for she’s as mischievous as the twinkle in her eyes with a taste for getting the spice out of life

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

BACK some years ago, when Deborah Kerr was starring in an English film, “The Adventuress,” the filming took place on the barren, rocky Isle of Man. The Manxmen, as the citizens there are known, are people who favor ancient superstitions, and it is their pleasure to admit the existence of fairies, elves and leprechauns. When they had to pass a certain bridge, they would take off their caps to the unseen spirits and murmur politely, “Good morning, Fairies.” Otherwise, something terrible might occur.

The work of the “Adventuress” company usually led past this hallowed bridge. Every member of the filming group went along with the local superstition—except one: Miss Deborah Kerr. She just wasn’t having any part of it. But Deborah’s native driver declined to take Miss Kerr across the bridge until she, too, showed the proper respect toward the Little People. Production was more or less at a standstill. Just how long the wheels would have remained idle is hard to tell, but one day, at the height of the conflict, there was a thunderstorm and the rain clouds poured buckets. That was all Frank Lauder, the English director, needed.

“Deborah,” he commanded, “say ‘Good morning’ to the fairies!”

“Very well,” Deborah grudgingly muttered. “‘Good morning, Fairies’—I think you’re all daft!”

The rain ceased and the sun beat down. But Deborah was not impressed. She still does not believe in fairies.

Miss Kerr, today, is just as irrepressible.

On her dressing room door, during the recent filming of “Separate Tables,” she one day wickedly tacked up a photograph of herself as the girl she plays in the movie. It showed a dowdy, inhibited young Englishwoman, wearing heavy-rimmed glasses that made her out the drabdest kind of ugly duckling. There was none of the glowing Kerr loveliness that many stricken male devotees have so long sighed over. Instead of looking, as she normally does, as “effervescent as a fresh-popped bottle of champagne,” Miss Kerr gave off all the sparkle of a split of gineralale that has been standing around, capless, for a week.

She looked, in short, plain, plain, plain.

It was not surprising, then, that she should tack up this portrait of herself, and above it, hand letter a legend that showed who she thought was responsible for making nice girls unhappy. The legend read:

I BLAME MEN!

For a doll whose natural coloring is such “that it could have reduced Renoir to a quivering jelly,” Deborah was obviously enjoying her role as a trump. But her fun-loving proclivities surprise only those unacquainted with her or her ability to make even a lowly scrabble game a kind of mad romp. Not that she lacks seriousness. She can play the grande dame if she has to, but she prefers to conduct her life without that tiara on her head. She has an earthy, lusty laugh that makes those around her aware that

continued on page 50
DEBORAH KERR continued

She loves a joke, even when the laugh's on her, for a sense of humor keeps Deborah's sense of balance in the movie world.

She loves a joke, even when it is on her. Glamour, she knows, is wonderful and part of the profession of stardom. But beyond that, she does not take the Hollywood variety of s-o-s too seriously.

Characteristic of Deborah's own attitude towards those who too long thought of her as glacial, is an incident that reportedly took place in New York, just after Miss Kerr had appeared on a well-known TV show. Up to Deborah strode a stout, craggly woman in no-nonsense shoes.

"Miss Kerr," announced the lady, "I have always admired you."

Deborah was gracious as usual. "Thank you," she said. "Yes, and I'll tell you why," the woman plowed on. "I am the movie censor for my state. And I have never had to cut so much as a foot from one of your pictures."

"Oh," Deborah protested, "how terribly dull!"

To go back a little in time, it is undeniably true that the portrait of Miss Kerr as "a lady" without a sign of fleshly yearnings was created largely by the kind of pictures she was tossed into when she first arrived from England. "I wore a halo of decorum and I was about as exciting as an oyster," she has said. "The studio didn't think I had any cheesecake. I was considered merely anemic and genteel."

She was rated so lacking in explosive power that even some of the crew on her first picture felt sorry for her.

The story goes that she was dreadfully nervous while making tests with Clark Gable for "The Hucksters." She was certain the tests were bad, and this despite the fact that she was already a big star in England. "I remember," says Deborah, "that I was in my dressing room feeling nice and miserable all by myself. The wardrobe girl happened to walk in. She saw how dejected I was. 'Never mind, dearie,' she said. 'Even if you don't get the part, it was worth traveling 5,000 miles just to be kissed by that handsome Mr. Gable.'"

When, after a long succession of lack-lustre parts, Deborah was given the role of Karen, the man-hungry captain's wife in "From Here To Eternity," Hollywood was astonished. The entire British colony turned out to congratulate her when the news spread that Deborah Kerr "was finally going to show her legs." Asked by a reporter why she had never before posed for cheesecake art, Deborah giggled. "Nobody," she said, "ever asked me. I'm tickled to death that they finally got around to it."

But even more than this, a remark that Deborah made about that time demonstrates with what sauciness Miss Kerr wore her halo. Discussing "Eternity" with a friend, and her husband's possible reaction to it, Deborah mused, "I wonder if I'll surprise Tony as Karen?" Then she smiled wickedly. "No, I guess not."

Quite possibly, for a long time, Deborah herself was at least partially responsible for the Kerr legend. She was too happily married to make headlines. "I am the despair of the publicity department," she once said. "Week after week goes by and nothing sensational happens to me. I'm an enthusiastic gardener, but what can you make, newswise, out of that?"

She would never fight for a better dressing room, because, as she put it, "you can't see it in a movie": she was neither superstitious nor a slave to phobias, "though I can't say I'm fond of snakes"; and, even more, she was...
DEBORAH is one actress down-to-earth enough to dispel the "lady" myth with fervor while retaining an innate sense of dignity.

DAUGHTERS Francesca, 6 (here), and Melanie, 9, have inherited Deborah's candor and ability to have a lot of fun.

a lady so good-natured that "she would put up with anything except rice pudding." On the surface, at least, she was, as she herself joked, "one of those rather tiresome English girls."

But on the surface only. The real Deborah Kerr was yet another story.

Deborah is not the kind of girl who greets an interviewer with, "A terribly funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio this morning—" It takes a bit of digging to discover her, but the excavation, it must be said, is worth the effort. There was the time when Hollywood's addiction to pinning exotic labels on its stars—The Body, The Bosom, The Face or The Tonsils—brought a characteristic Kerr retort. A studio press agent once suggested to Deborah that she wear wide-brimmed hats all the time so he could announce to the world that she had to protect her

continued on page 70
HI THERE, cynics! If your courage has cracked, here is a fine moment to banish the blues by considering this extraordinary case of Hollywood's newest discovery.

Times are tough in movieland. But this young newcomer didn't get where he is today by drowning dreams in self-pity. How he refused to be defeated along the way, and is now enjoying enormously the good luck he created, will inspire you to kick aside the self-imposed chains that keep you in a rut!

James Darren is the name he adopted for his acting career. He was told he needed something easier to pronounce than James Ercolani. That's what he was formally christened in Philadelphia, where he was born 22 years ago this June 8th. Physical statistics include these: he's a handsome guy who lacks one inch of being six feet tall. He has a muscular build that marks him as much male. And when he puts a melting look in his big brown eyes, the sternest female starts sighing over him. When he chooses his taunting glances, however, the opposite sex is wildly frustrated.

He didn't become a movie star, a truly happy husband, and a devoted dad so young by just drifting, you soon find out. Jimmy clicks because he's always had plans and he's never taken seriously any suggestion that he suppress the ones that hold up as sensible to him. Habitually, he's dared to persist despite dire warnings; once he's made up his mind, he won't stop.

"Sure, this irks people who have other ideas!" he exclaims. "But why should anyone else live your life for you?"

Both his parents are far from show business. His father is a tailor; his mother, a seamstress. They had to work long hours to give Jimmy and Johnny, his brother, who's 18 months younger,
Jim’s ambition was to be a singer and he still feels he would like nothing better than to be a warbling movie cowboy.
Early setbacks couldn’t make Jim put his dreams away

PAPA Darren wants a large family “to enjoy while Gloria and I are young,” and to keep one-and-a-half-year-old Jimmy Jr., company.
the kind of real home they believed in. No matter how little spare cash there was, there was invariably plenty of love and the warmest expression of it for their boys in the crowded apartment where they lived.

But when he entered Southern High, he became a problem to his elders.

"After the first day, I quit for two months. I didn't let my folks know. I wandered around and played 'School Days' on a juke box when I thought of where I should be. The principal was horrified when I finally was ushered into his office. I'd sit at my desk and not do anything and I'd argue with the teachers, so I'd wind up in his office once more. I got into so many fights, and, in milder moods, carried eggs in my pocket to bounce open on an unsuspecting head. I'd never do that today," he adds with a grin.

Jimmy played the pinball machines at the corner candy store when he should have been practicing on the expensive trumpet his father scrimped to get him. For three years, he labored lightly on the lessons that went with it, choosing their bathroom to toot in because of its better acoustics. Then he grew interested in singing. His job after school hours in his uncle's shop, selling costume jewelry, paid for the singing lessons he liked a lot.

"My folks have been really wonderful to me!" he enthuses wholeheartedly. He isn't the least spoiled or neurotic, thanks to the affection and encouragement he could depend on at home. Though his contagious sense of humor makes him talk about the pranks that delighted him, he never was a bad boy beneath his high spirits. His parents set an example he eventually wished to follow. Their feeling of responsibility for his guidance was lightened with understanding and laughter; they were as eager to share what he called fascinating as they were to console him when he was disappointed. He was amazingly alert about everything that intrigued him, so why shouldn't he—they reasoned—want to see how the world ticked from his own individual viewpoint? His zest for life, his imagination and restlessness, were natural to them because they remembered when they were young. All this Jimmy grasps clearly now.

"When I was 16 a friend of my uncle's got me a chance to sing at Frank Polumbo's club. My father had to be up at six every morning, but he went along to the night club with me every evening, often staying out till three a.m. so I could take that opportunity. 'Tonight we have a great star, a new recording artist!' That's how I was introduced. I wasn't a sensation at all," he goes on humbly. "Why, they didn't even feel I was worth any pay. But that didn't discourage me. It was the step I wanted. And once a guy at a table did hand me some money when I finished. His tip is the only money I ever earned as a singer.

"The first time I went to New York was for a baseball game. After that, I'd go up whenever I could. There was a magic about the city. I guess I just wanted to be famous but didn't know how."

Meanwhile, he hadn't been unconscious of girls.

"I WENT steady three or four times before I recognized Gloria was The Most." He was 16 when he concentrated on Gloria Terlitzky, a schoolmate, now his wife. She's a year younger than he. "I've known her since she was 12," he says with a glow. A stunning girl with huge green eyes, sleek hair that she sweeps back into a coil, and a skin as beautiful as her character, she has never been forgotten for a minute since Jimmy confessed to her how much he cared.

He couldn't waste the present with promises about a mysterious future. Jimmy decided he wanted to give movie acting a try, and his parents and Gloria approved. "They respected my judgment. I'd never been too haywire. My folks bought me a plane ticket to Hollywood." He didn't count on a round-trip one as necessary at all.

continued on page 66
YOU didn’t think that the big new twenties-thirties chemise fashion would skip the beach, did you? Of course not! It would hardly be likely that your whole fashion look would change as drastically as it has since last year—while you kept on wearing the same old style bathing suits! Not that the bathing suits shown here are actually chemises, of course—but they are logical results of the chemise fashion. They’re the kind of suits girls wore when the original chemise was

Black Bottoms!

By SUE COLLINS

Dig these new bathing suits from the flirty thirties—

Far left: Black outlines striped and buttoned Orlon top over moulded shorts. 8-16. By Pandora. About $9.
in its heyday (or maybe we should say hey! hey! day, which is how they put it in the Twenties), and they will certainly make you look new and different this summer. What's the big idea behind the new fashions? We'd say the whole point is to look young and cute. For some time we've had slinky types with low necklines and poured-in fit. The new kick is for something less sultry but just as appealing in a different way. Fashions in girls change, along with fashions in clothes. The pert cute girl is the new girl of the hour, and the boys seem to think it's a nice change! Now, which suit for you—and why? Well, first of all you needn't worry that the new suits won't show off your figure—because, as you can see from the pictures, they definitely will! And you can also see how completely new and different the two-piece effect is, especially in stripes and polka dots with tricky necklines.

Now then, if you're a little more bosomy than you want to be, choose a suit like the one with the striped dicky and white top—the V will slim you down. If your problem is the opposite, and you'd like a mild build-up, the horizontal stripes will add curves. The long tank top of the striped suit is also marvelous for a long-waisted figure. If you're short-waisted, and usually wear a junior dress size, the button front or the scooped polka dot suit will show off your petiteness. And the black bottoms will flatter every girl's hips—regardless! By the way, Black Bottom was the name of a smash hit dance in the Thirties. And if you're going in for the jazzy look at all—you might as well do it right and add an inky black "water velvet" bathing helmet, yanked down over your ears, and little strapped beach shoes. And then stand back and just listen to those whistles come your way! end

Johnny Mathis:

Teenage Crush

At 19, Johnny Mathis is an athlete turned singer whose sensational voice has taken him up the ladder of success three steps at a time.

Before he began singing, Johnny had a reputation in sports as a high-jumper.

Part of the Mathis heritage is a love of music and theater, for Johnny's father was once a vaudeville star and his son ably carries on the tradition.

It's high praise indeed to gain the admiration of a singer like Eddie Fisher and it certainly gives Johnny a thrill to know it.

End
but I'm no great beauty. All the time I was in Hollywood I felt like a fake.

It's been almost two years since she's made a movie in Hollywood. Recently, she's been on TV and is studying writing at Columbia University in New York where she and Tony have an apartment.

"I don't know whether I'm new or not," she says, "I'm still me. But maybe a little more mature."

How come? It's Tony.

"Tony is the reason behind everything," she states flatly. "Because of him I watch myself now when I talk to people. Before I knew Tony I used to speak before I thought, and I saw how what I'd said flippantly would hurt people. Now I try to give things the benefit of some calm thinking before I say what's on my mind."

ALTHOUGH Tony's explosion during the photo incident (which got him ten days in jail) gave him the reputation of a hothead, he swears he doesn't blow up more than twice a year.

Sometimes, at first meeting, he strikes people as wooden, even colorless, simply because he maintains great self-control. He often has such a methodical and precise way of doing things that his friends become irritated and impatient.

"I learned several things from Anna Magnani," he said while he was talking about working with her, "I think her case and mine are basically the same. She expresses herself 24 hours a day. I tend to bottle things up, to hold back complexes. Those complexes can take over. When I was a kid, for instance, I wasn't an off-Broadway success. I told myself I couldn't wait around for say, five years; I wanted success uptown then and there. As it was, I waited anyway."

The kind of temperament that reaches a boiling point only under much stress is quite different from the prima donna antics for which Shelley was once famous. But those weren't part of her real self.

"Temperament is just another word for terror," she says now. "And I was terrified all the time (in Hollywood) because I was made into something I was not. You show me an actress who is temperamentally and I'll show you an actress who is frightened. When you're scared of something—like the part you have to play—and you don't have enough maturity to face it, you react like a baby and yell and scream."

"I've found the only real professional security comes from your performances and from playing parts you're equipped to do. So now that I'm on my own I'm picking my pictures carefully."

Similar? Well, yes. Shelley and Tony both have tremendous vitality, are articulate about their profession (and about each other's work) and have the egos good actors need. If they did not have this to share, what would there have been in the first place to attract them so strongly to each other?

They also have in common the very qualities that any marriage counselor will tell you are important for a secure marriage. Their backgrounds are very similar. They grew up in the same kind of lower middle-class families—Shelley in Brooklyn, Tony on East 116th Street in Manhattan. They attended the same kind of schools, experienced the same kind of environments, had the same kind of dreams. Each broke away from his roots when he was young in search of a more exciting, more fulfilling life. First Shelley and then Tony were swept off their feet by fame.

When they found each other, they found themselves.

Tony, who admits that he disliked his average background, says, "Now I'm seeking my roots... now I want to learn Italian, go to Italy—although I haven't the slightest idea what I'll do there."

Shelley says, "I'm mature. Not in the Hollywood sense. Anyone who is mature in Hollywood is colorless and dull, and I think in many ways I've become more interesting... it was a long time coming, but it got here."

It got to Tony, too. And it took a while coming.

While Shelley was playing up the bombshell bit in Hollywood, Tony was also in Hollywood. No one (including Shelley) knew him. It was just that in 1953 he sold a pint of blood for $25 and bought a bus ticket to Los Angeles. He'd been to lots of other places, working his way through them at odd jobs. He was only 23 years old, but for the last two years he'd been drifting.

Two years before, when he was 21, he'd been offered an audition for the Actors Studio in New York. But he was so afraid of failure, so desperately anxious to succeed that he couldn't face the test—and fled without auditioning.

Just as suddenly, one day, he got dressed and headed back to New York. He applied for and passed the Actors Studio audition. Two years later he was the second lead in "End As A Man" on Broadway. He began listening to screen offers when he appeared in "A Hatful Of Rain." Ironically, he had to find himself in Hollywood while Shelley had had to leave Hollywood for the same reason.

They kept their romance alive on the long distance phone. Tony had been in Hollywood nearly eight months this second time, had made three movies awaiting release and had no idea what was in store for him—until the night MGM held a sneak preview of "This Could Be The Night."

Tony, his agent and a few friends walked into the theater unnoticed. He had never seen himself on the screen; neither had anyone else.

When he left the theater he was spotted and mobbed. All of a sudden he was in danger of having his suit torn off. It was a startling, even shocking, experience. Two hours before he was just an actor. Now he was a celebrity.

The tremendous loss of privacy that accompanies such an exalted state has upset much more experienced people than Tony. To say nothing of the tremendous increase in earning power.

"I used to think that getting to Broadway and earning the minimum of $85 a week was ambitious," he says.

NOW he earns $100,000 a picture and even his agent gets confused figuring out what pictures Tony has promised to make for what companies. (The contracts read that he owes three pictures each to 20th Century-Fox and MGM, two pictures to Elia Kazan, and one a year—over seven years—to Hal Wallis.)

This happened in the same year he married Shelley. That was not a simple question of elopement, either. Tony had been married once before. Even though he was legally separated from his wife she was taking her time about getting a divorce. One of the explanations Tony offered for his display of temper toward that photographer was that he didn't think it appropriate to be photographed with another woman (outside a courtroom where they had just bid for a house they wanted to buy together) while he was still legally married.

Being human, the tension he felt was understandable; being a movie star, the verdict was harsh.

But living through that incident may have brought Tony maturity, which is notorious for coming the hard way. Living through it with Shelley is the "for worse" part that marriage, if it survives, grows strong on.

Were Tony and Shelley really made for each other?

"My mother likes Shel," Tony says, "and that is a good sign. My mother is not easy to please."
a new whim. The first time we changed schemes, Charles was in service, and we were being moved East. It seemed sensible to get rid of a lot of things, because, honestly, we didn’t have room for them in our new quarters.

“Then, when we moved back, we placed some other pieces.”

Oh, how familiar this sounds to the young homemaker in Shirley’s age-bracket who’s had the same experience on cross-country shuttles! Remember the big sofa you had to sell, because it wouldn’t fit into the dinky, temporary apartment . . . and the china cupboard that had to go when you took the house with no dining room? Sure you do.

As a concession to the scampering, dirt-tracking, small feet that hurry through Shirley’s practically planned home, she has carpets in only two rooms, the living room and the master-bedroom.

“We stained the dining room floors a nice, dark color,” she laughs, “so the spots won’t show. You know how it is with children. I’d like to get some carpets, but wouldn’t that be foolish when the children are this age?”

(Susan is ten; Charles, Jr., six; and Lori, four.)

Shirley’s favorite antiques are an 18th Century prayer chair and a lazy-susan table, and she thinks they are completely at home with all the sleek teak and the sophisticated beige.

An enterprising hostess, Shirley plans her parties for her own pleasure as well as that of her guests, and, therefore, keeps them small.

“We never invite more than two couples to dinner at a time,” she discloses. “That way, we can enjoy conversation more. In a larger group, it’s harder to talk.”

To make entertaining at dinner a joy rather than a struggle, Shirley specializes in casseroles and beef stroganoff.

“That’s too easy,” she recommends, lauding the beef stew. “This stroganoff, I just serve rice, a salad, rolls, and fruit, and that’s all there is to it.”

Flying in the face of conservative San Francisco, where black, navy, and shades of grey are loyally worn in all seasons and on almost all occasions, Shirley gaily peppers her wardrobe with vivid colors. Currently, her favorite is warm, glowing orange that compliments her vibrant, brumette beauty.

She likes tailored clothes for street wear and enthusiastically shops for good buys in skirts and sweaters.

“No, indeed, I don’t have my own designer,” she scoffs. “I buy my clothes in plain stores like anybody else. I wear skirts and sweaters a lot of the time, but, at home, I like peasant dresses, too. In San Francisco, dark colors are almost a must, but, living on out on the peninsula, I can get by with something brighter.”

Shirley, since her retirement from the screen in 1949, has never ceased to get fan mail. Bundles of letters even followed her to Washington, D. C., when she accompanied her husband there during the war.

Her most loyal adherents, she thinks, are young women of her own age who identify themselves with her, because they’ve faced some of the same problems. And they can identify themselves wholeheartedly with Shirley, the mother, since her brood is thoroughly normal. Sometimes alarmingly so.

“Each of the children is different,” Shirley fondly muses. “When it comes to discipline, the system that works with one child is a flat failure with another.

“I’m of Dutch, German, and French extraction, and I’ve inherited a traumatic strain where behavior’s concerned. My background’s probably responsible, but I want children to behave. I’m not a child beater, but I spank when I have to.”

SPANキング, though, doesn’t work with Susan, Shirley’s daughter born of her marriage to John Agar.

“I don’t believe I’ve ever spanked Susan but once in her life.” Shirley searches her memory, “If I just talk to her about what she’s done, that’s enough. Susan is a great help to me where the other children are concerned. She loves her brother and sister so dearly that she’s quite a peace-maker. If she sees that one is about to make the other cry, she steps in and diplomatically smooths things over.”

Young Lori, though, calls for completely different methods.

“When Lori’s bad,” Shirley explains, obviously enjoying that favorite pastime of all mothers, talking about the children. “I send her to her room and tell her to sit on a chair and think about what she’s done. When she’s thought enough, she can come out.”

Shirley, unlike some former child stars, doesn’t think that she missed any childhood happiness because of her career.

“I had a marvelous childhood,” she admits. “I had fun. Friends, everything. I wish my children could have all the things I had, but that would be impossible. Times have changed. Everything’s different today.”

“I can’t think of any one advantage I had that I’d particularly want for my children, because I don’t think that deeply about the past. I’m too interested in the present and future.”

Although her children don’t work as steadily as their mother did, they are still employed.

“Their job,” Shirley firmly insists, “is to work in the vegetable garden. They water it and weed it, too, with a little help, of course.”

And after the chores are done, mother and children head for a comfortable spot and, you guessed it, a story session.

“I love fairy stories,” Shirley beams, “and so do the children. We read the Oz books, but our favorite, I think, is ‘Charlotte’s Web.’ I’d like to do that on television.

“The program, you know, isn’t limited to fairy stories but includes legends and children’s classics . . . like ‘The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow.’”

Shirley found doing the Washington Irving classic on a recent telecast “terribly stimulating” since it introduced her to the challenges of live television.

“We rehearsed for eight days in a bare room,” she enlarges, “and I enjoyed the experience of getting completely into character before I ever went on a set. Maybe filmed television would be different, but I was delighted by doing the live show.

“I firmly believe in television, anyway,” she continues, “and hope it will continue to offer a balanced variety of programs. Every show shouldn’t be a fairy story any more than every show should be a western. Each compliments the other. Matinee Theater is a real boon to the housewife, I feel, even though it breaks into her busy noon hour. And I’m a great fan of programs like Omnibus.”

Shirley, who has almost lived a real-life fairy tale, learned bitterly that not every fairy tale comes true. For example, people don’t always live happily ever after. Her teenage marriage to dashing John Agar was a brief mistake that ended in divorce, a mistake that she steadfastly declines to discuss.

Clinging to generalizations, she defends the traditional fairy tale ending in which all the dragons lie dead and love is triumphant.

“I don’t think it’s a bad idea to look toward the happy ending,” she maintains. “Since the beginning of time, people have made mistakes, and some people will continue to make mistakes as long as they live. But, if we profit...
The Perils Of Mitzi

continued from page 34

She summoned the courage to telephone producer George Jessel and tell him what had happened. "But I'll be able to dance again in two weeks," she told him. "Maybe in ten days. And meanwhile I can certainly do acting scenes—if my foot doesn't do what she said she could do carried through the wire to Jessel. All she asked was a little help from him.

"We'll just change the scene schedule," he told her. "I'll see you on the set at 9 tomorrow morning . . . And what are your favorite flowers?"

That was the end of that crisis.

After "Golden Girl," she starred in a variety of roles. Then there came a lull in her career.

The extent of that lull wasn't apparent at first. It started as a "vacation"—the first she had ever had. She set out to have a good time. For a change, she could eat what she pleased. She could have a constant round of dates—something she had never had time for before, as other girls had, because she had always been working. She could go dancing for fun.

But as month succeeded month, and no new role turned up for her, although she was being paid, she began to feel "forgotten." This was a new kind of crisis for her—a crisis of frustration.

Recalls Mitzi, "I had to keep my name 'alive,' somehow. I had the mistaken notion that the way to do it was to be seen, and photographed, at parties and night clubs. So I became the late, late show every night at some night club or other. I was the first to arrive at parties and the last to leave.

"I wasn't happy. I wasn't doing what I wanted most to do—which was to work. In my frustration and restlessness, I ate constantly. The result was that on top of getting fat in the head, I got fat all over—up to 150 pounds.

"It began to look as if my career was almost finished—before it had got into high gear. Yet I couldn't seem to change matters. Or my eating habits. I keptbibing to myself: 'As soon as I know I'm going to do a picture, I'll go on a diet. I'll thin down'. . ."

Only no picture was announced for her.

It was during this time that she met Jack Bean, then a young Hollywood agent. A romance began to develop. She was seen less and less at night clubs. For one thing, Jack's income couldn't take night clubs in stride.

One evening, when he appeared at the apartment where she lived with her mother, she showed him a dress she had discovered in a fashion magazine. "What do you think of it?" she asked.

"Great," he said, "but it wouldn't be good for you."

"Why?"

"Well—to be brutally frank—you're too heavy."

That did it. She faced the fact that she had eaten herself into a crisis.

The next day, she went on a medically-supervised diet. Simultaneously she embarked on a regimen of exercise to tone up flabby muscles.

Four months later, she was down to 115 pounds again. At Jack's suggestion, to emphasize the change, she cut her hair short. Then she visited the studio—where she hadn't worked for 18 months.

The transformed Mitzi told the studio, "I'm ready to work again and I'll do anything you want me to do."

They took her literally. They loaned her out to do a Western, "Three Young Texans," for a subsidiary company.

That wasn't exactly what she had hoped for. But at least it would put her back on the screen.

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Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 8

Edmund Gwenn. He's very ill at the Motion Picture Country Home in Woodland Hills, California. Teddy, as everyone here calls him, is 83 years old, and has been ill for years with agonizing arthritis... Dale Robertson, determined not to rush into marriage again, brought his mother from Oklahoma to keep house for him.

Raymond Burr looks more svelte every week on his "Perry Mason" show. He should, he has lost 100 pounds in the past 12 months... Jack Webb's ex, Dorothy Towne, gets dreamy-eyed when you mention the name of Charles Evans—brother of Bob. While Bob does ditto for Mary Murphy. I can't understand what is holding Bob back from the big movie time. This handsome lad has just about everything.

Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner want to do a play together on Broadway. But, one part is usually bigger than the other, and doesn't often work out. Although it certainly has for Lunt and Fontanne and Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy... Betty Hutton's pals are keeping their prayers going for her reconciliation to last with husband, Alan Livingstone. I think it would if Betty abandoned her career... Fernandel, treated very well by Bob Hope in "Paris Holiday," footage-wise, and every-which-way-wise, is still steamed up because he says some of the stuff he wrote into the picture was cut. If Bob cut it, there must have been a good reason.

It's hard to dig some of these Hollywood people. Not too long before she married Mike Wilding, Susan Nell was planning to marry race horse trainer, Tom Neville-Clark... Which reminds me of Vic Damone, who was dating Maria Pavan shortly before he popped the question to twin sister Pier Angeli. This marriage would be happier if they were not separated by work so often... Paramount could have had Audrey Hepburn and Bill Holden in the same picture for $118,000 the pair. But someone let little Audrey's option lapse. Each of them are in the $300,000 with gross percentage bracket... Jean Simmons, trying to gain weight, eats a daily luncheon of peaches and milk with a raw egg. Ugh... And did I tell you that Jayne Mansfield's bed in her new house will be heart-shaped, like the pool.

END

Coming Attractions
continued from page 10

tempts to hold his own with housekeeper Estelle Winwood who digs rock-'n'-roll and whiskey decanters. One stormy night, Debbie Reynolds stumbles into this scene of hibernation following a chase by John Saxon whom she suspects of ulterior motives. A night under the shelter of charming Jurgens' roof transforms Debbie from the hunted into the huntress. Jurgens' goose is cooked. His days and nights as an eligible bachelor are numbered, all of which proves very effectively that not only wine improves with age. Sex is rampant in this Eastman Color romp, and Debbie, as if you didn't know, is a clever comedienne. (Universal-International.)

St. Louis Blues

Based on the life of the late jazz composer, W. C. Handy, father of the Blues, this stars Nat "King" Cole in the lead role. As with most famous men, Handy's life had disappointment, opposition and misfortune. The composer's talents are put on the right track when a singer, Eartha Kitt, senses that the unknown piano-player's music could make her famous. She gets him a job as the band leader in a Memphis night club run, in the film, by Cab Calloway. Music starts pouring out and the royalties start pouring in, and as fast as he makes it, Handy spends it. Then a personal tragedy, blindness, ends the success story temporarily. Jazz at its best in smoky, dark night-clubs, and sung by throaty voices that know what the singing is all about. (Paramount.)

Cry Terror

This is a die-it-yourself scheme bound to attract quite a share of attention. Forced by threats on the lives of his wife, Inger Stevens, and their little daughter from Rod Steiger, TV repairman James Mason turns out an ingenious bomb device. With this bomb, Steiger plans to force an airline company into paying him $500,000 or the bomb will be planted in one of the regular passenger loaded transport planes. Fortunately, while all this is going on, the FBI, represented by agent Kenneth Tobey, is aware of Steiger's plans, but until they close in, Inger and Mason have their aging process hastened by about 15 years. Effective thriller with the usual assortment of nasty badmen. (MGM.)

High Flight

The moment British air cadet Kenneth Haigh, on the carpet for disobeying flight orders, squares up to commanding officer Ray Milland and asks: "Sir, didn't you ever make a mis-

"TOO Much, Too Soon," offers Dorothy Malone her most challenging acting role.

Took Much, Too Soon

Though billed as a daring story, this actually is nothing more than the sad story of a wasted life. From childhood on, Diana Barrymore (Dorothy Malone) was desperately in need of love. Her parents, John Barrymore (Errol Flynn), and writer Michael Strange, played by Neva Patterson, were too busy chasing their own lives to bother much with Diana. In time, lack of love began to show—and even though Barrymore gave more time to his daughter prior to his death, it was a case of too little, too late. Men, partially represented by Ray Dunton, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Martin Milner and Edward Kemmer, and alcohol took over. Good acting, especially by Flynn, but all in all, depressing. (Warner Bros.)

From Hell To Texas

Searching for his father, Don Murray tries to cause as little trouble as possible. Then, one night at a dance, there's an abrupt switch. During a fight over a girl, the son of a wealthy rancher falls on his own knife. Murray is accused of murder. With papa, his two remaining sons, and all the hired hands in hot pursuit, Murray takes off. The odds for his survival narrow down con-

continued on page 67
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"I thought that if you walked around you were noticed. Especially if you walked by a studio somebody inside would spot you and come tearing out with, 'I want you to be in pictures!' I really did. What a jolt when it wasn't that way!

"Before long I was reduced to getting a hamburger and a bottle of milk at Googie's and carrying my dinner across the street to my room. I didn't know anyone, so I didn't talk to anybody. I was ashamed to be broke. I phoned a boy I'd met in New York, and he introduced me to someone who became my first friend out here. I roomed with him for five months. I applied for a job as a gas station attendant and found you have to live in California six months before you're eligible. I couldn't get a job any place. Finally, I landed one putting up TV antennas high in the hills, for houses down in canyons. I never got inside a studio, and saw only one movie star. That was Frank Sinatra, who drove by fast on Santa Monica Boulevard. Gradually, I awoke to the facts of movie-making. I had to be better prepared. I'd never tried to be in school plays. I couldn't afford to go to drama classes. So I went home to make new plans. Still, it was fun—the whole scene—and I would do it all over again!"

**WHEN** he returned home, he was welcomed as warmly as if he'd become famous in his absence. He did some more singing and wasn't nagged. And he and Gloria were secretly married five months before he celebrated his 19th birthday. Their love story would make a romantic movie.

"I'm all for young marriages. We wished we hadn't had to wait that long. If I'd been paid for singing, it wouldn't have had to be an elopement. Of course, I was concerned about how I'd make our living. "We took the plunge on Friday, the 13th of January, 1955. No, we're not superstitious! Two older people went along with us to Elton, Maryland. The fellow who was supposed to be my father couldn't spell my last name when we got the license, and the woman who was presumably Gloria's mother, wasn't too convincing the first two minutes. But, somehow, we all passed! Gloria and I returned to our separate homes and didn't tell our folks for a year, not until I had the job we could live on."

His flair for friendship, another facet of Jimmy's charm, has embellished his life. He ran into a pal who'd just quit as Jose Greco's assistant stage manager, and that friend suggested that he go after that job. He did, and got it. Three months with the celebrated Greco dancers meant the backstage experience he needed. And his long talks with Jose were stimulating. Greco declared Jimmy had definite acting talent, and advised him to have some first-class pictures taken; he also recommended a simpler last name, so Jimmy picked a last name from a car he admired. Enrollment in Stella Adler's drama classes in Manhattan came next. He'd been attending them for only two weeks when he went to the executive offices at Columbia Pictures to see that talent scout about the photographs he'd sent in. Three days later he signed the contract that sent him to Hollywood on another plane, on salary. He didn't slow down for a screen test or an agent.

But he did go home on a memorable evening at 11 o'clock, he says, skipping back to Gloria. His folks were asleep when he let himself in. "Dad, I'm married!" he cried. His mother threw her arms around him, too.

"I flew out alone to Hollywood to get started, and Gloria came a month later."

By then, he was playing the romantic juvenile lead in "Rumble On The Docks." The curly-headed Latin with the little grace was precisely what the camera had ordered.

"When Gloria arrived, I was living on Vine Street and walking to the studio because I had no car. In another month, we got wheels and off a main street."

Acting has come as automatically as the terrific fan response to his appearance. He promptly enrolled in the studio's dramatic classes, where he reports faithfully for excellent coaching. In "Gunsaw's Walk," as Tab Hunter's brother, he rides a horse as if reared on a saddle; he also is the romantic one who wins the girl. He'd like to be a singing cowboy on the screen, too.

"Gloria and I are in our fourth apartment now, out in the Valley. We've moved to a little nicer place when we could, and this time we shopped together to buy our own furniture. They've improved each residence, so it isn't surprising that Jimmy has been wielding a paint brush lavishly. The baby's room is his particular joy. Jimmy, Jr., isn't quite a year-and-a-half yet, but he's ahead of the other Hollywood babies as the most idolized little lad in town.

Gloria went to a modeling school in Philadelphia and then worked temporarily as a secretary when she reached California. "But she's retired now. She has no ambition for a career." Jimmy notes contemptuously. "She's a great wife, a perfect mother, and her cooking is dream stuff. I'm certainly glad I didn't marry an actress," he says honestly. "Gloria can take time to be a real down-to-earth woman!"

Everything in Hollywood attracts his attention; there's so much to learn. In the process, he hasn't fallen off-balance. "The publicity struck me speechless," he admits. "I thought it'd be just the same here as living in Philadelphia." The torrent of questions about his personal preferences has been explained to him as part of the game, so Jimmy doesn't mind "this jazz" any more.

But he isn't being drawn into the superficial whirl. "I don't like to put on airs. I don't like to run around to parties. I'd rather stay home, for Gloria and the baby are a lot more fun. When we want to go a distance, we drive to the desert for a day. Gloria packs a picnic lunch and she and Junior watch me while I do some shooting."

Jimmy likes to get up early and tackle the special pieces of furniture he's building. He plays tennis, baseball, and rides a motorcycle when he can. Someted he wants a swimming pool, and later on, a ranch. He'll splurge on a super sports car when that's not silly; meantime, they pile cozily into a Volkswagen. The other day he was aching to buy a horse from a stunt man who has 40, but the fellow declined to take advantage of him. "He told me I was an old man with a wife and baby, that I couldn't afford it. So, you see, everybody out here isn't trying to make you spend more than you make. I hate to live on a budget," Jimmy concludes frankly. "But, if we didn't, we wouldn't have anything."

He doesn't deceive himself. When he wants something, he doesn't deny it, or evade what it requires. So don't warn him that his dreams are impossible. Don't harp on the hazards of following his heart. In a discontented world, he's dared do what seemed logical to him. His isn't a surface success. Here's a happy young soul who knows that direct action brings the answers, and that love is giving, good to those dear to him. No wonder he's the Jimmy for whom there are no jinxes! 

**END**
from the mistakes of the past, we won’t make so many in the future."

When, after serving in the armed forces in World War II, Clark Gable came back to the screen, he co-starred in his first picture with Greer Garson, and publicists gleefully cheered “Gable’s Back and Garson’s Got Him.” This glad news was proclaimed from billboards and theatre posters throughout the land.

Now, like Clark Gable, Shirley’s back and throughout TV land publicists can proudly declare, “Shirley’s Back” . . . but, and here’s the rub, Charles Black’s still got her. Neither ambition, applause nor financial gain can beat Black’s time with Shirley.

He’s the handsome prince that very definitely has won the fair lady, and no ogre or dragon, not even that monster, television, can change the story. This time it looks as though the fairy tale came true, and, to the delight of her millions of fans, the beautiful princess with the knight of her choice is going to live happily ever after.

**Coming Attractions**

siderably after he sets off a stampede in which the second son is killed. Ill-starred though his future may be, the cowpoke does meet Diane Varsi and her father, Chill Wills, which, considering how Diane looks in snug leather breeches, brightens the picture a great deal. Also on hand to lend help is peddler and Indian authority Jay C. Flippen. Unusually good Western that shows why a man can’t keep running away forever and still expect to live at peace with himself. (20th Century-Fox.)

**Windon’s Way**

FRIEND and advisor of the natives of the Far Eastern village where he practices medicine, Doctor Peter Finch finds it difficult not to meddle in local politics. While the village is seething with unrest, Finch’s wife, Mary Ure, after a two years’ separation, thinks the time is ripe to reconcile. Fresh from the drawing rooms of London, Mary doesn’t blanch at the primitive living conditions. Instead, she behaves very well—much better in fact than the honorable doctor who, like so many other do-gooders, is shocked when he finally learns the human mind is often a baffling maze of devious reasoning. Filmed in Eastman Color, this holds your interest while keeping you informed on one matter of foreign affairs. (J. Arthur Rank.)

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**America’s Sweetheart—Again**

continued from page 61

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437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
JOINTING forces, Tony Martin and Gogi Grant have taken the score for the Lerner-Loeewe (of "My Fair Lady" fame) movie musical version of "Gigi" and done right handsomely by it. Tony is, of course, a past master of the ballad, and Gogi seems to make a specialty of dressing up Hollywood soundtracks (Victor) ... Patti Page, Miss Big of "The Big Record" TV show, has pulled a complete switcheroo in her latest Mercury album, "The Waltz Queen." Twelve, count 'em, twelve tunes, all in the required \( \frac{3}{4} \) tempo, are offered as proof positive of Patti's versatility. 

Andy Williams is a personable young fellow with an open-faced grin who enjoyed a long, rewarding stay on the Steve Allen "Tonight" show. In his new Cadence album, "Andy Williams Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein," Andy has no trouble at all with the R&H factor, polishes off their top show tunes with dispatch. Devotees of Chicago Jazz, Kansas City Jazz, New Orleans Jazz, Two Beat and Dixieland will go slightly ecstatic over the Capitol LP "Jazz Ultimate" featuring the combined talents of Bobby Hackett on trumpet and Jack Teagarden on trombone. Tunes like "I Found A New Baby" and "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" are bright and fresh, and yet nostalgic.

In a vocal history of the Hollywood musical, Doris Day does a fantastic job of selling the fine tunes that have been written for the movies. The Columbia album, "Hooray For Hollywood," covers two LP's and 24 tunes that range from "Night And Day" (1933) to "Three Coins In The Fountain" (1954). Just in passing we'd like to note that the Victor soundtrack album of the movie "South Pacific" makes it quite clear that the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical will continue to improve with age. It's hard to picture anything but disaster emerging from an amalgam of the torchy songstress Carmen McRae with the ultra-sophisticated words and music of Noel Coward. We're happy to report that the noble experiment attempted in a Decca album titled, "Mad About That Man," is a complete success. We can't explain it; we just like it. The great George Shearing piano has found a new backdrop to set off its beautiful sound. Added to the Quintet is the Jud Conlon Choir. The Capitol album "Night Mist" is an effective blending of voice and instrument. We particularly enjoyed "Darn That Dream" and "Imagination."

The Irish are a singing race and no one has proven it better than folk balladeer Burl Ives in his new Decca album, "Songs Of Ireland." Some are haunting, some caworting, some frothy, some fierce, but, sure, they're all things of beauty when touched by Burl's rich baritone. 

... Sammy Davis, Jr., who can do any entertainment chore in the book a little better than practically anybody, proves he can belt a ballad with the best of 'em in his current Decca album, "Mood To Be Woosed." With guitarist Mundell Lowe setting the scene, Sammy sings up a storm on numbers such as "Try A Little Tenderness" and "I've Got A Crush On You". ... The Mercury album, "Sarah Vaughan At Mr. Kelly's," is a taped session of Sarah Vaughan on duty at the famous Chicago night spot. Everything has been left in—the club's audience, the forgotten lyrics, but, most of all, the spontaneous aliveness of Sarah that keeps her offerings always fresh, exciting and different. ... Kenton's back and the Rendezvous Ballroom's got 'im. At the scene of his first spectacular triumphs in 1941, Stan Kenton and his Orchestra set up light housekeeping and dig in for a long stay. The Capitol LP "Rendezvous With Kenton" was recorded in the ballroom and the results are electric. The 17 years in between sessions seem to melt away.
Life With
A French Wife
continued from page 38

care about these matters. It is important to have one who does.
"More women, especially American women, might give this some thought."
"It isn't," he hastened to add, "that either of us is a health faddist. We both like to eat and eat well. It is simply that you have to use common sense about these things occasionally, especially if you are in pictures."

He has found that Veronique is a practical woman about other matters, too. Money, for instance.
"I am inclined to be careless about money," he admits, cheerfully. "I see things that I want in the shops, things that I think would make nice presents for Veronique or the children . . . or for me . . . and I am likely to say, 'I'll have that. Just charge it.' So, at the end of the month when the bills come in they can be pretty appalling.

"But Veronique has never said anything about this weakness of mine. She has had a surer way to cure me. She has simply let me wrestle with the accounts myself. She has never said, 'Now, didn't I tell you . . . ' and she has never offered to help. She has just stood by quietly, looking amused.

"And do you know what that has done to me? It has made me want to be better about these things, has made me want to use my head about money . . . just to please her. Because when she is pleased, she is quick to tell me so. But she has never, but never, nagged at me about my spending. I think if she had, it might have made me defiant, as nagging makes so many men defiant . . ."

"I remember the late John Barrymore when he was trying not to drink and his wife shook her finger at him one night in a bar and admonished, 'Now, you're not to order anything . . . .' whereupon John ordered twelve martinis, had them set in a row in front of him and drank his way methodically through the dozen.

"I think that is a natural male reaction to a nagging wife. When she tries to 'forbid' him to do something, the normal male rebels and doubles and doubles whatever it is she wants him not to do. A wife can make a man want to please her . . . if she uses her head.

"But if she allows him to think that she is trying to 'reform' him, change his character or his habits, then he and she are both in trouble. I know I appreciate Veronique much more and try much harder to please her than I would if I suspected that she was 'working on me', trying to change me."

Actually, although Greg is now a part owner of one of his big pictures, "The Big Country," he doesn't think he is a very good executive. "I know stories and

continued on page 70

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LIFE WITH A FRENCH WIFE
continued

casting. I think,” he says, “but I have experts to handle the rest of the details. I’m not very sharp at figures... if you doubt me, ask Veronique! She could probably tell those experts some of my failings but I doubt that she would.”

In the next year, the Pecks expect to re-do and partially remodel the lovely home they have bought. Greg is leaving that almost entirely to Veronique,... to create the "peaceful background" which is so important to both of them.

“I know that she will do it with the utmost simplicity,” he says, “and that is all I ask. I expect she will use a great deal of white in the backgrounds, because she likes that. I also think she will blend French, Spanish and Mexican motifs, with splashes of color where they count. But that is all up to her.

“About paintings and so on, I expect she will consult me because I have already collected some of those. But still... I want it to be entirely up to her.”

The Pecks do not make any particular ado about birthdays or anniversaries, except for the children who take these things seriously. But for Greg and Veronique, a present which “just happened to occur to me” is more important and more fun than one which has to be planned weeks in advance because there is a certain date coming up. Anniversaries have whisked right past these two with neither of them noticing unless a newspaper columnist happened to mention it. But the “I-just-happened-to-think-of-it” gifts make life a lot of fun for them. Sometimes these are small and strictly for laughs. Sometimes they are important. It doesn’t really matter. They are loved and appreciated either way.

“Understanding and good humor are the important things in the wife of a busy man,” says Greg, plus the quality which I can only call ‘grace’, which means, I guess, the ability to create peace for a man. Veronique has these and I am grateful to her for them.”

END

Her Halo Never Was
continued from page 51

flower-petal English skin from the hot California sun. At this, Deborah hooted.

“Good heavens,” she exclaimed, “Do you want me known as The Skin?”

Then there was the international expert on bosoms, who sought out Deborah on the subject of adding to, or leaving well enough alone. What did Miss Kerr think, the man wanted to know, about this business of wearing falsies?

“Gracious,” said Miss Kerr, “would any man want to be married to a pair of falsies? I’m not what anybody would call over-abundant, but never once did I consider wearing those—those well, dreadful apparenances!”

On still another occasion, a persistent reporter tackled her with a demand that she state her views on such profound subjects as rock ‘n’ roll music, the allowable area of cleavage for a glamour girl, and whether Miss Kerr was a fan of Elvis Presley’s. Deborah looked the man over with a sparkle in her eye.

“You want me to say I like Elvis Presley?” she asked. “Very well, I like Elvis Presley. But why, for goodness’ sake, doesn’t someone ever ask Elvis if he likes me?”

A major problem in completing a report on Deborah is that it is literally impossible to find anyone who will say anything unfavorable about her. Her admirers, both men and women, are made up, without exception, of everyone who has ever worked with her or had any contact with her. This reporter approached Bob Mitchum, who co-starred with Deborah in “Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison,” with a rumor that at times Miss Kerr had shown a small wisp of a temper.

“She was a touch edgy now and then,” said Mitchum, “but no temper—absolutely no temper.

“Of course,” Mitchum went on, “there was that day when Deborah and I were out in a life raft off Tobago, trying to catch the giant turtle we needed to keep us alive. The sun was blazing, the sea was rough, and we had been going through the same piece of action for hours. Deborah was wearing her heavy nun’s outfit, and she was paddling the life raft, while I was trying to spear the turtle. The director, John Huston, was behind us in the camera skiff, and pretty comfortable. I might say, while all the time he was hawling, ‘Faster, Deborah; paddle faster. You’re not working hard enough.’

“Suddenly the flimsy paddle in Deborah’s blistered hands broke in half. For a moment she sat there, glaring at Huston. Then she picked up a piece of the broken paddle and flung it straight at, John’s head. ‘There,’ she said, ‘that will show you how blanketly hard I’m working, Mr. Huston!’

“But she wasn’t mad,” said Mitchum. “Just edgy.”

“What you mean then,” said Mitchum’s interrogator, “is that there is really nothing bad you can say about Deborah.”

“No,” said Bob, “and nobody else is saying anything bad about her, either.”

Happily married for some 13 years to TV producer Tony Bartley, and with two fine young daughters, Deborah confesses now that she is glad she did not wed the first man to whom she was engaged. “He was an American,” she says, “and I broke our engagement by pushing him into the river. He was so impertinent; he used
to whistle at me and call me ‘Red’. One day we were out boating, and he was so very busy showing off his white flannels. Suddenly I couldn’t restrain myself. I don’t think I even turned around. I merely put out a hand and shoved him into the Thames. Oddly enough, it made him absolutely mad about me, but I still felt I couldn’t marry him.”

But not too long afterwards, Deborah met Anthony Cheetham Bartley, son of a British knight, and an RAF fighter pilot who downed 15 German planes during the battle of Britain. “Tony,” says Deborah now, “courted me in a quiet public school way. He had asked me the usual things, such as ‘Do you know so-and-so?’ and I had said ‘Yes,’ and ‘Do you hunt?’ It was a very reticent thing, really, and madly British.”

Eventually, while Deborah was on location making a film in Ireland, Tony cabled a proposal. With characteristic lack of coyness, Deborah wired back: “Yes. When?”

Once married to Tony, however, Deborah found herself with a bit of adjusting to do. The charming and good-looking Tony had always been gregarious, and although by this time Deborah was one of Britain’s best-known new stars, she rarely took part in London’s social life. She and her husband had barely settled down in their new flat when Tony announced that they were invited to a party given by an old flame of his.

“I don’t want to go,” said Deborah. “I hate parties.”

“But put on your black dress,” said her bridesmaid.

“We could easily have had our first quarrel,” says Deborah now. “But I said to myself, ‘Let’s not make heavy weather of this, old girl’—and I went.”

Even today, “never making heavy weather of things” is the theme of Deborah’s life. “I think most of us,” she says, “exaggerate the problems that come our way. It can’t be clear sailing all the time. But we needn’t cry alarm every time a small cloud appears on our horizon. Today, if The Master and I have a spat, he goes out for a half dozen turns around the garden, and I go upstairs and soak in a hot tub.”

The Bartleys have two daughters: Melanie, nine, who has her mother’s red hair, freckles and coloring and her father’s eyes, and Francesca, six, who is the image of Tony but has Deborah’s eyes. They are youngsters with beautiful manners, but they can also come up with some of the same surprising observations, humorous and uninhibited, that are like an extension of their mother.

Deborah is honest enough to admit, as she once did, “that living apart occasionally is good for people.” As she explained: “More often than not, I am at one end of the world, making a picture, and Tony is at the other, on his TV assignments; you just have to wave a plane at him, and he’s off. But one must be realistic about marriage. It sounds cold-blooded, but it isn’t. Tony married me knowing that I would always be an actress. If he’d wanted a homebody he could’ve married the Vicar’s daughter. He is also good-humored enough to tell stories on herself—stories that do not always show her up in a glamorous light. One time, back in her London days, some friends of Deborah’s induced her to join them at the races. It should be noted that Miss K, born an Edinburgh girl, has the natural thrift of the Scots, and does not normally toss her money around with abandon. At any rate, she was willing to hazard a couple of shillings, then around fifty cents, on the opening race. The horse she picked came in sixth. She wagered another two shillings on the following race. Again her choice was unfortunate. She took stock of her finances and realized that she was already a dollar in the hole. “Enough,” she cried. “I shall never gamble again as long as I live!”

Again, discussing film kisses, Deborah maintained that she could only remember the “uncomfortable ones.” There was one, she recalled laughing, in “Perfect Strangers” (released as “Vacation From Marriage” in the United States). Said Deborah: “During my metamorphosis from the dear, young, poor, surviving wife, to the chichi, glamorous girl, a naval architect, played by Roland Culver, fell in love with me. We did the big kissing scene on location in Scotland. I was sitting on the ground and all was well until the actual take. Roland was kissing me tenderly, during which I got a burning sensation in my thighs. It wasn’t passion; I was sitting on an ants’ nest. I didn’t dare break the scene because we had waited hours to get this one tiny bit of sunshine. After the take, I broke away from Culver with such haste, the poor man must have thought he was obnoxious to me. But I was too embarrassed to explain I literally had ants in my pants!”

It is this salty approach to life that has made Deborah so much admired in Hollywood. She is, as one lady columnist put it “more popular in this town than lower taxes, smogless weather and Milltown all rolled into one.” The inimitable Zsa Zsa Gabor, a lady who rarely, if ever, recognizes even the existence of other women, recently proclaimed, “Deborah Kerr is my dream woman, my favorite actress. If I wanted to be anybody else other than Zsa Zsa, I’d like to be Deborah Kerr.” And good friend William Holden declared, “I am not going to say Deborah is just like the girl next door. She’s far from it—thank God.”

It may be true, as Deborah has complained—no doubt with tongue in cheek—that “nobody ever whistles at me.” There are hordes of males willing to correct that situation soon enough. When they do whistle, as they will, they may also point out to Miss K, that her halo is on crooked. Deborah will take it calmly, “I know, I know,” she’ll probably say. “But it’s so much more fun this way, life’s gayer.”

END
My favorite MOVIE STARS are:

(1) ___________________________

(2) ___________________________

(3) ___________________________

(4) ___________________________

(5) ___________________________

(6) ___________________________

My favorite TELEVISION STARS are:

(1) ___________________________

(2) ___________________________

(3) ___________________________

(4) ___________________________

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**“MY FRIEND, JIM GARNER” continued**

apartment out Sherman Oaks way in San Fernando Valley. They’re furnishing it piece by piece, with an eye to using everything later when they buy their own home. In the meantime, the apartment isn’t ready to be photographed, which is why Jim holds off. There’s a closet in the den, which is Jim’s favorite haunt, and it’s bulging with skiing, skin diving, tennis, golf and fishing equipment. Because Lois says it’s worth your life to open the door, Jim tucked up a sign that reads: “Open at your own risk. Owner not responsible for accidents!”

Jim’s apartment house has a swimming pool and this is one feature Donna and I miss in our little hillside home. But we do have space for a barbecue, which steak and potatoes Garner doesn’t have. It all makes for bigger and better swapping. We try to abstain from talking shop away from the studio and prefer to leave our Western costumes where they belong, in the studio wardrobe department. I’m sure Jim owns a variety of neckties but like me, he rarely wears one. You learn a lot about a man when you work together constantly and I would say that Jim Garner hasn’t a single prejudice. That is, unless it’s for Notre Dame! They beat Jim’s native Oklahoma last year, so can blame him.

Since his phenomenal successes there are so many requests for Jim’s services, he’d have to be superman to fill them. He’s wanted for benefits, personal appearances and I’m sure every Hollywood hostess has him high on her guest list. There simply isn’t time for all this, with one exception. Jim’s very partial and loyal to people from Oklahoma, as the following proves. He had finally managed to get three days off and looked forward to it with all the enthusiasm of a kid when circus comes to town. Then the graduating class of his old school asked him to judge a beauty contest and sent on photographs of the contestants. “This I can’t refuse,” said Jim and he gave up his precious golf to spend most of the week-end selecting the winner.

When you work week in and week out on a sound stage, you almost lose contact with the outside world. Jim actually never realized Maverick’s effect on the public, until he flew to New York and appeared on the Jerry Lewis show against muscular dystrophy. The boys back there tell a wonderful story that illustrates Jim’s naivete and modesty. He had only experienced studio reaction to our series and like he said—“They get paid to praise it!” Well, it seems he was asked to wear his “Maverick” costume, but when he tried to get out of the Roosevelt Hotel, the people mobbed him. So Jim went back to his room and changed. He thought he wouldn’t be recognized in civilian clothes. But he got mobbed all over again!

In my opinion, Jim will never lose this modesty and his background is the reason. He’s the first one to tell you about the times he didn’t have two coins to jingle and he still remembers those empty pockets and stomach. I don’t think he’ll ever go Hollywood, as the saying goes, for several solid reasons. He never puts people or things in categories. Instead, he makes the best of what life has to offer and expects nothing for free. When he looks around, I think he’s constantly amazed that—“I got lucky myself.”

Jim’s heart is in his work but, figuratively speaking, his feet are still firmly planted in Oklahoma. Having been a drifter, both on and off the screen, he’s learned to be realistic about everything. As a result, he’s found the answer to what most of us are seeking. He’s found out how to be a happy man and by his own admittance—”It’s the only sure thing I’ve ever had!” When you’re an honest gambler, it’s nice to know that the cards aren’t stacked against you. END

**Hollywood Love Life continued from page 12**

would always celebrate their anniversary on Easter, whatever the date. Technically, this way they could celebrate twice. Each year Bob tries to surprise Jane with a dinner party but she’s long since learned to expect it. Anyway, they’ve had 15 happy anniversaries.

TV ROMANCE—Barbara Eden was working in the filmed TV series “How To Marry A Millionaire” and Michael Ansara was playing Cochise in “Broken Arrow” on the same lot. They met. They had a date. They fell in love. Three months later, they married. Now, another month later, they’ve decided the honeymoon must be over, because Barbara has gained eight pounds. Mike, five. “That’s what happiness and good cooking can do!” says Mike. They’ve started dieting.

HOPE’S TALENTS—Not only is she an Oscar-caliber actress but Hope Lange is another gal who’s a wonderful cook and she confesses she learned the culinary-art when she was a girl and her mother ran a restaurant in New York’s Greenwich Village. Hope and husband Don Murray decided to have a decorator help them remodel the oldish house they bought. The decorator wanted to start in the kitchen and said, “First, that ugly old stove must go.” It was a huge six-burner gas range. Gastronomic Hope dug in her pretty heels, refused, and it was the decorator who went. The Murrays now are decorating the house, hit or miss, to suit themselves.

**MAYBE—Are those dates of Martha Hyer and Gene Kelly getting serious? Friends think perhaps they are because neither one has a thing to say about said dates. But Gene is now off to Switzerland to visit daughter Kerry at school there and then he will bring her back for a long summer vacation with him at his Malibu beach house.**

**STILL SINGLE—France Nuyen came back from vacation in her native France without marrying that young dentist there. Says she needs more time to know her mind and also confesses that she almost married at 14! “It scares me to think what I almost did. I doubt the permanence of teenage love.” France is so beautiful in “South Pacific” but then, the whole picture is beautiful, wonderful, the Most.**

**LOVER BOY—Rosanno Brazzi, a real heart-throb as Emile De Becque in “South Pacific,” gifted his real-life love, Lydia, with a dazzling diamond ring for their 18th wedding anniversary. They’ve rented a house in Beverly Hills because he’ll be commuting between here and Europe for the next several years.**

**MARLON WANTS GIRL—Pier Angeli gave a big baby shower for Anna Kashfi Brando at which Anna confided that Marlon hopes the bambino, expected around July 1, will be a girl. “I don’t care; I just want a fine healthy baby,” she said. Anna never looked lovelier in a pale blue dress with flowers in her hair that matched her flowered shoes. Pier wore a striking ensemble: shocking pink suit with red blouse and ropes of pink and red beads. Anna’s presents were all baby things except a lovely, lacy bed-jacket for her. Thinking that too was meant for the baby, she held it up and asked, “So big?” No one brought a torn T-shirt, infant size, for the heir or heiress apparent.**

**WHAT A FAMILY—Dean Martin has just opened a restaurant on the Strip which he plans to operate personally, along with all his other projects. But if his own family eats there often, his profits will go down. He and Jeanne have their own three children and also Dean’s four by a previous marriage! They consume between 75 and 80 quarts of milk a week!**

**TOGETHER AGAIN—Ray Danton and Julie Adams, husband and wife off-screen, have professionally again in “Flag Over Tarawa.” But they have no love scenes together. Ray and Julie film-teams three years ago in “The Looters.” In that one, Julie’s romance was not Ray but Rory Calhoun. But it was while making that film that Julie and Ray met and fell in love. END**
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Screenland
Volume 60, No. 8
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INSIDE NEWS
Debbie Reynolds 15 Debbie Takes The Stand by Peer J. Oppenheimer
Tab Hunter 46 The Ordeal Of Tab Hunter by Bill Tusher

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
Hugh O'Brian 18 "I Wanna Get Married!" by Helen Hendricks
Joanne Woodward 27 Rebels In Love by Maxine Black
and Paul Newman
Tommy Sands 31 He's No Mother's Boy by Poul Benedict
Kim Novak 35 In Search Of Prince Charming by Jock Holland
Hope Lange 43 This Is The Missus by Michael Sheridan
Kathy Grant 50 Breakfast With Mrs. Crosby by John Maynard

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES
Audrey Hepburn 22 Raomin' Thru Rome
and Mel Ferrer
John Gavin 38 Tall, Dark And Honsdome
Rossano Brazzi 52 The Brazzi Charm

SPECIAL FEATURES
Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheila Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Fashions 56 Everybody Loves A Sailor by Sue Collins
Records 68 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

COVER: NATALIE WOOD, STARRING IN THE U.A. RELEASE, "KINGS GO FORTH," AND HUGH O'BRIAN, STAR OF ABC-TV'S "WYATT EARP" SERIES

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2. Choose lightweight luggage. You'll be glad you did when porters are nowhere to be seen.

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SHEILAH GRAHAM reporting from Hollywood, the TV, radio, record, oh yes, and movie capital of the world... Kim Novak should be Mrs. Lt. Gen. Trujillo by the time you read this—unless his divorce took too long and the unpredictable Kim found herself another wealthy beau. Why is it that poor men don't seem to fall in love with her... Julie London is having the last laugh on ex-spouse Jack Webb, who put her through the emotional wringer at the time of their break-up. Julie, well-known in Australia for the past two years because of her record hits, giggles that Mr. Webb is now being billed down under as "the ex-husband of your favorite, Julie London," to help put over Australia's newly-acquired "Dragnet" series. Julie is still collecting $18,000 a year from Sergeant Friday in alimony.

Clark Gable returned to Hollywood in one piece, but only just, after his p.a. tour to plug "Teacher's Pet"—his film with Doris Day. It was the King's first selling trip. And it's going to be his last. Too much attention can be too much...

Just found out the real reason why Audrey Hepburn did not land the lead in "The Diary Of Anne Frank." It wasn't the money; it was the time. Audrey could only give director George Stevens a certain number of weeks, and George can't work like that. I'm waiting to see if he chose wisely in 20-year-old Millie Perkins, the lovely Elizabeth Taylor-ish looking model who took a pay cut to play the tragic Anne Frank... Walter Wanger says he knows nothing of a marital separation with wife Joan Bennett. But is it just a coincidence that Joan's work keeps her more and more in the East, while Walter toils here?

Jack Benny isn't stingy, as he wants you to think in his radio and TV shows. But he hates to lose money at the tables in Vegas. His limit, per day, during his four weeks at the Flamingo there recently, $50—or $1,400 for the four weeks. That's a lot to lose—for you and me...

Author Meyer Levin met a member of the "Ben Hur" company in Israel and asked, "How's Hollywood?" "Still there," he was told. "Strange," replied the au...

continued on page 8

THREE who find the party fun are Rock Hudson, Doris Day, hubby Marty Melcher.

NEW parents Greg and Veronique Peck hoped the baby would be a girl and it was.
They met...
They knew they shouldn't have...
They couldn't stop.
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN
continued

thor of "Compulsion," "I'd heard it had vanished."... A London pen pal writes that right up to show time, it was uncertain whether Rex Harrison would star in the London stage version of "My Fair Lady"—because of those interviews given by Stanley Holloway. But I always knew he would make it. His role was made to order for the London carriage trade. ... Wife Kay Kendall says she hates Rex's "Sexy" nickname. Well, he is Kay, as you should know. ... Rex, by the way, is more chummy with first wife Colette, than with second, Lilli Palmer. He doesn't have to pay either of them any alimony because both have remarried.

His friends were amazed when Tyrone Power married Debbie Minardos. She resembles Linda Christian and we all thought he'd had enough of that. ... And Victor Mature, who's bad quite a lot of marriage, is asking Jay Urich of London to marry him. He went so far as to set up the whole business in Las Vegas, but Jay backed out. She wants to be sure the mating will be permanent. Can anyone be sure? ... Startling admission from Sophia Loren recently—that she can't swim. She landed her first film role by telling the director that she was an expert swimmer.

Quote from Jayne Mansfield, "To be sexually attractive to millions of people doesn't give me a thrill any more." ... Fervens sake, what does? ... Spotted in a London newspaper: Cary Grant, buying some leather goods, "Do you know who I am?" "Of course," the shopkeeper is quoted as saying—"It's a pleasure to serve you Mr. Clark Gable." Now if Cary really said this, and the other said that, I'll eat this typewriter.

Tommy Sands bid adieu to Molly Bee because "We're too young." So he promptly dated Piper Laurie who is eight years older. Tommy's picture price has tripled from the $10,000 he was paid for "Sing, Boy, Sing."

Elvis Presley is about the most popular man in Uncle Sam's army. Elvis is very generous with the green stuff. With $1,000 a week coming in rain, shine or Army from his recording company, Elvis can afford to scatter his money, but not everyone with money does. At last count, Elvis was receiving 30,000 fan letters a month. ... Errol Flynn's professor father believes that Errol is settling down, and credits third wife, Pat Wymore, with turning the trick. Pat's formula—"I have never tried to change him.”

Most popular TV boss—Bob Cummings. He praises lavishly and works harder than any ten men I know. I was there the morning his dressing room was looted of all his TV wardrobe. But Bob was calm as all get out. He only acts fussed on his show. ... Art Linkletter is pretty cool, too. I remember when I forgot to report for my stint on "House Party." Art just went on with someone else. ... And say, isn't his son Jack coming along fine as an M.C., following in Dad's expert footsteps? It isn't easy with those two red lights glaring at you so relentlessly.

Eddie Fisher's deal with the Tropicana in Las Vegas will bring him one million dollars for appearing there for one engagement a year for the next five. Eddie is making another miff from his hit record, "Kari Waits For Me," from "Windjammer." ... So is Dean Martin from his waxing of "Return To Me." ... However, Frank Sinatra and Keely Smith didn't do as well as expected with their "How Are You Fixed For Love." ... And Ricky Nelson is learning that being a star isn't always fun. He had to change hotels three times the last time he was away from home. ... Tony Martin, whose recordings always "send me," has a secret ambition—for when and if his pipes give out—to end his years in South America as a good-will ambassador.

PETITE Ann Blyth and her hubby, Dr. James McNulty, gaily step out on the town.

LAUGHTER is the best of all possible medicines, just ask comedian Bob Hope.

MARILYN Monroe and Harold Mirisch, who will star her in "Some Like It Hot."

Movie stars are waiting until the play is a hit before taking long leases on apartments in Manhattan. And Dorothy McGuire wishes she had waited. "I'll be gone two years," she said when she left here for her "Winesburg, Ohio" play recently. The production folded almost immediately and Dorothy was left with a two-year lease in New York.

A rather testy post card from Meredith Willson in Paris because of my column item that Dan Dailey refused "The Music Man"—and was kicking himself for so doing. It seems, according to Willson, that Dan's agent refused the hit play. In Hollywood, that's the same thing.

The alterations in the Doris Day-Marty Melcher Beverly Hills home have cost them as much as the house. But they have... continued on page 72

DIANE Varsi and Sidney Skolsky exchange pleasantries at a recent Hollywood shindig.
He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller—"A Stone for Danny Fisher."
Indiscreet

In roles that fit as comfortably as old familiar dressing robes, Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant lounge through this elegant tidbit of Continental romance. Ingrid plays an actress who despairs of ever finding a charming, eligible male until Cary Grant appears. He has everything including, he confesses, a wife who doesn’t understand him. Because matters have already barreled along at a brisk clip, this soupçon of news does nothing more than place the full moral responsibility of the affair on Ingrid. Presumably then, Grant remains free of such sordid worries as permanent entanglement. This sophisticated philosophy is enchantingly played out in front of magnificent Technicolored sets, and by incredibly handsome people who wear breath-taking clothes. In other words, this can’t possibly happen to you but oh my! how you wish that it could. (Warner Bros.)

The Matchmaker

Sly, clever widow Shirley Booth has an affinity for medduling. It’s a trait that will either get her murdered, or get her a husband. Both possibilities are equal when she decides shopkeeper Paul Ford is in dire need of a wife. Nor is that all miserly Ford needs, if his two clerks, Tony Perkins and Robert Morse, were to offer their opinion. On the day Miss Booth takes Ford to New York City to meet milliner Shirley MacLaine, object maternity, Perkins and Morse set out, too, for the city and adventure. The complications that whirl about this collection of pixie characters are as delightful as a spring bonnet. Perkins falls in love with Shirley, Shirley thinks he’s a wealthy playboy, Ford is slowly but surely being pulled into the web of feminine intrigue spun by the deft Miss Booth and never, never will life be the same when they all troop back to Yonkers, N. Y. A confection of whimsy that successfully made the leap from stage to movies with nary a laugh sacrificed. (Paramount.)

The Naked Earth

Not pretty, Juliette Greco nevertheless is something special in the long, tiring procession of European actresses. Equally unusual is her first American picture, filmed in Africa, in which she co-stars with Richard Todd. When Todd arrives from Scotland to claim his share of an African farm, he learns his partner is dead and the man’s “wife” unable to keep up the place. Because neither Juliette nor Todd have the money to leave, they stay on and struggle to grow a crop of tobacco. Eventually, they marry but more for convention and convenience than for love. In time, their combined efforts to keep the farm give them something more enduring than romance under the tropic moon. Delightful picture not without its share of thrills and flashes of humor. (20th Century-Fox.)

Vertigo

Using as many artificial effects as a frumpy spinster in pursuit of excitement, this latest Alfred Hitchcock Technicolor thriller is just about as disappointing, too, in the final showdown. When San Francisco detective James Stewart is forced into premature retirement because of a sudden and understandable fear of heights, the prospects are tempting. Then, Kim Novak drifts into things. Enormously wealthy, she’s married to an old school chum of Stewart’s, and gives every indication of being possessed by an ancestor who had committed suicide. In line with seeing that Kim doesn’t kill herself, Stewart takes more than a professional interest in the case. Vertigo or no, together these two climb to dizzy heights. Looking on from behind horn-rimmed glasses, owlish Barbara Bel Geddes patiently waits to patch up the trauma-ridden detective. With special effects, constant travelogue of San Francisco and Kim, your eyes will never, never be the same. (Paramount.)

The Vikings

During one of the periodic Viking raids on Britain, Norse Chieftain Ernest Borgnine slew the King of Northumberland and dallied with the Queen. A son was born, then spirited away lest, as sole rightful heir to the throne, he be murdered by an uncle. Having escaped one form of death, the baby is captured continued on page 74
Paramount Presents

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Rock and Phyllis being quiet about their divorce
★ Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter dating again

WEDDING BELLS—It was a big, beautiful wedding for Richard Egan and Pat Hardy in San Francisco's Star of the Sea Church. Rich's brother, the Rev. Willis Egan, performed the ceremony. Pat wore the traditional white bridal gown with a flowing train and veil and her matron of honor, May Wynn, wore pale pink. Pat and Rich honeymooned near Sacramento where he had to report for location work on "These Thousand Hills." Pat will continue her TV work for a while but ultimately wants to devote full time to being a wife. She's a charmer and it's easy to understand how she made the 35-year-old Rich surrender his bachelorhood.

LINDA'S GROOM—It was "love at first sight" for Linda Cristal and Bob Champion, Gower's half-brother. They met a few months ago on a plane en route to Havana. Linda returned to Hollywood for her first co-starring role, opposite Hugh O'Brian, in "Quick Draw At Fort Smith." She had some dates with Hugh but quietly she and Bob were romancin'—and then they got married. He's a handsome guy, 6'4" and blond but not interested in acting. He's an engineer, has mining and oil interests in Arizona and Venezuela and gave Linda a headlight-sized diamond engagement ring. With her career in high gear, Linda will continue acting for a while.

HOB ACRES—Hugh O'Brian, who now says he's "vulnerable" to the idea of marriage, has gone one step further and bought a house on five acres in Brentwood. So maybe he isn't planning on staying a bachelor forever. But he doesn't seem to have picked the girl yet; he's still playing the field. He and Linda Cristal were photographed together on a couple of their dates and Hugh says, "As soon as that happens the girl gets married—to somebody else!" Busy Hugh managed a vacation in the Virgin Islands before his summer stock stint in "Picnic" at Westport, Conn., and as soon as he returns he'll start more Wyatt Earp TV filming. He also owns an industrial supply company, called Hob Enterprises, in San Francisco. Oh yes, while he was away he had his house remodeled and redecorated and had a pool built.

NEARLY FATAL—Bob Evans is a very popular young man in our town and he had his many friends plenty worried when his attack of virus pneumonia drove his temperature up to 106.2°. His doctor said another eight-tenths of a point rise would have been fatal. Filming on "Quick Draw At Fort Smith," in which he plays a pathological killer, had to be suspended during his illness. Bob and Dolores Hart "discovered" each other before he returned to New York where he has a fabulous new duplex apartment. But although he sees a lot of Dolores, Bob says he has no "immediate marriage plans."

ALL OVER—Dolores Michaels admits sadly that her "week-end marriage" to artist-decorator Maurice Martine didn't work out and they're divorcing. Their
marriage was unusual from the beginning; they persuaded a minister to marry them on a rock beside the sea in Laguna, about 70 miles from Hollywood, where Martiné had his studio and continued to work. Dolores was working here, went to the beach city only on week-ends.

WHAT PRICE?—Christine Carere managed a reunion with her bridegroom, Phillipe Nicaud, while she was in France on location for "A Certain Smile," then had to return here for interior scenes, leaving Phillipe in Paris where he has the lead in a hit play. They planned another reunion this July when Phillipe has a leave of absence from the play to make a movie in Venice and Christine was going to join him there. But now Christine has been given the lead role opposite Pat Boone in "Mardi Gras" and feels this is too terrific a break to miss. So, love conquers all—except for the matter of movie schedules.

HAPPY JUNE—Copper-tressed June Blair, who will be Tommy Sands' girl friend in "Mardi Gras," is a very happy little starlet. This curvy miss was selected "Sweetheart Of Fort Ord" several months ago when soldiers at that Northern California camp sent for pictures of about a hundred starlets and chose June for "their girl." When she went up to accept the title she met Lindsay Crosby and they've been dating ever since, when he has week-end passes. She calls him "Linseed." His brother, Gary, will also be in "Mardi Gras" and so will Dick Sargent, who has a real crush on June.

ANOTHER CURTIS—Tony Curtis says nothing, but Janet hopes she'll present him with a son in November when the second Curtis child is due. Little daughter Kelly is now 2, a living doll adored by Tony, but says Janet, "He'd love a boy." Meantime, Janet has been up to her eyebrows in work, supervising the move into their new home, really an

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takes the stand!

_We wanted her opinion on everything from rumors to raising children and she matched our curiosity with honesty and a dash of Reynolds’ spice._

Q. You used to be very gay a few years ago but you seem to have calmed down, become more serious in recent months particularly. Is it because you are less happy?

A. I think I’m as happy as I’ve always been. More so, most likely. But I’m also calmer because I’ve grown up. At least I hope I have! Besides I have to take life more seriously now that I have more responsibilities. Five years ago I didn’t have two children. . . .

Q. Do you get annoyed more easily than you used to?

A. No, I don’t get annoyed easily. And if I do, only at myself, like when I can’t learn a routine fast enough. A few days ago, for instance, I tried to manage a certain step and by the time I finally caught on to it, I was so exhausted that I couldn’t do it any more. So I got mad at myself and yelled, “You big jerk! Why can’t you catch on faster?”

Q. And people around you don’t mind?

A. Heavens, no. They are used to it, by now. . . .

Q. Don’t you even get annoyed at the rumors of discord between Eddie and yourself?

A. I’ve learned to ignore them completely. I know they aren’t true, and so does Eddie. But to tell you the truth—I used to get so upset by them that I almost became ill. Then one day I said to myself, “You can’t allow yourself to be disturbed any more.” Some writers just don’t care what they say or whom they hurt.

Q. Do you feel that it’s best to say nothing and ignore all the rumors?

A. I can’t bother to stoop low enough to contradict every rumor. Besides, one day I realized that they didn’t bother me any more. It’s one of the hazards of being in this business. When Eddie and I were still engaged we already had enough of those stories told about us to have lasted five people for years. In a way I’m even amused now by some of the things I read about us, except that if the stories are really bad. I simply won’t work with the magazine or the writer anymore. . . .

Q. Why did you and Eddie move into a different house?

A. Because our last home was too big, and yet not really big enough. The rooms were large enough to be cut in half, but we didn’t need all that space. The one we are in now is more compact, more manageable, and has the extra bedroom we needed after Todd was born. It also has a pool. We could have put one into the last place, but it was easier this way.

Q. Did you do much redecorating?

A. We did the whole house over. That is—we had it done. Neither Eddie nor I had the time to do it ourselves. . . .

continued on page 17
IT'S TV for Eddie, who has sung his way into the hearts of millions of television fans. "He works hard but he loves it," says Deb.
We asked Deb: "If you were to live your life over again, particularly the last five years, what would you do differently?" Said she with a smile: "Nothing"

Q. What did you do while the house was being remodeled?
A. Got along as well as we could. For two months we didn't have a usable kitchen and had to cook on a portable rotisserie and a hot plate. One night we had thirty-five guests over for dinner. By the time I got through fixing the meal it was almost eleven o'clock at night.

Q. Could you use the furnishings you had before?
A. We didn't have any before! Except for a king-size bed and a few other pieces in our bedroom, and Carrie Frances' room—which was quite complete—we only had a couple of couches in the den and a few odd chairs here and there. We bought this home completely furnished.

Q. Is this house everything you want? What I mean is— will you stay here for the next ten or twenty years?
A. Oh, no! Maybe two or three years, at the most. We still want to build and we are looking for a lot in Beverly Hills right now. But it's hard to find just what we want, and even after we do, by the time we get an architect and have plans drawn up and the house built, it will take at least two more years.

Q. Why do you keep moving so often?
A. How else can we find out just what we want?

Q. Do you and Eddie want more children?
A. Two more. If possible—another boy and another girl.

Q. Has having a family hindered your career?
A. It slowed it down. (Hesitating) But it's hard to tell for sure. Business slowed down, too, so maybe I would have worked less, anyway. But at least every time I was expecting I had a picture in release. (With a grim) Or maybe I should say every time I was working in a picture I was pregnant. (Almost as an afterthought . . .) I'm starting "Snob Hill" in a few weeks . . .

Q. Do you and Eddie completely agree on how to raise your children?
A. We do. Of course they haven't been raised very far, so there hasn't been much room for disagreement. But I don't expect any. At this stage, Eddie mostly leaves those things up to me, anyway.

Q. Would you consider him a "typical" father?
A. If you mean does he get more worried than I do— by all means! Just yesterday Carrie bumped her head against the wall. Watching Eddie's reaction you'd think she had a major accident! I simply took her by the hand and, pointing at the ledge she had bumped, said, "Boom, boom" a couple of times, and she was all smiles again.

Q. Can Carrie Frances wind Eddie around her little finger?
A. Can she! All she has to do is blink her big brown eyes at him and purr, "Daddy," and he melts. Her favorite time to do this is when she's off to bed, or rather about to be put to bed. To stay up longer, she'll hug him and kiss him and just carry on. Eddie usually makes a few attempts in her behalf—but in the end I have my way and send her off to bed.

Q. Are there other children the same age as yours in the neighborhood?
A. We are loaded with kids around here. All day long Carrie hollers "Hi boy" at the little boy who lives across the street from us.

Q. When you aren't working, how do you keep busy all day long?
A. Running my house, looking after the children, calling a plumber or electrician, marketing, doing charity work, taking dancing lessons, having interviews, reading scripts, going shopping . . . would you like me to go on?

Q. Do you have the same friends you had years ago?
A. The same, and new ones who I hope will become old friends, too. Many of the people I see today I have known for over 15 years.

Q. If I remember correctly, Eddie is quite a baseball fan. Is it a sacrifice for you to go along with him?
A. He is, and so am I. My family took me to my first game on a pillow, when I was three months old. In school they used to call me "the frog" because I hollered so loud and so long that invariably I became hoarse from it. I still have a ball going to the games . . .

Q. If you and Eddie disagree about anything, who has the last word?
A. We have never disagreed on anything to that extent.

Q. Has your taste in clothes changed?
A. It has. I used to love levis. Now I like to get dressed up more.

Q. Does it mean you go along with the new fashions—the sack dresses?
A. I only wear them when I'm traveling and don't care what I look like! I just want to be comfortable and I can always use the sacks as dust rags after I get back . . .

Q. Have you developed any new interests over the last few years?
A. Definitely. My children!

Q. How much longer does your present contract with MGM run?
A. Two years.

Q. What do you plan to do after it terminates?

continued on page 64
HUGH O'BRIAN SAYS:

"I wanna get
When an eligible bachelor like Hugh feels ready to say, 
"I'd love nothing better than to settle down for the rest of my life with the girl of my choice," that's news

"I WANT to get married. I'd love nothing better than to marry and spend the rest of my life with the girl of my choice. I'd like to have a really happy marriage—the kind my parents had, with love and a great emotional security. My mother and father enriched each other's lives. They had a great feeling of togetherness. Because they were together, they were happy. No outside circumstance could interfere with their happiness. It was in their hearts.

"That's the kind of marriage I'd like to have. And I wouldn't wait. I'd marry next month if I found the right girl."

These are always heartening words coming from a bachelor. But when the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood says them, then there's real cause for rejoicing.

Hugh O'Brian, undoubtedly one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelors both from the standpoint of personal charm and success, could also be one of Hollywood's most live-it-up bachelors. The girls are crazy about TV's virile Wyatt Earp, he's crazy about the girls, and his career is going like a house afire.

Although it took Hugh a long time to make a dent in Hollywood's sensibilities, once he became a rage as the hard-hitting Western sheriff, Hugh, of the jutting jaw, the handsome, angular face and the narrowed but kindly blue eyes, became a most desired male star in Hollywood. Every big studio in town asked for him, offering him the fat kind of percentage deals that only stars of the calibre of Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart receive. Twentieth Century-Fox was the studio that got him.

But now the question agitating Hollywood is: What girl will get him?

I decided to ask Hugh himself exactly how he felt about the different girls in his life. When I arrived at his apartment, the living room was filled with suitcases. He was getting his things packed so that he could start a vigorous five-week personal appearance tour.

Almost any other star, under the circumstances, would have called off the interview.

continued on page 21
"Life is good to me now. Today I have not only financial..."
but also emotional security to offer a wife"

But Hugh is an outgoing person who can pack, plan, and talk at the same time.

"Let's go," he said, hauling two suitcases in his arms. "We can talk on the drive to the airport."

Suddenly he turned to his secretary, Goodie Leviton. "Where's the script of 'Picnic'? I'll brush up on my lines on the plane." She had it in her hands, ready for him, and handed it to him.

As we drove along in Hugh's red convertible, he said, "Life is good to me now. A few years ago when I was starving no one knew I was alive. Now I have security—financial and emotional."

