



DELL Lauren Bacall confesses: I'LL SAY YES TO FRANKIE!

modern screen®

APR. 25c

NATALIE'S HONEYMOON!

exclusive by Louella Parsons

no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

The end papers do the
waving for you



Costs no more than lotion permanents—\$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... Super

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a real lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

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another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look at it. An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the world's free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)

Squeeze on clear water with PACE'S hair plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.

Pace

Procter & Gamble's
no lotion permanent

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MAY 19 1958

have a breath of Paris about you...every day!



Discover the most fabulous deodorant ever . . . Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick. Amazing how it glides on dry—to keep underarms dry; to give you dawn-to-dawn protection. Delicious the way it surrounds you with a mystic fragrance; the very breath of Paris that only Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick can give you. Try it tonight!

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK - SPECIAL! 2 FOR \$1
regular \$1.50 value



MADE IN U.S.A. BY BOURJOIS.

CREATED IN FRANCE

modern screen



STEP UP TO FREEDOM

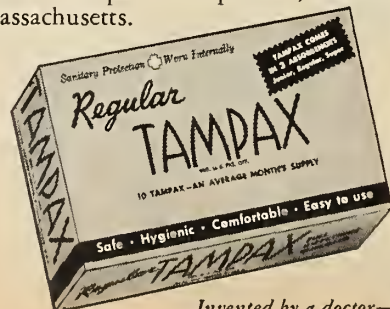
How *wonderful!* To take off at a moment's notice—go where you want to go, do what you want to do—without heed to time-of-the-month! Tampax makes all the difference in *freedom* for you—*perfect* freedom and comfort!

Freedom to move about unhampered by pads, belts, pins. Freedom from bulk. Freedom from chafing and discomfort. From telltale lines and bulges. From embarrassing odor.

With Tampax® internal sanitary protection, you're apt to forget about differences in days of the month! Invisible and unfelt when in place—nothing can show and no one can know you're wearing it!

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You can find Tampax vendors in restrooms throughout the United States. And Tampax is always convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. Your choice of three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit your individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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Color portrait of newlyweds Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner on the cover by Jack Albin. Watch for Natalie in Warner Brothers' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR and United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH. You can see Bob in 20th Century-Fox's STOPOVER TOKYO. Other photographers' credits on page 73.

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MARVELOUS...
as he goes to town in
cap and gown on
"The Pipes Of Pan"!



MIRTHFUL... on
the highwire or swing-
ing to "Everything Is
Tickety Boo"!



MAGICAL... as
he juggles and jiggles
through "The Square
Of The Hypotenuse"!



MADCAP... as he al-
lez-oops with a chimp
or whoops it up with
"Chin Up, Stout Fella"!



MATCHLESS... as
he gets on the ball with
"You Can't Always
Have What You Want"!



MASTERFUL...
as he makes the rafters
ring with his role as
"Merry Andrew"!



**DANNY
KAYE**
in
**MERRY
ANDREW**

Singing! Dancing!
Romancing! Clowning!
It's the Big Top-per
to everything that
Danny Kaye has ever done!
IT'S THE MERRIEST!

M-G-M presents
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION
co-starring
PIER ANGELI
BACCALONI • NOEL PURCELL
ROBERT COOTE
with **PATRICIA CUTTS**

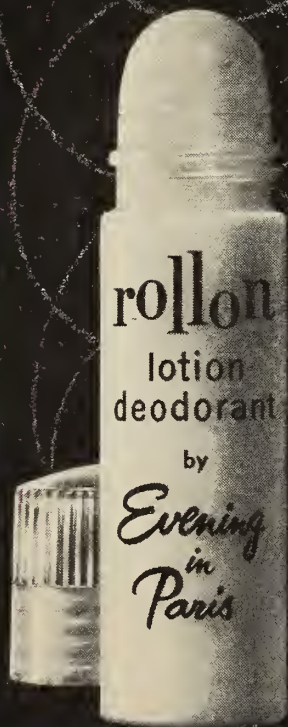
Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on a Story by Paul Gallico • Music by SAUL CHAPLIN
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER • Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Associate Producer SAUL CHAPLIN • Directed by MICHAEL KIDD

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LOTION DEODORANT

ONLY 59¢



NEW SQUEEZE TUBE! NEW NEVER-CLOG ROLLON TOP!

Now, with a touch, you roll your deodorant on. Immediately, you're dry underarm; all day long you're free from perspiration worries. And always, delicately scented with a lingering, romantic fragrance. Why not treat yourself today—be lovelier tonight!

Evening in Paris

4 CREATED IN FRANCE BY BOURJOIS. MADE IN U.S.A.



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Hasn't **Kim Novak** had secret friendships with **Aly Khan** and **Jimmy Stewart** and **Yu Brynner**?

—L.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Not so secret.

Q Why is it that **Frank Sinatra**, **Jimmy Stewart**, **Bob Hope** and **Bing Crosby** are buying up radio and TV stations like mad?

—G.T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A Such investments are enormously profitable.

Q Can you tell me how much 20th Century-Fox Studios earns from oil wells on studio property and whether the actors get their share?

—F.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A 20th gets \$325,000 per year in oil royalties; the actors get nothing from this.

Q Have **Liberace** and his brother split? If so, why?

—H.T., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Yes; George got tired of traveling.

Q Is it true that **Audie Murphy** has decided not to give interviews any more?

—L.W., POTTSTOWN, PA.

A Audie isn't as accessible as he once was.

Q How come **Anthony Franciosa** was given ten days in jail for striking a photographer? Isn't that a tough sentence for a minor offense?

—V.H., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

A Franciosa had a previous record under the name Tony Papaleo.

Q How come **John Saxon**, **Bob Wagner**, **Rock Hudson**, **Rory Calhoun** and **Tab Hunter** were discovered by the same agent, Henry Willson?

—D.B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Willson has an eye for talented young actors.

Q Which of the motion picture actresses draw the most at the box office these days?

—G.T., HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

A **Ingrid Bergman**, **Kim Novak**, **Liz Taylor**, **Natalie Wood** are among the top.

Q Didn't **Gary Cooper** make a play for **Diane Varsi** while they were working together in *Ten North Frederick*?

—E.R., ELY, NEV.

A Mercy, no. Coop is almost three times Diane's age.

Q Is it true that a brave studio plans to put **Mario Lanza**, **Judy Garland**, and **Maria Callas** in a film to be entitled, *Hold Everything*?

—H.T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A No.

Q **Liz Taylor**'s first husband was Catholic, her second Protestant, her third Jewish. What is her religious affiliation?

—R.I., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A Liz has been interested in Christian Science for some time.

Q Is it true that **Desi Arnaz** has become the richest and most powerful actor in Hollywood?

—K.T., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A Not the richest, but he and **Lucille Ball** now control thirty-five sound stages.

Q Do **Bing Crosby** and his wife **Kathy Grant** want children?

—R.Y., SPOKANE, WASH.

A Yes.

Q Is it true that **Guy Madison** still keeps paying **Gail Russell**'s medical bills?

—K.T., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A True.

Q Isn't **Jean Seberg** secretly married to director **Otto Preminger**?

—C.L., AMES, IOWA

A Not yet.

Q What is the lowdown on **Judy Garland** and Las Vegas?

—E.L., RENO, NEV.

A On New Year's Eve Judy tried to quiet noisy ringsiders. Unable to do so, she started to scream at them, then stalked off-stage and back to Hollywood.

Q How many children does **Dean Martin** have? Do any of them have his original nose? I mean before his was remodeled.

—Y.R., AKRON, OHIO

A Martin has seven children; three have his nose.

Q Can you tell me when the movie *South Pacific* will open?

—B.R., NEW YORK, N.Y.

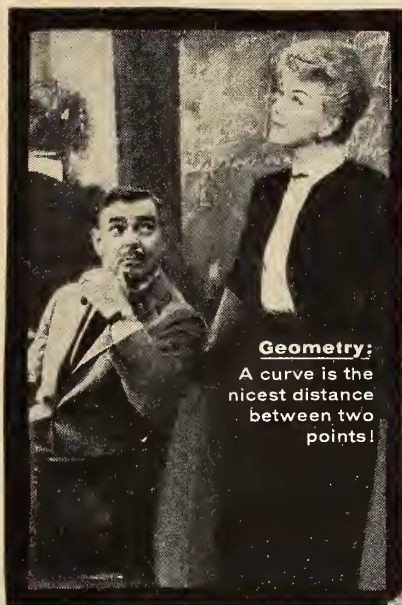
A April 7th, 1958.

Q Isn't **Debbie Reynolds** furious with **Eddie Fisher** because he spends all his spare time with **Mike Todd**?

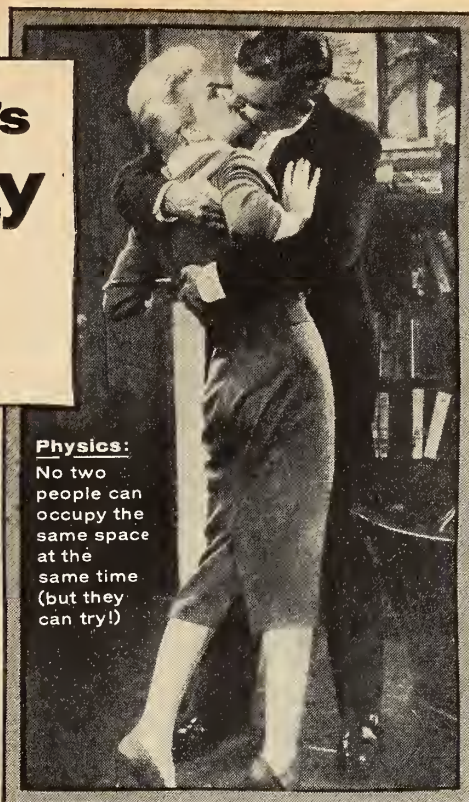
—J.Y., DALLAS, TEX.

A But Eddie doesn't.

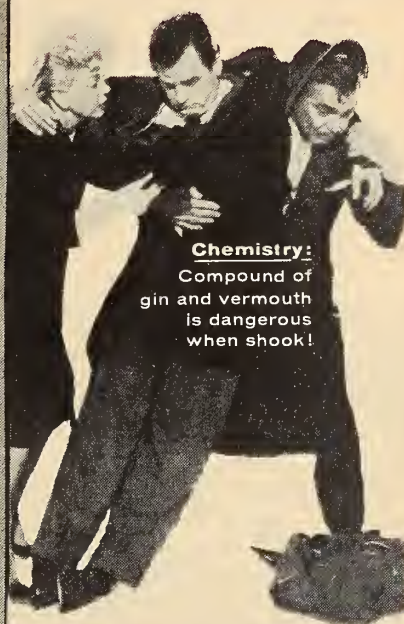
**School's out- it's
Gable Day
- a holiday
in hilarity!**



Geometry:
A curve is the
nicest distance
between two
points!



Physics:
No two
people can
occupy the
same space
at the
same time
(but they
can try!)



Chemistry:
Compound of
gin and vermouth
is dangerous
when shook!

Paramount presents
Clark Gable Doris Day

VISTA VISION®

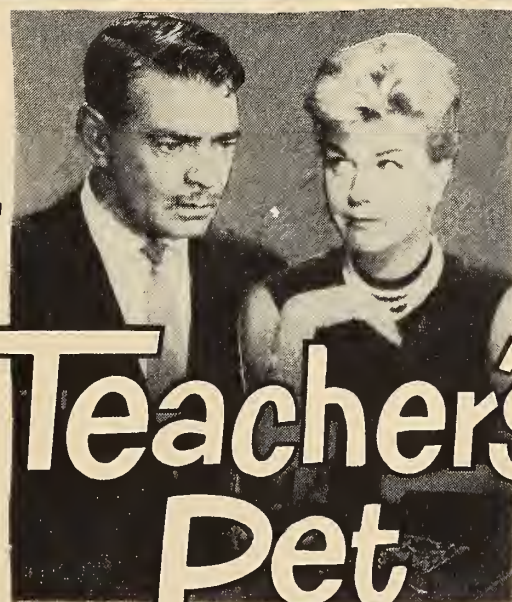
SONGS:
"TEACHER'S PET"
"TEACHER'S PET MAMBO"
"THE GIRL WHO
INVENTED ROCK AND ROLL"



Music:
Latin rhythms
have strange
effects on
blondes!

She calls
herself
"Little Instant
Me!"

in
THE
**PERLBERG
-SEATON**
PRODUCTION
OF



**Teacher's
Pet**

-ten years from today
you'll still be talking
about 58's Very Forward
Look in Comedy!

co-starring
Gig Young · Mamie Van Doren

Produced by William Perlberg • Directed by George Seaton
Written by Fay and Michael Kanin • A Paramount Release



WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR LAUGHS
Teacher's Pet

FOR ADVENTURE
Cowboy

FOR DRAMA
The Quiet American
"I Accuse!"
The Mark Of The Hawk

FOR SUSPENSE
Chase A Crooked Shadow
Beautiful But Dangerous

FOR MUSIC
Sing, Boy, Sing!

FOR THRILLS
Count Five And Die

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Gig Young and Clark Gable have a battle of wits—bottled wits—over pretty teacher Doris Day.

TEACHER'S PET

Gable's back again!

Clark Gable
Doris Day
Gig Young
Mamie Van Doren
Nick Adams

■ Here is a delightful film in grand romantic comedy style. It's about a big newspaper editor (Clark Gable) and an egghead (Doris Day), who teaches college journalism. Gable learned journalism the hard way, and he's proud that he never got through high school. And he *hates* journalism teachers. When he's asked to deliver a guest lecture, he blows up and writes a bitingly sarcastic letter of refusal. However, his boss insists he make an appearance and Gable is astonished to find that the lovely Doris is the teacher. He is mortified when, unaware of his identity, she reads his letter to the class—tearing it and him to shreds. Gable decides to hang around under an assumed name. In no time he's teacher's pet. He turns in such lovely copy she begs him to give up the wallpaper business and think seriously of a newspaper career. He is thinking more seriously of his rival—psychology professor Gig Young. One night Gable is sitting with flashy, dopey Mamie Van Doren in the night club where she sings when Doris and Gig walk in. There follows a battle of wits between Gable and Gig—and Gig wins. Unfortunately, Gig doesn't stop when he's ahead; he keels over in an alcoholic stupor which leads to a hilarious hang-over scene. The moment of truth—when Doris learns Gable's identity—is only a little painful.

6 Mostly it's great fun.—PARAMOUNT.

COWBOY

memories of the West

Glenn Ford
Jack Lemmon
Anna Kashfi
Brian Donlevy
Richard Jaeckel

■ If you think that all you need to be a cowboy is a gunbelt and a jigger of whiskey, you're so wrong. Here's a very good film that tells the whole truth about the rugged West. Rugged is putting it mildly. It opens in Chicago, about eighty years ago, in a fancy hotel. Jack Lemmon's a desk clerk there, and he's in love with guest Anna Kashfi, the daughter of a Mexican rancher. Her father ends that romance fast by packing up and going home. Meanwhile, cattleman Glenn Ford and his fun-loving cowboys check in after a hard but profitable cattle drive. Lemmon wants to drive back to Mexico with them to see Anna, but Ford warns him that he wouldn't wish the life of a cowboy on anyone. For two months you're on your horse on a dusty trail with hardly any sleep, terrible food, danger from the Comanches and the weather, no entertainment, no parties and no slouching. *I'll come*, says Jack. At first, he's a terrible cowboy; he can hardly ride a horse. And he's appalled by the apparent inhumanity of the men. One of them dies from snake bite as the result of a practical joke, but nobody sheds any tears. Another gets himself into trouble in a cafe, but no one tries to help him. By the time they get to Mexico though, Jack's toughened up. When he discovers that Anna's been married off, he gets mean. On the drive back he takes over when Ford is

shot in the leg by a Comanche, and works the men mercilessly. He thinks he's a real cowboy, but he hasn't learned yet; Glenn teaches him the last lesson. You'll like this movie, which has vivid and fascinating scenes of the real life in those wide open spaces. —CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

THE QUIET AMERICAN

love and politics

Audie Murphy
Giorgia Moll
Michael Redgrave
Claude Dauphin
Kerima

■ The novel by Graham Greene has been turned into a fascinating movie whose elements of suspense are heightened by excellent character studies. The scene is Saigon in 1952. Back then, Saigon belonged to France which, with the Emperor and with aid from the U.S.A., was fighting against the Communists. Michael Redgrave plays an English journalist covering the war. He is an empty man whose values depend on their immediacy. At present he is separated from his wife and living with a beautiful native girl (Giorgia Moll) whom he supposedly loves. The American is Audie Murphy, who arrives in Saigon with great enthusiasm for creating a Third Force in Indo-China. Not colonialism, not Communism, but self-determination. His idealism irritates Redgrave. Not only that, Audie declares himself in love with Giorgia and informs Redgrave that he can give her marriage and security and is about to start a campaign to win her. Another kind of campaign begins in mysterious quarters. Little by little suspicion is created in Redgrave's mind about Murphy's political motives; he's led to believe that Murphy is a Communist agitator and is instrumental in having Audie murdered. Under the relentless inquiries of police inspector Claude Dauphin, Redgrave realizes that insane jealousy made a fool and a dupe of him. A wire from his wife agreeing to a divorce is his last hope. He pleads with Giorgia to marry him, but—having known real love with Audie—she refuses to go back to Redgrave. It is a beautifully acted, powerful film.—UNITED ARTISTS.

"I ACCUSE!"

historic trial

Jose Ferrer
Viveca Lindfors
Leo Genn
David Farrar
Emlyn Williams

■ The false arrest and long imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus before the Franco-Prussian war went down as one of the larger scandals in French history. Here the characters and incidents are beautifully re-created with Jose Ferrer as Dreyfus. He was a man proud of his military career and his promotion to captain. It was an unusual achievement since, until then, there had been no Jewish officers in the French army. Although Dreyfus was a devoted husband to Viveca Lindfors, he had a stiffness and reserve that put off people. He was respected, but not very popular among his fellow officers. When it became known that someone was spying for the Austrians and that a letter signed only with the initial 'D' was intercepted, suspicion easily fell on Dreyfus. His court martial came at a time when the army needed good publicity. Completely innocent, Dreyfus was publicly dishonored and sent into solitary confinement on Devil's Island. His former superior officer (Leo Genn) is the first to discover that the real spy is a Hungarian major (Anton Walbrook), and for his pains Genn is sent to the front in Tunisia. It takes years before another trial is ordered. Even then Dreyfus is not exonerated, merely pardoned. Finding this injustice completely unendurable. (Continued on page 8)

FROM HERMAN WOUK'S GREAT BEST-SELLER...
THE NOVEL THAT BELONGS TO THE
YOUNG LOVERS OF TODAY!

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

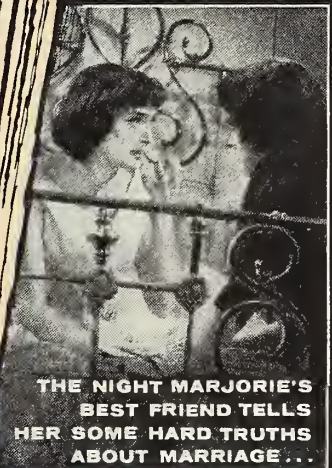
Marjorie Morningstar

*Your most
intimate insight
into every girl's
years of
temptation...
and decision*



THE NIGHT MARJORIE
CONFESSES HER
TEMPTATIONS
TO HER MOTHER...

"Marjorie, take those feelings
and put them in the bank.
Save them for the man
who'll marry you."



THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S
BEST FRIEND TELLS
HER SOME HARD TRUTHS
ABOUT MARRIAGE...

"I married Lou because life
only lasts so long. I don't have
a wonderful lover like Noel. If I
had, I'd follow him like a dog."

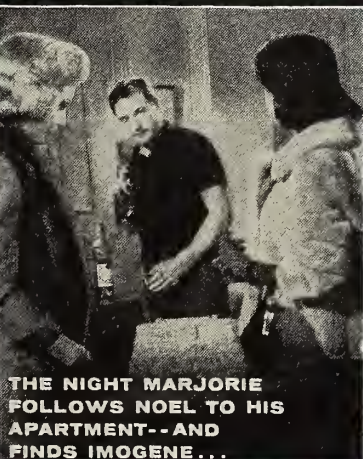
STARRING

GENE NATALIE
KELLY★WOOD

CLAIRE TREVOR
ED WYNN
EVERETT SLOANE
MARTY MILNER
CAROLYN JONES

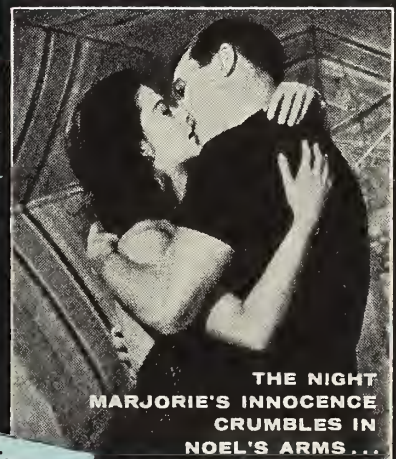
WITH
GEORGE TOBIAS • JESSE WHITE
MARTIN BALSAM • EDWARD BYRNES
IN WARNERCOLOR

SCREENPLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
BASED UPON A NOVEL BY HERMAN WOUK
PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING
DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER



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."



THE NIGHT
MARJORIE'S INNOCENCE
CRUMBLES IN
NOEL'S ARMS...

"Noel, I don't care!
Maybe, what I'm doing is
wrong. I don't know--
I'm in love!"

*Their song
is "A Very
Precious
Love"...
yours will
be too!*

Get more out of life...Go out to a movie!

new movies

(Continued from page 6) able, he takes up the fight again. As Emile Zola, the novelist whose newspaper editorial *I Accuse* condemned the world for allowing justice to be so miscarried, Emlyn Williams is superb.—MGM.

CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW

who's got the diamonds?
Anne Baxter
Richard Todd
Herbert Lom
Alexander Knox
Faith Brook

■ Anne Baxter is one of those heiresses who lives alone in an island castle off Spain and has an air of sadness about her. Nobody loves her but her uncle. But this movie is about her brother. Her brother is dead; she identified his body when he cracked up in an auto. Imagine her surprise when her brother (Richard Todd) shows up at the villa. She rips a diamond from her throat and flings it at him. *Take this, you imposter*, she says, *my brother is dead*. He laughs and pours himself brandy. *Take it easy, Anne*, he says, *or you'll wind up in the hospital again; nerves, you know*. She gasps and calls the police (that's Herbert Lom). The police arrive and get very irritated. Richard has proper identification papers and passport. Even the photograph upstairs looks like him. And he remembers all the little things that he and Anne did together as kids. Anne is quite distraught. Next morning, in addition to brother, there is a new housekeeper who has a *no-nonsense-or-I'll-put-you-in-a-straitjacket* air about her, and a new butler of the skulking variety. *Wait till my uncle comes back*, Anne tells them all, *I'll show you*. Funny thing, when her uncle comes back he greets Richard with affection. Then Richard says, *if you tell me where the diamonds are and sign this new will I'll go away*. Now we're getting somewhere. Anne's father had a diamond mine in Africa. When the government took over he was supposed to make up his losses in diamonds, but the diamonds disappeared. Brother wanted to steal them, but Anne—who was on Dad's team—got there first. Too late. Dad had committed suicide in shame. *The diamonds are in Cairo in a bank*, says Anne. The diamonds are not. They're in the beachhouse in a box. Who is innocent and who is guilty?—WARNER BROTHERS.

MARK OF THE HAWK

revolt in Africa

Eartha Kitt
Sidney Poitier
Juno Hernandez
John McIntire
Clifton Mackin

■ The fight for freedom has never been more violent or chaotic than in Africa. In this story of Africa, there's an educated young man (Sidney Poitier) whose name means *The Hawk*, which is also the symbol taken over by the terrorists. Poitier represents the workers and has just been elected to the legislative council. The white colonists are very suspicious of him. The African terrorists, particularly his brother (Clifton Mackin), keep urging him to become their leader. His wife (Eartha Kitt) is worried that he will. Poitier's first speech to the council asks for immediate steps toward freedom for his people. Denied, he delivers a bitter, arousing report to the workers at the mine. Among the frightened whites is one who believes in strong arm tactics and, anticipating a raid on his plantation, sets an ambush. Poitier has about made up his mind to join the terrorists when a newly arrived American missionary (John McIntire) tells him the story of his own struggle, personal

and political, against the Reds in China. Poitier, persuaded that he is not alone in his dreams and that he must achieve them through the gifts of Christ—which are faith and love—tries to stop the terrorists. He is too late and is himself arrested as their leader. The movie's preachy, but the words are well worth hearing. —SUPERSCOPE, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

SING, BOY, SING!

is rock 'n' roll a sin?

Tommy Sands
Lili Gentile
Edmond O'Brien
John McIntire
Nick Adams

■ Even when he was a little boy Tommy Sands had a guitar. He'd tote it to all the revival meetings his grandpa (John McIntire) preached, and Tommy would sing to the sinners. Edmond O'Brien, who is long on sin but short on conscience, discovers Tommy and proceeds to turn him into another Elvis Presley. Considering Tommy's talent, O'Brien's ruthlessness and press agent Jerry Paris' inexhaustible supply of dimes—he's always calling disk jockeys for plugs—it's no wonder that Tommy soon finds himself housed in a fancy New York hotel with an engagement at the Roxy, a Hollywood contract in the offing and hordes of teenage fans down in the street ready to march anywhere. The trouble is Tommy's lonely. O'Brien won't let him go anywhere lest he get a message from Grandpa that he's headed for fire and brimstone unless he gives up rock 'n' roll. As it happens, Grandpa's suffering from a heart attack in Louisiana. Attempts to reach Tommy have been in vain, since O'Brien intercepts all the messages. *Everybody's got to die*, O'Brien says, *so why spoil Tommy's show at the Roxy?* Well, sooner or later, truth rears its head and Tommy flies home. By this time he has a hysterical following, a bevy of man-eating press photographers at his heels, and a paid companion (Nick Adams) who is a hero-worshipping ex-soda jerk. Grandpa's last words to Tommy threaten to blow his career sky high.—20TH-FOX.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS

prince and opera star

Gina Lollobrigida
Vittorio Gassman
Robert Alda
Gino Sinimberghi
Tamara Lees

■ Beautiful, but dangerous—that's Robert Alda. No, wait a minute. That's Gina Lollobrigida. The only thing dangerous about Robert Alda is his left eyebrow, usually raised, and the fact, I suppose, that he's psychopathic. This all takes place at the turn of the century. Gina goes on for her mother in a cafe in Rome. Her mother's an awful singer. Gina's a wonderful singer. There's a Prince in the audience—a true-blue, white Russian Prince (Vittorio Gassman)—who makes everybody listen to Gina and then drives her to the hospital to see her dying mother. Well, Gina falls in love with Vittorio and vows to become a great singer so he'll be interested. Maestro Robert Alda coaches her, but then he makes passes. He gets very mad because he can't make Gina understand she's in love with him. Gina drops serious music for the guitar and then she conquers Paris. After fighting a duel—Gina fights a duel with a jealous prima donna—she becomes the star of the Folies-Plastique where Vittorio sees her again. His noble friends warn him she's hard to get, but he bets his finest horse he'll win her. This trifling with her love enrages Gina, and she disappears to study singing with a famous tenor. Next thing you know she's an opera star,

with Maestro Alda conducting. Vittorio comes back. *Go away, cad*, she tells him, *I'm going to marry the tenor*. Strangely enough, the tenor gets shot dead on stage while singing Tosca. For the next few years, Gina's under the terrible delusion that Vittorio did it. It's only when she goes to Moscow to sing for the Czar that she finds out the truth about the murder.—20TH-FOX.

COUNT FIVE AND DIE

spies, spies, spies!

Jeffrey Hunter
Nigel Patrick
Anna Marie Düring
David Kossoff
Rolf Lefebvre

■ During World War II the Germans knew there was going to be a Second Front but they didn't know where, largely because of the efforts of Allied intelligence agents. Englishman Nigel Patrick and his American assistant Jeffrey Hunter set up what look like film offices in London. Most of the staff is Dutch, and the plan is to leak false information that the invasion will happen in Holland. Both Patrick and Hunter know it's a bluff, but they have a hard time getting together anyway. Patrick's always making it easy for the Germans to spy, and Hunter's always lousing up the trap on the theory that the Germans ought to work harder for their information. Hunter falls in love with a new radio operator, beautiful blonde Anna Marie Düring, who flies in from Holland; the staff member who flew out to be replaced was picked up by Nazis. One night, when spies raid the deserted offices, Hunter and Anna Marie intercept them and she kills one—much to the displeasure of Patrick. When another of the staff is picked up by Nazis—Patrick has them delivered in one-seater planes—Patrick is convinced there's a spy in his office and her name is Anna Marie. This displeases Hunter, who can hardly bring himself to kiss her. When the child of another staff member is kidnapped and held for information from his father, everything begins to fit together. What exactly fits together makes for an exciting movie.—20TH-FOX.

BONJOUR TRISTESSE (Columbia): Jean Seberg is the teenage daughter of widowed French playboy David Niven. They are devoted pals and share a gay mad round of nightclubs—and their summer Riviera villa—with his current love interest. Into this care-free ménage comes Deborah Kerr, a successful fashion designer who really loves David and is appalled at his influence on Jean. Jean is afraid the older woman will destroy her indolent way of life—and so destroys her. In color and black and white. Adapted from Françoise Sagan's novel.

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (CinemaScope, Columbia): Academy Award material here. The setting is a bleak Japanese jungle prison camp. Alec Guinness comes marching his bloody but unbowed battalion into camp; they are whistling their song of pride and resistance. Guinness is a strict believer in the duties and privileges of a British officer. Sessue Hayakawa, the camp commander, follows an old tradition, too—that of saving face but never sparing the enemy. Immediately a clash of wills sets in which isn't resolved until almost everyone is killed.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): A tragic love story of World War I, starring Rock Hudson as an American ambulance driver, and Jennifer Jones as a British nurse. Though she loves him passionately, she won't marry him, because wives are not allowed at the front, and she can be with him as a nurse. But their happiness cannot be; the birth of their child brings no joy—only death. From Ernest Hemingway's novel.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS (Warners): Andy Griffith plays the lead in this film adaptation of the Broadway hit which made him a star. He's the good-hearted, patriotic hillbilly who gets drafted despite his Pappy who's been fending off the Army with a shotgun. But he finds he just loves the service, the sergeant, and even makes a bang-up job of latrine duty! When an airplane blows up, he grabs a parachute and Nick Adams, and they arrive almost in time for their military funeral. The whole thing is hilarious.



Even when it rains...you'll shine with

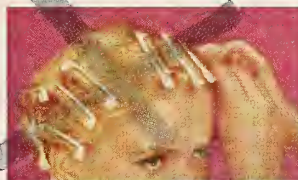
Permanent Weatherproof Curls

Easy as setting your hair. No rods to wind, no resetting, no hours of drying! Yet curls last *months* with fast new **PIN-QUICK**.

Now! Springy, clingy, sunny-day curls, even when it rains! Just one easy, breezy setting with new Pin-Quick does it—gives you the soft, casual hairstyle you love. And makes it *weatherproof*—free from rainy-day droop!

No need for drying hair sprays, no nightly pin-ups! No resetting even through day after day of damp weather. Pin-Quick weatherproof curls last for months—stay soft, shiny, full of life! For the *one* pincurl permanent that takes only minutes, yet gives you months of shining weatherproof curls, get new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut.

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Guaranteed faster and longer-lasting than any other pincurl permanent.

Jane Powell
starring in

"THE FEMALE ANIMAL"

A Universal-International Picture
In CinemaScope



JANE POWELL, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl says: "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Blonde hair just has to shine and look soft. A Lustre-Creme Shampoo works that magic for me every time." Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't you use it, too?

For the most beautiful hair
in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Jane Powell says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and he will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed
creme or lotion
never dries . . .
it beautifies



Typecasting ANDY GRIFFITH

■ Nobody can accuse Mervyn LeRoy of type-casting Andy Griffith as the naive and semi-literate Will Stockdale in *No Time For Sergeants*.

In the Warner's motion picture, Andy has trouble filling out Air Force forms, and reads haltingly from a primer about Tony and his pony.

But in real life, Andy was a school teacher until four years ago!

"I'm afraid I wasn't a good teacher," confessed the actor. "Though I enjoy getting up before an audience in a play, I was always nervous when talking to my class. I'll never forget my first lecture to my speech class at Goldsboro High School in North Carolina. I was discussing the pronunciation of the word *coffee*. In my anxiety I spelled it *coffie* on the blackboard. I never lived it down!

"I just didn't have much talent for teaching and I had, let us say, a discipline problem. The youngsters would laugh at my jokes but I couldn't convince them I should be treated with respect. I'd rarely be addressed as Mr. Griffith. It would generally be Andy or Sport."

While still teaching Griffith made occasional appearances at the little theatre in nearby Raleigh, North Carolina. Director Ainslie Pryor convinced Griffith he would make a better actor than teacher.

After three years at Goldsboro High School Griffith resigned to tour southern cities in a series of comedy monologues.

These were to lead to the starring role in the stage production of *No Time For Sergeants* and later to the film.

Griffith receives occasional letters from his former pupils. They still address him as Andy or Sport, but they're also mighty proud of their ex-teacher.

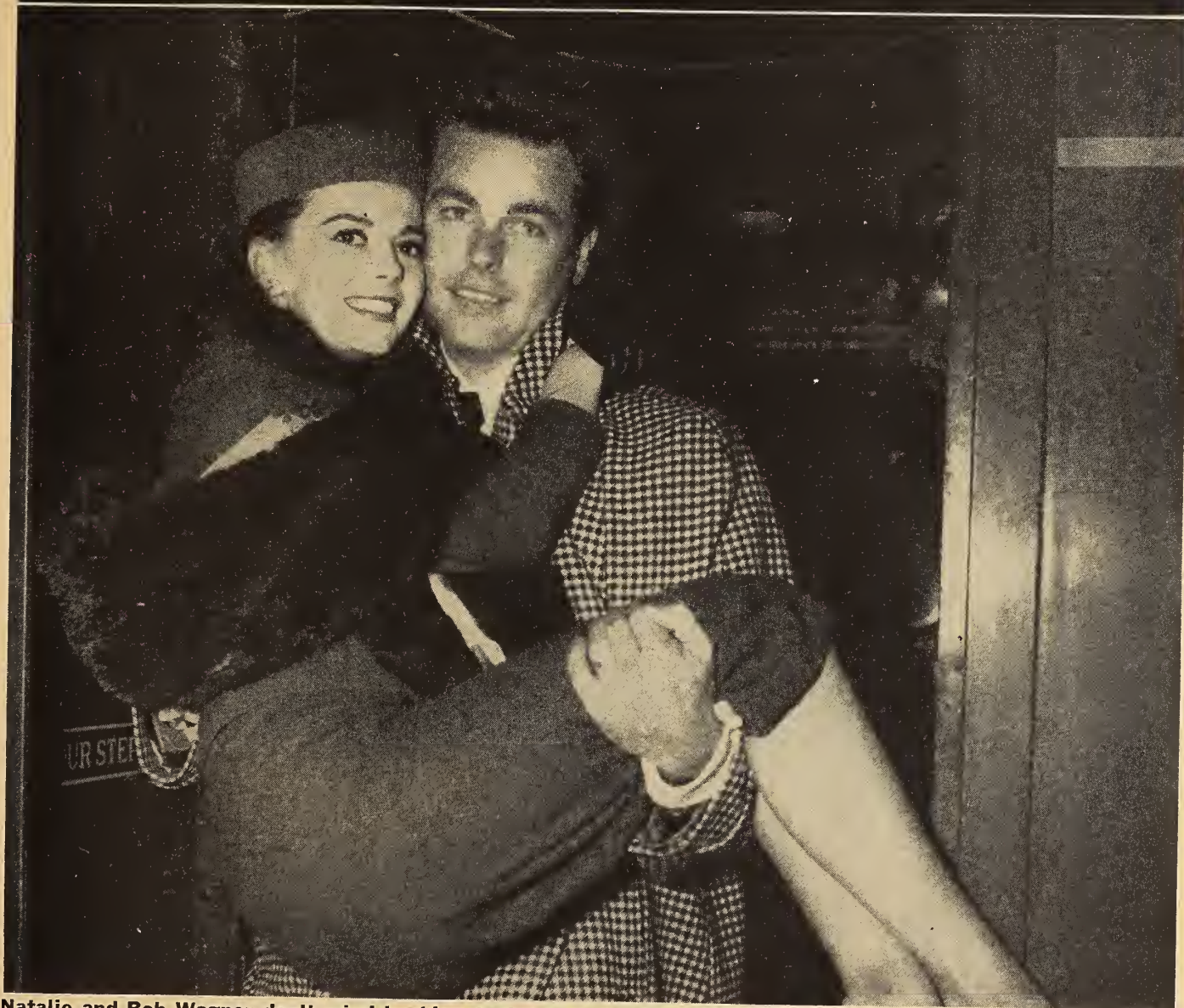
And what does Andy think about his teaching?

"I, with my southern accent," he explains, "was trying to teach my class to speak without an accent. I never did succeed, but I did lose most of my own Southern accent!"

Andy will be in *NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS* and *ONIONHEAD* for Warners.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



Natalie and Bob Wagner don't mind bucking typhoons or racing trains—as long as they're cheek to cheek. . . .

Natalie and Bob's honeymoon!

IN THIS ISSUE:

The latest about Rock

Debbie's baby shower

All about Geoffrey Horne

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' **GOOD NEWS**

Natalie and Bob's hectic honeymoon!

Natalie Wood and **Bob Wagner** have never made a movie that was any more hectic than the start of their honeymoon, a series of events that might have been scripted under the title of *The Chase* or *Their Stormy Honeymoon*. The latter refers to the weather, not their emotions.

To begin at the end of an unbelievable ten days after they eventually arrived safely at a suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner got on the long distance phone to tell me, "We're just now catching our breath. You've never seen anything like the storm that hit Florida just as we arrived to board the boat we'd chartered for a cruise. That's a laugh!

"Bob had gone to so much trouble to get just the right boat and right captain to handle it because he knew how tired I was after *Marjorie Morningstar* and he wanted me to be free of telephones and social engagements and everything else."

"So what happens?" it was Bob on the telephone now. "The worst storm to hit the Florida coast in fifteen years blows up! They called it a storm—ha! It was really a typhoon."

"You'll never believe what was happening to that boat as we tried to make our way back to port. It was pitching like a wild horse. Dishes and glasses were crashing all over the galley. All the furniture that wasn't nailed down was sliding from wall to wall. It was all but impossible for our skipper to see one wave ahead of us. I was so worried about Nat. It was an awful ordeal for her."

Natalie, back on the phone again, picked up the adventure—if it can be called by such

a peaceful word, "And all the time we kept thinking about Bob's beautiful boat at Balboa and the wonderful summer weather they were having in California!"

Now that the honeymooners were safe and sound in New York, we could laugh about the frightening experience which was actually just a topper to the series of wild happenings which followed Natalie and Bob since they said "I do" at their wedding in Scottsdale, Arizona.

They had walked out of the small chapel where they were married to be confronted by at least fifty fans on horseback all yelling good wishes and pelting them with rice.

"It's a good thing somebody thought of rice," Natalie laughed. "Bob's parents and mine and the Richard Sales, our guests at the wedding, had forgotten all about rice. But not those fans. Bob said that for a minute he thought a posse had caught up with us."

Whether the friendly but uninvited horseback riders had anything to do with it or not, the result was that the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Wagner missed their train heading for Florida. It was just pulling out as the wedding party pulled up in front of the station in Phoenix.