He leaned back in the car that was rushing us to the airport. A friend of his was driving, and for the first time that day Hugh managed to relax. Stretching his long legs, he said, "Now for the first time in my life I can afford a wife—and can give her many of the nice things a man wants to give a wife.

"Fourteen years ago I almost got married. At that time I had no money. I was in the Marine Corps. But you know how young men are." (Hugh, today, is 31.) "Then I thought very little about the importance of financial security. I was in love—let's call her Mary Ann—and I thought nothing would be more wonderful than to be married.

"Mary Ann was everything I wanted in a wife. She was lovely to look at, but she was beautiful inside, too. She had a beautiful mind and heart. Above all, she was a wonderful companion. She knew what I liked, knew all my habits—we had been part of each other's lives for ten years. She was my schoolgirl sweetheart—the girl I'd known and liked from the third grade on. We both went to elementary school in Chicago. I remember her from those childhood days as a pretty little girl with long blonde curls."

Hugh used to tease her in the loving manner of young boys who are crazy about a girl. They continued to go together through the years. When they were in their teens Hugh realized he was in love with Mary Ann. She was just as much in love with him.

It was an accepted fact that they would get married as soon as Hugh knew what his future would be. They wouldn't wait too long—young lovers don't need to have much money in the bank.

But because it was wartime and Hugh was in the Marine Corps, they felt they shouldn't panic and rush into a purely war marriage. Being in their teens, they were young enough to wait. They could afford to plan for the years ahead. They wrote each other of their loving plans to get married as soon as Hugh was out of the Marine Corps. Then they would start married life in a small apartment.

Then one day, Hugh learned that Mary Ann had been taken ill. Although he was shaken by the news, he never thought it was serious. She was only 19; she could overcome any disease. So he thought.

While he was in California with his unit, he received a telegram. The news it conveyed was devastating: "Mary Ann died this morning."

He was bereft. All his plans were wrecked. For a time, he thought he would never get over his grief.

Even today he says: "Some people believe that men are not as susceptible to emotional upsets as women, but I felt as if I would go out of my mind with regret. However, continued on page 66
Roamin' through Rome

Mel and Audrey return to a familiar Italian setting where they cherish a fleeting holiday between film commitments with only the walls of the exquisite old city as witness to the interlude.

COFFEE Italian style or "espresso" is served to them with sweet, wafer-thin pastry at the very elegant Greco Cafe on the Via Condotti.

ARM IN ARM, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer stroll through one of Rome's many spacious parks. Always attentive to one another, they pause for a second in the Roman Forum. continued on page 24

photos by Sanford H. Roth
Since ancient Rome was young, lovers have become

MEL gets an opportunity to direct Audrey's next film which is "Green Mansions." She has just finished making "The Nun's Story."
THE CATS of Rome are legendary animals who look like they carry secrets the careful scrutiny of the passerby cannot uncover.

THEY are alone in a winding alleyway where the stones of the houses will keep their laughing whispers hidden forever.

WITH her customary grace, Audrey obliges a request for her autograph from two Italian sailors who are also on a vacation. END
OSCAR winner Joanne rebelled at stereotyped roles even before she became a star, had the sense to wait. "I've worked too long and hard to play bit parts."
Rebels in love

The Woodward-Newman alliance is as sure-fire and exciting as their talent, for both are non-conformists who are uncannily well-matched

PAUL was named the best actor at the Cannes Film Festival for "Long, Hot Summer." Next is "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."

By MAXINE BLOCK

continued on page 28
shade of the tree on lazy, hot afternoons, reaching up for dozens of sweet, drippy figs and suffer and suffer because I was fat and ugly and had a bad skin and nobody loved me.

“When Whittier said, 'If fruits had mouths they would eat themselves,' he must have been thinking of succulent fresh figs. I've just got to have that fig tree,” Joanne continued, a note of deep yearning in her voice, “and every day I ask the waitress here at the studio commissary, 'Have the fresh figs come in yet?' but it's still too early. Oh, well, life is full of problems,” she sighed.

But Joanne has no problem with the hilltop house because it's big, has a sewing room and also room for Paul's three youngsters who are coming out from New York to spend the summer. And Paul, who maintains he was born "with a pocketful of lucky horseshoes," believes his luck is holding up because their landlord left on the shelves "everything from Dickens to Poe to Schopenhauer—and no Spillane, thank God!"

The Newmans design for living the simple life includes housewife days of sewing and cooking for Joanne. Nights, Paul takes over the kitchen after dinner to stir up a big batch of his own special popcorn ("If my friends won't try it, I say 'You're chicken'"), and then he and his bride relax in easy chairs. "My idea of real contentment," the husky and handsome actor admits, "is all the popcorn you can eat, all the fine recordings you can listen to, all the beer you can drink, and all the books you can read... Unless it's going to a good movie, Joanne and I aren't much for big premieres where I have to rent me a tuxedo, though now and then Joanne enjoys showing off those creations she runs up on the sewing machine. Mostly we make it a point to go to all the good pictures after they've had their plushy premieres—"

"Oh, it's going to be a big summer," she mused. "In addition to Paul's youngsters, his mother and my mother are coming too. What a hectic household that one will be! Maybe I ought to look for a Broadway play... No, but seriously, it was my idea—I think that it's a wonderful chance for me to get to know the children, and we're looking forward to it very much."

FIRST there will be ten days in New York. Joanne has kept her apartment there, and lends it to friends. Dennis Hopper has it at the moment. And Claire Bloom had it several months and when she left she hung little ribbon bags filled with sachet all over the living room. "Imagine the fragrance when the door was opened," Joanne recalled. "Such nice guests. One even painted murals on the living room walls."

The newlyweds plan to live in New York in the apartment between pictures. They've been criticized for having no warmth of feeling for Hollywood as their town—no sense of belonging. "I don't hate Hollywood, as one columnist
sneered," Joanne explained. "Naturally, I like New York better. I've lived there longer, worked there longer, have more friends there. The change of seasons in New York excites me, too. And it has the theatre. Hollywood is wonderful if you like the sun or the beach or outdoor barbecues or gardening. I happen not to care for any of them, except maybe gardening. My thumb is very green, and I feel like I've become a mother every time a little plant comes up!"

Obviously there will be little time for gardening because Joanne and Paul will reteam (as they did in the highly successful "Long, Hot Summer") for "Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys." "We agreed to do it," soft-spoken Paul explained, "because it's a good script. But we don't want to be a 'Mickey and Minnie Mouse' acting team. We've been engulfed with co-starring film ideas ever since our marriage. Eighty percent of the scripts arriving at the house are for both of us. We're flattered, of course, but we're not going to accept films just for the sake of working together."

Nor will they compromise their standards merely for the sake of being together, though they are deeply in love. They're aware that there will be frequent separations and they accept this as one of the penalties of their profession. So, upon conclusion of the film, Paul will go to New York for a play while Joanne will make "The Sound And The Fury" with Yul Brynner. "We plan to reunion in Manhattan after that and I'll do nothing for a while, I hope, but begin..."
He's no mother's boy

Rumor has had it that Tommy cannot make a move without his mother; here now is the real story and the facts belie any nonsense about his being tied to her apron strings.

When Tommy Sands announced a few weeks ago that he would move from Los Angeles to New York to study with Lee Strasberg of Actors Studio fame, a number of people immediately prophesied, "His mother will never let him go!"

To this Tommy retorted, "Mom has agreed with my decisions since I was 13 years old and I expect she'll continue to let me make them as long as I live."

What brought about the reaction, and counter-reaction? Why did it come about in the first place? And how dependent is Tommy really on Mrs. Sands?

Undoubtedly, Tommy is more devoted to his mother than most young men his age. The reason is simple: the separation of his parents—when Tommy was still a boy—brought mother and son closer together.

He was all she lived for, worked for, concentrated on. His needs always came before anyone else's, and a boy with Tommy's sensitivity couldn't fail to appreciate and reciprocate. But while they are close, there's no indication that he is under his mother's thumb. Her attitude towards his move East is a typical example.

Although he was fairly convinced his mother would not stand in his way, he still felt uneasy the morning he approached the subject. He remembered all too well a previous occasion, when she had turned down a similar request.

It happened a few weeks before they moved to Los Angeles, shortly after he appeared in his first play, in Houston, Texas. He loved acting instantly, but he knew he needed to learn the fundamentals of the profession, and the place to do it would be New York City.

"It's out of the question," Grace Sands had insisted. "Aside from everything else, we don't have the money to pay for lessons now."

continued on page 32

A FAN meeting Tommy is sure to be impressed by the genuine warmth in his smile and his pleasant greeting.

By PAUL BENEDICT
Tommy had that part all figured out. "I've been offered a disk jockey job in Shreveport. If I stay six months and watch my expenditures, I can save enough money to go to New York . . . ."

Mrs. Sands wouldn't permit it. Tommy was too young to be in New York on his own, she reasoned. Besides, they had considered moving to Hollywood, which would be better for his career, and enable them to stay together.

The plan was cancelled.

How different was her attitude a few weeks ago when he told her of his intentions to study with Lee Strasberg.

"It's a wonderful idea," she exclaimed after Tommy and she had fully discussed the project.

Tommy felt relieved. "I even found a place to live . . . " he told her.

"I'm not worried about that," Mrs. Sands assured him. "I know you can take care of yourself . . . ."

And that he did, in an apartment in the East Thirties, which he had rented from a friend on a month-to-month basis.

Actually, Tommy had proven a long time ago that he could look after himself.

He was barely 13 when Grace Sands had become quite ill. When she wasn't in the hospital she spent weeks at a time with her relatives in Shreveport, while Tommy stayed behind in Houston—by himself. He turned down her suggestions to join her in Louisiana, because he didn't want to miss school, and because he worked in Houston on a local radio station. He also refused to move in with friends of his mother since he preferred to be on his own. Quite obviously, Mrs. Sands had never considered him a mama's boy, or she would never have consented.

However, Tommy admits that at first he had felt uneasy about being left alone in the dark—because of his terrible nightmares about "Bushman," the world's largest gorilla in captivity, who died a few months ago.

When Tommy still lived in Chicago, the Sandses had an apartment near the Lincoln Park Zoo, where Bushman was kept. Tommy was fascinated by the gorilla since he first saw him when he was six years old. Thereafter, he used every opportunity to go over to his cage to throw in bananas and peanuts and whatever he could save from his own dinner.

One afternoon, when he was about seven, a keeper got annoyed that Tommy was fouling up his feeding schedule. "Gorillas don't really like this kind of food," he had warned him. "If you don't stop it, one of these days he'll break out of his cage at night and come up to your room and try to kill you . . . ."

Tommy laughed it off. But he wasn't laughing that night.

MATURE beyond his years, nowadays there are very few things that Tommy decides to do that give his mother cause for argument.
stubborn determination to be better than best

SO STRONG is Tommy's desire to act that he has already made plans to take lessons with Lee Strasberg of Actors Studio fame.

when his mother turned off the light and he suddenly remembered the keeper's warnings. And when his father's steps approached an hour later, he let out a scream that could be heard on the floor below.

From then on, he lived in such fear of Bushman that the gorilla became synonymous with darkness itself. That's why he so often insisted upon having a light kept on in the hallway—to keep Bushman away. That was also the reason he was so afraid on his first night in Houston.

"Although I had made up my mind to leave the lights on every night when I turned in," he recalls, "I kept listening for noises nevertheless. Often I couldn't go to sleep till I was exhausted. But then something curious happened. About a week after Mom had left, I came home from the studio so tired that I forgot all about Bushman and leaving the lights on. I just fell into bed and went to sleep. The next morning, when I realized what I had done, or rather what I hadn't done, I was completely over my fear...."

There is ample evidence that Tommy has never been a weakling, indecisive, or easily influenced.

His reaction to his mother's attitude toward his girl friends is another typical example.

TOMMY doesn't want to get married. Not yet. For one thing, he wants to concentrate on his career. For another, he has too much fun taking out a lot of different girls, and he knows he's not ready, financially, or mentally, to settle down. "But," he insists, "since I was old enough to make a date, in my mother's eyes, every girl I ever talked to became a candidate for the future Mrs. Tommy Sands...."

And she reacted to these possibilities like a typical mother—which meant no girl was good enough to be taken seri-

ously by Tommy! Yet whenever Mrs. Sands came up with another objection Tommy quietly listened until she had finished, then kissed her gently on the cheek and smiled, "You're so right, dear"—and went right ahead and dated the girl anyway!

How much Tommy has learned to stand on his own feet is amply evident in his day-by-day living. True, he listens to his mother, his brother, his personal manager and publicist, but in the final analysis he is the one who makes the decision, and quite frequently, contrary to what he's been urged to do.

Like what happened recently with his smash recording, "Teen-Age Doll."

He'd spent an entire session at Capitol Records working on this one song, a session where one might expect him to have recorded at least three. When the three hours were up, Tommy was not satisfied. "Let's try it again tomorrow night," he said to his Capitol Records mentor, Ken Nelson.

The next night, after having spent most of the day reworking the arrangement with his conductor-arranger, Bob Bain, Tommy tackled "Teen-Age Doll" again. This time there was a difference like day and night in the way Tommy and the song sounded. But that was not the end.

While flying to New York as part of a 26-city publicity tour in behalf of his first movie, "Sing, Boy, Sing," Tommy seemed more deeply engrossed in thought than usual.

"What's eating you?" asked his friend and personal manager, Ted Wick.

"I've been thinking," said Tommy, "I'm still not sure we've made the right record of "Teen-Age Doll."

"Now, wait a minute," protested Ted. "You've already spent over two thousand dollars on that one song. Don't tell

continued on page 71
In search of Prince Charming

It may be a matter of days or perhaps
more time will lapse before
the right man comes along for the beautiful Kim,
who will settle for nothing less
than true love to live happily ever after

"I LOVED Mac (Krim) and still do," Kim says, "and he feels the same but we're not in love; there's a difference."

By JACK HOLLAND

NOT long ago a magazine quoted a psychiatrist on the subject of Kim Novak. It wasn't so strange that he got into the act, since analyzing the luscious star of "Bell, Book And Candle" is a favorite pastime these days. But with this particular story, Columbia Pictures, Kim's home studio, was sufficiently irritated to check up on the psychiatrist and his source of material. The findings were more than interesting. The gentleman had come to his astounding conclusions from looking only at a still picture of Kim. He hadn't even met her.

Other stories about her have been based on the same kind of flimsy material. There have been heart-rending epics about her loneliness, accompanied by sterling advice on what to do about it; there have been soul-searching documents about her fears—and what to do about them. To all of these, Kim has reacted with calmness and a little indifference. But she has her answers to all such tales.

Kim, dressed in a chartreuse shirt and black capri pants, removed her shoes, curled her bare feet up under her, and began to let down her lavender-silver hair.

"All this talk about my being lonely," she began with a good deal of enthusiasm. "Certainly I'm lonely sometimes—who isn't? And I don't regret it in the least. I feel that being lonely is good for me at times. I feel many different moods at many different moments and I don't want to change any of them.

"As for fears, if they don't get out of hand, I think they are of value. They keep your feet on the ground, keep you trying. When I first started my career, I was afraid I'd not make it, so I worked hard. I still do. Now I don't ever want to become so

continued on page 36
Kim gives one of her best performances in “Vertigo,” directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Her next film is “Bell, Book And Candle.”

Kim continues to be guided by her instincts:

contented that I stop being concerned about the future. I'll always want challenges. I'd certainly want to be psychoanalyzed if everything started going too smoothly.

"I have been annoyed, though, with stories that are merely idle speculations—such as those that say I'm sorry for myself. This is not in the least true. I don't feel sorry for myself and never have. I can do without those articles that ponder the question: 'Why should Kim be unhappy when she has everything?' I don't know who said I was unhappy. I'm not that I know of. And, besides, I don't have everything. I don't have a marriage, a family, a few highly important things like that.

"I also resent stories that attempt to analyze my relationship with my family. If only they'd stop taking things I say and twisting them into some ridiculous conclusions.

"Most of the completely inaccurate stories are done by people who don't even know me," said Kim. "They're the ones, too, who make productions out of little things. For instance, I'm asked in stories why I use a lavender rinse on my hair. Does this have to have a Freudian explanation? Can't it just be that I like that color? Which happens to be the answer.

"I'll never argue with the fact that I have basic insecurities. We all have. And they are, in a way, necessities. I've had heartache, yes, like anyone else, but I know that everything that has happened to me has turned out eventually to be
This is the Missus

Mrs. Don Murray or Hope Lange is many people; a gentle wife, a devoted mother, and a talented actress whose feminine quality gives her a most delicate air.

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

At first glance, Hope Lange is slight, slim, soft-voiced, and very young. She appears somewhat shy, and sometimes a little uncertain of what she wants to say. On second look, you notice her expressive hands, the strong lines of her face, and the growing ardor in her voice. That happens when she talks on most anything but herself.

"Interviewers frighten me. They ask questions they're not sure about, and that makes me doubly unsure of how to answer them." It was our first meeting, and Hope took time out for a sigh. "If only the interviewee were allowed to produce both the questions and answers—how simple that would be! For instance, I just love to talk about my home, my husband, my young son, my career... but not necessarily in that order."

And this is exactly what she did.

First, there was the house. Although they had bought it some time ago, it was not even half-furnished. Just the bare essentials, beds, dining room suite, tables, lamps, an odd picture or two. But still no draperies or rugs. The reason? Hope believes it takes time, taste and affection to plan a home that—like a good marriage—will last forever.

"Don and I didn't meet, fall in love and marry overnight. So when it comes to furnishing the house we expect to live in all our lives, we don't want to rush," she explained. "We'd like to treasure everything in it, as much as we treasure one another."

Admittedly, Hope is a girl with plans. She has a very good one, she thinks, for the top ranking member of the household: Christopher Paton Murray, born on March 19, 1957. Neither she, nor Don, have any magnificent plans for the boy; neither cares what kind of a career he has when he grows up, but both care very much what sort of person he will be.

"Most of all, I want him to grow up unafraid, of life and people, and all the unhappiness and happiness that is a part of living," said Hope, her green eyes very serious.

"I want him to always have a feeling of love—to give and receive," she went on. "Particularly I want continued on page 44

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(Acting) is very important to Hope and Don, but they both feel that marriage comes first.
Christopher to be a child while he's a child in years. Childhood should be a wonderful time of discovery and happiness, and a lot of the joy in adult life is missed if the child is hurried into sophistication too soon." Then she added with a twinkle, "And I do hope Christopher is going to enjoy A. A. Milne's books as I did!"

Bringing up Christopher is one subject Hope Lange never tires of talking about, because of her plan, which is simply that she insists on taking complete care of the baby.

"That's important, I think," said Hope, "because he's my child and I'm responsible for starting him on the road he should go. Of course, I have to have some help to be free for my work, and that's where Naomi comes in. Although she's not a baby nurse, she lives with us and helps by doing whatever I haven't time for."

Actually, the plan has worked out very well. When Hope is not working, she does all the housework... from cooking to cleaning to marketing and laundry, and taking care of Christopher. Then Naomi just helps a little bit. That way Hope vacations from the household chores while she's at the studio, and when she's not working, Naomi can take things a little easier and have a sort of vacation, too.

Hope Lange's idea of a pleasant evening is just being alone with Don. They enjoy a leisurely home-cooked dinner, and sitting in front of the fire to read novels and scripts. Both Hope and Don are fond of music, have a fine collection of classical and popular music. But the hi-fi, like so many other things in their house, has yet to be fixed for them to hear the records properly.

"At present," Hope explained, "our entertaining is limited to dinner parties, and we have never more than eight, including ourselves. In fact, we prefer six, so we can talk. Our friends are just—our friends. We know all sorts of people, but mostly not those with big glamorous names. Professionals or non-professionals, our friends are people we enjoy knowing because of what they are rather than who they are."

Hope is very much at home in the kitchen. She's par-
major decisions to Don, who is her severest critic as well as being her most ardent admirer
dicularly good at cooking Continental food, using lots of wines and herbs. While Don prefers the simple foods, like roast leg of lamb with pan-browned potatoes, her best dish is fettucini. Both like artichokes, asparagus, broccoli—all sorts of vegetables, in fact. Both drink very little, and while Hope has coffee, Don passes it by. Neither likes desserts.

A New Yorker at heart, she misses the Broadway theatres, the small, fashionable restaurants and the four distinct seasons. What she enjoys most about Hollywood is the sun, the casual living, being able to drive a car all the time. . . but she still doesn't like to see women shopping in slacks.

She thinks the new sack dresses are perfectly dreadful, and that they are doomed because women will get tired of never having a waistline. She never reads reviews, finds them infuriating because they often condemn good acting when the story is not equally good.

Hope likes to paint and draw, but has never (she says) turned out anything good enough to frame. She likes to have her home filled with flowers, and is partial to daisies and carnations. She thinks gardening is too time-consuming as a hobby, otherwise would like to try it. She thinks the two men who have influenced her most in her career are director-coach Paton Price, and actor Don Murray.

The three women she admires most in the world are Eleanor Roosevelt, Madame Pandit and Helen Keller. The three men she'd like most to meet are Adlai Stevenson, Laurence Olivier and Leonard Bernstein. She has no preference between the movies, theatre and TV for her own career—because she thinks the well-rounded actress should try all mediums.

She's reserved on the subject of psychoanalysis for actors, believes it can help some and is ruinous for others. Strictly feminine in both manner and figure, Hope is an active, athletic girl. She is a competent skier, a good ice-skater, swims well and plays a fair game of tennis.

She admits to a mad fondness for jewelry, owns a gold charm bracelet with charms representing all the important things in her life—one is a tiny gold house! Her favorite colors are lavender, greens, and soft yellow.

Neither quick with a smile or laugh, Hope Lange does not always give the impression that she has a rich sense of humor . . . that she enjoys a laugh, even when she's responsible for it. This was never more evident than when she was an assistant emcee on an NBC-TV show called, "The Sky's The Limit." She read off the names, handed out the prizes, and was also supposed to do the commercials.

SHORTLY after I joined the show, we had a new sponsor who made an aerated whipped cream." Hope grinned. "As my first commercial, I was to decorate a custard pie with a whipped cream border, and it was a catastrophe. After saying impressively, 'Ladies! See how easy, how simple, to make gorgeous desserts—no messy heaters, no dirty bowls, no fuss or mess . . . I proceeded to upend the whipped cream can—and the most horrible noises broke loose! First, it grumbled and growled and nearly drowned out my voice—and then it practically exploded in my hands!"

TV audiences will long remember that commercial. Whipped cream spurted in every direction—all over the pie, the table. Hope's hands and dress, and even onto the TV camera televising the disaster. Instead of being horrified, Hope finished the commercial to the hither end, shaking with laughter. Knowing that she would be fired, she added, "Of course, it doesn't always work this way!"

She was fired, all right. Also, after that, they put the commercial on film.

Hope Lange was born in Redding Ridge, Connecticut, and her birthday comes along every November 28. Her father, John Lange, who died in 1942, was a cellist, composer and musical arranger with the old Ziegfeld company. Her mother is Minnette Buddecke, a talented Broadway and Shakespearean actress.

Hope is one of four children. A sister, Minelda, is the wife of Robert Jiras, CBS-TV's make-up head in New York. Another sister, Joy, is Mrs. Harry Boardman, whose husband is with the Ford Foundation. Her brother, David Lange, is studying English as a sophomore at Harvard and hopes to be a director after he graduates. A cousin, Dorothea Lange, continued on page 70

THE MURRAYS prefer their evenings quiet. They love sitting in front of the fire after one of Hope's superbly cooked meals.
The ordeal of Tab Hunter

When Hollywood labeled him a "has been"
and a "failure," Tab looked
oblivion straight in the eye and had the courage
to twist defeat into a grand triumph

It had reached the point where Hollywood wits were quipping,
"Will failure spoil Tab Hunter?"
The beached dreamboat of Warner Bros. was wondering
the same thing. Not that the sad-eyed, flaxen-haired teenage idol
considered himself a failure by a long shot. To him, to have
failed would have meant to have tried and to have been found wanting.
But his complaint was that he was either poorly used or unused,
untried and untested, shelved. He felt boxed up, in forced
eclipse—and in the cynical semantics of the movie profession, failure
and eclipse are two words with a single meaning.

People were beginning to wonder, some of them rash enough
to do so out loud, if Tab Hunter was washed up. But Tab had no less
an intention than the desire to permit himself to be marched into
oblivion. His soft voice was raised in anger. There was a
hardening in his normally ingenuous manner, and although he is cele-
brated for his affability, he did not pretend to be amiable about
what was happening to his career. He was at odds with his studio,
and often at odds with his friends. Instead of winning friends and
influencing people, he was speaking his mind and shedding sycophants.

"This is such a fickle business, you have to be careful," he
minced no words. "We're only commodities to the studio. When
they're done with you, they'll get somebody else. So you have to
look out for yourself."

In the course of looking out for himself—i.e., project survival—
Tab delivered himself of other pungent pronouncements rare
in a metropolis not overly accustomed to such candor.
"I'll sit it out for five years if I have to," he vowed. "I've had it.
continued on page 48
Instead of remaining as idle as his career had become, Tab studied to develop his talents and was rewarded with recognition.

From now on, I'm going to do what's best for me and what the public thinks is best for me."

This latter was a thinly veiled reference to Tab's bursting displeasure with the studio for bottling up an album of songs he recorded for Dot Records after his maiden disc effort, "Young Love," sold its head off to surpass the phenomenal 2,500,000 mark—and to earn for him a coveted gold record, representing one million sales, an accolade that thus far has escaped the clutches of even so hallowed a troubadour as the great Frank Sinatra.

"I'll just take my horse out to pasture," he threatened.

For a while it seemed as though he might well be sitting it out for five years, and that his horse—a noble jumper named Swizzle Stick—would have company in pasture.

During his unhappy hiatus, with just one picture in the can, with his sensational singing career snuffed out aborning, even the glory of his fabulous one shot record, "Young Love," began to tarnish.

In the course of a series of articles on the impact of rock 'n' roll music, a Los Angeles afternoon newspaper administered one of the unkindest cuts of all.

"Everyone in the trade knows Hunter, for instance, has no singing voice," the newspaper asserted. "It's an industry joke that his hit record, 'Young Love,' was made from pieces of tape from several recording attempts. Engineers made him a singer."

Out of sight, out of mind due to picture inactivity on the one hand, on the other hand, mercilessly badgered when he was remembered. Tab was not precisely jubilant about the buffeting he was taking. He was only human—and he exercised all the privileges of this sometimes dubious state of grace. He was given to flashes of temper and irritability. He groused and grumbled and blew his stack just like any charged up young man who was convinced that he had his fingers around the short end of the stick. His eruptions over the telephone startled studio functionaries who had previously found him easy-going. He responded to various requests with angry outbursts that bespoke his festering unhappiness.

AND LIKE any other frustrated working man, Tab took his troubles home with him. His romance with lovely Venetia Stevenson became an on-again, off-again relationship because of fights during which they would not speak to each other a week, and sometimes more, at a time. But they always made up because Venetia understandingly attributed his period of pique and irritability to his hammering complex career problems.

"Boy, does he have a temper," she admitted with a sigh that pointed up her affectionate objectivity. "Tab is stubborn and pigheaded! He's the most wonderful person and the most horrible person. He can be either way. To summarize Tab, I'd say when he's good, he's very good, and when he's bad, he's horrid."

But her eyes and voice were warm with her esteem for Tab, and despite her recognition of his human frailties it was obvious that she was a stout partisan.

"About one per cent of the time," she hastened to put her evaluation in balance, "we get into fights. The rest of the time it's wonderful. Tab has been upset lately because of his career. That's a terrific strain. He's always on the phone. In the first place, we're both of us too actorish. We're both kind of temperamental if things don't go our way. It's a wonderful, but nerve-wracking business. You're always a little bit in high gear because you have to be so alert. After all, seeing a person every day under those conditions, he's bound to get irritable."

Venetia, who went riding with Tab daily, and appeared continued on page 62
SINGING lessons paid off in the “Damn Yankees” lead. His studio bought the film when they realized what a hot property he was.
Breakfast with Mrs. Crosby

“My husband and I don’t agree we’re public institutions,” Kathryn said,

and with quiet dignity she explained why, thus revealing something of herself

By JOHN MAYNARD

It began in the very beginning and has never stopped. She pliked. Plike is a word of her own. It means ‘play-like’ but the spelling is contracted. It means being someone you’re not. Kathryn Grant Crosby is always someone she is not because that is her only way of being what she is. That is herself. Without someone to respond to, to be someone with and against, she suspects she is a cipher. It does not dismay her. She suspects it’s inescapable so far as she is concerned.

At eight, she pliked she was June Allyson in the role of a nun. It was a recurrent dream, a soporific that lulled her to sleep. She lay piteously by a roadside, a picturesque cut festooning her forehead, and presently a bucko in Western garb came and rescued her, sweeping her up as he leaned over from his horse’s saddle, not bothering to check his pace. It was a gasser of a dream. But it never came close to reality. That bucko was never Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby, who was beyond the scope of even the daydreams of Kathryn Grandstaff of Houston and West Columbia and Robstown, all in Texas, later to be Kathryn Grant and then the possessor of her present calling cards.

This was the fifth time I had met her. She was the same girl of the Naples Restaurant in Hollywood months before, of the Beverly Derby weeks after that, of her Beverly Hills apartment when that particular lunch was over, of the patio part of the Beverly Hills’ Polo Lounge even another time. The heart-shaped face and high forehead were the same. She makes no effort to minimize the forehead except for a single spit-curl, which doesn’t do the job. She was fresh and effervescent and hungry, as she usually is. She knew on that day she was with child but there was not the faintest intimation of it.

She said, laughing, “What could you possibly have in mind?” and laughed again. Between her and her friend, obviously the writer of this piece, it was a long-running gag: no Bing Crosby.

continued on page 60
The Brazzi Charm

He is as effervescent and romantic as his native Italy, his dark good looks are as continental as his manner; as a man and an actor, Rossano spells—fascination.

He enjoys relaxing in the patio-garden of his California house for, when the sun is out, it's almost like being in Rome.

It's fun exploring the country in his new car, but Rossano confesses he's still dazed by the drivers in Southern California.
RUMOR has it Rossano will retire in a couple of years but he can't be serious, he's too much in demand. Next is "A Certain Smile."

continued on page 54
EASYGOING in his manner, when it comes to acting he demands a great deal of himself and he is rarely, if ever, satisfied with his work.

HIS PRIZE possessions are his three white toy poodles: Bubbles, Titti and Bambi. Rossano loves teaching them tricks for they learn quickly.
In a world of immense pressures, Rossano has the good sense to savor life like rare wine, slowly.
Everybody loves a sailor

By SUE COLLINS
Mid-summer middy fashions are snowy white and drip-dry

Here's your chance to wear two of the greatest fashion flatterers of all time: the jaunty sailor collar, and the most successful "color" ever invented, pure white! Who doesn't love a sailor? For sheer gay young appeal, there's nothing to beat the whistle-gay look of a middy collar, with the traditional navy blue stripes and a bright red sailor's tie knotted nautically right under the V. And as for white, a chance to wear it doesn't turn up every day in the year. About the only time you can really enjoy that pure snowy look is right now, in the middle of summer, when your tan is at its best and the weather is so hot that people feel cooler just looking at you! No matter what your coloring, white makes it prettier! If you're blonde, white makes you more golden. If you're brunette, white contrasts with your dramatic eyes and skin. If you're redhead, white simply makes you dazzling. So grab the chance to wear snow color while you can—it really doesn't last long. The three middy fashions shown here give you all the choice in the world.

Wear your middy as you like it—sleeveless, sleeved, two-piece, one-piece, waistless, waisted. If you like separates, the fashion on the left is two-piece, so that you can team both top and skirt with other things in your wardrobe. Notice the smart chemise look through the middle, and the line of navy blue way down over the hips. The dress in the center is the full-skirted version, with a belt for you who insist on showing your tiny waists, no matter what! The stripe of navy blue around the hem emphasizes the swirl of the skirt.

The dress on the right is a one-piece chemise with a two-piece look, and side buttons to accent the down-over-the-hip look. At this point, though, you may be wondering—how in the world are you going to keep white white? And what good is a cute fashion, if you have to worry about keeping it clean every minute you're wearing it? And that's just what's so great about these white middy fashions. They're drip-dry combed cottons—so you can wear them and relax! You can wash them in no time flat, hang them up to drip dry, and climb right back into them with just a quick flick of the iron. All you need is a speedy touch-up around the collar—the body of the dress dries smooth without pressing.

On a weekend, say, you could wear your middy Saturday morning and put it on again, freshly washed, on Sunday afternoon. Naturally, you can wear your middy to the beach or lake and look as sporty as you please. With heels and gloves, you can wear it to work or to town, and look fashionably chemise-y. And that's a lot of fun and fashion to get out of any ten dollar bill!

Wonderful white middy fashions in drip-dry cottons, all trimmed with blue stripes and bright red ties. Also come in navy with white stripes. Left, two-piece chemise. Center, full-skirted version. Right, one-piece chemise with two-piece look. Sizes 5 to 15. About $10 each. by Teenimers, at leading dept. stores.
raising a family, said Joanne, smiling. Meanwhile Joanne is catching up on housewifey arts. Like any well-brought up young Southern belle, she was taught to be a good cook and to sew a fine seam. Not content merely with the traditional Southern fried chicken and beaten biscuits, Joanne, with the help of the impressive “Gourmet Cookbook,” is venturing far afield into exotic international dishes and has become adept at Russian blintzes. “A friend gave me some good advice,” she admitted shyly, “make the first batch and establish yourself with your guests. Then, buy them ready made at the delicatessen and, on their second visit, the guests will never know the difference. I’m a good cook though I don’t particularly like to do it, but I prefer my own cooking to anyone else’s. My favorite food is fried chicken, what else? You can offer me the finest French cuisine but I’m still a Southerner and prefer fried chicken, rice and gravy, blackeyed peas, orange and coconut made into ambrosia, and I could live for a week on pot likker alone (the juice of boiled turnip greens) and clabber, the poor man’s yogurt. But unfortunately it’s all so fattening I don’t eat it anymore—just stick to steaks (which I don’t like) eggs, vegetables and fruit.

“RARELY buy my clothes, I make them. I’ll see a dress in a shop window marked $79.50 and I say, ‘Oh, pooh. I can make that for $10.00. But I’m really trying to cure myself of my terrible thriftiness. Those yards and yards of green brocaded imported satin for the gown and coat I made for Academy Award night cost me a big fat $120. But what I really need is a good custom-made dress form.”

It was suggested to Joanne that certainly the wardrobe department of 20th Century-Fox would be happy to give their honored Oscar-winner one for home use. “Are you kidding?” outspoken Joanne asked. “They haven’t even given me a dressing room in the Star’s Building yet.”

And when the blonde actress told her husband that she was still assigned to a cubicle in what is called Poverty Row for a dressing room while other actresses were luxuriously quartered, Paul, that irrepressible prankster, threatened to picket the head of the studio. And again, when the proud bridegroom escorted a quivering Joanne (clutching her golden Oscar) to the lavish ball at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, he stopped the studio limousine at a little grocery store, bought bottles of beer for their guests, Joan Collins and her date, and solemnly toasted Joanne on her triumph. Then all four continued on their way, with their beer bottles in hand.

Winning the coveted award hasn’t dulled pixie-ish Joanne’s sense of humor. Her observation on what price glory: “I’ll bet there are a lot of Oscars in hick shops in Hollywood.” Seriously though, the dedicated Joanne is proud and thrilled to have won the Oscar, but she adds, “I’m kind of a worrier. When I make my next movie, ‘Rally Round The Flag, Boys,’ I’ll have to hide it. I’d be too self-conscious with Oscar there looking at me.”

Here is one actress who knows what she wants. She’s a girl of fire and humor and a tongue that sings with words. She’s quick, intelligent, incisive—a dedicated actress who “wanted to act from the time I could talk.” So it’s understandable that she rebelled at stereotyped roles offered by her studio (“I’ve worked too long and too hard to play bit parts”) and waited for such rewarding roles as she had in “Three Faces Of Eve,” “No Down Payment” and “The Long, Hot Summer.”

“If I want to do a play on Broadway (my contract limits plays), I’ll do it, studio suspension or not,” she said firmly, then broke into a broad grin: “I guess you can call me a rebel with a clause.”

On many occasions Joanne has stated frankly that her first love is the stage. She finds working in movies more frustrating, more difficult than Broadway or TV, and much less fun.

“But I’ll tell you something more. When you walk up to get the Oscar, it’s worth everything, everything!”

It’s likely that both Joanne and Paul feel their marriage is worth everything, too. That marriage was a long-hoped for clinch to a courtship filled with pain and anguish for the 27-year-old fantastically talented actress and the equally brilliant 33-year-old highly-vocal exponent of the New York rebel school of actors. They’d met after studies at the Broadway hit play, “Picnic.” Because Paul was a married man, love came unbidden and remained to torment them for five years until Paul’s divorce became final. During that time all three members of the triangle sought the services of psychoanalysts to free them from their turmoil.

With marriage to Joanne, the handsome, brooding-lipped actor with direct blue eyes and close-cropped light brown curly hair, appears to be relaxing his tensions. “I’m a guy in search of myself,” he confided to a reporter before his marriage. “To this day I don’t know how I ever got stuck with acting; I think I am probably the least qualified of anyone to act. I really wanted to teach. But acting was the only thing in which I received any recognition. I know I’m not an actor in terms of what I hope I might be some day. I’d say I got a long way to go. You know it’s easy enough to hide behind a character you’re playing and not feel any of the emotions involved. The difficult thing is to actually experience the emotions and get them across.”

A close friend of his has commented: “The guy has a staggering amount of talent, an assured position on the Broadway stage, in television and motion pictures. Yet he has alienated the press by his refusal to sit still for personal publicity, fights with directors and his studio, turns down roles and is generally tough, sarcastic and independent. He’s also an exciting, magnetic, extraordinary personality—and he’s quickly achieved the kind of stardom that happens only to a select few in Hollywood. Yet he is a man filled with problems, and he finds release from personal anxiety fleetingly through his work. Now, I don’t for a minute believe that Paul should be a well-adjusted, all-right-with-the-world type of guy. Just living, after all, is enough to make the thinking man a neurotic. But I believe that Paul’s marriage will help reduce his personal anxieties so that he will be freer to enjoy his success as an actor.

“Both Joanne and Paul are highly complex individuals. In the close bonds of marriage, this inevitably presents problems. But they are alike enough to understand each other and their love has been tested under adverse conditions since they first met. I think that it’s a good marriage.”

I must be, for these days, Joanne fairly glows as a bride, has lost much of the tenseness she formerly displayed. She’s a strange girl, with none of the usual actressy mannerisms, a joy to talk with and share her off-beat humor.

Not beautiful or voluptuously put together, the crystal green-eyed actress has the kind of anonymity of feature of the truly great actor—Paul has it too in the same degree—which comes to life only with the part she is portraying or the setting in which she finds herself. Thus she can portray great beauty, intense sexual allure, little-girl loneliness, sadness or exhilarating gayety, and in a twinkling drop the coloration and return to herself. It accounts for her changeableness, her contradictory statements,
Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 13

estate, with eight bedrooms and eight baths! Says Tony, "It will take me quite a while to get used to this elegance. I'm a kid who grew up in a room behind my father's tailor shop in New York." Tony, who's been rushing from one film to another recently, has a month's rest before he starts "Some Like It Hot" with Marilyn Monroe.

MORE BATHS—Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay scarcely had time to find their way around in their big new home before they left for England where Jayne is making, of all things, a Western! Their new "cottage" also has eight bedrooms and thirteen baths. "Whoever built this house really dug having bathrooms," quipped Jayne.

HONEST—Joanne Woodward swears this is true or we wouldn't report it. Seems husband Paul Newman likes to cook and considers his real masterpiece is popcorn! He won't even tell Joanne what he does to make it different from other popcorn. Anyway, when they go to their neighborhood movie he takes along a bag of his corn and since it cools off on the trip he asks the girl at the popcorn stand to put it in the warmer for a couple of minutes. And, she does! Joanne is still doing the bride bit, getting up early to fix Paul's breakfast, although he says he doesn't mind cooking his own eggs. He was making "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" while Joanne had time free and could have slept late.

QUIET TIME—June Allyson and Dick Powell cancelled plans for their South American tour when they learned they'd have only one month's vacation instead of two. They're chartering a boat and will cruise up the Pacific Coast to Canadian waters around Victoria and Vancouver. They'll take the kids, Ricky and Pam, plus a cook, and have a lazy, quiet time. Dick swears he's not going to shave. "That would make it a real vacation," quoth he.

"PAPA"—There will be a "little bundle" arriving at Tab Hunter's place come late Fall and he's as pleased as if he really were about to become a father. Well, nearly. The facts: his mare will be foaling and then Tab will have three horses. So now he's dickerling to buy two acres, complete with house, in the San Fernando Valley where he'd build stables and a corral. Venetia Stevenson and Tab have resumed their riding dates now that he's back in town. Tab, a natural athlete, is doing his first film dancing in "Damn Yankee" and had his mother on the set to watch him. She's a very attractive woman and Tab is very proud of her.

She'd have been proud of him if she saw him in the baseball sequence. Tab was at bat and on the second pitch hit a home run! Slammed the ball right out of the park. The director nearly went out of his mind because he hadn't had the camera on Tab. "I never thought he could do it," he moaned. Wait until you see Tab's great acting job in "Gunman's Walk"—he's a heavy you'll love to hiss.

FRIENDS—George Nader and Martha Hyer have resumed dating, now that he's back from England, but we believe they're really just good friends, as they say. George returns to London in September for "SOS Pacific" and it's our guess he'll then resume dating Maggie Smith, his steady date while they were making "Nowhere To Go." Watch for Martha to get a big glamour build-up—and she's really become a glamour girl. Always in the well-dressed, well-groomed group, she's now become extra sleek and chic. She brought back a stunning wardrobe from Paris, drives a Lincoln Continental, bought a house which she's decorated in excellent taste. This Hyer gal has a flair.

DATA ON DATES—This Barry Coe is really "something for the girls." Besides Connie, he's been having water-skiing dates with Kathy Gallant, fishing and horseback riding dates with Nina Shipman, nightclub dates with Jill St. John. . . . Kathy has also been dating Nico Minardos, ex-husband of the new Mrs. Tyrone Power. . . . Pretty Sandra Dee didn't have a date for her 16th birthday party, a family affair, but there were 16 yellow roses from young actor John Wilder on the table.

SIGHT OF THE MONTH—Dana Wynter is tooling around in a 1926 Model-T Ford, really startling the natives who go for the big custom cars or the racy imported sports models. Dana's Ford is practically a museum piece but in perfect running order and will hit a fast 45 mph. If she hangs tight to the wheel. She had to learn to drive all over again to manage the foot-pedal gear shift. The car was a present from her ever-lovin' spouse Greg Bautzer, a man with a real sense of humor.

ABOUT LIZ—Too bad Liz Taylor isn't in the frame of mind for a car like Dana's. Liz is taking Mike Todd's death very hard. Just a couple of times she drove the big Rolls Royce Mike gave her, then decided it depressed her and borrowed Eddie Fisher's little Gia. She plans to sell the big car, and also to move. Eddie and Debbie have really been helping her over her emotional bumps. So have Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward; she co-stars with Paul in her current film.

MALIBU MALES—Floyd Simmons has given up his tiny "house with the tree"—there literally was a tree growing up through the roof in his living room—and moved to larger quarters down at Malibu Beach, more convenient for MGM studio and his good role in "Party Girl." Floyd is an accomplished painter, has done interesting portraits of France Nuyen, Venetia Stevenson and Joanna Moore, all of whom he's dated, too . . . Don Burnett found time between working in "Northwest Passage" and dates with Cindy Robbins to help Rock Hudson find a beach house at Malibu, too. Rock and Phyllis are both being very quiet and discreet about their divorce.

BABY TALK—Cindy Calhoun, now 16 months old, will have a brother or sister soon. Rory and Lita hope it will be a boy.

LANDLADY—Connie Stevens, that 19-year-old doll opposite Jerry Lewis in "Rockabye Baby," is a "hot property" right now. Warner Bros. bought her contract from Paramount, then her old studio "borrowed" her back for "The Party Crashers." She's also recorded for Warner's new disc company. But Connie isn't taking chances, monetarily. She bought a house in the Hollywood Hills and is renting rooms to two other gals! END

THE MOST appealing young couple at the Mocombo are James and Lois Garner.

KIRK Douglas and his very attractive wife are seen at one of Hollywood's night spots.
"You know what I have in mind!"
"Well, you're not going to get it!"
Plainly she was delighted. "What you can have is breakfast."
"Just orange juice, please."
"Have something more. You're too skinny anyway."
"Thanks, no. Kathy—"
"It's Kathryn now. There's another Kathy Crosby, you know. Prior rights. Bob Crosby's daughter."
"Kathryn. Kathryn, privacy or no privacy, you can't ignore the fact you're married to Bing Crosby. Because word has got around."
"I'm not denying anything. But I'm not talking either. My husband and I have promised each other our married life will be our own. We don't agree we're public institutions."

Kathryn Grant Crosby is highly articulate and entirely poised. She is a young woman of great and simple dignity. You hate to crowd her, and even if you wanted to, she wouldn't let you. Sometimes her conversation is devious. Pressed to the ropes once, many months before the event, on whether or not she was in fact secretly married to her celebrated suitor, she said: "Well, I date other men. You don't think Bing would be encouraging that, do you?"

In some degree, however, the courtship and marriage of Kathryn and Bing is a matter of record and in some degree it is otherwise known. It begins, as these things will, with the little girl who was the youngest of three children of Mr. and Mrs. Emery Grandstaff, mainly of West Columbia. There were not many more than 2,000 persons in West Columbia and Kathryn became a dreamer of dreams. Between times, she spent summers in nearby—as Texas distances go—Robstown, with a beloved aunt and uncle. Mentally, she became in short course, a child prodigy whom teams of researchers followed about with tongues lolling. She skipped grades twice and decided secretly she wanted to be a movie star. Growing up, Kathryn dated in the normal fashion and became so strikingly beautiful that she began to win beauty contests even before entering the University of Texas. There she won them in skis. She came to Hollywood with her father on a wave—of interest expressed by scouts back in Texas and shortly was employed by Paramount, though not in any notable roles. But she did, in her capacity as a weekly columnist for a string of Texas papers, meet Bing Crosby—who scoffed at the idea she was a columnist. "You're too pretty," he said, with a tactlessness granted only the established.

They saw each other around the Paramount lot in the weeks that followed but it wasn't until the Christmas season of 1954 that Crosby, conceivably haunted till then by the disparity in their ages, made the gesture of a formal date. But he did it in the courtly fashion, calling first the uncle and aunt with whom Kathryn was living in California, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasbury. "This," he said in total truth, "is Bing Crosby." "I 'gree you," said Uncle Walter. "Harry Truman on this end. They got that straightened out but not the circumstances that Kathryn already had returned to Texas for the holidays."

In early 1955, though, they got going. Kathryn even remembers that it was the evening of January 24 that Bing took her to Chasen's. "We had cracked crab and a filet and he was charming." The dates increased in frequency and they took to writing one another. Then in the spring of that year, Bing escorted her to the Academy Awards, while hucksters on photographers' necks began to rise. Lots of things were rough, especially the age differential, but to their credit was a mutual love of sports, the outdoor life.

And it was at or about this time Kathryn completed, by instruction, her conversion to Catholicism—a conversion that had begun before she became serious about Bing Crosby. Let her tell it:
"It was a Christmas season and I was in France with a USO troupe. On Christmas Eve, a few of us drove from Orleans to Paris. We attended services in a church that was strange to me then and never will be again. It was a case of—oh, tremendous beauty and emotion, one of those instant and complete recognitions. There was never a doubt or a moment's hesitation."

THE late summer of 1956 looked very fine for Kathryn Grant and Bing Crosby, and so particularly did the month of September, when they and a party gathered at one of his four homes, the one in Hayden Lake, Idaho, and Bing reportedly asked a priest for his baptismal certificate. Kathryn was said to have bought a wedding dress but Bing would say only "he hoped" she would have a chance to wear it. Nothing came of Hayden Lake. The guests dispersed and the two principals trickled back to Hollywood and went their separate ways.

"I was not happy," Kathryn says today of that interlude. "I refused to do a television show for which I was scheduled. I should have been suspended. I don't want to say anything more, now or ever."

The late Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, and a kind man in so many respects, came to her rescue in the time that followed. He saw to it that she worked her derriere off. It was a therapeutic experience. She threw herself into other activities, and she dated some and may have had one semi-serious romance.

Then in the fall of 1957, Bing Crosby knew once and for all that "I could not be happy without her." They were married in Las Vegas last October 23, everyone looking happy indeed, and flew right to Palm Springs.

"It was like going home," said Kathryn. She threw herself into the cooking bit, confining her spouse strictly to hamburgers for a while but branching out as time went on. She began to learn golf and did fairly well at tennis under the tutelage of famed Nancy Chaffee Kiner. What Bing wanted, she wanted.

That is said to include a baby girl, although "boy or girl, how could we be any happier!"

For anyone who knew her reasonably well during the year without Crosby, it is actually hard to say that Kathryn Crosby has changed. Obviously she is happy, but she always seemed happy. The woman, like the child, is a good pliker. There are persons who do not trust her inevitably responsive gayety and so do not trust Kathryn. Some women in particular are sure on sight that she is ruthless and calculating.

Few individuals on earth, for example, can be said at all times to give the other person their undivided attention, yet Kathryn Grant would appear always to do so. Not only does she seem to, she does. She knows exactly what you have been saying and replies without hesitation. The reply may not be direct but it is honest within its self-assigned limits. One expects torment or even unhappiness to be occasionally abstracted and non-attentive. But this may be a special gift of hers. It surely is linked with her absorption in so many diverse activities, and her constant wish to help others. Furthermore, her kindness, her womanliness, is ingrained. To a once-cadaverous reporter, for instance, she gave at one time the most extensive interview of her life. Next time he showed up, he had filled out. "Not again!" she roared, only half-kidding. "You're not starving any more. Now you can settle for 'How-do-you-do' and be on your way!" Mr. Crosby is really a very lucky man.
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at many horse shows with him during his studio inactivity, got a closeup
glimpse of how Tab's career anxieties were affecting him. She and Tab do
not live far from one another on the Hollywood side of Laurel Canyon, and
over the canyon to the north, in Burbank, is sprawled the Warner Bros.
Studios where both are under contract. She bailed out a geographical yard-
stick to measure his state of mind.

"We live two lives," she put it. "We always say when we go over Laurel
Canyon we are different people. On the north side, at the studio, everything
is so strained and phony. We're just different people when we get home.
Sometimes we bring some of the Holly-
wood pressures over the hill with us. On
the south side of Laurel Canyon, he's
very relaxed. He's under a great deal of
stress. He hasn't worked in more than
a year, you know. He's worked only six
months out of 36. He's recorded an
album and the studio won't let him re-
lease it. Tab gets blue very easily, but
he is quite sure that it will all come out
in the wash."

The causes of Tab's unrest were not
secrets known only to Venetia, his agent
Dick Clayton, and the studio. Tab had
made no exertions to conceal the fact
that he felt he was suffering a twen-
tieth century refinement of peonage. He
had a list of grievances as long as his
arm. The impounding of his record
album was only one of them.

He was distressed because many of
the pictures he had made he felt
were namby-pamby. He was unhappy
over his suspension for his refusal to do
"Darby's Rangers." He was unhappy at
his studio's refusal to buy "The Jim
Piersall Story" as a starring vehicle for
him after his performance in the play
on television brought him critical kudos.
Ultimately, Paramount bought the story
for Tony Perkins, and Tab used to
haunt the Paramount lot watching Tony,
who is a good friend, do the part he had
wanted so badly. He was unhappy about
studio refusal to permit him to do loan-
outs, particularly for "Cowboy," where
he was wanted for the role that Jack
Lemmon eventually did co-starring with
Glenn Ford. He was unhappy about
studio arranged publicity dates. He was
up in arms at being commanded for
a public appearance tour to beat the
drums for "The Spirit Of St Louis," a
picture in which he did not even appear.

In fact, it was during this tour that
his resentment flowered into full re-
volt. During the Albany stopover on the
24-city itinerary, Tab didn't confine
himself to plugging "The Spirit Of
St Louis." From the stage of an Al-
bany theatre, and in radio, television
and newspaper interviews, Tab started
his audiences by mounting his own soap-
box and appealing to the public to de-
figure studio boss Jack L. Warner with
personal demands that his captive record
album be liberated.

His appeal, calculated to make his
studio more sympathetic to his desires,
proved ineffectual. The studio suffered
his insurrection in indulgent, if not for-
giving, paternal silence. The album con-
tinued to gather dust, and Tab continued
to grit his teeth.

Although the studio declined to en-
gage in public debate, it was conceded
in the trade that it was upholding a tra-
ditional management position. It was
exercising its right to invoke contractual
controls on a recalcitrant employee. The
studio attitude was that Tab had vio-
lated the terms of the pact he had signed
without a pistol in his back, and with
the representation of a better than
competent agent. It was pointed out
that his contract clearly gave Warners
control of any recordings he might make,
but that he recorded "Young Love"
without getting studio consent.

Pro-studio spokesmen cited as an in-
stance of corporate magnanimity the
decision not to stand in the way of the
release of "Young Love." However, they
wanted it known that this generosity
did not constitute a waiver of rights.
When Tab was warned against recording
his album without a studio okay, he bristled angrily:

"I'm going to do it anyway. Let them
try and stop me."

They did. The studio invoked its con-
tractual prerogatives and impounded the
album. Whether, as reported in some
circles, the act was a veiled reprisal
for Tab's refusal to do "Darby's Rang-
ers" remained a matter of speculation.

But Tab's smoldering resentment was
exceeded only by his determination to
prove his worth as a performer. He didn't
waste all his footwork on a treadmill.
Although he had the conviction, as he
did to Venetia, that it all comes out
in the wash, he had no intention of
permitting himself to be washed up or
washed out.

He didn't use up all his idle time in
fretting and back talk. He worked tire-
lessly to equip himself better for his
trade. He attended classes three nights
a week from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m. He fol-
lowed that up with private lessons from
former actor Jeff Corey, who is now a
1rama coach, and from erstwhile studio
drama coach Joe Graham. He supple-
mented this with homework, breaking
down plays in his apartment, working
with a tape recorder to perfect his
acting technique.

Simultaneously, Tab plunged into
singing lessons, doggedly determined
to prove that his voice was not fiction
created by the wizardry of recording en-
gineers with scissors and paste. He
was thirsting for vindication, and vin-
dication was on the way.

He confounded his critics by appear-
ing as a singing guest star on top
TV Variety shows, by starring in the title
role of "Hans Brinker And The Silver
Skates" on the Hallmark Theatre, and fin-
ally by singing on the stage of the Pan-
tages Theatre at Hollywood's annual
Academy Awards presentation.

His detractors were no less flabber-
gasted by his dramatic appearances on
television. He followed up his sensitive
performance in "The Jim Piersall Story"
with other work that revealed unsus-
pected dimension as an actor. With sheer
will power and talent, he began to push
back the tide of oblivion that threatened
to engulf him. And understandably, he
was grateful to television for affording
him the opportunity to prove himself.

"It isn't motion pictures that have
given me great parts," he commented
with no noticeable softening in his at-
titude, "it is television. I've got to keep
looking forward. I've got to develop
every day of my life. In TV, they seem
to have more imagination about casting.
But I've been allowed to do only two
TV shows (the other was "Forbidden
Area" in which Tab gave a bungup per-
fomance as a spy). I want pictures with
substance. The best part I've had was in
'Lafayette Escadrille.' It was on a higher
level, a step up."

Tab furnished fresh proof of the
ancient Hollywood maxim that nothing
succeeds like success. As his agent, Dick
Clayton, points out, the main reason
the masters of TV were willing to take
a chance on Tab was that as a teenage
idol they felt he would be a hot tele-
vision drawing card, and their hunch
ultimately was proved correct indeed.

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THE ORDEAL
OF TAB HUNTER
continued

"The ratings of the shows he’s been on have been fabulous," Clayton says. "When he did ‘Haus Brinker,’ ‘Hallmark Hall of Fame had the highest rating it ever had. It ran during the first half hour of ‘Maverick,’ and it was the first show able to beat the first half hour of the popular ‘Maverick.’"

At any rate, there developed a subtle change in Hollywood’s attitude toward Tab. His popularity and talent on television could not be ignored. Instead of pursuing a vindictive course his studio permitted him to do "Gunman’s Walk" on loanout to Columbia, and gave him the green light for his widely applauded tour de force as Donald Bashear in "Portrait Of A Murderer" on Playhouse 90.

Clayton smilingly denies a report that Tab has been signed for three more pictures at Columbia.

"That’s impossible," he insists. "He’s still under contract to Warners. They’d (Columbia) like him for ten pictures, or twenty.”

Meantime, Tab’s crowning vindication was served up when he made the prodigal’s return to his home studio to star in the hit Broadway musical, “Damn Yankees,” which Warners bought for him as a kiss-and-makeup offering, and as a remarkable demonstration of their faith in him as a money-maker.

"They thought they’d better get in on the act," Clayton explains it simply, "and buy a property they could star him in. Tab has always been strong at the box-office. All his pictures with Natalie Wood were great at the box-office.”

Cameras began to roll on “Damn Yankees” to the accompaniment of insistent rumors that Tab’s term contract with Warner Bros. was being renegotiated—and if there was any substance to these reports it was obvious that any changes in Tab’s pact would not only up his pay, but remedy some of the other grievances that have hassled him.

But although Tab will do his own singing as the star of “Damn Yankee,” one battle, ironically, will be settled only in terms of capitulation. Where once Tab fought to liberate his Dot record album, he is now content to have it forever suppressed.

"He’s been studying singing three hours a week with Dean Campbell," Clayton reveals, “and he’s studying with Keith Davis, who has trained a lot of New York stars and Broadway musical comedy people.

As for the album, Clayton now avers that Tab never actually completed it.

"As a matter of fact," Clayton says, "he sings so much better now, he wouldn’t even want those records out. You have to remember, he did them more than a year ago."

While he makes no victory claims—they scarcely seem necessary—Clayton, sitting behind his busy desk at Famous Artist Agency, firmly serves notice that the days of his handsome, headstrong client sounding off against his studio are over. Where once a cold war waxed hot and intense, there are now the gurgling sounds of a love feast.

"Tab is young and foolish," Clayton dismisses Tab’s stinging verbal fusillades against the Burbank film factory. "We don’t intend to reopen that can of beans. We want to close the can, and let it stay as it is. Tab is under contract to Warners, and you’re loyal to your bosses. We’re not having Tab talk about his unhappiness with Warners anymore. Paul Newman doesn’t do it. Tab isn’t going to do it anymore."

The significant thing, the measure of Tab’s triumph against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, is that with things going the way they are, Tab isn’t apt to feel the need to do it anymore.

Once, in his darkest hours, there were insidious rumblings that Tab Hunter was washed up. Today—because his back talk was exceeded only by his backbone—that refrain is deader than his outlawed and now totally outmoded album of Dot records.

THE FISHERS find that with two kids their moments of relaxation seem rarer.

Q. Do you feel it’s wise to take the children along on trips?
   A. No, they are too young to travel. They don’t know where they are, they don’t care, and they won’t remember. Besides, I don’t think it’s fair to them to interrupt their routines, to put them to bed in strange rooms, give them food they are not used to. We learned our lesson by taking Carrie Frances to Miami last spring, when Eddie appeared at the Chesterfield convention. All day long people dropped in on us, and since we didn’t take a nurse along and I looked after Carrie myself, she became more and more frightened and confused.

Q. Have you made any plans for your children’s future yet?
   A. I’ve been too busy with formulas! But seriously that’s too far away. However, both Eddie and I went to public school and I think our children will do the same. And if they want to get into show business, I certainly wouldn’t force them into attending college first, because what good would it do them in our type of work? But at this stage one can’t tell how they’ll develop. I’ll start thinking about it in ten years...

Q. Do you think Eddie works too hard?
   A. He does. But he loves it, and when you’re in television, it’s impossible to slow down. Every show is like doing an ‘A’ picture. If it isn’t good, you can get promptly knocked off the air. But I think Eddie has done a wonderful job and apparently the sponsors think so too, or his show wouldn’t have been one of the first to be renewed for the fall season.

Q. Do you try to slow him down?
   A. I had the phone taken out of our bedroom so he can sleep late. But we have an intercom and if there’s an important call, he can be reached. Ordinarily I encourage everyone to leave messages which I give him when he wakes up.

Q. Is Eddie worried about your working too hard?
   A. I don’t think so.

Q. If you would live your life over again, particularly the last five years, what would you do differently?
   A. Nothing!

Debbie Takes The Stand!
continued from page 17

A. I’ve learned never to plan more than two months ahead!

Q. Are you on a special kind of diet that enables you to keep your trim figure?
   A. I don’t have any diet. But I dance a couple of hours a day and in the summer I usually swim a few laps around the pool. Believe me, that keeps your weight down.

Q. I understand you don’t want any pictures taken of the children. What is the reason for it?
   A. It’s not true. I have no objections to having pictures taken of Carrie and Tod. I just don’t want it done too early or too often. I don’t think it’s good for a two month old baby to have flash bulbs going off in front of his face. But I don’t object to having pictures taken. Let’s say, two or three times a year.

Q. Are you making any more records?
   A. My last one was "This Happy Feeling" with "Hillside In Scotland" on the other side, for Coral Records. Sure I hope to make more, whenever I can find good songs.

Q. Do you have any travel plans?
   A. Well, we’d like to go to Brussels.

END
Fed up with “all the pawin' and puckerin’,”
Elvis Presley says, “The Army's a relief!”

“I've been runnin' hard and fast these last few years,” says Pvt. Elvis Presley. “Honestly, I was gettin' plumb tired of all the pawin' and puckerin', the police escorts, the loneliness of stayin' holed up in hotel rooms. For me, all that will be over for a while and I really look forward to Army service.”

Read Elvis Presley's outspoken reactions to the breather Army life affords him, in SILVER SCREEN magazine. You’ll understand why the rock 'n' roll idol is weary of the clothes-tearing, the mobs, the complete absence of privacy, and the impossibility of ever taking a girl out dancing without being engulfed by his fans.

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corny though it sounds, there is truth in the trite saying: ‘Time heals everything.’ To a certain extent it does.

“Never since have I loved anyone the way I loved Mary Ann. Ever since I’ve been looking for a girl like her—but who can take the place of a girl who was your childhood sweetheart, an integral part of your life for ten years?”

Can any girl in Hollywood take the place of the ghost of past love?

Five years ago, Hugh thought he was in love again, this time with a stunning divorcee. They went together for more than a year, then discovered that what they had mistaken for the possible dawning of love was more of an infatuation than the real thing.

BUT as anxious as he is to settle down as a husband, Hugh will wait until the right girl comes along.

“I want a good companion,” he says. “All this stuff about eyes of blue and five feet two doesn’t mean anything to me.

“My mother and dad enjoyed 33 years of a blissful marriage. Then, while I was visiting them, she died in her sleep. I was heartbroken. So, of course, was my dad. She was his whole world. And even though I’d been away from home those past few years, I was inconsolable.

“But my mother’s example taught me what qualities to look for in a wife.

“She was like the woman described in the Bible:

“Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that she shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.”

“My mother made my father happy; she gave me a wonderful life. I’d want to marry a girl who could be the same kind of wife and mother my mother was.

“I want to offer the same kind of life to my kids that my parents gave to me. I’m right for marriage. I want it. That doesn’t mean that I’m going to say, ‘This month I’m going to find a wife.’ Marriage will happen when the right girl comes along and decides I’m the right man.

“I’m prepared for marriage now. I’m now able to offer something to a wife. Not just security—I have it now, and I have a reasonably secure future now that my struggles appear to be over.

“But besides security, I think I can offer certain ideals to marriage—thanks to the wonderful way of life I saw between my own parents.

“Marriage counselors say that the happiest marriages are often between partners whose parents have been happy together. Until the day my mother died, my father used to kiss her openly. They would hold hands. They called each other ‘dear’ and ‘darling.’ My mother lived for my father, and he for her. I saw around me the wonderful companionship and emotional security of a good marriage. That’s what I’m ready to give.

“Now I’m looking for a woman to marry. Not a girl.

“There are lots of girls around. They’re fun to be with, to date, to buy dinner for, to take a drive with. But none of them is the woman I want to marry. I want a woman with the ability to be a companion—a woman whose attraction is not just outer beauty, but an essential womanliness that would make her a wife and a mother. I want a woman with a good mind—a woman with the same beliefs I have. I happen to believe in the Bible. My beliefs are summed up in the Ten Commandments and in the Sermon On The Mount. The woman I marry would have to have the same inner beliefs I do.”

As a bachelor, Hugh lives comfortably because he’s not the helpless type. He can take care of himself. He lives in a charming duplex apartment, but is looking for a house.

Twice a week a maid comes in to clean the place. However, he makes his own bed and is a good cook. Sometimes he has girl friends over for dinner. Then, instead of asking them to do the cooking, he does it. He is not restricted just to steak and potatoes, but has cooked some really elaborate dishes, like crepes Suzettes, for instance.

“For the present, he dates the field. Among his girl friends is a stunning society girl from San Antonio, Texas, whom he met while on a fishing trip to Acapulco, Joan Tabor, a beautiful, long-legged young actress, and Nancy Sinatra.

FRIENDS think that Nancy may be the girl to take the place of Mary Ann. She has the same warmth, the stability, and Hugh feels a sense of belonging with her that he never had for any girl since his childhood sweetheart.

Will he and Nancy marry?

“Who knows?” smiled Hugh. “We haven’t gotten to that point yet. I think she’s the most wonderful woman I’ve ever known—and she’s what I would call a womanly woman.”

But there are many barriers. One of them might he Nancy’s religion. She is a Catholic. Even though she agreed to divorce Frank when he fell in love with Ava, it was most reluctantly that she did so. In the eyes of her church, which does not recognize divorce, she is still married to him.

Besides, as Nancy confided to a friend, “I think Hugh is wonderful. But how could I ever consider marriage? I’m older than he is.”

Hugh doesn’t consider that an obstacle. “She’s a young, vibrant, handsome woman,” he says of Nancy. “I enjoy being with her more than with any other girl.”

Nancy’s maturity and womanliness attract Hugh. “I always have a great time with her,” he says. “We enjoy each other’s company. We like the same things. We enjoy going to the homes of friends, we love music, and we enjoy just sitting in her home and talking and relaxing. We have loads of mutual friends.” (Both Nancy and Hugh travel in Hollywood’s upper social circles.)

“Nancy is a wonderful sport,” continued Hugh. “If I want to go fishing, she’ll go right along with me on that, even when we have already made plans to go to a party.”

Because of her maturity and wisdom, Nancy has a depth and understanding that few of the young beauties Hugh has dated can match. She’s never anxious to go out on a date merely for the excitement of it, but values companionship above all else.

One evening when she and Hugh were supposed to go to a cocktail party, he arrived very tired. She was all dressed up and so was Hugh when he called at her magnificent Bel-Air home, where she lives with her three children.

Although she was all prepared to go to the party, Nancy noticed lines of fatigue on Hugh’s face. He flopped on her quilted flowered sofa and said, “I sure had a hard day today. I had to rush to get home and dress for the party.”

Nancy looked at him thoughtfully, then said, “We’re not going to this party. It’s ridiculous. I don’t need it, and you’re certainly too tired to go. Why don’t we stay right here and relax? The party might be stuffy anyway.”

Hugh was so relieved, he didn’t even argue with her.

“Let me whip up something for you,” Nancy went on. She disappeared into the kitchen—then came out in a jiffy with a dish of hot spaghetti and meat sauce, salad, coffee and cake, prettily arranged on a tray. She set it up on the coffee table before Hugh and he had his

ONE lady that the eligible Hugh O’Brian shows his attentions on is Joan Tabor.
dinner right there in Nancy's living room. “It was a wonderful evening,” he says.

They have had many wonderful evenings together, including the recent big black tie party thrown by Bob Mitchum for his favorite pals in Hollywood. It was an occasion when any beautiful girl would have been honored at having been chosen by Hugh. Nancy looked serenely beautiful that evening.

Hugh sees Nancy more often than any other girl. But he will not admit that he has proposed. Will he some day? Perhaps. Possibly, Nancy, fearing that such a marriage would never work out, adroitly maneuvers him into a position where he simply doesn’t ever have an opportunity to ask her The Question.

For some time to come, it looks as if the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood will remain a bachelor. On the one hand, no matter how much he is attracted to any woman, he always asks himself: Will she be the kind of wife my mother was? There are very few women who can meet that test.

On the other hand, Nancy—possibly the only woman he knows who would make the kind of loyal wife and mother his mother made—has never intimated that she would consider marrying again. No one really knows whether or not she considers herself still married to Frank Sinatra in the eyes of her church and of God. It might cause a terrible wrench to her religious affiliations if she were to marry again.

In every respect—save for his big unsolved problem, “Who is the right woman for me?”—Hugh’s life is really almost ideal.

He’s in the work he loves. Having worked as a landscape gardener and a door-to-door salesman while he was learning to act in little theatre productions, he now appreciates and savors the security of the present when he can choose the roles he really wants.

“I’ve been stage-struck ever since I started to work with a little theatre company,” he told me. “The profession of acting has nearly everything to it I need and like. It’s competitive. I like that. Goals are difficult to reach. That makes it challenging.”

Hugh’s career in the movies was not sensational until the day he became Wyatt Earp on TV. Stuart Lake, creator of the series and once a friend of the real Earp, helped select Hugh. It’s an amazing likeness,” he remarked when he met Hugh.

Since then Hugh’s career has plummeted to amazing heights. While he is most famous for his portrayal of Wyatt Earp, he’s going great guns in the movies, too. Currently he’s starring in “Quick Draw at Fort Smith,” for 20th Century.

Give the average man enough rope and he’ll hang himself, the saying goes. But if you give Hugh enough rope, he’ll use it to lasso himself a wife.

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END
IN THE Capitol album, "St. Louis Blues," Nat "King" Cole captures the spirit that made W. C. Handy's works more than just standard blues fare. The backgrounds may be a little too lush for some blues purists but Nat is all. The backgrounds could just as well have been done with a harmonica or a kazoo. . . . Errol Garner's eloquent piano never spoke more clearly than in his latest Columbia album, "Soliloquy." The Garner technique clings to no particular school; it's all Errol, which is strictly post-graduate, anyhow. . . . Peggy Lee is considered in her element when she's singing the blues, lamenting a lost love, etc. As her new Capitol album, "Jump For Joy" proves, Peggy can sing—and swing—anything. . . . "Stormy Weather," "That Old Black Magic," "Over The Rainbow," "Let's Fall In Love," "Get Happy"—those are just a few of the tunes from the pen of Harold Arlen, a great composer who has had a minimum of publicity over the years. John Towner Williams' Bethlehem album, "World On A String," features Mr. Williams arranging, conducting and playing the piano through a dozen Arlen standards. The arrangements are crisp and original; the solos are outstanding.

Hardly anyone laughs when Bruce Prince-Joseph sits down at his harpsichord since out of it comes everything from superb classical interpretations to real rockin’ jazz as displayed in the Camden album, "Anything Goes." A hot harpsichord is not a common commodity in the musical market place but we’ll buy Prince-Joseph’s brand anytime. . . . To coin a jazz cliche, the four-record Verne album, "Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Duke Ellington Songbook," is the very end, man. In almost 40 numbers covering the Duke's fabulous career, Ella Fitzgerald does the definitive job on Mr. Ellington and his accomplishments. The near-twenty dollar price tag on the de luxe version shouldn’t scare away anyone who's really interested in music that's the most. . . . Once more, The Jazz Pickers, just about our favorite note-worthies, have come up with a twosided treat titled, "Command Performance," and featuring Red Norvo, flame-bearded master of the vibraharp. The EmArcy album is filled with beautiful sounds, a large number of them stemming from the smooth cello of leader Harry Babasin.

M-G-M Records has blanketed the movie "Gigi" with a three-disc parlay. Record No. 1 is the sound track recording with Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold. Record No. 2 is a lush instrumental treatment of the score by David Rose and his orchestra. Record No. 3 is a jazz version by the Dick Hyman Trio. We're not picking a best bet, as any, or all, of them are worthwhile additions to a record library. . . . In her latest album for Columbia, Jill Corey plays a two-faced woman. That's not as bad as it sounds. One side of the LP is labeled "Sometimes I’m Happy" and has Jill singing carefree and upbeat. On the reverse side titled, "Sometimes I’m Blue" (naturally), Miss Corey, at a slower tempo, takes up the torch. . . . The Australian Jazz Quintet is neither entirely Australian nor, in a number of instances, a quintet. But it is always Jazz with a capital "J". Its 5th album, "The AJQ Plays Rodgers And Hammerstein," the quintet shows a deft appreciation of the ageless art of the messrs. R & H. . . . The name Bessie Smith is spoken with awe whenever great blues singers are mentioned. It is almost uncontested that she was "Queen Of The Blues Shouters." Dinah Washington in her EmArcy album, "Dinah Sings Bessie Smith," has captured the free-wheeling, gully-low feeling that was Bessie's trademark.
In Search Of Prince Charming

continued from page 37

“Let’s face it,” she grinned, “I’m a single girl so I offer easy material for the columnists. Endless stories can be written about ‘Can a Kim Find The Right Someone?’ Some of the things sound so farfaren and so sad that they make me wonder if life has passed me by, if I’ll suffer tragically alone in my old days because I couldn’t find a happy marriage. Fortunately, I don’t have that outlook. I’m downright optimistic.

“I’m happy with my life. Maybe I’m looking for a Prince Charming—I don’t know. But if so I can’t help it. I don’t like substitutes.”

Which brings up the subject of Mac Krim with whom Kim has been linked ever since she became a Hollywood figure. It also brings up Rafael Trujillo. There was a time when she might have married Mac but things didn’t work out. There was never a time when she would have married Trujillo. She has been rumored engaged to Mac, breaking off with him, going back with him, so when Kim was asked for the lowdown about the situation, she wasn’t coy.

“I loved Mac—and still do,” Kim said honestly, “and he feels the same way, but we’re not in love and there is a great difference. We couldn’t take any serious steps a few years ago because of complications—mainly my career. We are still close but it is one thing to love someone as a companion and another to live with someone the rest of your life.

“I don’t date very much now—maybe on the week-end and occasionally during the week. This is when I’m not working. I usually go out to dinner—seldom to dance. When I’m on a picture such as ‘Bell, Book, And Candle,’ I’m too tired, on Friday to dance and on Saturday there are too many people so that takes care of the dancing bit.

“My ideas about the right kind of man haven’t changed any. I have never set up any rules which say that a man for me must be this, that, and the other because I could very easily meet someone who would be entirely opposite from any ‘ideal’ I might cherish. But I do go a lot by honesty, I’m basically an honest person—sometimes too much so. On a few occasions I’ve been on a date with a man and have opened my mouth—too wide and too firmly about what I think. Not all of such comments have been received with unbridled enthusiasm. But I still think it’s better to say what I feel. At least I know what kind of man he is and where I stand. And it’s better to find that out early than to discover it after you get married. I’d rather say what I think and then see if the man can put up with me.

“Frankly, I’m ready for marriage—right now. It’s right for me. I wasn’t ready before, but now I feel I have the time to give to it that is necessary. And I’m emotionally able to give marriage what it deserves. I’m naturally going to be cautious—I hope—but I’m not afraid of marriage. I’m not at all bothered about the effect it would have on my career. If I were happily married, my career would have to take a back seat.”

Kim was gesturing positively as she spoke and she was intense in all she said. Marriage has always meant a good deal to her because she has had a good example as a model. Her mother and father have had a happy life so she knows what a family life can be like. She wants to have one just as good.

Kim lives by herself in a rather modest house—and she has found that living alone has its benefits. She may want marriage now but until it comes she doesn’t mind the bachelor girl life a bit. “I like being alone,” Kim said, “I like the privacy after having to be around so many people all of the time. And I like being able to go around in slacks and being barefoot. Often, I just sit and read or float in the pool—I don’t like to swim, but I do like being in the water.

“I really treasure the moments when I’m alone. In my business, you have to refuel by being by yourself.”

In her ability to live by herself—happily—and in other ways, Kim has matured in the last couple of years. For one thing, she has more self-confidence.

“Being with people and being accepted by people in this business has given me confidence,” she explained quietly, “I feel more certain of myself. I’m not overly-confident. That’s a terrible thing to have happen to you. It’s like working so hard to climb to the top of the ladder and when you get to the top you have only one place to go—down.

In my work—or in anything—I can only have confidence when I’m doing what I believe in.

“Of course, I’m no judge of what I do on the screen. I don’t like anything I do anyway. I analyze and criticize myself so much it’s misery to watch a picture I’m in. She leaned against the couch, laughed, and remarked, ‘Look at me—now I’m analyzing myself.’

Such is Kim as she is now. She will continue to live the independent life for the time being—but with one eye out for the right marriage. And she will continue to be guided by one thing—her own instincts.

She got up to get dressed for a big studio luncheon. It was another “on-stage” deal for the star. Once more she’d be on display. Her parting comment was typically Novak in its lively humor.

“Don’t worry about me. I love my life. But I’m still the best knocker-on-wood ever to exist in the business.”
is quite a well-known photographer in Berkeley, California.

"I was 12 when I appeared in Sidney Kingsley's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, 'The Patriots,' and although I got good notices my parents decided to keep me off the stage until I had grown up," Hope told me. "They sent me to the Lodge Professional High School in New York, and during that time I also studied dancing with Martha Graham and became a part-time model."

Afterwards, she attended Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and Barmore Junior College in New York. "It was while at Barmore that I began making TV appearances in small bits, commercials, and even as a dancer," continues Hope. "Jackie Gleason picked me as a dancer for his show, and Hollywood finally beckoned when I appeared on TV in 'Snap Finger Creek' with Jo Van Fleet. I was signed to a long-term, two-year contract at 20th Century-Fox."

To Hope Lange, the most important role of an actress is the responsibility of being one.

"It's the truth in how you approach a part and carry it through," she says. "Also the ability to avoid the effects of acting and assuming something unreal, and still retain your basic honesty as a person. It's a tempting trap to give performances off-stage as well as on—but if you fall into that, the results can often be very dangerous."

Director Mark Robson agrees. "Hope has the right idea. She already recognizes it isn't easy for a player to know who and what he really is. And that it's far too easy after days of 'pretending,' to let some of that creep into your life. That's why, when Hope is good, she doesn't always know it... and her acting becomes natural, unplanned and just flows without effort. Then she goes home and becomes Mrs. Murray again."

Despite such a eulogy from an expert, Hope says it isn't always that way. She insists she can be perfectly dreadful, explaining it's usually when she's doing something she doesn't know what she's doing. (Her words.) Then, she thinks all you learn from a really bad performance is not to do that kind of role ever again.

Today she still recalls with a shudder "The True Story Of Jesse James," and how she was positively crushed by everything about that picture. Although she has better perspective today, she wasn't backward in telling anyone who would listen that it was a terrible picture, she was frightful and had probably ruined her career by appearing in it.

"Actually," explains Hope, "I'm told I did some very good work in it, but there were a couple of scenes...! I was directed to play them in a certain way, and I did, and the results were awful. Towards the end I was supposed to be an older woman, and I was told just to lower my voice to indicate the change in age; but it only sounded as though I had a terrible cold!"

Stern critic of her own work, Hope Lange also believes it's difficult for an actress to evaluate other actresses. Individual performances, she feels, can be magnificent, but the woman player that is consistently cheered is hard to find. Although she likes Mary Martin most of all, for the kind of work she does, Hope finds it much easier to pick actors she admires. Her favorites: Laurence Olivier, Montgomery Clift, her husband, Richard Basehart and Arthur Kennedy.

As a child, Hope Lange had no particular ambitions. She just wanted to be everything! Today, she hasn't changed, agrees that she still has no startling ambitions and is perfectly content to be a housewife and mother. The boss in her home is Don, and that suits her to a T. Besides making all the major decisions, Don helps her in her work. Very critical but extremely helpful in her acting, he also tells Hope what scripts to take and what to avoid.

"The only time I ever decided for myself was with 'Point Of No Return,' which they wanted me to do on TV," Hope told me. "Don happened to be in Europe and I had to say yes or no before I could ask his advice. That was a nerve-wracking moment for me! I dithered over it for days, and finally I took the plunge and agreed to do it. When Don got home and read the script, he was tacit, but I could see he was appalled."

"He shook his head and said as gently as he could, 'You don't know what you've undertaken!'"
But of course, it was too late. I just had to go ahead and do my best. You can imagine how happy I was when Don told me afterwards he was stunned at how successful I was. He was so proud and pleased! He told me it was the best thing in the world that I'd made the decision alone, because he would certainly have advised me to turn it down!

"I'd have said you weren't ready to tackle a difficult role like that," he explained, "but you've grown and developed much more than I knew. Thank goodness, I wasn't here to hold you back!"

That's one remark of Don's Hope will always remember.

He's No Mother's Boy

continued from page 33

me you want to do it over again!"

Tommy turned to Ted. "If a record is a hit," he explained, "then all the time and money I may have poured into it is more than justified."

Ted knew it was useless to argue with Tommy even though, as his adviser, he knew it was literally pointless to spend still another session on that same song. And so, in New York, Tommy made a third version of "Teen-Age Doll" while recording "Hawaiian Rock" for the flip-side of the record.

A week or two later, Ted and Tommy returned to Hollywood and reported to Ken Nelson's office at Capitol. Ken was unhappy. "I'm going to play two records for you, Tommy," Ken said. "The version of "Teen-Age Doll" you recorded in New York, and the one we recorded here just before you left. Listen, and then tell me, honestly, which sounds better."

Tommy listened attentively. Both records were played. Then Tommy took a deep breath and said: "You were right. The one we recorded before going to New York is the best. But," he continued, "you do understand that I had to record it again back there just to make sure."

Ken smiled. "I know," he said patiently. "You're a perfectionist, but somewhere along the line you're going to have to stop spending so much money on the making of records."

"If we have a hit," said Tommy, "that's the important thing, not the money."

And of course, "Teen-Age Doll" has become one of Tommy's top-selling records, and still is going strong.

The relationship between Tommy and his mother or Tommy and his personal manager has never been anything like that between Elvis and his parents, or Elvis and "Colonel" Tom Parker. The latter reportedly often tells Elvis: "Be at such and such a place at seven tonight," without explaining why. On the other hand, Ted Wick says: "Tommy and I discuss every project thoroughly. Before we meet, I examine the advantages and disadvantages of a situation, and then, in discussing the project with Tommy, I place everything right on the table. Tommy usually asks what I think is the correct procedure, and I tell him my views. Sometimes he will agree readily that my thinking makes sense. Other times he will introduce possibilities which never occurred to me. But the main thing is that, at no time, does Tommy make a record, a personal appearance, a movie, or a TV appearance without completely understanding not only what he must do, but why. To do or not to do any project then becomes Tommy's final decision," explains Wick.