And then began the wildest chase staged since the days of the old Keystone comedies. Luckily, the highway and the railroad tracks are parallel, so the car could follow the train for many miles outside Phoenix, and with all the yelling and waving, the wedding party was not long in attracting the attention of the engineer.

When he saw them, he beckoned to Natalie

and Bob to stay alongside the train, indicating that he would stop as soon as he could put them aboard.

But that wasn't until fourteen miles later, when they reached a crossing!

By this time everyone aboard the train was in on the game, waving and shouting encouragement to the bridal party and their friends.

"Finally the train was able to slow to a stop and we were hustled aboard, parents and porters and friends helping us with all of our seventeen pieces of luggage," the newlyweds told me.

New York proved relatively safe for them compared to these other adventures, but it, too, had its demands.

"Since we arrived we haven't had one minute to ourselves," sighed the bride. "Everyone has been so sweet and hospitable; what with invitations and interviews we've been on the go every minute."

"Bob is planning to remedy that by buying a new automobile back here and we plan to drive back across the country."

"And we sure are hoping this will give us a chance to see the U.S.A.—and each other," she laughed.

P.S. Since I printed in my newspaper column about the young Wagners flagging down the train, I've had many letters—one of which is printed in *The Letter Box* department of this issue—from railroad workers protesting that this couldn't have happened.

Well, it did happen and it isn't publicity bunk.

Ask Natalie and Bob.



All's well that ends well, say I—and as for Natalie and Bob, they're happy as larks as long as they're together! And they have a solution worked out for a QUIET few days!

There's no denying Bob tried! He hired the yacht and shopped for a crew, and thought he had the ideal plan all worked out. But a typhoon, or just about, nixed that!

A baby shower for Debbie



Can you imagine being able to hold a baby shower luncheon in the garden of your home in mid-January? Well, that's what **Rory Calhoun's** missus did; Lita was honoring **Eddie Fisher's** missus, **Debbie Reynolds**.

How was it? It was beautiful with the gay pink umbrellas and the pink table cloths. And it was lots of fun with all the young movie mothers and mothers-to-be. But I don't care what anyone says, it was a little chilly. Let the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce make something of that!

I sat at the table with **Janet Leigh** and **Ronald Reagan's** wife, who expects her baby in the late Spring. "I wish Tony and I were expecting another one," laughed Janet, referring, of course, to her good-looking husband **Tony Curtis**. Mrs. Curtis just happened, however, to have the cutest picture you ever saw of Kelly Lee Curtis tucked in her handbag.

Dancer **Marge Champion** got a laugh by saying her little boy has asked for Kelly Curtis' hand in marriage!

"I don't know what I'm doing in this crowd," chuckled youthful-looking Nancy Sinatra. "My children are about grown"—which was stretching it a little about Nancy, Jr., seventeen; Frankie, Jr., fourteen, and Tina, eight.

Yvonne De Carlo and **Mala Powers** both looked so young and streamlined you'd never have known they had their babies just weeks ago.

Of course the big event of the afternoon was when Carrie Frances Fisher arrived gurgling and good natured and all done up in pink to match the decorations on her mother Debbie's maternity gown. What a cutie pie Carrie Frances is, and what a happy baby.

It was on the late side when Debbie started opening her gifts, which were piled up in the cutest antique baby buggy. Lita had found it, painted it white, and topped it off with a lacy little pink umbrella. A very sweet party.



Lita Baron and Camille Williams, Debbie's personal secretary, ooh and aah over the presents as Debbie unwraps each little thing Carrie Frances' baby brother or sister will be using. Quite a collection of them, too!

Sheilah Madison, Guy's pretty wife and the mother of three youngsters herself, 'checks on' Pat Crowley. Pat is eagerly waiting for her first baby—just a bit impatiently!





And here's a portrait for the family album—except that the proud papas are missing!—
Debbie and her Carrie Frances, and Lita with young Cindy—the two apples of Rory Calhoun's eye!

I so much enjoyed listening to Janet Leigh and Yvonne DeCarlo chatter about formulas and such—just like any two mothers the world over! It's so refreshing to see, over and over again, how important the real things in life are to Hollywood's young people . . . Hollywood's 'stars.'



PARTY of the month

It isn't always that the most elegant party is also the most fun. But **Dana Wynter** and her handsome lawyer husband Greg Bautzer managed to combine both elements in a formal, yet very gay, party in Romanoff's Crown Room.

A small waterfall trickled through a bank of pink camellias in the cocktail anteroom. Each table surrounding the dance floor held very tall silver vases holding pink and red flowers, almost an umbrella effect. What a background for the beautiful gowns worn by the ladies!

Dana, so beautiful with her dark hair and eyes, greeted her guests in a Grecian white satin gown with a train. Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** wore a soft green dress obviously created in Paris. **Cyd Charisse**, in a white model, didn't sit at the same table with **Tony Martin**—but he sought her out for almost every dance.

Rock Hudson came stag—which is certainly a waste of a good escort, if you ask me. **Mel Ferrer** had a good reason for coming by himself; **Audrey Hepburn** was in Paris for the start of *The Nun's Story*.

Jack Benny and **George Burns** kept **Mary** and **Gracie**—and everyone else within ear shot—in gales of laughter with their fast quips.

Speaking of stags, even some of the girls came alone when their escorts were suddenly taken down with colds or couldn't attend for some reason, including **Gia Scala** and **Dolores Michael**.

Evie Johnson wore a deep green off-the-shoulder dress studded with vari-colored beads—and yes, **Van** was adorned in his red sox with his dinner clothes!

One of the most admired women was Mrs. **Gary Cooper**—with Gary, of course; she was wearing a white and silver gown which seemed to match her hair.

Betty Furness was with **Cesar Romero**—and how that boy can dance!

Kirk Douglas told me he had never danced so much in his life, not even in Paris, and I think many of the men present could echo that sentiment about this beautiful and oh-sooooo-much-fun affair.



Dana and Greg look as if they're enjoying their party—as much as I did!

I nominate for stardom . . .

... **Geoffrey Horne**, the 24-year-old actor who soars straight to the top in one performance, that of the young soldier in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, and holds his own with the great **Alec Guinness** and **Bill Holden**.

I haven't had so much mail about a new young actor since the **Tab Hunter** hysteria and the **Tony Perkins** panic. The questions are hot and heavy about Geoffrey: Where did he come from? Is he married? Is he English or American?

All right, here goes: Geoffrey dropped by my house when he was in Hollywood for the premiere of *Bridge* and I got your answers direct from him.

He is an American, although he was born in Buenos Aires. His father, George W. Horne, was at that time an executive for Standard Oil. His parents are divorced, his father now living in Caracas and his mother, remarried, making her home in Havana.

Geoffrey considers himself "almost a native" of California, having attended Stanford University, Fresno State College and the University of California before he caught the acting bug and headed East to study under the famed Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio in New York. He did some stage work, but nothing important until *Bridge*.

"It's all happened pretty fast," this likable boy told me. "I'm still on Cloud 9 over the way I've been received by the critics and the public in my first big role."

As for romance, he thinks right now that he's in love with New York model **Nancy Berg**, a most sophisticated young lady who strikes me as being slightly older than Geoffrey. He insists they are the same age. I'm not betting on matrimony, however.

Since *Bridge* he's appeared in *Bonjour Tristesse* with **Deborah Kerr** and **David Niven**. And he may wind up with a supporting Oscar this year.

I'm on my SOAP BOX to ask . . .

... what happened to the women stars of Hollywood last year that every single glamor girl in the movies fell off the list of *First 10 At The Box Office*—and fell with a thud, leaving it entirely in the possession of the males?

It was a bad, bad year for the belles. For the first time in twenty-six years, not one woman was on the poll conducted by The Motion Picture Herald of American Exhibitors!

Instead, the stars who drew the most people into the theatres during 1957 were, in the order named:

Rock Hudson, John Wayne, Pat Boone, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Gary Cooper, William Holden, Jimmy Stewart, Jerry Lewis, Yul Brynner.

The next question is—where were **Doris Day? Deborah Kerr? June Allyson?**

*Geoffrey Horne gave such a wonderful performance in
The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

But demure little Debra Paget doesn't leave any doubt at all that she's not acting—it's love!



Ava Gardner? And above all, where was **Kim Novak**, who in 1956 was in third spot with the paying customers? Also, **Elizabeth Taylor** in MGM's most expensive film, *Raintree County*?

You can't say that these girls didn't have some good pictures. Doris had a click in *Pajama Game*; Deborah was lovely, and won the *New York Critics Award*, in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*; Ava had the attention-getting *The Sun Also Rises*; not a great picture, but she had a big acting opportunity. June was attractive in *My Man Godfrey*, and Kim had the publicized *Jeanne Eagels* and *Pal Joey*. Yet none landed in the anointed circle!

The answer could be that 1957 was a year of great war stories and Westerns, which always give the male stars the brightest chance to shine. Whatever the answer, the fact remains that for the first time in over a quarter of a century the femme stars bit the dust.

Debra hops on the Merry-go-round

For a girl who has always lived at home with Mamma, and often insisted that her mater accompany her on the few dates she accepted, **Debra Paget** certainly lifted Hollywood eyebrows when she selected five-times-married—counting Debra—singer David Street as her No. 1 husband.

Mr. Street has the unusual distinction of being married to two women within six weeks!

He was divorced by Sharon Lee, wife No. 4, in Las Vegas on December 6th and married Debra in Hollywood on January 14th! This is pretty speedy action even in movietown.

Some wag said the something new in Debra's marriage was her wedding ring; and the something blue could be the lawsuit slapped on the bridegroom by his first wife, Mary, who claims he owes her over \$4,000 in back alimony. Sharon Lee says she gave him \$3,000, which he never paid back.

If bad beginnings make for good endings, this marriage should be a wow—maybe.

Kirk's wife breaks the news

Anne (Mrs. **Kirk**) **Douglas** was trying to think of a way to tactfully break the news to her son Peter that he is going to have a little brother or sister this summer.

"Wouldn't you like a little brother or sister to play with?" said Anne cheerfully.

"No thank you," replied Peter, settling that.

When old friends meet . . .

Jerry Lewis, coming face to face with **Dean Martin** at the door of the Hollywood Brown Derby following their separate tv rehearsals, cracked to his former partner in a most friendly fashion:

"You're great. How'm I?"



After the wedding? Why Jayne showed her new husband she could rustle up a mean omelette. Jayne scrambles the eggs—and Mickey poured the champagne for their wedding breakfast..



If I didn't know how much Burt Lancaster loves his wife, Norma—I'd almost say he was enjoying this!

Jerry Lewis ran into his one-time friend and partner Dean Martin. And his greeting was priceless!



I like Jayne Mansfield

She's as cooperative and as friendly as a little pup. And I was quite touched when she asked me to be her matron of honor at her wedding to Mickey Hargitay. When I told her circumstances prevented me from accepting, she cried over the telephone and said, "I look on you as my best friend in Hollywood."

But looking back on that jammed, packed, pushing, pulling crowd of 8,000 strong that shoved and surged and almost broke the windows of the Wayfarers Chapel in Portuguese Bend where the wedding was held, I honestly have to admit to a sigh of relief that I wasn't part of it. It would have been a frightening strain.

However, I cannot agree with some critics who are harping that the three-ring-circus aspect of the affair was bad publicity for Jayne. Such a hectic wedding might be bad publicity for some Hollywood actresses, but not bouncy, bosomy Jayne.

Her entire career has been based on a whoopla figure and whoopla publicity. She isn't ever likely to give **Anna Magnani** a run for an Academy Award. Jayne is a sort of living substitute for the Petty Girl.

Who expects her to act "for real?" The more unreal she is, the better. She's expected to have a pink swimming pool, a leopard skin rug in her car, mirrors in her bedroom and gold ink in her pen—all a part of the trimmings of her jazzed-up stardom. She's even expected to pick such a mate for herself as Mr. Muscles, the former Mr. Universe, Mickey Hargitay.

Mickey and Jayne mean no harm to anyone—and no one should mean harm to them.

The whole story of their wedding, pictures and all, starts on Page 36.

The latest about Rock

These days, **Rock Hudson** seems kinda down in the dumps. After spending New Year's with his good friend Kurt Krasna and Mrs. Krasna in New York, Rock came down to finish up a few scenes on *Twilight of the Gods* at U-I, but came down with a fever of 103 instead.

He's miffed with his studio anyway. At least, he's very disappointed that, as of now, they are refusing to let him do *Ben Hur* at MGM. Rock really had his heart set on this spectacle.

What with his marriage and property settlement troubles with Phyllis—well, things just aren't going too well for Rock, except for one bright thing: he was voted No. 1 at the Box Office—as I mention elsewhere in this department—and that cheered him.

Purely personal

Frank Sinatra can do the most wonderful things when he's in the mood. Nancy Sinatra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barbado, have always adored their former son-in-law even though he and Nancy have been divorced eight years. So when Nancy gave a party at the Villa Capri in honor of their 50th wedding anniversary, Frank not only joined the group but sang *Anniversary Waltz* directly to his former in-laws! . . .

Terrifying experience **John Wayne's** wife, Pilar, went through when she was awakened in the middle of the night by the barking of her little dog—and found her bedroom in flames! Dashing through the room to the adjoining nursery, she rescued little Aissa and fled to safety. The entire roof of the

house went up in flames. What made it such a strain on her was that John was off on location making *The Barbarian*. The whole story of Pilar's bravery is told on page 2. . . .

We almost lost **Red Skelton** with a frightening asthma attack. His doctor said, "If there are ten steps to Death—Red took nine of them." . . .

Another hospital patient this month was **Burt Lancaster**, rushed to surgery in the middle of the night following an attack of appendicitis. "I would have this right in the middle of a picture I'm financing," cracked Burt wryly, referring to his expensive *Separate Tables* production with **Deborah Kerr** and **Rita Hayworth**. . . .

It can't be completely over romantically between **Ava Gardner** and Walter Chiari. She's plugging for him to get a role in her next, *Goya*, just as hard as she did for him to be in *The Sun Also Rises*.



John Wayne's wife and their baby watched firemen working on the ruins of their home . . . and remembered how close death had come.



*Not even Kim, for her performance in *Pal Joey*, made the Top Ten.*



Eddie Fisher was so pleased at the compliments his fan voiced—in poetry!

THE LETTER BOX:

A railroad gentleman from St. Petersburg, Florida, who signs himself *One of Your Readers—But No Fool*, writes: "I've never read such bunk as your newspaper article about the train engineer stopping to pick up **Natalie Wood** and **Robert Wagner** in the country after they had missed boarding the train in Phoenix following their wedding. I worked on the RR as an engineer for thirty-seven years and I KNOW this could never happen for ANYBODY, including a couple of movie stars. What's more, I suppose you'll print this nonsense in your column in *MODERN SCREEN*, too." Honest, it really happened, Mr. Engineer. Read more about it in my honeymoon story on Natalie and Bob in this department this month! . . .

Emma Adams, Detroit, asks: "How fickle are movie fans. I was just looking over some copies of *MODERN SCREEN* of 1956 and early 1957 and there was story after story about **Tab Hunter**. Lately, nothing—and all because Tab had a quarrel with his producers and didn't make an important film for months. Isn't there any loyalty?" Don't worry about Tab. I've had lots of mail asking about him, you'll be seeing him soon in *Gunman's Walk*, and a story about Tab is right on page 34. . . . "How come **Kim Novak** could fall from the list of first ten at the box office when she's had such fine acting roles, as in *PAL JOEY*?" postcards Emanuel Myers, New York. *Pal Joey* was released late in the year, which may be the answer. . . .

Mrs. Vera Campbell, St. Louis, has her mind made up: "**Frank Sinatra** and **Lauren Bacall** are NOT made for each other. I just did their horoscopes and they don't jibe". . . .

Many, many letters came in with fans' choices for the Academy Awards. Here are some with unusual and newsworthy comment:

"I've always been under the impression that the OSCARS went to the outstanding American actors in American films. If this is true, how is **Alec Guinness** getting so many plugs for *THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI*?" asks Mrs.

Helen Macy, Oakland, California. The actor does not have to be an American. The picture must be American-produced, which *Bridge* was. So Alec qualifies. . . .

Sarah McMasters, Dallas, believes: "If anything keeps **Marlon Brando** from winning an Oscar it will be that phony Southern accent he used in *SAYONARA*. I was born in Kentucky and have lived in Texas fifteen years and I've never heard such a mouthful of mush as Marlon sprouted." Some other fans thought it very authentic. . . .

"For the BEST ACTRESS OSCAR, it will be a tight race between **Anna Magnani** in *WILD IS THE WIND*, **Deborah Kerr** in *HEAVEN KNOWS*, Mr. ALLISON and **Joanne Woodward** in *THREE FACES OF EVE*," is the opinion of Evelyn Day, Buffalo. "I forecast that Magnani won't win because she won so recently for *ROSE TATTOO*. Joanne Woodward is a new-comer without much pull, so I see Deborah Kerr, who is personally popular, being the winner!" Remember, the Awards are not supposed to be popularity contests. But your views are interesting. We'll see. . . .

Marie Mondie, President of the Fisher Cats, sends her poem to **Eddie Fisher**:

E is for excellent, for all the songs you sing.

D is for delivery of your oh! so golden voice.

D is for Debbie, who for you is the right thing.

I is for idealism, cause you're everyone's choice.

E is for efficiency that makes you King.

F is for the fairness that's in your heart.

I is for your influence that gives others a start.

S is for superior for your newest song.

H is for your humor that never goes wrong.

E is for your effort as husband and singer too.

R is for the ring with which you said 'I do.'

Thank you, Marie, I'm sure Eddie will enjoy your poem.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Luella O. Parsons

new nylon miracle

at your
fingertips!



Now! Same look, same wear as a salon manicure!
Cutex new Nylon "Precision" Brush does the trick!

You know all the miracles of nylon!
Now see what wonders it performs on your fingertips. Gives nails the same luxury look, the same lasting wear as a professional manicure — for a fraction of the cost!

New Cutex Nylon "Precision" Brush strokes polish on perfectly, with new smoothness, new ease. Controls polish so there's no smearing, no "running."

Instantly, polish dries. Nails sparkle with a flawless finish that looks and lasts like a salon manicure!

Get Cutex... it's the best at any price!

CUTEX

World's largest selling manicure aids

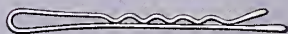


Spillpruf too! 35¢

matching Cutex Lipstick, 35¢ to 79¢

DISCOVERED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength



PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN.

"Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.



ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year



Pin-it

c p & g

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

the year's most dramatic story

John Wayne was seven thousand miles away the night his wife woke to the terror of flames licking at their baby's crib . . .

3 MINUTES IN THE FIRES OF HELL

This is the story of three of the most terrible minutes in a woman's life. One hundred and eighty seconds of fear, pain and panic. Three moments when love and inherent courage saved her baby's life and her own.

It is also the story of a small, faithful dog who showed her the way.

Pilar Wayne is a petite (four-foot-ten), beautiful woman. Before her marriage she was known as Pilar Palette, and regarded as one of the most glamorous women in South America and a Peruvian actress of unquestionable ability.

A few years ago she met John Wayne. They fell in love. Without hesitation Pilar gave up her career and her country for the man she loved and became his wife.

A year later she bore him a child, a girl, Aissa. They lived quietly and comfortably in Encino, a pleasant green suburb fourteen miles north of Hollywood.

And Pilar thought, "The (Continued on page 75)



Only Louella Parsons could have gotten this story.

Lauren Bacall confesses:

"I'll say **YES**

THE burning romantic question of the new year is *Will Frank Sinatra marry Lauren Bacall?* I thought the best way to get an answer was to ask one of the interested parties.

So I said to Betty, as all her pals call her, as straight from the shoulder as I could shoot it, "When are you going to marry Frank?"

And she answered, "*The minute he asks me!*"—and that is as straight a summing up of this completely fascinating love story, and as honest an answer as any glamor girl has ever given about her love life.

It was no less than I expected from Betty. This tall, green-eyed widow of Humphrey Bogart doesn't know the meaning of beating around the bush. She is one of the most completely honest human beings I have ever known, man or woman. Another star in her position might have said, "Oh, Frank and I are just good friends," or "Really, marriage hasn't crossed my mind." But not Betty. She's not that kind of a friend or a woman.

I must admit the occasion of our meeting this particular evening was a romantic one. It was the bridal shower given by the Richard Sales for Natalie Wood, just a few nights before Natalie and Bob were married. Men had been invited to this shower,



to Frank”



too, including Bob and Frankie.

Next to the bride and groom-to-be, the happiest and most-in-love couple present were Betty and Frank. He seldom left her side and he was as gay and charming as only Frankie can be when he is completely relaxed and happy.

Make no mistake about this—as much as it is being touted that Lauren Bacall is madly in love with Frank, he is in love with her, too, after his fashion.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, they have many battles. As I write this, Frank and Betty are having one of their numerous ‘time-out-from-romance’ periods. They haven’t seen one another in a week. Some of their friends believe they will make up; others say this battle may be the last one.

The way I see the future of this love story, it resolves itself into two schools of thought: *the case for*, and *the case against the marriage of Lauren Bacall and Frank Sinatra*.

Let’s first take the case *for* their marriage, which many of their friends believe will take place sometime soon.

Perhaps the most important factor is that Frank is *happy* with Betty. Speaking in their own lingo, they have a ball (*Continued on page 73*)



All in a day for Sandra Dee. . . . She'll get to studying her script—just as soon as she listens to these real gone rock 'n' roll platters. Then a little time out for gossiping on the phone. And calisthenics are an absolute must, of course, to keep healthy, pretty and trim. Now let's see, where was that new script? . . .



Hi, I'm Sandra Dee

■ "Boys? *What* boys?" asks Sandra Dee with a teasing twinkle in her round brown eyes.

"Bring them on. I'm ready, willing and able.

But," she clouds up, "there's a slight problem: the boys I like think of me as a baby.

And the boys who like me—

well, I look at them the same way!"

That is a problem! And so far, Sandy Dee hasn't

figured out an answer, if indeed there is

one. Because the honey-haired, peach-melba doll, who is Hollywood's cutest,

hottest and busiest new star, finds

herself in a curious fix: Sandy's way ahead of herself—and, at the same time, she's miles behind.

She'll turn sixteen this April 23, but to

date Sandy's never had a date. She's

never been to a dance or been in love,

not even the puppy kind. She's never been kissed

by a guy who meant it—or by one who didn't,

for that matter—except for a script. She

hasn't a girl friend, except her stand-in.

She still goes to school from nine to twelve.

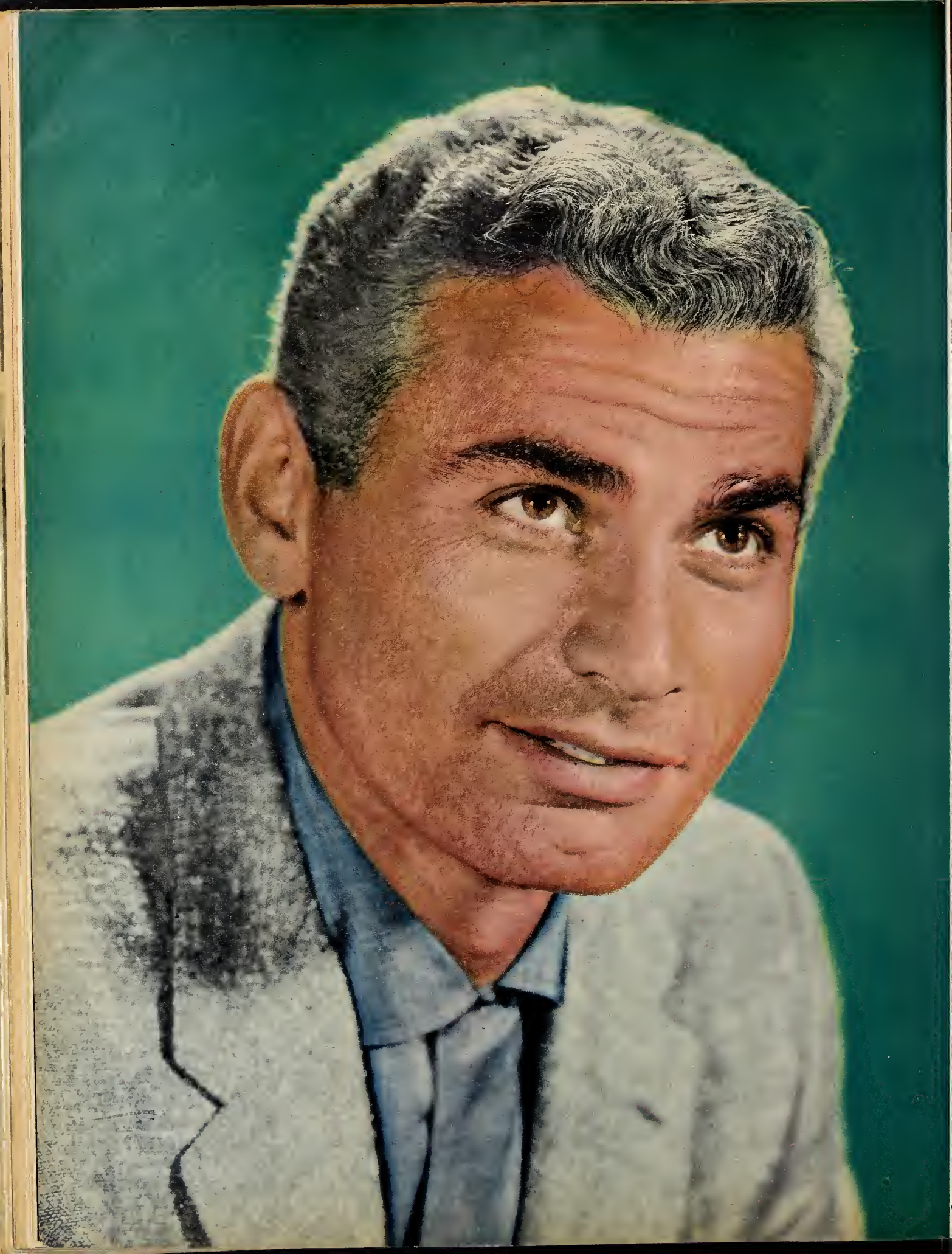
She can't play tennis, or any social games. She

doesn't drive a car, although she'll treat herself

to a champagne-tinted (Continued on page 54)



This isn't an apple a day to keep the doctor away—it's Sandy's favorite treat: a raw onion! Another treat for this busy miss is cooking—and even her mother admits she's darn good! Darn good, too, at wearing pretty clothes. Here's a pose from her old modeling days.



People were staring. Some in shock. Some in disbelief.

"The nerve!" buzzed an elderly lady to a companion. "Her poor husband!"

"Incredible!" gasped a disbelieving woman to her escort. "I wonder if his wife knows."

"But here in public," said another, "in a restaurant! Haven't they read about themselves in the papers? And bringing the children!"

Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams, the subjects of the whispered criticisms, neither heard nor cared. They were too busy enjoying each other's company and the happy chatter of their children seated around the table; Jeff's oldest, Jamie, 10, and Esther's Benjie, 8, and Kimmie, 7. And Jeff and Esther knew, too, that—no matter what the papers and the gossips said—*there was nothing wrong in two friends, good friends, taking their children out to dinner!*

But the incident *may* go down as the most expensive family dinner in the history of Hollywood marriages.

Five days later, Jeff's wife Marjorie filed suit for divorce, charging her husband with "mental cruelty" and asking \$5,000 monthly alimony plus \$1,500 per month for child support. It wasn't the first time Marge had sought her freedom. In 1955 she obtained a decree, but the Chandlers reconciled before it became final a (Continued on page 70)

Jeff tells the TRUTH

about his divorce...

and ESTHER WILLIAMS



In Italy, Esther and Jeff found a rare thing—moments when they could laugh, moments when they could forget the heavy burden of unhappiness that each carried. . . .

This is a happy story that almost wasn't. It concerns three people—a young wife, a young husband and the young wife's mother. They are all good people—honest, God-fearing, happy, full of love. But for a while all three lived on the brink of unhappiness and the love between the young couple and the mother seemed doomed.

The people we refer to are Pier Angeli, Vic Damone and Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli, Pier's mother.

Most of you know of 'some trouble' between them three-and-a-half years ago, when Pier and Vic were first married.

Few of you know of what has happened since, of how the trouble has been ironed out.

Here, for the first time, is that story. . . .

"There are people," Pier will tell you, "who say that Mama did not like Vic be-

fore we were married. This is not true."

And true it isn't. Anybody who knew the Pierangelis back then, right after Mama and her three daughters arrived from Italy, remembers that the Pierangeli house was always open to any of the girls' friends. And Vic was originally a friend of *both* Mrs. Pierangeli's beautiful twin daughters, Pier and Marisa.

"Their mother was especially fond of Vic," remembers a friend of one of the girls. "Of course, she's a very warm-hearted and friendly woman and for a while there I'd say she entertained and fed half the young people in Hollywood. But Vic she seemed to like especially. He was of Italian blood, for one thing. He had a nice sense of humor, for another. And he'd sit around for hours, relaxed, singing those beautiful Neapolitan songs Mrs. Pierangeli likes so much. And he had (Continued on page 78)



Mrs. Pierangeli liked Vic

He was Pier's husband

He seemed to make her happy

Still she was haunted by one question . . .

does he love my



daughter ENOUGH?

Hollywood's crack reporter, Mike Connolly, puts—

johnny on the spot!

Interview John SAXON / Tues, 4 p.m.

Are you in love?

How do you get along with your girl's father?

Why did you need a psychiatrist?

How did Rock Hudson keep you from getting started?

What kept you from becoming a hood?

Q. How about your love life? I understand you're planning to take Vicki Thal to Europe with you, right? How'd you two meet?

A. Vicki had an apartment with her sister, and a friend of mine brought me over for one of the parties she and her sister threw.

Q. I thought you didn't like parties; you said once that "Parties are a waste of time."

A. I like parties as much as anyone, and I always have! When I first hit Hollywood I considered them a waste of time because I had come out here to act and I had to learn about acting. I couldn't see any percentage in standing around clackety-clacking at cocktail parties, talking small talk.

What I didn't realize, of course, was that a good deal of this 'small talk' was just plain getting to know—and getting along with—people!

Besides, I felt temporary at first. I had no self-confidence. If you've never been successful, how can you feel confident? That's why people called me quiet and a sit-in-the-corner type who didn't like social events—when it was just that I felt unsure of myself.

Q. What was the first thing you noticed about Vicki?

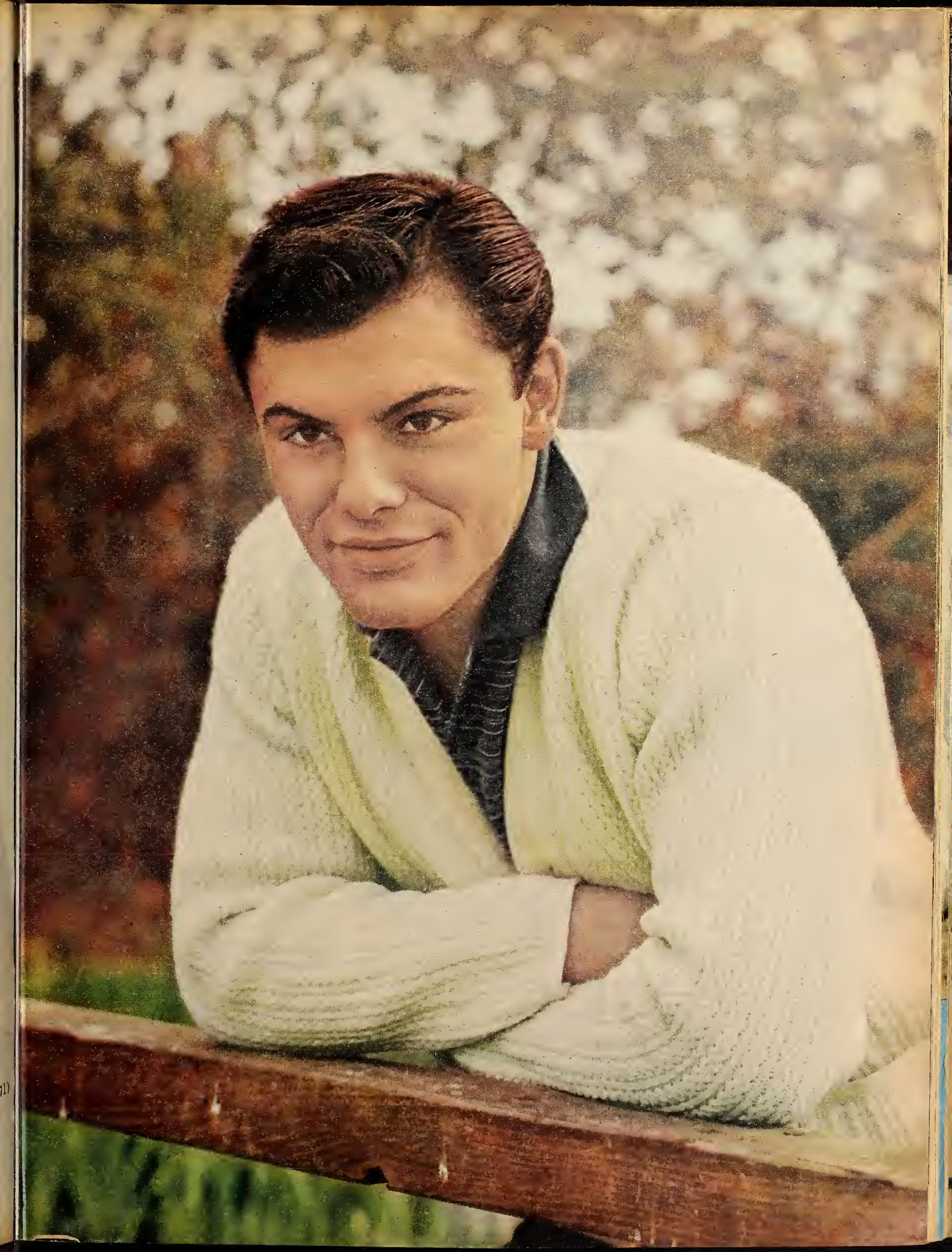
A. A wonderful kind of outgoing quality that I liked: She loves life—and all the people in it. I was kind of bitter about the way my career was going then, and she managed to snap me out of it.

Q. Why do you enjoy being with her?

A. Because she's a rebel.

Q. I thought you didn't like rebels.

(Continued on page 71)



Can't live with him— can't live



*"I love him,"
her heart sang—and
Peggy King had
no warning of the years
of despair her
love would bring her....*

It was Andre Previn on the other end of the phone.

"Peggy," he said in that quick way of his, "there's a preview at Grauman's Chinese tonight. It's a big one. How about it. Will you go with me?"

There was a long silence while Peggy King sat there, a little girl in a big chair, carefully thinking. Just hearing his voice on the phone again was exciting.

But was it worth it?

They'd had one brief romance.

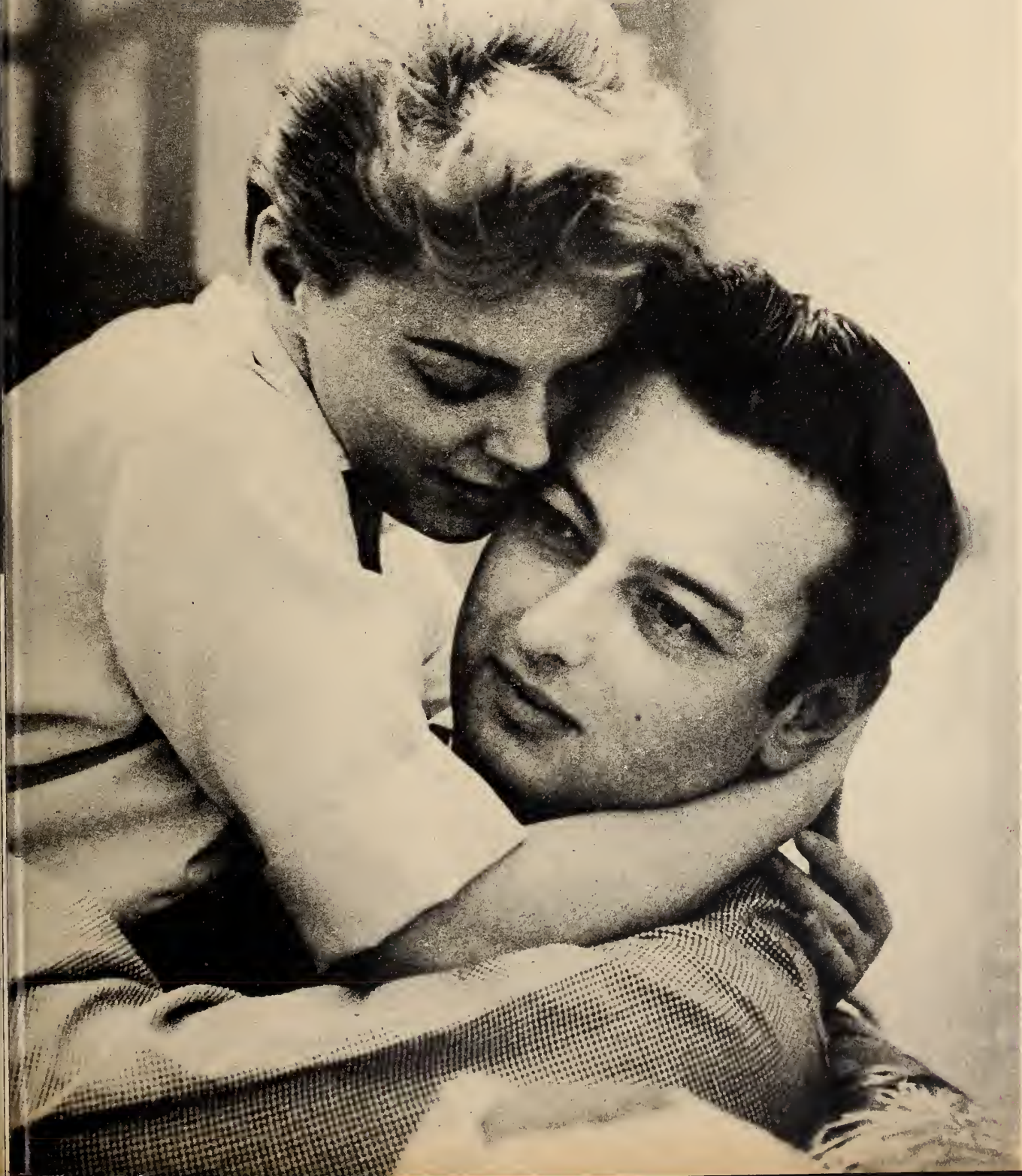
Then they'd quarrelled.

Soon afterwards both had married others. Neither marriage took. Now she was getting a divorce, and he was separated from his wife. . . .

Then, just a little while ago, they'd accidentally seen each other while playing nightclub engagements in San Francisco. (Continued on page 56)

by Dick Williams

without him....



by *Tab Hunter* as told to Marcia Borie

I loved Etchika— why couldn't they leave us alone?

I'm fickle, according to the magazines. I'm a dance-them-romance-them Casanova who changes girl friends like people empty ashtrays, casually and often. Well, don't you believe it! For years now I've been reported madly in love with a succession of starlets, stars and beauties of all sizes, shapes and ages. But, honestly, despite what you may have read, I've only been in love once—only been close to marriage once.

And that time—when I really loved the girl—all the publicity about it killed anything that might have come of our love.

I'm not denying that I've dated quite a bit, but going out with a girl a few times is a far cry from the serious romance you'd read about! I suppose I could sum it all up by saying that in the majority of cases the publicity about my dates has usually outlived the actual relationship by at least six months!

And if that seems hard to believe—well, this is what happens over and over again.

I go to a première, and maybe dinner afterwards. The photographers snap away at me and whoever happens to be my date. In some cases, it might have even been our first date.