Tommy, when he once makes up his mind, becomes definite almost to a point of being stubborn. Once he has thought out a problem completely to his satisfaction, he is at a loss to understand why everyone else in the world doesn't see his point.

Take the purchase of his first shiny red Ford convertible. Mrs. Sands had purposely taken a small apartment for Tommy and herself close to the stores and to transportation. When Tommy announced that he was going to buy a car, Mrs. Sands said: "Now, son, you can't afford to spend three thousand dollars on a new car, and you really don't need one right now. Wait a little while until we see how your career is going to go. Then, later, if we can afford a new car, we'll buy one."

Tommy argued quietly for several days, pointing out that when one has appointments at various studios and offices, one cannot always get there on time by bus. But Mrs. Sands equally quietly argued that by planning one's time, one could get any place by bus.

So Tommy pursued a different approach. "I didn't mention the car anymore, I just bought it..."

When Mrs. Sands saw the pleasure Tommy got out of the car, and how much easier both their lives became, she couldn't be angry at him. "I just didn't realize," she said, "that the car would be such a help to Tommy's career because I never really knew how many appointments he had, nor did I realize how far he had to travel each day."

It's quite obvious that one Tommy Sands is a young fellow who believes and acts according to his own convictions. If his pleasant, easy-going, obliging attitude fools others into thinking he can be wounded around his mother's little finger, or for that matter, anyone's little finger, they just don't know what they're talking about.

The planets reveal Eddie Fisher's road to success!

Eddie Fisher's birth chart shows signs of great dramatic appeal, charm, and the deep understanding of audiences that has won him fame and fortune throughout his fabulous singing-acting career. As a "Leo" baby (July 23 to August 22), he can count on leadership abilities, respect of people, and most important, a really happy marriage. No wonder this popular entertainer is headed for even more success than ever before!

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nothing on Danny Thomas, who bought a little Spanish building atrocity for $35,000, and to date has poured more than $150,000 into doing it over.

Personally, I think Lauren Bacall is better off as a single lady with a very loving and the fortunate Bogart left her. If she takes my advice, she’ ll wait before plunging into 'matrimony again.

... How to get noticed in Hollywood. Starlet Sandra Gile has her car covered with something pink called Puff Fur. It looks awful. And Sandra will have to use acting talent to be noticed permanently.

... Marilyn Monroe’s explanation for her general lateness, “I once arrived on time for a cocktail party, and no one was there.” Not even the hostess.

One of them will have to use a lot of make-up: Bette Davis aged 50, playing Alec Guinness’ mother in “The Scapegoat.” Alec is 46.

The break-up in the Sammy Davis marriage so soon after they promised to love and obey, etc., seems to confirm the earlier story of a romance with a top movie star. ... James Garner is finally getting smart, money-wise, that is. Just to appear at a party, in the sweet name of publicity, Jim asked $1,000. It’s about time. He gets competitive peanuts from his contract at Warners.

When 20th hoss, Buddy Adler, saw “A Certain Smile,” he mused, “That’s not a picture, that’s painting.” ... Star of the Francoise Sagan story, Christine Carere, has been fusiling with the studio because she wants to return home to her bridegroom, and 20th wants her to stay here.

Johnny Mathis, the overnight recording sensation, receives $50,000 for starring in his life story, from producer Ray Stark. The film is to be shot in Johnny’s home town of Sau Francisco. ... Talking of money, Robert Mitchum, who doesn’t care for the TV medium, has set a price of $100,000 per show for his services—hoping to frighten off the bids. I’m not sure it will.

Poor Shelley Winters celebrated the first anniversary of her wedding to Anthony Franciosa by kissing her press agent, Eugene Lerner. The white boy was kissing Ava Gardner for their picture in Rome, “The Naked Maja.”

Prediction: That U-I’s John Gavin (“A Time To Love And A Time To Die”) will be a top movie star. He has looks and brains—two useful commodities for stardom. ... Strange that Marlon Brando’s “Sayonara” only did so-so business in England where they love him. Marlon is engaged to his baby son and seems to have calmed down for the first time in his soul-searching career.

Ditto for Bing Crosby, hoping hard the newcomer will be a girl. Bing is after stage hit musical, “The Music Man,” in which to star himself on the screen. And isn’t it time the Old Groainer gave up giving interviews saying, “I have retired.” He never will.

Tony Perkins tells me he will never give up his $55 a month ground floor back apartment in New York’s West 50’s. “I’m a New Yorker by birth and inclination.” The girl on his arm these evenings—Norma Moore. ...
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Coming Attractions  
continued from page 10

by the Vikings and raised as a slave. Twenty or more years later, one look and you know this is no ordinary-type slave. It's Tony Curtis—fearless, and defiant. Because there's no way of knowing he's Borgnine's son and Kirk Douglas' half-brother, the family is whittled away bit by bit. And only too late does captive Princess Janet Leigh realize she holds the key to Curtis' destiny. Had this not been so splashed in Technicolor gore, there would have been more entertaining moments. (United Artists.)

Twilight Of The Gods

YOU'VE seen this before, maybe not with Rock Hudson but it sure rings a bell when Rock says to Cyd Charisse, "I have-something-to-tell-you." Cyd, facing a prison term asks what? And out pours sea-captain Rock's confession—one night, my fault, ship sunk, many lives lost. . . Cyd, a comparative novice, has only one death to her credit—a male companion of the night. Obviously, these kids deserve each other and where better to parry grimy memories than on a dilapidated sailing ship owned by the unlicensed Rock. Beside Cyd, and an assortment of other passengers, there's a crew headed by first-mate Arthur Kennedy who keeps warning Rock about Cyd. Obviously, if the skipper doesn't get his mind off sex and onto the sextant another ship will be sunk. All during this steamy, tropical cruise, there's little need to send radio signals in moments of crisis. Rock's biceps have never flexed more eloquently—a vast improvement indeed over the Morse code. (U-L)

King Creole

AN absurd picture about young punks and grown-up gangsters and the problems of one punk in particular. Because dad Dean Jagger never fought back, Elvis Presley thinks he has to make up for it by lurching and brawling around the picturesque New Orleans French Quarter. And because Pa can't find work, Elvis toils nights in a saloon to support the family. His school work suffers and for the second time he fails to graduate—high school, that is. Beat, he ties in with Vic Morrow's street goons but is rescued from a life of crime when night club owner Paul Stewart hears him sing and hires him. Elvis is a sensation. Then local racketeer Walter Matthau indicates he'll stop at nothing to get Elvis for his own bistro. All in all, this popularity gives Elvis a chance to swivel his hips around 10 songs and meet Carolyn Jones. Unfortunately for their romance, the singing proves more enduring than Carolyn, a fragile thing able to shake off a bullet in the chest. (Paramount.)

Windjammer

A VAST! Hoist the mizzennast! Measure the yardsail! And all that sort of sea-worthy jazz. After being aboard this old-fashioned sailing ship with a shipload of sea-cadets you'd swear that instead of blood, your veins are steeped in brine. Perhaps the reason for all the feeling of reality is a new process called Cinemiracle which is big, Big, BIG. Certainly no sea story was ever as extrava-gant as this Technicolor adventure. There's a smidgin of a plot that seems to point out that certain cadets can circle half the world, visit places like Trinidad and New York and still retain that scrubbed clean-cut look. So really, there's nothing much to take your mind off the relaxing combination of sea and sails. (Louis DeRochemont.)

The Parisienne

NO wonder France is in such an appalling state. Who can keep his mind on politics and government affairs when Brigitte Bardot is romping around in skin. It's only the clever French who have a knack for making something out of nothing, like a Bikini bathing suit or the plot to this Technicolor bedroom farce. Not sure diplomat husband Henri Vidal is faithful, Brigitte decides to teach the bounder that two can play at the same game, especially when she's cornered the market on equipment. Brigitte manages to snare a prize in visiting royalty, King Charles Boyer, a willing subject for her experiment in extra-marital escapades. Actually, this isn't as naughty as it might seem. Boyer is a gentle-

man. Brigitte and Vidal are in love, married and perfectly free to nuzzle all they want . . . well, maybe they should have pulled the shades down on several occasions. . . . (United Artists.)

Voice In The Mirror

FOR some obscure reason, no direct mention of Alcoholics Anonymous is made during this almost unbelievable story of how one man, a drunk, was able to form a group dedicated to helping alcoholics. Richard Egan plays a man who reacted to the tragic death of his child by becoming a hopeless lush. Wife Julie London is powerless to help him. Doctor Walter Matthau can only suggest prompt medical treatment before extensive nerve damage to the brain becomes permanent. Rejecting all the usual channels of help, Egan tries to pull himself out of the mire . . . something that's impossible until he learns that often you help yourself most when you help others. A sincere study of the problems of an alcoholic. (Universal-International.)

Badman's Country

READY to keep his promise to fiancee Karin Booth and leave rootin' tootin' Abilene for a quiet ranch in California, law enforcer George Montgomery is sidetracked by a rash of gunfights. Obviously before he leaves, he's got to make sure the town is cleaned-up. And that, podner, is a tall order. Fortunately, George manages to get a message for help through to friends Wyatt Earp (Buster Crabbe) and Bat Masterson (Gregory Walcott). Also on hand is Buffalo Bill. Is there need to say more? Despite the far-fetched solution, it's a good action Western noisy enough to celebrate the 4th of July. (Warner Bros.)

Rebels In Love  
continued from page 58

her outrageously funny stories, her forthright opinions on the movie industry and her complete honesty ("I'm a bad liar, can't even do it with a straight face and yet I know that sometimes it's wiser to fib than tell the forthright and unpleasant truth.")

Although Paul Newman didn't win an Oscar last year for "Somebody Up There Likes Me" ("that's the way the souffle falls") he did snare the "best male actor award" for "Long, Hot Summer" at this year's Cannes Film Festival. "Career jealousy presents a serious problem to actors," said Dr. Paul Popeneo, noted marriage counselor. "Where both husband and wife are film actors, professional jealousy is likely to cut and tear and cause untold pain."

That may be so in many Hollywood marriages but with Joanne's Oscar and Paul's Film Festival award, jealousy isn't likely to rear its ugly head. For both of the partners in this marriage are evenly matched.

Long before the marriage, Joanne said, "All I want is to marry an actor who is better than I and to become beautifully pregnant four times! And to produce healthy children who will never need the services of a psychiatrist." Joanne has that actor-husband today ("Paul is intelligent, handsome and the finest young actor of them all"). The children will come along by and by. And, the way these two exciting stars are lighting up the filmament, they may even find it possible to snag four Oscars too! END
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November, 1958

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INSIDE NEWS
Frank Sinatra 15 Why Frank Won't Remarry by Maxine Block

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
Millie Perkins 18 Waif With A Future by Bill Tusher
Diane Varsi 26 What's Her Message? by V. Swisher
Jimmie Rodgers 31 The Triumph Of Youth, Love And Dreams by Helen Bolstad
Audrey Hepburn 38 Glad To Leave The Congo by Peer J. Oppenheimer
Ricky Nelson 43 How To Make Ricky Mad/Glad by Jim Cooper
Gale Storm 46 Love Came First by Favius Friedman

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES
Hugh O'Brien 23 Down On The Farm
Sandra Dee 34 Sweet Sixteen
Perry Como 50 Perry Warms Up

SPECIAL FEATURES
Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Fashions 54 Prints And Pants by Sue Collins
Records 64 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: JANET LEIGH, STARRING IN THE-U-I PICTURE, "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH"

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in touch with the dictator's son, during his last, and let's hope it is his last, visit to Hollywood. . . . But one thing is sure. Her beautiful friendship with Zsa Zsa Gabor isn't beautiful any more. . . . Of all the amazing things, for Clint Walker to go gold prospecting, rather than star as "Cheyenne." I can see his point about wanting more money. But prospecting for gold? In spite of the Ty Hardin replacement, I have a hunch that Clint will be back in the series.

Elvis Presley's manager, Colonel Parker, refused half a million dollars worth of dates for Private Presley on his eight day furlough before he took off for furrin parts. Reckoned the boy did not need the money. . . . When Harry Belafonte was asked why he changes his style so often, the man with the golden voice replied, "It never pays to milk the same cow twice." . . . Dorothy Dandridge, by the way, is trying to decide whether to marry again. I gathered after a chat with Dorothy in my house that her career comes first and this fact does-not make for easy matrimony. "Career women cannot be happily married," she stated flatly. And Dorothy refused to give her age when asked. "I've given out so many different ages, someone would be sure to write in and say you were wrong, if I told you."

I guess Frank Sinatra has finally gotten Ava Gardner out of his sub and above consciousness. At any rate, her stature as the Barefoot Contessa is no longer at the head of his garden. . . . Jayne Mansfield's planned motherhood calls for one baby, and two pictures, with the reproduction repeated until she and Mickey Hargitay have a family of four. The couple are marketing something called "Hargitay's Health Glow." Heaven knows, if Mickey takes it, it must be good. He's the picture of health and vitality. . . . Pat Wymore, Mrs. Errol Flynn, is a sharp cookie. She's been sitting tight, letting Errol come back to her in his own good time. It's worked in the past and I hope it works again. But I can still hear her plaintive remark, "He has to come home some time." They have a cute daughter, 4-year-old Arnella, who, young as she is, has already started her acting career.

Now that Jeanne Crain has wet her feet in live TV, look for her to sign for some super-spectaculars this coming season. . . . Hard to believe that an actor as respected and excellent as Laurence Olivier was unable to find the finances for his "Macbeth" movie with Vivien Leigh. I liked Olivier's "Hamlet." I'm sure I'd enjoy his "Macbeth." . . . I wish Oscar Levant would take a long rest and get calmed down before he embarks on a Coast-to-Coast television show as planned. He's brilliant and I hate to see him so unhappy and jittery.

If Victor Mature and Joy Urwick are not married as you read this, they never will be. "It isn't the alimony, it's the lawyers' fees," Vic cracked when I asked him the usual question. But they're in love. And when Vic is in love he does not count the cost. Previous wife Dorothy has already told him that the young English girl will make him a good wife. . . . The four Crosby boys want to live together. Which is all right with Papa Bing. He is very close to his sons, other stories notwithstanding. . . . As of going to press, Linda Christian had a new hot romance a 24-year-old Italian actor.

Rock Hudson, careful not to be linked with any possible future wife, had the longest rest of his career—9 months—before starting his new U-I picture, "This Earth Is Mine." He liked the time off. "But not for a steady diet." . . . What a difference two years can make. In '56, Johnny Mathis was making all of $25 a week. This year, his take from records and night club dates has already totalled over $250,000. . . . Milton Berle was all shook up at those stories of battling with Keely Smith and Louis Prima who were originally set for his TV show. The battles were real enough, but Uncle Milton insists he was in the right. . . . Was that a long blonde switch of hair worn by Dorothy Malone at the French Ballet? Real or phoney, Dotty looked like Goldenlocks searching for the three bears.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman will increase the population during 1959—but not this year as itemed by an impatient columnist. . . . Ginger Rogers is asking NBC to do her TV spectaculars in the East. Reason—she wants to be near her romantic interest, Paul Snyder. Close pals predict they will marry. . . . Maggie Whitting's TV executive husband is showering her with baubles, bangles and beads—genuine stuff. . . . The McGuire Sisters prefer to stay strong rather than die rich. Which is why they refused a
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FOllowing the death of their mother in an automobile accident, Cary Grant's three children come to live with him in Washington, D.C. Having been estranged from his wife for years, there's quite a bit of everybody having to get used to life with father. With no rapport, it all seems quite hopeless until the youngest son—a bounder of 7—picks up Sophia Loren while running away from home. The bored, voluptuous daughter of symphonic conductor Giannelli and the children maneuver Grant into hiring her as a housekeeper. Applying her lusty European commonsense where it's best needed, she soon has family life as near normal as it can possibly be with the entire brood living on a rattletrap houseboat, ministered to by a sexy housekeeper who can't boil water. In this sleek Technicolor comedy there are some unexpected touches of philosophy, the poignant emptiness of children without a mother, and the wise-guy humor of Harry Guardino. (Paramount.)

Cat On A Hot Tin Roof

SULTRY as a warm southern night, Elizabeth Taylor appears in what is probably the most far-fetched role of her career. Incredibly, the moist-eyed Liz is emotionally parched because husband Paul Newman refuses to make love to her. Obviously, he's sick, sick, sick! Despite all the hints and veiled allusions to what's ailing Newman, his papa, Burl Ives, is the one who finally kicks over the stone on Newman's dark past. Thrown off stride by this bout with Truth, Newman counters with a dose of the same stuff for his father. Everyone else has kept Ives from learning that he's dying of cancer, but Newman crows out the news. Strangely, this forms the first closeness between the tyrannical old man and his weak son. In playwright Tennessee Williams' true style, a few other ripe embellishments spike life in this Metro-colored mansion. Mama Judith Anderson isn't much more than a brood mare despite her pretenses. Oldest son Jack Carson is the unimaginative plodder who thinks he should rightly inherit papa's holdings. And, there's Liz, who makes a plain white slip become as effective as a red cape waved at a bull. (MGM.)

The Defiant Ones

UNUSUAL story about two chain gang escapees, Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier, who, hating each other's race, are forced to pool their efforts to evade the posse. Chained together at the wrists, at one point in their headlong flight, Curtis saves Poitier's life merely to keep himself alive. The hatred keeps mounting until, still bound together with shackles, a fight all but cripples Curtis. Fortunately, Cara Williams is around to coax him back to health but it isn't for any good samaritan reason, you can just bet, that makes her decide to go off with her patient. To get rid of Poitier, she sends him off into a swamp of quicksand. When Curtis learns of what she's done, he's got to make a quick choice since the posse is only a few miles away. Grim drama that says many things about race hatred except how to deal with it in everyday life. (United Artists.)

The Hunters

PILOTS never seem to lead simple lives, they either drink too much, love too much, or disobey orders too much. May Britt's husband fits in the first category. Major Robert Mitchum might be a candidate for the second, especially after he meets May. And Robert Wagner is the hotshot would-be ace who defies
Bob Eaton, says:

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SURPRISE—We didn't think it could happen but it did: Rock Hudson and Kim Novak caught up with each other and had some dates! They had met each other only briefly and casually before, then recently worked together an entire Sunday for a national magazine picture layout, recreating an old Mack Sennett comedy. They had a ball. They liked each other. They made a date for dinner that night. They had another dinner date a few days later. As of now, that's all there is to report. It's our bet this won't be a real romance but a spark was sparked! Meantime, Phyllis Hudson's lawyer says a property settlement has been made, so the divorce wheels are grinding. Our second bet: it will be a long, long time before Rock marries again.

ALL OVER—We goofed on the prediction that it was The Real Thing for Nick Adams and Kathy Nolan. They really were smitten with each other, but it's all over now. The little things seemed to break up their romance and the arguments got bigger and bigger. When Kathy came back from a trip East, Nick went to the airport to meet her but her plane came in 15 minutes earlier than scheduled and he wasn't there to greet her until after she'd gone through the luggage claiming routine. She was angry and they argued through the entire ride to her home. When she was in the hospital, Nick sent flowers but didn't personally sign the card. Another beef. So, aren't they lucky they agreed to disagree before they married?

FANCY CAMP—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh certainly are not hiding out in their new estate. They love company and to make sure their friends would be around on week-ends they organized "Camp Curtis." They had membership cards printed for their chums, inviting them to come enjoy the pool and grounds every summer Sunday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. They had T-shirts, beanies and pennants printed with "Camp Curtis" for the members. The men played baseball; there were dart boards and other games for the gals. They all swam. There was always a big barbecued lunch. Tony wore a whistle around his neck and used it, as "camp counselor." Real home-folksy fun! And the friends included Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Dean and Jean Martin, Lauren Bacall and some non-professional friends. Sort of a toned-down, tamed version of the old Holmby Hills Rat Pack!

LET DOWN—After a happy year of marriage, Cliff and Cynthia Robertson had a big anniversary party on a recent Saturday. On Sunday, after a lot of cleaning-up chores they decided to be comfor-table and lazy in casual clothes and enjoy a quiet barbecue dinner in their yard. So Cliff got a good bed of charcoal and started the steaks sizzling while Cynthia did salad and fixin's and they were just ready to eat when the phone rang and friends asked why they weren't at a party. They didn't want to admit they'd forgotten it, so they threw all the food in the refrigerator, dressed and left. And all they had at the party were cocktails and pizza! So they went back home...
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FINLAND'S Taina Elg recently filed suit for a divorce from Charles Bjorkenheim.

DINING at the Beverly Hilton Hotel are Dinaah Shore and George Montgomery.

and filled up on cold steak sandwiches.

COOSOME TWOSOME — Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner still are on the honeymoon kick. While she hasn't been working, she went to Bob's studio almost every day with him while he was doing "In Love And War." They lunched together and she sat around the set the rest of the time! No separation for them! They've moved from Bob's old apartment to the house Natalie bought a few years ago for herself and her family. She liked the house; her parents didn't need one that large since she married. So she and Bob bought it back from them. Moving wasn't much of a problem for the Wag—ners—their butler David supervised the entire deal.

EARL'S TRYING — Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman no longer steady date but Earl still is giving Dolores a real rush. He ran up an enormous bill phoning her while she was on an 18-city tour for "King Creole." Since her return they've been dating but Dolores has also been seeing continued on page 57
He's Hollywood's Pied Piper

with a million "mice" (translation: girls) under his spell,
to point out just one reason

Why Frank Sinatra won’t remarry

WHEN Frank Sinatra was appraised of the fact that handsome Irish bachelor Stephen Boyd had lost 22 pounds while co-starring with Sex Kitten Brigitte Bardot—France's answer to Marilyn Monroe—in a recent film, Frankie sneered, "I'm not about to lose 22 pounds while working with that gal. If anyone loses weight, it'll be Mlle. Bardot herself."

As it apparently must to all men, a yen for the bosomy Brigitte overcame Frankie the first time he saw her in a film. Soon, plans were under way to star both in "Paris By Night" to be made in Paris next Spring. "Brijeet" or simply "BB," the most frankly unconventional film charmer on the continent, was delighted, told a startled reporter as she climbed into his lap: "Sinatra and I should make some interesting chemistry. I'll see to it that he falls in love with me." BB also proved that she reads the American papers when she stipulated in her contract that she would co-star with Frankie, "Only if Lauren Bacall stays home."

One thing Brigitte must learn, as Lauren sorrowfully found out recently: you don't tell the "man with the golden charm" what to do. "Nobody," an intimate said, "can boss Sinatra. Nobody."

Earlier, when Lauren told a reporter that Frankie had proposed and she had accepted, Frankie blew his top. He's always been a guy who needs no one to speak for him; he does that himself. In addition, the tall, green-eyed blonde reputedly had a violent quarrel with Sinatra over his attentions to his ex-wife, Ava Gardner.

But, insiders whispered, it was TV's red-haired Betty Furness (who TWA'd with Frankie to Monaco for his recent "Kings Go Forth" charity premiere) that really

TWO marriages were enough for Frank who likes bachelor living.

continued on page 16
"The male animal doesn't like to be hemmed in, I'm going to continue to do just as I please—my life today suits me completely"

broke up Lauren Bacall's romance with The Thin Man. Angered, she commanded newsmen, "Do me a favor. Don't mention me in the same breath with Frank Sinatra." Evidently, however, "the song is over but the melody lingers on," for just the other night when Lauren went backstage to congratulate Sammy Davis, Jr., for his takeoff on Sinatra, twice, by a Freudian slip of the tongue, she called Sammy Frankie. Later, at a party, Frankie shot out the door when he heard that his ex-flame was arriving.

Still, there are those who insist that Lauren's heart is wearing a sign, "Come back, F.S." Proving, as it has many times before: it's hard to get Hollywood's No. 1 Casanova out of your mind. Luscious Ava Gardner, haunted by memories of the past, plays Frank's records over and over in her isolated Spanish castle when she isn't fighting with and making up with Italian comedian, Walter Chiari. Ava hasn't been able to wash that man out of her hair, nor has Nancy Sinatra in the lonely $175,000 Sinatra mansion, even though she occasionally dates Hugh O'Brian.

Curiously enough, during Judy Garland's recent estrangement from husband Sid Luft, she sobbed to a reporter: "Frank was the only man I ever loved." Lana Turner, Marlene Dietrich and Marilyn Maxwell have all been under the skinny crooner's spell, as has dark-eyed singer Peggy Connelly. "This chick is the most," Sinatra said of her when she made two trips to Spain to be with him while he was making "Pride And The Passion." But later when Peggy reportedly suggested that he settle his big blue eyes on her alone or quit, they quit! For no one dictates to The Little King. (Peggy is now very happily married to comedian Dick Martin.)

Kim Novak learned, too, as BB will, and both Ava and Lauren did, that no one checks up on Frankie's pursuit of women in the plural. The lavender blonde and the thinning black-haired charmer were really beginning to look like "a thing" when Kim, visiting Frankie for the second time in Vegas, attempted to find out if he was having a late date with another chick. Right there the romance died a-borning but Kim's friends believe that she would be willing to forget General Trujillo, Mario Bandini and Aly Khan faster than you can say Frankie, if he would just say the word. But the man whose success with women is legendary turned his attention to socialite Gloria Vanderbilt, dated her the day she left Leopold Stokowski, then her husband.

LATELY, the 42-year-old Sinatra has been in a younger-than-springtime phase, dating tall brunette starlet beauties of 18 who all resemble Ava Gardner. These dates continue to open old festering wounds with the press and photographers ("My life is my own business and I like it that way. Anybody who doesn't like it can lump it.") And so he introduces his lovelies as "Ezzard Charles" to inquiring reporters. Also, before her marriage he dated Natalie Wood ("a mouse who is cuddly") and Venetia Stevenson among other assorted "mice." And, at the moment, subject to change without notice, Frankie has rekindled a flame with pretty Nan Whitney of New York, who had also been a pal of the late John Garfield.

Half the females in Hollywood, New York, Vegas and European fun spots would walk over glowing coals, it appears, for a date with this fascinating, tough, wise-cracking continued on page 58
CAREER-wise, Frank has enough offers to keep him in style for years. His next film: "Some Came Running."

FRANK'S universal fascination is hard to define yet he remains the center of attention wherever he alights.
Waif with a future

The title role in "The Diary Of Anne Frank" went to Millie Perkins, a mere slip of a girl whose quiet manner and fragile air makes everyone feel protective about her.

"I THINK love is lovely, and I think marriage is very nice, too. I hope I experience both some day. I haven't done either."

Millie Perkins speaking. It wasn't too long ago when no one could have cared less what Millie Perkins thought about love or marriage—or anything else, for that matter. Now that this elfin wisp of a girl is starring in the long awaited movie version of "The Diary Of Anne Frank," the Perkins point of view on anything from a sack dress to a sacked boy friend has become a precious commodity.

There is great interest not only in what Millie Perkins has to say, but in what people have to say about Millie Perkins. Her innate shyness, compounded by her quiet self-sufficiency, has added to the aura of mystery surrounding her abrupt ascension to stardom, and has abetted the mounting curiosity about her.

During her few months in Hollywood—in the absence of adequate information on what makes her tick—she already has been characterized as a character, and has become the despair of gossip columnists who can't track her with conventional Hollywood radar.

She blithely plays hide and seek by leading her own very private life in an altogether unspectacular fashion. She keeps to herself. She cooks—in her own inept way—her own... continued on page 21
Millie still can’t believe that she’s in films. “I never had the desire to act,” she confesses.

meals. She spurns the frenetically beckoning soda stool set. She is out of bounds to the press on the set, and she rations one interview a week of 40 minutes duration snatched during lunchtime at the studio commissary.

It was during one of these brief, but exceptionally fruitful intervals, that Millie dropped the veil of mystery from her extraordinarily sensitive face, and revealed herself as a young lady remarkably well-adjusted and composed, considering her 20 years and the bonafide suddenness with which stardom was thrust upon her.

Her equipment is beguiling. It includes a subtle sense of humor, a pixie personality, a set of wide hazel eyes full of childish discovery, hair as black as coal, startlingly long furry black eyelashes, warm sensitive lips, an imperceptibly turned up nose and a tinkling, bell-like voice conveying surging inner enthusiasm and excitement. Without seeming the least bit conscious of her qualities, she gives off a powerful sense of the personality that has come to be identified with Anne Frank.

This is not especially surprising considering that director George Stevens, in an energetic world wide search, drafted Millie—a reluctant Cinderella who lacked a day’s acting experience—over 10,224 other aspirants, including Susan Strasberg who immortalized Anne Frank on the Broadway stage. Millie’s suitability for the most coveted movie role since the quest for Scarlett O’Hara was instantly recognized by the painstaking Stevens. His judgment is supported by Joseph Schildkraut, who plays her father in the picture just as he has with four different Anne Franks on stage, the celebrated young Miss Strasberg among them.

“The other four,” Schildkraut attests, “were fine actresses, but this girl is Anne Frank.”

The remarkable extent to which Millie Perkins is Anne Frank never was more apparent than at her cinematic coming out some months back. This was the big bash where she unveiled for the Hollywood press on 20th Century-Fox’s mammoth Stage 14 which was transformed into a full scale replica of the Dutch warehouse where the Franks hid out from the Nazis. The frightened, self-conscious girl George Stevens brought onto the milling scene set off a startled murmur when the assembled guests got a glimpse of her attire—a green corduroy jacket, a black pullover sweater, a drab gray skirt, long wool stockings and black flats.

IT WAS generally assumed that Miss Perkins was, for theatrical effect, being introduced in the bleak costume of Anne Frank. Veterans among the press corps marked it as a shrewd touch reminiscent of publicist Russell Birdwell’s mastery when he had Vivien Leigh decked out in crinoline for her maiden meeting with movietown reporters upon her selection as Scarlett O’Hara in “Gone With The Wind.”

Millie Perkins would be the first to admit she wasn’t entitled to any salutes for showmanship. What she wore was standard stock from her own modest wardrobe—which consists mainly of minor variations of the same, long preceding her arrival in Hollywood. During her junior miss modeling days in New York, Nicky Hilton knocked at her door to keep a date. When Millie let him in, she had no make-up on, and was all dolled up in a black skirt, black sweater and black knee socks.

“I’m sorry I got here so early,” Hilton stammered. “I’ll

continued on page 60
Down on the farm

While in Westport to act in summer stock recently, Hugh O'Brian and his young co-star took time to explore the green pastures of Connecticut.

ON vacation from city slicking, Hugh lived in his most ancient pair of jeans.

WHEN not rehearsing for "Picnic," Hugh and his pretty co-star, Susan Oliver, got friendly with horse in nearby farmyard.

IN HIGH spirits after a game of tag, Susan makes a mock attempt to protest but she submits to being swept off her feet. continued on page 24
Summertime finds Hugh working out of doors, thriving on the unhurried pace, change of scenery, chance to show his versatility.

Susie's dog, Maverick, tries making friends with a baby rabbit that Hugh has caught while they watch delightedly.
A TINY field mouse doesn't disturb Hugh a bit but Susan doesn't seem half as enchanted by the little creature.

IN AN antique shop they laugh at a stuffed bird. Hugh's role in "Picnic" was quite a change from Wyatt Earp.

CURRENTLY, Hugh is seen in "The Fiend Who Walked The West." Susan is in the play, "Look Back In Anger."
What's her message? Diane is one star who arouses curiosity simply because she is always herself — in a world where the norm is to put on airs

A BLONDE maverick! That's what Diane Varsi is—the everlastin', eternal maverick—that is, if you can pin "eternal" down to a few quicksilver seconds and some mellow hours of meditation. And if you can call an important, shining new star with a solid contract at 20th Century-Fox anything so footloose and fancy free as a maverick.

In Diane's case, you might as well accept the contradictory facts without a struggle if you're ever going to find out why she won't run with the pack. For exclusive as they are, Hollywood's famous favorites do, for the most part, band together amongst themselves in tribal clumps, pretty much like the rest of the citizenry from Maine to Mexico.

Visiting in a friend's apartment, Diane plunged headlong into the business of her two-fisted resistance to pack practices. Meanwhile, her 20-month-old son, Shawn, spiritedly juggled building blocks and blew bright soap bubbles in the background.

"My most important reason for not running with the pack," said Diane, slipping down off the davenport to sit on the floor with her chin propped firmly on the coffee table, "my most important reason for not running with the pack," she repeated emphatically, "is—that I don't see any reason for doing it!"

What? No reason for going to the right places? Being seen with the right people? Shopping at the right stores? Living at the right address? Defying such things as these has always been heresy in Hollywood. Sooner or later, most everybody who remained anybody conformed to the established pattern. The personalities

By VI SWISHER

continued on page 28
DIANE was quite shattered by her divorce. She feels family unity is important. "But if I marry again, it won't be for a while."

THE handwriting on the wall shows great things for this intense young actress whose next will be "The Best Of Everything."

She feels the creative artist needs solitude:

within it have changed from year to year, but the pattern itself has gone on, like the brook, forever.

Only recently, especially among the young newcomers, has there been a hint here and there of expanding resistance on the part of a few rugged individualists. Diane has done more than hint. She just plain old hasn't conformed.

At the same time, she refuses to be corralled in a cubicle marked "Non-Conformist." No categories for her, if you please. She's one maverick who won't be branded.

"A non-conformist," Diane pointed out knowingly, "is something that other people call you, not something that you are."

Take a big little thing like lipstick. Diane never wears it, except when she's playing a part in a picture. But her reasons are entirely personal, not dictated by social attitudes. They have nothing to do with all the millions of other girls who wouldn't be caught dead without their paint job.

"I just happen to think lipstick is very unbecoming to me," she shrugged, "and that's all there is to my going without it. I think very personally about it, as I do most things—by preference. Sometimes, when I want to take the time to put it on, I wear mascara," she added, as if to prove that she has nothing against make-up—so long as it isn't lipstick. On her.

ALSO by preference and not for lack of opportunity or as a non-conformist gesture, Diane never read a best-seller in her life until she was cast as Allison in "Peyton Place" and made her first smash hit. Since then she's read her second best-seller, "Ten North Frederick," and for the same reason: because she knew she was to have a starring part in it. She has nothing against best-sellers, but feels there is so much she wants to read first. At present, she's gobbling up Greek mythology and Plato, a rich literary diet that appears to agree with her.

Dylan Thomas is one name that immediately pops into her mind as a favorite modern writer. And last year she
discovered Gertrude Stein, most widely—if fragmentarily—known for having penned the line: "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." Now go make something of that! But the way Diane refers enthusiastically to this formidable author as "Gertie" Stein gives credence to the impression that she has an intimate rather than a bowing acquaintance with her works, which are, let's face it, more talked about than actually read.

In remaining completely herself, Diane has nevertheless managed to be an extremely cooperative young actress, going to great lengths to fill her obligations as a star.

After making three pictures in rapid succession, she collapsed from nervous exhaustion one day during the filming of "Ten North Frederick." She was ill enough to be hospitalized for six days. Immediately on returning to the studio from the hospital, asking no favors or indulgence of any kind, she went into a big crying scene, one of the most dramatic and intense in the picture. Nor did she cover her face with her hands, to get by the easy way. She leaned up against a four-poster bed and cried right into the camera; movingly, honestly—and exhaustingly.

"I get paid for being an actor," Diane declared in her forthright manner, dismissing the incident lightly. "I like being one."

In that statement, too, you get a revealing glimpse of this girl and her personal attitudes. Notice that she calls herself an "actor," not an "actress." She does it deliberately, somewhat in the spirit that a woman doctor would refuse to designate herself as a "doctoress." No use explaining it. You either get the point or you don't—and I'm sure you do, because you know, somehow, that a woman doctor is a doctor first, last and always, within her profession, and a woman only in her private life.

Sitting there cross-legged on the floor in her friend's apartment, Diane was extremely convincing in her honesty when she said, "I have no conception of stardom happening to me."

She was dressed in faded blue jeans. Not the kind that come custom-faded from the store, but jeans that had lost their color from many much-needed launderings and were frayed with good hard wear. Sure, she could afford a few sharp, fancy threads, but that sort of thing is for show. It

continued on page 68
JIMMIE courted his wife, Colleen, in a hospital where she was recovering from a serious automobile accident.
The triumph of youth, love and dreams

All the “practical” reasons in the world couldn’t stop Jimmie from marrying the girl he loved and reaching for the highest rung on the ladder of success

By HELEN BOLSTAD

WHEN Jimmie Rodgers and Colleen McClatchey fell in love, it was enough to whet a fine cutting edge every razor-sharp tongue in Camus, Oregon, Pop. 5,200.

"Why should Jimmie burden himself with that girl?" said one faction of the gossips. "Does he still think he's getting a movie star? After what that accident did to her, she'll never step in front of a camera again."

"What's she getting?" said those partisan to Colleen. "A would-be singer, that's all. A drifter who'll never have a dime."

"He'll never have a real wife, either," was the retort. "They took 150 stitches in her face alone, and heaven only knows what internal injuries she has. The doctors find new things wrong with her all the time."

"Then she ought to marry a doctor," said those pro-Colleen. "It's a sure cinch Jimmie will never be able to pay those bills. All he does is go around to these joints and offer to sing for free. Who does he think he is, Bing Crosby? If he's sincere about Colleen, the least he could do is get his old job back at the paper mill."

"Why should he be responsible for her?" was the reply. "He wasn't even driving that car. He wasn't even going with her before the accident. The way I hear it, they'd had one date, that's all."

On that score, the gossips just happened to be right.

The single date had occurred early in April, 1956. Jimmie, newly discharged from the Air Force, and at odds with his future, heard that Colleen McClatchey was in town for a visit.

In fact, he couldn't help hearing it, for news of her arrival was all over the radio and newspapers in nearby Portland and Vancouver as well as in Camus. The Northwest was taking pride in this lovely, blue-eyed, golden-haired favorite daughter.

At the Rodgers' family breakfast table, Jimmie's father, Archie Rodgers, pointed out her picture. "You wouldn't think that was Fern and Elbern McClatchey's little girl, would you? Guess when you enlisted, she was still running around in bobby-sox."

continued on page 33
JIMMIE RODGERS continued

Today Jimmie is sitting on top of the world with his lovely

THE BREAKS are coming right along and the biggest to date is Jimmie's chance to play in MGM's "How Good Girls Get Married."
Colleen right beside him; as the people around them put it, "They're so in love that it shows"

Jimmie's mother filled him in on the story. Colleen, working as a dentist's assistant after she finished high school, spent her Sundays at the veteran's hospital writing letters for the Korean wounded. When screen star and World War II hero, Audie Murphy, came in to do a show, the glowing 18-year-old caught his eye.

"Fern says that Colleen thought Mr. Murphy was just being pleasant when he talked about a screen test," said Mrs. Rodgers. "But Universal-International gave her a contract. She's been in their studio school, learning to model, ride a horse, things like that. She's had a few little parts and some day she'll be a big star, you'll see."

As chairs scraped back and they prepared to go to work, the father said, "What are you going to do today, son?"

Elaborately casual, Jimmie replied, "I think I'd better get a jacket cleaned . . . ."

Brother Archie cut in knowingly. "At Mrs. McClatchey's cleaning shop?"

Said Jimmie, with a grin, "Where else?"

HE WAS in luck. Colleen just happened to be in the store; she just happened to have the evening free. She agreed to join Jimmie for a cup of coffee.

Jimmie calls it the "longest coffee date on record." He says, "At midnight, we discovered how far we had driven and we had to call our folks to say we'd be late getting home. I had to hear about Hollywood and Colleen wanted to know what had happened to me in the Army."

Considerable had happened to Jimmie. Born Sept. 18, 1933, he was an unhappy, 17-year-old freshman at Vancouver Clark College when a music teacher knocked the props right out from under him with the verdict. "You'll never be a singer."

Music had been Jimmie's life ever since his mother taught him to play piano. With a voice an octave higher than that of anyone else, he sang leads in school operettas and the church choir. Then suddenly, there was nothing. Neither the music teacher, Jimmie, nor his parents recognized the simple, physical cause. His voice had been late to change and at 17, Jimmie was just going through the adolescent's agonizing bass-treble conflict.

Deeply hurt, Jimmie vowed he would never sing again and enlisted in the Air Force. He held to the resolve until he arrived in Korea and encountered a mud-slogging, home-bound GI with a guitar on his back.

Jimmie bought the guitar for ten bucks, taught himself to play after a fashion and discovered he was in show business. "The guys didn't care whether I could sing," he told Colleen. "They were satisfied if I would sing. There wasn't any other entertainment."

Rotated home at last, Jimmie gave the guitar to a Korean houseboy and applied for duty near home, on the West Coast. He was assigned to Stewart Air Force Base, near Nashville, Tennessee. And once again, he went into a period of silence.

Lonesome and homesick, he was wandering aimlessly around Nashville's nearly deserted business section one Saturday afternoon, when he passed a pawn shop. There was a guitar in the window and Jimmie had the required $25 in his pocket. On returning to camp, he hid it under his cot. "The other guys were playing records and I didn't want to disturb them," he explained.

But the fine day did come when Jimmie, out on the firing range, repairing equipment, did burst into song. His secret was out. Friends eventually pushed him into a talent contest. He won, and went on tour with an Air Force show.

continued on page 56

HE PLAYS the guitar and the piano and has also composed a song which, to no one's surprise, was "for my doll, of course."
THE EYES have it as Sandra poses with her young mother, Mary Donvan, in their Westwood Village home.

SANDRA'S friends are Pom Pom, a pomeranian and Melinda, a poodle. They're with her almost always. continued on page 36
SIXTEEN

On the way to stardom, Sandra's being called "the prettiest teenager since Liz Taylor" in movietown
SANDRA DEE continued

*With a light heart and gayety characteristic of her years,*

*Sunny* smile expresses her pleasure with clown, a gift from Jean Simmons. Sandra's new picture is *The Reluctant Debutante.*
Sandra contemplates a happy future

SANDRA earned $30 an hour as a model when she was 13, appeared on the covers of seven leading magazines in one year. Hollywood beckoned at 15.

LEARNING to be useful as well as ornamental, Sandra helps her mother prepare their dinner. She diets to keep her figure at a trim 99 pounds.
She was in the heart of Africa, unprepared for the jungle hazards and Mel couldn’t join her;
Glad to leave the Congo

by Peer J. Oppenheimer

On a cool morning in the middle of February, Mel Ferrer unfolded his newspaper and turned pale. Thirty seconds later he was on the telephone, dialing long distance. "I want to talk to Audrey Hepburn in Stanleyville 563, Belgian Congo," he told the operator.

There was a moment's silence. "Where's that?" she came back at last.

"In Africa!" Mel retorted impatiently.

"Just a moment please..."

The seconds went by slowly as Mel grew more anxious by the moment. According to the headlines, Audrey had been bitten by a monkey and the worst was feared for her life. Other than that, the brief dispatch gave no information about her condition.

After what seemed like an eternity but was actually just a couple of minutes, the operator got back on the line. "I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't get through..."

What she didn't know was that nobody had ever gotten through to Stanleyville from Hollywood. Five years ago, when Sam Spiegel was producing "The African Queen" in Africa he had tried for a month to get a line through to Hollywood, without success. But Mel didn't know about that and what's more, didn't care. He was going to get through one way or another...

He succeeded 48 hours later, after his call went from Beverly Hills via New York-London-Brussels and radio short-wave to Stanleyville for a history-making first call to the Belgian Congo.

"How are you?" he cried out anxiously when Audrey answered.

She sounded a bit puzzled. "Fine..."

"But what about the monkey bite? How bad is it...?"

"What did you say?" Audrey called. Mel's voice was coming through one moment and trailing off into the distance the next, with all sorts of noises making a phone conversation all but impossible.

"The MONKEY BITE!" Mel shouted.

"How did you know about that?"

"Through the papers. It said you were terribly sick..."

"I'm all right. Don't worry..."

The rest of the conversation was pretty well drowned out in squeaks and shrill noises till they gave up trying to make each other understand.

Mel was relieved after he talked to her, but not altogether convinced that she didn't just want to alleviate his fears. However, the telegram that arrived the continued on page 40

To Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn even a few hours apart seem to be an eternity.

photos by Don Ornitz, Globe
next morning assured him once again that she was all right.

But just how serious was the bite? What about the hippopotamuses she encountered? The reports of her fainting spells? The poisonous snake under her dressing room trailer? Just how terrible was the location of “The Nun’s Story” which took Audrey to the most humid part of Africa for six weeks?

The complete account came out only when she returned to Hollywood a few weeks ago, to start work on her next picture, “Green Mansions,” directed by Mel.

“It was an unforgettable experience, but I wouldn’t have wanted to miss it for anything,” Audrey admitted as she relaxed on the lawn of the Beverly Hills home she and Mel have rented for their stay in Hollywood.

“When the DC 6B that took us from Brussels to the Congo circled for a landing at Stanleyville, I honestly thought I was well prepared for any and all emergencies.”

Her preparations included light clothes, books to read in her spare time, and enough mosquito netting to take care of a family of six. As it turned out, just about the only type of insect absent from the Congo was the mosquito, she was too exhausted to look at a book after working six days a week from 12 to 14 hours a day, and while the light clothes came in very handy, she constantly worried about the possibility of losing the garment she needed most—the one straw hat she’d brought with her! There were no straw hats for sale in Stanleyville, only the much too heavy pith helmets.

Result: an urgent wire went out to Mel. “Please send two straw hats soonest!”

He did.

More serious and, as it turned out, far more dangerous, was the matter of accommodations.

Everyone in the cast and crew had been put up at the efficiently air-conditioned Sabena Hotel. Audrey had taken an apartment which had no cooling system whatsoever, since she hoped Mel would be able to join her and she wanted to be able to cook and keep house for him when he did. As it turned out, “The Day The World Ended,” in which he was starring at MGM at the time, went over schedule. He was unable to get away.

Without air-conditioning, the nights in Equatorial Africa were almost as bad as the days. Temperatures shot up to

AUDREY reads over Mel’s shoulder and Famous sleeps. The dog kept Audrey company on the African location of “The Nun’s Story.”
the luxurious feeling that relaxation affords

130 degrees with a humidity of between 90 and 99 percent even when it wasn't raining.

To get some circulation, Audrey would leave the door open. Since the apartment was in the middle of town, there was no danger of wild animals sneaking in. It was a different story at her portable dressing room, an hour's jeep ride from Stanleyville through the dense, teeming jungle.

To afford better protection from insects, the dressing room floors were about a foot above the ground. One afternoon while the cameras were being set for a new angle, Audrey happened to go back for a few moments' rest just as one of the colonials wiped some blood off a long sharp knife. "What's going on here?" she cried out.

"Nothing much..." he said as if we were used to this sort of thing.

Audrey, who is used to taking a lot in her stride, too, pointed at the bloody knife. "Nothing much?"

"Just killed a snake," be commented matter-of-factly. And almost as an afterthought, "If it had bitten anyone, he or she would have been dead within three minutes..."

Without waiting for further explanations she rushed inside.

THEY don't care where they are in the world if it's side by side.

PLEASD and excited over the sketches for "Green Mansions," Mel shows them to Audrey. He will direct her in the picture.

the tent to see if "Famous," her Yorkshire terrier, was unharmmed. He was safe.

A FEW DAYS later the headline-making monkey bite episode occurred. "It was really a very friendly monkey and I couldn't blame her at all," Audrey insisted. And then she explained how it happened.

"To get to know the monkey with which I had to work in the film, Mr. Zinnemann thought it would be a good idea if the monkey were kept in the office building next to the make-up department so I would see her every day. We got along beautifully till someone thought it might be a good idea to give her a baby monkey to play with. But no one told me about it! One day I walked up to her as usual. As on every other day she jumped on my forearm, only this time she bent down and bit me. She probably thought I was going to take her baby away. I promptly poured some alcohol on the wound to keep it from getting infected. That was all..."

What Audrey neglected to tell was that if the monkey had disappeared into the wilderness after biting her, or had died, she would have had to take the whole series of rabies shots, which are extremely painful. The bite itself was not exactly a pleasure, either, as anyone who has ever been bitten by a monkey will testify! And while she assured me that monkeys' teeth are often cleaner than humans', the doctor kept close observation on her. Luckily, the monkey was not rabid, just "an anxious mother," as Audrey put it.

More amusing was her experience with hippopotamuses. It began with a postcard written by Mel from Disneyland, with a picture of a fake hippo on one side and a brief note from him on the other, teasing her that she could have found

continued on page 70
How to make Ricky {mad} glad

Read on if you want to be in the know about the Nelson lad: what charms or alarms him about people, mainly the feminine kind

We thought you might want some tips on how to get along with Ricky Nelson—just in case you ever meet him. That's why we asked him to tell what sort of things annoy him and what he likes in people—girls, specifically. Here are his answers. The Editors

15 Ways To Make Ricky Nelson Mad

1. Criticizing! "I think if a girl doesn't have anything nice to say about a fellow, she shouldn't say anything at all. Going out with a girl who constantly criticizes you is like going out with a parent."

2. Talking About Yourself All The Time! "Of course I want to find out a lot about the girl I'm with. But I don't like it if she has nothing else to say. It makes a fellow feel . . . well . . . sort of superfluous."

3. Taking A High-Hatted Attitude Toward Show Business! "Just the other day a girl came up and asked me for an autograph. 'What's your name?' I asked her. 'Why do you want to know?' she came back. 'Isn't the autograph for you?' 'I don't care for show business people,' she replied. 'It's for my sister . . . her name is Jeanne . . .' After I signed the autograph book I heard a friend call her Jeanne—and I knew who the autograph was for. Every once in a while girls take such a high-hatted attitude. If that's the way they feel about it, why do they come up at all and ask for an autograph?"

4. Getting Mad If He's Late For A Date! "I can't help being late once in a while when I'm working. Since I don't do it intentionally, I don't like to have a girl get mad at me because she has to wait a few minutes for me till I can pick her up. If I didn't care for her, I wouldn't have made a date in the first place. She should know that . . . ."

5. Letting Him Wait! "I don't mind waiting if the girl has a good reason to be late, just like I don't expect her to get mad at me when I'm not on time because I was late leaving the studio. But I don't like to wait for her when she's had plenty of time to get ready. . . ."

6. Being Over-Impulsive! "I love my fans and I enjoy sign-

continued on page 45
Ricky's career is on the move as he learns about the hazards of fame:

"I love my fans except those who tear your clothes for souvenirs"

7. Expecting Him To Go Steady With You! "Going steady depends on how a fellow feels. If he wants security, I suppose it's all right to go steady. As for myself, I don't want it. Not anymore. Why? Because I've tried it, and I didn't like it. . . . The girl I dated was too demanding. I always felt like I had to make apologies to her. . . ."

8. Being A Blabbermouth! "There are times when a fellow has nothing much to say, when it's just nice to be with a girl. I don't think she should feel that she has to keep talking all the time just to entertain him. Sometimes it's nice just to be together, and say nothing."

9. Telling Him How To Spend The Evening! "I only offer a girl her choice if I can't think of anything to do. But I usually do. . . ."

10. Expecting Him To Take You To Night Clubs! "I don't like to go to nightclubs because I don't like to get all dressed up when I go out."

11. Expecting Him To Go Overboard On Courtesies! "I think it's all right to help a girl into her coat or open doors for her and all that—as long as she doesn't expect me to overdo it!"

12. Playing Coy With Him! "If a girl would turn me down twice for a date, I wouldn't ask her again to go out with me. I just wouldn't want to look stupid."

13. Talking About Your Other Boy Friends! "I don't think it's right for a girl to talk about another fellow just as a fellow shouldn't be talking about his other girl friends. I wouldn't. It would sound like I was trying to make an impression on her. . . ."

The chance of a lifetime is Ricky's when he gets to act with John Wayne in Warners' "Rio Bravo" and he is aware of that.

A GIRL who is interested in Ricky's work is certain to make a big hit with him and, if she likes rock 'n' roll, she's a winner.

14. Suggesting Going Dutch! "If I can't afford to take a girl out, I just don't take her. . . ."

15. Discussing Marriage! "I don't think there's any point of talking about it till a fellow is ready to get married. . . . I won't be for at least four years. By then I'll be 22. . . ."

14 Ways To Please Ricky Nelson

1. Know How To Ride A Horse! "I don't care how well a girl plays tennis or swims, but I would like it if she knew how to ride. I bought a quarter-horse when I was on location in Tucson, Arizona, for "Rio Bravo." His name is "Tinker Toy" and he's a real beauty. I'd like to find a girl who can ride with me. . . ."

2. Be A Good Dancer! "I enjoy dancing. I like a girl who

continued on page 70
Love came first

When Gale Storm faced her greatest marital crisis, she knew there could be only one decision that would bring her and her husband happiness.

SHE IS blessed, today, with a world of riches, four fine children, a brilliantly successful husband, and a bubbling sense of humor. She admits, cheerfully, “I never had it so good.” But Gale Storm will never forget the night when her husband, Lee Bonnell, told her that he resented her career and asked her to quit acting. “I must,” he said, “regain my self-respect.”

Luckily for both Gale and Lee, love came first, as it always has and always will with the Bonnells; and though the two were young—very young—theirs was a closeness and an intimacy that never faltered for a moment. They had said, each to the other, “With this ring I thee wed,” and for them there was to be no parting—ever.

Looking back now, Gale Storm knows that in learning to be a wife, love truly made a woman out of her. “From the day I met Lee Bonnell,” Gale said, “I told myself that happiness would come first, before any career in the world. After we were married and the acting career I wanted was mine, I always said that if it caused the slightest trouble, I would give it up in a jiffy. I never dreamed the time would come when Lee would tell me he was unhappy, but it happened. And there I was, suddenly asked to make a choice.”

Today, Gale views that critical 24-hour period in her life with a stable, sunshiny smile. “I guess I always was a kind of Pollyanna,” she says. “You just have to make the best of a situation.” But that day, when she and Lee walked and walked for hours, facing the greatest crisis in their lives, was still another story. Yet even then, Gale knew there could be but one answer for her, and she gave it instantly . . .

They had been married only a few years then, and Gale Storm, born Josephine Owaisa Cottle in Bloomington, Texas (Owaissa is Indian for “bluebird”), was already successful in a way she never dreamed. She and Lee had arrived in Hollywood—by different paths and unacquainted.

continued on page 49
"I'm a very lucky woman—I married the man I loved. My..."

THE STAR of CBS-TV's "Oh! Susanna" gets in an Oriental mood to match the decor of the home she and Lee decorated together.

ENJOYING life is Gale's special passion. "If I have one talent it's that I'm always able to be happy doing what I'm doing."

THEY met while both were radio actors. Today, Lee is happy and highly successful in insurance and content to let Gale emote.
with each other—as the winners of a nation-wide “Gateway to Hollywood” movie contest. Josephine was around 16, and Lee, a South Bend, Indiana, boy, was only 20. The girl who was soon to become Gale Storm was still a junior in Houston’s San Jacinto High, and the youngest of five children. It was only natural that her mother should accompany her and chaperone her in Hollywood. “All my sisters and brothers were married,” Gale remembered, “and Mother felt that her place was at my side.”

The very first day of rehearsals—the rehearsals that were to determine the final contest winners—a miracle happened. “I,” said Gale, “fell head over heels in love. Lee was leaning against a piano in the rehearsal hall at CBS. He was very tall and very dark and very handsome. One look at him and I was gone. That evening when I came home, I told Mom, ‘I’ve just met the boy I’m going to marry!’”

The attraction was all on one side, in the beginning. Gale confesses that young Mr. Bonnell kept telling her that she was just like his kid sister. But despite Lee’s pretense of indifference, he was soon asking little Miss Cottle for dates. And not too long after, Lee asked Gale to be his wife.

“Mother had asked us to wait a year.” Gale explained, but a few months later the two went back to Houston and were married in the little church where Gale had gone to Sunday School. “During the wedding,” said Gale, “I couldn’t stop crying. The minister was a nervous wreck; it was the fastest ceremony on record.”

Once married, Gale and Lee returned to Hollywood and RKO, where both were now under contract: the former Miss Cottle as Gale Storm.

Later, RKO dropped her and Gale began to freelance. She made Westerns with Roy Rogers and a flock of pictures for independent studios. “You can see most of them on TV today,” said Gale, “if you can find it.” But what was more important, Gale discovered that the Bonnells were soon to have their first child. Before she and Lee were married, they had both talked about children, and both said they wanted them. But now, when Gale learned that she was going to have a child of her own, she was both frightened and shaken. Her first thought, as she says now (she is a truly honest person), was, “I can’t. I’m too young. But obviously I wasn’t too young. I told myself that I’d have to stop being a child and have one.”

**continued on page 59**
Home from a two months vacation in Europe, television's most tranquil entertainer and Mr. Nice Guy is preparing for a new and exciting season Perry warms
up

COMO charm abounds as he takes some time out from rehearsal for a haircut. Perhaps Perry's recalling the early days when he was a barber.

Calm as can be, Perry takes everything in his stride during run-through of his NBC-TV show.  

continued on page 52
At work or relaxing at home,
Perry maintains the
unruffled air of a man who is
thoroughly at peace
with himself and the world

** SIGNAL ** for end of rehearsal is
given by Perry who raises his
hands on completion of finale.

** CHATTING ** with guest star Paul Winchell, Perry seems to be getting a boot out of Jerry Mahoney who’s pretty smart for just a dummy.
HOME at last, Perry holds hands with wife Roselle whom he married in 1933. They have three children: Ronnie, David and Terri.

LOOKING at television is a favorite Como diversion. He often dozes off while lying on the couch, has to be coaxed to bed.

END
Prints and pants

look wonderful

around the house

By SUE COLLINS

The newest high school idea is to look glamorous even when you're just sitting around. Try a Peter Pan collared foulard print blouse by de Costa over tapered slacks with a big leather belt.
How high fashion can you be—when you're in high school? The answer is—the sky's the limit! The trend is toward clothes as slick and model-ish as you can make them, even for after-school when you're just kicking around the house! For example, you don't just climb into your old blue jeans and boy's shirt when you get home in the afternoon, even if you're only going to raid the refrigerator, and then maybe clean up your room. Far from it! You put on pants, as you always have—but they're slick new pants. And you reach for a smart dark print blouse, which is the latest blouse there is! The idea is to be relaxed and casual, but good-looking enough not to mind a bit if somebody rings the doorbell unexpectedly. Of the four blouses shown here, three are chemise style, to be worn on the outside, and one is meant to be tucked in, which gives you an idea of the general ratio of overblouses to fitted blouses. All four are dark cotton prints, with designs running from small neat foulards (like your boy friend's tie) to tiny madder patterns (like those little designs in the middle of hard candy). The pants you choose can be anything from tapered knee-pants to the new wider slacks, to Bermudas or Jamiacians—but the very newest are not really pants at all—they're tights! The rage for tights began with the colored or black cotton lisle stockings that everybody's wearing. When they keep right on going all the way up to your waist, they become tights. They were originally intended to be worn as stockings that keep you warmer, because they're so much longer, and they are usually worn under your skirt. But now a lot of bright girls have decided that they look pretty dashing as is, and they do. Naturally, you don't go out in public in your tights, but they do look marvelous at home. And if you do have to dash out, all you do is slip a skirt over your tights, and you're all set with super-fashionable cotton or synthetic stockings. If you're brave, they're bright red. Of course, we think this print-and-pants look is exciting enough to wear for its own sake, but there's another very good reason for changing your clothes the minute you get home from school. As any clothes-minded girl will tell you, you simply can't keep your school wardrobe looking smart if you wear it to classes and then lounge around in it all afternoon. Your chemises, trapezes and skirts and sweaters will keep their shape and their style a lot longer if you take them off, brush them neat and hang them up when you get home. Same goes for shoes. Nothing is harder on shoes (and on your feet) then wearing the same pair all day, and the next day. But if you add some little flats to your take-it-easy clothes, you'll find both your home and public clothes will seem fresher and more fun to wear. Don't forget jewelry, even if you're not going anywhere. Dress up your pants and prints with the new long chains... if your friends deserve to see them, so do you! And if your hairdo is not yet wide and carefully tousled—why isn't it? After all, glamour begins at home!
Back in Nashville, he sang on Saturday nights in a little spot in Printer's Alley called the Unique Cafe.

"They must have liked me," he told Colleen. "The owners, Bob and Bobbie Green, invited me to their house for Sunday dinners. That's where I learned my best song . . ."

That "best song" was "Honeycomb." By the time Jimmie had sung that one, and every other song he knew for Colleen, dawn, too, was at the McClatchey front porch.

JIMMIE apologized for not asking for a date the following night. "I'm going over to Seaside to see if I can catch on with this little outfit . . ."

"I'll be cheering for you," said Colleen. "Call me the minute you get back."

That minute was weeks later. When Jimmie had walked into the Sand Bar cafe, the hillbilly outfit lacked a piano player. Before the evening was over, he had a job. When he decided to strike out as a single, he came back to Camus to look for bookings.

First thing in the morning, he rang Colleen. Her brother answered curtly.

"She isn't here."

Jimmie and his brother Archie drifted over to their cousin's house to talk about going fishing. Then his mother phoned.

"Jimmie, I just heard it on the radio. Colleen was in an accident. A bad one. She's in the hospital at Long View."

With a frantic telephone call, Jimmie reached Mrs. McClatchey and learned what had happened. With a young man, Colleen had been returning from Seattle. The night was foggy, and ahead of them, a car pulled across the highway, the driver trying to beam his headlights on a road marker. Rounding the curve, the second car crashed into it. Colleen was thrown against the windshield. No one yet knew how badly she was hurt.

Jimmie said, "I'm coming right over."

Mrs. McClatchey said, "Please don't. Colleen doesn't want to see anyone."

He received the same reply when he knocked on the door of their home, two weeks later, but Jimmie refused to be put off. "I don't care if she is bandaged from her toes to her eyes. She's not just a glamorous girl to me. She's my friend and she's hurt. Maybe I can do something to cheer her up."

It became the strangest of courtships. Jimmie gives it a terse review: "For six months, I couldn't even kiss her."

As she convalesced, he took her on long drives. There were good people in Camus who were touched by the sight of the beat-up little convertible going by, the ardent lad singing, grinning, telling wobbly little jokes, doing anything to try to bring a response from the still-as-

death girl . . . trying always to put a smile back into the blue eyes which peered out from the face mask which she wore to cover the ugly scars. Seeing the couple, sympathetic people said, "That boy has character. And that girl has courage."

But there were others who shook their heads. The "practical ones," they called themselves, in defense of their clacking tongues. They claimed to know all about that drawer full of accumulated bills. Colleen was in and out of the hospital. As soon as plastic surgery began to restore her beauty, other problems came to light. There was an operation to remove a splintered bone. Then spine injuries caused a leg to shorten and she had to go into traction.

Jimmie, trying to help her bear the pain, promised himself he would also ease her financial worry. No longer could he think about going back to his safe little job at the paper mill. He could never earn enough. They'd be in debt all their lives. He had to sing, and as a singer, he had to make it big.

Singing his heart out on every booking he could find, he got his first real break while at the Fore cafe, Vancouver. Chuck Miller, the headline at a night spot across the street, had a hit record running called, "The House Of Blue Lights." Chuck caught Jimmie's act and became a friend with faith. He supplied the plane ticket which took Jimmie to New York to appear on "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts." Jimmie won, but no big booking resulted.

Further disappointment came from his recording audition. Chuck sent Jimmie to see Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, the artists and repertoire team who, first at Mercury Records and now at Roulette Records, have both recorded instrumental hits of their own and guided other artists to the top of the lists.

Mrs. Peretti, who, under her professional name of "Jerry Whitman," wrote the music of Valerie Carr's current best seller, "Bad Girl," recalls Jimmie's audition. "I was in the studio when he tried out. We all thought he was great and Hugo and Luigi knew that eventually they wanted to record him, but I guess no one made Jimmie understand it. He sort of wandered in and wandered out. It took a private detective to find him three months later."

They located him in California. With twenty cents in his pocket, five dollars in the bank, and the promise of some television bookings, Jimmie had married Colleen in Vancouver on January 4, 1957, and had gone to Hollywood.

Jimmie had guest shots on the "Bob Crosby Show" and a few other programs; a few night club bookings had helped out. The only trouble was, there weren't enough of them. Colleen had needed another operation. Jimmie and Colleen were having a rough time. So rough, in fact, that when Hugo and Luigi reached him by long distance to say, "Come to New York for a recording session, Jimmie could only reply, "I can't. No dough."

Roulette wired $300 and Jimmie and Colleen set out in their old car. He could have flown, alone, in high style, but Jimmie insisted on bringing Colleen.

People at Roulette still remember that recording session. Shy and scared, Jimmie and Colleen arrived at the studio. As he stepped up to the mike, beat-up guitar in hand, Hugo and Luigi had an inspiration. Darting out of the control room, Hugo placed a high stool directly within Jimmie's line of sight, motioned to Colleen and said, "Sit there."

AFTER that, everyone else might just as well have gone home, for all the attention Jimmie and Colleen paid to them. Jimmie played and sang; Colleen smiled and cried. Putting all their fears, problems and woes behind them, Jimmie made love to her by singing their favorite song "Honeycomb."

It was his answer to all those who had predicted dire calamity, his assurance to Colleen that every moment they had had together had been precious to him; his pledge of even better things to come.

His emotion carried through. Listeners, feeling it, bought more than a million records. Jimmie and Colleen had a hit.

The other songs which have followed have assured this good life. Television appearances, road tours and now motion pictures (he co-stars with Debbie Reynolds in MGM's "How Good Girls Get Married") indicate that Jimmie continues to reach everyone's heart.

Colleen and Jimmie have exchanged their little cottage with its home-built furniture for a new house in Hollywood. There's money in the bank, the debts are paid, and best of all, Colleen has regained both her health and beauty.
Dick Sargent. And now that Earl is working with sexy Tina Louise in "The Trap," it's our guess he'll start giving Aldo Ray some date competition with Tina. Dolores—after finishing "Lonelyhearts" with Montgomery Clift, goes to New York for her stage bow in "The Pleasure Of His Company." Her home studio, Paramount, owns the screen rights, so lucky Dolores will undoubtedly get the lead in the film, too. And this clever girl has also been designing greeting cards which have sold so well she's been asked to do a complete line of Christmas cards!

ADVANCE GIFT—Diane Jergens and Peter Brown of TV's "The Lawman" will have a big, formal Saturday evening wedding on October 11 in All Saints Episcopalso Church in Beverly Hills, and it was Peter's idea! Diane had suggested a quiet, private ceremony in Carmel, away from pomp and publicity but Peter said "This is a once in a lifetime affair, let's have a big wedding." Incidentally, he gave Diane her wedding present in July so she could enjoy it during the summer. It was a Cadillac convertible.

STRONG INFLUENCE—It's well known that Venetia Stevenson is one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished horsewomen in town. And her beauty had better like riding and horses—or else! David Nelson has been dating Venetia—so now he's buying a horse! And that's a switch for David, whose big hobby up to now has been fast sports cars. What's more, he wants to do a Western, same like brother Ricky did in "Rio Bravo."

LOTHARIO—Watch for young Ron Ely, a handsome man 6'2½" blond Texan who gets a terrific break in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Ron is only 20, has a wonderful smile. He worked in oil fields, same as Clark Gable and Dale Robertson, to earn his way to Hollywood. So now he's here and really charming the starlets. In the 20th Century commissary he assurred us his heart belongs to a "pretty little gal back home"—but he was holding hands with France Nuyen while he said it.

Diane Jergens to "HAPPY"—After finishing "Lonelyhearts" with Montgomery Clift, Diane Jergens has been driving a nine-year-old Ford, just broke down and bought a new car, but it's a small economy Volkswagen.

HAPPY COUPLE—Julie Adams is so proud of her ever-lovin' husband Ray Danton's new career in musical comedy that she doesn't even mind the prospect of pulling up stakes and moving to New York. Ray seems to have a whole new field opening up for him as a singer. He had the lead in "Happy Hunting" in Sacramento. went with the show to Pittsburgh and Cohasset, Mass., and now he has two offers for musicals on Broadway. Naturally, he's considering them seriously. But he and Julie, with son Steve, a dog and cat, had just settled down in their new house here!

CONTINUED HONEYMOON—Richard Egan and Pat Hardy knew they were going to spend their honeymoon while he worked on location for "These Thousand Hills" in Durango, Colo., but they didn't know it was going to receive official recognition. The city fathers there gave them a big civic dinner, complete with another wedding cake! Seems like the honeymoon is continuing back in Hollywood, too. Dick is now at the studio doing interior scenes for the film, but he and Pat live only five minutes from the lot so Pat cooks lunch and Rich drives home for it every day!

DATA ON DATES—It doesn't make sense to us, but the title on Connie Stevens first album for the new Warner label is "The Girl With The Pink Hair And The Purple Voice." Anyway, Connie—who doesn't have pink hair—is one of the most popular gals in town these days and her recent dates have included Mark Damon, Barry Coe, and the Hickman brothers, Darryl and Dwayne.

HAPPY MARRIEDS—Jeff and Dusty Hunter had hoped to celebrate their first anniversary in their own home, but his long illness was so expensive they had to postpone buyine one. Now, once again, they're house-hunting. And they did have a happy anniversary . . . Yvonne De Carlo and Bob Morgan will have a second honeymoon in Europe. They'll go first to Germany to buy a car, drive through France to Rome where she'll star in "Mary Magdalene." They'll leave their two boys here . . . Mitzi Gaynor, with hair almost platinum, and Jack Bean are back from their European jaunt reporting "That was our first real fun vacation."

BRAINY BEAUTY—Clever young character actor Henry Silva has discovered Dorothy Johnson. And that's nice discovering. Of Swedish descent, Dorothy is not blonde but a dark brunette with creamy complexion and is a real beauty. She placed second in the Miss America contest two years ago. And she's also A Brain, is a sophomore at UCLA. Oh yes, she's in films and has a lead in "Life Begins At 17."

ALL OVER—The John Saxon-Vicki Thal romance which almost reached the altar is all pau—pronounced "paw" and that's Hawaiian for finished, ended, over . . . Same is true of the Floyd Simmons-Joanna Moore flutter . . . Likewise Tommy Sands and Molly Bee. Tommy has really been playing the field on dates. Incidental intelligence: you know how continued on page 67
man. But with rare exceptions, he never worked his lightning twice on any one chick and he's become adept at dodging marriage with the few who have given him "a million laughs."

"Yeah, Frankie's a ladies' man all right," a friend of his said. "And it's Frankie who does the walking out in every case. He likes to change women the way he changes cuff links. Sometimes, I think he picks them to match the colors in his tie. 'Big deal. You can have it.' That's what I think these dames would say after they date him. But they don't, and I'll never know why. His manners (with the exception of Baby Bacall) with these dolls is very far from cavalierish, yet he gets away with it. He's tough, sometimes rude, often an indifferent escort. At night clubs, he sometimes ignores his date to laugh it up with old pals. 'Let's blow this creepy joint,' he'll say when he's had enough of it. He's slow to light cigarettes and seldom attentive, often remains seated at the approach of a damsel. At times, he turns on his fantastic charm and wit, yet, chameleon-like, he can become a thunderbolt of anger, lashing out at even his best friends. The Bony Baritone's skin is tissue thin and his boiling point is perilously close to the surface."

Far from handsome, Francis Albert Sinatra mows down females from four to 40-plus. "My four-year-old daughter," Lauren Bacall once said, "is ready to walk off with him, which is the story of his life, I guess." Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt considers him one of the most charming men she's ever met. He enthralled Deborah Kerr and Jo Stafford when he worked with them; his monumental generosity caused Celeste Holm (an ex-girlfriend) to say: "When Frank looks at you, a well of affection springs up, and suddenly it's a Cadillac."

Seemingly, Sinatra's receding hairline and bony chest, which bother him, are no handicaps when it comes to his phenomenal fascination for women. Nor are the facial scars which he suffered at birth during a difficult forceps delivery. His large bright blue eyes and his fetching smile radiate sex appeal and his wiry toughness contributes a strong impression of masculinity. In an effort to convince himself that he's a big sexy tough guy he walks, talks and looks like a movie conception of a gangster, lordly presides over his entourage of prize fighters, likes to dress in a navy suit, a black shirt, a white tie and a black and white-banded, straw hat, to hide his precariously thinning hair. In Hollywood where nobody wears a hat (except holding Bing Crosby) and where casual sports clothes are de rigeur for men, this set-up automatically draws a lot of attention at premieres as does the beautiful doll hanging on his arm. And Frankie likes that.

The dozens of glamorous gals who sit by their telephones at night on the chance that The Voice will call, like him, too, and frequently sigh as they say: "Frank is the only man who ever understood me." All this is not new. Way back in the early '40's when Sinatra was the Elvis Presley of his day, a scruffy, wistful-faced, little Pied Piper with a reedy boudoir voice, bobby-soxers dropped in theatre aisles like flies at their first glimpse of him.

Why, then, does Frankie continue to remain a bachelor? Why doesn't he marry one of his "gassers" who hand him "a million laughs" and whom he is won't to describe as "a chick who's the ever-livin' end" or, more rarely, "I'm real hung over on this beetle," i.e., a flashy gal who makes with the real sharp, good looking clothes.

The answer, purely and simply, is that Sinatra has no intention of seeking a third wife. Except for the flurry over Lauren Bacall, there isn't the slightest indication that he'll give up the many for one.

It was during one of his more relaxed moments that he remarked, "The male animal doesn't like to be hemmed in, and I'm going to continue to do just as I please. In fact, my life today suits me completely. I don't need anybody in the world to tag along with me except my three kids and maybe a couple of the guys I keep around for laughs."

AFTER two unhappy marriages (in which he was tagged "the world's most impossible husband") Frank Sinatra can't be blamed for admitting that he's "had it." And he has told friends that his first marriage to Nancy Barbado, a pretty, unsophisticated, intelligent daughter of a plasterer in Jersey City (whom he intermittently courted for four years and married when she was 20 and he 23) "began to disintegrate a little more than a year later." Frankie's increasingly roving eye finally ended it. And then, Ava's beautiful hazel eyes turned to green almost from the beginning.

"I'm possessive and jealous, and so is Frank," Ava said at their breakup. "He has a temper and I have a temper and neither of us can give an inch." For his part, Frank has said bitterly, "I was real hung over on this chick." Even today his reaction to the mere mention of Ava's name attests to the wounded ego and shattering heartbreak that he suffered in that cyclonic marriage. Yet he keeps pictures of her near and he sees her when she needs his help.

"For Frankie," said an intimate, "both marriages and a number of romances have all turned sour. He's at his worst when he gets to brooding about the women in his life. You should have seen him the night he read that Ava was going to marry Chiari . . . he acted like a wild man. I guess you can say that Frank doesn't only have those facial scars. Inside, he's got a lot of other scars . . . and he's been forced by his own nature to deal a lot of them out to others, too.

"So, tell me, why should he remarry? Redheads, blondes and brunettes all finally change the 'blues' for this basically unhappy guy. Right now he's sitting pretty. Never in his whole lifetime has he had it so good. He's riding the crest of his greatest professional success. Offers pour in that could keep him busy for the next 20 years. He keeps up the most frantic pace in show business and thrives on it. 'I'm a one man industry,' Frank says. He had a marvelous $150,000 modern bachelor house high on a hilltop, decorated in his favorite colors, black and white, and he boasts he has the best cook in town. He comes and goes as he pleases answering to no one and he has an elaborate layout in Palm Springs, too. His is the perfect set up . . . why should he change it for another swing at matrimony?"

Why . . . indeed? And again, why has this tremendously talented man had so much women trouble in his life? After a look into his early life, one doesn't have to be a psychiatrist to find the pattern of his difficulties. (Once, for three months, Frank was in analysis, but friends believe he gave it up before he should have.)

Frank's father, Martin, was an amateur boxer, silent, unassuming, racked with recurrent asthmatic attacks. His mother, Dolly, an over-powering, dominating woman, was the queen bee in the hive of her Hoboken neighborhood, known throughout the city. A political
I'm not being forced into finding a job; there's no pressure on me. I guess a man just has to be the breadwinner. Whatever it is, I can't bear your making the money we live on. If you quit, I'll have to find something. And I'll win back my self-respect."

"I made up my mind instantly," said Gale. "I told my husband 'That's all you need to say. I'll call the studio tomorrow.' And I meant it, with all my heart."

FOR Gale, this was no great heroic gesture. "It was a decision that I could make without even thinking," Gale has said. "Any woman who has a wonderful marriage and doesn't feel this way must have holes in her head. Any woman who has the man she loves, as I had, and his children, couldn't achieve greater personal fulfillment from a business career. No matter how glamorous and lucrative. I fell asleep peacefully that night."

The next morning Lee awakened Gale. "Jo," he said (Lee still calls her this), "don't call the studio. All I had to hear was you saying 'yes.' As long as I know you're with me, I'll fight this out."

Even so, the Bonnells' problems were not yet solved. Gale suddenly became self-conscious about her career and recoiled from mentioning her work to Lee. "When something wonderful happened to me during the day," she said, "I didn't tell my husband because I was afraid he might be hurt; if something disappointing happened, I didn't talk about it, either. I didn't want to add to Lee's burdens. This is the only dishonesty that ever existed in our marriage, and it upset me terribly."

Then Lee and Gale met an older couple; the husband was in the insurance field. The man was sure Lee would make a great insurance executive. "Frankly, the idea didn't appeal to Lee at first," said Gale, "because he thought it was simply a high-pressure business. But he decided to try it. He went through the training school at his own expense. It was rugged, really rugged, but within two weeks Lee knew that this was what he wanted to do. He was no big flash, though he's a pretty big flash now, with his own general agency, but in no time at all he knew that he had found the way of life he was seeking."

Ever since, Lee Bonnell has been the long-range breadwinner in the family, and as Gale has declared, "It will never be any other way. It doesn't make any difference who earns the larger paycheck, but her check must be the cake—his, the bread."

And Lee Bonnell, wearing the respectable tortoise-shell glasses of a successful insurance executive, which he is, answers with his droll humor, "Just think of me as the children's father. We have four, ages 15 to almost two: Philip, the oldest; Peter, 12; Paul, 11; and our daughter, Susanna, who was named for Gale's CBS-TV show, 'Oh! Susanna.'"

But little Susanna made an actual appearance on the show when she was a year old. She was a big hit, and the next day, Gale's producer, Alex Gottlieb, sent her a little note. It read: "Don't be too secure, Miss Storm. We're only waiting for Susanna to start talking."

No one, however, really dreams of getting rid of Gale Storm, who, at 36, has a pretty dimpled face that not only does not grow old, but will probably, Gale says, "have me playing teenage parts when I'm 90." This is her third year on the top-rated "Oh! Susanna" show, and her previous series, "My Little Margie," is playing its sixth time around on various stations. Gale, despite her wry description of herself as being "medium lousy," has made noteworthy accomplishments in virtually every medium of show business. Six years ago she began singing ("I'm really a frustrated opera singer," she laughs), and as a recording star for Dot Richards, sold some four million discs her first year. Her night club act at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas broke all existing records for the spot.

"If I have one talent," says Gale, "it's that I'm always able to be happy doing whatever I'm doing." She is a smallish girl who hardly looks robust enough to keep up with her current goings-on, and her six-foot son Philip towers over her. A blue-eyed blonde of medium height, with a baby's clear skin and probably the prettiest teeth in Hollywood, Gale weighs a good 100 pounds if she eats and eats and eats. She loves to work. One observer said her work capacity is actually too high. Recently she took some kind of scientific test which her husband gives to prospective salesmen, and that was the verdict. She has to control her impulse to work too hard.

"I've always been this way," says Gale. "I just like to work. I enjoy it so much that I never know how really tired I am until I stop."

One of her business associates who has known Gale for several years remarked, "When Gale is working, the entire crew stands around, waiting for her to entertain them. She does. She gives two shows in one."

"In the beauty parlor, she reads stories in the movie magazines about Susan Hayward, Sophia Loren, Ingrid Bergman and other top stars with as much wide-eyed interest as the next hausfrau. Her idea of a glamorous afternoon is to officiate as one of the hostesses at a tea given by the PTA to which she belongs, or to help arrange an amateur 'What's My Line?' program at the church that the Bonnells attend. She taught Sunday School for a while, but she had to quit because, as she said, 'The kids were getting too big and too smart for me.'"

"But most of all, she probably has less of a big star complex than anyone else I know."

In the big, beautiful modern house the Bonnells have recently built atop a hill in the Valley (it is only the second house they have owned), Gale seems content as never before. "It's a wonderful thing to know," she says, "that I don't have to work unless I feel like it because Lee's business can support us. We live on his income, not mine. As a matter of fact," she laughed, "a couple of times lately I've tried to get Lee to ask me to quit, but no such luck. But maybe the kids will take over before long. Philip's beginning to sing; he's got a real deep voice, waaayyy down hereerre—" Gale imitated Philip's youthful bass—"and he's already starting to get fan mail, though I don't dare tell him. Now he has his first after-school job—stock boy in a greeting card plant, but he may turn into an actor or a singer in the end. If that's what he or the other children want, it's fine with Lee and me."

GALE is not a great one for cooking or housework, though she will answer the doorbell herself when the housekeeper is busy, and listen with sympathy to a salesman's pitch. Nor is she much for gardening—"I have none, you thumbs; I'm not even a good weeder, like Lee and the boys—but she does love her Chinese contemporary house, with its pecky cypress interior walls and superb decor.

"Lee and I planned and decorated the house ourselves," she says, "with help from a decorator friend." Most of all, the Bonnells enjoy their Oriental tea-house and playroom built on a ridge above the swimming pool, where the family spends so much of their outdoor living. She and Lee have taught rock
just sit here and wait for you to dress.”

“But I am dressed,” Millie replied.

When she sat down for lunch in the raiment of Anne Frank, recollection made it difficult to distinguish between her own clothes and her movie get-up. Millie’s almost starkly simple taste in clothing reflects a personality that instinctively shies from anything flamboyant—and perhaps, dramatic as it may seem, reveals a strange affinity between her and Anne Frank.

Physically, of course, there is considerable similarity between the martyred Jewish heroine of the Nazi occupation in Holland and the frail Catholic cover girl from Fair Lawn, New Jersey. Points of likeness are as obvious as they are compelling. Millie’s coloring and features are almost identical with those of the girl she portrays. Like Anne Frank, she is fragile and childlike in build, constantly struggling to boost her 95 pounds to the 100 pound mark.

HOWEVER much of Anne Frank there may be in Millie Perkins, there is much in Millie Perkins that has Hollywood guessing—particularly her love life or lack of it. Millie’s romances—real or alleged—have accounted for considerable guesswork on the Hollywood gossip circuit. In fact, the speculation has been so zealous that Millie brands most of the reports which have found their way into print as fantastic fabrication.

On the one hand, she has been rumored in love with the picture’s associate producer, George Stevens, Jr., personable young son of the producer-director; and on the other hand, she has been reported to have had clandestine meetings with a mysterious GI whom she supposedly plans to marry upon completion of her picture, thereupon to retire from the movies.

Confronted with the rumors, all George Stevens, Jr., will say is, “Well, I’m the only single guy around, so that makes me a target.”

Millie herself acts as if she had no idea anyone could be harboring such quaint notions about her and the son of the director she reveres. She is more outspoken on the report of her alleged plans to marry a GI and quit pictures. The first thing she said when she met the trade columnist responsible for that report was a testy:

“Let’s get one thing straight. I am not marrying any GI or any ex-GI and giving up my career.”