But then, for six months afterward, those same pictures, taken during one evening, circulate and keep appearing over and over again until it seems like a big, steady romance. Usually, by the time the pictures finish making the rounds, the girl is engaged to someone else! But even that doesn't make any difference! All that happens is that the caption is changed to: **HERE'S TAB WITH THE EX-LOVE OF HIS LIFE, JANE DOAKES. A SHORT TIME AGO, INTIMATES THOUGHT THEY'D WED, BUT THE WHOLE THING IS, STRICTLY JUST FRIENDSHIP.** So, in the course of six months, Jane Doakes and I, who maybe only had one or two dates, were in dozens of magazines and papers and our relationship had run the gamut from steady daters to mere friends!

I hope I don't sound like I'm making a federal case of this. I'm merely trying to give you my side of the situation. That's why I was happy when the editors of **MODERN SCREEN** asked me to sound off about publicity and romance and what effect I think it has had on me, personally. So, here's the straight scoop about me and my love life.

First of all, don't get me wrong. This isn't an all-out (*Continued on page 76*)

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In the thrill and excitement of her wedding
there were some startling
thoughts on Jayne Mansfield's mind:

I wish I could have worn white at my wedding

There is only one thing I wonder about," Jayne confided to me a couple of weeks before her marriage, "my wedding gown. I always wanted to wear white at my wedding. The veil and the train and the orange blossoms. But I know that is impossible."

Jayne's studio, 20th Century-Fox, had offered to give her the beautiful white wedding dress she wore in her picture *The Girl Can't Help It*. "I only had it on about three minutes before the cameras," Jayne said. "But I don't want to do anything incorrect. I want everything to be right."

Jane realized that orange blossoms and white are the symbols of purity for a bride, and as everyone knows Jayne was married once before, when she was sixteen.

"We were school kids," Jayne recalled. "It was one of those rushed affairs, so I didn't get to wear white then, either. It took place on January 28, 1950, and we just decided to get married and eloped. We came home and told my parents, and of course they were very disappointed because they wanted a formal wedding for me. Three months later they had us go through the ceremony again in the Baptist church at Fort Worth, Texas. I wore my high school graduation dress, and I wore

an orchid corsage. It was all such a mistake—all of it. Except Jayne Marie. It was meant to be, or I would never have had my precious little daughter. She is such a joy, and she adores Mickey. And Mickey adores her. In fact when I first met Mickey he told us that he had a little girl by a previous marriage, Tina Marie, the same age as my Jayne Marie. When we marry we hope our two little girls will become real sisters. And of course, we hope for a baby of our own and more.

"I want my wedding to be sacred and very intimate," Jayne continued. "This is one thing that is for me and Mickey alone. It is for my husband and myself. And," she added, "for those closest to us, who love us and want to share our happiness!"

But small and intimate the wedding was not destined to be!

The girl just can't help it. Everywhere she goes, every move she makes—photographers appear, writers arrive. And Jayne admits, she's delighted! "They are so wonderful to me. I love them all," she says. "I love everyone and I am truly so grateful." She does, and she is!

I thought of Jayne's words as she walked down the aisle of the pretty little glass church at (Story continued on page 40)



turn page
for picture story
of the wedding

JAYNE MANSFIELD continued

This wasn't the wedding of



ABOVE Ooh's and aah's greet each gift at Jayne's shower, while guests Maureen O'Hara, Marie Windsor and Marilyn Maxwell applaud. *RIGHT* Jayne and Mickey get last-minute instructions from their minister on where to stand and what to say during the ceremony. They learned their roles perfectly, as everyone at the wedding can testify!

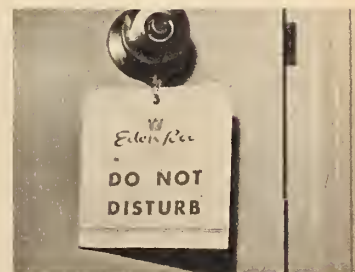


"In the presence of God," begins the minister . . . And Jayne and Mickey take their vows.



FAR LEFT "The groom may kiss the bride"—and Mickey's lips touch the lips of his wife. *LEFT* Mr. and Mrs. Hargitay pose for their official wedding picture. Jayne had a penny in her shoe from her mother for "something borrowed," a satin jeweled wedding garter was blue, a treasured pink lace handkerchief she's had for years was "something old"—and everything else was new.

my dreams...it was better



*The couple catch their plane.
Mr. Hargitay helps his wife.
And their new life, together
and alone, begins now—at last.*

continued

JAYNE MANSFIELD continued

*and Jayne Marie—
look what I've
got for you!*



... a brand-new, wonderful daddy—and he loves you as much as I do! Jayne and Mickey, just back from their honeymoon, rush to kiss and hug the little girl who's been waiting for them, and hoping that some day, she'll have a brother or sister to play with, too.



(Story continued from page 37)

Palos Verdes. A vision in pink, she was a radiant bride, loving and beloved. And I am sure that everyone, who had been any part of that wedding or the preceding two weeks of preparations, felt the sweetness and the rightness of *this* marriage for Jayne!

We had talked about Jayne's small intimate wedding two weeks before, when we met to plan the bridal shower I had promised to give her. And I found myself for the following two weeks, right up to and including the ceremony—with Jayne and Mickey. All the world loves lovers—and there has never been more excitement in Hollywood than that attending the union of these two.

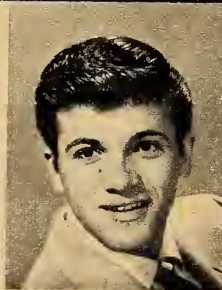
But fourteen days before the wedding, Jayne said to me, "Mickey and I once found a little church, a little glass church by the side of the road at Palos Verdes over-looking the Pacific Ocean. Of course, we go to our own church here, but this is away from Hollywood. It is an hour's drive down the coast highway. There we can have a quiet ceremony. One I have always dreamed of. I have pictured it since I was a little girl. At first I visualized a big church wedding—walking down the aisle on the arm of my father to 'my own prince charming.' But now with a career (*Continued on page 80*)



Want to know how to go over with the boys? What better way than to get it straight from the guys themselves! Let's eavesdrop as they sound off on what gets them about a girl . . . and what leaves them cold. How do they *really* feel about girls who give freely with the good-night kisses, and the girls who hold back? Are they flattered—or do they run the other way!—when a girl phones them? And what makes them flip most in a girl's get-up?

We cornered four of Hollywood's most girl-wise guys—Tommy Sands, Tony Perkins, Nick Adams and Hugh O'Brian. And here—on the next four pages—is what they think, straight from the shoulder:

*modern screen's
board of
bachelor experts . . .*



TOMMY SANDS TONY PERKINS HUGH O'BRIAN NICK ADAMS

*...answer our readers'
questions on*

**what guys go for
in gals**





what guys go for in gals

continued

What about the goodnight kiss and more?

Doin' what comes naturally, that's what Tommy and Molly like.



tommy Yes, on the goodnight kiss, if it's a spontaneous gesture, not a mental one. If you both fall into it with no embarrassing pauses and it seems chemically right, go right ahead. The type of girl who thinks she's involved if she kisses a boy is silly. A casual kiss doesn't mean a relinquishment of virtue. It's pretty much what a handshake used to be—only nicer. Some girls think they have to kiss every guy on the first date in order to get a return engagement, and on that theory kiss every boy. I say, kiss when you mean it!

tony Most fellows take their cue from the girl. If she creates the impression that she's a ball of fire, he's going to try to kiss and neck. If she acts as though she places a value on herself, he's not going to attempt a wrestling act. The goodnight kiss on a first date is fine if it's a light, affectionate peck that seems to say, "I like you. You've been swell." But if you want to control an over-ardent Romeo on a first date, avoid the parking-in-the-car or sofa bit. However, she should be cute or sweet about it. Don't treat him as though he's the ghost of Frankenstein. Guys have feelings, too.

hugh A lot happens during the evening, and if by the end of the evening—even on a first date—you feel like old and good friends, and if there's warmth and tenderness, what could be more natural than to kiss him? It takes just as much guts for a fellow to make the first step to kiss her as it does for the girl to respond. A goodnight kiss is one of those nice things that caps a good date. I feel there are one of three ways to end the evening: the "Let's be friends" line—with a smile; a kiss with warmth and feeling; or a light, friendly kiss.

nick If you feel natural about it, kiss him. If not, don't. I think a girl should start worrying if a guy doesn't want to kiss her. When I take a girl home at night and she seems lovable, my urge is to kiss her, and I do. It doesn't matter if it's the first date or not. It all depends upon the feeling generated during the evening. If the two of you have hit it off, why not let him know you like him? You can't maneuver all the plays in the game, otherwise you ruin the fun. And I don't think a girl should take the attitude that she's been insulted!

Should she play hard-to-get?

hugh Yes. I think there's nothing more beautiful than a girl who is pretty special. A fellow likes to feel that a girl isn't going around dating and kissing everyone. If she gives him the impression that she's exclusive, he'll try doubly hard to beat a path to her door. I would, anyway. As for playing hard-to-get about last-minute dates, if a man makes a habit of calling at the last-minute and treating her like Good Old Bess, she'd be smart to say she's busy. Let him think he has to work a little to get you. But do it cleverly: act interested!

tony No. Why all the tricks? Life's too short. However, I like a girl who stands up for herself and isn't a doormat. If she doesn't like a fellow's habit of calling her at the last minute, she should tell him off. But that doesn't mean she should turn down every last minute date. She'll miss a lot of fun if she does. I happen to be pretty much of a last-minute man myself. I get pretty annoyed at a girl who makes me feel that she has to be booked far in advance. A fellow thinks a girl has a sense of fun if she falls in with his spur-of-the-moment plan.

tommy To some extent, yes. Keep a little something from the man—he'll always want more. And don't be obvious. Be natural—don't throw all the tricks at him at once. Let him know that even though you can't get together this time, you want to see him another night. It's intriguing to a guy if there's a little suspense. It enhances a girl's value if she's not taken for granted. But don't make it a pat policy to refuse last-minute dates, or you'll be turning down a lot of fun. There's many a night when I suddenly get the impulse to go out, and I like a girl who'll go along with me on it.



Hugh has his own ideas about dealing with hard-to-get girls. . . .

nick No. Dating a fellow should be fun, not a calculated chess move. Why does a girl feel that she has to surround herself with a continual aura of popularity? A man is flattered if a girl acts as though she's glad to go out with him. A girl needn't feel self-conscious if she's available that same night. He won't get the impression that she's a leftover unless she makes an issue of it. In fact, it becomes pretty annoying at times if he gets the impression that he has to beat off a dozen other guys to get to her. But if she thinks she's being taken advantage of, that's another story. She should assert her independence.

continued



what guys go for in gals

continued

What does your dream girl wear on dates?

Tony's pretty sharp about what's sharp, thinks Elaine Aiken. . .



tony Anything that looks young and gay. I can't stand clothes that a girl has to tug at. I like the kind of outfits that are so right on her I'm not even conscious of what she's wearing. And I go for those sports-car kind of clothes—like things with hoods on them. For the evening, either all-black or all-white is my idea of looking sharp. And I like lots of shoulders showing at night. After all, if a girl is attractive, and looks it when she's dressed up—what fellow doesn't like her looking her sharpest when he's out with her? So lots of shoulders!

hugh White—the real crisp kind—around the neck; smart, well-tailored suits; bare shoulders in evening clothes and gowns that show up a waistline. Certain girls with certain legs look terrific in Bermudas, but if a girl doesn't have those legs she just shouldn't. I like slacks but only if they're sharp and slim like exclamation points. If she must wear a hat, make it small and cute, not something that looks like a walking TV antenna. And plenty of sweaters, shirts, skirts and wide leather-belt things. With that kind of taste, any girl looks fine!

tommy Either something very dressy, or very sporty and casual. In sports clothes, I go for sweaters and skirts that have a bright scarf or a big chunk of gold jewelry. I think girls who wear pedal pushers look real cute, and blue jeans are fine, on occasion—Molly Bee wears them when we go horseback riding or loafing—but I like the way she wears them, with a sharp white cotton shirt and none of this Sloppy Joe type of shirt. I don't go for hats at all. I like shiny hair that looks as though it's just been brushed a hundred strokes!

nick Anything that's casual . . . cotton blouses with necks like a boy's shirt and rolled-up sleeves, and if it's got a big monogram so much the better. I like the kind of dresses that are real tight at the waist and bounce out so that I want to put my arms around her. And I really dig those tight slacks that make her look all legs. I also go for those ballet slipper kind of shoes, provided she walks like a girl in them, not like a wrestler. After all, a girl should look like a girl all the time—and the way to do that is to remember a feminine touch.



When Nick takes a gal out, he'd like her to remember who 'brung' her. . . .

What do you wish a girl wouldn't do?

nick Look all around the room when she's with me, as though she's trying to do better . . . or talk about other guys when I'm trying my darndest to make an impression on her. I'm also bugged by the sad sacks who go into a long discussion of their problems. It makes me think of mine all over again. When I'm with a girl I like to forget everything and live it up. I'm always frightened away when a girl talks about home and babies on the first date. After all, I'd like to get to know a girl—a little!—before I start thinking of making her my wife.

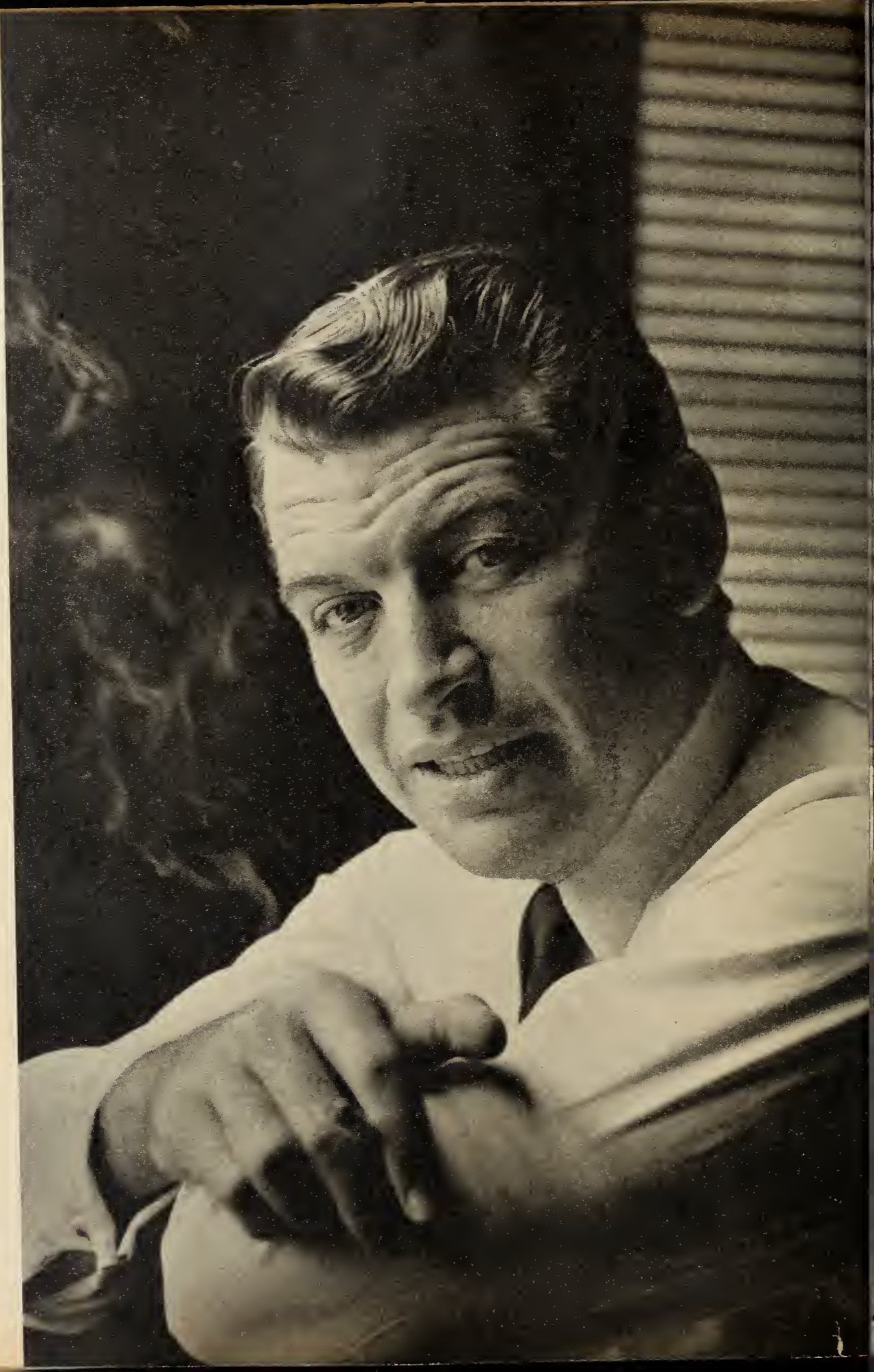
hugh Wear such heavy make-up that her face seems buried under layers of the stuff. I like it on the eyes and on the lips, but not to be apparent anywhere else. As for that pale lipstick that makes a girl look like a ghost with sunburn—why? Another gripe: girls with hair-dos that are so loose they have to constantly flip their heads like a stallion to get the hair out of their eyes. And I wish certain eager-beaver girls wouldn't always be in such a hurry to do things for themselves, like open car doors, light their own cigarettes or pick up a

purse when it falls on the floor. A man likes to act like a gentleman, if given the chance. And he likes a girl who lets him!

tommy Insist upon knowing weeks in advance exactly where we're going. She makes a date seem as deadly as writing a will. A guy likes to move on impulses. And another thing that jars me is watching a girl start one cigarette with the butt of another. It's bad enough for a girl to chain-smoke—she *could* pause between puffs!

tony Stare continually in the mirror when she's out with me. I go for the girl who, once she's made up, forgets about her face and looks at mine as though she cares. And I can't stand it when a girl whips out an 18-inch comb in public and goes through a complete convulsion to give herself a new haircomb. And a whole new make-up job while we're sitting at the table. Sometimes it almost seems as if she likes her coffee sprinkled with face powder! Another thing I can do without is a strap adjuster. Besides, I think a falling shoulder strap is kinda cute!

(Continued on page 68)



"My brother is my idea of what a man should be. . . . If I could be like him in any way, I would be a lot better off as a human being."—Richard Egan

Mr. and Mrs. Egan sat back on the couch and smiled. The neighbor woman, sitting between them, was a little confused.

"Now watch," said the Egans' oldest boy, Will—all of four years old—who'd just called them in from the kitchen where they were having coffee, "—watch and see how Richie is going to walk."

Richard Egan, ten months old, sitting square on the living room floor of his folks' modest San Francisco home, looked up at his big brother and gurgled something.

"All right, Richie—don't worry," Will said, understanding. "I told you that some day you could walk, and today's the day you can do it."

Baby Richard gurgled something again.

"Never mind," Will said, lifting Richard and helping him to his pudgy little feet.

The neighbor woman sat forward. "You mean," she asked, incredulous, "that it's up to *Willis* to decide whether or not his brother is ready to walk?"

Mrs. Egan nodded. "And don't be surprised if Richie does," she said. "There's something between these two boys, something the likes of (*Continued on page 64*)



The world knows him as Father Willis. Richard Egan knows him as the brother who taught him to be a man. . . .

Esto Vir

GOD SPOKE TO ME THROUGH MY BROTHER

I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN!

by *Venetia Stevenson* as told to Jane Williams

I am never going to get married again. I mean that.

I know I'm only nineteen, and you may think I feel that way now, because of my heartbreaking marriage to Russ Tamblyn.

But it's more than that.

I know myself. I know I'd be happier if I could kid myself into hopes of an idealistic marriage. But I have no such hopes.

That's why I know I'll never get married again. For a *lot* of reasons. . . .

First of all, I guess it's because I know few couples I consider happily married. And I know lots of married couples. Maybe it's the group I go around with that makes me feel that way, but I don't think so. I have friends who are married and *not* planning a divorce. But it seems to me that if they continue to live together one of them is just going to give in more and more—just to keep peace in the family—until that one is completely *henpecked*!

That's one type of marriage I see around me.

Even sadder to me is to see two genuinely wonderful people, (*Continued on page 83*)



(Left) Anna Lee, Venetia's mother, with her second husband. Some of Venetia's determination never to marry again stems from memories of her parents' marriage.

(Below) Tony Perkins is just one of a dozen fascinating dates who keep Venetia from ever feeling lonely.







GRACE and the PRINCE ESCAPE

At home in Monaco, Rainier—like any man—is at his office all day, and Grace more and more is assuming her necessary official duties. They are with their baby in the morning, and they see her at noon, bathe her and put her to sleep in the evenings. But there is so seldom a whole day in the nursery, and sweet little Caroline is just at that age when she's learning so many new things to delight Mommy and Daddy. In Switzerland, though, they would have time for that. . . . And eagerly they planned their escape from the palace.



They took a chauffeur—but only to take care of the car when the Grimaldis weren't in it! On the road to Switzerland the chauffeur sat in the back seat while Rainier drove and Grace held the map and looked for the road signs. At 4:30 in the afternoon, they arrived. And then began the most precious moments of all, the times Caroline laughed in their arms and took her first steps and her first tumbles on the grass of the farm high in the mountains.

FROM THE PALACE



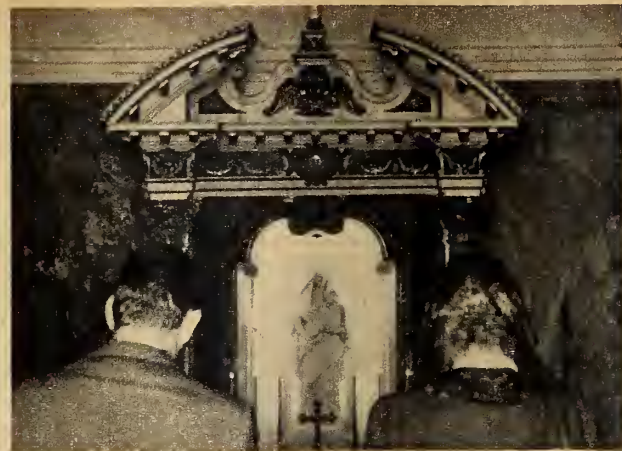
There have been any number of official honeymoons for Rainier and Grace Grimaldi, that nice young married couple in Monaco. There was the first one, aboard Rainier's yacht, right after the wedding. And then there was the trip to Philadelphia to see Grace's parents, and to London to visit their royal relative, Elizabeth II, and to Rome to their spiritual father, the Pope. In a way, the whole first year of Grace's marriage was a honeymoon—a private kind of time. She and Rainier didn't exactly neglect their official duties—but people were kind about letting them wiggle out of a few hospital openings, speech makings, public dinners. Grace was a bride, in love with her husband, needing time and privacy to learn to know him well. For royalty, they had a lot of time to themselves. But that was last year. From now on, there will be less and less time alone for Grace and her husband. But even a princess and the mother of two royal youngsters—their second child was just weeks away!—can yearn for a last honeymoon. That's why Rainier and Grace announced suddenly that they were going 'somewhere in Switzerland' for a few weeks. They weren't too specific about where, for this was no official visit. This was—their last honeymoon.

continued

GRACE and the PRINCE continued



The farmhouse had wood paneling and cotton curtains and rag rugs on the floor. It was no place for a ball gown or a full-dress uniform. Grace climbed into maternity slacks and Rainier threw away his shaving brushes, and their only contact with the outside world was the overseas edition of *The Herald Tribune*—and the market where Grace, her hair in pincurls, shopped.



On their first trip into town they asked where they could find a Catholic Church. Grace wore the black lace scarf she wore for her audience with the Pope—which she now treasures as her most precious possession.

*In a simple farmhouse
high in the Swiss Alps
the Grimaldi family
find their most
precious moments*



Above: Then, too soon, it was the night before Grace and her husband went home. Grace put on a skirt, and Rainier knotted a tie below his proud new beard. They drove down to the village for dinner. With no one to stare, they ate, danced . . . dawdled over their coffee, for tomorrow they would be home and Rainier's beard would come off—in the interests of propriety—and Grace's slacks would go back into the closet. But the memories would stay, held together by love. . . .

END



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PLUS TAX

See The Polly Bergen Show Saturday nights NBC-TV Network and the Love That Jill Show Monday nights ABC-TV Network.

hi, I'm sandra dee

(Continued from page 25) Thunderbird this month as a birthday present. She gets woozy lighting her mother's cigarettes, and at studio parties—with Mama by her side—she sips tomato juice guiltily, afraid someone will think she's sneaking a Bloody Mary!

Yet in the past few months, Sandy has made four hit pictures, with two sexy roles—the last one shot in Paris—and earned herself \$1,000 a week, which, by the way, is a comedown for her. Before she was coaxed out to Hollywood, Sandra Dee often collected \$2,000—as the top young photographic model in the world. In one way that was great. It aimed her at Hollywood—without an acting lesson in her life. But in another way, that was the trouble.

Sandra Dee is a glamour girl who turned her back on her teens. It wasn't all her fault. . . .

The cost of glamour

She has a face just about as perfect as can be, poise, sex appeal and charm. The result? Well, it has cost her the normal boy-girl experiences, adolescent adventures, and adjustments for womanhood which most people consider mighty important. Sandy's glamour made her Mama's pride and Daddy's darling. It made her sophisticated far beyond her years. It made her easy in the company of adults . . . and awkward with her own age group. It also made Sandy so frantically busy that she's never been able to stop, go back and catch up on what she skipped. And it still does.

A while back, for example, Tommy Sands called U-I producer Ross Hunter. He knew that Ross brought Sandy out to Hollywood. Obviously, he was the man with the power. "Can you give me Sandra Dee's phone number?" he begged.

"Nothing doing!" barked Hunter. "She's working tomorrow!"

"I guess," sighed Sandy when she heard, "Tommy just called the wrong man!"

Maybe fate has called the wrong turn for pretty, puzzled Sandra Dee—there's already a hint of rebelliousness when Sandy declares, "I won't get involved in all this at the cost of my happiness, don't you worry. All I really want to do is get married and have a lot of kids—no later than twenty-two. When I do, I'll quit."

But Sandy Dee is pretty deeply involved right now. And to marry, you first have to fall in love. Up until now things have whirled so fast for Sandy that she hasn't had time to look around her for that. On the other hand, she's been stared at with rapture by somebody or other ever since she made her birthday bow in Jersey City, N. J.

Her nineteen-year-old Slavic mother, Marie, named her Alexandra. When Sandy was still a baby, Marie divorced her husband and, from then on, as she says simply, "Sandra was my whole life."

The doting relatives

At her grandmother's big house on Avenue A, Alexandra was scrubbed, brushed, curled and primed in ruffles and laces four times a day. With a granny, aunts and a doting mother to sew pretties and fuss over her, actually Sandra was a kiddie fashion model almost before she could walk. For Marie, this was an understandable indulgence. "I had always dreamed of having a beautiful baby doll of my own," she explains, unashamed, "and now I had one. I couldn't resist dressing her up." But for Sandy the treatment got a little thick at times. "I couldn't eat a cookie," she recalls, "without changing my dress."

The fear that gripped Marie's heart was that somehow her treasure would be

marred or even taken from her. So Sandra led a cotton-batting existence. She couldn't shinny up a tree but that Mama snatched her down in horror. Playmates were restricted, lest she catch some dread germ. Actually, despite her hothouse treatment, Sandy was as hardy as a weed. Once, marching with some kids, she kicked through a glass door and cut her knee—a family crisis—and she still has the scar. But in all her girlhood they called in a doctor only three times—for measles, mumps and chicken pox.

"I had a ball"

It was Sandra's mom who wept when finally she led her off to kindergarden—not Sandy. "I couldn't understand it," she remembers. "All the other kids were bawling for their mamas, until the teachers had to pull down the window shades so they couldn't see them. Me, I was laughing with joy. I grabbed the records and started them, dug into the finger paints and danced around the room free as a bird for once. I had a ball."

But her mother came to lead her home by the hand, and pretty soon she was helping the teacher play records—to keep an eye on her daughter. And who was Queen of the May in kindergarden, also teacher's pet?—Why Alexandra, of course.

Although she lived barely two blocks from school, never did Sandy trudge alone,

Read all About

*James Darren
Perry Como
and Tommy Sands*

*in next month's Spring Fever
issue of*

MODERN SCREEN

*Watch for the intimate photo
of TONY AND JANET
on the cover*

or come home by herself. That chaperonage kept up into the grades. "I was nine years old," admits Sandra Dee, "before I was allowed to cross a street by myself."

What finally helped shake Sandra loose was what has brought her all the fantastic bounties in her young life—her own luscious beauty and bright, irresistible bounce.

Although Sandy's great grandmother had been born in Bayonne, and everyone since, Marie's clan was of Russian extraction, as her father was, too. So, they worshipped in the local Greek Orthodox church. One night, they held a charity raffle and, naturally, Sandra was the cutie picked to pull out the winning numbers. One was held by a wealthy real estate operator named Eugene Douvan, who had just given a sizable donation to the church.

"A million dollars for the little girl"

Douvan declined the prize, "But," he announced, "I'll bid a million dollars for the little girl!" And he wasn't kidding too much, as things turned out. A little later when Marie needed a job, the pastor introduced her to Eugene and she went to work as his secretary. Pretty soon she married him. For a long time he used to tease Marie, "I really only married you to get Sandra!" That was a gag, of course.

Marie Douvan is a pert, pretty, twinkly-eyed woman who today, at 34, looks more like Sandy's big sis than her mother. But there's no doubt that from the minute he spied her, he worshipped his stepdaughter, too—and vice versa. "In a lot of ways," admits Sandra, "I was closer to him than I was to my mother."

"They took me everywhere with them," Sandy remembers happily, "even on their honeymoon."

After that they moved from Bayonne into an apartment on East 55th Street that Douvan owned, and, at six, Sandra plunged into the life of a Manhattan kiddie sophisticate.

When her parents took in the new Broadway shows, Sandy trotted right along, dolled out in a coat with ermine cuffs, collar and topped by an ermine hat. When they dined out—as they did almost every night—at the Colony, Le Pavillon or Gallagher's, she was there in a custom sewn dress, greeting the headwaiter familiarly and using the right fork with no qualms. For lunch at 21, little Miss Douvan peeled off her white gloves and smoothed her long hair confidently, as she ordered her *sole Marguery* or sometimes *crepes Suzettes*—but with milk, please.

"I even developed a sort of café-English accent; I never knew exactly how," puzzles Sandy. Maybe it was talking to all those snooty headwaiters.

At any rate, Sandra Douvan loved every minute of her precocious high life. There's no doubt too, that it gave her a poise and polish which later made big league modeling, tv and movies push-overs for her. But when she was eight, the picture changed.

A more normal life

One day, Daddy Douvan drove his girls out to Long Island to look over an airplane hanger he owned. He spied a house in Freeport and bought it. They moved right out. A more normal, suburban life and public school, the Douvans decided, was just the ticket for Sandra. Well, it was and it wasn't.

Sandra had no idea how to make friends. And she arrived at Roosevelt school weighted with other handicaps. To the kids there, her sophistication was only ridic. They howled when she started to read in the high toned accent, stepped on her polished shoes and tossed dirt on her custom frocks. One girl who sat behind her took to daubing her back daily with ink. The shiny Cad that dropped her off each morning drew jeers. Baffled, Sandra kept the rougher details from her mother, and decided to lick her own problem. "But first I knew," she says, "that I sure had to change my style!"

Her mother was shocked when she begged for blue jeans and plaids and insisted on walking alone to school. But she bulled it through rebelliously and things immediately improved. Luckily, too, Sandy could turn on her fatal charm with talent. She'd had dancing lessons, so she worked up a tap number to *Sioux City Sue* that wowed the classmates. It got so the principal used to call on her to dance and sing when things were dragging. She also played the lead in a school play, *Paddy O'Neal*.

By the time she hit eighth grade, Sandy Douvan was popping her bubble gum with confidence. She was president of her class, sat on the student council and sang with the glee club. She had two girl friends, "close as Bobbsey Twins." Often it took her from 3 to 6 o'clock to straggle home, what with cokes and boys and things to delay her.

"I had more boy friends than I have now," grins Sandy ruefully, "which is none. In fact, I was a big flirt in school, very big—a real butterfly. The teacher started

writing notes home because I jabbered so much in class." One boy named Douglas gave her an I.D. bracelet and asked her to go steady. Sandy took it home and mulled over the offer. "But the next day I gave it back," she reports. "I figured I'd just knock myself out of a lot of good times."

What ended the good times, and Sandy's rebellion, too, was a move back to the city when she was twelve, and what happened soon after.

For a few months Sandy went to P.S. 69 near the hotel they parked in, long enough to flunk sewing—she was pretty good in everything else—and that was an ironical twist. Because fashions and fittings and clothes and dress trinkets were just around the corner waiting to smother her teens in high-style glamour. And it started at—of all places—the headquarters of the Girl Scouts of America on 44th Street.

Now, Sandy Douvan was no Girl Scout. At that point, rubbing two sticks together to roast wienies was her idea of nothing to do. But a girl at school whose father was an agent told her about the Scouts fashion show.

This'll be fun

Sandy was 5'4"—like now—and looked at least fourteen. Life in the city was getting dull and a show of any kind sounded like fun to her. Neither Marie nor Daddy Douvan had any objections—then. They didn't know what Sandra was getting into, and neither did she.

"At the show, I was second in line," relates Sandy smiling, "Mom said to watch the first girl for tips—you know, what to do with my hands, how to walk, smile and all that. Well, I did, from the wings. But then she seemed to walk right out on top of the people's heads! 'Hey, Mama,' I said, 'I can't do that!' I didn't know there was a platform out there."

She climbed on the girl-model merry-go-round the day after the scout show. A magazine editor took one look and shot her picture for a cover. Zlata Deutsch, the Scouts' art director, signed her on for a year and spent most of it fighting off rivals for Sandy's time. Everybody had to have her. That wasn't what either Sandy Douvan or her parents had bargained for.

"I thought maybe I'd have a modeling job a week, maybe two," sighs Sandy in recollection. "But—boom—the first week I was doing four a day, the third it was five, six and into the nights. Suddenly I was going crazy trying to keep up with my appointments."

Harry Conover, the model maestro, grabbed her, and his wife, Candy Jones, changed her name to Sandra Dee. Pretty soon Sandra Dee was Big Business. For the next two years you couldn't pick up a newspaper, magazine or switch on TV without Sandy's big, brown eyes beaming at you and selling you something—soap, cosmetics, cokes, hair sprays, hats, gowns, potions and lotions. She made so many magazine covers she can't remember them. Huntington Hartford, the multi-millionaire entrepreneur, spied Sandy at the Waldorf dancing with Daddy Douvan and flipped. He bought her contract from Conover and revved up the pace. Oleg Cassini table hopped to Sandy the same night and talked her into modeling his swank originals with a \$165,000 diamond necklace.

Fun? Yes—in some ways. Sandy collected \$35 an hour for posing, and with royalties from TV commercials—they still pour in—she was soon earning \$2,000 a week. In two years she raked in over \$80,000.

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*T. M. REG.

Port-a-crib INC., BALLWIN, MO.

And she still wasn't quite fourteen.

"The money? I spent it all," says Sandy cheerfully. "Clothes, furs, hi-fi, jewelry and presents. I bought Daddy three of those \$600 suits and a \$150 hairbrush for his ten or twelve strands. I bought Mama a fur coat. I used to buy things every day and hide them around the house from Mama and Daddy." But there were other price tags on all this for a teenage girl, as Sandra Dee found out.

It was hard, hectic work. Her feet ached from standing hours on end, her eyes burned from the glaring lights. Sometimes it seemed to Sandy as if her hair would vanish from brushing, patting, spraying. Each day was a stop-watch existence. Lunch was usually a sandwich choked down in a taxi, hurrying East Side, West Side, all

around the town, and in all kinds of weather.

The day before the wickedest blizzard in twenty years hit New York, Sandy Dee stood draped in a bathing suit on top of the *Cristoforo Colombo* anchored in the East River. The below-zero blasts turned her blue beneath her body makeup and the color shots came out purple! That night the storm struck, busses stopped. Hardly anyone got to work next morning. But Sandy was up at 6:30 wobbling on foot through the snow from 65th and Central Park, where she lived, to 34th Street for her 8 o'clock job. There were six that day, all over the city. She walked to them all.

By then she was deliberately starving herself. For a long time Sandra Dee was exclusively a face model. They said she was too heavy for fashions. So she went

on a killing diet, lost thirty pounds and wound up with malnutrition. The effects still haunt Sandy. Her fingernails are brittle as glass and her tummy can't handle salt or rich foods.

But the highest price Sandra Dee paid was in normal adolescent school life, and friendships. Sandy's frantic career flopped her right back where she'd been as a child—a grown-up's darling, but odd-girl-out with the kids. For a while she tried the Professional Children's School, but she had to skip so many classes that the teacher started asking "Who are you?" when she did walk in. After that came a tutor and lessons on the fly. It's a tribute to Sandy Dee's brain that with these handicaps she's still a year ahead of her age in school.

But in New York Sandy Dee was five years ahead of her age, socially—if you can use that word. "I didn't have any friends," she says simply. "Just Pom-Pom." Her Pomeranian pup. Sandy never gave a party. The ones she went to she can count on the fingers of one hand. Most were professional gatherings with adults. She felt lost around boys and girls. Once, Marie prodded her into a party given by the son of some people she knew. Picking her up, she asked Sandy if she'd had a good time. "Oh, yeah, I guess so," she answered. "The records and games were okay, and so was the food. But when they started pairing off I left for the kitchen."

The phone dodge

Sandy wouldn't answer the phone. "Tell him I'm in the tub," she'd say when a boy called. It's a dodge she still uses. She doesn't know how to be comfortable with a boy—she doesn't know the kind of things other girls just get to know from being with young people. "I was a little worried about Sandra," admits Marie Douvan.

Daddy Douvan worried even more, for a larger reason. He was against the unreality of Sandra's whole career, especially when a producer spotted her in the NBC lobby, tumbled as usual, and Sandy found herself doing dramatic shows on tv like *GE Theatre*, *Kraft*, *Studio One* and the *Steel Hour* without a speck of acting training. Douvan had been in Hollywood during the Shirley Temple-Deanna Durbin era of kid wonders and he knew the heartaches and hurdles of the hundreds who didn't make it—and of the few who did. "Don't get ahead of yourself," he was always begging.

But a merry-go-round is hard to stop. Sandy's pretty sure the man she adored would be proud of her success in Hollywood, but she's not sure he'd have let her go when she did. As things turned out, he never knew.

Eugene Douvan had suffered a heart condition for years, but he didn't let that stop him. Not even when the doctors told him he had two years to live. To Sandy it was incredible that anything could slow Daddy Douvan down.

But one night she awoke at two in the morning, strangely scared and trembling, and she'd never done that before. In the front room of their apartment were noises. Sandra flew in, her own heart seeming to stop. Daddy Douvan's almost had.

He was gasping for air. The doctor they called was out, and they couldn't get an ambulance. The police emergency squad came to bring oxygen, and she watched in terror as the men burst into the room. Sandy will never forget that night.

After that it was she who cooked her Dad's favorite dishes, coddled and comforted him, when—after the attack—he seemed the same as ever. But then, after an argument over a business deal or some tiny strain there was another attack—and another. Each time seemed like a bad dream. And then there was the operation to fix a heart valve, down in Washington. Everybody was so confident. Daddy himself called and talked for hours to her, joking, "Bake me something nice and I'll bring you a kippered herring for your breakfast."

The first hospital reports were perfect; the operation seemed a success. So Sandy went on to her modeling job—and while she was there, they told her. He'd died suddenly in the recovery room. Sometimes she still can't believe it.