Statements like these have been responsible for the misleading impression that she would rather not talk about such relationships as she may have with the opposite sex. Her attitudes about romance are normal in some respects, and unorthodox in others.

Millie’s nice appreciation of the possibilities of love and marriage, much as it may surprise those who have her written off as another in a long and tedious line of Hollywood enigmas, does not represent all of the things she has to say on the subject.

Quite the contrary, she glibly admits that she does correspond with a GI, and that he is the one and only boy she ever considered marrying.

“I hope,” she caught herself, “you don’t mention him as a love interest because he’s not. He’s just one of my very good friends. I write to a lot of boys. In fact, I write to boys more than girls.”

Millie’s preference for males—in person or by correspondence—is a healthy hangover from her childhood.

“I never had girls to play with,” she recalls with a touch of whimsy. “Only boys. I had all my sisters so I never made girl friends, only boy friends.”

One of Millie’s friends is Richard Beymer, the boy with whom she falls in love in the picture. “It seems to us,” ventures an observant informant at 20th Century-Fox, “that she’s halfway interested in this Dick Beymer. They are quite palsy on the set.”

Her evening with Dick at the Canadian Ballet when it graced the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium is revealing of the kind of relationship Millie prefers with boy friends. She bought two tickets, realized she needed someone to take her, then phoned Dick and asked if he’d like to come along. This night out is described as her only Hollywood date.

“But that wasn’t a date,” Millie insists. “I asked him.”

It is this self-sufficiency on the one hand, and her painful shyness—with strangers especially—on the other hand that has invited the erroneous impression in some quarters that Millie is aloof and self-centered. She is self-conscious, which in her case at least is something quite different from being self-centered.

She is self-conscious when she is thrown among people she doesn’t know, and she is self-conscious about the fact that she comes to stardom not only without training—but without having sought the opportunity. While she has managed to overcome many of her early doubts, she is not easily persuaded that she is adequate to her task.

HER anxiety about doing well accounts for a 24-hour preoccupation that demands generous understanding and is not calculated to win friends and convert disciples among the thin-skinned.

Millie realizes that she is no Hollywood well-met, and she attributes this, with no misgivings, to a childhood in which she was a card-carrying member of the closely knit, self-contained family unit. It was presided over by her mother, Katherine Perkins, who was a veritable playmate, and by her seafaring father, Adolph Perkins, a merchant marine captain who always comes home with rollicking tales of adventure.

“My family,” Millie reasons, “has been a big influence in my association with people. When I was young, I never went outside of my home to play. I never belonged to girls clubs, the girl scouts or any of those things. My mother was like another girl. My father was an adventurer. I love sea stories, and our adventure was never from outside. My father came home and brought it. We were always having fun. All my emotions were related to my family. So until I grew up, I never associated with people outside the home except, of course, for going to school.”

When at the urging of friends she grudgingly moved to New York’s Greenwich Village to take up the lucrative career of a teenage cover girl, a childhood of almost total family insulation had its inevitable effect. This perhaps explains why the set was closed during the three days that Millie was doing a scene for the film in her slip, and why she came to be known as “The Mouse” during her two years residence in Greenwich Village.

“I found it difficult to associate with people. If I was in a room with a lot of people and someone came over to talk with me,” Millie admits, it would upset me terribly. All I knew was that I couldn’t get along with people too well if I didn’t really know them. I always managed to have a handful of people that I was quite close with, so it would never bother me at all. That’s all I ever really needed, I think.”

continued on page 62
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WAIF WITH A FUTURE

continued

Millie still feels at a loss at cocktail parties or any other functions where she might be expected to turn on the charm indiscriminately for friends and strangers. Although she confesses that "I've been doing a lot of thinking about not talking," she maintains that she is not bothered by what people may think of her as a result of this shyness.

Withdrawn though she frequently may seem, given as she is to shifts in moods from gaiety to sadness, Millie appears to have no trouble attracting friends even though she does not court them. They are drawn—despite her vaunted independence—by her air of helplessness, by her fragile quality.

"The whole cast has adopted her," one executive at 20th exclaims, "She looks like a waif, you know, especially in her 'Anne Frank' getup."

This is scarcely an exaggeration. George Stevens directs Millie with fatherly tenderness, calling her Anne rather than Millie. Nina Foch, who coached her for several weeks after her first uncertain day on the set, watched over her like a mother hen. Diane Baker, who plays her sister, has had Millie spend the weekend with her and her family at Laguna, and Millie has been a frequent dinner guest of Shelley Winters, who portrays Mrs. Van Daan.

There seems little likelihood that Millie will go Hollywood. She doesn't have the time.

"I've only been working," Millie declines to pass judgment on the tinsel city. "I haven't seen anything or done anything. I haven't met many people. I can't say I dislike it if I don't know the town. I just came, and it was all new. I think what's new to me is a matter of course to other people. I wasn't anticipating anything wonderful. I didn't expect to work this hard or this long. I don't even have time to see movies. I love to read and draw, and I don't have time for that either."

If Millie seems less than ecstatic about being a movie star it is because she always has been a reluctant Cinderella. Despite the fact that she was a star player on the girls' basketball team at Fair Lawn High and a cheer leader, she never has sought position and fame. She was pushed into it.

"I don't know why they chose me for Anne Frank," she says ingenuously. "But then I never know why things happen to me. They always come as a surprise. I never try to make them happen."

The way she became a high-priced junior miss model was typical. After she was voted the prettiest girl in the graduating class at Fair Lawn, a friend insisted that she pose for some pictures, and he took them to a Manhattan model agency. Millie would have been perfectly content to hibernate in Fair Lawn, but she was ushered across the Hudson to sit for $125 an hour. She liked the money, but not the work.

"They weren't pictures of me," she says. "I was only a clothes hanger."

She was even more reluctant when Hollywood came rummaging after her with a glass slipper. Owen McLean, George Stevens' casting director, was stopping over in New York en route to Europe where he was to screen overseas contestants for the part of Anne Frank.

Millie was sitting in a restaurant with her older sister, Christine, when McLean spotted her. He introduced himself to Christine, and nodding toward Millie, asked, "Does this girl act?"

Millie shook her head. He explained his purpose and handed Millie his card, but she immediately dismissed it as improbable nonsense.

"I never had the desire to act," she confesses. "I never acted in school."

Several days later McLean's hopes and enthusiasm were rekindled when he discovered Millie's picture on a magazine cover. He traced her through her model agency and pleaded with her to take an interview test. He wanted her the next day, but Millie said it was out of the question because she had a modeling assignment. McLean couldn't get her to take him seriously. He set up another appointment more to Millie's convenience. She kept it just to get him off her neck. She didn't want the part to begin with, and she was sure she couldn't get it if she did want it.

Consequently she was completely relaxed—perhaps indifferent is a more accurate description—when she sat down and answered questions as a test camera rolled. She couldn't have been less concerned—or more natural. George Stevens and studio boss Buddy Adler saw the test in Hollywood, and they flipped. By then Millie was in Paris on another modeling assignment. Meanwhile, she had become grudgingly intrigued with Anne Frank—of whom she never had heard until that silly man in New York suggested she might play her on the screen. She finally got around to reading a paper backed copy of "Anne Frank—The Diary Of A Young Girl," and she had two tickets for the stage play when 20th located her in Paris, put her on a plane and hustled her off to Hollywood—a thoroughly bewildered, as well as reluctant, Cinderella.

So far, it has been lots of repressed excitement, all work and no play.

"I haven't had too much fun," Millie says frankly. "But I like to work. I enjoy it. When the picture is over, I'll relax and do things.

One of these things will be a small matter of playgoing.

"You see," Millie Perkins smiles, her hazel eyes sparkling, "I still haven't seen 'The Diary Of Anne Frank.'"
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IN THEIR new Columbia offering titled
"Four On the Aisle," The Four Lads run
through some choice items from
the scores of "Babes In Arms," "Kiss Me,
Kate" and "Annie Get Your Gun." We
feel safe in predicting a long and pro-
sperser run for this album... Once a
fixture in Greenwich Village, Eddie
Condon and his club have deserted Bo-
henia for points north. It matters little
where Eddie and his confederates hang
their hats. Their music is Dixie par excel-
ence in the M-G-M album "Eddie Condon Is
Uptown Now."... Jeri Southern is,
to coin a phrase, a singer's singer—a spar-
row different enough to get the rest of
the flock to listen. Not the smoothest,
the swingin'est, the loudest or the clearest,
Jeri is, nevertheless, a unique talent. Her
new Roulette album, "Coffee, Cigarettes
And Memories" is loaded with little gems.

Betcha didn't know that Jack Lemmon
is a man of many talents, a number of
them musical. Jack composes, plays the
piano and sings. Witness the new Epic
album, "A Twist Of Lemmon." We must
admit that Jack is an honest-to-gosh sing-
er who'd be perfectly acceptable as such
even if he didn't have the movie star tag
to back him up. On his composing ("With
All My Love") and piano playing, Jack
rates an A for effort. A most remarkable
man is Mr. Lemmon... The cold, cold
latitudes of Scandinavia are oddly enough
quite conducive to a very hot variety of
jazz. One of the safest choice songs to
come out of the Land of the Midnight
Sun is Ernestine Anderson, whose Mer-
cury LP, "Hot Cargo," is just what the
name implies. The gimmick is that
Ernestine's born and bred in the good
old U.S. of A. and has been using the
Scandinavian shore as a springboard to
fame... Dis ist der platz, kinder, for
music built strictly for fun. The Gucken-
heimer Sour Kraut Band makes mit der
compahs in a Victor album labelled
"Music For Non-Thinkers." This is in-
deed the understatement of the year.
Schmaltz reigns supreme but, as we said
before, it's all good, clean fun... The
once great voice of Billie Holiday has,
over the years, been reduced to a rasping
shadow of the past. But Billie's phrasing
and feeling are stronger than ever. Every
ballad she sings is a reflection of the
poignancy of her own life. In the new
Columbia album, "Lady In Satin," Billie
wraps up a lifetime of sorrow in a hand-
ful of songs. A listening session with
Billie is still an emotional experience.

With an able assist from arranger-
conductor Pete Rugolo, Patti Page dem-
strates her versatility in a two-record
EmArcy album "The East Side--The West
Side." The "East" sides are appropriately
smooth, subtle and sophisticated. The
"West" sides are swingin' stuff—very hip,
and very good. All in all, a slick enter-
tainment package... Gordon MacRae,
in the Capitol LP "Gordon MacRae In
Concert," shows why he has been a star
performer in so many top Hollywood
musicals. Gordon sings exactly the way
he would if he were before an audience
in the Hollywood Bowl. The delivery is
forthright and robust, the words are all
clearly understood, and the songs are
such time-tested standards as "Begin The
Beguine" and "Waterboy."... Those in-
ternationally acclaimed balladeers Marais
and Miranda have a new Decca album
called, "Sundown Songs." Some of the
songs are from their own South African
veldt but there are enough countries
covered to make this a musical Cook's
Tour... The name Marlene Cord may
not ring any bells right now but we guar-
antee that it won't be too long before you
know exactly whom we're talking about.
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clip along after May sweet-talks Mitchum into taking her husband into the
squadron. With two weak spots in his
group and Mitchum goggling over the
wife of one, the complexities and dan-
gers of flying are greatly increased.
When all three go down over Korea, the
best in everybody spills out into the
Far East. Inspiring in yet another way,
are the many fascinating scenes of jet
airplanes cutting through clouds, sky
and trivial human involvements. (20th
Century-Fox.)

White Wilderness

THIS latest in the Walt Disney series
of True-Life adventures takes you to
the unknown Arctic regions of North
America. There, the cameras train onto
a remarkable Technicolor record of wild
life that continues despite the hazards
of nature and constant fight for survival.
Narated by Winston Hibler, this eyes
almost every form of life in the frozen
wilderness. Besides being a fascinating
lesson in natural history, these beauti-
fully photographed adventures always have
something that pertains to our own lives.
In this, the suicidal lemming shows some
uncomfortably familiar characteristics.
By watching life in its simpler forms,
often we learn how unnecessarily com-
plicated we've allowed our existence to
become. (Buena Vista.)

Home Before Dark

AFTER a year in a mental hospital,
Jean Simmons returns to her home.
Husband Dan O'Herlihy, a professor at
a small New England college, is aloof
and distant. Unfortunately, stepmother
and step-sister Rhonda Fleming are
nervewrackingly close. Another compli-
cation is the suspected twosome of
Rhonda and Dan. Situations like this
could drive anyone dotty but Professor
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. and Jean's ex-beau,
Steve Dunne, help prevent her from
plunging into another total breakdown.
As is, she has a rough go of it until an-
other crisis pushes her out from under
the shadow of Rhonda. Effective drama
that makes you wonder once more if
perhaps the wrong people are going to
psychiatrists. (Warner Bros.)

Harry Black And The Tiger

FILMED in India, this has more zest
than a DeLuxe-colored bowl of curry,
and certainly as many ingredients.
Stewart Granger, a dead shot and British
to the core, earns a living killing man-
eating tigers. Canny though he is in the
ways of tigers, Granger is almost turned
into a blithering noncompetent when he
runs into Barbara Rush and her husband,
Anthony Steele, again. Because of
Steele's tendency to turn and run,
Granger had lost a leg during the war.
Because of Barbara's respectability, he
lost the love of his life. Now, with his
past confronting him, Granger stands
the chance of losing his life. Whenever he or
the camera comes face-to-face with the
fiercous man-eating beasts of the jungle,
all is magically smooth and supple.
When he comes to grips with Barbara
things get jolly tiresome. However, since
when can a warmed-over romance com-
pare favorably with the icy excitement
of big game hunting? (20th Century-Fox.)

The Decks Ran Red

A SEA story that depends on straight
violence for its share of thrills.
When First Mate James Mason is offered
command of a ramshackle tramp steamer,
he snatches the opportunity, despite
the fact that he is very much aware of
the ship's unsavory history and mysterious
death of the former captain. Adding to
the tension on board, Mason creates
another powder keg by allowing Dorothy
Dandridge, wife of the ship's cook, on
the voyage. When trouble does come, sur-
prisingly Dorothy is incidental. Instead,
Broderick Crawford foments a mutiny.
His objective: eventually to collect
$500,000 in salvage money. With the
odds riding in Crawford's favor, Mason
certainly seems like a sure bet to be the
shortest-term captain in maritime history.
Exciting adventure yarn that fairly stags-
ger under the load of suspense. (MG.)

A Tale Of Two Cities

IN Charles Dickens' story of the French
Revolution, the hero, played by Dirk
Bogarde, is an Englishman enchanted by
a French girl, Dorothy Tutin. Mlle. Dor-
othy on the other hand is kindly disposed
toward a young Frenchman who for very
sound reasons has taken a new identity.
When he returns to his revolution-torn
land to rescue a servant falsely accused
of conspiring with the doomed aristo-
crats, he in turn is imprisoned. Bogarde,
Dorothy and lawyer Cecil Parker dash
to France to effect a release. But it needs
more than a sane plea for justice to save
the Frenchman from the guillotine. And
this is where Bogarde steps in, up to his
jacket, to save Dorothy's beloved. Besides
the gory tide that sweeps the main char-
acters to their destinies, the numerous
cross-currents and eddies make this
famous Dickens classic still a gem of
story telling. That should be enjoyable
for young and old. (J. Arthur Rank.)
Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 57

Tommy relaxes between scenes? He stretches like a cat and you've never seen anyone quite so relaxed!

LONG DISTANCE — Jack Lemmon rushed back from his six weeks location stint in Connecticut for "Miss Casey Jones," only to find his best gal Felicia Farr had to leave town the night before to report for rehearsals in La Jolla for "Bell, Book And Candle," the play in which she's doing the lead there. So Jack transferred luggage and went down there to visit her.

SENTIMENTAL—Linda Cristal's new husband, Bob Champion, is really a sentimental gentleman. They celebrate "month-anniversaries" of their wedding and on the first he gave her a red Corvette, on the second, a platinum and diamond watch. Nice celebrating!

STEADY—Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow, Barbara Hutton's millionaire son, now have their dates on a "going steady" basis. But Jill will have to wait almost a year for her final divorce decree. Lance has been spending much time on the 20th lot, visiting Jill and he really makes an impression when he drives up in his Ferrari or huge Rolls Royce. Jill has a very good role in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker."

GIRLS, GIRLS—Pat Boone really is surrounded by females. He's now settled down in his rented Bel Air mansion, something like a "poor man's San Simeon," with his wife, four little daughters, their nurse and also a teenage baby sitter, plus a housekeeper! Well, there's room enough. This was the place Prince Rainier rented! It has enormous rooms, a two-story circular hall and staircase that looks like a movie set. And the yard is the size of a football field. But no boys to play ball! However, Pat has plenty of male company in his new film, "Mardi Gras"—Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and Dick Sargent. Pop Bing came to visit Gary on the first day's shooting.

BABY TALK—Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay say they loved Europe but wanted their baby, due in December, to be born in California so they came back right after she finished her film in England... Greg Peck loves his boys—he's fathered four of 'em—but he's flipping over baby daughter Cecelia.

SHORT SHOTS—Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer hope to spend the month of October at their house in Switzerland, on a real vacation after "Green Mansions" which Mel directs and in which Audrey stars...
simply doesn’t occur to her that every star, whether working or not, on special display or not, is expected to have an aura of glamour. And if it did occur to her, she wouldn’t change!

Despite Diane’s determination not to run with the pack in the glamour sweepstakes, stardom has to a certain extent altered, intensified and complicated her life, as it has the lives of all others who have been touched by the peculiarity of sudden fame. If she had more time, her life could be moderately simplified. But there are only 24 hours in a day, and with that limitation, even her free time is not her own any more. An acting career makes many claims.

“My acting has become so much more important to me than ever before that it’s affected my personal relationships. Diane didn’t look particularly regretful about this state of affairs. “I guess when opportunity does come you actually want your work to absorb all of you. You don’t need or want the distraction of too many attachments.

“Even before this, though, I’ve never gone around with a lot of people, girls or boys. You see, I think one friend is better than nine friends.”

Considering Diane’s devotion to continuing development, it is hardly surprising that most of the friendships she’s had have been of short-term duration. She appears to have outgrown them, one after the other, as the friends remained in the groove that to Diane would have become a grave for her extraordinary potentials. Some inner wisdom steered her clear of those close sentimental alliances that can be so smothering as well as so comfortably warming.

Her one experience in running with the pack came in high school, where she belonged briefly to a special clique. She pulled out when she found the group restrictions too self-limiting for anyone with her driving eagerness for development. She couldn’t dislike certain things because “everyone else does.”

The only things that are bigger than Diane’s career at present are those that make up what she calls her “basic existence,” meaning her baby son and her family. To say that she shuns other attachments completely would be false, for even a maverick does a certain amount of mingling. So let’s settle for saying simply that she doesn’t actively seek new attachments.

“I try to see what’s important enough to be attached to,” is the way she puts it. “I don’t want to dope myself up with things and people that aren’t important—in the non-Hollywood sense.”

The recent breakup of her marriage to young associate producer James Dickson came hard to Diane, whose feeling for family unity is strong. With the unit broken, as it is now, she admits to a sensation of incompleteness.

“But if I get married again,” she said thoughtfully, not ruling out the possibility, “it won’t be for a while.”

In the meantime, she’s frequently told that she ought to date more. To which she replies, “I don’t like to date. I like to communicate!”

An acquaintance who overheard her make a remark like that recently was left floundering, “What kind of double-talk is that?” she wanted to know.

“That’s no double-talk,” answered her companion, a girl who understands Diane. “Remember telling me how you went out with a new man last week—to the movies and then dancing at two different clubs? That was dating.

“And then when you drove out to the beach, all the way down and all the way back you couldn’t think of anything to say to each other, and you didn’t feel comfortable just keeping quiet. So you decided not to go out with him again.

“You two did all right while you were in action on your date. But the minute you stopped moving around and doing things you found you couldn’t communicate. No message. Get it? So Diane likes to communicate instead of date!”

Much as Diane resents any attempts to maneuver her into a standard stellar mold, she has an equal sympathy for everyone everywhere who resists being told what to think and how to act, merely for the sake of conformity.

“T’d rather be called a misfit than be stuffed into a strange mold,” she declared bravely. “But you’ve got to remember that being a misfit, too, is letting yourself be cast in a sort of mold too.

The thing to do, it seems, is to keep yourself free from the curse of confining categories and at the same time have a long-range goal that will give you a sense of direction, both in your thinking and in your actions.
"I have almost always been able to execute what I set out to do," Diane said.

"I set out to be an actor (There was that insistent use of the word "actor" again!). I set out to leave my house and find something for myself—and of myself. I set out a plan to achieve at some point in my lifetime a sense of completion as a human being. Of course, I haven't reached that final goal yet, but I'm on my way.

"My individual way of life means a great deal to me and I'll do anything I have to in order to attain my goals in a three-way harmony of home life, career and personal development."

In a sense, it appears she's like the battling pacifist who vowed he'd fight if necessary to keep the peace!

Since coming to Hollywood, Diane has attended only one full-scale, glamour-studded premiere—"Peyton Place."

"It frightened me," she confessed, "but not on account of the crowds. I don't mind crowds at all."

However wonderful the occasion and however gratifying the experience of first public recognition, it's easy enough to guess what threw Diane at the premiere. It was the almost barbarically ritualistic atmosphere that builds up at these times. The strict protocol that is followed to the letter.

Truth to tell, it's all as fine a spectacle as any pagan rite for the worship of the immortals. The Hollywood premiere is an institution that is certain to go on for some time and everybody likes it just dandy. Everybody except Diane, who has a prejudice against protocol, seed-bearing fruit of conformity.

Diane is a great one for solitude. And by solitude she means being really alone, without even the company of books, records, radio, TV or other distractions.

"If people go for any length of time without being alone," she told me, "there's a chance they'll forget who they are. If they forget this all-important fact, they might not ever remember their unique identity. That may be all right for the ones who don't care; who are satisfied with the identity they get from other people, surroundings or work. It just happens that so far as I'm concerned, I do care." She smiled half shyly and altogether winningly.

"In any case, I don't go out a lot because there are too many other things to do," she went on.

Next to any attempts, delicately subtle or cruelly bold, to compress her into a Hollywood mold, Diane is bothered most by bad films. When she talks about some inferior picture that could—and should—have been better than it was, there is no doubt about how she feels. She clenches her hands into tight little fists and her eyes flash blue fire. "It makes me furious!" she exclaims, and then settles back, wordless at the enormity of the sin of inferiority.

So determined is Diane to stick to the simple life, away from the pack-runners, that she has taken a house in Topanga Canyon, some 20 miles from Hollywood. That's a long haul through the heavy traffic and winding mountain roads of Southern California. But it's not too much for Diane, if by making it she can put her convictions into action. The gesture is against reason perhaps, but it certainly supports the honesty of her feelings.

 Asked if she didn't think the sleep-jump distance between her new home and her studio wasn't carrying matters too far just for the sake of making a point, she answered with a combination of helpless head-shaking and an air of crisp decisiveness:

"My convictions are always stronger than my reasons for holding them!"

Then she gathered up Shawn, tied a scarf around her blonde hair and headed through the dusk on her 20 mile trek to the distant haven she calls home. Far, far from the pack.

END

The Triumph Of Love And Dreams

continued from page 56

But they haven't changed. People around Roulette still say, "They're so in love it shows," and tell of a recent recording session.

After sitting through part of it, Colleen had gone shopping. The recording went well, and when Hugo and Luigi had a take which satisfied them, there was still about 15 minutes of studio time to spare.

Jimmie went over to the piano. "May I cut a tape? Not for release, I want it just for me."

Receiving their consent, he ripped out the chords. Luigi cut in on the intercom.

"Where did you get that song, Jimmie?"

"I wrote it," he answered very quietly. Hugo spoke up, "And who's that written for, Jimmie?"

Jimmie looked up, surprised that anyone should need to ask. "It's for my doll, of course."

"What do you call it?"

Jimmie sang out the title refrain.

"You're Everything To Me."

From the control room came a sigh and a new voice. "Oh, Jimmie, that's beautiful." Colleen had slipped in, undetected. "That's just the way I feel, too," she assured him.

It was Jimmie's turn to blink a tear away as he faced the microphone.

END

The planets reveal Eddie Fisher's road to success!

Eddie Fisher's birth chart shows signs of great dramatic appeal, charm, and the deep understanding of audiences that has won him fame and fortune throughout his fabulous singing-acting career. As a "Leo" baby (July 23 to August 22), he can count on leadership abilities, respect of people, and most important, a really happy marriage. No wonder this popular entertainer is headed for even more success than ever before!

This story about Eddie Fisher is typical of the horoscopes of famous personalities, which you can read regularly in ASTROLOGY, YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE. Compare your birth date with the "Star of the Month" in every fascinating issue of ASTROLOGY, YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE! You can easily follow your lucky stars every single month by subscribing to ASTROLOGY, YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE right now!

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How To Make Ricky Mad/Glad
continued from page 45

Glad To Leave The Congo
continued from page 41

3. Be A Good Sport! “I once had a flat tire on my way to pick up a date. I don’t remember how long it took me to have it fixed, but I must have been at least an hour late. My date didn’t care, because she was a good sport. I like that quality in girls.”

4. If You Like Him, Let Him Kiss You On Your First Date! “Sure, I like to kiss a girl the first time I go out with her, if I think the time is right. That is, if I think she doesn’t mind.”

5. Be Frank! “That’s not the same as criticizing a person. It’s nice for a girl to be honest about herself, and her feelings. If she likes a fellow, I don’t see anything wrong if she tells him so. But at the same time she shouldn’t tell him she likes him if she doesn’t.”

6. Be As Attractive As You Can Make Yourself! “I like good-looking girls. Once a friend fixed me up with a blind date, and she looked awful. I think she could have looked better, if she’d tried. I don’t know for sure. But I do know I like good-looking girls.”

7. Be Interested In Rick’s Work! “It’s nice for a fellow to have a girl show an interest in what he’s doing.”

8. When You Talk—Have Something To Say! “I don’t like girls who talk a lot and still say nothing.”

9. Be Appreciative! “I like a girl who appreciates what a fellow gives her, whether it costs a lot, or little.”

10. Enjoy Music! “I love listening to music, so naturally I prefer a girl who feels as strongly about it as I do, particularly about rock ‘n’ roll. I think rock ‘n’ roll is just great.”

11. Dress Casually, Be Casual! “I don’t like to get dressed up, and consequently I prefer a girl who wears casual clothes and acts casually too.”

12. Go Where He Wants To Go! “I like a girl who lets me make the decisions.”

13. Be A Couple Of Years Older Than He Is—At Least! “Older girls make me feel more at ease.”

14. Use Jive Talk! “I think jive talk is picturesque and colorful.”

end
After "Green Mansions," Audrey and Mel will take a long vacation in Switzerland.

"What's more," he insisted, "she's married. I often have heard her talking about her husband . . ."

No one doubted his word. The legend of Queen Audrey the Nun is bound to live in Stanleyville for many generations to come.

The most serious threat to Audrey's life did not come from wild animals or the jungle. It came from the heat, the humidity, and the neglect to counteract the constant perspiration with the use of salt tablets. Since she grew up and lived most of her life in cool climates, she was unfamiliar with proper precautions to take. And no one had bothered to warn her about it.

First indications of the effect the climate had on Audrey came in the form of what she mistakenly took for extreme fatigue. Yet the full effect of those six weeks in Africa were not apparent till Audrey had returned to Rome, for the interior scenes. When the crisis came, Audrey immediately called Mel in New York to let him know.

It was 2:30 a.m., Rome time, when the operator finally got a free line. Audrey was obliged to admit to Mel's persistent questioning that she had been in great pain. The doctors had given her sedation, medication, and put her on a strict diet.

Mel was so frantic that he called several times within the next 48 hours. There was nothing he could do from five thousand miles away except urge her to follow the treatment meticulously, which she was already doing. He promised to join her as soon as he could get a flight to Europe. Knowing how involved he was with the preparations for his film, "Green Mansions," Audrey tried her best to talk him out of taking such a long trip. Mel wouldn't listen.

After he hung up, he phoned all night till he was finally able to book a reservation on a flight leaving the following afternoon. Before heading for the airport, Mel called Rome once again to see how Audrey was getting along. By then she was already improving, and was doing so well that she was able to convince him she should cancel his trip.

From then on things were looking up for Audrey again. "I just continued to work 12 hours a day, except at the end we worked seven days a week because we were running behind schedule," she smiled. "And of course when we moved to Belgium and couldn't find convenient accommodations, many days we had to travel two hours each way back and forth from work. But after all, that's part of the job. I have no complaints. Indeed. I'm very grateful to the studio for having found me the one single hotel room available in Brussels."

No wonder she's the darling of the film industry. As director Fred Zinnemann put it, "I wish there were half a dozen women like her . . ."
ward leader, she got her husband a job in the fire department; her only son, his first singing job. The classic picture of the rejecting mother, Mrs. Sinatra showered gifts on her physically frail, emotionally deprived, son and turned him over, at an early age, to his grandmother to rear, while she labored at City Hall. Because his mother wielded so much power in his formative years, his father so little, Frank’s attitude toward women became distorted and he tried to build himself up as a dominant male. He shows great admiration for his mother, lavishes gifts on her, yet there is a strong undercurrent of resentment, too. In his attitude toward women, Sinatra is full of contradictions. For some he shows contempt, for others he builds a high pedestal. He blows his top when anyone uses an off-color word in the presence of women he considers “ladies”; he is super strict with his beloved 17-year-old daughter, Nancy, Jr., insists that her dress be circumspect, her conduct above reproach. Recently, when she returned from a school dance a little late, he was over the next day to lay down the law.

Just what will happen when explosive Frankie makes his film with equally explosive Brigitte Bardot is anybody’s guess, but it’s hardly likely that he’ll enthrone her on a pedestal. Her films have been real shockers, banned in many countries. Some believe that “BB-ism” as it’s known in France, is nothing but a perpetual celluloid strip tease and that Brigitte’s success secret is simply that she takes off her clothes.

A sullen, temperamental, moist-lipped and outspoken 24-year-old divorcée, her life story is just as shocking as her films. Daughter of a well-to-do Paris family, Brigitte became a model, then a film actress, married a Russian photographer, Roger Vadim, who became her director. Under his expert tutelage she learned to appear enticing and innocent at the same time, to move her dance-trained body with the grace of a young cat and to develop a sort of super-Marilyn Monroe type wiggle.

The marriage broke up when Brigitte fell in love with Jean-Louis Trintignant, a married French actor and her husband found a girl friend. On the day the final divorce papers were issued, Roger Vadim’s girl gave birth to a baby, later married Roger. Brigitte bought the baby a crib and even asked to be godmother. This even shocked the supposedly unshockable French!

Jean-Louis’ wife refuses to give him a divorce, and Brigitte allegedly attempted suicide. Recovered, she is looking forward to meeting Frank Sinatra. Asked if she thought Frankie had sex appeal, she said, “I think maybe so yes and I hope so for him!”

It seems likely that BB and FS will ignite into an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. But it doesn’t seem likely that anyone will fling rice at them at a church door.

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My favorite MOVIE STARS are:

(1) .........................................................(4)
(2) .........................................................(5)
(3) .........................................................(6)
(4) .........................................................(7)

My favorite TELEVISION STARS are:

(1) .........................................................(3)
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'n' roll to Paul and Peter there, and entertained their friends, and as for rock 'n' roll itself, "I don't think it's suggestive," says Gale. "If it were, I wouldn't sing it."

When she gets a bit excited or enthusiastic, she reverts to her former accent—just a little—and, as Lee declares, with a fond look at his buxom wife, she still cries easily. "She cried for four straight hours the night she was on 'This Is Your Life,'" said Lee. "'Not just through the show but during the party afterwards.' "But it was so sweet," Gale explained. "They even had mustard greens and black-eyed peas at the dinner because Ralph Edwards learned from mother I like 'em. Just thinking of how nice Ralph Edwards was makes me want to cry again."

Gale has won many honors in her life, such as Woman Of The Year, Favorite Comedienne, Most Glamourous Business Woman and many others, but the title that means most to her is "Mrs. Lee Bonnell." She knows that her TV series has brought her greater fame than her movies ever did, but, she insists, "My career is just the frosting on the cake. No matter what, my family comes first. If I can hold my family together and be a good wife and mother as well as have a career, that's fine. But if it ever interferes with my family, my career has to go. I have always felt a little like I was having my cake and eating it, too. "Now, whenever my hectic schedule seems about to get me down, I raise my eyes to Heaven and say, 'Thank you. I'm a very lucky woman. I married the man I loved, I have four fine children and a career more satisfying than anything I ever dreamed. I've never really had it so good.'"

END

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

weekly show on TV this fall. "We can't keep the money, but at least we can keep our health," explained Phyllis.

Rex Harrison almost created a riot in London when he wanted two weeks off from his "My Fair Lady" hit to take a vacation. He cancelled the latter by popular demand. He should have rested between the New York appearance and the London, but he made "The Reluctant Debutante" for Metro because there was a good role for wife Kay Kendall. Art Linkletter asked a four-year-old on his "House Party"—"Would you like to get married?" "Sure would," replied the youngster, "But I haven't found the right girl yet." ... Add oddities. Raymond Burr is paying off the mortgage on a beautiful house at the beach with the money he makes from his "Perry Mason" TV series. But he's so busy working, he has to sleep in his dressing room at the studio, and rarely gets to sniff the ocean air. Isn't this always the way? ... Talking of money, Ann Sothern paid $125,000 for the Al Bloomingdale mansion in Bel Air. "I bought the house so my daughter Patricia can entertain her young friends," says the residual-happy Miss Sothern.

Mario Lanza must be wondering whether it was worth it to go to Italy for two years to save on income tax. His first picture there, "Seven Hills Of Rome," was a big disappointment. ... Those rumors linking Anthony Franciosa with Anna Magnani are hokum. If true, why would he spend a fortune phoning wife Shelley Winters every day before she was able to join him in Rome? ... Whatever happened to Eleanor Parker? This excellent actress seems to have slipped from cinematic view. One thing I know. She's happy in her marriage with painter Paul Clemens. ... Betta St. John, the adorable Liat of the Broadway production of "South Pacific," is trying Italy for one year, and if she likes it, will give up her acting career to be a wife 24 hours a day to singer-husband, Peter Grant. When Mrs. Dan Dailey left $6,000 on the gaming tables of Las Vegas, husband Dapper Dan put her on the first plane headed back to Los Angeles. And do you blame him? ... Rosemary Clooney is taking a year's sabbatical from her career to concentrate on her family which now numbers four children, in addition to husband Jose Ferrer. They're getting close to the six kids they want. ... And Janet Leigh will take her time about returning to her acting career following the birth of baby number two in November. "The reason for our big new house," she told me, "is our desire for a big family." They call the 22-room mansion, "Camp Curtis." ... Fifty-five-year-old Randolph Scott is the richest working cowboy on the screen. Randy has taken a share of the profits from 150 horse oprys, invested the money in oil and uranium. All this without the benefit of hallywood. He could retire but prefers to work.

Bette Davis was the darling of the press in Europe for her forthrightness during interviews. She didn't care a hoot when they kept printing her age—which is 50—and made no bones about her face and figure. And they liked her even more when she confessed that her children have given her more happiness than the two Oscars she won in her heyday. ... Marie McDonald, the tempestuous blonde, will marry Las Vegas hotel owner George Capri directly after he gets a divorce from the wife from whom he separated, Marie tells me, seven years ago. ... You'll see a thinner Shultz on "The Bob Cummings Show." The funny lady whose real name is Ann Davis, shed 30 pounds during the summer. ... And Ernie Borgnine went one pound better. He lost 31—"the only way—pushing the table away."

Diane Varsi called writer Joe Laitin after their interview for Coronet to say, "You'd better change the line 'I drive a dilapidated old car,' I just bought a Volkswagen. The car's new but the girl remains unchanged." ... And that's about all for now, from your Hollywood reporter, Sheila Graham.

END
THE moment pale, lovely Lynn Thorndike stepped aboard the steamer Creole Belle, Dr. Jim Corwin guessed she was in trouble—her frightened eyes told him so. Hours later, she was found almost unconscious in her cabin. She was in danger only from herself. She wanted to die! Jim quickly saw that she needed a doctor's help and by the end of the voyage, he also knew she was in love with this beautiful, apparently doomed girl. How Jim is forced into a desperate medical gamble which involves not only their future together, but also his professional standing, is a story that will hold you spellbound.

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Songs available on Columbia Records
INSIDE NEWS

Marlon Brando 13 The Marriage That Never Was by Mark Dayton
Marilyn Monroe 22 The Two Faces Of Marilyn Monroe by Maxine Block

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Christine Carere 15 "I Was Afraid Of Men" by Helen Louise Walker
Will Hutchins 24 An Open Letter To The Future Mrs. Hutchins by Jerry Asher
Dolores Hart 29 Don't Call Her "Beat" by Helen Hendricks
Danny Thomas 32 How To Thrive On Trouble by Favis Friedman
Tommy Sands 39 "What I Found Out About Girls" by Tommy Sands
Patti Page 43 She Married Her Boss by Helen Bolsard
Jack Lemmon 47 Escape From Lemmon by John Maynard

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Tab Hunter 18 In New York Town
Carol Lynley 36 Carol In Disneyland

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheila Graham
10 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 8 Coming Attractions by Rhina Maughan
Fashions 50 The Dress That Does Something For You by Sue Collins
Records 52 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: MITZI GAYNOR, CURRENTLY STARRING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "SOUTH PACIFIC"
Now the performance and the story that have made this the most discussed motion picture this year!

JEAN SIMMONS

A young girl and the stunning shock that marriage brings her.

"IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE YOU'VE TOUCHED ME"

WARNER BROS.

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ALSO STARRING
DAN O'HERRITYH · RHONDA FLEMING · EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. · MERVYN LE ROY

Screenplay by EILEEN and ROBERT BASSING Directed by MERVYN LE ROY
HOWDY, from that great wide open space sometimes called Hollywood. ... And hooray for James Garner who finally got tired of waiting for his Warner bosses to give him a raise. And demanded one. "In my first year as Maverick," he told me, "my stand-in was paid more than I was." Jim, with a salary of $600 a week, is not entitled to residuals from his fabulously successful show—"Until the third time around and then I get $50!" ... When I congratulated new television star Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—"77 Sunset Strip"—and asked him, "D'ye think in six months you'll be asking for a new contract?" he replied, "I'll wait until I reach that delicious bridge before I cross it."

Joan Crawford may have the answer for the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds breakup. "Never let your husband see you in sloopy clothes." I've never yet seen a home close-up of Debbie unless she was in pigtails and sloopy pants. ... But all of course, Debbie and Eddie had been quarreling almost since the day they wed. ... Elizabeth Taylor was right in only one thing—no woman, not matter how exciting, can break up a solid marriage. I have a hunch that of the three, Elizabeth will be the most hurt in the long run.

Frank Sinatra's three-picture deal with MCM gives him one million dollars and a percentage, but he's still spending money like it was going out of style. His teepee atop a Beverly Hills canyon nicked his bank balance for five hundred thousand dollars. And when he was on that ill-fated location in Madison, Indiana, he brought along his entire retinue, and I presume paid their expenses.

Nice to see Gene Tierney back for a visit in Hollywood and also to pick up the threads of her career. Also that 20th Century-Fox kept her on the payroll for the entire three years she was ill. ... The first love of John Paul Jones was a lady named Dorothy Dandridge. They called her Dorothy Danders in the film with Robert Stack and Erin O'Brien. "And imagine," the pretty Erin exclaimed to me at lunch, "Bette Davis was in the picture, and stayed at the same hotel, but I didn't get to meet her at all. Can you believe it?" I can. Bette is not the mingling type. ... The reason why Brigitte Bardot is learning to speak English, is not to come to Hollywood, although I believe she will one of these days. She just wants to dub her own dialogue for her French pictures in this country. "Bardot does not sound the same with another voice," she explains.

David Niven finally reveals that before he could force himself to go up in that balloon in "Around The World In 80 Days," he filled himself to the brim with champagne! I don't blame him. ... Diana Dors, who is always in the headlines in her native England, has made a pact with her about to be ex-husband, Dennis Hamilton, that they will never write or talk about the other. "A mutual protection policy," states Mr. Hamilton. Diana had a big falling out with muscle man Tommy Yeardye and she fired him as her boy friend and business manager, in favor of a less muscular gent called Dickie Dawson.

Her Grace Kelly went on a strenuous diet before coming to this country with Prince Rainier and Princess Caroline. And to those who still believe the cool, blonde Oscar winner will return to her movie-making, hear this: Rainier receives $300,000 tax free from his Monaco principality. He also was willed several fortunes by various relatives. He has a yacht, a plush Paris apartment, and a villa, with pool and stables above his palace in Monte Carlo. Plus two children. So when would Grace find time to make films with all that to look after?

Singer Jimmie Rodgers gave a $200 reward to the girl who found and returned his lost guitar. "The guitar only cost you $100," expostulated his manager, Seymour Heller. "I know," replied Rodgers, "but when I first bought that guitar I didn't have a dime left in the world. I don't ever want to forget that feeling." ... No wonder William Holden fought for the right to make "Horse
No. 1 Fun Boy Goes Oriental!

Paramount Presents

Jerry Lewis in

The Geisha Boy

Co-starring
MARIE MCDONALD · SESSUE HAYAKAWA

Produced by JERRY LEWIS · Directed by FRANK TASHLIN · Screen Story and Screenplay by FRANK TASHLIN
Associate Producer ERNEST D. GLUCKSMAN

Jerry in Japan—oh, man! It's his funniest ever... strictly "sayonara" to sanity!
Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Tonka

ACCORDING to this, General George Armstrong Custer was less a national hero than a hot-headed Indian hater who was responsible for his men of the 7th Cavalry being slaughtered by the Sioux. Interlaced with this deflating bit of Americana is the story of a young Indian warrior, Sal Mineo, and his devotion to a courageous and spirited wild stallion. It is these two who manage to emerge from the hatred and destruction, while Cavalry officer Phil Carey, a peaceable man, dies trying to save himself from the people he tried to protect. An exciting and thrilling story of the wild uncivilized Dakota territory in the 1870's. (Buena Vista.)

Separate Tables

NOTHING seems lonelier than a deserted seaside resort, except perhaps the small knots of winter guests huddled together in the half-empty hotels. Into this genteel hibernation from life comes Rita Hayworth glowing like a welcome beacon. Unfortunately, her light, too, is dimming. This pilgrimage to the seaside is her last desperate attempt to recapture ex-husband Burt Lancaster who finally had walked out on Rita drained of self-respect and pride. Equally desperate to hold onto Lancaster is proprietress Wendy Hiller. Other undercurrents also take hold and threaten to erode the quiet of the middle-class English hotel. Always dominated by her mother, Gladys Cooper, spinster Deborah Kerr is a dowdy parcel about to become unstruck at the seams when she learns her only friend, Major David Niven, is a fraud and what is referred to as “a dirty old man.” Even though author Terence Rattigan did the screen adaptation of his own play, much of the awful dullness and desperation is lost, perhaps because Americans Hayworth and Lancaster are toy ing with strictly British emotions. (United Artists.)

The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness

AN unofficial missionary, volunteer Ingrid Bergman receives a cool reception from the people of a remote village in the Chinese mountains. Persistent and undaunted, she goes about the business of giving help. One of her first major victories is Mandarin Robert Donat, the head of the villagers. After he bends to the subtle persuasiveness of the dedicated Englishwoman, the villagers follow. Officer Curt Jurgens, a Eurasian in the Chinese Nationalist Army, is affected differently. All sorts of subversive emotions begin whistling away his harsh exterior. Yet of all the amazing things this woman had accomplished and the dangers she had faced, her most remarkable feat was shepherding 100 Chinese war orphans through enemy lines following the Japanese invasion of China. Based on the true story of Gladys Aylward, now living in Formosa, this De Luxe color adventure makes you so much prouder of belonging to the human race. And Ingrid? Superb, of course. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Tunnel Of Love

ONE of those comedies larded with witticisms about pregnancy, craving egg foo young at 3 a.m. and women who waddle. Determined to become a mother, Doris giggles girlishly through downright embarrassing clinical discussions with husband Richard Widmark. Finally,
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The marriage that never was

Though professing a need for love, Marlon could not accept the restrictions imposed by marriage from the very beginning.

MOODY Brando required solitude, often went off by himself for days.

One of Anna Kashfi's closest friends, herself a casualty in a headline-grabbing Hollywood marriage snafu, wryly corrected a report that a slap in the face from Marlon Brando was the final act of humiliation that precipitated her impassioned decision to divorce him.

"It was the other way around," Anna's friend smiled ruefully.

"Anna slapped him, but she did it only once when she couldn't bear his insults any longer. No, Marlon never slapped Anna. He wouldn't do anything like that. But when he was angry once he tore her shirt off!"

Ironic shades of 'Streetcar'!

Who slapped whom is perhaps an academic question. But it is obvious that emotions would have to be at a boiling point for a sensitive girl like Anna Kashfi to slap her husband's face, and for an avowedly sensitive actor like Marlon Brando—an articulate lover of humanity—to tear his wife's raiment.

Such scenes served only to show how intolerable the marriage had become—how intolerable it apparently was to Marlon Brando from the very beginning, and how intolerable it finally had become for Anna Kashfi, who had tried so hard to keep it alive only, in a flood of tears on her 24th birthday, to give it up as an impossible task.

Eleven fateful days before she and Marlon would have celebrated their first wedding anniversary, Anna sobbingly came to terms with a shuddering reality that had become increasingly difficult to escape since the day she serenely recited her vows—that she was a party to a barren compact, a party to a marriage that really never was.

continued on page 60
"I was afraid of men"

It is difficult to believe that a girl
as lovely and vivacious as Christine
has grown up with fears that have only
recently been conquered by love

Let's get one thing settled right away.
Christine Carere is "a dish." Sitting with her
in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and
watching all the masculine glances (glances!)
turned her way, you begin to wonder if there
aren't any other "dishes" around to attract their
attention. With her startling combination of
gold-blonde hair, huge dark eyes, petal white
skin and one or two other things . . . well,
it's really no wonder.

After you have seen these tributes so
enthusiastically paid, one of her first remarks
comes as quite a surprise.

"I have always been afraid of men," she says,
"until recently. For years and years I was afraid
of them, afraid to let a man into my life,
let alone into my heart. It is not good for a
girl to be afraid of men! It might have ruined
my life . . . it nearly did . . . if things had
not happened as they did.

"Of course, I know why it was so. When I
was three-years-old my father left my mother
and me and it was a great hurt for my mother.
Later it was a great hurt for me, too, because
other little girls had fathers and I didn't and
I missed him very much. When my brave mother
was working so hard to take care of me she
used to say, reassuringly, 'We women will get
along by ourselves' but I knew my father didn't
want us and that was terrible.

"When I grew older and went to secretarial
school and worked as a model, of course I met
men and grew less afraid. I even fell in love.
I was engaged three different times and I
was sure I was in love each time. But then, just
as we would begin to plan marriage the old
fear would come over me again and I would
draw back. I was still afraid of being hurt and
I couldn't go through with it. It was a painful
thing each time, believe me.

"But now that I have been married . . . even
continued on page 16
CHRISTINE CARERE continued

As an admirer says: "She not only has a luminous talent but also a breathless sort of quality which is unusually appealing"

though not very much... just a year, I love not only my husband—I just love men! I understand them now."

Christine, as you know, is the French sparkler who was imported some ten months ago to play Dominique in Françoise Sagan's sensational story, "A Certain Smile." One of the VIPs who selected her and was responsible for signing her to a long term contract has said, "She not only has a luminous talent but she has a breathless sort of quality which is unusually appealing."

Well, if Christine seems "breathless," it is not without reason, what with the things that have happened to her in the past year.

She was doing very well in French pictures when an American agent, Hal Gefsky, chanced to see her picture in the office of a Paris agency. He knew that 20th Century-Fox was about to launch an "all-out" search for the girl to play Dominique so he sent the picture along to Hollywood. Christine was asked to make an immediate test in London. At that time she didn't speak a word of English so she learned the dialogue for the two scenes from the picture phonetically, painstaking syllable by syllable, so that when she finally performed before the cameras she almost literally didn't know the meaning of a word she was saying. Nevertheless, the test came off so well that producer Buddy Adler, director Jean Negulesco and 20th production head, Henry Ephron, looked at it back in

SURPRISED to find her picture in Paris Match, Christine is happy to see France has not forgotten her though she's in Hollywood.

GAY and outgoing, Christine feels that she conquered her fears concerning men because of an understanding actor, her husband.
Hollywood and said, "That's our girl"... and the search for Dominique ended before it had ever begun.

That was when Christine began to be breathless. Plunged abruptly into Hollywood and directed to learn English "at once," she was allowed to waste no time. She was given a tutor-coach who began drilling her in her lines for the picture as he taught her English. But that wasn't all.

"I had to go to supermarkets and try to use my English there for good practice," she says. "I used to get so frantic trying to buy food with so little English to help me. I think I shall always have a dread of supermarkets. But it helped." She practiced in shops and drive-ins and at the drugstores and newstands. Sometimes she gave the proprietors of those places some lively times. But when the time came to start the picture she was ready.

SHE WAS allowed to return to Paris for two months last November when she began even more breathless plans to be married. She had been engaged for a year to Paris matinee idol Philippe Nicaud... and this time she was not afraid.

"I had met my husband when we made a picture together in France," she reminisces, "and we simply hated each other. I thought he was too happy with himself... what you say?... puffed up... and he thought I was a brat. He tried to tell me how to do what I had to do in the picture and I didn't like that.

"So we spattered—spluttered—at each other. We quarreled all the time until I found out that he was right about what was wrong with me. Then we fell in love.

"And I found I wasn't afraid any more. He is a little older than I am and I suppose that helped. Then I got to know his family and it is such a happy family, his father, mother, two brothers and a sister. No doubt and unhappiness such as I knew when I was young! And I was so grateful for his understanding and trust when he urged me to go ahead and take my chance in Hollywood for this new career."

As for her "not being married very much"—Paris, whatever you may have heard about its romantic soul, doesn't make things easy for young people who want to be married. It took nearly the entire two months which Christine had been granted as leave of absence.

"There are so many complicated papers to fill out in France," she sighs. "We are Catholics and not only did the government have to have lots of papers but the Church had to check on our backgrounds and so on and the banns had to be posted and we had to wait for those. When we were finally married we had only five days left in which to take an honeymoon!"

While Christine's English is nearly perfect, she has a quaint way of adding a consonant here and there as in "an honeymoon," "an home" and so on. These small embellishments add charm to her conversation.

Later on, her picture company went to Paris for a brief location trip and she and Philippe had another five days together. Still later, they had nearly a month in Venice when he was on leave from his stage play. Then she had to rush back to Hollywood to start "Mardi Gras."

"Altogether," she says, "we have been married since last..."
In New York Town  
On location in Gotham
for his latest film, Tab Hunter made the most of his free time to wander happy as a tourist.

SCALING a wall in Central Park makes Tab glad he’s no city boy.

IN FRONT of the Plaza Hotel stand horse-drawn buggies for romantic rides through the park. Perhaps Tab is making plans with this coachman for surprising his evening date.

HORSES are Tab’s great passion and whenever he wasn’t working on “That Kind Of Woman” he made friends with the urban types that are peculiar to Manhattan.

photos by Ken Heyman

continued on page 20
The city holds a myriad of pleasures that cost nothing yet are treasure houses of enjoyment

WHO CAN pass up an ice cream cart without stopping? Not Tab, who takes his time with an important decision like which flavor he prefers.

THE ZOO in any town is always a great place to wile away the hours and holds fascination for kids and grownups alike.

MUSEUM hopping, Tab viewed a great deal of modern art and he became a fan almost at once.
The two faces of Marilyn Monroe

She's the world's glamour goddess to the public and press yet there's another side to Marilyn few people ever see

By MAXINE BLOCK

AFTER a two-year, self-imposed exile from Hollywood, Marilyn Monroe returned to town and brought both of her faces with her.

The first (and best known) one, as the Symbol of Sex, was exhibited immediately on her arrival as she stepped from the plane bringing her from New York. With white-blonde hair aswirl in the breeze, white, sleek, skin-tight skirt and blouse that made the most of her natural talents, white shoes and gloves, Marilyn began descending—slowly and wickedly—down the plane's steps.

Her heavily-powdered skin had a pallor, the result of living in the East, that the California sun soon changed. As she walked, the white skirt stretched tight as a drumhead over her ample hips. Yes, admitted Marilyn, she may have put on just a little weight. Her lips were moist, as if she'd just been kissed and she uttered a delicious, sexy little sigh as she put more movement into her descent than a Bendix swishing away a full wash.

Reporters, who had waited more than a half hour for her to leave the plane, scrambled to worm nearer to their common goal. Photographers pushed, elbowed and gouged their way to record this latest visit of the most celebrated torso-swing to all time. And Marilyn appeared to enjoy herself to the hilt doing what she can do better than any other movie star—get her picture taken.

Nor had she forgotten how to delight reporters with her sexy quips. Later, as she postured prettily in a sack dress, she murmured, "This dress is organic . . . It's the movement, you see. A sack allows you to move and it moves with you. And movement is—well, movement is good." Asked why she had attracted so much attention in a polka dot bathing suit that had hardly enough room for the polka dots, Marilyn explained prettily, batting her big beautiful blue eyes, "Well, I was wearing a grand marshal badge. People were looking at me all day long, but I thought they were admiring the badge."

That's the accepted face of Marilyn Monroe, world's glamour goddess. The second face, one that few see, has nothing to do with the accepted standard Hollywood blonde sexpot. It appears that Marilyn's sex appeal is something kept in a bottle, like perfume. When she

continued on page 54
an open letter To The

HIS MATE will have to be a very sharp young woman for Will has a disarming honesty that can often catch people off guard.
Will wants the girl he marries to be "all things," which isn't such a tall order for a pretty special life with an incredible young man.

By JERRY ASHER

ROPING IN an hombre is harder than you think and Will passes the fine points on to his step-brother's daughter Lesley.

Dear Mystery Girl:

Whoever you are and wherever you may be--beware! Be a-ware too! You're a wanted woman and there's quite a price hanging over your head. In this case, you're the one who has to pay, but if you'll play your cards well--you'll be the luckiest little ol' filly in these here parts. Maybe you'll be bewitched, bothered and slightly bewildered, but one thing's for doggone sure, you'll never have a dull moment!

Ever hear of Marshall Lowell Hutchason? Well, you will and you'd better remember the name because it's going to be your name too. Folks around Los Angeles, where he was born, know this towering toehead by his original handle. It didn't draw flies, however, until Warner Bros. switched it to Will Hutchins and television turned him into the lanky, lovable star of the "Sugarfoot" series. Since then, he's met up with a heap of changes and taken most of 'em in his lean-hipped stride. But right along about now is where you come into the picture.

As of this moment Will, or Hutch as he prefers to be called by his friends and we feel right friendly, wants to get married. He hit 26 last May and while playing the field has been fun, shucks ma'am, a fellow has to settle back in his boots sooner or later. The sooner the better for Hutch.

"Going steady and early marriage is up to the individual," he decrees, "but the way I see it, it's just a lazy way out and a guarantee that a fellow will always have a date. Up to now I've been dating different type girls--in an educational sort-a way. But I believe I'm ready for marriage so I'm sure looking around. Nope--no one is waiting. I have no plans and I'll just go with all girls until I find the one who is all things."

continued on page 27
"I think I'll make a gentle husband, but not a henpecked

THE STAR of ABC-TV's "Sugarfoot" loves his work, says:
"My wife would have to like my acting, or at least fool me!"
one. As my wife, you’ll have to read my mind a lot, but I’ll devote 100% to the girl I love.”

There—that's the full enchilada, whoever you are, and somewhere out there you do exist. Maybe you two haven’t even met yet, but if you're planning to hog-tie the critter and ride off into the sunset, it's about time you learned about your future husband, don’t you think? We think. We also think you can’t know too much about this highly individual hombre who’s determined that his number one woman must be "all things."

In Hutch's book, that’s quite a bill to fill. Now he used to say he would only marry an actress, but these days he ain’t so sure! The way he stakes his claim—

"Actresses are a funny breed. You take them to a restaurant and if they look you in the eye more than twice, you’re lucky. Actresses in general haven't too much humor and they keep a fellow on guard. I like girls who are more themselves and, anyway, I think one ego in the family is probably enough!"

Beginning to catch on? This is no mere male you can wrap around a pretty pinkie and you'll find out that his disarming honesty can be pretty ruthless at times. By way of contrast, he radiates natural charm and innocence until you’d think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Hutch himself will set you straight on that score. He knows he can be

introspective, touchy and moody at times and won’t talk. "That would be tough on my wife." Being a straight shooter, he also respects these same qualities in other humans, which is why he has such definite ideas about his future wife.

"When I marry I hope I know her well enough beforehand to put up with anything. But I still think each day should bring a new experience in marriage and if my wife keeps her identity and retains outside interests, then I'll have to learn more about her. Too many people get lost in marriage, I think, because they know too much about each other too soon. I wouldn't want this to happen to my marriage and I'll try hard to prevent it."

So you see! Will Hutchins, who is your future husband, has been giving his escape from bachelorhood very careful consideration. If you know more about his background, you'll discover he has good reason. By learning why he is such a paradox, albeit, an extraordinary one whom people of all ages take to their hearts, it should give you greater understanding of the man you're going to marry.

"I guess I'm sort of a loner," Hutch analyses himself. "As an only child (he does have a step-brother whose kids he worships) I was pretty used to having things my own way and never needed too

continued on page 04.

"THE OLDER I get, the more I appreciate kids," says Will. He spends all the time he can with his step-brother Bill’s children.
Though she comes from a broken home, Dolores has never felt sorry for herself nor let it keep her from reaching the top.

Don't call her "beat"

By HELEN HENDRICKS

"I THINK that perhaps I owe my career, or at least the start of it, and the directions my life has taken to the fact that I had a rather scanty and unusual childhood. I don't mean an unhappy childhood. It was simply incomplete in some ways. But it was enriching in others. "Some interviewers have made it sound as if I were saying that I had had a terrible time as a child, that I had some sort of trauma because of feeling 'neglected' or 'rejected' or something like that. I think it is fashionable to say such things of people nowadays. But about me it simply is not true. I somehow feel as if I had been almost trapped into admitting such things! "It is true that my parents separated while I was quite young and I think that children of separations are often led by other people to feel sorry for themselves. But actually I had a good childhood and an interesting one. And I am sure that what happened then guided me toward my present life and career."

This was blonde, blue-eyed Dolores Hart, brilliant new star on the Hollywood horizon, talking earnestly and thoughtfully, trying to delve into her own past (an extremely brief one, after all) to try to find some reasons for what she is and what has happened to her.

Dolores has reached important prominence so rapidly that even Hollywood people seem to think she has been around much longer than she actually has. Her career can still be measured in months, although it has reached major proportions and is climbing fast.

continued on page 30
As recently as the autumn of 1957, Dolores was still a more or less placid student at Marymount College in Los Angeles and was indulging, as school girls do, in some amateur theatricals. The girls joined forces with the students of Loyola, an all-male school, to produce "Joan Of Lorraine," with Dolores in the title role, and a perspicacious young philosophy major, one Don Barbeau, thought enough of Dolores's talents to send her photograph to various producers and also to introduce her to an agent.

She was cast almost immediately as Elvis Presley's teenage romance in Hal Wallis' "Loving You" and followed that with an unexpectedly spectacular vignette in "Wild Is The Wind" with Anna Magnani. This was followed by her second role with Presley in "King Creole." All in less than a year. Then, after a brief rest, Dolores went into "Miss Lonelyhearts," for Dore Schary, with Montgomery Clift, Bob Ryan and Myrna Loy.

She went on with her soul-searching:—"Because my father and mother were separated I spent a good deal of time with my grandfather and grandmother in Chicago . . . and all of this influenced me. My grandfather was the projectionist at the Drake Theatre there and I used to sit in the booth with him and see all the pictures for free. I was crazy about pictures, even when I was tiny. I was even crazy about them when Grandfather used to get tired of listening and shut off the sound in the booth so that I only saw and didn't hear what was going on the screen. It still seemed important to me. I used to help him 'thread up' the film and I felt so important . . . a part of show business. He used to keep an alarm clock in the booth to tell us when it was time to 're-thread' and I saw those pictures again and again."

If you can picture this small girl, watching pictures over and over ("Blithe Spirit" she thinks was her favorite), often not being able to hear the dialogue and still getting excitement and inspiration from them . . . then perhaps you will realize a little bit of what went into making a star of Dolores Hart. But there were other things.

There was independence, for example.

"It was my own idea to register myself on my first day at school. No one could go with me and I remember that I was feeling indignant with my father for some reason . . . so I registered under a phony name. It was weeks before they found out at school who I really was! Perhaps that was the beginning of my desire to be really 'on my own.' It is a necessity now.

"Oh . . . one other thing. I am grateful to Grandmother because she let me put on puppet shows in our backyard. I felt that I was creating something. I don't know how much good it did me, career-wise, but it gave me a lot of satisfaction while I was still very young and I suppose it helped form me somehow."

Both Dolores's mother and her father (now a Chicago salesman) had brief theatrical experiences before Dolores

DOLORES lives with her mother, Mrs. Harriet Gordon (above), in San Fernando Valley, but she likes city life—subways and crowds.

SHE got her chance to live in the big city when she went to New York this Fall for a stage play, "The Pleasure Of His Company."
A CLEVER cartoonist, Dolores recently went into the greeting card business and she likes to illustrate personal notes to all her friends.

was born. Incidentally, she was born Dolores Hicks. Hal Wallis changed the Hicks to Hart.

"Then, because Mother was living in California and Grandmother and Grandfather in Illinois, I made a great many trips to and fro by myself. I must have traveled thirty or forty thousand miles alone by the time I was 12. That made me a pretty self-sufficient young girl. I still am."

DOLORES has an unusual sense of responsibility toward other young people, an understanding which has proven very valuable.

"I remember when I was elected president of the student body in high school and realized that some of the younger students were idealizing me in some way. It made me feel very humble and made me want to be very careful of how I behaved.

"Something of the same sort happened when I made my first picture, especially since I played opposite Elvis Presley and so many young girls idolized him so. I felt a deep responsibility to all of them and I really think Elvis does, too. Maybe it sounds funny for me to speak of 'impressionable young people' when I am not so old myself. But I know what it is to be impressionable. I certainly was and in a lot of ways I still am.

"That was one reason why Elvis and I didn't date when we made our pictures together. We were good friends and we liked working together and we felt that it was better to keep the whole thing on that basis, lest we be misunderstood."

She resents the older people who try to cram a section continued on page 70
How to thrive on trouble

Danny Thomas, one of TV's favorite comedians, has turned the misfortunes that have plagued him all his life into strictly laughing matters.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN
YEARS in the night clubs kept Danny away from Rosemarie too often. No wonder she's grateful for "The Danny Thomas Show."
funny man" says Danny, whose biggest successes in show business have sprung from failures.

It was the time, in the Spring of '57, when "The Danny Thomas Show" had tobogganed to a new low in ratings, when it squatted a shamefaced eleventh from the bottom. Strangers would buttonhole Danny and ask, "What's happened to you? Aren't you on the air any more? We never see you."

Friends kept telling Danny that people were hunting for him on their TV dials, but didn't know where to find him. The show, then called "Make Room For Daddy," had been shunted from one time slot to another while on ABC. At its peak, Danny's show was telecast on 122 channels, but during that last bitter year, he had exposure on only 83 stations across the country.

This was unbelievable for a TV program so warm and human that it won the Sylvania Television Award after only five weeks on the air, as well as a TV "Emmy" for the best new program—and three more statuettes after that.

"I thought I'd lose my mind," said Danny, "They told me I was just too good to be a success, too funny to be popular. 'You got a real good show, Danny,' some of those grey flannel agency boys would say to me. 'But how are you going to improve it, where do you go from here? With a low rating like yours, maybe there's no place for you on the air.'"

To Danny Thomas, the one-time boy candy butcher from Toledo, the battle-tempered entertainer who had made the toughest night club audiences stand up and cheer, those months were a nightmare.

Trouble reached its tentacles into Danny's home life, too.

PUPPIES are the Thomas's latest addition. Says Danny of his family: "Even at my own table, I am only the straight man."

For four years he had lived in the safe haven of nights at home with Rosemarie and the children. Forgotten and shelved—or so Danny believed—were the long years when he was away playing the night club circuit. That had been the weary period when his youngsters remembered him as just somebody called "Uncle Daddy," or greeted his infrequent visits home with "Clean out the dresser drawers; make room for Daddy!"

Those were the days, Danny remembers painfully, when "Daddy was just a picture on the piano. The clothes I brought home for the kids were all too small by the time I got them there." One wrenching day Danny learned that his daughter Margaret had written a theme for high school in which she said, "What's so good about tomorrow? My father is away all the time, working so that we'll be secure for tomorrow, but by the time he does that we'll be grown up and gone away."

His children, too, could wail, as Thomas discovered. But most of all, it was his wife who became deathly afraid as the show tumbled to 107th place. It looked as though Danny would have to retreat to the night clubs again. "I'd go home," said Danny, "and I could feel Rosemarie thinking, 'Well, kids, hang on to your hats. Here we go again.' Rosemarie had been sure that I finally had a job that would keep me at home. It just didn't seem to be turning out that way."

But while it seemed that Danny's show was once more a failure, deep inside he knew that he himself had not failed. "Sure," he says, "I had missed success twice before on TV, but this time I felt that I had managed to get on base. It was a good show, this much we knew. Yet nobody seemed able to think of a thing that would bring up the rating. We just sat around, staring at each other."

What brought Danny out of his despondency was the continued on page 56
Accompanied by a young friend, she explored this gigantic fantasy world where every day's a holiday and the game to play is “Let's Pretend”
"What I found out about girls"

I STARTED learning about girls when I was five. The earliest lesson was indeed a painful one.

I first met her at Sunday school in Shreveport, Louisiana. She was sitting next to me. She was also sitting next to me in grade school clear through to the sixth grade.

The only trouble was—a good-looking blond kid sat on the other side of her, and she played one of us against the other. Except he always managed to be a step ahead of me.

When we were invited to the same party, she went with him. If we played games, invariably they were partners. So it went for five long years. But certainly not uncontested.

My masculinity was aroused. I was going to prove to her that I was every bit as good as he was. And so I used every opportunity to start a fight. Sometimes he won, other times I did. Usually it ended in a draw. But always she would screech, "Don't fight boys... please don't."

It took me five years to learn that she thoroughly enjoyed it. Once I came to the conclusion that girls love to have fellows fight over them, I never again gave them the satisfaction.

This certainly was not my last lesson about girls. In fact, at 21, I'm sure of only one thing: how little I know about them! At least, as a friend of mine remarked the other day, "A smart person knows how much he doesn't know." I guess there's still hope for me. But it's been a struggle to come to this conclusion.

Take the brunette I took out when I attended Lamar High in Houston, Texas. We had a date for a Sunday afternoon in late July. When I called her in the morning to find out what she wanted to do, she exclaimed, "It's so hot outside, let's go swimming..."

It sounded like a wonderful idea. Three hours later I picked her up at her house, dressed in a T-shirt, levis, and moccasins. I had my bathing suit and towel in the trunk of the car.

When she opened the door my mouth fell open in surprise. She wore a pretty pink dress, high-heeled shoes, and white gloves. "This is the way you go swimming?" I cried out.

"I don't want to go swimming," she informed me, "It's too hot. Let's go to an air-conditioned movie..."

See what I mean? They are completely unpredictable.

One thing I wish girls would remember is that if marriage is going to be talked about, the boy wants to be the one to pick the time for the talking, and the girl to do the talking with. Sometimes it seems as if girls don't realize this. For example, about as soon as they are old enough to form sentences, they usually say, "Let's play house."

As they grow older, they are less obvious. No girl ever told me she wanted to marry me. Instead, the approach ran something like this:

The place: Houston, Texas.
The time: A summer evening.
The people: Yours truly and a cute blue-eyed blonde.
Her cue: "Tommy... don't you think my brother is lucky?"

continued on page 40
"The most universal trait I found in girls is that the more

I STILL am surprised how easily girls can get hurt and half the time I don’t even know why.” Tommy’s new film is “Mardi Gras.”

Me: “I guess so...”
She: “You know why, don’t you?”
Me: “Well... not exactly. I guess because he has a nice house and a good job and a new car...”
She: “Silly... that isn’t what I mean. He’s married and has three children...”
Me, kiddingly—uneasily: “I guess I won’t be lucky for a while. I’m only 18.”
She: “I don’t mean you should think of marriage now. But some fellows do, at your age...”

Since high school I’ve been walked past furniture stores, listened to happy tales about family life, heard about how cheap it is to support a wife and once even had a call from a jewelry store after “some one” had given the jeweler my name as a prospect for a diamond ring...

It seems that if a girl can’t get a guy to propose, the next best thing is to talk him into going steady. The approach, I found out, can be just as subtle.

One girl I dated rather frequently, approached the subject this way when I brought her home one night. “We’ve seen each other for a month now...” she started out.

“And what a wonderful month it has been,” I beamed.
She hesitated for a moment. “You know... I haven’t dated anyone else since I started going with you...”
I was honestly surprised to hear that. I thought she had. I had dated other girls.
She didn’t bring up the subject again till I was out of town for a couple of weeks. When I came back, she wanted to know, “Why didn’t you tell me you had a date in New York?”
“I didn’t tell you I didn’t, did I?”
“No...” she admitted, but sounded hurt.
At least our situation had been clarified. We’re still on the best of terms.

A few girls, not too many, have a tendency to criticize—if they can get away with it. I remember one girl who often “commented” on my clothes, and not always in the most complimentary manner. One day she asked me if I minded her “suggestions.” “Sure I do,” I came back. “Till I tell you what you should or shouldn’t wear, I don’t think you ought to tell me...”

“Fair enough,” she laughed, getting the point.
She stuck to her bargain.
interest a fellow shows in another girl the more she's interested in him. This works both ways.

I found another tendency far more irritating: drawing comparisons between me and other beaux, past or present. I'll never forget such an experience during my weight-lifting period. A girl I used to date in those days also went with a fellow who was equally interested in weight-lifting. The only trouble was—he was about 20 pounds heavier, and could push up a lot more weight than I could. She kept telling me about it every time we went out till I became so annoyed that I finally stopped seeing her.

PROBABLY the most universal trait I found in girls is that the more interest a fellow shows in another girl, the more she's interested in him. Confidentially, this works both ways! At the same time, I still get surprised how easily girls can get hurt—and half the time I don't even know why!

On my last personal appearance tour to Texas, I ran into a couple of girls I went to school with. I made a date with one of them for after my last show, and we went out together for a bite to eat. When I brought her back to the car, she was pouting. She wouldn't tell me why.

The next night I was in a different town, and she came to see me again. We had a late dinner, danced for a while, I took her back to her car—and she pouted.

This went on till the night I left the State. Then I couldn't take it anymore, and asked her point-blank what was the matter with her.

"You know what's wrong," she purred.
"Honestly, I don't." I insisted.
"All those girls..." she exclaimed.
"What girls?"
"The ones who ask you for autographs wherever we go. Do you have to pay that much attention to them?"
"Attention! When people are interested enough to ask for your autograph, you just can't tell them: 'Go away—I'm much too busy now.'"

When she left, she said she understood. But I haven't heard from her since.

And then there's the type who gets unhappy when a fellow doesn't write a letter a day every time he leaves town. I've never made a secret of being a poor correspondent. I call whenever I have a chance, but I don't have time to sit down and write letters. Besides, quite frankly, I don't like it. Come to think of it—I've yet to meet a girl who

continued on page 68
She married her boss

Though a top singer, she was unsure of herself on stage; then along came director Charles O'Curran and Patti’s whole life changed.

Patti Page’s private and public life were both in a happy state. Recollection of the blissful, lazy days of the second honeymoon in two years with her one and only husband lent her an extra glow. The promise of having her ABC-TV program become another big hit gave her an alert anticipation.

It was a good moment to take time out to discuss woman’s eternal favorite topic—love.

At luncheon in the elegant Louis XIV cafe where wide windows overlook New York’s colorful Rockefeller Plaza, she contemplated this capsule review and its ensuing question: “You came from Oklahoma where many girls marry in their teens. For eight years, you have been a glamorous, sought-after star in a field known for its quick marriages. Yet you married only two years ago. Was it, to use a Victorian phrase, worth waiting until Mr. Right came along?”

Patti smiled. “A good question, and perhaps I’m just the one who can answer it. From the time a girl is old enough to put on that first smidgin of lipstick, I think she wonders what it would be like to be married to a certain boy...”

Patti’s wondering has focused, she said, on a high school sweetheart, on the lad who made her sing the blues, and now on the man who has brought her happiness.

The boy back in Tulsa was the high school hero. “Captain of the football team, president of the student council,” Patti recalled with a touch of pride in her voice.

*Singing* needs discipline, a lesson that Patti is glad she learned as a teenager.

By HELEN BOLSTAD
Her career is at its peak and her marriage couldn’t be happier.

SHE THRIVES on work, or so it would seem if you happen to look in on the rehearsals for ABC-TV's "The Patti Page Show."
small wonder Patti feels she is twice blessed

WHATEVER her professional future holds, Patti admits that she and Charlie are thinking seriously about beginning a family.

Being permitted to go with him was, for Patti, a big achievement. “There are eight girls and three boys in our family. I’m next to the youngest and my mother was strict. My sisters couldn’t date until they finished high school.”

Patti gained her exception because, as a sophomore, she was already a career girl. Her talent for drawing won her prizes and a job in the art department at radio station KTUL.

“Mostly, I checked proofs of ads and typed,” she explained, “but I felt real grown up. I earned $12 a week and with it, I bought a new sweater and skirt every week. I liked that.”

The boy didn’t always appreciate her independence. “He was a little bossy. He complained to my mother about my Sunday schedule. Mornings, my sisters and I sang in the church choir. After the big Sunday dinner, I drove 90 miles to sing again for the troops at Camp Gruber. Then it was back to church for evening service.”

THEY WENT steady for two years. The ending was gentle. “We had no big breakup. No one said it was over. I graduated at midterm and he was still a junior.”

That was about the time little Clara Ann Fowler got her stage name, Patti Page. The station needed a quick replacement for the vocalist on the Page Milk Company program. Patti volunteered, “I can sing,” and stepped up to the mike.

Patti said, “I sang three 15-minute shows a day, but the job I still got paid for was typing. I did the announcements, the station log, the program scripts.”

Inevitably, the busy, blue-eyed little seventeen-year-old became the darling of the announcers. “They all teased me and flattered me and took me out for coffee.”

From among them, one emerged as special. He was A College Man (Patti still puts capitals on the words), and when he finished school, he wanted to be an actor.”

With him, she got her first glimpse of show business. “When I sang with a local band, he’d be there to pick me up. When the big name bands came to town, we went to hear them.”

The romance came to a bittersweet climax. He had never taken her to a college party. Patti learned the reason. “When I was at the station, typing, he was being a big man on campus. He had given his fraternity pin to a sorority girl he’d been seeing.”

To Patti, it seemed like the end of the world. She couldn’t foresee that her own world was just beginning.

It happened because Jack Rael, sax player, music arranger, band manager—and, incidently, Benny Goodman’s cousin—snapped on the radio in his Tulsa hotel room.

And almost snapped it off again. Organ music. To a hip jazzman, that was the worst.

But a moment later, he was calling the other bandsmen. “Listen to this singer,” he insisted. “Now how can a chick swing like that with an organ? Who is this girl?”

Going to the station, he learned that Patti, then 18, was continued on page 50
JACK'S hectic film schedule leaves less time to relax in his quiet bachelor quarters.

JACK LEMMON

Escape from Lemmon

He hides behind the characters he portrays, yet like all talented actors, we see much of the real Jack in every role

By JOHN MAYNARD

There was a very hot day on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's back lot on this September recently past, and the set was even hotter. The set depicted with harrowing and expensive realism a Chicago railway station in the late 1920's, train, tracks, extras, porters and all, and it was even, screen-wise, a winter day because two of the porters wore ear-muffs and sweated profusely and volubly. But Jack Lemmon, who, in a way that might be interesting to psychiatrists, believes in the doctrine of non-reality, was cool. So was Tony Curtis, who exits our story by and by, since it concerns Jack Lemmon. The two were cool for a mutual and rather peculiar reason. They were what is vulgarly known as in drag. That is to say, they wore women's clothes, the eyesore garments of women in the jazz age.

This must not for a moment be construed as implying that either Messrs. Curtis or Lemmon are ambivalent about their hormone balance. They are masculine fellows indeed. But film scripts are very dictatorial about things like this, and the script decreed that the two of them were on the lam from some sinister Chicago elements and so, in disguise, were joining a girls' orchestra. So whoops.

Not only was Lemmon indistinguishable from Curtis, he was not even remotely recognizable as Lemmon. He was in fact a blowzy and comic looking blonde who would have frightened most males into paralysis from 40 paces. Curtis was more on the order of a lady wrestler. The name of the picture was and probably continues to be "Some Like It Hot," which of course was distortion of the simple truth. Only the woman star was truly cool, and she was not working. She sat outside in her portable dressing room and let fans do the work for her; the fans that revolve. She was Marilyn Monroe, and marriage had made her not...
"I HAVE no distinct picture of Jack Lemmon but I know the characters that I pretend to become."
“Sometimes I think everybody wants to be an actor,” says Jack who has wanted little else since his stage debut at four.

He enjoys playing offbeat TV roles that show his versatility.

The most walking Jack gets to do nowadays is between sets. He went into "Some Like It Hot" after "The Jane From Maine."

Music is Jack's other love. He plays the harmonica and piano and wishes that he had more free time to spare for composing.
a wht less beautiful. On the contrary, even more beautiful.

Lemmon, or this simpering blonde with the bangs, sat in a canvas chair and cheerfully pulled his skirt to what might in a more conservative society have been called the danger level. Tricky as kilts. The craft of sitting down in short skirts without sacrificing dignity is the exclusive province of women. His legs had been carefully shaved and the make-up man worked on his face.

"I mean everything I say about non-reality," he said, oddly baritone and serious behind the clown facade, "but how far can you go? On TV once, I shot Mr. Lincoln. That was an experience. I didn't really think I was John Wilkes Booth—that would have put me in the psychotic class—but I wasn't Jack Lemmon either. It's a genuine actor's escape. You might even say I'm free only when I'm being somebody else. I can't speak for other actors, only for myself. But it's my release."

"It nearly sounds as if you don't like yourself. Jack Lemmon, I mean."

"Oh, I guess I like myself all right. Or don't dislike. It's just that I can't get oriented to Lemmon. I've been too busy not being him. Or put it this way: the outlines aren't clear to me. I have no distinct picture of Lemmon. But I do know the people, the characters I become or pretend to become. It sounds confusing. I know, but half of us probably would drive a psychiatrist out the window. The world becomes real only when it's unreal. Excuse me, will you? If you're babbling when I get back, I'll understand."

He arranged himself beside Curtis in mid-platform. Billy Wilder, the director with the slight accent that cannot be transferred to paper, said something authoritative and a number of subsidiary voices said they were rolling. They meant their cameras and what not. The extras came down the platform and got into the cars and Lemmon and Curtis walked forward, the cameras backed up, and Lemmon turned his ankle. It was the seventh of nine takes, Wilder being a fellow who is not happy even with perfection. Two lines of dialogue followed the ankle-turning, neither of which were well picked up by the sound people.

Twice more and they got it, and the gargoyle face came back—actually Lemmon resembles a fellow-Bostonian, this country's Ambassador Lodge of the United Nations—trotting on unfamiliar high heels, and everybody walked over to outdoor benches where a buffet was being served. Ham and squash and salad.

"I don't give much of a personal story," said Lemmon, "because I'm not a fascinating fellow. I'm not stupid necessarily but I'm not fascinating. It's the alter ego that does most of the work. If you're looking for a comedian, you haven't got one, because if I'm anything, I'm an actor who plays comedy in pictures, not a comedian. They're quite different. That's why on TV I have to have offbeat roles. I suppose I'm trying to prove something. John Wilkes Booth was strictly not for yuks, and I'm talking about laughs, not peasants. As Lemmon, I might laugh at that sick joke. Otherwise, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play? But not as Booth. That would be cynicism. Whatever my limitations, I take it all seriously. I'm nervous in preparation and take the part home with me. But it's not entirely unpleasant because now, in character, I'm an entity again. Jack Lemmon, the person, I'm not at all sure of. He seems tenuous, blurry around the edges. But I'll still defend non-reality. The last actor to play a drunk scene is the actor who happens to be drunk. I've seen it done but it was done badly. You continued on page 74
The dress that does something for you

By SUE COLLINS

You know that sudden great yen you get to climb into a dress for a change? Every girl does. Much as you love your separates and sweaters and skirts, there's nothing like a dress for feeling really dressed! On the other hand, there's no point at all in wearing a dress unless it does you a great big favor. Any dress worth wearing should show off your figure at its very best, its color should flatter your skin and hair and eyes, and its design should say you are right on top of the fashion news. So here are six to choose from—and one (or more) is practically guaranteed to do all these wonderful things for you—and more!

If you're the girl who lives to have the newest, fastest—choose the printed Empire dress (1) with waistline high under the bosom, and a nice, lean slender look. You'll especially love the two blouson dresses (2 and 4) if you are a touch tall, although pint-size girls can wear them, too. If an out-and-out fitted figure-shaper is your all-time favorite silhouette, how about the curvy sheath (3)? For the girl who makes the chemise look shaped, there's the over-checked, tab-front dress (5) to touch you ever so lightly at the hips. Are you one who adores a two-piece look, even when you're wearing a one-piece dress? Then the checked overblouse dress (6) with the pussy-cat bow is all yours. So go out and find the dress that sets you up, makes you feel like the cutest girl in the room, and never lets you down. But be sure you wear it at the new short skirt length—it makes all the difference!

2. Blouson sheath in basketweave wool with face-framing collar, pin. Red, royal, copper, black. $17.95.
3. Shape-making sheath with zippered fly front, organza hip hankie. Green, red, turquoise, black. 5-15. $17.95.
5. Checked wool chemise with convertible collar and low demi-belt. Geranium red, royal blue, gold. 5-15. $17.95.
THE FABULOUS procession of hit albums by Harry Belafonte has slackened off somewhat of late, but we predict his latest, "Belafonte Sings The Blues," on Victor, will start a new string. It's a different kind of Belafonte than you've probably ever heard before--no calypso, no folk songs--just the blues.

In a way it's a throwback to when Harry first broke into the business as a pop singer and brought down the house at New York City's then top jazz emporium, the Royal Roost. . . . A fresh, new voice on the ballad scene belongs to blonde, young Bernadine Read. Her Epic LP "Bernadine" shows Miss Read to be the possessor of a great deal of songstring savvy. Let's hope that this latest recording effort turns out better than her last attempt. Bernadine was the vocalist on a Mitch Miller recording, the other side of which happened to be "Yellow Rose Of Texas." Nuff said . . . Patti Page, Mercury Records' Queen of the Waxworks, has an off-season travel offering for her fans--an LP titled "Let's Get Away From It All"--in which Patti, via a dozen assorted travel-type titles, takes us on a forty-minute musical sojourn around the world. . . . When is an harmonica more than just a semi-musical version of corn-on-the-cob? When it's resting comfortably in the talented hands of Harmonicats, of course. Their latest Mercury LP, "The Harmonicats In The Land Of Hi-Fi" gets the big, big sound out of those tiny instruments. It may not be the Philharmonic, but certainly never have so few gotten so much out of so little.