Sandy is never without his gold seal ring on her finger today, and the jeweled cross Douvan held when he died is her most precious keepsake. That unexpected tragedy stunned Sandy, and she isn't completely over the shock yet.

He died on a Saturday. On Monday she had a book full of appointments, including one with a producer named Ross Hunter who was in from Hollywood and wanted to see her about a movie test. Sandy told Len, her agent, "Call it off. I can't do it."

"You've got to," he protested. "This man came clear from California just to see you."

"Well—" she finally consented, "all right." Although her heart still wasn't in it, the habit was strong for showing up on schedule, no matter what. But that's how close Sandra Dee came to passing up a Hollywood career.

Of course, Hunter didn't fly all the way from California just to see Sandra Dee. When she stepped in the office there were sixty other gorgeous girls there and Sandy was the last one to read. By then she was tired and so was Hunter. But not too tired to tumble like all the rest. Two months

later she read in the newspapers that she was flying to Hollywood to test with John Saxon for *The Wonderful Years*.

Actually the break was just what a doctor would have ordered. Sandy Dee needed a getaway. She's loved California ever since she landed for the test a year ago last December. In August she returned for keeps to break in at MGM with *Until They Sail*. From the start, screen acting has been a breeze; directors call her *Non-nerve Sandy*. And, although she's been starting each picture before the last one's finished, it's been like a vacation compared to the pell-mell life she led in New York.

Professionally, Sandra Dee has sprouted amazingly in those few months. She copped a *Best Juvenile Of The Year* award in her first picture, where she came on as an eleven-year-old girl. In *The Wonderful Years* Sandy was still a shy miss acting like a twelve-year-old. But in *Ride a Tiger* she jumped to seventeen and went on the make for Jeff Chandler. In her next, *The Reluctant Debutante*, she even gets married. But privately, progress has been pretty much at a standstill.

The boys who have asked for dates, just have no luck. She did let Gary Vincent, from *The Wonderful Years*, come up to wish her a Merry Christmas. But when John Wilder, whom she met at MGM and liked, asked her to a movie—the line rang busy. If you want to call a photo layout with John Saxon a date, you could—or a premiere with her U-I director, Helmut Kautner—but that's reaching.

"I don't know," shrugs Sandy, "I just don't seem to want to go out yet. I'm not sure I will unless I like the boy very, very much. But, I'll change. Give me a couple of years."

Meantime Marie—or *Butch*, as Sandy calls her mother—goes just about everywhere Sandy does, except school of course. There Sandy's still slugging along in 11th Grade, taking French, English, American History and Biology. Still a snap student, Sandy graduates next year, after which she wants college, majoring in biology "because I'm interested in the way bodies work."

Sandy sums it up, "I've got a charm. When I was a little girl, Daddy took me outdoors and pointed up at Venus, the evening star. 'Because it shines so bright—that's your star,' he said. 'Keep it, and don't ever forget.'"

"So, I haven't. I look for it every night. It's still there, shining bright."

And, problems or not, so is Sandy Dee—shining bright. . . . **END**

Sandra will soon be in *RELUCTANT DEBUTANT* for MGM and *THE WONDERFUL YEARS* for U-I.

can't live with him

(Continued from page 32) Now here he was—back again. What should she do?

"Hey!" The voice at the other end of the wire was impatient. "What happened? Did you pass out or something?"

"Yes, Andre," she said hurriedly into the receiver. "I mean, no, I didn't pass out. But...yes, I'd like to go with you."

It was a fateful decision.

Perhaps it was the wrong one, because almost a year later, Peggy and Andre had broken up again and she was fighting ulcers, reading books on positive thinking and trying courageously to gain a new, mature outlook on life and forget the torch she had been carrying. But it was a date she couldn't keep from making, with a guy she couldn't keep from loving....

"If I got through this without cracking

up," she said just a couple of months ago, "I can get through anything that life throws at me. I did come through this and I still have both arms and legs."

The beginning of the end

This then, is the story of plucky Peggy King's love affair with MGM's bright young musical genius, Andre Previn. She has been misquoted, misunderstood and criticized for doing a very normal, feminine thing—she fell in love with a guy she couldn't live with, couldn't live without....

A couple of months ago, just before the final act was to be played, Peggy and I sat in the dusky twilight of one of Hollywood's smart restaurants while Peggy toyed with an omelette and a glass of milk—her regular lunch on doctor's orders. She looked older and more grown up than I'd remembered her when she

was the perky kid who clicked with a tomato sauce jingle and went through a hilarious tv season leaning on George Gobel's forehead.

"My trouble always was that I looked fourteen," Peggy smiled, chic in a little white hat and brown and beige cotton sheath dress. "Maybe after this I'll look my own age."

Maybe, but I doubt it. Peggy is now twenty-six and has matured to look maybe twenty-one or twenty-two.

"We met five years ago when I was originally signed out at Metro," she said softly. "He'd just come back from the service. Andre was fun and I needed some amusement. I was impatient and unhappy. I just sat on the bench at MGM and did nothing except make countless screen tests. It was bad and I used to get nervous about it. They put me in only one picture and I just sang ten bars of music. (Continued on page 58)

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can't live with him

(Continued from page 56) "Oh, we had a real romance, all right. We were pretty crazy about each other. Then we had a big fight. Never mind over what. It was terribly trivial. But we busted up over it. How dumb can two kids be?"

Double rebound

The big blow-up came just as Knobby Lee, a trombonist Peggy had known from her band-singing days on the road with Ralph Flanagan, blew into town. Four months later Peggy married him—on the rebound, as she today sadly realizes.

Andre moved even faster. Within two months he had married Betty Bennett, a girl he'd known before Peggy.

The early years of marriage for Peggy and Knobby were rough for a number of reasons. First, she went to Korea on a camp-show tour and caught walking pneumonia. For one dreadful period she was deaf for four days.

Knobby, meanwhile, had to wait for his musician's license in Los Angeles because he was an out-of-towner. Unable to work at the one thing he knew best, he did everything from giving driving lessons to hocking his trombone.

In those depressing days Peggy was constantly gnawed by the worry that she was getting nowhere career-wise. She took out her worries in eating, and put on eighteen pounds, until she was a little butterball.

Then Knobby got a good job with Liberace. Great job, great money. For the first time Peggy could afford to have her hair done, and audition for jobs in a new dress.

But darn it, he was on the road so much, traveling. She went with him

a couple of times, rather than have them apart. That didn't work out. It seldom does.

Then a friend at MGM heard about that Hunt's Tomato Sauce search for a girl to sing their jingle and told them he knew a girl who could hit high b flat. Mitch Miller heard the commercial and gave her a record contract. She was started at last.

Mixing careers and marriage is never easy. This time it was impossible. Peggy moved to New York for recording dates and Knobby continued on the road with Liberace.

But they tried. . . .

They were getting to be strangers.

Then during 1954, the same year Peggy was featured on George Gobel's TV show, the Liberace show anchored in New York and she and Knobby were together for a year.

But when Liberace switched his policy and dropped his show musicians, Knobby was out of a job. While he sat around the place fretting, she was busy recording and on TV.

"We made a valiant try," Peggy insists. "We bought a little house and some dogs and tried to make things work."

It was no go. They separated in October of 1954.

"We both cried when we said goodbye," she remembers sadly. "There was no one else involved. No other man; no other woman. But we were always fighting and hurting each other."

Several months later Knobby got a regular job on the Eddie Fisher show. His studio was right across the hall from where Peggy was working with Gobel. They saw each other every day. Their good friends Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher used to take them to dinner.

Came Peggy and Knobby's third anniversary on Feb. 2, 1955, and they decided to try marriage again.

"We made a big mistake," Peggy says now. "He moved into my fancy New York apartment instead of us going back to the little house we'd bought together."

This time they lasted nine months. "We fooled ourselves sometimes, and thought we were making a go of it, but he was called Mr. King too often and the whole situation got as bad as before."

Knowing they didn't have a chance for permanent happiness, Peggy filed for divorce. "It's tragic that our marriage couldn't work out," she declares. "Even so, Knobby will always be my best friend."

She ignored the reprieve

Peggy had no encounters with Andre Previn, except for one brief moment the night before she married. And that time she hadn't even seen him, just heard him holler after her, "Peggy!" as she was leaving the MGM studio restaurant. But she turned and went the other way.

"I can't explain exactly why I avoided him," she said, years later.

So it had been three years since she last saw him when she flew to San Francisco last July for a night club engagement at the Fairmont Hotel. As it happened, Andre was playing at a local cool jazz spot called the Blackhawk.

And, as it happened, they were the only two young entertainers playing in San Francisco at that time; it was inevitable that they would be thrown together on TV and radio appearances. He learned that she was divorcing Knobby. She learned that he had split up from his wife and had a legal separation.

But there was no romancing.

Nor was there any a month later when



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he came up to Las Vegas as a friendly gesture to do an arrangement for her.

It wasn't until she'd returned to Los Angeles that that fateful telephone call came from Andre inviting her to the preview.

When she accepted they were back where they had started.

The rationalization

Peggy had been hesitant at first. *But what's wrong with it?* she thought. *I'm getting divorced. He's legally separated.* He didn't want to ask his wife for a divorce right at that moment, Andre explained, because she was expecting a baby and it didn't seem right to get a divorce then. Peggy felt the same way about it.

And it was as if there had been no years without each other. They were very much in love. They realized that they'd never stopped loving each other, and agreed that their marriages had been rebounds from their first break-up.

Andre gave Peggy an engagement ring. Looking back on it Peggy realizes he had no right to give her an engagement ring then. Neither of them was really free but she accepted that ring... while she was still legally married to Knobby.

They told friends they were planning to marry the minute they were able.

Peggy pressed Andre to hurry his wife along in filing for divorce, once the baby was born.

A dozen times Andre told Peggy definite dates had been set for Betty's appearance in the divorce courts. Each time nothing happened. It went on that way over the months.

An aching worry began to grow inside her that maybe this was just a love affair that wasn't going anywhere. *Maybe*, although she dreaded to admit it even to herself, *maybe Andre didn't really want to marry her.*

The road down

She was in the middle of her first movie—and a starring role at that, as an airlines stewardess in *Zero Hour*—but the turmoil was making it almost impossible for her to do her job before the cameras. Many times she sobbed herself to sleep. During the day, she'd often cry in the privacy of her dressing-room. Then she'd worry that the crying wouldn't be covered up by her make-up for the cameras...

She passed up out-of-town jobs because she didn't want to be away from Andre. "I probably passed up \$100,000 worth of night-club jobs rather than be separated," she recalls.

And her health got worse.

She began to have miserable stomach pains. Her weight was dropping. She'd always been a little girl, but then her weight dropped to ninety-nine pounds.

Her doctor told her she had a good chance of getting ulcers; only proper care, diet and rest—and peace of mind—would prevent it.

A woman, no matter how young, can only take so much...

And finally she realized she was unhappy too many hours of the days and weeks and months. Peggy had had it. Flatly and quietly, she told Andre she was through and she suggested that he try going back to his wife. She handed back his ring, and he took it unemotionally.

"I'll put it in my safety deposit box," he told her. "If you ever want it back, it will be waiting for you."

"Sure I carried a torch," she admits. "It was hard to call it off. But I just couldn't see any other way. I just couldn't wait any longer."

"I couldn't go on, just being a part of

his life... I've got my own life to lead. I'd like to have children..."

When the break-up was announced last summer, Andre reported that he was making up with his wife and there wasn't going to be any divorce. Peggy told herself maybe it was for the best—for him at least.

Andre went to Paris for several months. He didn't make up with his wife. They didn't go back together, even briefly. Peggy came to the realization that he probably had never intended to. It made her angry. But angry in a hurt kind of way.

As the months went by, Peggy, working hard in an effort to take her mind off Andre, started taking a more philosophical view of this episode in her life.

"It's made a much nicer person of me, I know that. Right after we broke off, I was so hurt and miserable that I was a bore to everyone around me. Now I'm not so intense about it," she said a few months ago. "And I'm not afraid any more. I've discovered something. No one is ever worse for having cared deeply for someone."

"And I can still say, 'Hey, look at me; I came through all this and I still have two arms and two legs.'" She said that,



as she ate her bland luncheon and hurried off to her doctor's.

Yes, Peggy King *did* pay a price for her love.

And that was the situation, up till a few months ago...

...She went through the matchmaking routine from her friends both in New York and Hollywood. All of Peggy's friends seemed to have eligible young bachelors they wanted her to meet those days. But Peggy was being cagey.

"I'm now dating about ten different guys across the country," she said. "None of the relationships are too important or serious. I guess I like Jonathan Lucas, a choreographer, the best, but there won't be any quick rebound marriage for me again."

Old friends and new thoughts

...She still saw Knobby whenever she was in the Cleveland area. He runs two music stores in Ohio with his brother and plays local dates with his band. Their divorce was final last October, but they sincerely like each other.

...She didn't know if she'd ever hear from Andre again but she felt it would be much better if she didn't.

...She got interested in positive thinking and she read lots of books on the subject. Books which told how to lead one's self into thinking along constructive channels.

And then, suddenly—sometimes a little thing, maybe a wisp of song, or the look of a city at night, or even the scent of perfume—reminded her of the past with Andre. Then she'd get misty-eyed...

"But I kidded myself out of it," she said to me, once, smiling a little bit. "No more of those awful crying sessions and torn-up insides. I just keep telling myself I've simply got to have better luck next time."

But it's a funny thing about love...

Peggy was singing at a night club one evening, and feeling wonderful as she socked out one of her best numbers—when suddenly, just like it says in the song, her heart stood still as she noticed the man sitting alone at one of the ring-side tables. Andre. Then the man lit a cigarette, and in the brief flare of the match she saw it wasn't Andre after all.

And in that split second she knew that she hadn't gotten over Andre one bit, that all the months of trying to live without him—of trying to get over him—hadn't lessened her love... any more than all the years of trying to love Knobby had made her heart forget Andre.

She finished the song, took her bows, and worked hard at keeping herself from complete hysteria: what do you do when you can't live with a guy—and can't live without him...

That's when they started writing to each other.

Andre was still in Europe, and miraculously they found it was easier to work things out in letters than it was talking to each other in person.

The pledge

The biggest obstacle was the matter of Andre's divorce. That's what Peggy felt. But it wasn't until they started writing each other that she found out *why* he had not pressed his wife on getting the legal end of things taken care of. Andre had been upset by something too, in his love for Peggy. Andre was afraid that they'd never have a home, a real home and a real life together, because of the time demands and the separations that her career would require!

That's when Peggy explained to him something she'd never thought of saying, never thought it necessary to say in words:

"I'm not happy away from you," she said, spelling it out so that he would know it as she did. "No matter how important the job is, I wouldn't take a two-week location job in Pasadena—that I knew would *guarantee* me an Oscar—if you didn't like it."

"There's nothing I won't do, or won't give up, or won't try to learn to make our marriage work."

Later, much later, after Andre came back from Europe, and after the divorce decree had been granted, they sat one evening and Andre said to her, "Separation proves one thing. It's not just a matter of liking someone so much or having so much fun, or being so well suited to each other. It's very simple. I can't live without you, and that's that."

He took out the engagement ring that had been lying in its little velvet box for so long, and put it back where it belonged.

The next day, sounding exactly like a girl in love *should* sound—happy!—Peggy told me, "If we've missed an obstacle to marriage in our difficulties in the last couple of years, I don't know what it is! And we've solved them all. If we last until September—when Andre's divorce becomes final—we'll be married!"

She didn't have to add that she couldn't live without the guy...

And I didn't have to tell her how much we all prayed that she'd find she could live with him... **END**

Peggy is appearing in Paramount's *THE ZERO HOUR*.



the Spring

*Dress up in
the new orange
shade . . . chemise
silhouette . . .
navy shoes . . . coat . . .
navy accessories . . .
color-tone nylons.*

Photos by Roger Prigent



modern screen fashions

*Dress down for
leisure hours in
Moo Moo . . .
the 1958 version of
grandmothers old mother
hubbard . . . fancy boudoir
slippers with it.*

Story of fashion



*Be gay! Be new! Be fashionable! Choose
lots and lots of color in everything you buy*

■ Hollywood is all agog over the new chemise dress not only because it is the top news in fashion, but also because it is a young and devastating style when worn with proper accessories and colors. On the left, Susan Strasberg wears a dress from Junior Sophisticates in the new mangone orange color. Susan wears Jolene's navy calf pump with instep straps and modified pointed toe. She chooses navy in her coat, Kayser gloves and Rolfs handbag. She wears Barely There nylons by Hanes. All available in South Sea colors. Her white umbrella is by Uncle Sam. See Susan in RKO's

Stage Struck in which she co-stars with Henry Fonda. Shoes, left to right, a white buck shoe with trim back buckle for pastel cottons; choose a new orange cambi buck flat with sport clothes; smart smoke colored wedge in glove leather with a tapered toe with sweaters and skirts; for daytime or dressy frocks a red calf pump with modified pointed toe; select a black patent t-strap sandal for those extra dressy occasions. Above, Natalie Trundy relaxes in the newest rage, Moo Moo by Connie Sage. Slippers by Nite-Aires. See Natalie in United Artists film, *The Careless Years*.



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Spring . . . choose a
wardrobe of eye-catching
shoes . . . shoes that
assure comfort . . . and
applause . . . all the shoes
shown are under \$10 each . . .
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of colors . . . made by
Jolene, St. Louis.*

modern screen fashions

Wear the latest silhouette . . . enhanced by special new bras and girdles that are particularly designed for Spring's new clothes . . . and to glamorize your figure . . . no style betrays more than a slim-dress look . . . be sure your bra is right!

the
Spring
Story
of fashion

(continued)



Eliminate bulges by perfect bras and girdles. Right, Maidenform's fabulous new Diminuendo, in girdle and pantie. Nylon power net—stretches up and down. Beautifully-cut waistline gives perfect fit. Pantie has nylon-cotton crotch for easy tubbing. Girdle, \$5.95. Pantie, \$6.95. White only. Available March 25th. With it, Maidenform's Concerto Six-Way, Spring favorite. Rounds you in young curves. Foam-rubber padded for natural curves—full elastic back. Removable straps. \$5. White only. Left, Maidenform's new Twice-Over garter belt. Perfect young figure-molder provides maximum comfort, minimum control. Lace and satin trim panel. Tubbable—adorable. \$3.95. White only. Also, Maidenform's Twice-Over (padded). Foam-rubber lined, superb for added curves. Criss-cross elastic back. Gives full freedom. \$5. White only.



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Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I LIKE LAUREN BACALL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I LIKE JEFF CHANDLER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JOHN SAXTON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE PEGGY KING:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I READ: ☐ all of WHAT GUYS GO FOR IN GALS ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ: ☐ all of LUCILLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are.

(1) _____ MALE
 (2) _____ MALE
 (3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
 (2) _____ FEMALE
 (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME

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 CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for December: Jeonette More, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Belio Rodriguez, San Jose, California; Mory Mogno, Abernathy, Texas; Morgie Tate, Roanoke, Texas; Mrs. Helen Mick, St. Louis, Mo.; Betty King, Cope Elizabeth, Moine; Pot Dybvig, Bothell, Washington; Sondre Wood, Long Beach, California; Donno Uhl, Wilmore, Kansas; Mrs. Rolond Mothesen, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

God spoke to me through my brother

(Continued from page 47) which I've never seen before."

"Now," Will went on, looking down at the crown of the baby's head, "when I let go of you, you've gotta not fall back on the floor and you've gotta take a step. You see where Mama and Daddy are sitting? You've gotta take a step to them."

"I don't know . . ." the neighbor woman mumbled, going on to mumble something about how she'd had five children and how they'd all begun walking when they were good and ready and not when. . . .

She stopped short suddenly and her eyes popped wide.

"Now you're standing up real good," Will was saying to Richard. "All by yourself, too. . . . And now you're not gonna go leaning on anything, but you're gonna take a step."

The baby, standing alone now, looked around, a little unsurely, for a moment. Then slowly, one . . . two . . . three, he took them—his first steps, right up to the couch.