Camden Records has another one of those super bargain Perry Como packages on tap--a dozen of Perry's finest numbers for $1.98. The LP is titled "Perry Como Sings For You" and contains such Como classics as "I'm Confessin'," "You Won't Be Satisfied" and "Long Ago." At less than 17 cents a song, it's a steal. . . . Another TV stalwart, Dinah Shore, has taken off enough time from her busy television schedule to put together a collection of standout standards for Victor. There isn't a clinker in a carload in her new album "Moments Like These." The tunes are all pre-rock'n'roll so a relaxing time can be had by all. . . Look who sneaked in on a really swingin' jazz LP--old Steverino himself. In an EmArcy album labelled "Allen's All-Star," Steve Allen plays piano for a group that has vibraphist Terry Gibbs as leader and such jazz worthies as Red Mitchell and Gus Bivona in attendance.

There's only one Frank Sinatra, which is indeed unfortunate, as it severely limits his record output, but let's be thankful for small blessings. Frankie's latest LP, "Only The Lonely," is a gem--in just the mood that Frank handles best. The title song that kicks off the Capitol album seems like a sure thing to hit all of the nation's best record machines. . . . All those interested in joining the SFROB (Society For the Revival Of The Banjo) are requested to purchase the Good Time Jazz album, "The Banjo Kings: Nostalgia Revisited In Hi-Fi." It will make you feel that Eddie Peabody has not labored all these years in vain. The numbers are strictly from the boater-and-blazer era but it's all good, clean fun, and, come to think of it, boaters are coming back. . . . There's a boy with gray-flannel tansils up Hanover, New Hampshire, way. He's a Dartmouth undergrad name of Chip Fisher ("Chipper") to his fellow followers of the Big Green. Chip writes most of his own material which is rock'n'roll with an Ivy League twist. In his first Victor album, "Chipper At The Sugar Bowl," Chip exhibits a pleasant young baritone that should make him a big thing with the college week-end set. The "Sugar Bowl," incidentally, doesn't refer to the Louisiana football stadium; it's a soda dispensary on the environs of the Dartmouth campus.

Are you a cool one? Like, I mean, do you dig Brubeck, Miles Davis, Art Blakey, etc., the most? Are you hip? Well then, you'll get your kicks from Carmen McRae's new Decca album, "Carmen For Cool Ones." Carmen has the support of some of the top jazz sidemen in the business. Carmen's hot delivery has been tempered to fit the surroundings. Result--smooth, swingin' sounds. Like, I mean, we get her message loud and clear. . . . In a bandsome Columbia package, the Norman Luboff choir sings "Songs Of The World," a two-LP collection of folk tunes from around the globe. Each of the songs is accompanied by a printed set of lyrics. The rich sound achieved by the choir points up the beautiful melodies--some well-known, some totally unfamiliar--that have been contributed by a score of different countries. . . . Another vocal group about to make its musical mark is the Belafonte Singers, organized under the aegis of Harry Belafonte although Harry doesn't take part in the proceedings. The Victor album, "Presenting The Belafonte Singers," has the wonderfully matched voices delivering a selection of folk songs a little differently than usual.

The music of Morton Gould can be described, we suppose, by comparing it to an overstuffed Boston cream pie buried under a mountain of whipped cream. There are just no rough edges or tart tastes when maestro Gould is manning the baton. His latest Victor album, "Moon, Wind And Stars," is a typical Gould musical marshmallow. Classical composers such as Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn are given the "pop" treatment that has made Morton Gould synonymous with mood music. . . . An odd thing has happened in the jazz world in the last few years. The flute, formerly about as long-haired as you could get, has become a leading instrument for jazz expression. Nowadays you're not up-to-date if you don't have at least one oversized piccolo in your jazz aggregation. Well, "Buddy Collette's Singing Shepherds" is a group of four--count 'em--four flutes who carry the musical ball all by themselves. In addition to lead flutist Buddy, there are Paul Horn, Bud Shank and Harry Klee making the EmArcy album one of the most unusual and most listenable jazz items to come along in quite a while . . . The title of Dakota Staton's new Capitol album is "Dynamic!" which comes just about as close to an accurate description of her voice as you can get. Our personal choice might have been "Supersonic!" but that's just splitting hairs. Sometimes the material in the album doesn't keep pace with Dakota, but never vice versa.
Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

Soldiers" with John Wayne. His pay for the picture, $750,000 and a percentage. Bill will be receiving $50,000 a year until he's 99 from his percentage of "Bridge On The River Kwai." I don't know any actor more in demand. . . . The story behind the trouble in the Guy and Sheila Madison marriage: Guy is an open air fellow, loves huntin', shootin' and fishin'. Before the marriage, Sheila was quite happy to go along with him on his trips. But now with three small children, she prefers to stay home, and couldn't understand why Guy left her alone so frequently. One of them will have to give and the problem will be solved one way or another by the time you read this.

A female reporter made a clutch at Tyrone Power during an interview (no, not this one) and now he won't talk to any lady of the press without a chaperone. . . . Ty laughed when Linda Christian stated in London that her alimony from him was one million dollars. 'Twasn't. Merely an itsy bitsy half. . . . Rosanno Brazzi swears that he only noticed that his wife Lydia had become fat when, a few years after their marriage, she asked for some money to buy new clothes, explaining, "I've gained 50 pounds." "Husbands don't notice these things," insists the handsome Rosanno.

Jack Benny, who is beginning to feel his "39" years, told me, "I don't want to work that hard," when revealing why he has cut down on the TV spectaculars this season. . . . Summing up the Four Crosby boys: None of them have the charm of old man Bing, and only Gary so far has shown a spark of talent. I predict that within five years all four boys, with the possible exception of Gary, will be out of show business.

Considering Rock Hudson's potential earning power, he got off dirt cheap in the settlement with Phyllis who has had nothing but bad luck and ill health since she married the movie idol. Rock finally bought a boat and with his marriage untangled, looks, and is, a happy fellow.

. . . When reporters first quizzed Mrs. Ronald Colman on her marriage plans with George Sanders, she said, "How idiotic." But you can always tell when a woman—or a man—has been happily married, he or she wants to re-marry, fast.

Jayne Mansfield vows she will never go back to Europe because they don't know how to make a good hamburger over there. . . . And by the time you read this, you will know whether Mickey Hargitay landed the vacant Tarzan role for the screen. I don't know if he knows this, but I called producer Sy Weintraub, and suggested Mickey. And the suggestion knocked Sy all of a heap.

Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, has to be brave. She's a student at the Beverly Hills High School. She could have hidden in something more private, say, in Switzerland, with a different name. But the 16-year-old girl likes life in Beverly Hills. . . . Sophia Loren's picture, "The Key," with Bill Holden, would have made an extra two million dollars, if the Johnston Office hadn't insisted on the sad ending, says producer Carl Foreman, who is now biting himself for not fighting for the original fadeout, where Holden would have caught the train—and Sophia.

Venetia Stevenson, the best horsewoman in Hollywood, owes it all to Tab Hunter, who put her on a quarter-horse when he was dating the beautiful blonde, and said, "Git," over all the jumps at a riding show. Now Venetia has her own horse, but no Tab—as of last tabulation. . . . Despite the denials, I'm inclined to believe the rumor that Marilyn Monroe is enceinte again. I hope so. It's MM's dearest wish to found a family.

Hard to believe that Beatrice Lillie is a flop in the London "Auntie Mame."

The author wrote the play for Bea, and when she wasn't available, was delighted to grab Rosalind Russell. . . . Marriage is getting closer for Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler because their respective final divorce decrees are. Esther will devote all her spare time to business when she signs her name Mrs. Chandler. She has never cared too much for acting.

The McGuire Sisters are not as love-dovey off-stage as they seem to be on. . . . With good pictures scarce as a newt's tooth, whatever that is, Jeanne Crain is settling, while waiting, for live television shows. . . . Raymond Burr's laryngitis continues to plague the popular Perry Mason of TV. He should get a brother lawyer like James Garner got Jack Kelly, to alternate on the network. It made no difference rating-wise. . . . Joan Fontaine was smart to give the brush-off to that writer in Europe and return to ever-loving husband Collier Young. The writer in question has busted up too many marriages. Three to my knowledge.

Dan Duryea on the residuals he still

continued on page 68

A KISS for daughter Jennie comes from father Barry Sullivan, her very first date.

SINGER Howard Keel and his wife take a look at glamorous Hollywood night life.

PRETTY Polly Bergen is a lucky woman to have an attentive husband like Fred Fields.

A BABY can interrupt your schedule but Vera Miles and Gordon Scott don't mind.
needs it, she opens the bottle and uses some, then puts the stopper back on. Looking closely beneath the heavy panchromatic make-up and the studied sexy mannerisms, you see a face on which 31 years of living have written a whole book of torment and anguish. There, beneath the false eyelashes, is still the look of a lost child—a shy, hesitant, insecure child.

This second face of Marilyn reflects her early life—one with enough plot ingredients for ten soap operas—illegitimacy, a mother in a mental institution, rape, hunger, life in an orphanage and a series of foster homes, an unhappy marriage at 15. Billy Wilder, who directed Marilyn in the highly successful "Seven Year Itch," is also directing the new film Marilyn is making, "Some Like It Hot." It is his contention that "Marilyn isn't resented by men's wives as her many and flagrant imitators are. It's that unique lost-little-girl quality she has."

Marilyn's two-year-old marriage to playwright Arthur Miller (whom she calls "the nicest man I ever met") has helped her tremendously but it hasn't yet apparently erased the emotional conflicts from which she suffers. Although Marilyn has undergone three years of psychoanalysis (interrupted from time to time by the demands of her career), it's still felt by those who know her that her insecurity, lack of self-confidence, her dependency, and her need for protection will be, in probably lessening degree, with her for a long time.

And from these conflicts stem her flurries of illness. On every picture (this newest one, too) she suffers from attacks of hives, migraine headache, skin rashes, digestive upsets and frequent colds, which doctors know have an emotional history behind them. On her former films, she frequently collapsed and had to be hospitalized. "I don't know why I catch every virus, flu and cold germ that's around and they settle in my bronchial tubes, when I'm working," Marilyn confided. "Doctors have tried all kinds of tests and shots and can't find the answer."

Presiding over a gala press party, Marilyn appeared radiantly healthy and dazzling in a black, lowcut banana-skin sheath ("I'm bra-less, girdle-less and stocking-less," she giggled wickedly) and proceeded to charm reporters, annoyed by her lateness, as she greeted them warmly, remembering their names after two years of absence and making little personal allusions to the last time she'd spoken to them.

Yet, scant days later on the set, Marilyn appeared wan, tired and tense—far removed from the blonde bombshell who threw herself into a variety of provocative poses, holding her breath to elevate her chest, extending one slim ankle in its black, spike-heeled Italian satin pump. A strange, bewilderling, still insecure woman. A child who catches at your heart. Her melting blue, innocent eyes appeared strained; her soft, smallboned hand cold to the touch; her gestures tense and nervous. She's still an actress unsure of her talent though she's receiving $250,000 to appear in "Some Like It Hot"; a renowned beauty who doubts her good looks though she still stakes out a steady claim on the front pages of the world's newspapers. This lack of confidence shows up in two ways: a need to be surrounded by an entourage, and secondly, in her chronic lateness. Both of these are inherent in the second face of Marilyn Monroe. Her soul just doesn't fit her body. It's quite a jolt to realize that there are two separate entities in one body.

Miss Monroe is still the "late" Marilyn Monroe. Much has been written on the fact that she is almost invariably hours late for every appointment. She's been known to take two hours just to make up her face while nationally-famous writers wait to interview her.

A studio worker on an earlier film once said, "Marilyn has admitted that her favorite pastime is spending hours before a full-length mirror striking nude art poses! Other hours are happily spent perfecting before a mirror the heavily-lidded and moist half-open mouth into a sexy expression as well as in cultivating that drowsy, caressing voice which always sounds as though she's just waking up. As for that voice, it never changes. She delivers everything from 'hello' to 'goodbye' in a tone that is usually heard over transoms."

Her habitual tardiness caused a certain photographer to growl: "Some day Marilyn is going to need me and I'll give her the same treatment. Right now, I'm under orders to photograph her and I have to put up with her rudeness." What he doesn't realize is that the one track-minded beauty is, consciously, no ruder than a baby would be. At Marilyn's recent welcome-home cocktail party she was only one hour late, something of a record for her. "Well, I lost my bet," a woman editor said bitterly. "I bet she wouldn't show up until 7:15. The gal has a Narcissus complex. She just gets fascinated looking at herself and forgets anybody is waiting."

Marilyn has no notion that such delayed appearance makes her an important star. The truth is that she's late because she's afraid. She suffers from a kind of social stage fright; has a subconscious wish to postpone the inevitable moment of stepping in front of a camera or joining a party, and she must convince herself before she can do so. Her habitual lateness wasn't so noticeable on "Bus Stop" as it had been earlier. Director Josh Logan didn't have to peer out anxiously every morning to see if Marilyn had arrived as director Billy Wilder did on "The Seven Year Itch." But Sir Laurence Olivier, co-star in London on "The Prince And The Showgirl," waited for Marilyn once or twice, it's been reported, before he laid down the law to her. And Marilyn promptly collapsed with a severe digestive upset that put her in bed.

Curiously, she goes through a four-hour ritual before the mirror trying on dresses and desperately applying make-up, removing it, and adding another coat to what she considers a disfiguring "bump" on her nose, arranging and rearranging her hair to make the most of what she considers her "bad, bad face." Marilyn apparently lives with a nightmare that the world will suddenly discover what she has known all along—that she is not beautiful, or even pretty.

Her eyes twinkling, Marilyn confessed with a laugh that "Arthur is the first man I've known who hasn't become exasperated with me for being late when I'm getting ready to go out with him. At least I was on time for our wedding. I remind him. Most times, the truth is that I'm usually amazed that I get there at all. One time, long ago, I did get to a party at the time specified on the invitation. And then I found nobody there—not even the hostess. But Arthur is simply wonderful; he doesn't get riled up, simply sits down comfortably, reading and puffing on his pipe while I get ready. He says making boats or trains or getting to the theatre before the curtain goes up is important, but it's not necessary for most things because if you do get there on time, it just means you have to stay there longer!"

"And Arthur once told me that if I didn't wear any make-up I would still look good to him. I don't believe that—I guess I feel insecure about my looks. But," she went on with charming little-girl earnestness, "I really mean to be on time: I just keep doing things around the house and putting off getting ready until the last minute. And sometimes I find I haven't started to get dressed until it's past the time I'm supposed to be there! I keep promising myself to do better but . . ." Marilyn finished the sentence with upraised hands and a resigned shrug, then continued, "Arthur says, 'Look at it this way: You're always late, you won't change; accept it and forget about it'."

But Marilyn has still not forgotten, or been able to overcome, her early feelings on the score of her inadequacy as an actress. She has always spent the major part of her spare time taking one lesson after another—in dramatic coach-
As everyone knows, their marriage was the love story of the year. Actor David Wayne at the time summed up Marilyn's attraction to her new husband: "She is simply aghast at his talent. She has a hunger for culture and his overwhelming her. Arthur is a superb talker; Marilyn is a superb listener." Miller confessed himself very much in love, and on their wedding day, Marilyn told reporters her feelings about finding a new family: "When Arthur's parents told me, 'Darling, at last you have a father and a mother' this was the most wonderful moment of my life—next to marrying their son."

Yet at the same time a mutual friend was saying: "This marriage is fantastic. It simply can't last; at the most, I give it about six months."

The prophecy was incorrect. And yet the Millers have been hest by problems, public ordeals and private tragedy. In the first few months, there were mounting tensions and turbulence because both are strong characters. Miller was completely taken back by the hysteria, the crowds that Marilyn aroused wherever she went. In London, shortly after the marriage, Marilyn was under intolerable strain. She was attempting to adjust to her new status as a bride, it was rumored that she was pregnant and lost her baby, and she was making a film on which she had staked everything. From the first, Marilyn and Olivier fought, and Marilyn and her new bride-groom into the stormy encounters. News from the set read like communiques from a battlefield. For two miserable weeks, Miller tried to act as conciliator between Olivier and the tempestuous blonde and found that he was getting absolutely nowhere. He finally gave up, vowing never to interfere again.

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A FRIEND recounts that Arthur told Marilyn he had his own work to do and he wanted to stay out of her business affairs completely. It was a "how low to Marilyn, and so was the news that Arthur's daughter was ill and that his son was having a hard time getting adjusted to his father's remarriage. Arthur flew back to New York and Marilyn, feeling rejected and deserted, came down with a severe attack of colitis which halted production. As usual, her anxiety took the form of psychosomatic symptoms which are not helped by medicine. Arthur rushed back to London and a crisis in the marriage was averted by his deep understanding of Marilyn's emotional problems."

And then a deep shadow was cast on the marriage by Miller's conviction on a contempt of Congress charge. The case grew out of the playwright's refusal to tell the House Committee On Un-American Activities the names of Communist writers with whom he acknowledged attending meetings in New York in 1947. At news of his acquittal in early August, Marilyn promptly celebrated all by herself with a champagne breakfast. Last of the Millers ordeals was losing the baby they wanted so much last August when Marilyn, six weeks pregnant, was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. "I'm still determined to have a family," said Marilyn, "and I'm getting great experience with Janie and Bobbie. I'm a good stepmother and we have lots of fun together. I love children and it was easy for me to win Bobbie's respect. That happened when he saw I can hit home runs."

What does it feel like to be married to Marilyn Monroe? When Arthur came out to the Coast for a quick visit with Marilyn he said: "For one thing, kids in the streets call me Arthur. It's impossible to have a superficial relationship with Marilyn. She's too honest and earthy for anything phony. She has an enormous sense of play inventiveness and unexpectedness—not only as a wife, but as an actress. She can never be dull. I took her for a serious actress even before I met her. I think she's an adroit comedienne, but I also think she might turn into the greatest tragic actress that can be imagined. But let me add: Marilyn can be a bad actress as far as I'm concerned, and I can still love her."

"Since my marriage, I've become a new man. These last years have been the most learning years of my life. I've learned about living from Marilyn; she's turned me into a fun-loving human being. And I've managed to gain 25 pounds since our marriage!"

Marilyn, too, has gained weight and is fighting it by concentrating on steak, liver, vegetables. "I'm doing exercises with dumbbells," she confided. "I'm fighting gravity. If you don't fight gravity, you sag."

"I've been away from Hollywood two years," she said reflectively, "and I like to think I've grown up a little during that time. I know I'm much happier than when I left. I guess you can say I still have that love light in my eyes after two years of marriage. I thought a lot about getting married before I did it this time. I told myself I have to stay married. And when a marriage is right, it's wonderful. We even get along in a car," Marilyn laughed. "Art drives, but he doesn't have any sense of direction. I do. I remember the way we came from and that's how we go back. He calls me 'Hey, Direction-Finder,' among other things. His other names are Penny Dreadful, Gramercy 5, and Sugar Finney, all very literary. Actually I come running to anything, I call him Art, or Poppy, but when I'm mad, I call him Arthur. That means he hasn't been working hard enough at his writing. I'm a demon about his work and I insist that he put in regular hours. Art's work will always be the center of our lives. But I'll keep on working, too. I'm not retired—not yet."

For that we say—Thank Goodness!
knowledge that his luckiest breaks have come from being discouraged, unrecognized and broke. The only real security he knows is 'a store of resourcefulness gathered by "staring misfortune squarely in the eye."

Danny recalled the promising young pianist who had come to him seeking the "surest" way to make good. "If you can tip me off to some of the blind alleys and errors I can avoid," said the pianist, "it will get me ahead faster."

"No, it won't," Danny told him. "It will slow you down. The best thing that can happen to you is to make a lot of bonehead plays and run into plenty of solid stone walls."

Danny had run into his own stone wall, and now he knew that he would have to take stock of himself again, discover what was his own "bonehead play." There was nothing wrong with Danny Thomas—just his viewpoint on the show.

"THERE was to he no more comedy just for comedy's sake," said Danny. "That's barking up the wrong cliche. I remember beeing to Lou Edelman, our executive producer, one day. 'Lou,' I complained, 'this script just isn't funny.' 'So,' said Lou, 'where does it say that everything has to be funny?' And he was so right. Those times I insisted and made a scene funny when it wasn't called for—those are the few shows I'm ashamed of."

With humility like this, Danny could only go forward. Life, he knew, was a challenge; it was forever and always a challenge—to Danny Thomas, anyway—and that challenge had to be faced. "Don't ask me why," he said, "but there's something about apparent misfortune that's always given me a lift."

And somehow, thinking success brought it.

Out of nowhere, it seemed, a new sponsor appeared, along with a different time slot, with CBS. That Fall, "The Danny Thomas Show," with almost 100 added stations, went into the Desi and Lucy spot—and the show was finally on its way. "What a miracle that was!" says an exultant Danny.

"There was no more of that beaten look," he remembered. "I acquired a brand-new look—and then, suddenly, I panicked. The monster was coming to life, and what was going to happen to me then? All I could say, over and over, was, 'Thomas, you'd better he good!'"

He needn't have fretted. Almost immediately the show hit the No. 2 spot in ratings; Danny couldn't believe it. He would have settled for 20th place, maybe even 15th, but No. 2—that was incredible! "I bet against myself with everybody," said Danny. "I talked big, but inside I felt I might not make it." But there he was riding the wave, the No. 1 once-a-week comedy program, averaging some 44 million viewers and topped only by "Gunsmoke." He had hit that home run and the whole country had taken Mr. Thomas' wonderful world to its heart.

Yet Danny still cannot forget that if he had led an orderly life of security, no one would ever have heard of him. "Trouble," he says, "first smacked me over the head when I was eight years old and learning to hate peanut butter." Trouble, however, had begun long before, when an infant who was to be named Muzayd Jahoob (later anglicized to Amos Josepb Alphonsus Jacobs) was born January 6, 1914, in Deerfield, Michigan. Young Amos' father, Khalil Jahoob, was a Lebanese laborer. Amos was the fifth in a brood of ten children. Family fortunes fluctuate and for a time Amos had to be deposited with an uncle and aunt, Anthony and Julia Simon, to be fed.

These second parents, fortunately, always lived with or close to the Jacobses, and Danny was taught early the importance of family unity. It is still one of his outstanding characteristics.

Both families soon moved to Toledo, Ohio, and it was here that young Danny was first smitten by the excitement of show business. Danny's mother used to attend every silent movie she could find, then hurry home to tell the family about the picture, complete with dialogue and gestures, all in Arabic. "My mother was the greatest story teller I ever heard," Danny once said. "And my uncle Tony Simon was a comedian, too. He was so funny he was even barred from funerals."

What Danny meant, of course, was that his uncle learned through a devastating series of personal tragedies to see the ironic humor even in the most pathetic situations. "When my uncle lost all his money in a swindle," said Danny, "he went to work as a street cleaner. He'd get into arguments with friends, then pull out a thick roll of bills, slap them on a table, and shout 'Put up or shut up.' But his friends knew that Uncle Simon had cut newspapers into strips exactly the size of money, then wrapped a single $1 bill around the outside."

SOMEHOW Danny managed to squeeze through the 8th grade—"I had to, I was too big for the 7th"—and go on for a brief stay at Woodward High School. He became a candy butcher in burlesque houses, but was allowed to make his sales pitch only in the cheaper balcony sections. He was just 15; the older men of 18 drew the lush main floor patrons. He sang at banquets, earning $6 a week; worked on the Toledo streetcar tracks, and even tried a little semi-pro basketball. By the time he was 20, Danny was seeking out greener pastures in Detroit.

By then, Danny Thomas (he was to combine the names of two of his brothers for his professional handle) was working in a radio station and trying out his comedy routines in the more raflish night clubs. Even then his stories were based on the blows Fate gave him—his mastodonic nose, the "stinkin' bosses" who wouldn't let him off to go to a football game, his famed "Jack" story. "Watching me get pushed around used to have a very restful effect on the people in those night clubs," Danny says.

While he was emceeing a kiddie program, he met a pretty, dark-haired Italian girl named Rosemarie Mantell, then 14. Danny escorted her home on street cars for three years before it dawned on him that Rosemarie was more than just a little girl whom one should escort home at night. The evening she told Danny she had a real date with someone else cleared up that nonsense quickly. Danny and Rosemarie were married January 15, 1936, and on November 21, 1937, Margaret, their first child, was born.

Trouble had already started catching up with Danny. The baby was not yet born when he lost his job and found himself with less than ten dollars in his pocket. Discouraged and desperate, Thomas felt like throwing himself in the nearest river, but, says one biographer, "this seems unlikely, since there was no audience." True or not, Danny sought help from St. Jude, whom his Church refers to as the Patron of the Hopeless. He also left his last few dollars as an offering, suggesting that if the money was returned to him ten-fold, he would build a shrine to the saint.

Within a few days, Danny had a job at $50 a week (the shrine escaped his mind temporarily), and then went on to Chicago and the 5100 Club, a converted automobile salesroom. Before long Danny was making $500 a week. So hilariously
Hollywood Love Life
continued from page 10

band Bob Wagner spend most of their free time aboard his boat he convinced her it was high time she knew how to swim, as a safety precaution. So now Bob is giving her lessons in their swimming pool.

RIVALS—That big rumble up Oregon way was not solely the cavalry-and-Indians battle scenes for “Tonka” but also the romantic antics of Sal Mineo and Rafael Campos, rivals in the film and also with the local femmes up there. These lads left lots of lasses sighing like a stiff breeze over Columbia Sound. It seemed these two Latin-type Lotharios were competing to see who could date more of the girls around Bend and Madras, where the “Tonka” company headquarters. It appears Rafael won, for when he went to Portland for a long week-end, he had dates with a bank clerk, newspaper girl and—a policewoman! One thing all the girls had in common—they were pretty. Rafael, from the Dominican Republic, you may remember from “The Light In The Forest.” He’s quite a romantic lad and back home in Hollywood is dating the starlet field; he’s not in any hurry at all to settle down to matrimony!

SAL’S SHIRTS—When Sal returned from the Oregon location he had several dates with pert little Sandra Dee. After they attended the splashy premiere of “The Big Country” they went to La Scala for some Italian food and Sal began telling Sandra about his laundry tribulations in Bend. Seems the teenager fans seeking Mineo souvenirs learned his laundry was delivered to the hotel desk three times a week and somehow managed to swipe it for mementos. Twice he ran out of shirts! Sal’s a lad who likes his fans but he did need his shirts so he arranged to have the laundry delivered directly to his room—and locked in! Anyway, Sal’s Tale of the Shirts and other anecdotes were so much fun that he and Sandra completely forgot they had been invited to the big premiere party at Romanoff’s until it was too late to go!

HANDSOME—Another Latin lover who’s been fascinating the femmies of filmtown is Gustavo Rojo, a big star in Spain, who was imported by Warner Bros. for a lead in “The Miracle.” This handsome hearthrrob, who looks like a young Valentino, is one of Brigitte Bardot’s ex-boy friends. Was it coincidence that his fiancée, German actress Erika Namperg, flew over for a surprise visit shortly after stories broke that he was dating Venetia Stevenson?

ACCENT TROUBLE—Italian Vittorio Gassman, who is Rojo’s rival in “The Miracle,” is Shelley Winters ex-husband and because he’s been working in Europe he hadn’t seen their daughter Vicky in three years. So while here he spent much of his spare time renewing acquaintance with his young daughter. Vicky complained at first that she couldn’t understand her pop because of his accent but she caught on quickly. And Vittoria had persuaded Shell to let Vicky visit him for a couple of months early in 1959. She’s never lived with him in Rome.

BUSY BIRD—The stork has made April dates with at least three Hollywood couples—Jeff and Dusty Hunter, Cliff and Cynthia Robertson and Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. The Newmans will be in New York, however, where Paul will be starring in the new Tennessee Williams play, “Sweet Bird Of Youth.” Joanne finished “The Sound And The Fury” before going East but this may be her last film for a year. She insists she’ll stay with Paul for the entire run of the play.

UPTURN—Things are looking bright again for Sheree North. Her career is once more out of mothballs and she has finished good roles in “Mardi Gras” and “In Love And War.” Also, she’s been having a quiet, unpublicized romance and has announced she’ll be married sometime in late Fall to a Beverly Hills psychoanalyst, Dr. Gerhart Sommer. He’s 30 and also an assistant professor of psychology at UCLA.

FAMILY AFFAIR—Pat Boone has been coaxing wife Shirley to cut some records with him and now she’s consented. She and her two sisters—daughters of singer Red Foley and all talented—are joining Pat on a Christmas album for Dot. Saw Shirley visiting Pat on the set of “Mardi Gras” and she certainly is pert and pretty these days—down to a size 8—and with four children!

DATA ON DATES—Diane Baker, who had been dating John Gabriel, switched back to her old beau, Dennis Powers, with whom she went to Van Nuys High. But now Dennis is leaving for a world tour on a TV project with Sterling Hayden . . . Diane Varsi, getting her divorce, denies she’s been dating anyone. “I’ve gone to a couple of coffee houses with men I know. But that was for good coffee and good talk. I don’t call those dates!” . . . And despite rumors, Rock Hudson has not been dating Betty Abbott, the girl he went with before he married Phyllis . . . Cindy Robbins was pretty upset when it was reported she was “hand-holding” with Rock at the continued on page 58

BEAUTIFUL Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, her handsome husband, enjoy a premiere.

SANDRA Dee went dancing with Sal Mineo and a cuter couple would be hard to find.

SHIRLEY Boone has consented to join with hubby Pat in making a Christmas album.
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

beach. "Not so," says Cindy. "I've been steady-dating with Don Burnett for a year." . . . Bob Evans, in and out of town on a quick visit, beamed Dolores Michaels while here. They knew each other in New York a few years ago . . . Ron Ely came back from Amarillo single, "But that's not my fault." His home town sweetheart objects to his acting, it seems . . . John Saxon is still playing the field—and he's not carrying a torch for Vicki Thal.

PLAY'S THE THING—Dana Wynter turned down many films that called for long locations; she refused to be separated from husband Greg Bautzer. But to work opposite James Cagney in "Shake Hands With The Devil" she agreed to six weeks' location in Ireland. However, as soon as she's finished, lawyer Greg will fly over to meet her and they'll have three weeks' vacation in Italy.

STAYING HERE—Shirley MacLaine, who had hoped to live in Japan where husband Steve Parker makes films and commute here for her work, has decided they'll have to reverse the process; Steve will do the commuting because she's signed for so many films, plus five big NBC-TV shows this year. After Shirly returned from her Indiana location trip for "Some Came Running," she bought a new house up in the hills, complete with pool and tennis court. She and Steve always rented before. He'll be here for the holidays and the housewarming.

MERGERS—Stephen Boyd, in Italy for "Ben Hur," married Italian beauty Mariella Di Sarzana . . . Curt Jurgens, back in Germany, married model Simone Biberon . . . Leslie Nielsen and studio secretary Sandy Ullman had a quiet wedding, to no one's surprise . . . Ty Hardin, new "Cheyenne" star on TV, and Andrea Martin, femme lead in "Up Periscope," had a church ceremony.

MORE DATES—Little Connie Stevens surprised the natives when she started dating Nicky Hilton. But she also dates Mark Damon and young actor Gary Clarke; latter is her favorite beau of the moment . . . Kathy Nolan, who almost married Nick Adams, is now dating Tom Tryon . . . Tommy Sands and Barry Coe are rivals for dates with TV actress Judi Meredith . . . Millie Perkins, who didn't date during filming of "The Diary Of Anne Frank," went out with Dean Stockwell a few times after the picture finished and before she returned to New York . . . Gary Crosby, still playing the field, says "I'm the Crosby who's NOT getting married."

SENTIMENTAL—Bob and Mary Cumings have been married 14 years but in addition to their wedding anniversaries they also still celebrate the day they became engaged! This year Bob took Mary to the opera to mark the occasion . . . George Fenneman presented wife Peggy with a jade necklace for their 16th anniversary . . . But Glenn Ford wouldn't tell us what he's giving his Eleanor for their 15th.

How To Thrive On Trouble

continued from page 56

ous were Danny's routines that the 5100 Club was soon putting up the SRO sign. When, later, Danny moved East to Broadway and La Martinique, two loadsof his fervent and highly vocal Chicago fans turned up to make his New York opening a riotous success.

Steadiily Danny moved up the show business ladder. He starred on radio with Fanny Brice, did a USO tour, made a number of pictures and began his own TV series. Now he remembered St. Jude again and the shrine he had pledged. This was when he got together with the Archbishop of Chicago and promised a free children's hospital to he built in Memphis, Tenn. The hospital is now under way and will be open to every child, regardless of race, creed or color.

Some friends insist that Danny could have been a greater success in the flickers had he been chosen to bob his snuzzle. The nose apart, these friends maintain, Danny "suggests" something of the handsome-ness of Cary Grant. But Danny always refused the demands of the film moguls to prettify his profile. Actually, his stubbornness did not hurt him. "I was at the Hillcrest Country Club one day," Danny recalled, "and I was feeling awful low because MGM had just turned me down for a picture. It was the nose. On the other hand, I had just been booked at the Riviera in New Jersey for six weeks at $12,500 a week. Seeing me sitting there so glum, Danny Kaye came over and asked me what was the trouble. I told him, and also mentioned my Riviera date. Kaye snorted. 'I'm sorry, Buster,' he said, 'I just can't feel sorry for a guy face to face with $75,000.' Both of us howled. In a few minutes I had forgotten my blues."

Danny himself is a fellow who eagerly celebrates two birthdays each year: January 6 for Amos Jacobs; and August 12, the day he decided on the name of Danny Thomas. He has a perpetual black cigar stuck in his mouth, slightly greying hair, and is partial to bright-colored shirts cut Eisenhower battle-jacket style. These he wears open to the middrift. A few years ago, he was knighted by the Pope and dubbed Knight of Malta, one of the highest honors that can be bestowed on a Catholic layman. "Imagine," said Danny, "I started out as a saloon comic; now I have my own coat of arms."

At different times, Danny has been called a "Frustrated Preacher," the "Poet Laureate of the Common Man" and the "Toothless Lion." All these appellations he cherishes (it was a rival comic who said, "The trouble with Danny is, he carries a soapbox with him"), but it delights him most to be known as the noisest worker in Hollywood. Danny's catch word is an exhortation contemptuously when he explodes, but no one is really dismayed. Everyone is aware of the little speech Toothless Lion Thomas makes before the start of each new TV season.

"Now, you may be sure that before the season is over, I will scare and yell. Let me yell. I want you all to know here and now that nobody can be fired from this show."

What makes Danny the success he is as Danny Williams, night club funnyman, is that his show is the private life of a fellow who has no private life. "Show me a man with problems and I'll show you a funny man," Danny says. He is an unabashed sentimentalist, even a "philosophizing bum," as he describes himself, and he is well aware that his show is often one piece of corn topping another. But family life is that way, Thomas maintains, and "when we're corny, we don't let it get too far."

When Margaret, Theresa and young Tony Thomas watch Danny's show at home, they are quick with barbs if a situation is not to their liking. "You Simon Legree!" they cry. Danny sets great store by his youngsters, and he is, without a doubt, their favorite comedian—and father. The Thomas menage is a large Beverly Hills establishment that started out costing $35,000, and was gradually "improved" by Danny, a power-tool addict, until he had spent some $263,000 on the trimmings. Unfortunately, in breaking through doors and adding on odd staircases, hobbyist Thomas had neglected to include a living room. Rosemarie, Danny and the kids had to do without one for about two years. But Danny did have a den which is modern "poolhall!"

Delightedly, Danny still lives by trouble. He is forever in a turmoil on his show with his family, his relatives, his friends and himself—mostly himself. "God bless the people who watch Danny's show," says Rosemarie. "They keep my husband at home." And a jubilant Danny declares that it was good for him when he had it so bad. "Trouble?" he laughs. "For me, it's been wonderful. The only thing I need to ask for, these days, is a grateful heart."
She Married Her Boss

continued from page 45

the outstanding local hit. In a year, her income had mushroomed from $12 to $125 a week.

Patti recalled, "How Jack ever persuaded my mother to let me leave with Jimmy Joy's band is still one of the minor miracles."

For Patti, the offer could not have been more opportune. "I confess I left Tulsa singing the blues. Every time we had a network hookup, I'd try to schedule "The Things We Did Last Summer," hoping that announcer would hear me."

Her two-timing announcer never responded, but other listeners certainly did. Her touch of heartbreak gave Patti Page's voice a new dimension. Her emotion came through. She had learned how to communicate a mood.

Jack Rael became her partner and manager. With each more important booking there were new places, new gowns, new people, new admiration.

But for Patti, the glamour was only stage-deep. "I found I had gone from one sheltered life to another. My mother couldn't have been stricter than Jack. I didn't even have any dates, for he told the boys in the band, 'Hands off,' and they knew he meant it. But I got sort of tired of being everyone's little sister."

In Chicago, her days were full. She recorded for Mercury, she sang on the Breakfast Club, she played the cafes. She made friends among that talented group of young people—Garroway, Ted Mills, Ben Park, Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison—and the many others who developed "Chicago-style" television.

Patti recalls, with particular pleasure, an engagement at Helsing's Vodeville Lounge, a neighborhood North Side restaurant. Chet Roble, Dixieland pianist and raconteur, headed the bill. Supporting him were George Gobel, comedian; Al Morgan, piano humorist, the Mary Kaye Trio, and Patti Page. "It would take a big TV budget to duplicate that billing today."

She made 13 records for Mercury before she got a hit in "Confess."

Patti and Jack went to New York. "I found I had to start all over. An incident at the Copa jolted me ..."

The audience was noisy. Jack complained to a waiter. The waiter was curt. "All I can tell you is that they don't talk when Lena Horne sings. She's got an act."

Patti, recalling it, shook her head in wonder. "That's when I began wanting to have someone style a special act for me. I realized that all I could do was stand up in front of a microphone. All my expression was in my voice. I was scared even to take a dance step ... Now how could I have guessed what that wish would lead to?"

Unsure though she was of herself, some of her achievements became show business milestones. In 1950, she recorded "The Tennessee Waltz." It swung popular music into a country and western trend and paved the way for rock 'n' roll. Yet when the energetic male exponents of that wild beat conquered the charts, Patti was one of the few girl singers who continued to have hits.

In TV, too, she helped set new patterns, first as a guest, then as star of her own shows. At night clubs and theatres, she commanded top money. When she fussed about her presentation, her booking agency men replied, "How much money can one singer make?"

Patti persisted. "It isn't money. I've got to have a coach."

She wanted Charles O'Curran, she decided after much inquiry. As a dance director, he had done outstanding work in a number of films. He also had helped a number of motion picture stars in that extremely difficult task of working up a stage presentation.

Patti described their first meeting. "He caught my act. He wasn't interested."

MORE fearful than ever, she began an important tour in Boston. "I hated to go on stage. I was no more than back in my dressing room when in walked Charles O'Curran. He had flown up from New York for my opening."

According to Patti, "He was handsome as a young Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and twice as charming."

Her own charm didn't go entirely undetected. After many a discussion, Charlie delivered his verdict. "I'll coach you on one condition: I tell you everything. How to do your hair, what to wear, how to move ..."

Said Patti, "Let's get to work."

Miami was next. When Patti entered her dressing room, she found a box of big red roses and with them the card, "I love you. Charlie O."

Patti recalled, "It wasn't in his handwriting. Obviously, he had ordered the flowers by phone and the florist wrote the card. But I had a feeling. I turned to my secretary and said, 'You may laugh at me if you want to, but I know. He really does love me.' That was the first time in my life that I ever wanted to go out and do a second show."

With the rest of the cast, they went to a late spot after the show. They met again at the edge of the hotel's pool, the next morning, and breakfasted on scrambled eggs.

But before the evening came, Patti did some thinking. True, Charlie had coached her in things she needed to know. She had a new assurance, a new rapport with her audience. But this young man appeared to be taking a few too many things for granted. This was no repeat "Pygmalion," no off-stage "My Fair Lady." He might think himself a Henry Higgins, but she, Patti Page, was no little flower girl. And, for that matter, even Eliza Doolittle found it necessary to give the master his come-uppance.

Charlie, when he stepped into her dressing room at the end of the show, was just a bit too casual. Without prologue, he demanded, "Are you ready?"

Said Patti coldly, "Ready for what?"

Charlie was taken aback. "To go out with me, I presumed ..."

Patti stared at him, silent.

Charlie was flustered now. "I thought it was understood ..."

Dignified as Queen Victoria, Patti arose from the dressing table. "Understood? Not at all. You will find out. Mr. O'Curran, that nothing is "understood'. If you want me to go out with you, you will have to ask. Tonight. I have accepted another engagement."

The other engagement existed only in Patti's imagination. With a giggle, she confessed, "I spent the next two hours sitting alone with my secretary."

After that, Charlie asked, asked so properly that as their affection deepened, it became a running joke. At the dressing room door, his formal greeting habitually was, "Is it my understanding, Miss Page, that we are going out together this evening?"

Patti said, "Before he went back to Hollywood, we had reached an understanding. There was never a question 'Will you marry me?' Instead it was a matter of our planning, 'When we get married ...'"

They went steady for two years. Steady by telephone, much of the time, for Charlie had set some goals for himself in Hollywood and Patti's shows held her largely in New York.

continued on page 66
This is not to say that Marlon Brando did not enter into wedlock in good faith. What it does suggest, and what perhaps he himself has finally faced up to in his own thinking, is that he entered into a relationship which for reasons apparently beyond his control he was not capable of sustaining.

His subconscious doubts were gnawing at him even on the day of his wedding, but he dismissed them, as people frequently do dismiss subconscious truths, with a jest. After Rev. J. Walter Fiscus had performed the rites of holy matrimony in the home of Marlon's aunt, Marlon saw the minister to the door and said facetiously:

"Well, I hope I won't ever have to call you back."

When Marlon married Anna, his delighted father spoke not only for himself but for all Marlon's devoted friends as he expressed the fervent hope that now his son would settle down. But it was not long before it was clear that the one talent the talented Brando lacked was the talent to settle down.

"You've got to have love," the seemingly tormented Brando said not long before he married Anna. "There's no other reason for living... I'm ready. I want it. Because, well what else is there? That's all it's really all about. To love somebody."

But this, like so many lofty things, was easier said than done. In practice, that was not all it was all about. To love somebody was not enough—at least it was not enough long enough to keep his marriage going for even a year.

IT IS one thing to affirm the need for love. It is another to have the capacity for the demands of love. Marlon soon found love an island surrounded by confinement and responsibility, and he was not willing to be marooned on such an island. He didn't consider the satisfactions worth the isolation.

Anna found herself more and more shut out by recurrence of his ancient need to be alone, to follow his unpredictable moods, to go off when he pleased for as long as he pleased, to hold himself accountable for his behavior to no man and to no woman—not even his wife.

While they were courting, it was the observation of Marlon's friend, Harry Mines, "They seemed to have a lot to say to each other. They seemed to have enormous enjoyment, enormous respect for each other."

But Marlon's moods were not constant, and it was not in marriage as it had been in courtship. He balked at the confines and restrictions of marriage—in fact never acknowledged them—and complained to friends that he and Anna did not have an intellectual meeting ground.

They set up house in a Japanese hill-top home, there to await the arrival of their first-born, but their relationship quickly deteriorated into a marriage in name only. It became a marriage of convenience, where everything was convenient to Marlon and nothing was convenient to Anna. Anna was a prisoner of his whims and his restlessness, and she suffered his cavalier treatment in uncomplaining silence. She lived in the stubborn hope that things would be different when the baby came.

But the mere act of marriage had failed to domesticate Brando. He behaved as if his generally acknowledged genius in his field entitled him to exemptions from the normal obligations of marriage. While his wife was heavy with child, he was heavy with his own broodings. He haunted the café espresso shops which seem to have mushroomed in Hollywood. He put in long hours at his offices at Paramount Studio, sat around chewing the fat with his pals while his wife waited at home, not knowing what had happened to him, where he had gone, or when he would come home.

"He's just one of those people who has to be by himself," Anna's friend told me without rancor. "I don't think he could be married to anyone. No girl could make him happy for a long time. He's one of those people who has to be by himself. He's kind of a person who should live in a little hut by himself, and come and go when he wants."

On the face of the evidence, there's little likelihood that Marlon himself would take exception to that opinion. When the baby, Christian Brando, was born, his interest in the marriage showed definite signs of reviving, but his deep-seated behavior patterns outlasted his paternal enthusiasm.

"Anna was miserable," her friend confided. "The poor little thing was by herself all during her pregnancy. And he was with her only a little more after the baby was born. He would go out by himself and not come home till three or four in the morning. Anna was in constant torment. She couldn't sleep. She kept losing weight, and by the time she decided she couldn't live with him any longer she was down to 100 pounds."

Yet everyone who saw Marlon with his baby, Anna enthusiastically among them, acclaimed him as a wonderful father. Marlon, to whom teddy bears had meant so much when he was a baby, brought his own son an unending supply of them. "He's a wonderful father," Anna would insist, concealing her hurts. "You should see him. As soon as he gets home from the studio he runs into the nursery and plays with the baby. I can't even get him out of there until the baby is asleep."

In the first flush of fatherhood, Marlon had changed. He was mellowed by his love for the baby and he was more gentle to Anna, but the novelty wore off, and he pursued his parental pleasures at less frequent intervals. He was a wonderful father when he was home—but he was not home often enough to make Anna feel she was valued as a wife.

Yet until she reached the breaking point, she loyally offered vehement denials of discord when such reports leaked out early in her marriage, when Marlon was reported living apart, and later, in the turbulent week before she finally faced with anguish the truth that she was a pawn in a marriage that never was.

She constantly assured doubters that she was supremely happy, and that she and Marlon were eagerly planning on having more children. She even sought to appease Marlon by scolding the press and improving her mind, the latter by enrolling in a summer philosophy class at USC. And with Fall, she decided that perhaps Marlon would like it if she weren't the complete hausfrau, so she resumed her acting career in "Night Of The Quarter Moon" at MGM. Throughout the making of the film, she gave no inkling of her unrelieved domestic ordeal. She spoke proudly of the baby and never cast the slightest aspersion on Marlon.

PERIODICALLY, reports of difficulty with Marlon were renewed, and each time while Marlon maintained a stony silence, she offered incredulous denials, abetted by recitations by her friends of Marlon's virtues as a husband. Up until the last she was rationalizing his decrepitudes as a husband, and took pains not to reveal her humiliation.

But her resolve, and that of her friends, was crumbling. A friend, who in the past had smilingly poo-pooed previous reports of a separation, did an about-face on the eve of the breakup and told me:

"Marlon's not the easiest man in the world to live with, you know. It could happen. It wouldn't surprise me at all."

Marlon wouldn't come home for days on end, and when he did come home he would treat her with indifference and live in a different part of the house. He was moody and uncommunicative, and when they did speak, hopeless arguments erupted. The nature of their relationship did not even change when it developed that Anna had a heart murmur.

Anna privately conferred with Beverly Hills attorney George Cohen, but even then put off final action in the hope that her difficulties with Marlon could be resolved. A month went by, but the miracle did not come to pass.

The man so revered for his penchant for listening by the hour to other people's troubles, for getting them to confide secrets they wouldn't entrust to their mothers, was shatteringly indifferent to his wife's troubles, and cold to her griev-
ances. His interests and his enthusiasms were elsewhere.

But there was a difference when Brando gave of himself in other relationships. There was not, as in marriage, a sense of obligation. He was generous, sympathetic and understanding. He overflowed with compassion. But he gave when the mood suited him, not on call.

It was different in marriage when giving was expected of him as a matter of course, and not determined at a time and to an extent of his own choosing.

He resented even the minimum demands and confinement of marriage, and his attitude became more fixed, rather than more relaxed with the passing of time. Each new crisis convinced Anna anew of the truth she'd been unable to run away from—that she served strictly an ornamental role as Marlon's wife, the only role she could fulfill in a marriage that never was.

What functions he performed, he seemed to do grudgingly. The climactic event came when Anna found the maid drowned in the family pool. She was all by herself when she discovered the woman's body. She had been extremely fond of the maid and the experience left her an emotional wreck. But from all that can be gleaned Marlon offered her dubious comfort. He came by only briefly after he was informed of the accident, talked with police and issued orders barring reporters. To Anna, it was beside the point that he left ostensibly to return to work.

When finally Marlon came home, she pleaded with him to move because she couldn't bear to live there anymore since the maid's death. However, he pointed out that their lease on the Robert Balzer estate had four months to go. She tried once more to do it his way, but it didn't work. She took her four-months-old child and moved into a house on Coldwater Canyon. She did this at a time when separation rumors were rampant again, but she offered no explanations. Her friends charitably pointed out that she left the house because of the maid's death—but they admitted that neither she nor they knew of Brando's whereabouts.

That was the last day Anna Kashfi played her agonizing charade. She no longer could bring herself to deny the truth that friends had whispered from the very beginning. She summoned her lawyers and instructed them to end once and for all the marriage that really never was—with the man who never was meant for marriage.

At last, she could hold nothing back. She poured out her soul.

"This is final and conclusive," she sobbed. "I can no longer endure his indifference and neglect and his strange way of living."

A minor example of that strange way of living was the unsigned note tacked on to the front door of the hilltop home the same day Anna packed up and left.

"Please!" it enjoined. "If you have not made arrangements to come here, please don't disturb this household. Please do not consider yourself or your purpose an exception."

The failure of the marriage, however, was no longer anonymous. The emotionally distraught Anna Kashfi aired her grievances in a frenzy of release.

She not only acknowledged that she didn't know where her husband was at the time of her divorce announcement, but she wept that she never knew where he was. There were conflicting reports that Marlon had rented a small home in Beverly Hills near his agent, that he was living in his Paramount dressing room, and even that he was boled up in the hilltop home he so seldom visited when his wife was awaiting him there. Anna was too weary to deny any longer Marlon's frequent disappearances, too weary to pretend that he ever was anything more than a part-time husband.

Bewildered, she discussed her heart condition for which she is under a doctor's care.

"Naturally, in my present condition I'm frightened," she confessed. "To whom should I turn for comfort but my husband. But bow can I? He is never there. I do hope I won't have to go to the hospital. I have my baby to worry about."

With some difficulty she managed to compose herself, and she showed signs of some strength owing to her act to release herself from her phantom marriage.

"This is the end," she murmured, biting her lip. Attorney George Cohen was in Europe, and in his absence she had conferred with his partner, Seymour Bricker, instructing him to file suit. Having taken that step, she felt better. "I will charge desertion and cruelty, but I won't be dragged down to Marlon's level. I'll get my freedom in a dignified way."

How ironic—considering that Marlon took his freedom without waiting for the formality of a divorce. For him, marriage by its very nature held too many restrictions, made too many demands, was too confining. And for him, as indeed he had always proclaimed, freedom was too precious to surrender on any altar, even that of matrimony, and he never permitted wedlock to interfere with his freedom.

In a sense, if his previous behavior was not to be ignored, this unhappy consummation was to be expected. Marlon Brando always loved well, but not lingeringly. Whenever he felt his freedom threatened, love was expendable. Once before he had been in love, and even had gone to the extreme of announcing that he was going to marry Josianne Mariani-Berenger, daughter of a French fisherman. But Marlon realized before it was too late that marriage would have been a mistake—that he was not ready to surrender his freedom and individuality.

Perhaps, in blindness that men sometimes will enjoy, he allowed himself to believe that in Anna Kashfi, daughter of the Orient, descendant of a patient and long suffering race, he had found a woman who would be happy to marry him on his own terms, to be there when he wanted her, to accept his absences and his moods without question. If that was so, he practiced a foolish deception on himself and a cruel one on his wife.

Unquestionably, Marlon Brando did not willfully cause Anna Kashfi to suffer. This is perhaps small comfort to her, but in a sense she has been just as innocent a victim of his strange temperament and compulsive drives as he himself is. He couldn't be persuaded that marriage required him to give up anything, and that's what finally persuaded Anna Kashfi to give up hope. The anxious yearning of his father, his friends and his wife alike, that he would settle down expired in the ashes of the marriage that never was—a marriage that flickered at best, never burned brightly and finally died out.

"I was so stupid and naive to have gone through it all," Anna Kashfi shook her head disbeliefingly as she awoke from her nightmare of neglect and humiliation. "I'm glad that it is finally over."

As usual, there was no comment from Marlon Brando. But perhaps for once, comment would have been superfluous. His actions made it perfectly clear that possibly for the first time since their marriage he and his wife agreed.

"Maybe he and Anna just weren't right for each other," Anna's friend mused, "but I don't think so. I don't think Marlon could be married to anyone, not happily married."

Perhaps that is the secret of the marriage that never really was. Perhaps it simply is the marriage that never should have been at all.
Once It Was My Betrayer— but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!

by Margaret Holland

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—tried 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? Everyone 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 given 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 an 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?"

"But, Ray. I 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 and have failed at that. I have tried!"

"No, his new figure is a little different. I know that, honey. Marty knows it too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired 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 incessant day you stuck faithfully to what someone promises will take the weight off in a week or two?"

"What difference would it make to you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat — as I almost have done once or twice?"

"Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly don't feel that way! That's what people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable!" I asked. "Uh-huh. Look, Maggie — all these advertisements you see about losing weight — they aren't phony. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as little good as the Bureau of Internal Revenue says they'll do. The skinny weight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick.

"I asked: "And what if what Ray 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 of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has. You have to have faith — and fortunately 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 the drugstore, you continued to overeat 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, simply, or I should have craved something that was new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was Antipatin that lets you have full satisfaction, all you want without the craving for them diminishes. The second was Gastroflin — tried and true — the ingredient that fools your stomach — makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. And the third wonder was the mixture that made the job complete and would hold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called Pacitin and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have found new homes for. They guarantee that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating — he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off."

"I didn't think 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 decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the Methodist Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant 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'm footing the whole 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 Mart'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, no fooling.'

"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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Letter To The Future Mrs. Hutchins

continued from page 27

many friends. It was too much of a responsibility, I thought, and so I played games by myself and was happy that way. During my high school days I had no car and this made me chicken about asking girls out. Today, since my TV series, I get more dates than I can handle and it's such a snap it makes me suspicious. So I protect myself from getting married for marriage sake, but I believe I'll recognize the girl who is right for me. My problem is—to find her!"

Although his father (he was a dentist and so was his father before him) had four marriages before he passed away, Hutch grew up living with his widowed mother, who's all for her son getting married. At one point he suffered painfully and suffered through the problems confronting children of divorced parents. While managing to disguise his feelings, he remained shy and still doesn't feel too fit at intimate gatherings. Oddly enough, former school mates will tell you he was the clown of the class, but Hutch reveals his reasons:

"All my struggles were on the inside where no one could see. I clowned around to cover up, but I could never belong to anything, or feel like I fitted in anywhere. As a kid I put on shows in the backyard to escape and appeared in college plays. Lacking confidence, acting gave me a chance to 'show off.' Thanks to TV I'm gaining in confidence and now I get a chance to 'show off' and get paid for it too. Not bad! No sir, not bad at all!"

Even though we know nothing about you, whoever you are, as Mrs. Will Hutchins it's conceded that you're perceptive and therefore thoroughly adaptable. So even though your married life may be revolutionary and unpredictable, you'll know you'll have the greatest security as compensation. You'll know especially if you remember this.

"I think I'll make a gentle husband, but not a henpecked one," Hutch reassures you. "As my wife you'll have to read my mind a lot, but I'll devote 100% to the girl I love. She'd still have to be clairvoyant, because I'd get embarrassed and couldn't tell her all the things I feel for her inside. When a man loves a woman it's important for her to hear it put into words and if my wife will put up with me, maybe in time I can get around to speaking out."

So your work is cut out for you, but as you now know, it's awfully worthwhile work if you can get it! Having a sense of humor, which is a must with Hutch, would see you through. Then you'd have to love being out-of-doors and enjoy things like packing into the high Sierras. Of course you'd have to be a fan—in more ways than one. Hutch seeks out every old-movie house that runs Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd comedies. You can guess why he flips over comedians, can't you? He has a suppressed desire to play comedy, that's why.

"My wife would have to like my acting," Hutch comments wryly, "or at least fool me! I'm serious about my work and have been studying and preparing to get some place since I was 12. So it wouldn't help to have a wife saying, 'You were awful in that scene.' I get enough of this on the outside. Besides, if a wife doesn't like you—who should?"

Now don't ever say we didn't warn you about this honest naturalness that is peculiarly his own. This "Sugarfoot" (a term for someone who's one step below a tenderfoot) in real life can be unintentionally deceptive too. That bovish easy-going manner, that unruly bleached (for photographic purposes) mop of corn-yellow hair makes some folk think he's a country hick. You can believe the experts, he knows the big city score and when you see him handle himself in the ring, you'll be aware he can handle himself anywhere.

"I TRY to play fair," Hutch grins, "but I'm stubborn if I know I am right. Like that time, for example, when the wardrobe man gave me a hat that didn't set too well. I asked for another, but the studio liked the hat and wouldn't replace it. So I just slipped out quietly and bought my own. No one noticed the switch until several scenes later and in television that's much too late for retakes. Sometimes you have to sort-of look out for yourself!"

As Hutch's wife you'd be expected to do things on the spur of the moment, because, he admits, he "isn't a planner," or is he overly domestic. He'd like a household that's filled with lots of fun, but if you please—"not reeking of cooking cabbage." If his wife wanted to share all the way, she'd bear up with his health food kicks (it's the Clint Walker influence) and at least pretend that she liked such goodies as seaweed juice and sunflower seeds.

"Now if my wife laughed at my jokes—and understood them too," Hutch muses, "I'd be a real lucky man. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't mind if she's not too smart and I wouldn't care if she's something of a screwball. But not consciously so. Maybe she have to be to fit into my way of life! When I'm not working I like to sleep all day and stay up all night listening to Louis Armstrong, Mugsy Spanier, Duke Ellington and many other favorite records in my collection. I like to sit in the corners of little coffee houses and although I'm a lousy dancer, I'm willing to learn and hope my wife can teach me. Too much chatter annoys me.
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LETTET TO
THE FUTURE MRS. HUTCHINS
continued

especially if I have a bad day at the studio. One thing I wouldn't want is consolation. A wife who would ask questions, talk logically and soothingly and try to analyse things, wouldn't help. I guess I'm so used to working things out on my own it has to be this way."

On the other hand, you could really shine as Hutch's wife in the social amenities department. A wife with subtlety in her approach could see him through many awkward moments and he'd be eternally grateful. He's not aggressive and he knows it's lacking in his make-up. People always told him he'd have to be pushy to get somewhere, but he insisted, "I'll have to depend on my luck. I'm something like a boxer who doesn't always fight back, but doesn't fall down." He was right. His luck paid off.

Being even-tempered, Hutch usually remains friendly, composed and respectful. But just do push him too far. He can explode and when it happens he whirls around the room like an angry windmill. Being a worrier, he naturally worries about it later. As his wife he'd still be kind, gentle and considerate of you and this is why he turned on his best friend once when on a double date.

"He got into an argument and twisted the arm of his girl friend," Hutch recalls. "It made me feel badly and I told him off. No one has a right to hurt others intentionally and for a second there I sure wanted to let him have one."

Unlike the average wife, by having an actor for a husband you'd be faced with special problems incited by his profession. But in this case, being married to Hutch you'd be spared because he isn't spoiled and he is in love with his work and not himself. While he appreciates constructive fan mail, the "gee you're dreamy" approach leaves him cold and unimpressed. Flattery, especially in public, embarrasses him. Like the time a noisy matron swooped down on him and bussed him on the cheek. He turned beet red. Although he wants to build and design three homes—"in the mountains, at the beach and in New York where you have some place to walk"—Hutch still wants a family and adds, "The sooner the better."

"The older I get," he wants you to know, "the more I appreciate kids. I think my personal appearance tours have helped to bring us closer. They like my shows and, believe me, when they swarm around they can spot a phony every time. Once when I tried to be a magician, I could fool the adults, but not the kids. I'll probably have three, because everything happens to me in threes. I played three emotionally disturbed youths on TV's Matinee Theatre and was discovered by Warner Bros. and signed. Then I played in three pictures and was a pilot in each. Before "Sugarfoot" I didn't know one end of the horse from the other. After riding lessons on three different horses, I keep getting better and can stay on any horse."

So how do you feel at this point, you out there who are going to be Mrs. Will Hutchins? Don't you agree that you'll never have a chance to get bored with the wonderful life you'll lead? Personally, we think you'll be walking in four leaf clovers and if you still have doubts, the following should convince you.

"My grandparents celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary this year," says Hutch with a lump in his throat. "And they've even lived in the same house for 50 years. Just think of that! Such a record would sure make me feel mighty proud. You see, I believe that marriage strengthens the bonds and lessens the lonely trip through life. So I'm ready and all I'm waiting for now is to find someone to blend with. If she'll have me— I'll be mighty grateful to know that I'll never be lonely again."

She Married Her Boss
continued from page 59

Trying as the separation sometimes got, Patti doesn't regret their long courtship. "No two people who are in love like to be apart, but it did give us time to learn to know each other, to plan, and to integrate our love with our lives." They married at the home of Wilbur Clark, owner of Desert Inn, at Las Vegas, on December 28, 1956. The reception was at Il Mirador in Palm Springs where owner Ray Ryan set up a fountain which flowed with pink champagne for the event.

With Paramount claiming Charlie and her TV show claiming Patti, they had to wait for their honeymoon. To make up for it, they've had two. Last summer they went to Europe; this year they spent a lazy two months in the Caribbean, then drove across country to Tulsa so that Charlie could meet her family.

What are their future plans? How long will they continue to have two homes, with one of them in Hollywood and the other in New York?

Patti tilted her head and gave her questioner a knowing smile. "There are now some 30 grandchildren in the Fowler family. And Charlie and I sort of think there is room for a few more."

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doesn’t feel a bit neglected because of it. That leads up to the point that most girls appreciate thoughtfulness. And it needn’t take the form of presents.

When I came back from my last trip, I brought a girl an inexpensive little heart pin.

She knew I hadn’t spent much on it—but she also knew that I had spent time picking it out. That’s the only thing that mattered to her.

“It’s beautiful,” she told me. “I didn’t expect anything!”

She meant it too.

Probably my most delightful surprise about girls is that they can be very good sports. There is no better example of it than an incident in Houston, Texas, during my last year in high school.

I was scheduled to appear at a Country Club about 15 miles out of town. Since I’d never been there I asked the owner to make up a detailed sketch to help me find the place—which I promptly left on my dresser when I picked up my girl friend.

By the time we left her house, it was too late to turn back. Besides, I felt quite sure that I remembered enough instructions to find my way.

Both of us became somewhat doubtful when we suddenly found ourselves on a dirt road, but I continued in what I thought was the right direction. This road could be a short cut. Fifteen minutes later it started to rain and ten minutes after that we were hopelessly stuck in the mud.

With no help expected, we had no choice but to walk back to the main highway, miles away.

By the time we got a cab and finally reached the club, we were three hours late, and splattered with mud up to the waist. Needless to say, they had found a replacement for me in the meantime.

I expected her to be mad at me. Instead she laughed, “I think it was exciting. Besides,” she added, “if we’d been here in time I’d have had to sit by myself while you sang. This way we had a chance to be together . . . .”

Her attitude helped convince me that girls are pretty wonderful.

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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 53

receives from “China Smith” — “It’s the best security I know, next to being friendly with Trujillo.” . . . How’d ye like that Garbo? Until this summer she wanted to be alone—with George Schlee, or other devoted friends. But this year she was all over the Riviera, being friendly with everyone, attending all the galas and having a ball.

From John Wayne, after 29-year-old wife Pilar returned to the 51-year-old box-office giant, “I don’t blame her, I was away too much.” Then he went away again for “Horse Soldiers.” If you marry an actor you must travel with him, or take the consequences. . . . When Bob Crosby was asked if he would like to live permanently in New York, the singer replied, “No, thank you. It’s like driving on the freeway for relaxation.”

Eyebrows were raised in Rome when luscious Anita Ekberg went dating with her old flame, Mario Bandini. Husband Anthony Steel stoutly maintained from London that he didn’t expect his wife to be a recluse when he was unable to be with her. Mario, if you remember, recently unsworned for Kim Novak, after her dates with Prince Aly Khan and that general from the Dominican Republic.

The gal with the best painting collection in Hollywood, is none other than Martha Hyer.

With Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon both playing lady impersonators in “Some Like It Hot,” will they be eligible for the best male or female Oscar award? . . . I hear that Deborah Kerr will pay a fortune rather than lose custody of her two daughters. She has been a devoted mother, and I can’t believe that the girls will be better off brought up by their father, who was usually busy in England while Deborah worked and raised her children in California.

Elvis Presley writes buddies here that when his Army stretch is over, he intends to buy a house in Hollywood and settle down. As far as I know, all of his girl friends are writing to him. . . . Gary Cooper shoots eagles in the desert, while wife Rocky and daughter Maria slide down the slopes of Sun Valley. . . . And while we’re at the famous winter resort, you can’t get Van Johnson to try the high Mount Baldy runs. The low Dollar Mountain slopes “are quite high enough for me,” says the cautious actor.

And to round off our stories, Rosanno Brazzi was lunching with Simone Signoret, one of the great actresses of France. And during a pause, Rosanno said, “You won’t believe it, but I haven’t seen one of your plays or movies. But then,” he added, jocularly, “there are at least ten of my own movies that I haven’t seen.” To which Mlle. Signoret replied, “That I can understand!”
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Don't Call Her "Beat"

continued from page 31

of the younger ones into a mold which they call "the beat generation," meanwhile deploring them.

"Certainly there are some young people who hang around the coffee shops and enjoy feeling sorry for themselves," she admits. "But it's a sort of sad, a pose, and older people have encouraged them in it mostly by talking about it. They just haven't found themselves yet and they haven't learned that the more you have to overcome obstacles, the more you develop your mental and spiritual muscles. Honestly, obstacles are good for you...like lifting weight!"

Admittedly, it sounds a bit odd to talk about "obstacles" in Dolores's case when you read the studio account of her easy transition from school play to studio test, to an important part in a picture, to a long term contract. It all sounds so simple. But Dolores has an answer to that, too.

"It started overcoming my first obstacles when I was three years old," she says. "When the breaks started coming my way I had already developed my muscles!"

Another wonderful "break" came her way this autumn when she went to New York to appear on Broadway with Cornelia Otis Skinner and Cyril Ritchard in the stage play, "The Pleasure Of His Company." Both Miss Skinner and Mr. Ritchard have publicly expressed their gratification at securing this "delightful young actress" to appear with them.

Despite her self-sufficiency of which she is so sure and so proud, she is incorrigibly sentimental. An amusing card on a special occasion, a silly or frivolous, extravagant or loving gift, especially an unexpected one, will send her into a little transport of happiness for days.

"When I went to New Orleans on location some of my friends sent me a going away gift, a basket of cookies and cakes and things, with gag cards and photographs and so on. The wretches knew I was on a diet and the basket contained the most fattening things you could imagine. But I was so tickled with it, I ate nearly everything in it and do you know I didn't gain an ounce. Perhaps when something gives you that much pleasure, then it can't harm you!" Dolores has charming and whimsical explanations for many of the things that happen to her.

She lived alone for a time after she started "Lonelyhearts," so she could be near Paramount Studio, "But I never learned to cook. I don't like it. I can make one interesting dish...a combination of frozen lamb cubes, jack cheese and matzoh. It's quite good." She now lives with her mother and stepfather in San Fernando Valley. "I certainly," she says, "haven't had time to do any dreaming about that 'ideal house' which so many Hollywood starlets seem to plan, even before they are starlets!"

She is not much concerned with clothes. Her mother makes most of hers and they usually run to tailored suits and soft silk blouses, "Things I don't have to think about very much." For
evening, she likes very simple things, nothing bouffant or fussy, in beige, blue or black.

"I am inclined to 'under-dress' I think, perhaps because I am still a little bit self-conscious in public, such as at premieres. I don't own any jewelry. Honestly, I've never even thought about jewelry at all."

She's not much of an outdoor girl, although she likes to ride when she can.

She likes city life—"apartments, subways, taxia, crowds"—and takes a dim view of suburban living with lawns and rose gardens and fish ponds. She has no desire for a swimming pool.

She is a touch frightened when she is asked to "date for publicity purposes," but if her studio asks her to go to a premiere or a party with a specific young man, she acquiesces graciously. "I guess it is part of the job," she says.

She does date, though, with people who are not actors. One of the ones with whom she has the most fun is a handsome young photo editor named Dick De Neut. "We like to do a lot of zany things together and we laugh a lot and we don't go to the places where the celebrities go. We really do have fun.

Marriage? "Of course I want to be married some time and have children. I'm a normal woman! But it wouldn't be fair to any man . . . or to me . . . to think seriously about marriage at this point. I am just getting started on a career for which I have worked hard and I am serious about it. It demands all of my attention just now. When I get around to marriage I shall be serious about that, too. I don't intend to do anything in my life halfway."

She probably never will.

It is almost an anomaly to find a girl who looks and seems so enchantingly feminine, so genuinely alluring, with such a sturdy steel core of character and determination. Perhaps that is how important artists are constituted.
November and we have been together exactly 40 days! However, Philippe will be coming to Hollywood soon for a visit and we will look for a home here."

The pair have a home in Paris, an apartment which they have happily and haphazardly furnished during Christine’s brief visits to that city. Christine reports, rather vaguely, that it has “English furniture” with cotton upholstery and drapes and a lot of red and blue around. At the moment, she occupies a small apartment in the Hollywood hills not too far from her studio.

She says she is a good cook, “because my French mother made me learn to cook. But I don’t like it and I don’t intend to do much of it. The best thing I do  is a cheese souffle.”

Her favorite food? Ice cream, with no doubt or hesitation, “and then that meat you roast a leg of . . . that baa-baa — Yes! Leg of lamb, roasted pink the way we do in France.”

But she loves to sew—her mother taught her that, too, early in life—and she makes as many of her own clothes as she can with what time she has to work on them.

“The important thing,” she glows, “is that I shall be able to make clothes for my own babies. I can hardly wait to do that. I think we shall start a baby early next year.”

She seems to have no doubt at all about the cooperation of Nature in this worthy plan. And with the way things have been breaking for Christine, if she wants to “start a baby,” no doubt she will get her wish. Christine is a girl who gets her wishes.

She likes the Hollywood daytime mode in clothes (it is almost a uniform for actresses) of linen slacks and gingham shirts for daytime and she loves to “get thrillingly dressed up” for a premiere or a big party or a night club. It is so common in Hollywood these days to hear actresses declare, with self-conscious emolliying, that night clubs bore them . . . it is refreshing to find this young eager girl admitting that she “loves them.”

“I feel happiest in blue and second-happiest in white,” she says. “Blue is my happiest color, perhaps because I look my best in it. But I cannot bear green of any shade. . . . don’t want to wear it and don’t want it around me. I don’t know why I should feel so strongly about it.”

She likes to paint in watercolors and critics say her pictures are pretty good. She writes, too, and has had some short stories published in France. “Some day I shall write novels,” she says, confidently. “But I am an outdoor girl at heart.”

We undertook to find out about this and encountered another of her methods of making herself understood when her English temporarily fails her. She isn’t to be haunted, this one!

After naming “sweeping” and riding and driving a car as among her favorite outdoor activities, she suddenly said, “And my favorite—skeeting.”

We attempted to unravel this one hub

continued on page 74

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**$50 GIVEN AWAY FREE!**

To the first 50 readers who fill out this coupon and mail it to us, Screenland will give $1.00 each. At the same time, you’ll have the satisfaction of voting for your favorite stars and helping us to plan our magazine accordingly.—-The Editors

- Paste the ballot below on a postal card and mail it to Editor, SCREENLAND, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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

(1) Name: ____________________________ Age: _____

Address: ___________________________________________
You're invited behind the scenes in Hollywood

SILVER SCREEN Magazine offers you a standing invitation to enjoy fascinating, behind-the-scenes stories about all the fabulous glamour guys and dolls of filmland. Every issue is picture-packed, brimming with exclusive articles about all your favorite stars.

Buy the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine at your newsstand now!
"I WAS AFRAID OF MEN"

continued

it was difficult. Ski-ing? Skeet shooting?
"Non. That lovely thing with the rolla-
rolla-rolla . . . you must know." This was
beginning to sound like a college yell until
someone more familiar with Carere-ese came
up with the suggestion, "Roller skating?" "Oh, yes! The rolla-
rolla. Is my favorite."

She likes to jitterbug, too, she dis-
covered while making "A Certain Smile."
"I so like the jump-ups and jump-downs.
Such fun!"

She has one other trauma left over
from her childhood which, while not
serious one, causes her some incon-
venience. It is claustrophobia and she
traces it back to the time, when she was
tiny and her cousins locked her in a
dark closet. She thinks it was aggravated
by an experience she had not too long
ago when an elevator in which she was
riding was stuck between two floors for
some 20 minutes.

"I was frantic and got hysterical. I
was sure I couldn't breathe although
actually there was plenty of air and no
danger. But I am worse since then. I am
afraid of small places. I don't even like
a telephone hook and I hate to see a
doctor close behind me. I shall have to
get over it."

With all her gaiety and her small
quirks and her moods, Christine is a
serious and dedicated actress. That she
has the beauty and the sparkle to match
her talents is certainly a fortunate thing
for all of us.

You'll be seeing a lot of Christine
Carere. Look forward to her. END

---

Escape From Lemmon

continued from page 49

need total solriety for such a scene."

Curtis, hedziened, begowned, and non-
brassiered, slipped in on Lemmon's left.
Wilder and his attractive wife sat across
the table. Lemmon's cosmetic mask
moved again, grotesque as a funnel for
his contemplative words.

"But acting at best is interpretive," he
said. "I've argued it a thousand times
and I'm not for a minute saying it's crea-
tive. There may be creative actors but
I'm not one. You say what's written for
you in the way somebody wants you to
say it, and if you're told to turn this way
or that, you do."

Did Mr. Wilder agree? As director,
did he like wholly submissive actors?

"Oh, no," he said. "I ask for their
advice. Then we do it my way."

Lemmon's patina twisted into something
that probably was laughter. "There's one
drawback, though," he said. "Your cre-
ative talent, your artist or your writer,
however lonely he may feel he is—at
least, he's the ultimate loss over what
he's doing. The actor's a monkey
on a stick. Then there's something else
others don't always realize. An actor, if
he's going to do his job, has to be work-
ing, and that means he has to have an
audience, an audience of some kind.
Have you ever thought of that? Make
faces in front of your mirror, read
speeches into your personal tape, and
you just aren't acting. Someone must be
reacting to you. There's an old I.Q.
question—"If a tree falls in the wilderness
and no one hears it, no human or no
animal, then has it really made a noise?"
Well, scientifically I suppose, yes. Sound
waves have been set up. But I'm with
the problem children who say it hasn't.
It hasn't made any noise at all."

Yet he wanted from the very first to be
an actor?

"From the time I drew breath, I
imagine. Sometimes I think everybody
wants to be an actor, that that's the
prime common urge. First you crave ap-
proval as a child and that craving grows
into a need for applause and finally
there's the need for non-reality, and you
are good and hooked. The by-products,
the autograph hit and so forth, are im-
portant only at first. The need is to act,
not he a so-called celebrity. Celebrity
for nothing but celebrity's sake isn't an
ambition, it's an immature daydream.
You'd think to hear me go on, I'd con-
sulted psychiatrists. I haven't. But I've
talked to them socially enough."

Still and all, Jacqueline, there inevitably
arises a certain curiosity about the
person behind the role—if you like, the
interpreter. It may, as you have sug-
gested, be immature, but it is as much
a part of Supreme Court justices as it is
teenagers. So—what? We know what
John Wilkes Booth did. Well, what does
Jack Lemmon?

"Here's where I tie you up. Sorry.
I live in a little house on a steep hill in a
section of Bel-Air that is not as fashion-
able or expensive as you usually think
of Bel-Air as being."

"It's a slum," said Wilder.

"No. Just suburban. And if I'm not
working, I lounge around. Do a little
gardening. What else? My golf certainly
is no good.

"Most of last week-end I spent over
at Tony's. We played croquet and some
baseball and fooled around. Very strenu-
ous. I don't go to night clubs except for
some very special reason. Pictures are
great, otherwise I wouldn't be out here.
but if I got a crack at a play I liked, I'd
head East in a minute. How I miss that
medium! All those hands going clap,
clap, clap. You know that I've been
married, that I now go with a very lovely
and talented actress named Feli-
cia Farr. And I read a great deal, espe-
cially about the theatre."

"And you write music."

"All the time. Piano. Harmonica. I'm
frustrated that way."

It may be his only frustration, al-
though his father was a somewhat dis-
illusioned actor who wanted Jack to do
something else besides acting. But un-
happily, there was the little matter of a
stage debut at the age of four, and then
on nothing else in life mattered. A
series of posh New England prep schools
and after that Harvard, didn't do any-
thing to cure him, and neither did his
wartime hitch in the Navy. An ensign
there, he later ticked off an Oscar as
Ensign Pulver in "Mister Roberts."

Lemmon's career was, conventionally
enough, launched on the stage, proce-
ded thence to television and thence to
films, especially for Columbia Pictures
where he has made a notable record,
most recently with Doris Day in a little
epic called "The Jane From Maine."

"Some Like It Hot" is the independent
that drooged the elusive Miss Monroe
back to her native habitat.

There is no doubt in the minds of con-
noisseurs that Lemmon is a funny fellow,
yet he regards comedy roles as a con-
venience and something of an accident
and doesn't actually care what he plays
so long as the part is satisfactory to him
and that he can indicate versatility.

Between times there is his Bel-Air
hillside. Between finishing his chores
with Miss Day and reporting for "Some
Like It Hot," he had all of 24 hours up
there. He was glad that was all. A brief
span of unbroken Lemmon had tired him
more than work would have. Now he was
a guy disguised as a blonde dame, and
Lemmon could get lost again.

WHEN not working, Jack Lemmon takes life
easy in his home high on a hill in Bel-Air.
What Happens When a Young Psychiatrist Falls in Love with His Patient?

THE moment pale, lovely Lynn Thomas awoke aboard the steamer Creole Belle, Dr. Jim quickly saw that she was in trouble—her frightened eyes told him so. Hours later, she was found almost unconscious in her cabin. She was in danger only from herself—she wanted to die! Jim quickly saw that she needed a doctor's help and by the end of the voyage, he also knew she was in love with this beautiful, apparently doomed girl. How Jim is forced into a desperate medical gamble which involves not only their future together, but also his professional standing, is a story that will hold you spellbound. Daybreak is Frank Slaughter's newest best-seller, blending romance, suspense, and a close-up of doctors and hospitals "behind the scenes." You may choose it in this 4-books-for-99¢ offer!

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Send me at once the 4 books checked below and bill me only 99¢ FOR ALL 4, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

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The Golden Hawk and A Woman Called Fancy (23)
The Big Company Look (82)
Marjorie Morningstar (55)

Include my first issue of The Bulletin describing the forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may need you to advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only 6 a year. I pay nothing except 1¢ for each selection—accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

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Entirely made by hand—without elastic
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WHY THE CARY GRANTS CALLED IT QUILTS!

Ann Sothern: Who's a dumb blonde?

The life and death of Tyrone Power

Paul Newman: "I'm no rebel!"

BRIGITTE BARDOT
YES, YOU ENTER FREE! — AND THERE ARE NO JINGLES TO COMPOSE, NO STATEMENTS TO WRITE!

Here it is—the New Molle Quickie Contest!—it's FAST, it's FAIR, it's FUN, and it costs you nothing to enter. No wonder the Quickie Contest, almost overnight, became America's favorite puzzle game for the entire family! Study the Sample Puzzle at right—there are NO Tricks, NO Catches—this is a contest based on skill alone, with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not as the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail you personally the High Score for this puzzle! Quick enough? Fair enough? Fun enough? Don't delay—act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

EASY RULES

1. ENTRY COUPON. Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. Words must read across and three words must read down. Each of the letters used must be in a certain number of words as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the nine letters used and you've got a Total Score for this official puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.

2. PRIZES. The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER. This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won $500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. TIES. Ties are to be expected in which event, tied-for-prize winners will be rewarded until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine, after which if ties still exist, a free duplicate prize will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters and the puzzles may be made up of more than five words each. Tiebreaker puzzles will be required to be asked for and judged only if the ties exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions to be received for the $1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the table below the crossword. Right—solving the Puzzles At least 10 days will be allowed for solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 24-hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make further rules if needed, if the prize pool is insufficient to award all prizes listed, or if the cost of tiebreaker puzzles is excessive. All contestants agree to all such rules in accordance with the Official Rules printed below and as announced by the sponsors.

5. DATES. Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1958. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified. You may use by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No substitutions will be made and no responsibility is assumed for lost, delayed or deflected mail. Entries become the property of the sponsor, unless otherwise indicated. No exceptions. No responsibility is accepted for lost, delayed or deflected mail. Entries become the property of the sponsor, unless otherwise indicated. No exceptions. No responsibility is accepted for lost, delayed or deflected mail. Entries become the property of the sponsor, unless otherwise indicated.

6. BONUS PRIZE! Let someone else enter this contest and you will receive a BONUS PRIZE of an extra $500 CASH if you win first prize! To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him sign your name on the back of the entry free Entry Contest. Send in your Free Entry Coupon no later than on the Free Entry Date 1958, including the Free Entry Coupon in a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Here is the official Puzzle at left.

BONUS PRIZE!

LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER
SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)

1. My Name
2. My Address
3. City State
4. [ ] I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

FREE ENTRY COUPON

( коллективная) прикрепить к листу с решениями идентифицировать это решение

1. My Name
2. My Address
3. City State
4. [ ] I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
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
INSIDE NEWS

Cary Grant 13 Why the Cary Grants Called It Quits by Foster James and Betsy Drake

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Doris Day 14 Dodo in Yankeeland by Vi Swisher
Tina Louise 21 Look—but Don't Touch by Helen Hendricks
Raymond Burr 24 No Time For Marriage by Jerry Asher
Paul Newman 33 "I'M No Rebel" by Nancy Anderson
Eva Marie Saint 36 Teenage Crisis by Amy Francis
Ann Sothern 44 Who's A Dumb Blonde? by Favius Friedman
Gary Crosby 49 The Problems Of Being Bing Crosby's Son by Peer Oppenheimer

SCREENLAND SPECIAL

Tyrone Power 40 So Long, Ty by Maxine Block

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

David Janssen 18 Private Life Of A Private Eye
Lana Turner 28 "Imitation Of Life"
Chuck Connors 52 "Rifleman" At Home

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham
10 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews 8 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Fashions 50 Take Back Your Mink! by Sue Collins
Records 54 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: BRIGITTE BARDOT, CURRENTLY STARRING IN THE UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE, "WOMAN AND THE PUPPET"
There is a borderline for every man and woman...

Deborah Kerr crosses it with Yul Brynner in Anatole Litvak's Production of "The Journey"

Co-Starring
Robert Morley • E. G. Marshall • With Kurt Kasznar
David Kossoff • Marie Daeims • And Introducing Jason Robards, Jr.

Screen Play by George Tabori • Technicolor® • An ALBY Production • Produced and Directed by Anatole Litvak • Presented by M-G-M
Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

• Marilyn Monroe to forsake Hollywood for good?
• A different Yul Brynner in the offing

This IS Sheilah Graham reporting from Hollywood, the oasis where Elizabeth Taylor can ask for one million dollars cash for one picture, and new star Diane Varsi is so hard up that she could not afford to rent a car for three days when her Volkswagen was smashed by a chum in an auto accident. . . . Talking of Miss Varsi, she will be 21 years old in February and she is so relaxed these days that her cheeks actually bounced because her new state of ease changed her signature! . . . And to go back to Elizabeth, a top male star who asked to be nameless, told me that the best thing that could possibly happen for Liz and Eddie Fisher would be some visits to a psychiatrist to help them find the answer to what they really want in life.

And as for Debbie, while all the sympathy is on her side, it is now an established fact that her marriage to Fisher was extremely rocky and it was just a question of when the break-up would come. Of course Debbie is the innocent victim, but when a marriage is craky, both partners are usually to blame.

Lauren Bacall sidesteps those “Are you carrying a torch for Frank Sinatra?” questions with, “No, but I still want to get married.” No matter who the girl is, it seems that Mr. Sinatra doesn’t . . . And I doubt whether Brigitte Bardot will ever forgive him for jilting the picture they were to have made together . . . And of all the Bardot bon mots, I like this one the best—the man from Mars who landed at her feet and stated, “Take me to your leader—later.” . . . Jayne Mansfield’s new bathroom has fur-lined floors, ditto walls and ceilings. What, no fur-lined tub?

Do not invite Elvis Presley to Russia, where they refer to him as a psychological tool of “western warmongers.” I prefer Elvis with his short Army haircut and trimmer figure. Don’t you? . . . Errol Flynn’s reason for not staying with the “Jane Eyre” play—“Mr. Hartford (the producer) regards the dialogue as sacred as the Koran, immortal and unchangeable.” Errol adds that it was unspeakable too. He is being sued now for half a million dollars for the walk-out. . . .

When Jerry Lewis and Donald O’Connor met in the X-ray Room at a local hospital.

continued on page 55
by Hedvig Angelikis, Fashion Artist

HOW TO START to learn fashion drawing? Practice with "stick figures." This will help you get a natural lifelike pose. In the first figure above, the heavy line indicates the spine—the pivot of action. Remember that the fashion figure is very tall and slim. These pointers—and many more—are given in the Fashion Illustration textbook supplied to students of Art Instruction, Inc., world's largest home study art school.

For men and women with talent and training, the expanding field of fashion art offers exciting work. You can prepare for this field, or any other type of commercial art, right at home in your spare time.

Professional artists at Art Instruction, Inc. will tutor you by mail. This school has been teaching commercial art for over forty years. Many of its former students are now earning from $150 a week to over $50,000 a year in art. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with Art Instruction, Inc. No other school has so large a group of commercial artists among its former students.

If you like to draw, and are intrigued by the idea of an art career, train for it!

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION, personal guidance, is given each student of Art Instruction, Inc. You follow step-by-step lesson assignments based on the illustrated art textbooks that come with your course.

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The Geisha Boy

SOMEWHERE in Technicolor Japan, there must be a Japanese maiden who isn’t delightfully submissive, or a Japanese child who isn’t particularly appealing, or a Japanese father who isn’t wise beyond the wisdom of the ages. Definitely, they aren’t in this latest Jerry Lewis sentimental journey. As a magician with the USO, entertaining troops in the Pacific, Jerry makes fast friends with little Robert Hirano, an orphan in search of a father. His aunt, Nobu McCarthy, is an appealing smidgin of Oriental femininity. And grandfather Sessue Hayakawa looks inscrutable in a paternal sort of way. Jerry takes to this traditional Hollywood concept of Japan like a soy sauce to sukiyaki. In doubling in the dad bit for Robert, Jerry just about loses his job but has a consolation prize in Nobu. One of those surprise packages where all sorts of unexpected wacky things bombard the screen, including a crazy rabbit, Harry, talented enough to be an Actors Studio graduate. (Paramount.)

The Doctor’s Dilemma

A MID all the elegance of the turn of the century, invalid Dirk Bogarde provides an interesting study of a scoundrel inching his way toward the grave. Overseeing this rake’s progress are Leslie Caron, his talented, devoted wife, and a stalwart collection of medical men: Alistair Sim, Robert Morley and Felix Aylmer. It is Sim, first attracted to Leslie, who decides to take the Bogarde case and pool his medical findings with his colleagues. Because of the invalid’s charm and persuasiveness, he manages to convince the doctors that he’s an excellent financial risk despite his illness. Eastman color makes the trappings more appealing and highlights the setting for this George Bernard Shaw idea of a grand joke. (MGM.)

The Journey

IN these times when ideals are truly being tested, one often wonders which would survive: decency and honor, or cunning and ruthlessness. Lady Deborah Kerr finds herself the unexpected player in an alternately chilling and heated chess game of wits with Russian communist officer Yul Brynner. One of the airplanes’ passengers stranded at the Budapest airport when the Hungarians revolted against communist enslavement, Deborah and others are held for further questioning. Ironically, the terror reaches its peak after the group is transported to a small Hungarian town a short distance from the Austrian border and freedom.

Up Periscope

A YARN about a World War II submarine starring Edmond O’Brien as a skipper concerned with the safety of his ship and crew. and James Garner, a Naval Intelligence officer determined that his mission be carried out at all costs. Garner’s job means landing on a Japanese-held island, and photographing the enemy’s secret code. As you can well imagine, there’s many a slip twixt the sub and the Nip. An attack by Japanese planes detours Garner on a dangerous underwater repair session. Next, a Japanese destroyer all but demolishes what
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OVERRULED—Joanne Woodward wanted to name her April-due baby Quentin, if a girl, because that's the name of the girl she portrays in "The Sound And The Fury." But husband Paul Newman would have none of it; he has convinced Joanne that a girl-child should be named Eleanor Theresa for her two grandmas. If a boy, they agree he'll be James Joshua. Joanne was on a very strict diet to maintain her figure as the 17-year-old Quentin. "Now I'm beginning to enjoy my pregnancy," sighed she when the filming finished and she could eat what she wanted without worrying about weight. The baby will be born in New York, where Paul will be starring in a Broadway play.

DEE-DOLL—Sandra Dee, now 16, pretty and starting to date, is still not beyond liking a unique doll. At the end of production on "The Wild And The Innocent," her co-star Audie Murphy gave her a doll that is really different. It's Sandra! He had the make-up and wardrobe departments at Universal-International copy just the way she looks in the film and transfer it to the doll. If you'll pardon the expression, she was delighted with her Dee-doll. Since Sandra must still go to school and makes one film after another, she doesn't have much time for dates but Sal Mineo and John Wilder, along with some non-pro boys, keep telephoning and trying to see her when she does have time off.

SAME JOAN—We've told you about a "new" Joan Collins several times before and probably will continue to, for this is a girl who loves to go through "phases." Right now she's on an "I've discovered books" kick and is turning down dates. For a while she was on a glamour kick, then a date-every-night, and so on, back and forth. Now, it's books. You'll see another "new" side of Joan—and this for sure—in "Rally Round The Flag, Boys," in which she does a fine comedy job. She admits her close friends, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, talked her into tackling the comedy role, even though she had misgivings about it. Joan also says her association with the Newmans has given her a new goal for marriage. "I want one just like theirs; it's unusual in Hollywood. They are completely sufficient unto themselves."

GOOD FRIENDS—Since Diane Varsi's, new little Volkswagen was smashed to bits by a five-ton truck in a freak accident, John Gabriel has been driving her in his car. John and Diane both go to Jeff Corey's acting classes. "No romance," she says. John has also been dating another Diane—Baker.

REALLY?—Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell have individually denied that their dates are serious but we saw them give each other a very tender greeting outside the 20th commissary. And they have been dating.

NEW YORKER—Lee Remick and her husband, Bill Colleran of TV, are returning to New York for the arrival of their baby, too. Lee and Bill still consider Manhattan their home and maintain their...
ALTHOUGH they’re betrothed, many doubt Sacha Diestel and Brigitte Bardot will wed.

apartment there. Just before they left for the East, Lee told us she never craved pickles and ice cream during her pregnancy, but she had a wild, unaccountable hankering for gooey brownies and 7-Up.

TURNABOUT—Bob Wagner isn’t the only teacher in the Wagner-Wood house. We told you he’s been giving Natalie swimming lessons, and in return, she’s now coaching him in his song and dance routines which he’ll use in “Say One For Me.”

RUMBLINGS—Chums are concerned about the Keely Smith-Louis Prima marriage and hope it won’t blow up. These two top recording and night club stars have just made their first feature film together, “Hey Boy, Hey Girl.” They have two little girls and until recently their marriage was regarded as “ideal.”

ROCK MUM—Rock Hudson is really being the cagey one about dating. What a secret! If you ask him about it, he grins ingratiatingly and asks “Are you kidding?” just the way Clark Gable used to dismiss questions he didn’t choose to answer. So who can take umbrage? Only new thing we learned about Rock when we saw him recently is that he’s on a new food kick for lunch. He used to be a steak and potatoes man. Then he went through a phase of eating a big bowl of chili with a large plate of cottage cheese every day for lunch. Now he starts with chopped chicken liver and has broiled fish as his main lunch dish. At least he’s not static!

HIDDEN CHARM—Platinum blonde Stella Stevens gets her first important role in “Say One For Me.” The director, Frank Tashlin, a very talented photographer-hobbyist, decided to shoot some stills of Stella to prove that a gal can look sexy “all covered up,” without benefit of plunging neckline or Bikini. What pictures he got, without cleavage, without cheesecake! When Stella is serious she looks continued on page 38

LADIES Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

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WHY THE CARY GRANTS CALLED IT QUILTS

Outwardly the epitome of male charm and "savoir faire," inwardly Cary is a man given to moods who could just prefer to "go it alone."

IT MAY COST Cary Grant, the Man With the Glossy Charm, more than two million dollars to learn that he does not seem to have enough charm to stay married. A colossal kind of severance pay, this, but reputedly it is what Betsy Drake, Grant's third wife, is expecting as a settlement. The actual terms: One million dollars in cash and 20 per cent of Cary's earnings for the next ten years, whether or not Betsy remaries.

For a couple who find it painful to share the same roof but still dine gaily together almost nightly, it is indeed a strange sort of parting. But the Grants' nine-year try at matrimony was in itself a hapless one that had Hollywood wondering why they ever said "I do."

For months, the marriage has been rumored withering at the roots. Even so, the final parting was a tragedy that enveloped them both: Cary, the everlasting charmer who has tried marriage three times, and the shy, introspective Betsy Drake, whose one and only marriage, despite all her feverish hopes, had come to a barren end.

Only a handful of evasive words marked the final separation, yet the announcement, for all its polite reticence, saddened all the couple's friends.

"After careful consideration and long discussion," the bare-boned statement read, "we have decided to live apart. We have had, and shall always have, the deepest respect for each other. But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we expected.

"There are no plans for divorce, and we ask only that our statement be respected as complete, and our friends to be patient with, and understanding of, our decision."

Was it Cary's fault, or Betsy's, that they could never seem to attain "the happiness they fully expected and mutually desired?" Or was there still another reason, as people had continued on page 50

"MARRIAGE has not brought us the happiness we expected," Grants announced upon parting.
Dodo in Yankeelnd

On location in New England for "That Jane From Maine," Doris had more than one surprise at the hands of the local citizenry

With that lettuce-crisp flair no else can quite imitate, Doris Day walked into the little New England dry goods store in Chester, Connecticut.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" The elderly shopkeeper peered at her over the top of his glasses as he leaned across the old-fashioned counter.

Doris said she'd like to buy some warm woolen—er—lingerie. You know the kind. Form-fitting...knee-length. ...just the thing to keep the sharp nip of New England from nibbling at a Southern Californian accustomed to the almost year-around soft warmth of a semi-tropical sun.

The purchase completed, Doris took her package and left. But a few days later she got a report of the follow-up conversation that took place in the store.

"That girl reminds me of someone," the shopkeeper had said to a woman customer who'd been looking at dress patterns when Doris came in.

"Naturally," replied the woman, who had kept a keen but discreet eye on the transaction.

The merchant pondered a moment. "I know," he decided. "She looks like Doris Day."

"She is Doris Day," snapped the customer impatiently. "Going to make a movie, right here in Chester. Mean to say you haven't read about it?"


He did, too. Later, when actual filming started on Columbia's "That Jane From Maine," he invited Doris to use the back room of his little store as her own private haven from the hurly-burly of shooting in and around Chester during the company's more than two-month location there.

He had tea and privacy waiting for her every day, and Doris often and gratefully took advantage of his thoughtful hospitality.

His consideration was typical of the whole town's attitude toward her. No wonder she loved every minute of her stay in the Nutmeg State.

Doris says that if her schedule would permit and she could have her way, she'd be spending the holiday season with her family in a certain house in Connecticut between Deep River and Essex, on the river road near Chester.

"It would be like living in a Christmas card," Doris sparkled. Queen of this Christmas card realm back when it was the springtime setting for "That Jane From Maine."

continued on page 16
Doris found in New England a Court of Connecticut Yankees who were, in her words, “just great.”

While she was “Down East,” Doris failed to come across any evidence supporting the legend of bleak New Englanders stonily cold to outsiders. The men knocked themselves out, going over and beyond the call of duty to be helpful. The women came up with those little—and big—gestures that show a new neighbor she’s a welcome addition to the community. And the kids did more than their share also to let the pretty “foreigner” from Hollywood know that she was in friendly territory.

Taking a breather for lunch at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby during a recent hat-buying spree, Doris said, “Finding the location in the first place was a long, hard problem. We must have cruised through the whole of Connecticut looking for a typical Maine town.”

That’s right. Hollywood shopped for Maine in Connecticut. Not on a screwball whim, but for reasons having to do with budgets, weather charts, proximity to New York, and other practical matters that are all a very definite part of the making of glamour entertainment.

“Finally,” Doris went on, “our director, Dick Quine, said, ‘You leave this location scouting to me.’ He hired a car and driver and sent back daily reports—all positively negative. Then one day Dick got a hunch. It was like an angel sitting on his shoulder. Anyhow, something told him when to have the driver turn left, right—go up, down—cut past one highway to take another.

“Like a homing pigeon, he arrived at the ideal spot. There, in the middle of Connecticut, he found plenty of Maine hills and flowing water. Everything we needed. Chester couldn’t have been more perfect if it had been designed and built by Hollywood experts.”

With the location once established, the large crew came on from Hollywood to Hartford, where they had room to spread out. Doris, however, was still roofless and desperately in need of finding a place to set up housekeeping—quick.

A LOCAL real estate man dropped all other business to give the project his full time, and after days of futile search he discovered that beautiful house in its greeting card setting. The house was all lovely fieldstone and pale coral-colored wood, and it had its own road right on the Connecticut River.

There was only one drawback. The house’s architect-owner, who worked in New York, lived in it with his wife four days a week. He wouldn’t dream of renting their dream home. The real estate man pleaded. The architect was firm. Then the rental agent got a brain-storm.

“Joe,” he said, “do you ever go to the movies?”
Chester, Conn., and it's a tribute to her popularity that her hosts didn't want her to leave

All the nice things fan magazines had been saying about Doris Day were true, the people of Chester found out when they met her.

"Of course I do. I go quite often," answered the architect. "Do you ever go to any Doris Day movies?"
"Oh, sure. Never miss 'em. She's a favorite of ours."
"Well, it's Doris Day who wants to rent your house."
Joe went into a quick huddle with his wife Mo (short for Mozelle), and they gave in without a struggle. As a bonus for his efforts, the real estate man got a bit part in the picture, an unexpected reward he enjoyed more than he did getting his handsome commission.
"Joe and Mo were wonderful," Doris said. "They made no reservations when they let us have their house. They even offered us the key to their well-stocked liquor cabin!"
Since Doris and her household are non-drinkers, the key couldn't have been in safer hands. But Joe and Mo didn't know that at the time they made their generous gesture.
More important to Doris was the fact that the couple trustingly left in their customary places all their finest china, linens and art objects—the things that give a house personality and home-like charm. Needless to say, when Doris turned the place back to its owners, everything was ship-shape. Not even a cup was chipped.
Joe and Mo made only one condition when their tenants from Hollywood took over. "You must take care of our animals," they warned.
"I looked around for a dog or cat, but that wasn't what they meant," said Doris. "They took us down to the basement and showed us where they stored grain and raw, unroasted peanuts and things like that in big tin bins. Their animals were all kinds of wild life.

"So every day we faithfully filled certain window sills from the basement supplies, and we had whole families of birds, chipmunks and woodchucks collecting their meals at our hands. I think they depend on us for their winter supplies, too, because the chipmunks especially used to pop two or three extra nuts into each little cheek pouch when they took off from their daily feasts.
"At night, before going to bed, we'd turn off the lights and look out our big picture windows to watch the paddle boats plying up and down the river. We were so close it seemed at those times as if we ourselves were afloat on a houseboat, far away from everything and everybody connected with a landlubber's life.
"We kept binoculars on hand all the time and got pretty good at identifying the wild life along the river. We even made friends with some of the snakes—harmless ones, like water snakes. Yes, honestly. Now don't look so horrified," Doris reproached me. "They're very cute when they come out of the water onto dry land to sunbathe."
Doris, however, had very little spare time on the Connecticut

continued on page 57
TV's "Richard Diamond," David Janssen, recently took a wife and together they've built a love nest.
Private life of a private eye

SCULPTURE and painting are two of Mrs. Janssen's hobbies and here she demonstrates fine art of making a statuette for David.

SCRIPT of David's show causes Ellie to smile. Ellie moved into David's bachelor quarters after marriage.

PUTTING finishing touches on one of her paintings, Ellie works under close scrutiny of her mate.
A notion about Tina who hates being rushed by ardent Romeos.
For over-amorous males easily incited
by Tina's come-on curves and sultry
looks, here's a message that will save
you trouble: Look—but don't touch

by TINA LOUISE

THE TWO men getting their noontime suntan outside a Paramount Studio
sound stage watched the tall girl in tight jeans and blue sweater swing around the corner
and disappear, her heel-less scuffs flapping rhythmically.

"Wow, that Tina Louise!" wolf-whistled Suntanner Number One. "Sexiest gal in town."

"Sure is," agreed the other. "She sure is." And they reluctantly reentered the sound stage.

At lunch a few minutes later, Tina, in one sentence, both confirmed and rejected the
nomination given her.

"I'm a very physical person," she said with surprising frankness, "but it's a man's mind
that attracts me first."

Mebbe so. Mebbe so. But it certainly isn't Tina's mind that men have on their
minds when they first meet her. That's where they make their big mistake.

Poor guys! They have no way of knowing that Tina's fantastic figure, with its
come-on curves, is only window dressing. Okay to look at—discreetly—but mustn't touch.
Her beautiful face may be like an invitation. But woe to the wolf who fails to find out
if there's an R.S.V.P. behind those involuntarily seductive green eyes before he makes
his first pass.

Tina's problem is that she sincerely wants to get married, yet she has to arrive at this
goal of all girls strictly on her own terms. Meanwhile, she won't tolerate anyone
shopping around her person. Nothing "on approval."

Ever since coming to Hollywood to make "The Trap" with Richard Widmark, Tina has
been a target for most of the town's short-term Romes. But they've not had a chance
to come anywhere near firing range. These playboys, whose pampered egos feed
on romantic conquest, have been getting the surprise of their lives. At least one of them
may be permanently scarred—in the ego, that is—by his experience with Tina.

"We had been introduced by a mutual friend and made a date to go dinner dancing,
a thing I don't do very often, especially when I'm working," she said. "I had just finished
dressing when he arrived, and I held out my hand to welcome him in. But I guess he'd
never heard of shaking hands with a girl. Naturally, we were still quite a few hours away
from the good-night kiss, something which may or may not be part of a first date. That
continued on page 23
Not that Tina's coldly averse to romance, but playboys who...
merely want to "physicalize" are in for a surprise: in back of Tina's mind is a wedding march

depends on a lot of things—like mutual impulse and consent.

"Anyhow, this character was all set to start our first date with a good-evening kiss. When I pulled back, he acted as if that was part of a routine, and went right ahead—cave man style. I'm a big strong girl, he's a big strong man, and the only casualty was my little bead necklace which got caught in his cuff link during the scuffle.

"Thirty seconds later, I said an icy, kissless good-night and slammed the door shut. Twenty minutes after that I was eating scrambled eggs—alone—in front of my television set."

Tina, as you can plainly tell from all this, is no girl to go along with the "me man. . . you woman. . . zowie!" approach of a Tarzan.

At the time we talked, she hadn't gone out in Hollywood since the abortive occasion. First, because she doesn't like to do much dating when she's in the midst of a heavy shooting schedule, and she's been busy making "The Hangman" at Paramount, where she's under contract to do five films. Second, because, as she put it baldly, "Nobody's asked me. At least nobody whose invitation I'd care to accept."

It would be ridiculous to assume from any of this that Tina is coldly averse to romance. She reacts as she does precisely because she is romantic.

"If men would only give it a try," declared Hollywood's newest sex symbol, "they'd realize that conversation is a better way to build up a romantic atmosphere than any amount of strong-arming. That's why I like articulate men who are capable of showing good judgment. I find them mostly among creative people like writers, painters—anyone who is artistic.

I THINK there is more stimulating vitality in a strong intelligence than in strong muscles. And I like men with imagination. They're sensitive to the importance of setting the scene for romance. They know how to suggest a mood and build it up like an exciting piece of music or a beautifully written love story. Then, at the right time, under the right circumstances, everything falls into place—including the girl!"

Tina has met many men who might have interested her if continued on page 69

INTELLIGENCE and sensitivity are qualities Tina prefers in men to muscles. She finds them most of all among writers and artists.

"I DON'T feel flattered when men take my personal measure by my physical measurements. Men who do are not marriage-minded."
No time for marriage

Working 15 hours a day on his “Perry Mason” TV series, Raymond Burr has had to put aside thoughts of wooing and winning a mate

By JERRY ASHER

Discerning Raymond Burr looked serious—deadly serious. Behind those penetrating blue eyes, however, there was a smile—a smile provoked by his own wry amusement, as he recalled a recent event that epitomizes the current state of his singular life.

“Naturally, there’s a lady in the case,” observed the energetic star of CBS-TV’s “Perry Mason” series. “She was a very fascinating lady, one who enjoys a most popular position in Hollywood. I guess I lost my head! Translated—that means I was optimistic enough to believe I could make a date a week in advance and keep it.

“Heaven knows that was my intention and I planned accordingly. A choice table for two was reserved, flowers were duly dispatched and I eagerly looked forward to escaping from my daily sound stage incarceration. Filming an hour-long television show each week is a tremendous task, the demands are endless and there are even disheartening moments when you feel like you’ve lost all contact with the outside world.

“On this particular day there were many unexpected interruptions and additional chores. By six that evening, and I had been up since dawn, I knew I was going to be an hour late for my date. So I called to apologize and explain. Then I had to call every hour to say I would still be delayed another hour, until finally when I called close to midnight the lady said ‘now it is too late’ and indeed it was! It was also too late to hope for another date at a more propitious time.

“I must say she was gracious enough to disguise her annoyance, but why should anyone in her position have to be subjected to this routine! Had she been my wife she might have been equally displeased, but at least she’d have been conditioned to accept it as par for our marital course. On second thought, perhaps I should put it this way. A wife should be conditioned to accept it, but trying to find such a rare creature under these circumstances, makes marriage a pretty hazardous proposition, don’t you think?”

Occasionally, very occasionally, you’ll come across an eligible bachelor who prefers to be married, but shies away from prevalent pitfalls that beset Hollywood marriage. Raymond Burr is such a man. A thoughtful, intelligent man who is unselfish in his thinking, he eyes the situation objectively and this in itself is a rarity in these parts. It’s

continued on page 26
Though he would prefer to be married, Raymond is resigned to remaining single until he has the time to make a go of marriage.

been conceded, with exception, that Hollywood husbands, despite their obvious appeal, fail in being the best husband material. The very nature of their work rules out normal routine and discourages acceptance and, generally speaking, their self-engrossment leaves little time and less inclination for observing the basic principles of marriage. Raymond may or may not possess the solution, but by being keenly aware, it makes him doubly anxious to safeguard future failure in marriage.

“It is not my intention, nor do I feel qualified, to launch into a lengthy discourse on Hollywood marriage, as such,” says TV’s world famous lawyer-sleuth, “and to the contrary, having been married before makes me just vulnerable enough to believe that marriage in any town, under any circumstances, is pretty much a personal issue that exists between two people. However, we all know that Hollywood does present a highly individual set of standards and circumstances that influence personal and private lives. But I repeat, I can only sit in judgment on one life—my own!

“It’s true that I would like to be married and after this series is over, perhaps I can take time to find someone. So far I haven’t met anyone and with an average 15-hour workday schedule, I hardly think it’s probable to plan it for some Sunday afternoon between 2:30 and 5:30 when I happen to be free! For the sake of making my point, however, let’s stretch our imagination and believe that the dream girl does exist. When would we go through the period of courtship which is very important to a woman especially—and to marriage? And when would we have time to get the marriage license?”

As he talked, Raymond Burr paced the floor of his three-room “home” on the old Sunset-Western Fox Studio lot. After a series of unavoidable delays, including his siege in the hospital which set production behind schedule, he had finally found some free time at lunch (consisting of one glass of orange juice) for our visit. Amiable Bill Swan’s (his secretary) office guarded the entrance leading into the large living room, which featured a king-size bed that refused to be squeezed through the narrow door leading into a bedroom. There was a bath, dining alcove, kitchenette and a sprinkling of personal possessions that served to relieve the monotony of studio decor. As Raymond continued to patrol his beat, he appraised the room with a meaningful look and gesticulated.

“Literally speaking, I stay in this place at least five days a week. Last night we worked until nine and by then I was

continued on page 56

Since the "Perry Mason" series began, Raymond has become a kind of social hermit, sometimes must pass up his own parties.

Even if he could meet the right girl, Raymond contends, he’d be unable to devote enough time to his marriage to make it work.
"Imitation of life"
Lana's first movie since her tragedy last summer is a bold drama of love and racial conflict.

*EYES* on a co-worker, Lana is very attentive as she prepares to go before the cameras on location site.

**CO-STAR** John Gavin and Lana run through a scene before shooting. Gavin is love interest in U-I film.

*LANA* gets ready for the cameras. She plays a brilliant stage actress who has little time for her daughter or for marriage. 

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*continued on page 30*
Sandra Dee, Lana Turner's teenage daughter in film, enjoys joke off-camera. With her is Juanita Moore, who plays a maid.

Listening intently to directions for a scene is Susan Kohner, who portrays a beautiful Negro girl trying to pass as a white.
During filming of "Imitation Of Life" there were both light and serious moments for the cast.
PAUL NEWMAN SAYS:

"I'm no rebel"

Paul's not a "yes" man but neither is he a "no" man; he does what he thinks is right, be it "yes" or "no"

By NANCY ANDERSON

THERE'S NO understanding Paul Newman. Just when you think you have him figured, he does a switch. He's a contradiction, a dilemma... pleased to be displeased... rebelling against rebellion... so loyal to his own standards that he doesn't recommend them for anybody else, not even his own children.

"Would I want my daughter to marry a fellow like me? Would I want my son to be as I am?" Paul stared intently ahead. His brilliantly blue eyes seemed to probe the future.

"Well, those are hard questions. Would I want my child to have my point of view? Who am I to say what he should believe?" His voice was reflective as he considered the problem. He was thinking, perhaps, of his unborn child expected in April. And then, suddenly, all reflection exploded in a good-humored roar.

"What I want to know," Paul asked, "is what's wrong with my point of view? Why shouldn't I want my daughter to marry a fellow like me? Why not?"

And then he laughed.

"Oh sure," he said, "I know what you're thinking. Things you've heard... I'm a rebel, at war with the world, hard to get along with, but there's nothing to that. Actually, I'm a very amiable fellow. I don't know where people get any other idea."

However, it's not easy to see Paul Newman.

decided on page 34
"I don’t do much in the way of publicity," he frankly says. In fact, he vigorously denies that an actor is public property obligated to give countless and personal interviews. But, on the other hand, when he does begin to talk, there are no holds barred. Paul converses with wit and honesty. He says what he thinks and nothing is "off the record."

As an actor, he’s loyal to the art of acting and to his own artistic integrity, not to a studio, to Hollywood, or even to the motion picture industry. His occasional thrusts at studios, producers and directors are the foundation of his reputation as a rebel. He’s not a "yes" man. Because he wants artistic perfection, and perfection’s impossible, Paul is at war with his colleagues and, more tirelessly, with himself.

"I GUESS," he remarks conversationally, "that I sometimes seem irritable and impatient. There are so many idiots in the entertainment business."

"Really, the greatest work being done in Hollywood today is being done by the technical people. Did you know that? "Studios have operated too long on the assumption that movies can’t afford enemies. They’re always afraid that they’ll anger this group or that group. In life, a person with no enemies has no character. You can’t stand for something and not make somebody mad. Motion pictures have been so indifferent that they’re characterless. Sure, there are some good pictures being made but not nearly so many as should be."

And if Paul opposes what he considers top brass idiocy, he fights an even grimmer battle with himself and one which he doesn’t ever expect to win.

"A person is successful," he believes, "when he’s satisfied with himself and with what he’s done. And I’m not satisfied." Co-workers know this is true. On the set, in spite of his publicized tiffs with executives, Paul is pleasant and often teasing. He jokes with the cast and with technicians. He’s fun. But inwardly he’s dogged by a drive that knows no rest.

"You know what he did the other day?" asked one of the crew working on "The Philadelphian," Paul’s new picture. "He asked to rehearse a test scene. The success of the scene meant nothing to him. Good or bad, he had nothing to gain or lose. It was a test to see whether or not another fellow would get a part in the picture. But Paul asked to rehearse, because he can’t stand to do a second-rate job, even in a test. That’s how he is."

Recently a friend, a director whom he admires, wrote to Paul congratulating him upon his performance.
he is as dull as the consistent conformist. Personally, I don’t particularly like such rebels"

“But,” said the letter, “I know you’re not happy. You wouldn’t be happy with your performance if you won 40 Oscars. Paul, I’m not asking you to get happy, but, boy, you should learn to enjoy your misery.”

That’s what Paul is doing, enjoying his misery. He’s displeased with himself and his achievement . . . and glad of it! “I don’t want to be completely satisfied,” he admits. “I’d have no place to go then. Now this gets into pretty deep psychology but I believe the man who has everything . . . several big cars, a swimming pool, total financial security . . . is actually less willing to go out and fight for an ideal like freedom or something nebulous than the fellow who’s at the bottom. The man at the bottom is still full of drive. He’s on his way. He has somewhere to go, and he’s used to fighting.

“Sometimes,” he grimaces, “the case seems hopeless. You work hard and then everything you’ve worked for conspires against you.

“You get into the high income bracket, make buckets of money, and then you’re trapped by a standard of living that’s ridiculously high. Then one day you face a terrible realization. You know you don’t want to make this picture. You don’t want to do that script. But you have to because the mortgage payment is due. Acting becomes a chore. You’re trapped.”

Paul’s irritation with Hollywood has drawn the critical attention of other actors. For example, a trade paper reporter called him recently and told him that Jimmy Stewart had termed Paul a “New York actor” whose attitude toward Hollywood was unbecoming if not downright ungrateful.

“Would Mr. Newman comment?” the reporter asked.

Would Paul comment? He would indeed.

“In the first place,” says Paul, “I’m not a New York actor any more than I’m a Hollywood actor or a television actor, or a stage actor, or a motion picture actor. I’m an actor. That’s all. I can act anywhere I please, in New York, on television, or on the street corner, with opportunity.

“There’s not this kind of actor and that kind of actor, depending on location. There are just actors.

“And, as for being rebellious, I’m not that either. There’s nothing more monotonous than the professional rebel. He’s as dull as the consistent conformist. The only difference is that the conformist always says ‘yes’ and goes along with the crowd, and the rebel always says ‘no’. Do you really think I’m like that?

I SIMPLY stick to my own standards as opposed to the phoney ones I encounter here and there. A long time ago, actors were allowed to be temperamental . . . expected to be. Then temperament went out of style. It was during the war, I believe, when efficiency was the big thing. Everybody had to work together without a hitch.

“Now if I speak out against some false value, I’m called a non-conformist or rebellious. Personally, I don’t particularly like rebels. I stand for what I believe is right, and if it’s not in line with some phoney idea, I’m not rebelling just because I can’t alter my position. The way it works out, I’m with the crowd part of the time and against the crowd the rest of it.

“If a person is consistently on the popular side or consistently against it, he’s unnatural. The picture I’m making now, ‘The Philadelphian,’ sort of spells that out. It shows how a guy can be a big hero one day, a stupid fool the next, and a good Joe the next. That’s life.”

Paul values independence so highly that he doesn’t even think the world should conform to his pattern.

continued on page 64

Because he wants artistic perfection and perfection’s impossible, Paul is often at odds with his colleagues and always with himself.
EVA MARIE SAINT'S

Teenage crisis

From her darkest hour in high school, Eva Marie learned two lessons that have helped to carry her all through life.

She wondered if she were shaking outwardly. Her cheeks felt hot... her hands cold... and, inwardly, fear and rage churned in wracking combination. Surely she must be trembling.

Deliberately, Eva Marie Saint stood a little straighter. Nothing, so long as she lived, could ever be worse than this.

"You're wrong and cruel to say such things about me," she cried to the girls who had been her friends. "I don't know why you are doing this to me, but I won't stand for it. I won't be treated this way. Goodbye."

And 15-year-old Eva Marie, hurt, frightened, and alone, rushed out of the high school sorority meeting and out, she feared, of high school social life forever.

The whole episode, she thinks, as she looks back on it today, arose from a trifling matter, but out of it she learned an important lesson. No trouble is ever too big to surmount. There'll he tomorrow, no matter how dark today. And this knowledge has given Eva Marie calm and strength whenever pressures threaten to overwhelm her.

Eva Marie, daughter of prosperous and affectionate parents, was a serious child who made good grades, played the violin, and plunged wholeheartedly into school activities.

True, her high school drama teacher discouraged her theatrical interests when she said, "My dear, you simply have no talent." But Eva Marie was a cheerleader, played basketball, and won a trophy for track.

"I still have it," she said with a smile. "I won a compass."

Socially, she was successful, too, in that she was invited to join a high school sorority.

Continued on page 38
EVA MARIE'S home is her surest refuge from trouble. In private life, she's Mrs. Jeffrey Hayden and mother of Darrell and Laurette.

photos by Frank Bee, Globe
And in her sorority, as elsewhere, she tried her best to be dependable and valuable.

The crisis arose just before a dance. Eva Marie had been assigned to a committee to decorate for the occasion and had, as usual, worked hard.

"But," she remembers, when the sorority met, one of the girls accused me of loafing and not doing as much as I should have. And, worst of all, everyone believed her, everyone but my best friend.

"It may seem silly that I got so upset about such a little thing, but the unfairness of the situation sickened me. I'd worked so hard. I was proud of my record for dependability, and the very girl who accused me had been standing around talking with some boys while I was fulfilling my obligation.

"In spite of being cheerleader. I was really a quiet girl who disliked arguments. But I felt that if I didn't defend myself this time, there'd be no justice anywhere."

Eva Marie can't remember just what she said, but she does remember that the other girls were astounded by her vehemence, and, when she darted out of the meeting, she felt sure she'd be read out of the group.

"All the way home," she recalls, "my great emotion was surprise. I was shocked that I'd been accused and that I'd been deserted by my friends. And I was surprised at myself. How had I ever made such a scene? I was certain I'd ruined my high school career.

"By the time I got home, though, I was sick with misery. The amazement had worn off. I rushed into my room and cried the rest of the day."

Eva Marie's father was a Quaker whose gentle philosophy has shaped her own point of view, but, for a calm and peace-loving man, he could show considerable fight.

He believed strongly in standing for the right in spite of all odds, and he consoled his daughter with pride.
"If you were right, if an injustice were being done, you did the proper thing to defend yourself," he said. "You were very brave, and you must always do what you believe is right, no matter what friends you lose."

Eva Marie's mother had consistently told her daughters, "Do the best you can, and no one can expect more of you," and she gently gave encouragement to her sobbing child with the familiar reminder:

"Remember, dear, when you've done your best, you can do no more, and there's no need to worry."

But Eva Marie did worry. She dreaded going to school the next day. She cringed at the thought of meeting her sorority sisters in the halls. She could imagine what had been said about her after she left the meeting, and she could foresee a lonely year, cast out of the circle she'd enjoyed.

"Compared with really big troubles," she recounts, thinking back to her darkest high school day, "I had no trouble at all. But to a girl 15 years old, it's a horrible thing to be cut off from her group. It meant a great deal to me to be liked and accepted, and since I'd never had any trouble before, I was panic-stricken."

The story has a happy ending, though. The sorority members decided they'd treated Eva Marie unfairly and begged her to join them again. She was delighted, and all friendships were mended within a short time.

"Ever since, though," she says, "I've relied on lessons I learned through the dance-decoration crisis. First, no matter how bad things seem, I can look back to a time when they seemed just as hopeless, and I know I survived."

"I learned, too, that if I do what I believe is right, I can do no more, and worry won't help."

PRESSURE can be a very destructive thing. I believe I made good grades in school, because I wasn't under pressure. If I were doing my best, nobody expected more, and, as a result, I did better than some students who were working toward goals that were impossible to reach.

"My parents were very understanding and our home was very happy. Mother enjoyed her family and garden more than club work or parties, and it was always a joy to me to get home. I'm sure my happy childhood has affected my entire life. It helped me develop important, inner resources."

And these resources served Eva Marie well. For, though her home life was pressure free, she encountered outside all the problems that beset most girls.

"I was," she relates, "what's known as a 'nice' girl. I didn't park and pet, and I didn't drink or tell dirty jokes. To me, such things were distasteful because, I expect, of my home background.

"But I worried, because I was 'nice'. Boys and girls thought..."
He was a dashing hero in the grand tradition whose name evoked an essence of romance and a flair for joie de vivre that is part of a passing era.

"Here is my journey's end..."—Othello

As a dedicated boyish would-be actor, Tyrone Power repeatedly heard his distinguished actor father speak these words on Shakespearean tours throughout the country.

On November 15, 1958, in far-off Madrid, on a sound stage, Tyrone Power, at 44, came to his own journey's end. "I can't go on; I'm sorry," he whispered to co-star George Sanders during the filming of a fierce duelling scene in the lavish Biblical spectacle, "Solomon And Sheba." And within an hour Ty was dead, the victim of a heart attack.

"Poor Ty," said Sanders. "His heart was weary, and we didn't know it. Part of his weariness stemmed from his nightly preparations for a Thanksgiving show he planned for lonely American Air Force personnel in Madrid."

Ironically, the handsome screen and stage star had filmed an appeal for aid in the battle against heart disease just before he left Hollywood. Thoughtfully looking at an hour-glass, Tyrone said, "Time, like the sand, runs out all too soon for many millions of us because of a health enemy." And millions of shocked and grieving fans all over the world believe that time ran out too soon for the creator of dozens of memorable screen roles—the swashbuckler of "Mark Of Zorro" . . . Jesse James and Eddy Duchin . . . the bullfighter in "Blood And Sand" . . . the lost soul seeker of "The Razor's Edge" . . . the conquistador of "Captain From Castile" . . . Hemingway's hero in "The Sun Also Rises."

The perfect picture of an adventurous hero on the screen, it became a question where Ty Power's romantic screen character left off and his personal life began.

continued on page 42
He was born into a family of actors from whom he inherited...
a dedication to acting that gave him stature from the beginning, no matter what role he played

Restlessly, almost urgently, he became a world wanderer, virtually deserting the movie colony where he had acquired his fame and fortune. Yet Hollywood still considered him one of her handsomest, most talented sons, a hero in the grand tradition, superbly good-looking yet undeniably manly—an actor who could play the most romantic and dashing of film roles and still remain completely believable.

During the years, some of Hollywood’s most famous beauties were attracted by Power’s striking tall, slim figure, his gracious manners and his worldly charm: Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Eva Gabor. Married and divorced from French actress Annabella and Mexican-born Linda Christian, he’d shared only a few months of happiness with his third wife, a statuesque 26-year-old Mississippi divorcee, Deborah Montgomery Minardos, who expects a child in February. Devoted to his two young daughters by Linda, Ty hoped for the birth of a son to carry on his proud theatrical tradition into the fourth generation.

A serious actor, completely dedicated to his work, Tyrone Power willingly gave up his position as one of Hollywood’s top money-making stars to return to the stage, explaining, “You don’t always do everything for loot, do you?” Many critics felt he reached the peak of his acting career in “John Brown’s Body.” Earlier, during World War II, he had enlisted in the Marines as a private. “Why should I ask for a commission?” he told a friend. “What the hell do I know about being an officer?”

At Tyrone Power’s funeral, his former drill instructor said simply, “He was a good marine!” He was also a generous, gallant gentleman, with manners which would do credit to a diplomat. And because he was a man surcharged with a love of life, he filled it to the brim, before, as Tennyson said, “God’s finger touched him, and he slept.”

“BLOOD AND SAND” (1941): Ty played a bullfighter who had romantic inclinations towards the alluring, sultry Rita Hayworth.

“The Razor’s Edge” (1946): Maugham’s story provided the theme for a memorable film co-starring Ty with Gene Tierney.

“The Eddy Duchin Story” (1956): Ty portrayed the pianist whose life was marred by death of young wife (Kim Novak).
Who's a dumb blonde?

Not the ebullient Ann, who plays a mean piano, runs a successful business, and has time off for thoroughly hilarious behavior on television.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

That Ann Sothern charm, I am happy to say, is still on tap, just like the soda fountain in the patio of Ann's new Bel-Air house, Susie McNamara, or Maisie Revere, or Katy O'Connor of CBS's "Ann Sothern Show," it's still perennial Sothern cooking—a happy, saucy Ann who, on her second time around on TV, says, "I don't want to be different. I just want to be familiar."

Only one thing can get Miss Sothern's dander up (well, perhaps one or two things) and that is, if unthinking visitors stroll into Ann's luxurious white-and-black dressing room on the Desilu lot and take an incautious step towards her beautiful new rug. "Wipe your feet," Ann, the good housekeeper, says, pointing to the array of doormats around. "I want to keep my white rug white."

She's pretty proud of that decorator's-dream dressing room, with its bright red door and black carriage lamp outside. It's the talk of Hollywood. Incidentally, and understandably, Ann aims to see that it remains just that—a home away from home where she can be happy in her work, because "it's so important to have nice things around."

She is, this anything-but-dumb, indestructible blonde from Valley City, North Dakota, delighted about her promotion to the job of managing the plush "Bartley House" which is the locale of her new show. After all those years as a private secretary—remember Susie?—she confesses that she just never learned to type. And as for her having hotel experience... "Well, of course, I've had hotel experience," says Miss Sothern, straight-faced. "I once danced a tango with Conrad Hilton."
A music prodigy who had her own composition performed by the Minneapolis Symphony at 13, Ann has kept up her interest.
“Humor, you’re born with it,” maintains Ann, a natural comedienne with intuitive timing

Suaver and wiser these days is Ann, and though aware that she should be an obedient girl and stick to slimming cottage cheese and lettuce salad, she’s not one to turn away a broiled New York steak, garnished with shoestring potatoes, occasionally. Relishing a dressing room lunch like this with friends recently, Ann said, “Oh, I shouldn’t have eaten so much. That lunch was a killer!” She ate every crumb of it, just the same.

Proud as she is about her achievements on TV, her success as a recording artist, night club entertainer and sharp, sharp business woman, Ann is prouder yet of being related to one Patricia Ann Sterling—a “raving, tearing beauty who just happens to be my daughter.” Patricia—or Tish—is 14, but likes to think of herself as 18. Tish is Ann’s daughter by Robert Sterling (they were divorced some years ago), and she is, as many of Miss Sothern’s friends maintain, the reason for Ann’s being.

I t did not surprise Ann in the least when Tish, approaching her 13th birthday, informed her mother that the one gift she wanted in all the world was an eyelash curler. She got it, of course. As Ann said, “I can remember when I could hardly wait to be ‘old’.”

“I hope I’m an understanding mother, though there are times, I must say, when I don’t quite ‘dig’ all of Tish’s teenage talk. The first time she came home and said she was ‘all shook up,’ I was all shook up. Youngsters today seem to learn about life too early, and I still look on Tish with amazement and amusement. She’s allowed to wear lipstick and medium heels, and right now, her paramount interest is horses and boys. She’s a wonderful rider and has a very indulgent grandfather who gave her a lovely Palomino mare of her own not too long ago. But as for acting, I don’t know. Whatever she chooses will be all right with me.”

Tish is taller than her mother, almost as blonde and looks much like her. The truth is, Ann has tried to discourage her daughter from following in her footsteps. “It’s really a lot of very hard work,” says Ann, “and I don’t think Tish is as dedicated as all that.”

Miss Sothern, of course, would be the first to acknowledge that she truly loves her work. She is not only the star of “The Ann Sothern Show,” but half-owner (with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz), production aide, script-picker, unofficial casting director and self-appointed chief worryer. “The day Katy O’Connor was born,” said an associate, “Ann knew she was astride a million dollar tiger.” When Ann’s top-rated “Private Secretary” series went off the air, it was because she and her former producer had some basic arguments. “It wasn’t worth it,” said Ann, and retired to bank the residuals from past shows. She also filed suit for some $93,000, and demanded an accounting of all funds.

But this was not to be the end of Maisie, or Susie, or even of Ann Sothern. Tempting her suddenly was a hunk of catnip dangled by old friends Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball—

continued on page 67
The problems of being Bing Crosby's Son

Having a famous father, Gary has learned, is not always a one-sided blessing; it also carries its disadvantages

By PEER OPPENHEIMER

"TOO BAD Gary didn't inherit his father's talent," Pat Boone whispered to Christine Carere, on the sidelines of the "Mardi Gras" set.

"Do you think," asked Christine, "that he could possibly be as conceited as he seems—just because he's Bing's son?"

"Conceited?" Pat gasped. "About what?"

"Well, he's certainly not handsome," Christine insisted.

"His own brothers say Gary can't sing any better than they can—just louder," Pat exclaimed.

"He isn't even good-looking," Christine continued—at which time Gary, who happened to have overheard the conversation, broke in, "Aw, c'mon, you gotta admit I'm sorta cute!"

Of course, Pat and Christine had discussed Gary so pitilessly only because they knew he was listening! In fact, they were carefully making sure he could hear every word they said. Teasing one another had become their favorite pastime while they were working together on the 20th Century-Fox production.

Yes, as always, there was a very real basis for their kidding. Being the son of a famous man, Gary learned long ago, is no one-sided blessing. He had to develop a sense of humor to keep from becoming aggravated at times.

"However," insists Gary, "being Bing's son and bearing the Crosby name has a lot more advantages than disadvantages, in spite of what my cousin has to say on the subject..."

The "cousin" he referred to is no other than Cathy Crosby, Bing's niece and Bob's daughter, who has stated quite frequently that the Crosby name is more of a handicap than an asset.

Claims Gary, "It gave me a foot in the door which people might have slammed in my face if I were simply Joe Blow with the same talent!" Although he insists he doesn't even mind being constantly compared with his famous father because "there's nothing wrong being compared with the best," he adds hastily, "but nobody sings like Bing except Bing, and the people who..."

OFTEN teased about being Bing's son, Gary's had to develop a saving sense of humor.
Take back your mink!

Fake furs are more fun

By SUE COLLINS

NO, YOU don't have to save up for the next twenty years for a fur coat. Instead, snuggle up right now in a soft, luxurious, strokable beauty of fake fur. No waiting! They cost about the price of a good cloth coat, so why not? And they're the nicest thing that ever happened to a fur-loving girl, which is all girls. The point about these fabulous synthetics is that they don't even pretend to be fur. They don't have to! They are a very important fashion in their own right—fur fabrics with their own claim to fame. To see why, just feast your eyes on the ones shown here. The full-length dazzer at left is Collins and Aikman's Candalon Wink, which looks for all the world like let-out mink—complete with guard hairs, soft underpelt and woven-in pelt separation. It's the sort of thing that makes you feel positively rich! The shrug of a jacket below is Kissing Cousin, a steal from the seal, and just the thing to have your escort drop over your shoulders on a date. The coat opposite is the lush full-length version of Kissing Cousin, to wrap around you like an heiress. All three are toasty-warm, and nice and light on the shoulders. If you're hoarding a Christmas gift of nice green cash, here's a marvelous way to spend it. And if someone should happen to assume you're wrapped in pure fur, why—let them! They'd never know the difference anyway.


Shawl collar date jacket in Collins and Aikman's Kissing Cousin, a softer-than-soft synthetic seal. By North Bay Coats. About $50.
A steal from the seal, the big-collared beauty in Kissing Cousin. Black, brown, midnight blue, white. By North Bay. About $100.
A former baseball player, Chuck Connors has made a big hit as the star of ABC-TV’s new Western series.

CHUCK and two of his four sons reach for ceiling but only Pop makes it. Chuck was born in Brooklyn.

BASEBALL days with Brooklyn Dodgers and Chicago Cubs are recalled by Chuck, now a movie-TV star.
RELAXING with his wife Elizabeth Jane and son Steven, Chuck stretches out on floor. He's 6' 5".

photos by Dick Miller, Globe

SCRIPT of "The Rifleman" brings forth smiles. Chuck's so successful now he's given up baseball for good. **END**
TONY digs jazz the most! We're talking about Tony Perkins and his latest Victor album, "On A Rainy Afternoon." Tony is backed by a top-level group of jazz musicians including such worthies as Eddie Safranski, Chuck Wayne and Jimmy Cleveland. Tony wisely sticks to time-tested standards for his jazz excursion. Numbers such as "Miss Otis Regrets" and "Have You Met Miss Jones?" are evergreens we don't hear often enough. Our thanks to Mr. Perkins for bringing them back for another go-round. ... Lena Horne, who has the tight dub circuit wrapped up neatly in the palm of her hand and Broadway stretched out docilely at her feet, should be an excellent authority on the title of her new Victor album, "Give The Lady What She Wants." From the first number, "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," to the last note of "Let's Put Out The Lights And Go To Sleep," Lena's dynamic delivery makes it just about impossible to refuse the lady anything. ... The Platters, still flying high above the rock 'n' roll heap, have a new Mercury recording that's a little different for them—the standard "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and a ballad, "No Matter What You Are." The results achieved make it obvious that the group can tackle anything and still deliver in first rate fashion. 

A new voice but one that soon will be a familiar voice, that of young Frank D'Rone, is heard on a top-flight coupling on the U-A label. Frank's mellow delivery is beautifully presented on "Am I To Say" and "Keep Me In Your Heart." A name to mark down for future reference—Frank D'Rone. ... The King comes through again! Nat Cole's latest Capitol album, "The Very Thought Of You," is right on target per usual. Cole does over a dozen ballads off the top of his heart. Nat's handling of this type of material is positively fabulous and well nigh un-touchable. Witness what he does with the title song and "I Found A Million-Dollar Baby." ... Cha-cha, anyone? It's the thing, and who can do it better than the swinging Afro-Cuban aggregation of Machito. Their Roulette recording of "Cheek-To-Cheek" and "Cathy Cha-Cha Cha" makes the reasons for the cha-cha's current popularity all too apparent. The Irving Berlin standard has never been treated this way before, we're sure, but we also think it never had it so good. ... That jumpin' Jonah Jones seems to have the magic formula for successful jazz LPs. First his "Muted Jazz," then "Swingin' In On Broadway" followed by "Jonah Jumps." Now Jonah adds "Swingin' At The Cinema," a lively potpourri of movie song hits done to a turn by the Jones Quartet. Prime examples culled from the Capitol album are "Colonel Bogey March," "Tammy" and "Around The World." Movies are better than ever when Jonah takes over. 

Jimmie Rodgers has had so many hit singles, it just doesn't seem quite fair to the other artists that he should now have a smash album going for him, but that's exactly what's happened. Jimmie's Roulette LP, "Jimmie Rodgers Sings Folk Songs," is destined to sell ad infinitum. Reason: Jimmie's voice, of course, plus a collection of folk tunes that have been waiting a long, long time to be given the Rodgers treatment. "Soldier Won't You Marry Me?" "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair" and "Bo Diddly" are some of the songs offered. ... Although Frank Sinatra's career has soared like a rocket in all directions, Frankie's pinnacle as a teenage singing idol was achieved during that period when he made the transition from vocalist for Tommy Dorsey's band to doing a single with orchestral backgrounds supplied by conductor-arranger Axel Stordahl. Now Victor has re-issued a batch of the best from that era. "We Three" conjures up a mental image of the droopy bow-tie and equally droopy forelock that meant long sighs and high squeals to millions of teenagers. Among the numbers that made Frankie and vice versa are "The Night We Called It A Day," "It Started All Over Again" and "Fools Rush In." ... One of Roulette Records' private gold mines, Buddy Knox, has another singable, swingable, saleable pairing—"That's Why I Cry" and "Tease-able, Pleadable You." Buddy's stint in the Army has made him have impaired the hit-making qualities of his voice not one whit. ... "When You Come To The End Of The Day," Perry Como's new Victor album, is a highly emotional, deeply moving combination of spirituals, folk songs and semi-religious offerings. Perry's sincerity shows right through, making the album all the more impressive. We especially liked "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands," "Scarlet Ribbons" and "All Through The Night." 

The recent smash single by Tommy Edwards, "It's All In The Game," is used as the title for his new album, but the numbers covered, such as "Please, Mr. Sun" and "Mr. Music Man," indicate that Tommy was no one-song sensation. The M-G-M LP is chock-full of excellent performances. ... The Brothers Everly have another neat package wrapped up in bright ribbons under the Cadence label. The big side is "Love Of My Life," a ballad that the boys are right at home with. "Problems," the flip offering, makes more of the beat and has much to recommend it on its own merits. ... Peggy Lee, who in the past has scored heavily in the torch song department, picks up the beat in keeping with the times in her latest Capitol album, "Things Are Swingin'." Peggy's numbers are strictly up-beat all the way. We get our biggest kicks from Peggy's deft diva-ing on "You're Getting To Be A Habit" and "Lullaby In Rhythm." ... For an instrumental change of pace, catch Richard Hayman's fantastic harmonica-ing on the Mercury pairing of the real oldie, "Blues In The Night," and a new Italian ballad, "La Strada Del Amore." A virtuoso performance, to say the least.

One of the hardier perennials among the current crop of baritones, Tony Bennett has a sure-fire double-header going for him on his latest Columbia offering. The top side, "Love Look Away," is the first of many ballads that will be forthcoming from the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Flower Drum Song," and appears to be destined for big things. The reverse side is the old standard "Blue Moon," and Tony turns in a performance that is strictly professional. ... "This One Is The Toni" is a new M-G-M album cut by good-looking warbler Toni Carroll. It's her first big package and a bright portent of things to come. The numbers are mostly standards which Toni delivers in calm, cool and collected fashion with an adroit assist from Phil Moore's fine orchestra. ... Our old friends, the Mills Brothers, have a very pleasant pairing on the Dot label. Top side we find "Yellow Bird." The bottom etching is "Baby Clementine." Easy listening all the way.
they put on a big show for the nurses!
Jerry Wald bad planned to ask Tyrone Power to play F. Scott Fitzgerald on the screen. Ty died of a heart attack at the age of 44. So did Fitzgerald, at the same age. . . Robert Taylor assures me he will retire at the age of 50, in three years time. "I’ve had a wonderful career. But when I’m 50 I would like to live and work on a ranch, a big one." . . . Marlon Brando has the same problem as Elizabeth Taylor. They both get chubby between pictures and oh, what a lot of dieting they must do before facing the cameras again.

Prediction—it will be years before Marilyn Monroe returns to Hollywood for another picture. She is always ill here, and the last visit for “Some Like It Hot,” was agony for the blonde star, who has the misfortune to get pregnant while picture-making and unable therefore to stay in bed as per doctor’s orders. She was expecting and lost a baby while doing “Prince And The Showgirl” with Laurence Olivier.

The top money earners in Hollywood—they make for themselves between $500,000 and one million dollars per annum—William Holden, Kirk Douglas, Marlon Brando, John Wayne, Gary Grant, Gary Cooper and Bob Hope. Not to overlook Desi Arnaz, now a tycoon with his own studio.

Kathryn Grayson is settling for a television career—“Until they start making pictures for women stars again.” She’s right. All the big roles are for men. Katie still hasn’t forgotten or forgiven the former child actress whom she accuses of stealing her husband, Johnny Johnston, while Kathryn was expecting daughter Patti-Kate.

Because he is so bored with the “bald” questions, Yul Brynner plans to let his top knot grow to its normal length—unless the movie part calls for no hair. His pate is getting quite sensitive from so much shaving. . . Arlene Dahl has settled down into the role of loving housewife with just an occasional sprint into television. “She has looked after our son from birth,” husband Fernando Lamas called to tell me, adding, “She is very happy in the role of wife and mother only.” Fernando comes from the Argentine where the male is boss and he aims to keep it that way.

After fighting so hard for a new contract with CBS, Jim “Gunsmoke” Arness told me, “I’ve a year left on the deal with them. And now I’m almost hoping they do not meet my demands. I’d like to do something new next year.” . . . Incidentally, as of going to press, Clint Walker was earning his living on a fishing boat while waiting for Warner Bros. to give him the extras he wanted before resuming as “Cheyenne.” . . . And “Maverick,” James Garner, is holding out for a one hundred percent jump in salary—from $750 to $1,500 a week. Plus the right to make an outside picture once a year.

Orson Welles is the actor with the biggest appetite. He thinks nothing of eating in one sitting, two dozen oysters, a whole chicken and heaven knows how many cakes for dessert. He didn’t get that girth on nothing.

Not even the popular Paul Newman could make prize fight scenes popular on the screen. Which is why “The Jack Dempsey Story” will have less than ten minutes of actual fighting in the picture. . . Maurice Chevalier isn’t averse to playing Humbert Humbert in the movie version of “Lolita,” if the 12-year-old nymphet is somewhat older. Mlle. Bardot has been suggested. But then it won’t be the same shocking story, will it?

Ernie Borgnine and Katy Jurado decided to wait the whole year for his California decree to be final. Who knows, by that time, he may decide that home is best and return to the heartbroken Mrs. Borgnine number one. . . Jackie Coogan, former child actor, is daring his discoverer, Charlie Chaplin, to return to the United States and sue him when he films his autobiography, “The Kid.” Coogan asked Chaplin for permission to use the title from their old movie. The answer was no. But he will.

Rod Steiger’s definition of a Beatnik—“An intellectual without intelligence—sick people, victims of their neuroses.” . . . Mike Todd, Jr., has been advised to change the name of his new process, Smellorama to Scentorama. The first film with perfume, is “Scent Of Danger,” and Mike’s stepmother, Elizabeth Taylor, will have a ten-second scene in the film.

continued on page 71
No Time For Marriage

continued from page 26

even too beat to leave the lot for a good dinner. Naturally, I was also too beat to learn today's lines, so I had to get up at three-thirty this morning and start studying. This happens quite often. At seven-thirty I reported to the makeup department, as usual. At eight-thirty we were back on the set shooting again.

"Now I have a beautiful home at Malibu Beach, but I'm lucky if I get to be in it over a weekend. So if I had a wife, I'd probably only get to see her over a weekend—unless of course (this with a sardonic grin) she moved in here with me. What a nice life for her this would be! She could watch me sign photographs and listen to me dictate letters, when I wasn't on the set, that is. She could take a powder during story conferences, wardrobe fittings and interviews such as this!

"Seriously—quite seriously—I firmly believe that marriage is to be enjoyed and shared. This applies especially during the first year or so of marriage, when you're working things out and making necessary adjustments. I've always believed in timing, believed that at certain times you lend yourself better to certain things and later to other things. For example, when I spent time overseas entertaining our troops there, that was the right time for me. I was able to do my best. For me, the one way is to pick the right time for anything important and then be prepared to give my all to it.

"Without reservation, this includes my sincerest feelings when I consider marriage. Isn't it better to select such time when you can smooth off the usual rough edges at the beginning of marriage and gradually grow closer together? I think it is. As I see it, this enables you to enjoy a full, rich life, as opposed to going through years of agony before you arrive at that plane of mutual camaraderie."

Primed for further analytical discussion, Raymond was suddenly interrupted by the unscheduled arrival of Ernie Tarzia, the popular Hollywood tailor. Challenging luck with wishful thinking, Tarzia had brought along with him ten tailored suits that were in various stages of incompleation.

"YOU see what I mean?" exclaimed an exasperated Burr, as he shrugged his massive shoulders. "These suits were ordered months ago and there just hasn't been time to give this patient man proper fittings. Most of my personal shopping has to be done over the telephone these days. I really think a doctor has better hours than mine."

They made a date for a lengthy fitting session—at five o'clock the following morning! Glancing anxiously at his wrist watch, Raymond channeled his thoughts again.

"Of course I genuinely like doing the 'Perry Mason' shows," he continued. "What I don't like is the unfortunate position, or working conditions, of television. You see, we aren't given the generous budgets allowed for the making of a major motion picture. So we must work fast and aside from the pressure, it's a great responsibility too. Our shows attract people from all walks of life—judges, school teachers, attorneys across the country, and we've had great effect on the general public.

"Being aware of this, how could I expect marriage to take second place and still do it justice? Even a Perry Mason couldn't solve that one! In life, or in my life, a man is dedicated to his job and a woman has to be as dedicated, because she has the responsibility of running the home along with social amenities. My social activity is almost out these days and many engagements have to be cancelled, including those parties I give myself—or don't attend if I do give. Why, even when my parents were here visiting from Canada recently, I couldn't accompany them on the grand tour of the town I had arranged. It was their first vacation in many years and they were here for a week before I managed to be with them for an hour!

"This would be pretty tough for the average woman to take, and even a very special woman, I'm afraid, would gradually grow restless and discontented. Women like attention more than men and men like attention. Rightly so for women. They like things more emotional and it isn't enough to send flowers, to say I love you—and mean it. They want and need a little more evidence. A man should be conscious of this, which is why there is need for a longer time to get acquainted before marriage and a longer time after the marriage ceremony.

"Personally, I believe in long honeymoons and not a 24-hour honeymoon following a 24-hour infatuation. Wouldn't you think most people would want a two or three month honeymoon if it's humanly possible and not set for a few days? The great adjustment period in married life is the first few months and newly-weds are bound to make unhappy compromises under pressure. As a rule, there are decisions that husbands and wives should make together, so they have to be together to make them."

"In my case I have no objections to marrying a professional woman, because the chances for greater understanding are more prevalent. I'll give you an example of such a woman.

"I have a great and good friend, Evelyn Russell, who is a wonderful actress. We did shows overseas and during the course of our tour, I broke nine consecutive dates with her and she understood! Recently, when I went East we had a date for a happy reunion. Well, along came a hurricane this time and I had to call Evelyn from Boston and tell her I couldn't get there. Now she happens to be a most sought-after gal! But she understood because she is a great person and there aren't too many like her around!"

Since "The Perry Mason Show" started in April, 1957, Raymond Burr has averaged no more than four or five hours sleep each night. He's on the television screen more than 90 percent of each Saturday night's show, which is comparable to learning a Shakespearean play each week. Despite this, Raymond still plans to produce five pictures independently for his recently formed Del Mare Productions. Somehow, someway, he still manages to put neglect charities for all races and religions, pet projects quite close to his warm, enthusiastic heart. When then, if ever, will he find time for marriage which would complete the circle of his richly endowed life?

"Perhaps," he muses, "I should follow the admirable example set by Jack Kelly and May Wynn. We are close friends, even if I've only had time to visit their home—one! As you know, Jack is a big hit in the 'Maverick' series and they both work constantly. Because they refuse to be separated, he won't make a personal appearance tour unless she goes along. Neither Jack nor May will take a job that keeps them apart and I think they are very wise. A lot of people here started out very happy and I don't believe Hollywood breaks them up. No, it's selfishness and refusing to accept conditions that does it most of the time.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all could peek into the future and see what is waiting for us? On second thought—I guess I for one shall continue to hang on and pray that everything, including marriage, will all work out for me when the time is right."

56
location because the company often worked straight through the week, frequently including Sundays on the shooting schedule. And a day's work was likely as not to extend far into the night.

"We had intended to film all the interior scenes back at the studio in Hollywood," Doris said, "but the weather changed our shooting schedule. It rained quite a lot, so to save time—and money—and keep the company from being idle when they were on location salary, we began filming interiors right in Chester. By the time we returned to Hollywood we just had two or three days of work left to finish up the picture.

"With all the activity going on to keep 'That Jane From Maine' rolling as fast as possible, I didn't have much time to socialize. The women were very understanding when I had to turn down practically all invitations for visits and parties. But it seemed to me it wouldn't be fair to accept some and refuse others, so I just had to stay away from the teas and luncheons the dinners and other gatherings that I am sure would have been a lot of fun to join.

In ways that I suppose are common to women all over the world, the girls in Chester and the other nearby towns let me know they understood my situation. They'd send in delicious home-made cakes and cookies, and some of their famous New England specialties like seafood chowder—delicious and different from anything I'd ever tasted."

The kids took over where the teenagers and grownups left off. Their first glimpse of Doris convinced them she was "their kind of people." If she couldn't join them in their pastimes and expeditions, they'd do the next best thing and let her share in the fruits of their adventures. Sometimes these were the literal fruits of afternoons of berry picking. On other-occasions, the fruit turned out to be fish.

"One day the two kids of a family down the road took our cook, Katie, to a special place on the river bank where the biggest and best catfish had their hide-out," Doris recalled. "They came back with 17 catfish so lively and fresh I could hear them thumping and jumping around in a pail out in the kitchen when I came home. I immediately decided I'd never be able to eat one after it had been playing around my house, so happy—and noisy. But when those catfish came into the dining room on a platter that night, they were too wonderful to miss. I ate them as if they were total strangers."

Whenever Doris could, she did the family marketing herself in a little store at Deep River. But the population of Chester and the surrounding countryside didn't have to depend on chance en-counter at the market or hardware store to meet her. Most of them worked in the picture and got to know Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs and the rest of the cast as well.

They had the double thrill of seeing the stars in action and also being part of that action themselves. When they started, the crowds concentrated a little too pointedly on watching Doris and the other Hollywood people going through their paces. But after a few days they simmered down and trooped as efficiently as a crew of filmland extras working on any Hollywood set.

Because they were playing themselves didn't make their jobs easier. As any veteran actor will tell you, the toughest characterization to portray may be the one that hits closest to home and interprets your own personality. Even a professional often gets to feeling squeamish at times like that.

Until Doris came to town, Chester's only contact with movie stars had been through pictures like SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN. Local residents wondered amongst themselves whether she, or any of the cast, could live up to their printed reputations. They kept a sharp eye on Doris at work and as she moved about the town in her daily life there. One by one and group by group, the Connecticut Yankees became convinced that Doris was really the way she had been presented in print.

One girl had a better chance than the rest to observe her at close range under every kind of circumstance in her intimate personal surroundings. She was the young wife of the caretaker on the premises of Doris' New England home. She helped out only occasionally at the beginning, but soon became a regular member of the household. Far from being disillusioned by seeing Doris as others rarely have a chance to see her, she ended up by becoming an enthusiastic Doris Day fan.

In a way, Doris was the house guest of the entire community around Chester. And any two-month house guest whose hosts don't want her to leave is bound to be very special—star or no star.

One reason Doris "wears well," as the saying goes, is this: She has just about the best proportioned ego in Hollywood. Big enough for stardom, but small enough to tuck away when not needed. This doesn't mean she brushes off or even questions her importance as a star. Just the contrary. It actually helps keep her up there, year after year, at the top of the Hollywood heap.

The other day, for instance, Doris was asked how come she has such good luck with her pictures, and recordings. Was it all in the lucky breaks she gets? Or does she use some secret formula to show herself to such good advantage in every movie she makes and every disc that carries her name? Her questioner sounded as if he thought the business of being a star was like entering a competition to see who can be cutest or funniest, snag the most footage, or grab the spotlight where it shines brightest.

"You can do a lot to make your own breaks, and there's no secret about my formula," Doris smiled in reply. "I simply look for scripts and songs other people are most apt to like. If I did only the things I like, I'd be pleasing myself, of course. But that's not enough for an actress or singer. Sometimes it's no good at all.

"When I read a script that's submitted to me, naturally I'm interested in how good my part is. But I also look at a screenplay to see how strong the other principal roles are—whether they'll interest the kind of actors who can make a good picture better just because they're in it. I'm a great believer in appreciating the importance of others."

Scarcely realizing it, Doris, with her cut-down-to-size ego, shows much the same appreciation of others in her personal life.

It's this outlook that sparked Doris' typical (for her) up-rating gratitude to the dry goods merchant for the use of his back room. . . . the realtor for finding her an extra nice house. . . . the landlords for making her one of the family by giving her their own responsibilities along with the house. . . . the women of the town for bringing her goodies. . . . the kids for filling her kitchen with buckets of thrashing, splashing fish. And all the rest.

Most people, when they're thrown among strangers, automatically try to put on a veneer of glamour and go on their best behavior. Not Doris. She behaves exactly as usual.

And the Connecticut Yankees in Queen Doris' Court discovered nothing could be more glamorous or better than that.

END
like a femme fatale. When she smiles, she's like a pixie. Actor Bob Evans saw the photos and said, "This is a girl I must meet." So he's been dating her, and so has Al Hedison.

NO ROMANCE—When Lance Reventlow is out of town, Al Hedison sometimes squires Jill St. John, but Al and Jill say this is an "ideal" arrangement. Reason: Jill's heart very definitely belongs to Lance and Al asserts he's not about to get serious with any girl. "I was in love once, back in Providence, but the girl wanted me to give up the idea of being an actor. So now I'm concentrating on my career," says Al.

NOT TRUE—Contrary to rumor, Danish beauty Ery Norlund was not involved in the split of James and Gloria Darren. Since the Darren separation, Ery and Jim have had lunch a few times together because they go to the same drama class. And that's it!

BING'S BOYS—Gary and Lindsay Crosby have taken an apartment together. Lindsay has a few more months to go in the Army and currently uses the digs only on weekend leaves. He's still dating June Blair and she was introducing him around her studio lot on his last visit to town. Gary "got his girl" in "Mardi Gras" but had no real love scenes. But he'll have them in "Holiday For Lovers" and he's glad. Off-screen, he's been dating a dancer named Candy Barr.

BABY TALK—Hope Lange and Don Murray named their daughter Patricia because she was born in Ireland. Jane Mansfield giggled and confessed she got the bassinet for her baby with Green Stamps. Honest! Cliff Robertson and Cynthia sold their hilltop house where he killed several rattlesnakes in the yard and have rented another until after their baby arrives in April. Jeff and Dusty Hunter expect their image that month, too. So do John and Cecily Gavin.

BRITT BUSY—After May Britt finished "The Hunters" she didn't have another immediate film assignment and because her husband, Ed Gregson, had to leave town for three months for some Army duty, May hied herself off to New York to study photography. Back in Sweden, she had started studying with one of the top portrait photographers there. One day Italian producer Carlo Ponti came to look through the files for a "new blonde beauty." He saw May in the studio, not the files, signed her, and thus started her career in films.

WESTWARD HO—David Nelson is a very happy young man because now he, too, is doing a Western. "Day Of The Outlaw." Even before brother Ricky was signed for "Rio Bravo," David had decided he wanted to do an "oater." David's interest in horses started with his friendship with Veneta Stephenson, a really expert horsewoman.

REAL LOVE—Patricia Owens has proved her devotion to business man Jack Ellis, whom she'll marry after each gets a final divorce decree. Jack told Pat that someday he wanted another Schnauzer, a breed of dog he had some time ago. They're not too popular a breed in Southern California and Pat had to make a real search to get Jack a puppy for his birthday. When Jack had to go out of town on business, Pat took the pup home with her and had the job of house-breaking it for him!

PRESENTS—Clint Walker has been off-salary for a long time, since he had his beef with Warners over "Cheyenne" on TV. But working or not, he bought his wife, Lucille, a Thunderbird for her birthday because he knew she'd wanted one for several years. Chuck Connors, who as TV's "Rifleman" portrays a widower, gave a gold bracelet and disk to wife Betty for their tenth anniversary. He had it engraved "From the Widower to His Wife."

MISS MISSES—Connie Stevens became so ill from shots she had before her trip to Korea that she was rushed to the hospital and had to miss the surprise birthday party she was having for her roommate Marianne Gaba. Connie turned over all the plans to another friend and the surprise was a success. Connie's still dating Gary Clarke and Marianne is one of Ricky Nelson's gals.

HOB'S HOUSE—Hugh O'Brian has been so busy what with TV, a feature film and p.a. tours, that he had no time to buy furniture for his new house. He made do practically with a bed and kitchen range, until some pal said, "You're a male Jane Mansfield"—no furniture, get it? That jolted Hugh into hiring Lyle Wheeler, an art director at 20th, to "do his house while Hugh is in London. Before he left for England his favorite date was Dorothy Johnson. They met at the Mexican film festival.

SHORT SHOTS—Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw were a coosome threesome at the preview of "Auntie Mame" in which Roger has the juvenile lead; you'd never guess these two are now the parents of two fine little Smiths. Roger's TV lead in "77 Sunset Strip" is also making his film stock zoom. Dolores Michaels is now talking annulment instead of divorce from her artist husband Maurice Martine. Actor John Duke went...
been whispering for many months past?

Grant, went the rumors, had fallen hook, line and tailored dinner jacket for the lavish Mediterranean charms of one of his recent co-stars—a voluptuous, earthy beauty with eyes like mammoth, sunripened green olives. Whether the lady's lush, off-the-shoulder curves had titillated the world-weary, 54-year-old Grant, or whether he was truly unhappy at home, it was inside gossip that Cary was desperately smitten with Miss X. So infatuated, in fact, that well over a year ago, he reputedly begged Betsy to set him free in his fervent need to marry the object of his sudden affections.

True or not (Cary's supporters in a body denied that he would abandon Betsy), the marriage was already faltering long before Cary wowed her dark eyelashes at Betsy Grant's handsome husband.

A restless man, a man of quicksilver, mercurial moods. Grant is a perfectionist for whom every moment of his life must be as happy as possible. His yearning for an impossible Heaven makes him a hard customer to live with. He is a newspaper folder, a picture straightener, a man whose clothes, shoes, ties and hats are all meticulously catalogued and indexed. Friends and former wives have confessed that his very perfection can become irksome. Cary himself admits, with that often charming twinkle, "Sometimes I even get tired of myself."

This may explain why, when a reporter once asked Cary, "Who is your favorite wife?" Grant answered, only half-jokingly, "They were all my favorites. The trouble was, I wasn't their favorite."

FOR 25 years, Cary Archibald Alexander Leach Grant (he legally adopted his professional name in 1942) has sauntered through the hothouse dreams of millions of female moviegoers—immaculate, impeccable, the epitome of the grand manner. He has gallantry and grace and the most famous dimpled chin in all the world; and when you ask him the secret of his life he tells you, "I believe people can do practically anything they set out to do, if they apply themselves diligently, and learn."

Over the years, Cary has charmed and brought delight and a glorious escape to literally millions of people. For that, surely, he deserves an Academy Award of his own. "If I meet a couple more guys from Hollywood like this Cary Grant," said one awed Eastern newsmen, "I'm liable to get to thinking they're all nice people out there."

Yet for all Cary's belief in his philosophy, his first marriage, to starlet Virginia Cherrill (this was some 24 years ago) stayed alive only eight months, and after it he went into a sanatorium with a nervous breakdown. His second marriage, in 1942, to Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow—"the million-dollar baby from the five-and-ten-cent store"—fell apart within two years. After the separation, Miss Hutton declared, sadly, "Cary never took me out when we were married. I hardly saw him. At night, he was always busy with his clippings or the radio." Then, defending him, she added, "But he's not a bit conceited; in fact, he was always running himself down. He used to say, 'I can't understand why someone like you would marry me.' Since our divorce, we've become good friends; he's really very sweet and kind."

THERE is, however, a secret, gnawing fear in Grant that may have lots to do with his marriage failures. Said one intimate, "Cary is moody and has an inexpressible siren that probably dates back to his acrobat and still-walking days. I don't think that he was ever cast in a film that he didn't want to get out of two days before shooting."

"Yes," Cary admitted, "I do get qualms. Just before the beginning of a picture I start to wonder if it's going to be all right. I'm always nervous like this."

The same qualms, the same uncertainty about a marriage may begin to disturb him, even before the honeymoon is over. Incredible as it may seem, the man who has made public love to the world's most incandescent screen beauties—Grace Kelly, Suzy Parker, Ingrid Bergman, Deborah Kerr and Sophia Loren, to list only a few recent ones—becomes grotesquely tongue-tied, flustered and awkward if he has to play a Romeo in real life. "When I go a-courtin'," Cary said once, "it's a very sad performance." Such confessed bumbling and fumbling seem all but unbelievable in a man with Cary's demonstrated charm, his savoir-faire, his fabulous life. Yet they exist, and Grant does not deny it. His first two wives, Grant once admitted ruefully, divorced him "because I was horrible, loathsome. They were absolutely right." Moreover, there are apparently two very contrasting sides to Cary's character—two sides constantly at war with each other. "Cary has an easily-roused temper and is capable of such great concentration that it often appears to be an exhibition of selflessness," said writer Richard Hubler. "His previous marriage failures he attributed to the fact that he thought too much about his career and not enough about his wives. 'I was emotionally immature,' Cary said humbly, 'I persisted in my stupidities.'"

One of Cary's oldest associates made a sharp comment that illuminates the hidden Cary Grant. Said this man: "Cary cultivates few people and baffles many who know him. He's a kind of lone wolf, with spasms of gregariousness. He doesn't really enjoy entertaining and does so rarely. For instance, I myself have never eaten dinner at his house."

Still another long-time acquaintance observed, "People who are always at home to Cary are those who at some interval of their lives have had a bad time of it. This certainly is true of Grant. The moment you touch on more heavy things, the instant you query him about his faith or his love or his ambitions, he turns the subject with a deft insinuation that another cocktail would help or that the weather in Southern California is really delightful."

In many ways, Cary has been a solitary since childhood. He was an only child who suffered a tragic blow at the age of ten, when his mother had to be committed to a mental institution. "She just disappeared one day," said Grant, "and for years I didn't know what happened. At 15 I ran away from home—we lived in Bristol, England—and I didn't see my father for a long time after. I knew he had found solace with another woman. It wasn't until much later that I learned my mother had had a breakdown."

This may partially explain why Cary keeps his emotions so tightly locked up, why he still seems, at times, an uncertain, unfulfilled human being. Often Cary has puzzled listeners by saying, "I'm dull; all I do is relax." Frequently he begins comments with, "Of course, you know all my opinions are idiotic." Once, when he was asked about his singing, he said, "I don't sing any more. I used to, but I wasn't good. As a matter of fact, I've never been very good at any thing."

There is more to these tortured self-appraisals than mere flippancy. Cary's zeal for an all-but-impossible perfection, his constant worrying ("I call him the Happy Worrier"), said producer Laurence德拉): there may be a fear of some personal failure. He allegedly despises his face and hangs the only pictures of himself in the bathroom. Most of all, Cary's favorite thesis is that, until a man is 35 or 40, he is often a self-centered idiot, and he uses, as a horrible example, one Cary Grant, movie star. "I know I was impossible before 35," he says. "I'm hardly possible now. I may be more of a bore, but I feel I'm less of a boor. I'm a little less self-centered now."

CARY was already 45 when he met Betsy Drake, a hopeful, not-too-well-known stage actress 19 years younger than himself. Betsy, the granddaughter of the founder of Chicago's famed Drake Hotel, had made a hit in London in "Deep Are the Roots." Tired after an eight-months' run of the play, she booked passage for home on the Queen Elizabeth, and it was then that she met Cary Grant. "I was in the customs shed at Southampton," Betsy recalled recently. "I was feeling a bit sorry for myself after a dull ride down on the boat train. Everything was damp and dismal, when suddenly two Rolls-Royces raced into the shed, and

continued from page 60
out of one of them stepped Cary Grant and playwright Freddie Lonsdale. The other car was loaded to the roof with luggage and hampers of wine. The two lads were feeling absolutely no pain, and I longed to enter into the fun. But Cary was oblivious, or seemed to be.

Nonetheless, Betsy was sitting next morning on the top deck of the Queen Elizabeth feeling very neglected when Merle Oberon came up to her. “I have a friend, Cary Grant, who would like to meet you,” said Miss Oberon. “Will you have lunch with us?” Cary confessed to Betsy much later that he was quaking with fear that she might refuse.

That night Cary and Betsy strolled the ship’s deck in the moonlight, listening to the dance band in the first-class salon and the whisper of the breeze around the life boats. The two talked of many things, since forgotten, but one thing Cary did say was: “You should be in Hollywood.”

“No, thanks,” said Betsy. “Not unless I go as a star.”

“Well,” said Mr. Grant, carefully digesting that, “come on out.”

When Betsy Drake did arrive in Hollywood a few months later, Cary took her over to RKO, where he introduced her to Dore Schary and David Selznick. “Anybody needs a helping hand in Hollywood,” said Cary at the time. “Nobody makes it alone. So help me this girl get started. I’m a business man; it’s a good investment. RKO and Selznick can make her a star, and will. Then I can borrow her for my own independent productions. What’s so wrong with that?”

QUITE obviously, there was nothing wrong. Very soon Betsy was given the lead opposite Grant in “Every Girl Should Be Married”—a somewhat prophetic title,” as some wit said. Cary startled Filmlaw by allowing Betsy to take over most of the closeups and the lion’s share of the film’s footage. Either the shrewd Grant was desperately smitten or else he felt that Betsy could not miss becoming a star. Evenings, the two were seen together constantly. Then, on Christmas Day 1949, Howard Hughes, long a friend of Cary’s, flew the couple to a ranch near Scottsdale, Arizona, and Betsy Drake became the third Mrs. Cary Grant.

Chortled Betsy’s father, Carlos Drake (he was about the same age as Grant), “I’ve just acquired the handsomest son-in-law a man ever had.”

There were those who felt that Betsy had made the mistake of her young life in marrying a man so much older. To a friend who said as much to Cary, he replied, “You may be right. I’m a flop at most things. But I’m lucky to have Betsy, she’s so intelligent and sweet. Anyway, time answers all our problems and perhaps it will answer this one. I do think I met Betsy at the right time. Ten years ago I wouldn’t have had the sense to appreciate her.”

Neither Cary nor Betsy seemed concerned—then—about two careers in one family. “Cary is too successful, too well-established ever to worry about me becoming the bigger star,” Betsy said. “And we’ll never act together again. People might think I was put into a film just because my husband was Cary Grant.” Yet, though Betsy made several films on her own, her career seemed to dissolve into the background—at least until recently. She had always “hated acting, anyway,” and she turned back to her writing, to reading and painting, or wandering with Cary on freighters wherever her vague moods took him.

Cary should have been at peace, for the world was certainly his oyster, and an oyster with giant pearls in it. He was suave, rich and unbelievably romantic; his life was lived on a Technicolor set of Rolls-Royces and white yachts, peopled by men and women incredibly beautiful; and he owned the kind of charm that, as Director Leo McCarey said, “they just don’t teach any more.” His clothes wore like a lithe Apollo; his perennial tan (beach in summer, sunlamp in winter) and his dazzling white-toothed smile made him the very epitome of Male Movie Star. He was sophisticated and urbane, and as one envious male remarked, watching him make love to Ingrid Bergman in “Indiscreet,” “I just hope I look half as good at his age.”

There was wit in him, too—a delightful wit—when he cared to use it. Chatting with a London newswoman one day, Grant told of the time when he was still Archie Leach, still-walker, and was appearing in a theatre in Scotland. “They used to toss pennies at me,” Cary chuckled. “But I was very lucky. They’re throwing rocks now!”

True, Grant had a curious zeal for thrill, as Betsy well knew, and he was not above carefully scrutinizing the smallest items on a dinner check. If the total was wrong, he called the management. “You’d be surprised how much I save in the course of a year, doing this,” Cary would say. “Why, it must be as much as two hundred dollars.” There were occasions, too, when Cary became impatient with his wife’s manifold hobbies, her inability to cook, her penchant for lugging home armloads of books and leaving them helter-skelter on tables, beds and chairs. “Do I,” Cary once demanded of Betsy, “have to bulldoze my way through a mountain of these books each time I want to sit or lie in bed?”

NOT that Cary found Betsy anything but a charming wife—a wife both loving and kind. He leaned on her for comfort and solace and readily admitted it. Once, when he was absent from the set for a day and a half because of a mild digestive upset, Grant told co-workers that it was because he missed Betsy so much. (She was then in England making a picture.) “She looks after my diet so well,” said Cary, “that my own judgment on what to eat and what not to eat has grown rusty from disuse. It’s like a muscle that one doesn’t use and then when one needs it, it isn’t there.”

But even so, there was the Cary of whirlwind moods and tempers—days when he sank into the doldrums or the vapours, and all he seemed able to offer a wife was a lowering silence. There were, besides, long absences when Cary was off to Spain or England or Washington, busily making pictures—months when Betsy had more or less to fend for herself. She had seen Cary’s magnetic charm draw others to him, but she also knew that when he became hored, he just couldn’t be bothered. Whenever the lone wolf in him took over, life with that glossy charm could become an ordeal.

“After a while,” said a woman close to the couple, “Betsy realized that marriage to Cary had to be on his own terms. That’s why Betsy’s many hobbies became a substitute for the husband she didn’t have. She made a couple of pictures in England, but the truth is, the two were apart so much there was hardly what you’d call a real partnership. Then, when the rumors started about Cary’s supposed infatuation with that co-star, Betsy must have decided that here was the end.”

Whatever the real reason, the restless perfectionist for whom every moment of his life must be as perfect as possible, had, alas, discovered that even his third marriage could not bring him happiness. And the “handsomest son-in-law a man ever had” could now go back to his shiny Rolls, his Technicolor life, his chi-chi international set and his sunlamp, wondering if mere perfectionism could ever be enough.

“The money he’ll pay Betsy is nothing,” said a friend. “What will hurt him most is the knowledge that he is, for the third time, a failure as a husband. That’s the tragedy of Cary Grant, the man who just cannot seem to take marriage.”

END
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☐ Houseboat — Cary Grant, Sophia Loren (Paramount)
☐ Bell, Book and Candle — James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Hermione Gingold, Elsa Lanchester, Janet Rule (Columbia Pictures)
☐ The Perfect Furlough — Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh (Universal-International)
☐ Some Came Running — Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine (MGM)
☐ Tunnel of Love — Doris Day, Richard Widmark, Gig Young (MGM)
☐ The Hanging Tree — Gary Cooper, Maria Schell (Warner Bros.)
☐ Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys! — Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Joan Collins, Jack Carson (20th Century-Fox)
☐ That Jane from Maine — Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs (Columbia Pictures)
☐ The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad — Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, (Columbia Pictures)
☐ The Buccaneer — Cecil B. DeMille presents Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom, Charles Boyer (Paramount)
☐ Tonka — Sal Mineo, Phil Carey, Jerome Courtland (Walt Disney: Released by Buena Vista)
☐ Up Periscope — James Garner, Edmond O'Brien (Warner Bros.)
☐ Tom Thumb — Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young (MGM)
☐ The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker — Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Charles Coburn, Jill St. John, Ron Ely (20th Century-Fox)
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☐ Sleeping Beauty — All-cartoon feature in Technicolor, Technirama and Stereophonic Sound (Walt Disney: Released by Buena Vista)
☐ Shaggy Dog — Fred MacMurray, Jean Hagen (Walt Disney: Released by Buena Vista)
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Once It Was My Betrayer— but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!

by Margaret Holland

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? Everyone 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 her-
Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills help me, you know. I’ve known girls who have lost weight using them. I’ve tried simple dieting and have failed at that, I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. I know. I do." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven’t lost any weight you must admit you’ve acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That’s true enough. And I hated Marty for failing you. But here you go again on Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you’d stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently, you’d feel irritable, you’d feel like biting the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray’s intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that’s how most overweight people feel. And that’s why they stay overweight.

"We ought to get this stuff to you right away," I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren’t phony. They just aren’t enough."

"Enough?"

"That’s right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person will feel the rumblings of hunger. That’s simple and logical enough, but deep down these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It’s true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don’t do into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all’s wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she’s faithfully following the directions."

"Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland— Isn’t it true that, during the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall’s drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren’t hungry?"

Understanding overtook my anger. 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.

I see you eat quickly. You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren’t hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you weren’t hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom you might be a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That’s just what telling Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. The because wined ingredient ingredient is Pacific and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability and you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would feel only what the word "fullness" would feel, calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighed 200 pounds, so did I—when I left town to take the SLIMTOWN I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIM- TOWN as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 29 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.

"I said: ‘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."

"SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me 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."

"And 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 SLIMTOWN before they’re gone."

“They are gone,” Ray said sheepishly. “My enthusiasm ran away with me and there’s Jane Morgan and Madaline Skoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

Here’s the address:

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They’re sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don’t do exactly as they say they’ll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don’t guarantee you’ll get Marty back. That’s up to you. And with a little help from Ray, I think you’ll do it."

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 decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn’t reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a left, 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 take 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 her twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Me, too," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We’ve been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN’s there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of SLIMTOWN, we have had the pleasure of reading Margaret Holland’s story. Miss Holland’s experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through SLIMTOWN—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery of our time—a pill made by people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been a product like SLIMTOWN. You may order by sending $2.98 for the 10-day supply, $4.98 for 20-day supply, $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

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ADVERTISEMENT
"I'm No Rebel"
continued from page 35

"I'm happy," he smiles, ignoring his personal dissatisfaction with his work. "I like being the way I am, but I wouldn't say everybody else should be the same way. Do I think the world would be a happier place if each person were more independent? I don't know. I wouldn't presume to tell anyone, even (as you asked) my own child, that he'd be happier with my outlook.

"Some people aren't designed to stand alone. They'd be wretched, out of step with the crowd. Anyway, I'm not one who thinks that because he's an actor he's qualified to give advice on every subject.

"I read an interview in which an actor advises young people on all their problems, and I envy him his assurance. Somebody asks if a girl should kiss a boy on their first date, and he says 'yes' or 'no' without allowing for circumstances.

"I say, if she's real hot for him, maybe she should kiss him. How should I know?"

Paul shrugs off the problems of the imaginary couple.

"Let each person," he concludes, "decide for himself just what his standards should be."

If each actor, however, decided for himself that his attitude toward publicity would be the same as Paul's, columnists and magazine writers might face a long, dry spell. And with no personal publicity for the stars, where would the movie industry be?

Paul considered this seriously while he finished his last bite of steak. An intercom system had just called the cast of "The Philadelphian" back to the cameras from the lunch break in the pleasantly cool restaurant at the Long Beach airport where the company was on location.

"I've got a few minutes more," Paul assured, overriding his publicists' doubts. "Now, if every actor took my stand on publicity, I don't know where the movies would be. Frankly, I can't imagine how this notion that actors are public property got so out of hand anyway. I don't mind being cooperative within reason, but I feel that a man's home is his castle, and I do resent intrusions into my home.

"One of the biggest problems Joanne and I have is that of being alone together. It's almost impossible."

Paul modestly feels that he's a poor subject for an interview in any case.

"I can't just sit down and start talking about all my emotions. I'd much rather talk about politics or foreign policy or education or Sputnik. They're all more interesting than the secret life of Paul Newman. I'd rather read The New York Times than Variety, so I suppose I'm a pretty stuffy, academic sort of person."

In view of his thirst for privacy and his critical appraisal of Movietown, Paul is surprisingly resigned to the idea his expected child may be a Hollywoodite.

"May be," he qualifies. "Joanne and I make our home in New York, and our child may grow up there. My agent has advised me against doing a Broadway play. He says I can't stay away from motion pictures that long without endangering my career. But I have a chance to be in a good play and I'm taking it.

"Where our child is concerned, we believe that normal parents can give a child a good, happy home anywhere. Maybe, of course," Paul chuckles, "Joanne and I aren't normal. But we like to think that we are."

The insistent hands of the clock remind that the lunch break is more than over.

"Well," says Paul, "I've enjoyed meeting you. We've gone into some pretty deep subjects. I read the other day that a scientist thinks he's proved that all human life is simply the result of an accidental combination of gasses, which suggests that the only reason we're here is to belch. It's a depressing idea, isn't it?"

And jauntily, in spite of the gloomy exit line, Paul Newman dashes off to become the hero of "The Philadelphian."

Earlier in the day, the first time I'd seen him, he'd been completely alone. The other players and crew were clustered in congenial, little knots eating lunch. Some were at tables on the edge of the flying field. Others were seated in conversational groups in the terminal lobby, but Paul Newman was going his way unattended, and obviously uncaring, as he sped to the restaurant.

And, in the first glimpse, perhaps I'd seen the true man. Paul Newman selects his goal and goes his way. And, because he won't be diverted by the crowd, he'd probably reach his objective sooner than most. But for one thing. Tormentingly, his objective is perfection. No man achieves that ever.

But Paul, enjoying his misery, will do some wonderful acting while he reaches for the unreachable.

END
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The Problems Of Being Bing’s Son

continued from page 49

keep comparing us know this just as well as I do!”

At the same time, evaluating his situation honestly, Gary admits that being the son of a famous father can and has made life more difficult even where his own family is concerned.

Because Bing has always feared what might happen if the boys grew up with all the privileges his name, income and reputation could provide them, he went overboard the other way to instill them with “a proper sense of values.”

When Gary was still in high school, his weekly allowance was $1. Most boys in his wealthy neighborhood got two, three and five times as much. What’s more, to get even that allowance, he had to do certain chores around the house. “Every Saturday I used to rake up leaves, and mow lawns, and of course I had to keep my room cleaned up all week round.” He didn’t say it, but he could have added that the Crosby boys were undoubtedly the only boys in exclusive Holmby Hills who had to do this.

In college, he received $3 a week, also considerably less than his class-mates, most of whom had little trouble getting additional funds from their families if they ran short. Gary never did.

Gary still recalls a hot July day at his father’s 19,000-acre ranch near Elko, Nevada, where he and his brothers held regular ranch jobs during summer vacation, and were paid the same wages as the other hands who did similar work. That day it was Gary’s chore to creosote some fence posts. The heat made him sleepy and he dozed off waiting for the creosote to boil. By the time he awoke, some of the posts had caught fire. “Dad rode up just as I was stamping it out,” Gary recalls. “He didn’t say a word. He just deducted the damage from my wages. . . .”

Always sensitive to public opinion, when Gary was still in school Bing also made certain that he and his brothers lived a carefully supervised home life. “When I was in my teens, I had to be home by ten on weekdays and twelve on Saturday nights. When I didn’t comply, Dad lowered the boom. . . .” Usually, that meant not going out at all for a couple of weeks. “Dad always stayed up until after I got home,” says Gary. “I remember one evening when I came back from a show about half an hour late. I felt pretty uncomfortable when I opened the front door and was relieved when I didn’t find Dad in the living room. To avoid giving myself away, I sneaked upstairs as quietly as possible. The next day I realized I didn’t fool him. He knew exactly what time it was when I got in. How, I don’t know. I got punished just the same. . . .”

Bing’s attitude towards Gary’s education didn’t exactly speed up his career, either. In fact, in the beginning he made no secret that he was not in favor of a show business career for his oldest son.

Gary wasn’t quite four when he warbled his first song, “Miss Otis Regrets,” while sitting in a bathtub, but 12 years went by before he made his first record. He had accompanied his dad to a recording date in Hollywood and Dave Kapp, a Decca vice president, suddenly suggested to Bing: “How about you and Gary making a record together?”

Bing hesitated—then agreed. The result was a 90-minute session which produced “Simple Melody” on one side and “Sam’s Song” on the other.

Leaving the studio, Gary turned to his father. “Dad, how much do you figure I’ll get for making that record with you?”

“Maybe four or five hundred dollars, if you’re lucky and it goes well,” Bing told him.

In the next few months Gary’s first recording—“by Gary Crosby & Friend,” as it was labeled, had sold nearly one and a half million copies, brought demands for more records, floods of fan mail, and $20,000 in cash.

Gary would have readily quit school and concentrated on making more records. Bing turned him down. He was determined that Gary should go to college, whether he liked it or not. Although Gary was allowed “to do a few turns,” as Bing called it, during summer vacations, he really didn’t have a chance to get into show business full time until last summer, when he signed a non-exclusive contract with 20th Century-Fox. He was 25 then.

The French have an expression, noblesse oblige, which means being a nobleman has certain obligations. Being Bing’s son has a lot of obligations too. Gary’s learned. Whatever he does, or

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66

BEING Bing’s son has some advantages as well as disadvantages, honest Gary admits.
says, is being watched and criticized far more severely than if he were entirely on his own.

For instance, Gary rightfully prides himself on being a good and careful driver. In seven years he's had just one ticket—when a cop caught him doing 40 miles in a 25 mile zone.

"Great Scott!" the officer cried out when he made him pull over to the side.

"It's Bing's son!"

The next day every Los Angeles paper carried an exaggerated account of how Gary was chaced and finally caught by the law.

When he goes to Las Vegas to date a Tropicana cutie, it makes headlines. When a reporter asks him to comment on his or his brothers' or his Dad's home life, and Gary refuses, it's said, "He takes after his old man." Actually, Gary talks easily and pleasantly about everything except girls, which he considers his own business, and about politics and religion.

In fact, when Gary first started drawing public attention and reporters began to corner him for his opinions, he asked his father for advice.

Said Bing, "Be agreeable and he thankful that they are sufficiently interested in you to ask questions!"

Bing himself is extremely careful in complimenting his son, for fear that exuberant praise may go to his head. Once, after Gary had appeared on the Tennessee Ernie Ford TV show, he received one of Bing's rare praises via a telegram. "You sounded good in Elko, son."

Gary carried it in his wallet for days.

Whether or not Bing has been too strict with Gary, or for that matter, whether he has been one hundred percent successful, is as debatable as the age-old controversy of how much of an asset it is to have a famous man for a father.

What counts, however, is the opinion of the person it concerns—Gary Crosby. And he's happy being who he is and what he is. "I'd be crazy to feel any other way," he insists.

Who's A Dumb Blonde?

Continued from page 47

a plot to star Ann in a new series as one Katy O'Connor, heart-of-gold assistant manager of a swanky New York residential hotel. Ann was to be the same free-swinging blonde, but with fancier clothes, plus a 50% interest in the new show. Not even Ann could resist. "It just happens that Desi Arnaz knows more about television than almost anybody in the business," said Ann, "and you can't argue with success. As for Lucy, the two of us worked together in the old days at RKO. Now I produce my show and she owns the studio. I guess that settles that."

Miss Sothern, a lady tycoon extraordinaire, need hardly worry as to who owns what. She has been doing pretty well in the dollar department almost from the time she was born Harriette Lake in Valley City, North Dakota. "You know, I've never really seen Valley City," said Ann not long ago. "My mother was a singer on the road and she stopped off and had me there. I spent most of my childhood in Minneapolis."

This she did, as a child music prodigy. Ann's mother was Annette-Yde, a well-known concert singer, and her maternal grandfather, Hans Nilson, was a famous Danish violinist. Before she was ten, Ann had been run over by every type of wheeled vehicle, except the horse-drawn, including tricycles, bicycles and cars. Once she was almost burned to death when her nightgown caught fire. By the time she was 11, little Harriette Lake, the churlish, wise-cracking Maisie-to-be, was playing Beethoven, Brahms and Bach on the piano, and at 13 she had her own original composition, "Study in B," performed by the Minneapolis Symphony. While Ann was still in her teens (movie mogul Harry Cohn was later to name her "Ann Sothern"), her mother came to California—and it was there Ann was discovered while doing a duet with her celebrated parent.

This led to an acting career in New York, and then Hollywood, where in her fabulous MGM "Maisie" days, Miss Sothern was the tenant of a star's dressing room that had just been vacated by the fabulous Garbo.

There was a marriage to handleader Roger Pryor, and then, later, a second, to actor Robert Sterling. Both ended in divorce. But Ann did have her daughter Tish, a magnificent Beverly Hills home filled with antiques and Meissen china, a Lincoln Continental convertible (the classic Mark I, not the later, series), a vacation home in Sun Valley, Idaho, and a reputation as a skier, art collector and champion fisherwoman. Once Ann was fused to pose for publicity pictures in a scanty ski outfit that some manufacturer wanted to drape around her chassis—and an elegant chassis it was, too. The ski costume was an abbreviated thing and as Ann described it, "It came clear up to here."

"Look," Ann told the manufacturer tartly, "when I pose in anything glamourous, it's going to be an Adrian gown. But when I ski, I ski in Andre pants."

Yet even with all her success, being single isn't quite Ann's cup of tea. "I'm a girl who shouldn't he alone," she says to friends. Men were available, but not Ann's kind of men. Then came the bleakest period of her life. She found herself suddenly an invalid, after an almost fatal siege of hepatitis. It was a long, mysterious...
WHO'S A DUMB BLONDE?

ous illness, a two-year fight against a completely debilitating disease. But as Ann's friends have said, "It was her faith in God that helped her back to health. That, and her love for her daughter. She was all but forgotten, but she came back greater than ever."

But for a long time there seemed little to live for except pain. Ann's career was gone, much of her money was gone, and she had to play Maisie on the radio, working with a mike suspended over her pillow. She shut herself away from the world and contemplated the prospective ruin of her life and career. "I thought I was Ann the indefatigable, the indestructible, but I found out I was as vulnerable to pain as the next woman," she said. "I told myself that if I recovered, I would build a spiritual structure so firm and so substantial that the worst shocks of life could not disturb it."

That was when she became converted to the Catholic faith. One friend who helped her enormously was actor Richard Egan. He was enormously patient, sweet and understanding during a miserable period of my life." The truth is that Ann, in real life, is the antithesis of the slap-happy blonde. She is not a girl who makes friends in a hurry. It takes her a while to thaw out, but she has never lost a friend. Her tongue, at times, can be peppery, but she is not malicious. On occasion, strangers stop her, saying coyly. "I'm sure you don't remember me, but—" They are just as likely to get cut short with. "You're right, I don't."

There are, of course, things that Ann cannot do. "She can play Beethoven," laughed one intimate. "but she can't finagle a yo-yo worth a hoot." Her eyes, she declares, are "Jack Benny blue," and she confesses that she is probably the worst sleeper in the world—the worst. I go to sleep and in four hours I'm awake—wide awake. She cannot walk into a room unless something is open. "If a room is closed," she says, "I open something. I have a thing about tunnels."

Though she no longer goes game fishing or skis—"I can't afford to break anything"—she recently became a trap shooting enthusiast while vacationing at her home in Sun Valley, and she enjoys the feel of a fine gun. "But I won't go hunting," she says. "I can't bear to kill any living thing."

Ann maintains there are "have" and "have-not" people when it comes to humor. "You're born with it, definitely," she insists. And she can laugh at herself. "I can't say anyone who can't laugh at himself." She believes it important to be aware of your faults, and when you're wrong, to admit it. She has a huge stock of determination, and once stayed off the screen for a whole year, just because she didn't like the parts that her studio assigned to her.

Above all, Ann is feminine and unde-
niably attractive, and has many women friends as well as men. But toward even she is alert, witty and anything but naive. Candid about her acting ability, she once confessed, "I just don't have that thing that makes you want to play Joan of Arc." Yet she made up her mind several years ago to become a four-career girl and invaded the night club field with a $40,000 act, just to prove she could do it. The spot, of course, was Las Vegas, and before she did her first show, she went to morning Mass. "What's she trying this night club thing for?" someone asked. "For $25,000 a week," was the answer. The ovation Ann got, according to reports, was overwhelming. "If you don't stop cheering," she told the enthusiastic crowd, "I'll start crying and my mascara will run."

By her own admission, Ann has had "an awfully long career—awfully long." What has kept her a success and a public favorite so long is not because she is more talented, or even luckier, than other show business personalities. "She happens to have, among other things," one critic said, "that quality that is all too rare in the tinself world of entertainment—sincerity. This, plus a genuine love for her work. As one ardent fan, a private secretary, no less, put it, "There's something about her—she's so cute and likeable. She's a little peach pie."

Little peach pie Miss Sothern is indeed, but she is also as canny and dollar-wise a business woman as ever came down the pike. In "Private Secretary" she was, designedly, the "darling of the broken fingernail brigade, the secretaries." When she put together her record album several years ago called "Sothern Exposure," she wisely did standard ballads—"The Last Time I Saw Paris," "Always," and others of that genre. The album sold well. Her music publishing business, the "Sothern Company," came about as a result of her entry into the record field. It's a money-maker, too.

Says Ann, "I signed a contract to record an album for Tops Records, and while looking over possible songs to record, I found a beautiful original called 'Another Year,' written by Ian Bernard. When I told Ian I would like to include it in the album, he said, 'Wonderful! But we'll have to get a publisher first.'"

What follows is just what one would expect of Miss Sothern. "I found out," said Ann, "that publishers of songs receive royalties on performances, and if a song is successful, a lot of money could be made selling sheet music. We were in the publishing business the next week."

There is also the Ann Sothern Sewing Center in Sun Valley, a project Ann started about five years ago. It had its genesis one day while Miss Sothern was on one of her periodic holidays at the famed ski resort. "I wanted to do some sewing," she says, "and I discovered there was really no shop in town that carried a complete line of materials. Something clicked and one month later I opened the shop."
Look—But Don’t Touch

continued from page 23

only they’d had the same—and the sensi-
tivity—to hide their time and meanwhile
leave her alone.

There was a boy she met at a party in
New York a while back, who, like Tina,
as was about to come to Hollywood.
She rather liked him and thought it would
be nice to spend some time with him
when they were both on the Coast. But
he spoiled his chances by telling—not
asking—her to leave the party with him
and have a nightcap at his place, where
they’d be a twosome instead, of part of
a crowd.

"I simply don’t like men to take too
much initiative," she observed. "It
bothers me when they take things for
granted that they have no right to. Even
a good-night kiss is something they shouldn’t
act as if they expect, like the dessert
that goes with a Blue Plate Special.
"Of course, I don’t mean that I enjoy
having a man sit around contributing
absolutely nothing to a situation. Any
girl gets a lot of pleasure out of having
a man make a fuss over her—up to a
point. But the things I mean when I
say ‘make a fuss’ haven’t anything to do
with making a pass. They’re the little
things a man does to show he ap-
preciates a girl. Maybe it’s only the way
he listens when she talks, or the way he
smiles when she comes into a room.
Maybe it’s the things he has to say about
her dress, or her opinion of a show,
or the way she’s decorated her apart-
ment. He can show his appreciation of a
girl in plenty of other ways besides ma-
uling her."

Tina can’t see anything peculiar about
what some men have told her is a
peculiarity not shared by other girls. It’s
this: She can’t hear being touched physi-
continued on page 70
LOOK—BUT DON'T TOUCH

continued

cally unless she's made the first move, or she and her boy friend are motivated by the same idea at the same time.

"The most interesting men I've ever met," she said with astonishing honesty, "are those I've kissed first!"

That, I decided, definitely called for an explanation.

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you exactly what happened a few months ago in New York. I'd had a date with a young man who's doing very well right now in television. He's a clever fellow, interesting and lots of fun to be with. We went to a show one night and after he brought me home we sat around talking till it got quite late. When he looked at his watch and saw it was almost two o'clock, he got right up, put on his coat and started to go. As he began walking to the elevator I asked in amazement, "Aren't you going to give me a goodnight kiss?"

"Well, what did he say to that?" I wanted to know.

"Say?" Tina replied in a don't-be-silly tone. "He didn't say anything. The rest of our good-night was not carried out in conversation!"

The same sort of thing happened the first time Tina ever fell in love. She and her escort were coming home from a party. They got all the way to her apartment building in a cab and nothing happened. So Tina promptly fell in love and kissed him.

"I guess I suddenly fell in love and kissed him because he hadn't kissed me," she said with characteristically feminine logic. "If he had, it would have made him seem very ordinary, like the others."

By "the others" Tina means, of course, the grab-it-whenever-you-can characters who try to infest the life of this spectacularly endowed young lovely whose beauty and physical attributes can't be hidden, short of enveloping her in a tent. To date, she has not been under canvas, though producers are inclined to bally-hoo her bounteous figure like a threering circus. And who can blame them? Certainly not the movie, theatre or television viewing public.

"I'm in a business where, in a sense, I have to sell my physical attributes by playing roles that emphasize my appearance." Tina was quite matter of fact about it. "And I really have to watch my figure all the time," she added, blithely pouring practically the entire contents of the cream pitcher into her coffee. "But I expect my personal friends to have other ways of being interested in me and knowing me than by the face or figure I happen to have.

"I don't feel flattered at all when men take my personal measure by my physical measurements. The men who do—and that's most of them—are usually not marriage-minded. I am. Put these two facts together and you're bound to come up with complications, I guess, though I'm certainly not a complicated person myself. In fact, I seem simple enough to me. The first time a would-be boy friend told me I was complicating things I was honestly surprised.

"You're making a big complicated production out of something perfectly ordinary," he told me, 'and you're making an insult out of a compliment. You're unreasonable and stubborn.'"

"That's not so," I answered back. 'I want to get married, but I wouldn't want to marry you, so there's no reason for us to get together. It's just a waste of time on both sides, and I don't believe in wasting time. Now what's complicated about that? Or unreasonable? And I'm not stubborn—just strong-minded.'"

Tina shook her head and shrugged. "Weak-minded girls with not much character are supposed to be getting into trouble all the time. With me, it's just the opposite. My strong mind is what gets me into trouble with men and makes complications when all they want is what they call 'a good time.'"

In Hollywood, where practically everyone is an amateur analyst, Tina is refreshingly down to earth—but paradoxical as beer in a champagne glass.

On the set, before "The Hangman" company broke for lunch, an Angry Young Man type was bugging her by asking how she accounts for what he called "the cross-currents in her character."

"You're full of inner conflicts," he told Tina. "Why don't you probe them instead of hiding in a book all the time?" He pointed to the copy of "Dr. Zhivago" she'd been trying to read between scenes.

"Thanks," answered Tina, "but I think self-analysis is depressing—and I have no inner conflicts. The only conflicts I have are with the mixed up outsiders who confuse my professional characterizations with my personal character."

Being, as she says, a very physical person, Tina used to be attracted to her counterpart in men. Then she found she couldn't fulfill her ideals and ambitions unless she gave up going with the types that correspond too well with her own.

"Perhaps in a way I'm sacrificing some-
thing of the present for the future," she speculated. "If so, I believe it's worthwhile. I'm willing to make my concessions now, for the sake of permanent happiness in the years ahead. I keep thinking about marriage and hope somebody else in the world has the same ideas I do about it, and that we finally will get together and live happily ever after.

"As long as I keep this in mind, I find I can have the most fun with people I'm not physically attracted to. If I have mental rapport with someone, feel that we're interested in the same things, I'm happy 24 hours a day. It doesn't matter if we disagree occasionally or have different points of view now and then. Things like that can be stimulating when there is basic harmony between two people. Sometimes, though, you try to kid yourself that harmony and understanding are there when they're not. That's no good."

When something like that happens to Tina she takes refuge in her own resources—not always necessarily mental ones, although she's an avid reader.

"Last night I kicked up a storm all by myself," she said. "Dancing. No, not going dancing. Just dancing around the house. Solo. I put on a terrific recording of 'Heat Wave' and made up the wildest modern jazz number anybody—or in this case, nobody—ever saw. I studied modern dance in New York for years—Martha Graham and all that—but I love modern jazz dancing best. It's a wonderful way to let off steam."

While steaming full speed ahead toward the marriage she claims as her ultimate ambition in life, putting it even ahead of her career, Tina is looking over the field with eyes wide open. She's willing to meet all types, but definitely reserves the right to say NO when they make the wrong moves or ask the wrong questions.

"Sometimes I think I'm awfully far away from marriage. This year I haven't even had many dates," she confessed. "Too busy. And maybe my methods aren't getting me any closer to my goal. But in the meantime, I just don't care to go with people who keep wanting to 'physicalize,' I get plenty of that in my work."

You won't find Tina's word "physicalize" in any dictionary, but she couldn't have made her meaning any clearer if she'd quoted the entire Kinsey Report.

"Men!" she exclaimed, wrapping up the subject. "They're a puzzlement." Then she smiled as if she were laughing at herself a little. "But so are women. I guess that makes it even.

## Hollywood Lowdown

The most successful young marriage in town—Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner. They have been inseparable 24 hours a day. It's cute to see her on his set, and lunching with him every day at the studio. Of course when she starts making pictures again, they will be parted during the day. But this is love. . . . Julie Andrews is already occupying the apartment in London where she will live when she marries designer Tony Walton this summer. . . . Grace Kelly solved her dilemma by inviting Cary Grant for Christmas and Betsy Drake for the New Year, in Monaco. Everything Grace does in that tiny principality makes news. When she changed her hairdo a corps of photographers awaited her exit from the beauty parlor. And when she's expecting a baby, that's bigger news of course. There's a rumor that twins are on the royal horizon.

Nice of Mamie Van Doren to wait until her love scenes with Ray Anthony were finished in "The Beat Generation," before she filed suit for divorce. . . . Ava Gardner made one of the best deals of the year—for $400,000 in cash, plus a percentage, a house in Melbourne, servants, passage and expenses for her sister and manager—to star in "On The Beach" in Australia, with Gregory Peck, Tony Perkins and Fred Astaire. . . . Greg's deal was even better, with all expenses for his wife and family.

Shirley MacLaine is hoping to amend her contract with Hal Wallis so she can make an occasional outside picture and keep the money she makes. But it isn't yet the $100,000 her press agents said she received for "Some Came Running." "It was $35,000," Mr. Wallis told me, "and she got most of it." Shirley's domestic status is still not what you call ideal with her husband filming in Japan for so many months of each year.

Ricky Nelson's future plans include a Western with brother David, and to own and operate a cattle ranch. As a start, Ricky bought a horse. . . . The Jack Palances tried to make the reconciliation stick, but last reports have Virginia heading for the divorce courts. . . . Whatever happened to June Allyson's movie career? I'd like to see her on the screen again, wouldn't you? . . .

John Wayne's handsome son, Pat, comes into a trust fund of $100,000 when he is 21. The premium was paid at birth. The very good looking Pat isn't entirely sure that movies will be his full-time career. But nothing can stop Alan Ladd's young son David. This boy is a born actor. . . . Tony Perkins may or may not be delighted with the news that Brigitte Bardot wants him for a picture.

I wonder if Peter Lawford has his suite at the White House picked out? His brother-in-law, John Kennedy, could be the next president. . . . That's all for this semester. . . . You see next month.
remains of O'Brien's sub. Understandably, O'Brien is somewhat irked at Garner and his next to impossible mission. Fortunately, the crew doesn't allow these petty differences to get the better of them, they manage to shoot down a Zero and sink the destroyer. Busy? You bet, but that's small potatoes compared to what's in store for Garner on the island.

(Warner Bros.)

A Stranger In My Arms

BECAUSE Army pilot Jeff Chandler was with her husband when he died on a life raft at sea, June Allyson would like to know the details of her husband's last days. Even more interested are the dead man's parents, Mary Astor and Conrad Nagel. Mary, the typical dominating female, will stop at nothing to get her son a posthumous award Medal of Honor. With a father-in-law, Charles Coburn, who is wealthy, influential and on the Washington scene, it's a cinch. But Chandler won't join in the game. His reasons are a long time in the telling, giving Jeff and June the needed time to discover each other. A nice workman-like opera that rolls up its sleeve and plunges into the dirty family linen.

(Universal-International)

The Hanging Tree

TALL lean, weatherbeaten Gary Cooper rides into Skull Creek, Montana's wildest gold camp. A doctor, Cooper has left behind his wife's lover—dead, his wife—a suicide, and their home—destroyed by fire. Ahead is an equally formidable future. By rescuing Ben Piazza from town bully Karl M ponder, Cooper becomes an eventual candidate for lynching. When he saves Maria Schell's life, faith-healer George Scott swears he'll get Cooper. Then, of course, Maria, a vol-}

coming attractions

continued from page 8

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(1) 
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(3) 
(4) 

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Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw

This kids the Technicolor levis off most run-of-the-mill Westerns. Kenneth More, always a delight to watch, appears as the heir to a foundering fire-arm dynasty. Vague in most matters, More is certain that fair play and good sportsmanship will see one through every disaster. These traits plus a sample case of guns are all More has when he arrives in a rootin' tootin' Western frontier town to revive the family fortunes. More finds America a fascinating challenge. An Indian uprising, a corrupt town, two cattle tycoons warring, and Jayne Mansfield all are tamed by the displaced Briton. Without Jayne's grotesque proportions assauling your eyes, this would have been a sparkling satire—as is, there's too much of the girl, in every way. (20th Century-Fox.)

I was prudish, and, in a crowd, I had a feeling people were laughing at me. Some girls, who were a little reserved, didn't like to have me around, or I thought they didn't. I felt like a misfit.

"Dozens of times I had to remind myself, 'Do what you believe is right, and don't worry about results!'"

Eva Marie learned a lot from her parents, but she has learned from others, too. One of her favorite teachers is Alfred Hitchcock, director of her current MGM picture, "North By Northwest."

"When pressure builds up on the set, she says, 'Mr. Hitchcock soothes us with, 'Remember, it's only a movie,' and I can't think of wiser advice. I say to myself whenever tension sets in, 'Remember, it's only a movie.'"

"And I've convinced myself that movies aren't the only thing in life. Here, in Hollywood, there is a terrible tendency to get so wrapped up in motion pictures that you lose your perspective. You begin to feel that a bad scene or a bad review is the end of the world. You get completely out of balance.

"But by remembering, 'It's only a movie,' and that I am so richly blessed in my private life, I can relax and stay rational. If I've too much to do at one time, I select the most important thing and do that first, remembering that I can do no more than my best. Then I take the next thing and do that. And, wonder of wonders, before the day is over, I accomplish everything I'd hoped to, calmly and without nervous exhaustion."

Eva Marie is the wife of talented, young director Jeffrey Hayden and the mother of two children, Darrell, three years old, and Laurette, born last July. And her home is her surest refuge from trouble.

"I make only two pictures a year," she explains, "so I'm not away from the children often. But after a day's work, I find the greatest relaxation in getting home and playing with them."

Miss Saint looked perfectly relaxed as she moved about her pretty pink and white dressing room at MGM, removing a drooping rose from a handsome cluster on the coffee table. The dressing room itself is a storied place, once assigned to Joan Crawford, to Kathryn Grayson and to Judy Garland.

"Yes," she says, "in spite of all my philosophy for handling pressures, I do get nervous sometimes. I can't stand a charged atmosphere. When people around me are on edge, I get that way, too. My husband can tell when I'm tensing. He says I laugh too much. Some people cry because of nerves, I laugh.

"But when I get home, I can slip right out of my problems. Yesterday, for example, when I got home I was edgy. Jeffrey was working on his play, and I had two hours alone with the children. We talked and romped, and then suddenly I realized I was relaxed and refreshed. 'Darrell is a very sensitive little boy. Sometimes he'll say to me, 'Mamma, are you unhappy?'"

"'No, baby,' I'll say, 'I'm not unhappy . . . just tired.'"

"'Then,' he'll say, 'I'm tired, too. Let's take a rest together.'"

"And that's what we'll do. I have so much to be happy about that I simply can't let work upset me. That's why I take long vacations between pictures. My family is the most important thing in my life."

Eva Marie, like all stars, has found that success brings penalties . . . more demands on her time, less privacy . . . and, sometimes, she and her husband recall their lean days in Greenwich Village with nostalgia.

"Remember how nice it was on Ninth Street?" they say to each other.

But Miss Saint is too realistic to discount the problems of Ninth Street.

"I don't know when the pressures are greater," she says, "when you're a success or when you're a failure. Now I look back to Greenwich Village and think, 'Ah, those were the carefree days!', but they really weren't.

"Then I was working only part of the time, a small part. And I worried. I worried about jobs and money and my career. Actually, I was self-centered, because all my worries were centered in me. My point of view has changed, now. I'm not so conscious of personal success or failure . . . but, if I hadn't been successful, I might still worry about the same things."

The story of Miss Saint's success points another moral, she asserts.

"Everything you learn is valuable. You never know when it will serve you. For example, if I hadn't been a high school cheerleader, I might never have become an actress."

"My first job," she continues, "was doing a commercial for Keds . . . and I got it because I could lead cheers. I dressed up in a cheerleader's costume and did this."

And here, to the astonishment of a fascinated publicist and a writer, poised Eva Marie Saint flung herself into a vigorous pep-squad routine.

"Keds are great," she shouted, dropping to one knee.

"Keds are neat," from the other knee. "Keds are best for your family's feet. Wear 'em!"

And with this last, enthusiastic endorsement, she swivelled her arms, leaped in the air, and flung back her head in the best "fight, team, fight" tradition.

"Several girls auditioned for the job," she says, "but I was the most experienced cheerleader in the crowd. That commercial lead to several more until I decided, 'If I'm going to do this sort of thing, I'd better find out what it's all about.' So I studied dramatics."

Every experience, she's discovered, can be profitable. You learn from everyone you meet . . . everything you do. And each day, she lives with tomorrow uppermost in her mind.

"I think the best way to cope with a problem is to understand why it exists. If the cause is outside yourself, don't worry about it. Do your best, and you can do no more. If the cause is within yourself, the same remedy applies. Do your best, and the problem may disappear."
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INSIDE NEWS
Elvis Presley 20 The Girl Elvis Presley Will Marry by Helen Hendricks

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS
Dolores Hart 24 How Dolores Hart Learned About Boys by Mrs. Harriet Gordon
Loretta Young 31 The Gal Who Conquered Time by Favius Friedman
Tony Curtis 34 “I’ve Got Nothing To Hide” by Vi Swisher
Bob Horton 41 The Man Who Runs Up Hills by Jim Cooper
Connie Francis 45 She Carries Spring With Her by Helen Bolstad
Bill Holden 48 Bill Holden’s Double Life by Meryl Robbins
Vera Miles 55 “I’m Glad I Was Poor” by Amy Francis

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES
Frank Sinatra 28 A Birthday For Frankie
Donna Reed 38 Donna And Her Brood
Natalie Wood 52 The Wagners Hoof It and Bob Wagner

SPECIAL FEATURES
Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheila Graham
14 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O’Leary
Records 12 Let’s Look At The Records by Bob Crosby
Reviews 18 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Fashions 58 Say Hello To Spring by Sue Collins

ON THE COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STARRING IN MGM’S “THE MATING GAME” AND 20TH CENTURY-FOX’S “SAY ONE FOR ME”

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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND Volume 60, No. 12  
May, 1959

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

• Clint Walker to resume in "Cheyenne" series
• Reconciliation for the Marlon Brandos?

They're saying in Hollywood that Eddie Fisher did not go to the Taylor, he went to the cleaners. Elizabeth likes costly presents and Debbie has insisted all along that her children must be well taken care of financially by their father.

The Spaniards prefer Italian Gina Lollobrigida to American Ava Gardner, who makes her home in Madrid. Because Gina dresses like a movie star—not jewels, the whole bit. While Ava likes to dance barefoot.

It didn't take Mrs. Marlon Brando and Mrs. Rock Hudson too long to join forces. Mrs. B. will be represented for films and television under her name of Anna Kashfi, by Mrs. H. And with Anna resuming her career full scale, I wouldn't give odds that even if Marlon gets reconciled with her, as he wants, that it will last. As of going to press, Anna's answer was "No." Can't wait to see "Porgy And Bess," which I hear is wonderful with Sidney Poitier as Porgy, Dorothy Dandridge in the Bess role, Pearl Bailey playing Maria, and Sammy Davis, Jr., as Sporting Life. Sammy's last birthday party was chock-a-block with friends, including Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak.

Brigitte Bardot is getting some competition from her younger sister Mijanou, who is an inch taller but with the same vital statistics. Mijanou's necklines are somewhat higher and her hemlines longer, and she's a natural blonde. Be interesting to see how far she travels. Zsa Zsa Gabor called me with the news that boy friend Hal Hayes was buying 20th Century-Fox more or less as a wedding gift. When I expressed disbelief, Zsa insisted, 'twas so. I'll believe it when it happens, and I will believe they will be married when it happens.

I'm glad that pretty Pier Angeli is getting over her heartbreak from the breakup of her marriage to Vic Damone. She is now dating—especially with wealthy young actor-producer, Yale Wexler. And Debbie Reynolds seems to like MGM set designer Jerry Wunderlich. People are saying that Errol Flynn should have met up with Fidel Castro at least two years earlier, then he would have kicked out Batista that much sooner. Haw Haw.

When last heard from, Diane Varsi was

I'm a new me for the new fashions

All it took was a new point of view! And now I'm all enthused over the new spring lines and styles! Now I'm having a gay time shopping for the right frock to "go" with my way of living! For I'm a casual kind of girl. I like to feel free, be natural. That's what governs my choice of fashions. And that's what governs my choice of sanitary protection, too.

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Thinking back on it—it took a new point of view for me to change to Tampax, too—a view toward better, nicer ways of handling those days. Why don't you change to Tampax, too? In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

HER marital problems over, Terry Moore happily returns to Hollywood social life.

FOOD at movieland party doesn't interest Hugh O'Brian as much as Debbie Reynolds.
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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

for a month. is really having the last laugh. Because when he was living here and under contract to RKO, film jobs were very conspicuous by their absence.

The report is that Her Grace Kelly will make a feature film in Monaco, just to keep her hand in. She played a bit part in "Invitation To Monaco," with her daughter, Princess Caroline, and hubby, Prince Rainier, in the leads. To sell dear old Monaco, of course. Grace believes in helping her husband, ... Guess the three personalities on Ed Sullivan's show to get the most applause? Elvis Presley, Liberace—and Sal Mineo. He had a young audience that night.

Talking of young people, Pat Boone has doubled his price since his hit in "Mardi Gras." He now wants $250,000 plus a percentage. ... The current joke—that when Bing Crosby was young, he was The Crosby Boys. They're always up to something and so was Bing. ... Wife Kathryn Grant will continue with her career, as long as it doesn't conflict with her marriage. "Our rule," she told me at lunch, "No interviews or photographs together for any of my movies." Or his for that matter. Bing doesn't need it of course. It isn't easy for anyone to be married to a legend. But Kathryn, an intelligent girl, is doing it successfully. ... Bing's son Lindsay, incidentally, has been courting 16-year-old blonde star Sandra Dee. Which is nice courting.

Peter Lawford's wife chided him for his extravagance when he gifted her with a racy thunderbird. The former Pat Kennedy has a million dollar trust fund from her father, but like the Rockefellers, was raised to be thrifty. ... The day that Guy Madison's car was stolen was the day that someone ran into Sheila Madison's car and completely demolished it. Guy loaned her his station wagon while he drove a jeep. And what a beautiful diamond bracelet he gave her to bridge the gap of their separation.

Tony Curtis is bursting, with muscle as much as pride. He worked for months in a gymnasium to develop his chest for his smallish role in "Spartacus." This picture winds up his contract at U-I where he was discovered ten years ago. Price for the picture, $65,000. Whereas for his own pictures he can earn between four and five hundred thousand dollars, against a percentage. Tony is one of the few stars here who enjoys his success, hugely. ... And wife Janet Leigh may never make another picture. With Tony in the million dollar a year bracket, it costs them more when Janet works. And why should she, with a beautiful home, gorgeous husband and two lovely daughters.

Marilyn Monroe's illness and expectant motherhood cost her "Some Like It Hot" picture another $300,000. Poor Marilyn. My wish for 1959 and '60, is that heaven allows her to become a mother. Marilyn's early life is rather like mine—as you can see in my book, "Beloved Infidel." I have been blessed with two children. I'd like the same for Marilyn. ... John Wayne is putting his profits into oil and his time with wife Pilar. He doesn't want the pretty Latin lady to feel neglected again.

More news about Ricky Nelson. He makes all his records at night. "I can't sing in the morning," explained the personable Mr. Nelson. "I like to stay up until four in the morning and sleep until six at night." How would you like to be married to a guy who keeps these hours? ... Dale Robertson, who couldn't get any good pictures to make while he was under contract to 20th, reckons as how he will make a million dollars this year from his TV show, "Tales Of Wells Fargo," and his ranch and oil wells. ... Shirley MacLaine is a wonderful girl and husband Steve Parker would be smart to transfer his working time to Hollywood, instead of so many months a year in Japan. They have a cute youngster who is growing up without seeing too much of her dad. ... Rhonda Fleming earns $15,000 a week in night clubs. But she would give it all away to get a nice husband. Rhonda has been lonesome since her divorce from Doc Lew Morrill. ... Rock Hudson would rather be afloat, so he will buy a house at Balboa to be near his newly-acquired yacht.

Lucille Ball is shopping for a Broadway play. ... So is Jerry Lewis. ... While George Nader invested his "Ellery Queen" profits into Montana land. ... Clint Walker, back at work again, will be making all the feature films for the movie houses he can cram in from his new TV series. I'm glad Warners isn't dropping "Cheyenne," I like Ty Hardin, but the series wasn't the same without Clint. ... Frank McHugh, on the 20th Century-Fox lot for his role in "Say One For Me," looked in good shape—"Of course," he said. "I have to work on my figure to keep up with my old movies that are showing on television."

The owners of The Lobster, a seafood house in New York, shipped a crate of lobsters to Ingrid Bergman in Paris. And they came back marked "Unknown." What does a girl have to do to get herself known? ... That's all for now. END
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GOT your dancin' shoes on? You'll need 'em when you catch Frank Sinatra's new Capitol album "Come Dance With Me." It's Frankie with a beat, man. The songs include "Volare," "Hip, Hip, Hurray," and "The Love Me Do Blues." The album will appeal to fans of all ages.

The Kingston Trio's new Capitol album "Close Harmony" is a welcome addition to the folk-pop genre. The trio's harmonies are tight and their songs are catchy. The album includes such hits as "Jingle Bell Rock," "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and "The Bells of St. Mary's."

Tab Hunter, who has developed a profitable sideline out of his occasional vocal offerings, has a new Warner Bros. release. "My Only Love" and "Apple Blossom Time" should prove a Nirvana for many a teenager. Tab's approach has an honest artlessness about it that seems to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the vast army of his feminine followers.

Just to make sure that the supply keeps up with the demand, the moguls behind Imperial Records are making sure that the Ricky Nelson LP's pour out of the hopper almost as fast as the speed of sound. The latest showcase for Ozzie and Harriet's youngest son is titled "Ricky Sings Again." The Nelson boy turns in his usual highly professional performance as he runs through a representative of the r & r school. At the rate Ricky's popularity is increasing, it won't be long before Imperial has to put out an LP titled "Ricky Sings Again And Again."...

One of the most successful examples of "East Meets West" is currently firmly entrenched on Broadway. We mean Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Flower Drum Song." The Columbia original cast album features such Oriental stalwarts as Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki and Keye Luke (long since graduated from being Charlie Chan's No. 1 Son), and such non-Oriental luminaries as Larry Blyden and Juanita Hall. Although the show is as loaded as a Chinese menu with top-grade material, the songs that give us the biggest message is "Love Look Away."...

The Kalin Twins, a pair of rock 'n' rollers who have cornered more than a small share of the r & r market, have put a compendium of their best efforts on a Decca LP titled simply "The Kalin Twins." The tunes may not be destined for immortality but they're enjoyable and include "Three O'Clock Thrill" and "Forget Me Not." One of the better female voices around belongs to Gogi Grant. Her latest Victor album, "Torch Time," is a splendid display case for Gogi's full-throated delivery. The numbers, including "Yesterday," "The Thrill Is Gone" and "Mad About The Boy," are beautifully handled and that takes in the orchestral background supplied by Henri Rene...

A spirtel dissertation on the multiple blessings of being a female is offered by Doris Day on Columbia in a number titled "I Enjoy Being A Girl." We enjoy Doris' being a girl, too. The flip side, "Kissin' My Honey," is another energetic effort with almost equally pleasing results...

The Diamonds have a new look and a new sound. The first record from the new line-up points to a bright future for the group. "From The Bottom Of My Heart" and "She Say" are very big with the beat, an area in which the Diamonds can do no wrong...

The Dave Pell Octet has taken a whirlwind tour of the nation's college campuses and come up with "Swingin' In School Suits." The Coral LP crammed full of upbeat alma maters' franttie fight songs and movin' marches...

One of the current skyrocketers streaking across the musical firmament is Earl Grant, the crackerjack performer at the Hammond organ and a vocal virtuoso. Earl has a new Decca album that allows a fine display of his several talents. Titled "The End," in tribute to his best selling single that's included in the album, the LP covers a variety of standards, pops, folk songs and show tunes, among them "Hello, Young Lovers" and "Volare."
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TORERO RICK—Any girl who wants to score with Ricky Nelson these days must be interested in bull fighting because that is the Big Passion in his life, right now. Rick saw his first bull fight in Mexico when he was making “Rio Bravo.” He flipped. Since then he’s been reading everything he can find on the subject and recently bought a cape, sword and “practice bull,” a wooden contrivance with horns attached which is pushed toward him as he practices his cape and sword movements. Brother David often obliges as the pusher. Anyway, Rick has been regaling young actresses Leslie Petit and Barbara Lord, whom he’s dated recently, with talk about “the moment of truth” and other bull fighting jazz.

DAVID “UP IN AIR”—David, meantime, has his own new interest and spent a month practicing trapeze work for his role in “The Big Circus” in which he plays a “catcher” in a trapeze act. Dave worked with a stunt man and took several spills—into a net, of course—to master his art. Often watching him practice was Venetia Stevenson. She and D. Nelson still date often but continue to deny any “real romance.”

MADE IT!—After Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood celebrated their first wedding anniversary, Natalie crowded, “And the busybodies said our marriage wouldn’t last a year!” Oddly enough, just a few days later, Bob was married again, and to a former girl friend, Debbie Reynolds. But this was a scene for “Say One For Me” and the priest performing the ceremony was Bing Crosby! An interested spectator was real wife Nat. The Wagners plan a leisurely sail in their boat down to Acapulco when “Say” is finished. Debbie, by the way, is going all-out on her career, will do one picture after another this year. She still steadfastly refuses to discuss her divorce from Eddie Fisher.

QUIET MAN—Another one still maintaining the Big Silence is Rock Hudson. He insists the only “love” in his life now is his boat and he’s gone so overboard (what a pun!) about sailing that he’s moved from Malibu down to Lido Isle, right on Newport Bay, where his boat is berthed. When Rock sailed down to San Diego recently some Air Force friends there offered to take him up in a jet plane. During the run they broke the sound barrier. Rock reported you don’t hear the sonic boom in the plane.

ANOTHER JUDY—A newcomer who really has the young bachelors scrambling for her phone number is Judy Harriet, a 16-year-old alumna of “The Mouseketeers” who really knows how to belt out a song. Pretty Judy has been singing since she was five and now in “Say One For Me” she delivers a ditty, especially written for her, guaranteed to send you. It’s named “The Night That Rock ‘n’ Roll Died.”

SENTIMENTAL—To celebrate six months of wedded happiness, Richard Egan invited bride Patricia to dinner at Romanoff’s in Beverly Hills and there, at the very same table where he had proposed to her, he presented her with a beautiful antique gold ring.

YES OR NO?—Barry Coe went all the way up to Oregon to meet Judi Meredith’s folks, which would indicate serious romance. But it’s our guess they won’t marry soon although they are “steadies.” Judi saw a portrait photo of Barry and asked him for a copy. He brought her a large envelope saying, “Here’s a picture of your favorite movie star.” But it was an enlargement of a picture he had taken of her! He’s a camera bug. P.S. He also gave her the one she wanted, of him.

HAPPY WIFE—Nice to see Leslie Caron back in town, here now for “The Man Who Understood Women” with Henry Fonda. Leslie brought her two babies with her, confided she was “so lonely” waiting for husband Peter Hall to arrive from London; he’ll vacation here. She’s
so proud of Peter, told us he'll be the youngest man ever to direct at Stratford-on-Avon Theatre. Peter, 28, will direct Sir Laurence Olivier in "Coriolanus" this summer. And that is an honor. Leslie also told us their house in London is a fire-story place and "that's why I keep slim."

WEDDING BELLS—June Lockhart, who stars in the "Lassie" TV series, and architect John Lindsey, who have been so in love for the past six months, will do something about it this April—something definite, like marriage. June's divorce will be final and that was the last obstacle to their wedding plans. But June will continue with "Lassie."

DENIALS—Just before leaving for Durango, Mexico, where he'll make "The Unforgiven" with Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy and Audrey Hepburn, John Saxon told us it's not true that he's romancin' Susan Kohner. Vicki That is still his best girl, he says. John, who had grown a full beard for "The Big Fisherman," had to shave it off for "Unforgiven" and Audie, customarily the clean-shaven one, had to grow a beard! . . . Jill St. John denies printed rumors that her romance with Lance Reventlow was "all over" because his mother, Barbara Hutton, didn't like her when they met in New York. "We got along fine," says Jill. Lance went to Europe after the meeting in Manhattan but he and Jill have been keeping postmen busy.

SILVA A SOFTIE—Henry Silva, a very mean guy on screen—he was the vicious dope-pusher in "Hatful Of Rain," he sets fire to Audrey Hepburn in "Green Mansions" and rapes Nicole Maurey in "The Jayhawkers"—is very soft and gentle off-screen these days with Cindy Conroy. She's a red-haired Irish beauty who has turned down several acting offers because she'd rather write and this is fine with Henry who was once married to an actress and says he won't marry another.

continued on page 16
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE
continued

ROMANTIC—Jayne Mansfield was scarcely home from the hospital after the birth of her son Miklos before she and husband Mickey Hargitay resumed decorating their house. Jayne is still on her pink binge, with heart-shaped motifs. In the master bedroom a pink marble fireplace has been built in the shape of a heart. Walls are pink antique mirror and Jayne wanted the ceiling covered with that too but the contractor convinced her it would be dangerous "in case of an earthquake." Jayne's bath has a heart-shaped tub, also pink marble. Little Miklos has a king-sized bassinet. Yep, it's heart-shaped. (This isn't the one she got with Green Stamps!)

READY NOW?—John Smith has been one of Hollywood's dating-est bachelors but he now seems serious about Luanna Patten. They met when she made a guest star appearance on his TV show, "Cimarron City," and have become a steady twosome. John has often said that as soon as his career was in good shape—and it is now, with the success of his series—that he'd like to get married. Luanna just might be the girl.

SHIRLEY HAPPY—Shirley MacLaine threw a real wing-ding of a housewarming party at her new home, but the real cause for celebration was the fact that husband Steve Parker was able to get here from Japan for the bash. He spends much of his time in the Orient making documentary films but now will be here for four months. Could be he'll see his ever-lovin' Shirl win an Oscar for her role in "Some Came Running." At any rate, friends who feel she deserves the award brought a huge Oscar carved out of ice for the centerpiece at the housewarming party.

TOGETHER—Janet Leigh doesn't like long separations from husband Tony Curtis, so she went along for half of his month's location time in Florida for "Operation Petticoat." Janet left the two babies home with their nurse so it was a real vacation for her. . . While Dana Wynter was in New York for personal appearances for the opening of "Shake Hands With The Devil," lawyer-husband Greg Bautzer flew both ways just to spend the weekend with her.

REEL TO REAL—Dwayne Hickman and Tuesday Weld met when they played teenage daters in "Rally Round The Flag, Boys." Then when Dwayne started his new TV series, "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis," his first girl friend for the first episode was Tuesday! (He'll have a different G.F. in each sketch.) So what more natural than that Tuesday and Dwayne should also be dating, for real! However, Tuesday has also had dates

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TRIPLE CELEBRATION—April is a Big Month for Carolyn Jones and her writer-husband Aaron Spelling. Both have birthdays and they celebrate their wedding anniversary—this year their sixth—in the same month. Aaron is presenting Carolyn with a dazzling three-carat tear-drop diamond pendant. Lucky for Carolyn she was born in April with diamond as her birthstone, 'cause she admits she likes 'em. She doesn't go so far as to say "diamonds are a girl's best friend"—she believes firmly that man is girl's best friend—but diamonds come in a close second, says she.

FREE—Evy "Miss Denmark" Norlund took a quick trip back to her native land and while there broke her engagement to a Danish actor. It was all very amicable and he gave her a gold ring as a parting gift. Since her return she's been seeing Jimmy Darren, who's getting a divorce. But we predict she'll let romance wait a while and tend to work; her career finally gets going with TV appearances and a Big Break is slated for her in a feature, too.

AGE CONSCIOUS—Millie Perkins has been going out some with Dick Beymer but says "we're not really dating because he's younger than I am!" She's nine months older than Dick, but at 20, this can be important! Anyway, Dick is a camera bug and is getting Millie interested, too. There's a possibility that Millie may be sent to the principal cities of Europe for openings of "Diary Of Anne Frank" and that Dick, who plays opposite her in that, may be, sent, too. So that might further a romance. But now Millie is also dating Dean Stockwell and George Stevens, Jr.

TALL TWOSOME—Ron Ely, who is 6'4", has "discovered" tall Nina Shipman, who has been tagged a "young Ingrid Bergman." Nina, a newcomer, has good roles in "Say One For Me" and "The Man Who Understood Women."

DIFFERENT—Ed Byrnes is not one to spurn the girls—his two most frequent dates currently are Asa Maynor and Arlene Howell—but when he had a day off from shooting "77 Sunset Strip" recently he jumped in his little sports car and spun down to Palm Springs, just to try a new small Mexican restaurant there! Seems that's a hobby of his, trying little, off-beat eating places. He doesn't mind driving 180 miles to try one recommended by a friend.

THE CROSBY BOYS—Looks like Lindsay Crosby, who'll be out of the Army by the time you read this, may be joining brother Gary at 20th. And of course pop Bing has been there, too, do-

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with Mark Damon, and Dwayne has also been beaming Dorothy Provine.

DICK CLARK GOES FOR "Gidget"

"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"

She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!

The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA"

Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

CINEMASCOPE EASTMAN COLOR
Compulsion

Based on the best seller by Meyer Levin, this had a short run as a Broadway play before coming to the screen. As movie entertainment, perhaps it would have been more fitting treated as a case history of two spoiled, wealthy, pampered 18-year-old boys, Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell. Minds twisted and warped by a fence of superiority, they brutally kill a young boy. Once police investigation, with the unexpected assistance of Diane Varsi's fiance, Martin Milner, turns up the murderers, the case develops into one of the most sensational in American courtroom history. After brilliant legal gymnastics by lawyers E. G. Marshall and Orson Welles, the final verdict will be far from satisfying to some. (20th Century-Fox.)

Last Train From Gun Hill

Tracking down his wife's two murderers takes marshal Kirk Douglas along a Technicolor route straight to Anthony Quinn's cattle empire. Years ago, they were friends. Quinn's son was about the age Douglas' motherless boy is now. Unfortunately, ten years and a father with such a positive personality have turned Quinn's lad, Earl Holliman, into an irresponsible weakling whom Douglas accuses of the murder. Getting the killer seems to be least of the marshal's troubles. In this town of hundreds, he stands alone determined to bring Holliman to trial. Tough as flint, with a fine cast, and a finish bound to produce nervous exhaustion, it's one of those Westerns with a special brand that separates this from the usual mavericks. (Paramount.)

Warlock

The dictionary says "warlock" is a male witch, but this deals strictly with which male takes over the town of Warlock: Henry Fonda, Richard Widmark, Anthony Quinn or Tom Drake. The contest opens when the citizens figure it's high time an outsider was called in to clamp down on the lethal form of rowdyism spearheaded by Drake. Despite Dolores Michaels' warning, they hire Fonda, who arrives with gold-handled guns, and "partner" Quinn, a gambling man who helps supplement Fonda's meagre salary. Soon after, Dorothy Malone appears to straighten out some past business with Fonda. And Widmark cuts out from Drake's band to become a deputy. If anything, this combination of cross purposes and currents produces more violence than Warlock had seen in the past. Bullets fly, bodies fall, and the women go to all lengths for the men they love. In this rugged drama, inner conflicts struggle against a Technicolored backdrop of the vast outdoors. (20th Century-Fox.)

Gidget

Few could take what Sandra Dee does before she, too, can connect with "togetherness." A scrawny tomboy with more brain than dimensions, Sandra, 16 going on 17, pursues romance like a rank amateur. For her, Nirvana is joining a bunch of beach bums, headed by Cliff Robertson. The boys don't readily take to this flat-chested, creepy infant who wants to become a surf rider. The least susceptible to her girlish charms is James Darren, a surly, curly, bronzed Adonis in Columbia Color mostly occupied with rescuing Sandra from watery graves. Surfboarding under control, at last, Sandra is accepted, and now her major problem begins. How do you net a boy who believes, like Cliff, that freedom is the ultimate, man, the most. Strictly for the younger set, this spree by the sea skips most of the usual trip about misunderstood youth. (Columbia.)

Never Steal Anything Small

The Samuel Pepys of the underworld and racketeers, Damon Runyon could turn the sordid into the hilarious. Unfortunately, Runyon wasn't on hand for this. Even if he were, there's nothing really funny about the waterfront union cesspool. With James Cagney as the punk who angled himself into top spot of a stevedores' local, this makes a clumsy attempt to brighten dock politics with Color, humor, and song-and-dance. True, Cagney is a joy to watch, several incidents are quite amusing and two musical numbers deserve a better setting. However, the point this tries to put across: fight mire with mire, seems like feeble rationalization. Finally nabbed by the law, a year-and-a-half sentence is small potatoes for Cagney's past record, including the near break-up of the Shirley Jones-Roger Smith marriage. With Cara Williams, and an assortment of muselbound
for the
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Above all else, the future Mrs. Presley must know how to play the role of companion so that Elvis will never be depressed by the loneliness that he dreads so much.

The girl Elvis Presley will marry

By HELEN HENDRICKS

SOMWHERE in this great, wide, wacky and wonderful world lives the girl Elvis Presley is going to marry. She doesn't know it yet for lots of reasons. And all of them are—he hasn't asked her.

That's because the odds are a million to one he hasn't even met her. Nevertheless, every female who has fallen under the Presley spell is secretly convinced she knows the kind of girl for Elvis. If she's an unmarried female, she's also secretly convinced she just might be the type herself.

But Jan Shepard, a beautiful and very happily married actress, really is the girl with the inside track on what Elvis needs in a wife. It's a subject she's gone into with him many a time.

"We started out," said Jan, "with me acting the part of his sister in 'King Creole,' and gradually we developed a kind of brother-and-sister relationship in real life. I honestly believe I think and worry now about Elvis the way his own sister would, if he had one.

"Naturally I want nothing but the best for him. But since Elvis is a very special sort of person, the kind of wife he should have needn't necessarily be right for anyone else. I don't mean he's special because he's a talent who turned out to be the biggest sensation in the entertainment world, though that's part of it and automatically sets him in a category all by himself. The question is: What makes him unique in any category? It's some unusual combinations of things that are rarely found in one individual. He's shy and he's daring... Modest and confident... Demonstrative..."
ELVIS continued

Mrs. Presley will have to be sensitive—particularly and reserved . . . Smart and naive, I could go on and on.

"The wonder of it all is that these endless opposites—these contradictory qualities and characteristics—never set up conflicts in him. They never make him inconsistent. He has an absolutely fantastic capacity for bringing every one of them into natural harmony and perfect balance with the others so they all add up—smooth and sure—to the one-and-only personality that is Elvis.

"So now you have at least some idea of why it will take a very special girl to make Elvis completely happy by recognizing and giving the right value to all his many phases.

"First of all, she has to be a girl to whom marriage is as sacred as it is to Elvis himself, and his feelings are very deep and idealistic. The wonderful relationship his father and mother had is the goal he'll subconsciously look for in his own marriage. When he says, 'I do,' it won't be with his fingers crossed. It will be a forever-after pledge."

Jan, who is just a few weeks away from parenthood she'll share with hubby Dirk London (Morgan Earp, Wyatt's younger brother in the TV series), paused and tenderly fingered her own wedding band, designed to cradle her magnificent pearl-and-gold engagement ring.

"The girl Elvis marries," she went on, "should be—well—affectionate and freely able to show the warmth of her feelings, without reservation. You know, even with his friends, he's very demonstrative. He can't be near them without a spontaneous little pat now and then, or reaching out with those warm, strong hands of his for a reassuring touch of the fingers.

"That's the way we are in my family," he told me one time. 'We don't just stand there. We show each other our feelings. I've got to express what I feel . . . I simply can't hold it inside of me.'
to his sensitivity, for Elvis has a very deep and abiding concern about hurting other people.

"So that rules out the cool, sophisticated, chic type who worries about getting her hair mussed or her lipstick smeared," Jan warned. "She wouldn't fit into life with Elvis.

"His wife will have to be sensitive—sensitive in particular to his sensitivity. Elvis gets hurt himself at times and he doesn't like it a bit. But you should see how upset he gets in his concern about hurting others. This can be something of a problem until you get to know him.

"One day in the early part of our acquaintance, I'd had a late call and by the time I showed up on the set, Dolores Hart and Elvis were in the middle of a delicate mood scene for 'King Creole.' I immediately saw what was going on and quietly crept away to my dressing room, tiptoeing off without a word. I know how fragile these mood scenes can be, and I didn't want to break into anything.

"Later in the afternoon Elvis came up to me and said kind of uncomfortably, 'I'd like to talk to you.' He pulled me over to a quiet corner and asked, 'Is something wrong? Have I done anything to hurt you?'

"At first I thought he was kidding. Then I realized he was genuinely upset about my not having greeted him. After I explained, he was quick to understand, but he said very earnestly, 'Please don't ever do that again!'

"Like a good sister, I didn't. In fact, we made a joke of the whole thing, and the incident started us off on a running gag of wildly extravagant daily greetings that must have looked and sounded crazy to people who didn't know anything about our little crisis in sensitivity.

"This girl Elvis marries will have to be strong—but so subtle she'll never let him know it. She will have to encourage him without arousing any suspicions that would make him wonder if he's being weak when he worries about how he's doing. She'll have to be able to lift his spirits when they're down, and do it so cleverly he'll never even notice. She must never do anything to rob him of his essentially masculine destiny of dominating his world—especially that part of it which revolves around the man-woman relationship.

"If she's an actress, or some other kind of a career girl, she should remember every day in every way to make him feel that he comes first. That he's the boss. Above all, that he needs her companionship as much as her love.

"WHETHER she's an actress or not isn't going to be especially important for Elvis' future wife, as long as she knows how to play the role of companion. She ought to be able to drop everything and go out on the road with him, or anywhere else, so he'll never be depressed by the fearful loneliness he dreads so much. One wife—the right one—who knows how to be a companion, would replace the whole gang of hangers-on that follow him almost everywhere he goes. Except for his close friends among them, they'd disappear like a shadow at high noon. And don't think for a minute that Elvis isn't perfectly aware of who his real pals are, as opposed to the fair-weather-friend variety.

"Maybe more than most of us, he finds his security in fellowship. It's a pattern that began, I think, in his close-knit family circle and, as the years went by, expanded to include a great many others who one way or another manage to give him this needed sense of security. I also think this dislike of being alone is what has kept him running around with so many different girls.

"I hope people who don't know Elvis personally realize that he never talks about the girls he goes out with unless he can say something good. He gets no kick out of gossip.

Elvis goes out with each one of these girls, no matter how casually, because he sees something very nice in her. And not because he's on the prowl. He's most definitely no Good Time Charlie.

"The girl he finally marries should be a model of patience—let him set his own pace in arriving at decisions. Elvis is not a type to leap headlong into anything, least of all marriage. He's cautious, all right, but not exclusively for his own sake. There are a lot of times he's that way simply out of fairness to others.

"Once when we were talking about marriage, he said, 'You can think you're so much in love with someone—and she thinks she's in love with you. You want to sweep her off her feet and get married. She's willing to go along with it—but something holds you back.'

"Then in about two weeks the romance is gone and there's only a pleasant, take-it-or-leave-it friendship left between you and her. What if you'd gotten married? Where would that leave the girl? Tied to a guy who'd cheated her out of the real, lasting love she has a right to expect in marriage.'

"There is living logic behind Elvis' deep sense of moral obligation toward everyone and everything he comes in contact with," declared Jan. "From all I've been able to learn, he never was the kind of kid who says, 'What the heck do I owe anybody? I didn't ask to be born!' Instead, without saying it in so many words, of course, his attitude is, 'What can I do to justify the fact of my existence when others, who might have meant so much to the world, must remain unborn.'

continued on page 65
How Dolores Hart learned about boys

"I doubt that I ever told her anything that she didn’t already know or sense,” says Dolores Hart’s mother

IT HAPPENED the night my daughter, Dolores Hart, made her Broadway debut in “The Pleasure Of His Company.” Suddenly a boy was putting his arms around her and kissing her. Only it wasn’t on the stage. It wasn’t make-believe. It was for real. I’d come prepared to weep, prepared for a shattering emotional experience—but for other reasons, safe reasons up there on the stage. But not this. It caught me completely unawares!

You see, it was the first time I’d ever seen Dolores kiss a boy! Except for Elvis Presley on the screen. But this was different. Dolores wasn’t playing a part in a picture. The boy who kissed her was expressing his own feelings, his own affection. In accepting the kiss, Dolores was doing the same.

Not that I disapproved of the act, or of the boy. I knew Dick back in Hollywood. He’d flown East just to wish Dolores luck on her opening. He was a fine boy, and he’d been interested in Dolores for some time. Still I had the oddest sensation when I saw Dolores kiss him. It kind of shocked me, I guess—not in outrage, but into belated awareness. I’d always thought of her as a little girl, and all of a sudden I realized she had grown up. All of a sudden she was a big girl. Holy Toledo, was she a big girl! She was about the biggest girl I’d ever seen.

Yet the curious thing is that Dolores always has been a big girl—even when she was a little girl, if you know what I mean. It occurred to me as she and Dick kissed how remarkable it was that in all her 20 years I’d never had any problems with Dolores about boys. Considering her beauty, I think most people will admit that’s quite unusual these days.

Especially since she turned out so well, I’d like to think I taught my daughter much of what she knows about boys. But I find it hard to sun myself under that illusion. She was born with built-in good sense. I doubt that I ever told her anything she didn’t already know

continued on page 26
DOLORES’ adolescence was not the agony it often is with many teenagers. Her own innate wisdom taught her how to handle boys.

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix
or sense—or that I ever warned her of any danger against which she was not already on guard.

Not so long ago—in fact, shortly before she left to do her Broadway play—Dolores came to me and told me about the difficulties she was having with a boy she knew. He was of the same faith as Dolores, and he had tried to persuade her that their having a religion in common would justify the liberties he obviously wished to take. But Dolores was appalled by his reasoning.

"You know Mother," she was anxious to tell me about it, "it seems to me that he was using his religion to provoke an affinity. And Mother, I do not feel any attraction for him just because of that. I know in my heart that when the time comes the right feeling certainly will be there, but I could never feel obligated to demonstrate affection because of false religious professions."

I didn't have to help her think out her problem. She already had thought it out on her own. All I could do was nod, and offer silent prayers for her innate wisdom. Nevertheless, Dolores made me feel that my approval was very important to her. She seemed so relieved that I agreed with her that she made me feel as if I had helped her work out her problem. Yet if she hadn't chosen to confide in me, I would have had no idea it existed.

FROM earliest childhood, that has been a characteristic of Dolores. Most mothers shudder as they recall the delicate years of steering their daughters through adolescence. Dolores, bless her, spared me that agony. She always had better sense than anyone in a long line of Bowen girls—all of whom, like myself, married at 15, 16 or 17. I remember that when I was a little girl I thought someone should have talked to me, but they never did. I just thought it would be a good idea. With Dolores, it has worked the other way around. It seems to me that Dolores always has given me her shoulder, always has been comforting me, saying, "Don't

continued on page 62

LAKE in Central Park, New York City, evokes Dolores' curiosity. She's now in Broadway play, "The Pleasure Of His Company."

STROLLING through town, Dolores stops to pet horse. Her new film is "Lonelyhearts" in which she co-stars with Monty Clift.

SMILE lights up Dolores' face as she walks under the marquee of theatre where her show is playing. Critics praised her highly.
Dolores about boys. Considering her beauty, I think most people would admit that is unusual.

"MY DAUGHTER has blossomed into a woman with the will to meet every experience life offers, not the least of them marriage."
A Birthday for Frankie

His 41st, celebrated last December 12, was heightened by a surprise party tossed by friends and co-workers on the set of his new picture.

SURPRISED by party in his honor, Frank's all smiles as he and Eddie Robinson walk onto stage where guests were gathered.

TOUCHED by tribute to him from 150 friends and co-workers, Frank seems a bit wistful as he clutches gifts presented him.
FLANKED by his co-stars in "A Hole In The Head," Eleanor Parker and Eddie Robinson, Frank cuts cake.

TWO of the guests who livened up the party were Dean Martin (foreground) and Sammy Davis, Jr.

photos by Phil Stern
The gal who conquered time

Though she's now pushing 46,

Loretta looks young enough to play a 16-year-old

and her beauty's diminished not one iota

For six years now Loretta Young has not faced a movie camera, though she starred in almost 100 films from 1927 to 1953; and with her current popularity on the TV screen in "The Loretta Young Show," she may never again go near a sound stage. Yet she continues to attract some 20 million or more enchanted fans, and to each of them she is Miss Hollywood, Miss Honeysuckle and the Lady with the Camellias all combined. And she still walks in beauty like a star.

There are Loretta Young admirers who insist that their idol, now unabashedly pushing 46, could play a 16-year-old and get away with it, huge grey-blue eyes and all, but Loretta is the first to brush this away as sheer nonsense.

"People tell me I could do it," says Miss Young, "and my cameraman, Norbert Brodine, could make me look 16. But I could never play such a part. I know too much. I'm too mature. I don't feel 16, or even 18. It would just be ridiculous."

Ridiculous or not, this bit of "brown-haired fluff with the big blue eyes, the wide, generous smile and the nothing waist" has seemingly outlasted the generations. A week or so ago, a cynical Hollywood columnist watched Miss Honeysuckle as she made her confident, graceful entrance—Loretta likes to call it a "swirl"—through that door at the opening of her weekly NBC-TV show. "Nobody, but nobody," grumbled the columnist, "has any right to be that beautiful at her age."

No one knows exactly how the ever-verdant, ever-young Miss Young manages so successfully to make time stand still, but she does, and is also just about the greatest trouper among the great ladies of Hollywood. "Loretta," said one

continued on page 33
LORETTA YOUNG continued

“You look at her and feel you are seeing a human being. Always living the part of a Hollywood star, Loretta dresses up like a Dior model when she has to make a trip into Beverly Hills.

Today, Loretta's measurements are exactly the same as they were when she first became a star: weight 112 pounds, waist 22 inches.

She's almost completely helpless in front of a kitchen stove but has a grand passion for moving furniture—anybody's—around.
totally and joyfully in command of herself

of her first directors, "is the town's chief example of how to get to the top fast and stay there for keeps."

Almost more than any other star, Loretta Young is Hollywood's own. She has walked the streets of Hollywood in patched shoes, and she knows those streets—the highways and byways and the cruel corners of a sometimes cruel town—in a different way than many other people. But most of all, she has been before the cameras almost daily since she was little more than knee-high to the curbstone at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

"When I was just 11," Loretta remembered, her eyes shining, "some producer turned me down for a vaudeville show. I walked home with my mother and she says she can still hear me saying, 'Some day I'm going to be a big movie star, and then he'll be sorry.' As far as I was concerned, I was a big movie star all over the place ever since I can remember. Pure ham. I'm still a ham."

Loretta is happiest when the cameras are rolling—and in television "the cameras roll all the time." "On nights when our show reaches 20 million people at a single crack," she says, "that's probably more people than have seen all the pictures I've made put together. In our audiences today there's a whole new generation. You get an actress who's a ham, as I am, and that's reason enough to go on doing TV forever. I'm never going to retire."

When she first became a "name," a month or so before her 15th birthday (she was co-starred with Lon Chaney and Nils Asther in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"), Loretta weighed 112 pounds and her waist measured 22 inches. Thirty years, 89 movies, 122 half-hour telemovies and three children later—her adopted daughter, Judy, and two boys of her own—Loretta Young still weighs a restless, slender 116 and her waist is status quo at 22.

"That voice of hers is still warm and could charm a cobra back into its basket," said an intimate. "She loves glamorous clothes and even her panties have frills. While it isn't quite true that she'd don a hunting outfit to set out mouse traps, yet when she has to make a trip into Beverly Hills for even a spool of thread or a birthday card, she dresses up like a Dior model, because, as she says, 'I never know who may see me.'"

Yet the ever-glamorous Loretta has her frailties: a trick of signing her letters "Me," a curious habit of still keeping her teenage braces on her teeth when she's not working, and an almost insurmountable yen for eating chocolates in bed. What's more, she's unbelievably feckless when faced with a kitchen stove, and she has a lust for remodeling and fussing around generally that amounts to an obsession. This probably stems from that period in her life when Loretta and her mother bought, re-decorated and sold, in rapid succession, a string of 13 old houses. On each transaction Loretta pocketed a glittering profit.

LORETTA'S passion for moving chairs around—anybody's chairs—is all but irresistible. Once, she dropped by to call on an old friend while on her way to an appointment. "Make yourself at home," the friend said, dashing upstairs. "I'll be back in a moment." When the lady got back to her living room, Loretta had shifted every stick of furniture. "There now," she cried happily, "isn't that better?"

But more than anything else about Loretta (she has been called "The Iron Butterfly" with some reason) is her strength of will, her singleness of purpose. "What Loretta says she will do, she does," said a long-time associate. "What she says, she means. What she learns, she remembers. And let's face it—what she wants, she gets."

"I'm a gal with a job to do," Loretta has often said, "and I wear blinders for everything else." When her two boys, Christopher and Peter, were younger, she used to stuff earplugs in her ears so her exuberant offspring would not disturb her while she memorized her next day's lines. Even as a child, Loretta's steely determination made her unique among the girls in her convent school. She saw herself as merely marking time until she could resume her interrupted career in pictures. Her family still remembers the day when, on a visit to relatives, Loretta followed her Aunt Colleen around, as the older woman did her housework. Suddenly, the skinny, big-eyed moppet in patched stockings said, "Some day, Aunt Collie, when I'm a star, I'm going to buy you a new broom."

She did—at the age of 12.

"The I'll buy you a broom when I'm a star's story," Loretta's long-time friend and publicist, Helen Ferguson, declared, "is typical of the singleness of purpose that has marked Loretta's career. She is an orderly thinker, determines her course, and follows it—calmly, deliberately, firmly."

In a way, she has done even more than that. Said Tom Lewis, Loretta's second—and presently estranged—husband, continued on page 60
"I’ve got nothing to hide"

Being in the public eye has never been a problem to Tony who feels that being frank is the best way to avoid misunderstandings.

“I WANT to have people see my weaknesses before they see whatever assets I may have.”

Tony Curtis meant those words. They’re an important part of his approach to living. And he’s never lost a friend or a fan—or a movie role, for that matter—by practicing his Always Come Clean policy with everyone.

Tony figures he has nothing to hide. Not a darn thing. As a result, he has plenty to show by way of proof that his theory works like a charm.

Upstairs in the beautiful, spacious dwelling which so gracefully and graciously expresses the personalities of both Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, baby Jamie Lee was asleep in her crib. But down in the den things were jumping the way they do when there’s a two-and-a-half-year-old like Kelly in the household.

Janet excused herself to go get dressed for the evening, and Kelly, her arms full of the odds and ends that little kids lug around from room to room, followed in her wake after piping a reassuring, “I’ll be right back.” That’s what she thought! Mama Janet had other plans—like dinner, bath and bed.

Tony embraced the scene with a smile that warmed the cool dusk of day’s end.

This was his home... his family... his life. A life crammed with the complexities of stardom, yet simplified by an almost startling no-holds-barred honesty.

“When people know my shortcomings right from the start,” he said, “they aren’t so likely to be disappointed in me later on, since they already know the worst.

“I think this hide-nothing policy started out as a defensive thing with me. I wanted to rob people of the opportunity of saying in that

continued on page 36
half condescending, half accusing way, 'Hm-m-m, I never knew that about you!' or, 'You tried to con me into thinking you were an entirely different kind of guy!'

"A few years back, when I was introduced to an influential man in the picture business who thought I had something on the ball, I naturally wanted to make a good impression. But just about the first thing I said was, 'I know my speech is bad.' It was like beating him to the punch. He didn't get a chance to say, 'You ought to do something about your speech.' I think he was kind of pleased, though, to find out that I recognized at least some of my defects—which is the first step you've got to take if you're ever going to correct them."

Tony may have been warned by well-meaning friends to keep the public out of his private life, but he thought so little of the advice that he can't remember any occasion when he tried to follow it. Certainly not when he was cautioned against marrying Janet because "it would make him less exciting to the fans."

"If I'd thought my success hinged on remaining a bachelor," he declared, "I would have given up acting and married Janet anyhow. But I don't buy that phony romantic bachelor bit as a must for male stardom in teenagers' eyes. They look for personality and performance just the same as everybody else does."

"No, the public hasn't infringed or trespassed in any way on my personal life. People never have told me what to do or what not to do or forced themselves into my affairs. Still

TONY CURTIS continued

PIGGY BACK ride is enjoyed by daughter Kelly who's a hula hoop fan. Tony's latest film is "Some Like It Hot," a comedy.

TONY has two daughters now; Jamie was born November 23.
they've always been sympathetic and kind and understanding.

"As for me, I've never been self-consciously 'nice' either to individuals or the public as a whole. Nice or not, my attitude is simply the one I grew up with. I do whatever comes naturally. So does Janet. This is how we function best.

"Lately, however, I've had to become a little more selective than I used to be in parceling out my time. For a while, there was a period when I found I had no time for work because I was too busy doing interviews and picture layouts."

Now, Tony's too busy to spend more than a few hours away from the involvements of making movies. Between the time he finished "Some Like-It Hot," with Marilyn Monroe, and started "Operation Petticoat," which he and Cary Grant are making together, his appointment book looked just about ready to burst its binding.

"My current and upcoming schedule won't let me go back to those old, leisurely days," he said. "I won't try to hide that, either. But there is no basic change in how I feel about sharing this life of mine with the people who have made so much of it possible.

"Sometimes I'm asked if my nothing-to-hide philosophy gives me a feeling of living in a goldfish bowl. The answer is NO. I have no more to hide from fifty or five million people than I have from five.

"If five people know you by reputation—and almost everybody is known by reputation to at least five people—it's little different from being known to five million.

Kelly's had it; a loud wail signifies she wants to come down.

"I can't be bothered with either concealment or super soul baring; I just play it straight"

"I don't make a problem out of it because it's not that difficult to be in the public eye. Maybe my outlook is a matter of temperament. You know how these things are. For instance, one man will feel secure and comfortable with $500 in the bank. Another, with a couple of million to invest, will feel jittery about the future."

Tony looks on being in the limelight as a responsibility, and he doesn't think it's fair for him to meet the public unless he can do so with his usual open whole-heartedness. If he can't, he keeps himself to himself till he is able to clear up the situation.

"On one of our Eastern trips, Janet and I were scheduled to attend a New York premiere," he explained in making his point. "Neither of us was in the picture. We were just going to put in an appearance as guests. Meanwhile, a studio problem came up in connection with my next picture, and I spent most of the day trying to work it out with the policy-makers concerned.

"Only we couldn't get the matter settled without one of the key men who had gone up to New Haven for the weekend. It was growing late and the other men in on the huddle said I'd better knock off and get ready for the premiere. We'd take up our problem again the following day. I mixed

continued on page 71
Donna and brood

Wed to Tony Owen for almost 14 years and the mother of four children, Donna happily combines marriage and a busy career.

PHOTOS by Curt Gunther, Topix

FAMILY group includes Donna, husband Tony Owen and their four kids: Tony, Jr., 11, Mary, 2, Timothy, 9, Penny Jane, 12.
REVIEW praising ABC-TV's "Donna Reed Show" gratifies both Donna and Tony, who just happens to be the show's producer.

AFTER a long career in the movies capped by a supporting role Oscar, Donna is now garnering new honors as television star.

RELAXING with a little piano music, Tony and Donna, who is a farmer's daughter from Denison, Iowa, put away their cares.
Bob Horton

The man who

Bob attributes his being chosen to co-star in "Wagon Train" to the fact that he would not be dominated by Ward Bond in tryout.

photos by Curt Gunther
runs up hills

Hurdling obstacles, says Bob

Horton, star of NBC-TV's "Wagon Train," is the surest way of getting
stronger and developing mental muscles

Once there was a fellow named Meade Howard Horton, Jr. At 17, he weighed a fat, embarrassing 205 pounds; he'd had a serious kidney ailment since he was ten, and one day, when he was trying out for football, he had to leave the scrimmage because the pain was so unbearable. His coach stared scornfully, then turned to one of the other players. "Horton would like to play," he sneered, "but he says he has kidney trouble. I think he's just yellow."

Just the same, there came a day when Meade Howard Horton, Jr., slimmed to a sinewy 175 pounds, stepped forward as a high school senior and accepted a small gold football as the running guard on Harvard Military Academy's championship football team. It was one of the memorable days of his young life.

Meade Horton, Jr., isn't around any more—he's Robert Horton now—but, at 34, he's still a stubborn, rust-haired man who remembers something his father told him and has been building his life by that philosophy ever since.

It moved him out of the ranks of nobodies in second-rate movies and lifted him to stardom in TV as Flint McCullough of the popular NBC series, "Wagon Train." But more than this, it has helped make Bob much of the man he is—a dominant, mature person who generally knows what he wants when he wants it, and then goes out and gets it.

The advice? "It was really simple," says Bob. "For years I didn't understand it—or didn't want to—but when I did, it virtually changed my life. 'Look, boy,' my father said, 'you don't get any stronger walking downhill. It's the uphill walking that gives you muscles.'

"That, and what TV producer Joan Harrison once told me—to be politely stubborn—have had a big impact on my actions. I think I was chosen for 'Wagon Train,' after nearly 30 other candidates had tested in a tense scene against Ward Bond, because I stood up to him in that scene and wasn't dominated. I knew I had to run uphill."

This faith in his beliefs has Bob playing Flint McCullough as though he had invented the lean-muscled trail scout. The way Horton sees him, McCullough is a refined, well-educated man who refuses to behave as a celluloid cowman is supposed to behave. "Why should I act like a movie cowboy?" asks Bob, quite logically. "I'm not a movie cowboy, and most of the real cowboys of the 1870's weren't, either. They were from the East, some from England and Ireland, and a lot of them were well-educated."

In the bright, sometimes fragrant lexicons of Westerns, there are certain time-honored cliches which only the most daring would defy. First, there are the "white hats and the black hats"—the good

By JIM COOPER

A HUSKY 175-pound six-footer, as a youngster Bob was racked by physical illnesses that made him rebellious.

continued on page 43
BOB HORTON continued

His success in "Wagon Train" has hardly changed his mode of living. "I BELIEVE I'm close to being a mature man. I have a better understanding of myself now through understanding people."

THOUGH Bob feels he has won his spurs as Flint McCullough, it was far from easy. He had to "run uphill" from the very start.

HOUSE he lives in is the same one Bob's had for four years. His
“I’ve learned that you just can’t run from trouble; you’ve got to face up to it and conquer it”

guys and the bad. There is the historic “Trampas Walk,” that scene where Gary Cooper or Burt Lancaster walks defiantly up the middle of the main street, arms bent slightly, the palms of his honest hands curled near the butts of his six-guns, while his enemies, all ten of them, wait in the sinister shadows of the Red Dog Saloon. There is, most of all, the movie cowboy who wouldn’t be caught dead unless he can squat down on his hunches, pick up a stick and draw a picture in the dirt, saying, “Wa’al, now, there’s how fur it is to the rustlers’ ray-veen!”

And then, of course, there’s Bob Horton, a frontiersman with manners and a style—the last man you’d expect to find among the buffalo trails and the sagebrush.

In a sense there are two Bob Hortons: one who rides the plains each Wednesday night for “Wagon Train,” and another who rides his white Thunderbird the balance of the week. If this Horton has a pair of leather chaps or a set of silver spurs or even a dress-up Stetson around his house, he keeps them well-hidden. The only “deadly” weapon Bob has is a coffee table made out of an ancient smithy’s bellows of heroic proportions. It ends in a pointed black steel spout which few people can see against the brown and black Navajo rugs on the floor. Unwary guests almost always bark their shins and let out a painful “Ouch!” when they first encounter Flint McCullough’s favorite coffee table—and that is all the lethal armament you’ll find at Mr. Horton’s.

But the man who lives in a tiny house like something out of Sherwood Forest is a strong and obstinate fellow; don’t think he isn’t. “I’ve had the same house now for four years,” Bob says, “and there’s no reason why I should move. I even have the same telephone number. I can afford to buy an extra suit or so, now, and take a friend out to a really good restaurant, without worrying about the cost. But beyond that there have been few changes since I got on ‘Wagon Train,’ and I don’t plan on any big ones, either.”

Some of Bob’s critics have said, “Horton never did amount to much on Hollywood’s picture sets, but as trail scout for ‘Wagon Train,’ he’s in his element at last.” This doesn’t upset Bob at all. “I can’t resent my failure in pictures,” he remarked, tranquilly, “I don’t see it as my fault; it might have been just the stories or the times.”

Still, just getting the role of Flint McCullough, after all those dreary movies, was not unalloyed happiness for Horton, either. It was merely a beginning, not the end. Once again he had to prove his stubbornness—his belief in what he felt was right. Though Bob feels he has won his spurs as Flint McCullough, it has been far from easy. Rightly or wrongly, he felt he was being pushed around—and Bob has always resented being pushed around.

When he was first chosen for the series, it was understood that he would be co-starred with old-timer Ward Bond, who plays the Wagon-master. “Before the show was a month old,” Bob laughed ruefully, “I began to feel like a hired hand who has been voted out of the bunkhouse because he snores. It was tough sharing something with a guy like Bond, who has been around for 30 years. I never seemed to get any closeups, and the viewers sitting at home didn’t know who I was, even in the minor action.

“Not that there was a feud between Bond and me. He’s fine to work with. Ward’s been in the business a long time and he’s worked with many of the crew and most of our guest stars before. But doing a Western was exactly Ward’s element. I had to find mine.”

Bob had already done one thing few other actors would even dream of. “I was vacationing in Cuba,” he recalls, “when I got word that I had the part in ‘Wagon Train.’ I drove back to Hollywood along the same route the old pioneer wagon trains used to take—Dodge City, Denver, Salt Lake, Reno, through the famous Donner Pass and on to San Francisco. I guess I’m a man endowed with a big lump of curiosity. I poked around at plaques and cemetery inscriptions, getting a good, solid feel for the terrain our ‘Wagon Train’ was to follow.”

But when Bob began to feel like “the hired hand who had been voted out of the bunkhouse,” he knew that once more he’d have to start walking uphill. Or even running. He preferred to believe that what seemed like pushing around was not intentional on any one’s part. “So I sat down,” said Horton, “and wrote a detailed sketch of Flint McCullough and gave copies to everyone connected with the production of the show. I remembered that in one story with Shelley Winters, nothing was said in the entire script that shed any light at all on McCullough’s character. I felt that biography I had written would eliminate my being dropped into a story without any explanation of who I was.”

If that was being a ham, Bob let the carpers make the most of it. The truth is, Bob’s sketch of the imaginary McCullough reads as though he had known the trail scout personally. “It’s so good,” said one associate, “that the continued on page 68
THE NEWEST queen of popular song is a doll-faced, doll-sized charmer who delights her dressmaker—and wolf-whistling males.
She carries Spring with her

The country's newest singing star has been making music and radiating sunshine since the time she graduated from her crib

By HELEN BOLSTAD

SHE'S THE girl who inspired composer and singer Neil Sedaka's first hit record, "The Diary."
She's the girl who believed in Bobby Darin in the pre-"Splish-splash" days when she had to lend him seventy cents bus fare to get back to Jersey from Times Square.
She's the girl on whom a substantial number of today's glamour boy recording stars have a crush. In fact, one of them said, "It isn't just that she's beautiful and fun and a fine entertainer. She's such a . . ." He searched for the word and came up with an old-fashioned one. "She's such a good girl."

She is also the only new singer to break through the all-male dominance of the rock 'n' roll revolution to score with three gold records and a succession of hits.
Her name: Connie Francis. Born December 12, 1938, in Newark, New Jersey. Daughter of Ida and George Franconero. Father is a roofing contractor and an amateur musician. Brother George, Jr., is in college. Lives in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Her titles: "Most Promising Female Vocalist" in The Billboard's disc jockey poll. "Best Female Vocalist of 1958" in The Cash Box vote. To make it international, Patrick Doncaster, one of Britain's most influential record critics, named her "New Girl of the Year" and wrote in The London Daily Mirror, "American youngster Connie Francis takes old songs off the shelf, dusts them down and sings them like an angel."
This new queen of popular song is a doll-faced, doll-sized charmer who delights both her dressmaker and wolf-whistling males. She's five feet, one and one-half inches tall. "Don't forget that half-inch," she cautions. "I try to stand tall."

Ask her her measurements and she replies with a twinkle, "Bust, 34½—when I take a deep breath. Waist, 22—before dinner. Hips, 35½—and that's the half-inch I wish I could forget."
Her hair is so dark an auburn that it appears almost black. Her eyes are velvety brown and her skin is a creamy, gardenia tone. She's quick in her movements and seldom still. On stage, her happy vivacity can mesmerize

continued on page 47
CONNIE FRANCIS continued

"I'm so in love with show business now," says Connie,

THE GIRL on whom a substantial number of today's glamour boy recording stars have a crush won't steady-date with anyone yet.
an audience into motionless, intense attention. Off stage, it can have its handicaps.

The aforementioned dressmaker, Miss Fanny Britman, who, with her partner, Emily Burk, creates thousand-dollar gowns for some of the world’s best-dressed women and top entertainment stars, sighs, “That Connie, she dances all the time. She can’t stand quiet two minutes. Never yet have I hung a skirt right for her.”

Then Miss Fanny beams, “But how we love to make clothes for her. Connie runs into the workroom and has coffee with our girls. And she never fails to thank them when she leaves. It’s like she carries Spring with her.”

Connie, always a deeply cherished child, was not much more than an infant when her parents sensed that she might be headed for stardom. Her father says, “We never pushed her into anything. We just tried to open doors. We knew Connie had to make music if she was to be happy.”

To make music is a family characteristic. All four of her grandparents came from Italy, and for the Fráncoros and Ferreras, music is as necessary as bread. One uncle is an amateur song writer. Another uncle, Gus Ferrera, was Connie’s first and most enthusiastic fan. Her father customarily played the concertina every night after dinner. Tiny Connie appropriated it, with the result that she began taking accordion lessons before she was four years old. Her first stage was the ward of a veterans’ hospital. A local TV station was the next.

Her admiring Uncle Gus wrote a letter which put her on one of Arthur Godfrey’s shows. Her father, not to be outdone, went to see George Scheck, then producer of “Star Time,” an early network TV show featuring juvenile talent.

Scheck, who is now Connie’s manager, and her father both take delight in telling the story of how they literally bumped into each other at the door of Scheck’s Broadway office.

Scheck had been beleaguered by parents. Without introduction, he said, “So you’ve got a daughter who sings. Sorry, I’ve got too many little girl singers.”

George Fráncoro bristled. “But my daughter plays the accordion also.”

Said Scheck, delighted, “She does! Come on in.”

From then on, Connie was featured in “Star Time.” When finally it went off the air, she was 17 years old and associate producer. She also acted in many TV dramas. A veteran of those shows recalls, “She had unshakable poise. At early morning rehearsals when the rest of us were too nervous even to gulp coffee, Connie would come in, happily munching a big salami sandwich, calm as you please.”

She was equally busy in Belleville High School. She edited the school paper, wrote and starred in musical shows, won a state typing contest, was valedictorian and won a scholarship to New York University. She cut her first song for MGM Records the week that she graduated from high school.

If ever a girl had a right to believe she was properly trained for immediate show business success, it was Connie.

It did not happen. That first record made a mild flurry so Connie planned for three days away from classes to do a promotional tour. Actually, she was gone three weeks. She couldn’t catch up with her skipped assignments, so she dropped out of school, all set to become a big star.

Then followed what Connie calls, “my collection of bombs.” She cut record after record. None of them sold. In the Fall of 1957, 18-year-old Connie took stock of herself and decided she was wasting her life. To her parents she announced, “I have to do something useful. I’m going to Rutgers University to study medicine.”

Her parents approved her plan, but sentimental George Fráncoro also liked to hear his daughter sing. Reminding

continued on page 74
Bill Holden’s double life

A victim of wanderlust, Bill has the happy faculty of shedding his Hollywood skin in whatever lands he visits and becomes a man reborn.

BILL Holden is an impassioned man in a hurry. The richness of the human mind rouses his insatiable search for knowledge and it’s made him a familiar figure far and beyond the hue of Hollywood limitation.

During one of his treasured trips to the Orient, he was invited to have a leisurely lunch with a representative group of learned men. He found himself sharing words of wisdom with inventors, artists, scientists, politicians, business men and religious leaders. Typical of Bill, he was completely unaware he had made a deep and lasting impression, both as an exemplary individual and ambassador for Hollywood. Following the luncheon and Bill’s departure, those who remained took to discussing him.

“William Holden is like our mythical Phoenix bird (a favorite symbol of eastern culture),” observed a glowing philosopher. “The Phoenix bird is the only one of its kind—it burns itself out—rises from its own ashes and lives through another cycle of years. The Phoenix bird is an emblem of immortality and having met and talked with William Holden, I feel that nothing can ever destroy his timeless potential.”

Those privileged few who know Bill—really know Bill Holden—have always known he has something extra-special to offer. Bill was born with wanderlust in his veins and an uncontrollable urge to court danger. This need, and it amounts to that, has driven him pendulum-like for 31 restless years and it was inevitable that Hollywood couldn’t hold him indefinitely. Today he is a world figure and yet he remains loyal to the town that instigated film fame and served to bridge the tremendous gap between a prosaic life and his current adventures.

“There comes a time in every man’s life when he should know what he wants,” Bill confessed to a friend who had challenged the motives that propel him to the four corners of the earth. “After 19 years of film-making, I now know what I want and it isn’t all Cadillacs, swimming pools and mansions. I am not afraid to fight for what I want and the time is long passed when I could be content to sit by and hope that things will come to me.”

continued on page 50
Being a good actor and playing any role he believes in is more important to Bill than the outer trappings of Hollywood stardom

Things? Would Bill care to elaborate on this category? Temptation creeps into his eyes for a fleeting moment, before he lapses back into his usual reluctance to expose his innermost feelings.

"In my spot I meet many players at the beginning of their careers," reveals a studio executive who asks to remain anonymous, "so I've witnessed Bill Holden's astounding growth—from his $50 a week stock actor days. His was a long, tough fight that hardened him on the exterior, but when he puts distance between himself and Hollywood—that's when you realize the inner-man has remained idealistic and purposeful.

"We've had many heated arguments across a desk and then, by coincidence, I've traveled where and when Bill has traveled and been in a position to observe the way he conducts himself in foreign countries. In contrast, in contrast that must be seen to be appreciated, he sheds every trademark that identifies him with Hollywood. His gentle approach indicates he feels free to accept another way of life and he's like a man reborn.

"In Hollywood, a careless informality does exist and it automatically loosens the reins. Our appearance oftentimes is casual to the point of being sloppy. Our interests become localized and tend toward complacency that isn't particularly progressive for the individual. In foreign countries, Bill Holden epitomizes everything of what is not Hollywood. He always wears a tie, a dark business suit, white shirt and hat. He looks and acts more like a proper gentleman from an Eastern Seaboard college.

FILMING of "The Horse Soldiers," in which Bill stars with John Wayne, took him to the cold and damp swamps of Louisiana.

"I HAVE a real knack for attracting the worst possible location sites and we're usually working there the wrong time of year."
When he travels, Bill gets up early, meets with brilliant, interesting people and has conscience about all people around him. He is an adventurer at heart and the sort of man who gets a big bang out of comparing points of view and re-inventing his values. He speaks with authority that springs from his innate intelligence, he is interested in labor problems, new ventures and what is succeeding in whatever foreign country he happens to be in. His love and knowledge of painting and sculpture sends him scrounging around and, of course, makes him a great target in the Orient. He handles it all beautifully, including some of the strange foods that can give him indigestion for days. People are crazy about him everywhere he goes.

"No one remembers better than I, that there was a time when a sensitive, insecure Bill really needed Hollywood. But no one, his own studio included, cared much. He was taken for granted and, generally speaking, they visualized him having a brief span as a utility actor, pleasant to have around. Of course, they figured without Bill and that driving force within him. He hung on and through his own endeavors—he outgrown his need for Hollywood. Currently speaking, when an independent producer pays a reported $750,000 to Bill for playing in "The Horse Soldiers" (opposite John Wayne) it proves who needs whom!"

"If such a thing is possible," volunteers the former Brenda Marshall. "I think Bill is too real to protect himself from some of the pressures that exist in Hollywood. One of the greatest, I believe, is his being confronted with the constant reminder he is a movie star. Nothing, and I repeat, nothing, impresses Bill less than stardom, as such.

"As a small example, we have been married since July 13, 1941, and anyone can still get Bill on the phone. It could be a top studio executive calling, or the Fuller Brush Man. If he's standing next to the instrument, Bill picks it up and sometimes he gets stuck for hours—usually when he's been up and working like a slave since dawn.

"Because of this attitude toward his position in Hollywood, it leads him into accepting time-destroying obligations that play no part in his life, or have place in his heart. Being a good actor and playing any role he believes in, this is what arouses the best in Bill. I refer to his comparatively small part in "The Bridge On The River Kwai." He believed in the entire project and wanted to be associated with it. The ones continued on page 56
ALL EYES are on choreographer Alex Ruiz as he runs through dance created for "Say One For Me." Debbie Reynolds co-stars.

CHAT is between the Wagners and Joan Kelly who "dances-in" for Debbie Reynolds when Bob is rehearsing the dance number.
Wagners hoof it

When Bob started rehearsing a dance routine for his next movie, his No. 1 fan joined right in.

DANCING together the Wagners make a graceful picture indeed. Natalie and Bob have been one of Hollywood’s closest couples.
Vera Miles Says:

'I'm glad I was poor'

Poverty and loneliness as
a child gave Vera an inner strength and a
drive for success
that have carried her to the top

IT'S AN odd thing, but everyone reacts differently to poverty. With some people, early
hurt built up an attitude of defeat and self-pity. In others, it propels them forward like a
bullet. Vera Miles, who stars with Jimmy Stewart
in "The F.B.I. Story," was in the latter class.
Vera's childhood was dogged with the kind
of anxiety that hung over her like a grey fog.
Instead of carefree school days, she knew the
feeling of not belonging.
From the moment she was born, she was
tragedy's child. Only a few weeks before she came
into the world, a sister had died under terrifying
circumstances. The father, mother and
four children had been cooped up in a little
shack in the Panhandle section of Oklahoma.
There was always tension and confusion in
the crowded place, and one night the young-
est daughter grabbed some pills which had been
prescribed in small doses for the father, and
gulped a handful like candy. That night, the
child woke up screaming and died.
Shortly after this tragedy, when both parents
were still numb with despair and guilt, Vera
was born. Instead of celebrating her birth
with joy, her parents were torn with grief and
doubts. The misunderstanding between her
parents mounted, and when Vera was a year old,
the marriage dissolved.
Family life, drab as it had been before, be-
came even worse. They moved to Pratt, Kansas,
where Vera's mother got a job as a maid at
the hotel and was gone from morning until
midnight. Vera's older sister, Thelma, took
care of her and Vera remembers that she had to
learn to be quiet and keep out of the way.
Later, Thelma married when she was only 15
and left the dreary environment. Her two
brothers went to a CCC camp. This left little
Vera with no one to watch after her at home, so
her mother would often take her along when
she went to work.
In order not to be a nuisance on the job,
Vera had to learn to duck into closets not to
continued on page 56
GORDON, who is the movie’s Tarzan, and Vera were married April 15, 1956. Kelley and Debbie are Vera’s by a previous marriage.

YOUNG Mike will never want for love or affection if Vera has her way. Her own childhood was barren of parental affection.

The love and laughter that fill her life now

be noticed. While other children her age were cuddled by parents, played with dolls and ran laughing and yelling in the outdoors, the little girl with the flaxen hair pulled tightly back in braids and with enormous brown eyes filling her thin face, pressed herself into a corner, never smiling, never talking. Once, a guest saw her and, feeling sorry for the child who never smiled, impulsively gave her a doll. It was the only doll Vera ever owned, and she’d hold it tightly, pressing upon it the love she couldn’t give to anyone else.

Her mother, for all her hours of hard work, earned only about $12 a week, and Vera learned how to be on her own. She’d come home to the single room from school and prepare dinner for herself. Food was usually beans and potatoes because they were filling and cheap. She wondered what it would be like to drink a whole glass of milk and when she would ever eat meat again, as she once had when the manager of the hotel treated her to dinner.

“I had no friends,” she recalls. “I was so used to being by myself that I didn’t know how to enter a group and make small talk with them. I had been too used to day-dreaming, anyway, and I seemed to be far removed from everyone else. I was an outsider. Even though I was used to it, I felt miserable and lonely.”

In her make-believe world she dreamed of a time when she’d leave the shabby one-room flat and live in a sunny home with lots of rooms. She dreamed of having pretty clothes, plenty to eat, and someone who loved her.
are helping Vera forget the dreariness, fright and hunger that were part of her childhood.

But she knew that day-dreaming wasn't enough. When she was only 11 she started to work in the hotel dining room with her mother. She thought it would be wonderful to wait on tables, because of the tips. But she was so shy she couldn't talk to the customers, so she helped out by cleaning off the tables instead.

Because she had been so completely on her own ever since she was seven, Vera developed a strength within herself. "Poverty and loneliness can be awful," she says, "but I gained a lot of security within myself because of it. I knew, after a while, that no matter what happened I could take care of myself. Nothing would ever frighten me again because I could find the solution within myself."

She did when she was 14. Her mother's work as manager of the hotel's coffee shop began to take her on travels, so it was decided that Vera would live with her grandmother in Wichita, Kansas.

Vera, who'd never learned how to make friends in her own home, found it even more terrifying being thrust into a new town. She retreated more and more into a shell, and was made even more miserable because she and her grandmother didn't see eye-to-eye.

"We were two generations apart," Vera says. "We were like strangers, and we couldn't live together."

When Vera discovered that her grandmother could rent her room to a paying boarder, the situation became intolerable and Vera moved out. Instead of weeping over her unwanted position, she did something about it. She went to the Western Union offices, and by fibbing about her age, got a job working after school until midnight. Where to live? She talked the local "Y" into giving her a room and meals in exchange for working in the cafeteria at breakfast.

"I didn't want to give up school," she says. "I knew how important it was to a girl like myself. I had to have the schooling so that I could get a better job for myself later on. I had to think of making a living, so I took up typing and bookkeeping."

For three years she continued in a rigorous groove, getting up at 5:30 to work at the Y, going to school until 3, then hopping a bus and working until midnight.

There was no time for boy friends or fun, no time for anything but work and school.

Then suddenly, the picture changed. Ironically, although she'd never been able to attend a school dance, she was named one of the queens of the Senior Prom.

This started her on a string of beauty contests which ended by her being sent to Atlantic City as "Miss Kansas."

But she wasn't taking any of her good luck for granted. She asked for a leave of absence from her Western Union job. "I'll need it when I come back," she told her boss.

"I had no talent," she recalls. "I couldn't sing or dance or entertain like the others. I went because it was a free trip and I'd never had a trip like that before."

continued on page 64
YOU KNOW the feeling! Suddenly, you open the door and it’s Spring! It’s actually warm outside, and you think of vacations and beaches and driving with the top down. So who wants to wear a coat? This is the moment to have a new dress ready—a fresh, brand-new, nobody’s-seen-it-before fashion that looks as sparkly as you feel. Otherwise, you say hello to spring in something you’ve been wearing all winter—and that spoils the fun. The dresses shown here are only three of the dozens of gay new fashions waiting for you in the stores right now. What’s new? Checks are about as crisp as you can get, especially with touches of snowy white. Prints are small and neat, either paisley or provincial. Lantern sleeves are the coming thing, big and jutting. The shirt-waist dress is making a big comeback, in every fabric you can think of. And the Empire is holding its own, especially with cummerbunds to emphasize the raised waistline. Skirts are staying short, although later they may dip in back. And maybe, just maybe, shoulders might broaden—although that’s still a glint in fashion’s eye. That’s the forecast of coming hits, and you can pick three of them right here. When you
shop, remember that any dress is only as good as its fit. The two key places to fit are the shoulders and the waist. If a dress isn't right in these vital spots, it's not for you. Remember, too, to think about upkeep. The most exciting dress in the world isn't exciting if it spends half the time at the cleaners. That's why clothes you can pop in the tub and wear a couple of hours later give you the most fashion mileage. All three fashions shown here are washable, and two of them are drip-dry. That means practically no ironing needed, if any—and what a time saver that is! The prices? Sweet—and low!

Far left: The new lantern sleeves, with lavish embroidery, on a dressed-up shirt dress. Wash-and-wear cotton broadcloth. 5-15. By Teena Paige. $10.95.

Center: Cummerbund empire sheath with double bow and white collar. Washable Arnel and cotton. Red, blue, black checks. 5-15. By Teena Paige. $10.95.

Above: Look at the darling matched gloves that come with this provincial print dress! Wash-and-wear glazed cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Teena Paige. $10.95. END
The Gal Who Conquered Time

continued from page 33

who now makes his home in New York. "Unlike most women, Loretta has always known what she's wanted, and she hasn't strayed from the goal in her life."

Loretta had married Lewis, a top agency executive, in 1940. One evening in 1953 the two were watching television in their Holmby Hills living room. The set was one that Loretta had bought at an auction given for the benefit of her favorite charity, St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unmarried Mothers. Dreamily, Loretta said to her husband, "I'm going to be on television. I've made up my mind."

"All right," said Lewis, "but it will take a little time to create the right series and produce a pilot film."

WHEN months went by and nothing happened, Loretta weared of the delay. She is a lady who likes action, not dawdling or talking. She drove to her agents' offices. "Let's go!" she said. "Get a script and let's get going."

They did. The pilot was filmed and sold—or so it has been said—inside of four weeks. "The Loretta Young Show" went on the air in 1953, with Loretta's husband as the first producer ("I just wanted to get the series started," he has said), and it has been going ever since. It is NBC's top-rated show, the sole surviving anthology program; and whether Loretta is playing hostess, or such diverse roles as an Egyptian queen or a Japanese fisherman's wife, Loretta unquestionably gives the performance her all. "You know," said one of her staff with awe, "when Loretta did that Japanese girl, she rehearsed with a heavy rope bound round her knees, so she could really shuffle like an Oriental. Who else would do a thing like that?"

Some critics, true enough, have murmured that Miss Young is not, and never was, a great actress, and that her shows are little more than a kind of "John's Other Wife" soap opera. "Well," says Loretta, "if it's soap opera, it's good soap opera." She is also willing to admit that many women tune in just to see what she is wearing in the opening prologue and introduction. But she is passionately sincere, genuine sentiment, and believes, very rightly, that there are millions of other people who do too.

"Just the same," said a man who works on her show, "she's got a practical streak, this airy sprite. When, comes the commercial, she tells you to pay attention to the man with the cheery advice about your soiled laundory, you pay attention."

People have been paying attention to Loretta Young now for more than three decades. Her goal was in sight almost from the day she was born—not Loretta, but Gretchen Michaela Young, in Salt Lake City, January 6, 1913. (Her friends, and even Loretta herself, think of her as "Gretch.") It isn't quite true that Gretchen first opened those huge blue eyes on Hollywood Avenue, and so went from Hollywood Avenue to Hollywood Boulevard. "It makes a nice yarn, but there's nothing to it," says Miss Young today. "Matter of fact, I was born at 227 J Street. We left there when I was around four years old—Mother, my two older sisters, Polly Ann and Betty Jane, and my brother John."

Little Gretchen's father, a "handsome but weak man," had vanished into the unknown, and her mother, a dauntless and remarkable woman, gathered together what must have been the prettiest covey of small girls and journeyed off to a place called Hollywood. Mrs. Young had no desire to become a movie mother. Instead, she opened up a boarding house.

It was Gretchen's uncle, Ernest Traxler, who got the child her first movie job at the ripe age of four. Traxler knew some people in the studios and took Gretchen by street car down to Paramount. There he suggested to George Melford that his niece might do for a kid part in "The Only Way," a new picture starring Fanny Ward and Theodore Roberts.

"Well, she might do," said Melford, looking Gretchen over. "Bring her back tomorrow. And," he added, as an afterthought, "have her face washed, too."

The future Loretta Young's first acting role called for her to lie on an operating table and weep. The little ham really put her heart into it; she shrieked and carried on so, recalled one crew man, "that people came running from all parts of the studio, certain that disaster had struck."

But she had made an impression, and other jobs came along for her. The rest of the Young family, delighted by the development, soon began working in pictures, too.

Yet there were weeks when the family was so beset by poverty that little Gretchen had to go to school without socks. If this hurt her, she showed no signs of it. Eventually, Mrs. Young's boarding house prospered, and the girls were removed from camera range and enrolled in the Sacred Heart Convent School in Alhambra. A few years later, Polly Ann and Betty Jane (Betty had changed her name to Sally Blane) got back into the movies, but Gretchen had to be content with studying history and geography and arithmetic a little while longer.

IT WAS Director Mervyn LeRoy who put Gretchen in front of the cameras again when she was around 13. LeRoy, then making a picture for First National, phoned the Young boarding house to ask sister Polly Ann to report for work the following day. Polly Ann, at that moment, happened to be off somewhere on location, but this did not daunt Miss Gretchen when she answered the phone.

Said Gretchen, in her most dulcet tones, "My sister isn't in. But how about me? Won't I do?"

Her brashness must have hypnotized LeRoy, because Gretchen was hired for a role in "Naughty, But Nice," with the great silent star, Colleen Moore. (What Polly Ann thought about this is not on record.) Miss Moore, at any rate, was delighted with the big-eyed 13-year-old, gave her a new film name, Loretta ("Gretchen" was too "Dutchly"), and walked hand in hand with her into First National's front office. There she announced, in the throbbing Colleen Moore way, "You must place this beautiful child under contract at once!" First National did, at $50 a week. And yet it was not until Loretta was 15 that she got her first big and truly showy role in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." For Loretta, it was to be a milestone in more ways than one. Her director was Herbert Brenon, one of the great and feared megaghostons of his day. Loretta was to portray a tight rope walker, in a ballet skirt. Brenon made it clear that the girl he had in mind had to have beautiful legs. When he told Miss Young this alarming piece of news, Loretta started for the door. "Goodbye," she said, "my legs are like sticks." Brenon stopped her. "Your legs can be padded," he growled. "Likewise your body. It's those eyes of yours I need; they're irreplaceable."

Even so, Loretta was cowed by the irascible Brenon all through the picture. Once Brenon carried away a love scene, let Loretta run out on the tightrope instead of using a double. Hoping to intensify her fright, the director yelled, "Come on, hurry across that rope. Don't stop, don't stop!" Panic-stricken, the 15-year-old obeyed, and then at the end of the take, she jumped, to keep from falling. In jumping, she bruised herself badly. Brenon, so the story goes, gathered her in his arms, crying, "My poor baby! What have I done to you?"

That night Loretta's sisters got some gift paper and cut out a huge star, then pinned it to her bedroom door. Underneath they lettered the words: "The Star's Room—Silence."

But most important, Loretta really grew up working with Brenon. As implacable a perfectionist as Loretta herself, all too often he was carried away by his scenes, "You are a terrible actress!" and reduce her to tears. She was woefully sitting on the floor in a corner of the set one day when Lon Chaney came over to comfort her. "Nothing like this is worth breaking your heart," Chaney said. "If they kick your heart around like a football, pick it up and brush it off. You're going places—if you keep your head. You've got something and Brenon knows it. So you must forgive him if he expects too much."

She stopped crying, and, she says, "I've never cried over my work since."

Yet hers was an impetuous youth, as she confesses. "I always hated the word
And fight she did. She began to fre- 
lance, and when Dore Schary, who was 
about to produce “The Farmer’s Daugh-
ter,” suggested the role of the Swedish 
Katie to Loretta, she listened. “You mean 
you want me to play with a Swedish ac-
cent and a blonde wig and all?” she 
asked, “Don’t you think that is dangerous 
for me?”

“Yes, it is,” said Schary. “You could 
be awful. But if you’re right, you’ll win 
an Academy Award.”

Loretta did win, of course, graciously 
accepting the golden Oscar with a char-
ing little speech that began, “At long 
last.” She made other pictures, but they 
were not spectacular successes, and soon 
she found herself worrying about the 
slump in her career. But, characteristically, 
Miss Young did more than worry. She got 
herself a winning TV show, and she’s 
been winning laurels with it ever since.

In many ways, Loretta’s judgment has 
been unerring. Among the leading men 
she picked for “The Loretta Young Show” 
were three bucks who have since become 
T Topliners. But when they first came on 
the screen opposite Miss Young, home 
viewers were completely un-
acquainted with the names of Hugh 
O’Brian (Wyatt Earp); Jock Mahoney 
(Yancy Derringer), and George Nader.

But most of all, Loretta makes a busi-
ness of being a movie star, and this 
edication has brought her both friends and 
ennemies. A young woman who has been 
close to Loretta’s show for a long time 
said, “Certainly she’s no ‘Hi, Toots’ kind 
of girl, nor can you give her a friendly pat 
or kid her as you can many stars. Every-
things very formal with Loretta. Maybe 
it’s not altogether her fault, but she’s just 
not easy to know.”

Others, more perceptive perhaps: see 
Loretta as a star who in her long career 
has clime as much with style as two 
show and fresh is a breath of air. Said 
one writer, “You look at her and feel you 
are seeing something you don’t often see 
—a human being completely and joyfully 
in command of herself.”

D ESPITE a back-breaking work sched-
ule that would buckle the knees of a 
Hercules, Loretta is still as exuberant and 
joyful as ever. Even a serious illness in 
1955, when she had to miss 18 full 
shows (friends like Ann Sothern, Rosalind 
Russell and Barbara Stanwyck took over 
for her), didn’t dim her enthusiasm. 
When she’s working, her theoretical “free” 
time is listed in her schedule as “alternat-
ing Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays,” but 
her actual “free” time is nil. In order 
to make her 7 a.m. call, she sleeps in her 
dressing room apartment at the Goldwyn 
Studios, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thurs-
day nights. “It’s no life for a playgirl 
or a social butterfly,” said the director. She is 
driven to the studio by her maid, and she 
rises to the set because she never walks. 
“I wouldn’t even walk across my living 
room,” she once laughed, “if I could get 
a ride.”

The only real trouble people have with 
Loretta is a curious notion that her left 
profile is her better, or “chocolate,” side. 
Everyone else, of course, thinks she is 
mistaken, but Loretta can always manage 
to bring up excellent reasons why she 
should be photographed from the right.

Miss Young truly has a mind of her 
own and always has had, and it may be 
this quality, coupled with her 24-hour-a-
day devotion to her career, that caused 
the rift in her marriage. Both Loretta 
and her husband have repeatedly denied 
all the breakup rumors, but the two are 
definitely apart. In March, 1958, Lewis 
filed suit against his wife’s production 
company, claiming “dishonesty, mis-
management and unfairness.” He also 
stated in the complaint that “he had re-
signed as an officer and director at Miss 
Young’s request, and that he had signed 
an agreement dividing the community 
assets two years earlier.”

L ORETTA insists that “there is no 
formal separation as far as she is con-
cerned,” while Lewis, who himself has 
compounded the confusion by declaring: “My 
home has always been in New York and 
my business interests are there. It’s ridic-
ulous to say that Loretta and I are separ-
ated in any way other than by career. 
Besides, the suit was filed as much for 
Loretta’s protection as for mine.” A curi-
ous statement indeed after some 17 years 
of presumably happy marriage, when 
Lewis’ home and work were definitely in 
Hollywood. But more poignant, too, so far as 
Loretta is concerned, is that her two 
boys, Christopher and Peter, are staying 
with their father, while her adopted daugh-
ter, Judy, is now the wife of Joseph L. 
Tinney, Jr., a young TV executive, and 
she, too, is living away from home.

There are, in the living room of Lor-
etta’s magnificent West Hollywood apart-
ment, two Emmys and a big assortment of 
other awards lettered with her name. She 
has wealth and incredible loveliness, and 
she always looks as though “she has just 
turned her head in the moonlight.” She 
has mafaged, most of all, to make time 
tand still, even at 46. Perhaps, for Lor-
etta, all this is enough, and for it she is 
ready to pay the hardest price of all to 
pay—the price of success.

“Loretta was raised before the camera,” 
a sister star remarked. “She’s talked of 
getting away from it all to Hawaii, say, 
but she knows she’s just clicking her 
heels. Hollywood’s deep in her blood and 
vice versa, and she truly loves everything 
about it.”

Everything, perhaps, except the lone-
liness. Even Loretta may wonder, at 
times, if loneliness isn’t too much to pay 
for the sweet smell of success—or the 
ever-present need to make time stand 
still. But as long as she can walk in 
beauty like a star, she’ll stay forever 
Young, fresh as a breath of air, and a 
human being completely and joyfully in 
command of herself.

END
How Dolores Learned About Boys

continued from page 26

cry, Mother, I'll take care of you always.”

With such a lovely daughter on my hands, I won't pretend I didn't feel the same anxieties as other mothers. Dolores and I have talked many a night under the moon and all that. We'd go out in the backyard, sit in the chaise lounge and talk girl talk. Once when Dolores was 11, I mentioned the dangers when a girl is promiscuous.

"Mother," Dolores asked, "what is promiscuous?"

"That's when you know in your heart what you're doing is wrong," I replied.

I don't think Dolores has ever forgotten that. I know she's never done anything that she felt in her heart was wrong. I guess she's had God's hand on her shoulder. She has so much heart. That's what makes me happy. It's Dolores' heart.

We looked forward to our occasional chats, and we had another one of them when Dolores started dating. It was never a case of Mom reading the riot act. We always had a wonderful affair. It was a thing we felt together. We always had a communication.

Birds and bees time is very delicate, and to many parents shy from facing it—sometimes at high cost to their children. My own parents, for one reason or another, never got around to discussing it with me. Although I can gratefully say that God has been kind to me, I certainly could have been none the worse if my folks had seen fit to acquaint me properly with the facts of life.

"Sex is not wrong," I assured Dolores. "It’s a God’s creation. It’s the way God makes living things. There would be no such thing as children if not for sex. Therefore it’s right and beautiful—when it’s sanctified by marriage."

I said it as an act of duty rather than necessity. I didn't really have to tell this to Dolores. She knew it already. I have often suspected that she was born with the heart of a saint. If no one ever had spoken a word to Dolores, I fully believe she'd never do anything wrong. She just happens to be the sweetest thing that God ever put into the world. And if I sound prejudiced, who has a better right to be?

"Just be good," I would tell her. "Just be clean. Never lie to yourself and never lie to your God."

With this she was 12, I said to her. "Sweetie, look, you're a big girl now. One day you will get married. Until then there are certain rules you have to keep. You're just a young girl, but by all means keep the rules."

Above all—if I can take credit for one thing—it's not so much what I said to Dolores as she grew up, but how I treated her and her boy friends. I never doubted her or them, never spied on them, never questioned them. I gave her freedom, and in return she gave me full vindication.

Dolores has just turned 20. She's a teenager no more—a child no more. Yet I can honestly say I never treated her like a child. In all her teens, I can recall imposing only one restriction on her.

The first time a boy asked for a date, he wanted to take her in his car. He was a real nice hoy from a very nice family. But I just didn't think it was safe for teenagers to drive at that particular time. It was simply a question of not risking an accident.

"Go ahead and keep your date," I told her, "but do it on foot."

So they walked to the La Reina Theatre, and they had a grand time.

That was the only don't I invoked. Any other don'ts that Dolores may have encountered there, I'm sure, a result of her own good judgment—and religious training.

Later, when Dolores herself learned to drive, I had no objection if she drove with dates. I felt if she could drive, why couldn't she get herself out of any situation? I told her only one thing, "Too easy, too late." It was a word to the wise, and Dolores, being quite wise, it was entirely sufficient.

I PRACTICED an open door policy. It was always open house and a big pot of spaghetti. I'd open-up the doors and always bring the kids in. I'd have 3 or 4 girls over for a sleeping party. I never made Dolores feel guilty about asking a boy over, and there's never been a boy to the house who ever was poorly behaved or disrespectful. They'd always be on their own. They would take her to Mass, go to the movies, sit and listen to music, work on various projects in the garage. They always had a good and wholesome time without my hovering over them. So often Dolores would have a boy over, and my husband and I would seclude ourselves in another part of the house instead of our presence annoying it. It seems to me so simple. It makes for better children—if Dolores is any criterion, and I most certainly think she is.

Dolores never did anything clandestine. She didn't have to. She always knew even before she asked that I gave her credit for knowing how to conduct herself, and that my consent would be given as a well-earned vote of confidence.

"May I have a sleeping group over this weekend?" she would ask. Always the answer would be yes.

The time to worry—and, tragically, by then it's usually too late—is when a girl feels she has to sneak around behind her back.

I'll have you know that Dolores was playing with boys long before she ever thought of dating them. She always was running around in sweatshirt and jeans, tinkering with things, keeping busy, using her hands. I'm sure the boys rarely ever thought of her as a girl. She was just their equal. She'd get on the roof and help fix the TV aerial. She'd help mechanically and repair things. She'd always be in the garage working on projects with boys from the neighborhood. She'd work with them on puppet shows. They'd get together and paint—I mean art, not the side of a barn. They used to take hikes apart and put them together again, fix electric plugs. Long before the picture called "The Fly" was made, they had a science project and built a big mechanical fly. The garage was a community gathering place. She had the most wonderful rapport with the boys. They weren't sweethearts. They were comrades.

Often she'd bring lizards and snakes into the house, and oh, how she'd infuriate me. She'd bring in a lizard and stroke his back, and I'd almost faint.

"But Mom," she would say, "Gabriel gave him for me."

As if that somehow made it different—and somehow it did!

From earliest childhood Dolores was at ease with boys, and they were at ease with her. They were comfortable with her. They liked her, and they respected her. They liked her so much, in fact, that not until recently did they stop to reflect on how lovely she is. The result was, I offer deep thanks, that she came out knowing how to handle herself and how to handle them.

In those carefree days, Dolores learned one of the most important factors in getting along with boys. She works with them—not at them. And she knows that what was true in the garage when she was a member of a neighborhood do-it-yourself pack, has to be true in her later relationships with men.

"When the time comes that you decide to get married," I told her, "and you want to be loved, you have to give love. You don't have to work at it. It comes to you, and when you give it, it comes easily."

Fortunately, Dolores has the rare capacity to learn from the mistakes of others. She learned one of her biggest lessons from a mistake of mine. I married too young. Neither of us was old
enough when we married, and we naturally paid for this mistake in frustration and unhappiness. We really were much too young to know what we were and what we wanted out of life—and it was inevitable that our marriage should fail. Dolores has been very sensitive to this experience of mine.

And she has had more than her share of opportunities—if not temptations—to marry young. When she attended Corvallis High School, one of the loveliest and most popular young ladies on the campus, more than one hopeful young man set his cap for her. Once when what she thought was merely a good friendship ripened into emotional involvement on the part of the boy, he asked Dolores to become his wife. Of course, she had to refuse him. But she did it as gently and honestly as she could. She explained her own deep-seated distrust of early marriages, and cited my experience as one of the reasons for her thinking.

"My father is a wonderful man and I love him dearly," she told him. "I feel the same way about my mother. And I can see myself how their worlds really could not work out together. You can't say it's either person's fault in a situation like that. The only fault is that they didn't give themselves an opportunity to grow up before they married."

She was terribly upset when she came home. She felt dreadful about hurting the boy's feelings.

"Oh Mother," she was close to tears, "I do so hope he understands and doesn't feel too badly. I pointed out we both were going to college in the fall, and what's more, to different colleges. I explained I wasn't in love with him to the point where I'd give up the thought of going to college to marry him. Even if I thought I was in love, I wouldn't trust myself. There were too many possibilities I might be reacting to emotional things."

I put a comforting arm around her.

"If it really was love," she continued, "waiting and seeing what happened to our feelings wouldn't hinder it, would it? For any teenager, a love strong enough to end in marriage should be able to stand the test of waiting, of seeing other young men. Don't you think so, Mother? No ring around your finger or ring around your neck would be a protection. A wedding ring is not a magic wand that would ward off other intrusions. If seeing other young men would interfere with love, the love isn't solid. I told him it was so silly to put this test to it. I feel that love is not an obligation. It's the way you feel, not the way you should feel."

Such maturity was not unusual for Dolores. She displayed it throughout her teens. Her own determination to give herself an opportunity to grow up before considering marriage was unavering. No amount of pressure from marriage-minded boy friends could budge her.

I was so grateful that she understood the avoidable heartbreak I had endured. Naturally I didn't want her to marry as young as I did. I wanted her to express herself first, to do all the things a girl should do and to meet all the people a girl should meet before giving herself to marriage. I didn't want to see her waste her youth. I think marriage is wonderful, and I'd like to have ten grandchildren. But I'd like to see Dolores have a lasting marriage, good for 50 or 60 years. I wouldn't want her to go through two or three marriages. It's a good thing when a girl can say to herself, "I give myself to one man."

But Dolores scarcely needs any urging from me to think along these lines. It always has been her dearest and unwavering dream to love one man and one man alone, forsaking all others. So many times, even when I have been impressed with a boy friend, she would chide me, "I know he's a very nice boy, Mom, but I'm just not ready yet. There's so much I want to do first."

She always has been very frank with boys about her aversion to going steady. She's discussed this with me many times, and I've always been amazed at the clarity and maturity of her thinking.

"The basic reason most teenagers go steady, Mom," she would tell me earnestly, "is not because they're in love with one person. It's because the need for a feeling of security is stronger than their need for a feeling of independence. Most girls I know who go steady do it mainly so they'll have a date next Saturday night, so they won't have to run the risk of somebody not asking them out. Then tend to romanticize too much. A lot of times it's just because it's the time of the year, or the thing to do. It's because it's the fashion in the crowd to be madly in love with somebody."

Dolores always had one test that she not only used for herself, but which she persuaded many of her classmates at Corvallis to apply when they were tempted to go steady.

"A girl should ask herself one simple question," she said. "Would she give up anything she valued very much in order to go steady? For instance, if she had a chance to go on a vacation, to get a new wardrobe, if she had a chance to do any of a variety of silly mundane things, if she had the chance to do all these things, would she willingly throw over this mad, wonderful romance that she was so very involved with?"

Many of the girls at Corvallis actually followed Dolores' counsel, and they always seemed happier when they decided they had plenty of time to go steady, after all.

"Kids deprive themselves of so much fun of early life by getting tied down with one person," Dolores would tell me soberly. "They don't give themselves a chance to grow. They see only one facet of life. There are so many undeveloped potentials when you're in your teens, which are still formative years. You squelch so much of yourself to the point where you become smothered. You give up all chances of doing something later in life, and by the time you're 19 or 20, you're tied down with a baby. Kids who go steady say they have no intention of getting married. Then why in the world go steady if you have no intention of getting married?"

Dolores spelled it out much better than I could.

"The dating years," was her point of view, "are the only time to go shopping, to find out what kind of person suits you best. You're not giving yourself a chance if you don't examine the various personality types."

She would see hazards in steady dating that I frankly did not even visualize.

"If the second or third time you're let out of the house you decide to go steady," she pointed out, "and you end up dating, the same boy for three or four years, you'll marry for a job. Suddenly dawn hits him. He realizes he's only a kid, and he's got a lot of living to do, and he breaks it off. If a girl thinks it's hard to get a date while playing the field, she should try getting a date after she's been out of circulation four years."

In her forthright manner, Dolores didn't avoid the moral implications of steady dating, either.

"Gee, Mom, boys and girls in their teens awaken to emotions they're not used to," she recognized the core of the danger. "Too often unfortunate experimentation leads to difficult situations kids wouldn't get into if they weren't in constant association with one boy week after week. There are certain intimacies, petting and so forth, going on which really shouldn't take place between boys and girls these ages. A girl should have a certain reverence about herself. She should have a knowledge that there's a time and a place. Often just because a girl is going steady she feels obligated to permit liberties. When she does, she feels a shame that is bad psychologically for her. It is hard for her to realize until too late when she has gone too far."

The incredible thing—I just gasp when I think about it—is that these are things Dolores would say to me. No wonder I found it necessary to say so little to her.

Yes, I've always known Dolores was grown up, so very grown up for her years. But the first time I actually saw her kiss a boy brought home to me that she is not only grown up in thought, but in fact—that my daughter has blossomed into a woman, a woman with the will, the character and the gift of talent to meet every experience in life—not the least of them marriage.

It's difficult, in Dolores' case, to pinpoint exactly how she learned about boys. But how well she learned, and how wholesomely!

No mother could wish for more. Certainly not this one.
The answer to her future seemed to come when she placed third and won a $2500 scholarship that would help her through college. She could see the end of poverty now. She'd study to become a school teacher.

But that's not what life intended for her after all. Several movie talent scouts who flocked around the "Miss America" contest, noticed the aloof, blonde girl. Because she was still too shy to mingle with the other girls, Vera remained by herself. Scouts from three studios were struck by her seeming cool personality and compared her with Grace Kelly. They all offered her term contracts. "You have a patrician air," one of the scouts told her. "You look like a debutante." And Vera smiled.

Because she was actually frightened at the prospect of becoming an actress—a career she'd never dreamed of in her wildest fantasies—she couldn't say a word. Mistaking the hesitation for reluctance, the RKO man tried to persuade her to accept. We'll pay all expenses to Hollywood for yourself and your mother. We'll do everything to make you happy."

Who could turn down a free trip to Hollywood? Because her childhood had given her so little in common with young folks, she had no desire to throw herself into the social whirl that surrounds a beautiful new starlet in Hollywood. She took advantage of the acting lessons the studio offered its contract players and concentrated on improving herself as an actress, instead of making the glamour round with the eligibles. People at the studio wondered that such a beautiful girl was willing to give up the fun and excitement of Hollywood to study, but only Vera knew that the hurts of her childhood impelled her to keep going. Nothing else mattered except that she make something of herself.

However, her inexperience with young folks made her confuse the kindliness of a boy she met at the studio with love. Bob Miles was working at the studio and was assigned to drive her around. Bob told her she was lovely and wonderful and that he loved her. For the first time in her life she discovered what it was to have someone around to care about her and impulsively she eloped with him.

Almost from the beginning she learned that the marriage wouldn't work out. They were too young, for one thing, but because she knew the tragedy of divorce in her own home, she was determined to stick it out. Two little girls, Debbie, now 8, and Kelley, 6, were born.

She stuck doggedly to her marriage for six years, only because she dreaded a broken home. One day, she realized with a pang that the six could stretch into sixty unhappy years, so after talking it over, she and Miles agreed to separate.

Her career wasn't doing well, either. Her contract at RKO had lapsed, and a term at 20th and Warner Bros. had also come and gone. Work was scanty and the old anxieties returned, but she wouldn't be licked.

She had learned how to stand on her own two feet as a child, how to hold down two jobs and school work without cracking, so she knew in her heart that she could, somehow, take care of her little girls. "That," she says ruefully, "was one of the advantages that hard knocks gave me. I had developed a will like iron. I felt that I could get along. It was nothing for me to work 18 hours a day, and I could do it again if I had to."

She managed to do the leads in many top TV shows, like "Schlitz Playhouse" and "Medic," but the work was uneven. There was no false pride about her. She knew what it was to be hungry, and she was determined that her little girls would never wonder, as she once had, what it would be like to drink milk out of a glass like water. She was about to apply for a job at Western Union again, when she received a call to see John Ford, one of Hollywood's biggest directors.

"Would you like to do a picture for me?" asked Mr. Ford.

"Work—for you?" she said weakly. "You mean it?"

"I do, and you will," said Mr. Ford, bringing the interview to a pat conclusion. Later she learned that his wife had seen her on a TV show the night before and had told him, "This girl has character as well as beauty," and John Ford, watching her, knew that he wanted her to play the spunky frontier girl opposite John Wayne in "The Searchers."

Things happened fast after that. Alfred Hitchcock signed her to a five-year con-

and her future was as assured as though she'd bought a controlling interest in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

It's logical that a girl who's had to use her head all her life would still retain the habit of thinking sensibly, even though her life has turned glamorous. In April, 1956, she married Gordon Scott, the screen's husky young "Tarzan." She had met him when she was his leading lady, but she went with him for two years before she decided to marry him.

The impact of her parents' tragic marriage and her own teenage mistake was so strong that she didn't want to marry again until she was absolutely sure it was right.

It took Gordon two years to talk her into becoming his wife, even though she knew she was very much in love with him long before then.

Because her strongest obsession as a child was to get out of the drab flat she and her mother lived in, the first thing she and Gordon did was to buy the largest home they could afford in the Valley. It has 11 rooms and sits in the middle of a two-acre orchard. It was an old house that needed a lot of re-doing so they were able to pick it up at a steal. They didn't throw their money around. Vera, who'd sewn her own dresses when she was nine, made up the draperies. Gordon, who's a do-it-yourself man, worked on cabinets and helping the workmen knock out walls. Vera wants the rooms to be large and light, another throwback to the days when she vowed she'd get out of the hole in the wall.

Although she is small-boned and has Dresden doll features, she is as strong as a stevedore. The only quarrels she and Gordon have had have been over her tendency to haul furniture around while she is gone. When he comes home and sees the piano sitting where the sofa was in the morning, he tells Vera impatiently, "But, honey, that's what I'm supposed to do around here. I'm the man in the family, remember. . . ."

And Vera laughs. "It's that dreadful independence of mine," she told me. "I'm so used to doing for myself, I still can't get in the habit of asking anyone to do anything for me—not anything."

Adding joy to her life was the birth last year of a son, Mike, who fills the house with laughter.

Although life is golden today, the past is always part of her. And for that she's glad. Poverty and worry gave her the driving power to make her life a success. Early hardships etched character in that beautiful, young face of hers. Beauties are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. With Vera it's more than the perfection of her features, the sex appeal in her figure. It's the depth and force in her personality that makes her stand out in a field rampant with beauties.

All those childhood fears are gone now, as though they were ghosts made of smoke. But they helped make her the woman she is today.
do well to have a sense of humor, too, and get a kick out of teasing and prac-
tical jokes. But she need never be afraid
that the teasing will be mean or the prac-
tical jokes cruel. Remember he can't
stand hurting anybody.

"His bride ought to have initiative with-
out aggressiveness. I saw one girl bulldoze
herself right out of a possible date with
Elvis when she made a pitch for him to
take her out on the town less than five
minutes after she had been introduced to
him. He was very polite about his refusal
and didn't embarrass her, but he never
went out with her, either.

"I don't think Elvis' wife need neces-
sarily be a big brain. I do believe, though,
that she should have a good head and
an interest in learning, because Elvis him-
self has a tremendous capacity for growth
and development. He has nowhere near
reached his peak yet.

"While we were making 'King Creole'
I saw him in the process of development
and maturing. In front of my eyes, he was
growing from a boy to a man. He was
aware of it and recognized the change
that was going on in him.

"Before this," he said, "I just did my
pictures and that was that! Now I want
to work so hard. I want to be so good!"

"Another thing Elvis' ideal wife will
need is to be appreciative. It will be one
more bond between them. Once when he
was about to do a scene in which he was
supposed to express his appreciation to
a big audience for giving him a break.
our director, Mike Curtiz, wanted to re-
hearse him in his lines. Elvis, in his
polite way, asked to be allowed to do
the scene without following the script.

"I know what this is," he said. "I know
how to thank people." And he ad libbed
the entire thank-you speech in one take.

HIS appreciation of other people's
abilities and achievements is enor-
mos. I'll never forget the day a mutual
friend told him that Marlon Brando had
said he'd like to meet this kid Elvis.' As it
happened, Marlon was lunching at the
studio that day and we urged Elvis to
stop at his table and say hello as we
were leaving the cafe. He bucked his head,
and like a kid taking a dare, he marched
over and tapped Brando's shoulder.

"He just barely managed a hesitant
hello." The Marlon stood up to shake
hands and exchanged a few words. It was
all too much for Elvis. He got completely
tongue-tied and scrambled. Quick.

"He needs a girl who will understand
this little boy quality in him and not
mistake his natural shyness with strangers
for lack of self-respect. He'll also need
loyalty and faithfulness without end. No
playing around for him or the wife he
ought to have."
who questioned his judgment and criticized him, merely proved they still don't know what Bill is about.

In earlier Hollywood days when he was given those "boy-next-door" parts that branded him with a "no sex appeal" label, they overlooked Bill Holden's rich but dry humor. It sneaks up when you least expect it and it sneaked up on Bill last year when he was in Europe. A chance tongue-in-cheek remark set off a small bomb that backfired beyond expectation.

During an interview, Bill was being that casual, outgoing, delightful guy who had escaped the burdens of Hollywood. For fun, and like a small boy instigating a controversial reaction, he popped off about women. European women, he said in effect, were less dominating than Hollywood women and therefore were much more companionable. The gentlemen of the press are Bill's friends, but by then, used to his viewpoints on more weighty subjects. This was too good a chance to miss and Bill Holden, who avoids contrived publicity, landed in newspapers throughout two continents.

"No one stopped to remember," grins Bill that I have been married to a wonderful American girl for 18 years. She has given me two fine sons and a daughter (by a first marriage) and I can't visualize a happier life than the one we've had together. I knew I'd get ribbed for comparing women, but I didn't think anyone would take it so seriously. It must have startled those in Hollywood who have always accused me of being dull copy!"

In addition to his thirst for greater knowledge, the spirit of adventure that drives Bill to strange ports of call has a practical side too.

"There are so few pictures being made in Hollywood these days," Bill once said, "and the way it's been working out, most of the good roles come along in pictures being made out of the country. No man likes to be away from home all but six weeks out of a year. It happened to me, but what can you do when you have a family to support? You have no choice, but believe me when I'm far off primitive countries, working in steaming, infernal jungles, you learn to appreciate what you've left behind.

"I have a knack for attracting the worst possible location sites and we're usually working there the wrong time of year. You can bet, if there are poisonous snakes, infectious tropical plants and contagious diseases—that's where I'll be! If I win my court case and am permitted to make 'The Horse Soldiers,' I wonder what that location will be like!"

Bill found out, of course, because he did emerge triumphant from the legal entanglement that threatened his appearing in a film other than a Paramount property. By the time he returned home from the location and although his wife joined him, their own wonderful home in North Hollywood looked like paradise.

"I hate lawsuits and studio suspensions," says Bill. "All I ask is to make good pictures and I'm happy to work for any company if it comes up with a fine script. It was a great experience working with John Wayne and for director John Ford and this is one of my best roles. But of course, I ran into my usual luck when we went to the Louisiana swamps to shoot most of the scenes.

"The days were cold, damp and muddy. Sometimes the rain came down in black sheets. We got up every morning at 6:30 and drove 80 miles out from Shreveport to the wooded swamp. They had hip boots and snake bite kits for everyone and while we huddled there waiting for the mist to rise, champagne could never taste as good as our hot coffee. I don't see how this picture can miss, so what we went through making it isn't important."

According to present plans, the Bill Holdens will remain in their current house until sons Scott and West go to college and daughter Virginia marries. Then they'll probably sell and lease a Hollywood apartment for home base. They intend to travel and with so many projects in mind, they'd like to own an apartment in Tokyo to live in when Bill's working there in a film.

Although he doesn't admit it, Bill's friends feel his days as an actor are numbered—by his own choice. The truth is, Bill the actor, has always felt apologetic to himself. Despite his great success in acting, he rebels inwardly against being an actor for all the usual implications implied. On rare occasions when he takes score and sums up his life, Bill humorously observes:

"No one forced me to be an actor and I'm grateful for my luck. You know, back at the beginning, my dad always wanted me to come in with him and learn the fertilizer business. Sometimes when the going gets rough, I wonder if I shouldn't have listened to Dad and accepted his offer. Who knows!"
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The Man Who Runs Up Hills
continued from page 43

producers of the show have had it mimeo-
graphed and sent around to all the writers.
In fact, it’s much more complete and
colorful than the biography NBC has
put out on Horton himself.

Bob had cleverly made Flint his baby,
so his next step was to hire his own
press agent. “No, my head size didn’t
suddenly expand,” Bob laughed. “But it
was only natural that most of the news
sent out on ‘Wagon Train’ would be about
Bond. He was known and I wasn’t. My
film and TV roles since 1951 haven’t
been the kind that turns one into a star.”

As for the forthright, outspoken Ward
Bond, he was unperturbed. “There’s no
feud between Bob and me,” he said. “I’ve
got a lot of respect for this boy as an
actor. In fact, I’m the guy who picked
him for the part in the first place.”

And since Bob was to be co-starred, he
wisely saw to it that he got some of the
sweets of stardom. He asked that his
name be put on a chair for him on the
sound stage where the show is filmed. He
also requested—and got—a special park-
ing space reserved for him on the studio
lot. “These things may seem silly any
place else,” Bob said, “but I’ve discov-
ered they’re important in Hollywood.”

For that matter, the stubborn Mr. Hor-
ton has always fought—or tried to fight
—for his rights, even if it meant being
tagged a maverick. If confidence was
needed, he had it, or he put up a con-
fident front. Not long ago, columnist Hed-
da Hopper remarked, “When I met Bob
Horton at a Gary Cooper party some
years ago, he was a pretty confident
young man. Keep your eyes on me, Hop-
per,” he said, “I’m going to be a big
star.” And by golly, he’s made good. He’s
the life and soul of ‘Wagon Train’.”

But most of all he’s been a rebel—at
times, an obstinate, hot-headed one—
since childhood. He’s a native Cali-
ifornian, born in Los Angeles, July 29,
1924; but between the ages of ten and
14, young Meade Howard Horton’s life
was a nightmare of pain, operations,
physical breakdowns and emotional dis-
turbances so lacerating that it was only
a few years ago he became free of them.
That was when an analyst to whom he
had been going for almost four years,
shook his hand, smiled and said, “Bob.
I’m happy to tell you that you don’t need
me any longer.”

The kidney ailment, which first laid
him low at ten, required two years of
weekly trips to a doctor’s office. It also
brought the youngster the loss of physical
strength and memories of pain he still
shudders to recall. Finally there was an
operation. The operation was successful,
but within a few months he was again
forced to the hospital with an emergency
appendectomy. “Those were the years,”
Bob remembers now, “when the family
doctor or my parents were usually tell-
ing me, ‘You can go out and play now,
son, but take it easy.’”

This only added fuel to his rebel na-
ture. “I thought, like most kids, that my
parents didn’t understand me,” Bob said.
“Everybody at home was picking on me.”

The Hortons were a family of doctors,
lawyers and other professionals; they
were also Mormons and held devoutly
to their religion. Bob’s older brother Creigh-
ton was thrown up to him as a model of
decorum; and it infuriated the younger
boy when some member of his staid and
prosaic family said, “For goodness’ sake,
Meade, why must you become an actor?”

“But I didn’t want to be trained for a
‘sober, staid’ profession,” says Horton. “I
wanted something else. Out of sheer frustra-
tion I ate so much I ballooned out to
over 200 pounds. I guess my family’s lack
of encouragement really hurt me. So I
sloughed off school, did a lot of crazy
things. I’m not proud of the antics I
pulled as a youngster, but something in-
side of me forced me into mischief. I
even ran away from home at 16, but I
didn’t get far. Used up all my money.”

He was still a teenager when the War
came; he enlisted in the Coast Guard
and served for several years. For two years
after his discharge he worked as a cook,
dishwasher, restaurant cashier and in
other menial jobs to “find himself.” At
22, he was old enough to know better, but
he was still getting into mischief. Then
he jumped into a hasty marriage. The
Girl was a non-professional, a quiet miss
named Mary Katherine Job. Horton was
just too hot, too anyone to handle; his
fierce temper turned minor irritations
into major explosions. The marriage didn’t
have a chance. Today Bob still speaks of
Mary with affection. “Mary and I see
each other now and then,” he says.
“About 85 percent of the breakup was my
fault. I was too immature to know what
I was doing.”

Yet, somehow, Bob managed to get a
little sense into his head. He made up his
mind to study dramatics, entered the
University of Miami, then transferred to
UCLA, where he completed the four-year
course in two years and nine months.
He also graduated with honors. By this
time he had adopted the simpler “Robert
Horton,” (probably still in rebellion
against his family), then managed to
snag a bit part in a comedy called “I Give You My Husband,” at the Jewel Box Theatre.

“It paid me exactly nothing,” Bob re-
vealed. “They gave me the part because
it called for red hair. Still, I enjoyed
that role just as much as if I were doing
it perfectly, which I wasn’t. I was search-
ing, throwing my weight around, trying
to find myself in it.”

Even so, there was still no rousing
demand for Robert Horton, with or with-
out red hair. He knocked around for
several years, getting a TV spot here and there. His prospects turned so bleak that finally took a job as a greeter in an all-night restaurant, spending his days in search of TV jobs. Finally he landed a small part in "Suspense," and then a couple of even bigger roles because he had impressed the director. He went from bit player to star in three weeks.

Now the film studios began bidding for Horton, though only a short time earlier, he couldn't get inside a studio gate. He landed a Warner Bros. contract which lasted for one film, a Fox deal which ran for two, and finally was signed by MGM, where he did seven pictures in two years.

"I got real hot after my first couple of pictures," Bob said. "Don't ask me how you get hot, or why, but you know it immediately. People started clapping me on the back and calling me 'Mr. Horton.' All over the lot they were searching for a new Gable. Then, just as suddenly, I got cold. I was plain Bob Horton and was put into a production unit that made only one good picture—and without me in it."

By now he was ready, or thought he was, for another try at marriage—this time to Barbara Ruick, a young actress who had appeared in "Carousel." The two eloped to Las Vegas for a Flamingo Chapel wedding in 1953, but again the combination was too explosive to last.

Miss Ruick was seemingly not aware that another girl had once said of Bob, "I never know what to expect from him from one time to another. I doubt if any woman will. Bob fits no pattern. He seldom even looks the same twice. He is as inconsistent as the moon."

The second Mrs. Horton testified in the divorce proceedings that her husband was "a completely self-centered person." Barbara had filed suit twice in seven months, after various reconciliations, and in court she said, "He wouldn't come home when I expected him to. When I went with Bob to the opening of one of his plays, and later to a party to celebrate it, he gave all his time to other people. I was cast aside like a stranger." The divorce was granted April 28, 1956, on the grounds of mental cruelty.

All Bob will say of his second marriage is, "Barbara and I should never have married. We were meant to be good friends—but never husband and wife."

These days, his most frequent dates are with actress Nina Foch, who is the same age as Bob—34. They have much in common: a love of the theatre, a passion for dogs, a mutual distaste for senseless chit-chat. They get along well together, and both know it is to have been divorced. But Bob denies that theirs is a serious romance. "I've gone out with Nina quite a lot and like her very much," he says, "but the report that we are getting married is far from true."

Not that "Wagon Train's" romantic trail scout is opposed to marriage. One of his closest friends remarked, "Bob doesn't mind his bachelor life, but he really misses not being married and not having children. He feels depressed when he sees his brother Creighton, who's a doctor, and his family. 'I'd like to have what Creighton has,' Bob has often said. But he's been badly hurt several times, and he doesn't care too much for Hollywood girls. They're anxious to go out with Bob Horton, the actor, not Bob Horton, the man. That's why I think the woman he marries will be someone not in the picture business."

If it were up to the ladies who keep his phone ringing, Bob would probably be married tomorrow. Since his success with "Wagon Train," there's hardly a moment when his phone doesn't ring, or his mail box isn't stuffed with perfumed love letters. Teenagers phone, pretend they want a "Dexter" or a "Jimmy," and breathe heavily when they hear Bob's voice. Their little subterfuges amuse Horton, but he's not above suggesting in a kind way that they cut it out. The fan mail is another problem—at least in one way—and Bob has had to admonish some of the more aggressive correspondents who suggest dates that he doesn't go out with people he hasn't met.

continued on page 70
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WAKE UP AND READ!

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

1959

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 17

ing "Say One For Me." Meantime, Lin and June Blair have written "finis" to their Big Romance. Lin has been dating Sandra Dee and Sally Tanner; June's new heartthrob is Dick Sargent and she was at the airport at 6 a.m. to see him off for Florida and his new film, "Operation Petticoat.

DATA ON DATES—Now that George Nader has howed out of the "Ellery Queen" TV series because it moved to New York, he'll have time for some dates and Martha Hyer is glad! . . . Tom Tryon is a happy lad—he gets a lead in Disney's feature, "Gold," and is dating pretty socialite Ann Wilkes. . . . Gia Scala and Don Burnett know that Spring is in the air . . . . Taina Elg, now getting a divorce, has been steady-ing with Keith Larsen . . . . Tab Hunter continues to date Gary Cooper's daughter Maria . . . . Ronnie Burns and Jo Morrow like dates at Marineland . . . . Tommy Sands still plays the field hut is very interested in Carol Lynley, newly arrived from Broadway . . . . Mark Damon and Diane Baker have been doin' a lotta lunch datin' . . . . Seems like love in bloom for Dorothy Johnson and Scott Brady; chums say this is the first time Scott has been "really shook up" about a girl!
"I've Got Nothing To Hide"

continued from page 37

that, insisting we all drive up to Connecticut and settle the matter right then.

"If I hadn't given up the opening, feeling as I did, I'd have been like a man who knows he has an upset stomach, but still goes to a banquet and then gets sick in the middle of the meal. Hardly fair to the other guests at the party. I couldn't take care of my responsibilities to the public unless I'd first taken care of my responsibilities to myself and the people I work with."

Tony told me about a fellow who began in pictures around the same time he did. "He was good-looking, bright and loaded with talent," he recounted. "But he cheated. With girls, money, the boss, and those bosses of the boss—the fans. I call the fans top boss over all," Tony commented, "because they're the ones who, in effect, hire the stars by buying seats at the movies.

"This misguided, double-dealing character insisted that hiding his offenses made them non-existent. He loved to yak about how the experts were off their rocker when they claimed there was no such thing as a perfect crime."

"How do they know?" he'd argue. "The only crimes they ever discover are the imperfect ones! Maybe he had a point there, but the way things turned out, he wasn't the guy to make it. He finally got caught in a situation that put him out of the running as a public figure. Hollywood brass might have given him another chance, but their hands were tied. Like actors, directors and writers, they're working for the fans—and the fans turned thumbs down on the man they'd never trust again.

"I've found my nothing-to-hide policy the best insurance I could get against false rumors about me. It makes people give me the benefit of the doubt and encourages them to come directly to me for a straight answer about whatever is circulating on the rumor circuit."

This business of hiding out on the public and making a federal case out of the natural human need for a certain amount of solitude is so much malarky to Tony, who refuses to dramatize himself or put on an act for the sake of creating an effect.

"Could he I never feel any special urge for solitude because I'm alone as much as I need to be." Kidding, he assumed the satisfied air of a man settling an issue, and added in a matter of fact way, "When Janet takes her shower at night I'm alone in the bedroom for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Seriously," he went on, "that just-before-light-out time is a good one for thinking. For me, it's also the time to pray. Yes, I say prayers," he answered my questioning look. And I got the feeling that those moments of devotional prayer give Tony more healing, revealing help and enlightenment than hours of ordinary hiding away from people could bring him—or anyone else.

"Then there's the special kind of aloneness that comes with reading," he said. "You can be in a roomful of people and still be alone with a book."

"Sometimes, too, I leave the house a little early in the morning and drive up some strange street above Beverly Hills. It always leads me to a mountain top.

"I did that yesterday, and up there on my newest mountain peak, I got out of the car and looked around. Very quietly. Maybe I was thinking of something and maybe I wasn't. I can't remember. But I do know I took in a lot of aloneness that somehow prepared me—got me into shape—for a hectic day at the studio."

How accurate a picture does the public have of Tony, thanks to his philosophy of hiding nothing from them?

"I can't tell. I honestly don't know what the public image of me is," he confessed. "And I hope I never find out. I'm not being naive now. I'm perfectly truthful when I say I don't know what made me click when I got my chance, any more than I know why the public got all excited about the hula hoop. Who knows why? Not the hoop, that's for sure!"

"But I'm pretty certain I know what's the public image of Cary Grant, for example. It's probably just about the same as mine. You know what makes me think so? Because I'm the public, too.

"Before I got into pictures, I wanted to know everything I could find out about Cary Grant—where he was going for the holidays, how he was at sports, what his home life was like. So I can understand other people taking an interest in those things. What's more, I enjoy having them want to know all about me!"

"You can imagine what a great thing it is for me to be co-starring with Cary in "Operation Petticoat" now. Tony glowed continued on page 72
“I’VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE” continued

like a kid who’s clipped the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Come to think of it, that’s who he is, and that’s why we all love him.

There have been occasions when the reactions of the public influenced Tony’s subsequent actions. One such incident happened when he was getting his first solid foothold on fame. Putting up a bold front, he dug a foundation of courage on which to build a wish into reality.

“I’d been having trouble with a girl I was going with at the time,” he explained. “You see, she kept forgetting she was going with me. I’d phone for a date and she’d say she had to go to a music lesson, or was expecting some girl friends, or that she was just plain busy. Anyhow, the way things were, I never got to see her at all.

“Then I went out on tour to plug a picture I was in, called ‘Johnny Dark.’ In one town a fellow came up to me and said, ‘Gee, you were great with that girl in the picture. A real powerhouse. Strong stuff, the way you told her off and she jumped. That’s the way to handle ‘em.’

“That was all I needed. In those few minutes he talked to me, I learned from this stranger what he had learned from me—or from the role I played, that is. When I got home I phoned my problem girl friend and laid it on the line. ‘No more of that jazz about music lessons and being busy,’ I told her, giving a fairly good imitation of myself in ‘Johnny Dark.’ It worked fine, and from then on we had all the dates I wanted.”

It’s hard to think of any girl ever having turned down Tony for a date, but if he says it happened, you can be sure it did. You can also be sure it’s the kind of story he seems to relish telling on himself. He is far less likely to talk about an incident like one I happened to witness in San Francisco several years ago.

The scene was the opening of a big feature film starring one personality who is still in the top ten on most polls, and another who might be forgotten by now if it weren’t for the late, old movie on television. Tony himself wasn’t in the picture. He’d merely been sent along by his studio to help plug it.

When the lights went up on the stage of the theatre where the gala premiere was taking place, Star Number One came out for a bow. He got a nice warm hand and retired smiling. Star Number Two stepped through the curtains, also received enthusiastic applause, and retired with similar success.

Then the m.c. introduced Tony and a great roar rocked the theatre. For a second, Tony looked shocked. He started to turn his head to see who in the world could be standing behind him, drawing that kind of a reception. Nobody, of course. But his future was right there in front of him, so close he could reach out and touch it.

No one has ever been able to analyze exactly what it is that endears one person to a limited circle of family and friends, while another person has inside him something that endears him to millions.

Perhaps the universally acclaimed stars possess qualities we all dream of having. Perhaps they don’t actually have those qualities at all, but still can project the illusion of having them.

“Beats me, what it is,” said Tony. “But I do know that a star like Cary Grant (See? Back to Grant! I told you he was an old hero of mine.)—well, a star like continued on page 74

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"I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE"
continued
Cary takes his special qualities lightly, with a sort of easy grace that makes everybody like him. Feel extra warm toward him.
Tony's right. But there's another element you can always find in the top fighters. It's humility. And Tony has that. He's openly proud of himself when he does a good job. But he's just as frankly humble in his gratitude that he was able to do it. Nor is he inclined to cover up one attitude while exploiting the other.
His frankness about himself has neither enhanced nor hurt his life, according to Tony. "Anybody whose life teeters between showing off to the public and hiding things from them, can't have much of a life," he asserted. "Maybe mine is a selfish way of looking at it, but I can't be bothered with either concealment or super-soul-baring. I just play it straight and so far that's been all right."
"Having so firmly established your life on this open-book basis," I asked, "do you think if you had something to hide, you could get by with it now?"
Tony tressed his crazy mixed-up hair and shook his head.
"No," he answered finally, "because I wouldn't know how to do it!"

She Carries Spring With Her
continued from page 47
Connie that no girl had got a rock 'n' roll hit, he suggested, "Do one more song, just for me. Try an oldie, with a beat. Adults will like it and the kids can dance to it."
He chose "Who's Sorry Now?". When Connie went on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand" on New Year's Day, 1958, she was ready to say she was the sorry one. Competing with the annual crop of Christmas music, the record was slow to sell. Connie says, "I thought it was another flop. I planned to go home and mail my tuition check to Rutgers."
On January 1, 1959, she made an anniversary appearance on "Bandstand" to tell Dick Clark, "This is the show that turned the tide. Everything happened. I got a hit, night club bookings, tours, a trip to Britain, and two more gold records for 'Stupid Cupid' and 'My Happiness.'"
Connie's bright combination of spunk and graciousness won the hearts of the British. Following one of her first London concerts, fans and police were having a bit of a rumble at the stage door. Officers were forcibly pushing back the crowd and commanding, "Get out of here."
Eyes flashing, Connie stepped up to the nearest hobby. "You shouldn't treat my friends this way."
"Go back inside, Miss. You'll get hurt," the officer cautioned.
"Nonsense," said Connie. "They just want my autograph."
Happily, she signed and chatted with the kids. When she was ready to go to her car, the crowd parted and she swept through, regal as The Queen herself. "There's no need for a disturbance," said Connie firmly.
Manager George Scheck and her father have carefully selected her bookings. Either her mother or her secretary, Joyce Becker, always travels with her. Even though they have all been protective, there have been adventures. Connie says, "Chicago seems to be my hoodoo. Last summer, returning from there, my plane caught fire. Then in December, when I played the Howard Miller show in Chicago and next day went down to Springfield, I got caught in a blizzard. I had to be in Pittsburgh the next day. Planes were grounded and--train schedules didn't fit. Fortunately, Jack Scott had the same booking, so we hired a taxi to take us into Chicago. His father was with him, and Joyce was with me. Jack played his guitar and we sang all the way. Taxi fare was seventy dollars, but we had fun."
Possibly Connie's most serious romance to date has been with Bobby Darin. They went steady for a year—the discouraging, pre-success year. How much professional worries had to do with their breakup, neither is willing to discuss. Bobby says, "Connie and George Scheck helped me get started."
Connie recalls, a bit wistfully, the rainy evening at the bus station when she loaned Bobby that seventy cents to go home and then had just enough money to pay her own fare. Bobby had covered his wounded pride by saying defiantly, "You'll see, Connie. Some day we're going to drive past here in the biggest white Cadillac that's made and there will be a monogram 'B&G' on the door."
Dreams of that joint "B&G" have ended, but Connie says fondly, "He was right about our having hits. Wasn't it nice that 'Splish-splash' and 'Who's Sorry Now?' went up on the charts at the same time?"
To current romance questions, Connie has a stock reply. Her eyes dance as she says, "Oh, I'm in love . . ." Then she adds, "There's a movie actor on the West Coast, and a stage star in the East, and a singer on tour in between . . ."
At the moment, Connie wants to be in love with a different boy each week, "because right now I'm so in love with show business that I don't want to get serious about anyone."
The only authentic document of the state of her affections is her own diary. She has kept one for seven years. She keeps the present locked volume with her and writes in it every night.
Connie's diary habit evoked a hit song the evening that the young composing team, Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, who authored Connie's gold record, "Stupid Cupid," brought a group of new songs to her home.
Connie motioned them to the piano. "Go ahead and try them out. I can listen and write at the same time."
Neil and Howie teased her, asking to see the diary. Connie was indignant. "What I write is my own secret." The boys set it to music, Neil recorded the song himself and thereby got his own first hit record.
Connie, who hopes her future will hold movie roles and a TV show of her own, insists that she won't marry "for years yet." She defines her objective, "When I do, I want to be just like my grandmother. She's a wonderful character. She was 92 on Christmas day, but she still goes on moonlight cruises and picnics with the kids because she doesn't like old people. She had 16 children. I'll settle for 12."
It could be that Connie means it. She has just persuaded her father to permit her to join him in the purchase of a new ranch house in Bloomfield, New Jersey. "It's the only argument I ever won with Dad," she says. "All by himself, he wanted to buy a small house which would now have room enough, but which also wouldn't be too big for mother and him when my brother and I married and moved away. I wanted to share the cost and buy a place which would continue to be our family home for years to come. It took me six months to convince him, but we got the big house. Whatever happens next, this is my home."
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