Mr. and Mrs. Egan applauded.
 "Have you ever?" the neighbor said.

The Leading Man: Pat O'Brien, who stars in Howard Teichmann's play, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, worked steadily for years in Hollywood. He usually was given the roles of football coach, detective or good and noble big brother . . . Mrs. O'Brien finally rebelled, and told him: "Pat, can't you get a role which shows you winning the girl for a change? Otherwise people will think I won you in a jackpot."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

Will was trying to study. He was fifteen years old now, a big handsome boy, and well into high school—a Jesuit school called St. Ignatius—and though he was one of the youngest boys in his class and one of the top ten honor students, it was rough going when it came to homework and that racket outside certainly wasn't helping him get anything done.

The racket was the work of his kid brother Richard, now twelve, and another boy. There was nothing unusual about the racket—at least, not at first. Will had often sat there trying to get his homework done while Richard played out in the yard, occasionally getting into some kind of mischief with one of his buddies.

But as the minutes passed and Will sat there, he began to realize that the racket was really a fight, and a pretty bad one at that.

"Hey, you keep your punches to yourself," Will heard Richard's high little voice call out at one point.

Will listened.

Obviously, the other boy was more than anxious to give his punches away.

Will jumped up and rushed to the window. Richard, he could see, had hit the dusty driveway and was flat on his back. The other boy, he could see, too, wasn't one of Richard's regular buddies—but a big bully of a kid from up the street.

Will was down in the driveway within seconds. Without wasting any time, he grabbed the bully by the collar.

"How old are you?" he asked.

The bully didn't answer.

Will gave a tug at the collar. "I asked you how old you were," he said.

"Fifteen," the bully squeaked, finally.
 "So am I," Will (Continued on page 66)

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APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is a diamond and your flower is a sweetpea. And here are some of the stars you share it with—

April 1—**Debbie Reynolds**
Jane Powell

April 2—**Jack Webb**
Alec Guinness

April 3—**Marlon Brando**
Doris Day
Jan Sterling

April 4—**Tony Perkins**

April 5—**Bette Davis**
Gregory Peck
Gale Storm

April 9—**Brandon DeWilde**
Virginia Gibson

April 11—**Paul Douglas**

April 12—**Jane Withers**
Ann Miller

April 13—**Mari Blanchard**
Howard Keel

April 14—**Rod Steiger**

April 15—**Elizabeth Montgomery**

April 17—**William Holden**

April 18—**Barbara Hale**

April 19—**Jayne Mansfield**
Hugh O'Brian

April 20—**Nina Foch**

April 21—**Anthony Quinn**

April 22—**Eddie Albert**

April 23—**Janet Blair**

April 24—**Shirley MacLaine**

April 29—**Richard Carlson**
Tom Ewell
Celeste Holm
Jeanmaire
Tom Noonan

April 30—**Corinne Calvet**



Rita Gam
April 2



Spencer Tracy
April 5



Ward Bond
April 8



Shirley Temple
April 23

God spoke to me through my brother

(Continued from page 64) said. "I guess I'm the one to pick on."

"Give it to him, Will," shouted Richard, watching from the sidelines, as his brother let his fists fly. "Give it to him good!"

Will did, with all the trimmin's. After the bully had picked himself up and gone, bloody-nosed and crying, Will walked back into the house. Richard was right behind him.

A premonition

"Gee, Will," he said, proud, "you really let him have it."

"Yeah," Will mumbled.

When they got back to Will's room, Richard could see that something was wrong, that his brother was sore. "Wait," he said, smiling, "wait till I tell the other kids about how you let him have it." He waited for Will to smile back.

But Will didn't. Instead he sat back down at his desk and, without looking up, he said, "If you're gonna fight from now on—will!"

Richard nodded.

"Because if you can't fight your own battles," Will went on, "who's gonna fight them for you?"

Richard shrugged.

"And because remember," Will said, "I'm not gonna be around with you forever, you know."

He'd never thought about something like this before. He'd never heard Will say something like this before. All his life had been wrapped around Will—going to the movies with him, tossing the football with him, having new teachers smile at him because they'd taught Will, having all the kids in the neighborhood look up to him because Will was his brother.

And now, out of the clear blue, Will sat there and said, "Remember, I'm not gonna be around with you forever."

And Richard, holding back the tears, backed out of the room slowly and then once in the hallway, he ran to his own room and got on his knees and, staring out the window and up at the sky, and frightened, really frightened, he whispered, "Please don't ever take Will away . . . if You don't have to . . . Please . . ."

Will goes away

But there was no holding back the tears that morning a year and a half later when Will left.

Richard hadn't had any idea of what was up until that afternoon two days before when he'd been playing ball outside the house and his mother and Will drove up. He knew they'd been downtown shopping, but he didn't know for what. Then he saw what they'd bought—the two shiny valises Will was carrying into the house, shiny black valises.

"Is Will going away?" Richard asked his mother, alone in the kitchen, a few minutes later.

Mrs. Egan nodded.

"Where?" Richard asked.

"He's going to be a priest," Mrs. Egan said. . . .

And now, two mornings later, Richard sat downstairs with the folks, all of them quiet and suddenly lonely-feeling, as Will—upstairs—packed some of his belongings and got ready to leave.

He came down for his last breakfast at home a little while later. Like the others, he barely touched his food or talked, though for one little while—looking at Richard during most of it—he did say something again about what he had decided to do with his life, how he realized

that all his life he'd been only a normally-religious boy but how slowly the spirit of God had begun to overtake him, how the spirit had told him he must become a priest, a Jesuit, how he'd lain on his bed the other night, and felt the spirit again, strong in his body, and how he'd decided yes, yes, he would become a priest.

Shortly before nine o'clock that morning, Father Burke O'Neil of the Jesuit seminary drove up to the Egan house.

A jolly, friendly man, Father O'Neil managed to get Mr. and Mrs. Egan to smile a little before he left with Will.

But no matter what he said to Richard, there was no smile on the boy's face.

Finally, addressing the family but looking at Richard from the corner of his eye, he said, "You know, what seems today like a great loss could well turn out to be the greatest and most beautiful gain this family will ever have."

Richard remained expressionless.

Then the jolly priest grinned again and said, "Richard, would you like to drive down to the seminary with Will and me? You can say good-bye to him there, and then I'll drive you back."

"Okay," Richard whispered. Then, quickly, all the tears that had been piled inside him for the last couple of days came rushing to his eyes and he began to cry, and he grabbed his brother's hand and held it tight, with all his strength.

Their last half hour

Nothing, nothing was going to keep him from thinking that he wasn't losing Will,

Tony Perkins left Columbia University for a job in the Broadway hit, *Tea and Sympathy*. In explaining why he couldn't mix school and the theatre, Perkins said: "It was tough to concentrate on trigonometry by day and Joan Fontaine by night."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

the best friend and brother a guy ever had, losing him for good. And nothing was going to keep him and Will apart now, not for the next few miles together, not for their next and last real half hour together. . . .

Richard had the shivers that day a few months later when he and the folks drove down to Los Gatos to visit Will for the first time. A pal of Richard's had told him what he'd heard about the training course down there, in that big ugly-walled Jesuit seminary—how all the young men kneeled and prayed most of the day and how they ate only bread and water on some days and how they were forced to stay in the dark a lot of the time and how their bodies gradually wasted away and some of them got sick and were never heard of again. For some reason Richard had believed the boy. And the thought of seeing Will in a little while, his young body thin, his young eyes haggard, sent his own body trembling slightly and made him wish, very hard, that his dad would turn the car around and drive back home.

He felt a little better when, suddenly, from the highway, he saw the seminary—not a big, cold, ugly-walled place at all, but a beautiful building with a great green lawn and sparkling windows, more like a college campus you see in the movies than the prison he'd imagined after his gory talk with his young pal.

And then, a few minutes later, when he saw Will rushing from the main doorway to greet them—his face happy-looking and sunburned, the outline of his body firm and powerful as ever Richard rushed

happily from the car to meet his brother.

The next hour was a revelation to Richard as Will showed him and the folks around the seminary. There was the dining room, for one place—a great, many-tabled room where bread and water was served every day all right, but along with all kinds of good meats and fruits and vegetables. There was the chapel, too, where all the young men kneeled and prayed every day all right—"but just long enough," one of Will's fellow students told Richard, "to let God know how much we love and respect Him." And then there was the great opening behind the main building where the young men did their exercises every day, hard and practical exercise, like loading stones and chopping trees and digging their fingers into the soil to make way for seeds that would grow into fine food plants that would, in turn, nourish their bodies and the growing bodies of hundreds of young children in a couple of nearby orphanages.

"You like our set-up, Rich?" Will asked his kid brother when the tour was completed.

"Gee," was all Richard could say.

Esto Vir

Will laughed and pushed his fingers through the boy's hair. "Come on," he said, indicating a bench, "while Mom and Dad are in the chapel praying, let's you and me have a little talk."

And so the two Egan boys sat down for the next half hour and, just like back in the old days, they talked and laughed and kidded about a dozen and one subjects that popped through their minds.

Then, at one point toward the end of their talk, Will turned serious for a moment and asked Richard how he was making out in high school.

"Well," Richard said, slowly, "I just

started last month and..." He shrugged.

The folks had told him, Will said, that his kid brother didn't seem to be taking the same interest in his studies he'd always taken, that for a boy who'd always been class president and captain of the football team and all that jazz back in junior high, he'd begun to act more like a hermit than like the Richard Egan he, Will, had always remembered.

Again, Richard shrugged. "Since you left, Will..." he started to say. But he didn't go on.

Will put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Well," he said, smiling, "when you win that trip to Hawaii, everything'll start looking a little better. And I'll certainly be one proud guy."

"Trip to Hawaii?" Richard asked.

"The folks were telling me about the oratorical contest back at school," Will said.

"Oh," Richard said, unenthusiastic. "That's a contest for kids all over the State. I think they've got 15,000 entries already."

"Did you enter, Rich?" Will asked.

Richard shook his head. "I wouldn't know exactly what to write about," he said. "The subject is 'American Citizenship,' but I wouldn't know exactly what to say."

Will thought for a moment. Then, looking into his kid brother's eyes, he said, "Esto Vir. ... Why don't you use that as your jumping-off point."

"Esto Vir?" Richard asked.

"Something I've learned here," Will said, softly. "It's Latin for *Be A Man*. It means Rich, that no matter what you decide to do in this life of ours, no matter what happens around you, good or bad, happy or sad, you must be a man."

Richard looked away for a moment. Then he looked back at his brother. He

smiled. "Like you, Will," he said.

"Like God is trying awfully hard to make me," Will said, smiling back.

"I learned what it means"

"I won the contest," Richard Egan told us the other day, reminiscing. "It was a wonderful trip to Hawaii for me and Mom, all expenses paid and with \$100 extra, just for spending money. But more important, I learned a little something from Will about what it means, really means, to be a man. I'd always felt he was the greatest guy around; that there could be no improving him. But that first day we visited the seminary, when I saw the hard work he was doing, the terrifically difficult study courses he was undergoing—when I saw that he was maturing physically and mentally—well, it helped make me mature, too. Will was always used to studying. But my parents had never exposed us to any of this kind of heavy labor before. And I was surprised and inspired to see how well Will was taking it, how he loved taking it—because he had a reason for taking it..."

The man behind the hill

"Did you know that it was Will who helped me become an actor? Lots of people are surprised by this. 'A priest helping his brother become an actor?' they ask. But Will knew as I grew up that this was what I wanted most in life, to be an actor, and it was just fine with him. In fact, it was during World War II while I was out in the Philippines when, without my even knowing it, he wrote to all the colleges with drama courses in the area to find out what was what. Then, a few days after I came home, Will came up to see me and said, 'Rich, how about you and me going on a picnic, just the two of us?' We made up some sandwiches and stopped for some pickles and a nice bottle of wine and then

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Will drove to a spot he said he'd picked out especially for the occasion. After we finished our lunch, he showed me the answer to all the letters he'd written. Then we had a long talk about my future and the course I was going to follow. 'If I could only talk to somebody who really knows the in's and out's of the business,' I said at one point. Will smiled that big grin of his. 'Rich,' he said, 'it so happens that right behind that big hill there lives one J. Fenton McKenna, a fine dramatic coach. How'd you like to meet him?' I looked at him in amazement. 'Just like that?' I asked. As I was saying it, I realized that Will had planned all this, that one J. Fenton McKenna was expecting us in a few minutes. Will put out his hand and shook mine. 'If you've got the stuff,' he said, 'he's the man who'll know.' Then we said a short prayer together and got up for the trek up the hill and down to Mr. McKenna's house. And everything good that has happened to me in acting since, began happening then.

"That's a brother for you, isn't it?"

"That's my brother Will."

END

Richard Egan is scheduled to do *VOICE IN THE MIRROR* and now is in *SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE*, both for U-I.

what guys go for in girls

(Continued from page 45)

SHOULD SHE PHONE HIM?

NICK: Sure. I love it. I'm the kind of guy who loves to be spoiled rotten by women, and you'd be surprised how many fellows are like that. But do it in a breezy way, when you have something to say and after you've known the guy for a while. Don't sound anxious and don't make with the phone calls after only one date. The other night a girl called me and caught me when I was feeling pretty low. I was so glad to hear from her she became my dream girl right then and there. We ended up by doing the town and had a ball.

TONY: A girl should take her tone from the boy. If she knows he likes her, she can call. She can even tell him, "I feel like going to a movie tonight—can you come with me?" Not every girl-boy relationship has to be built on an act. As for me, I like a girl to call me. Why not? It's the kind of flattery I go for. But if she's only met him once, or if he's obviously not interested, then she should call off the calling.

TOMMY: Sure, I'm tickled to death when a girl calls me. In fact, I expect it of her if she's a friend of mine. I can't understand why a girl and boy can't be natural and casual. In my books it's swell if a girl and a guy can be buddy-buddy and one can call the other if the mood dictates.

HUGH: Not just to call and yak. That's not sexy. A woman has to be run after, not do the running. Calling up a guy with a feeble excuse to promote a date pulls down a girl's rating. But if it's for a legitimate reason—like asking him to a party—go to it.

HOW CAN SHE PROMOTE A SECOND DATE?

NICK: Show him that you're getting a great kick out of your first date, and he'll be coming back for more of the same treatment. Let him think he's the greatest guy you ever met. You won't make him

ELVIS' FIRST LOVE



■ If you ask the average person who was his first love, he'll name some girl. But Elvis isn't an average person. Far from it. When he was about seventeen he fell in love. She had beautiful curves. She purred when he touched her. But she also had wheels!

No joking—Elvis' first love was a car!

Here are Elvis' exact words as they were tape recorded during an interview with a reporter from Mexico City's radio station XECR:

"I suppose you know I got a lot of cars. People have written about it in the papers and they ask me why. Well, when I was driving a truck, every time I'd see one of those big cars go by, it started me day-dreaming. I kept thinking that someday, somehow, things would change for me and I've never forgotten that. I guess I just had to have a car. The first one I bought was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. She was second-hand and I must have spent all night just looking at it. Only thing is, the next day when it caught fire and burned up, I sure was sad!"

So Elvis' first love ended tragically—as first loves often do. Maybe that's why it made such an impression on Elvis. And maybe that's why the poor Tennessee truck driver vowed, as he says, "That someday, somehow, things would change" and he'd have his car. As everybody knows, Elvis now has quite a few cars!

"But," says Elvis, "I don't see why that makes me car-crazy like some folks say. You take a poor little kid and he sees an electric train in a toy store. 'Course he can't afford it but he sure dreams about it, though. Then he grows up and maybe he gets to be real rich and he buys a bunch of trains to play with. Is he train crazy? Or maybe some other kid starts his stamp collection with just one old stamp and then he builds it up to a whole lot of stamps. He's not stamp crazy, is he? Then why say I'm car-crazy just 'cause I like a lot of cars?"

One thing is certain. Elvis is now the idol of millions of girls, and his name has been linked romantically with many stars. But he remains true to his first love—a car!

Elvis will soon be seen in Paramount's King Creole.

conceited—you'll just make him flip. All through the night tell him how wonderful you think he is. Your parting words can even be something like, "This was the most wonderful time I've had in a long time. Baby, you sure swung me. You're the most." That would get a character like me. Give him something like that in your own lingo and watch him come back.

TONY: If you find on your first date with him that you want to cinch a second, why not think of a legitimate reason to get him to come around, like inviting him to a party you suddenly dreamed of giving? Another thing, to make him think you're a girl he can't do without, let him set the pace on where to go and what to do that first date. The girl who has the evening all planned out sounds too much like a master sergeant. Make him feel important. Even if he asks you what you want to do, let him feel he's masterminding the whole evening's activities.

TOMMY: Don't force yourself to make an impression. Be yourself. Naturalness is everything. Have a lively interest in his pet enthusiasms, and if you don't know what he's talking about, for gosh sakes, let him know—in a kind of cute way. He didn't ask you for a date expecting you to

be an expert on the guided missile and skeet shooting. Besides, asking questions promotes the conversation, shows you're interested in what he's saying. Be relaxed all the way. Don't strain to come up with the bright sayings all the time. Sometimes being too smart leads to sarcasm. Show him you're having a good time, be easy to be with and he'll be hurrying back.

HUGH: Don't let him spend too much money. Steer clear of the expensive clubs and make for the smaller ones with atmosphere. It will not only give you more mood but makes him feel more secure. A guy hates to empty his wallet on a single date. Let him know you're considerate that way. A girl who pouts and makes an issue about where to go will have her new boy friend swearing off the second date.

Nick Adams is in 20th-Fox's *SING, BOY, SING!* and soon will appear in Paramount's *TEACHER'S PET* and Warners' *NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS*. Tommy Sands is also in *SING, BOY, SING!* Hugh O'Brian is scheduled to do *ROPE LAW* for 20th-Fox. Watch for Tony Perkins in Paramount's *DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS*. He will soon appear in MGM's *GREEN MANSIONS* and Columbia's *THIS ANGRY AGE*.

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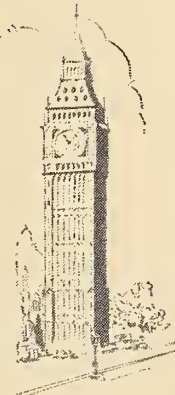
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jeff tells the truth

(Continued from page 27) year later and tried again to make their marriage work.

The Chandler story hardly had broken before there were the thickly worded hints of a serious estrangement between Esther and her husband Ben Gage. Ben, it was learned, had already moved out. And after a long series of denials, Esther at last admitted her twelve-year marriage was shaky.

"We're having trouble but we hope it isn't the end," the beautiful swimmer confessed. Just as they had been having trouble for several years past, trouble that they kept from getting them to the seeing-lawyers stage!

After Esther quite calmly and with unsuspected sophistication announced that she and Ben had separated, a close family friend of theirs revealed that Ben's only comment was, "Maybe it was the build-up Esther has gotten for the last ten years. Everyone we knew thought she was perfect. I'm her husband. Better than anyone else, I know that isn't true. Esther is no angel. But I love her. I guess, though, this time it's all over. . . ."

Those are the two stories that hit the papers.

But what about the third story . . . the story that a man and a woman were ending their marriages to two other people because they had fallen in love with each other under the influence of a romantic Italian moon?

A few weeks ago, this writer, throwing caution to the studio wind-machine, put the question to Jeff.

I pointed out that his open and unabashed fondness for Esther Williams in public places was reason enough for people to think that perhaps an old love was over because a new one had begun.

The straight dope

Jeff, who had been relaxing on the couch in his studio dressing room, jumped up to a sitting position looking exactly like a man on his way to fury. But when feet hit the floor, he stopped suddenly, then pressed his fingers against gray steel-wool hair with such force that his knuckles grew white.

Then he looked up at me and gave me that lop-sided Chandler smile.

"You know," he said, "I was just going to get sore. But I just thought of something my mother said to me a long time ago. The only thing that can make a man really angry, she said, is to hear the truth about himself. And there's no truth to that, about Esther and me.

"Okay. You want to know about Esther and me? I'll tell you. You want to know about Marge and me? Okay. I'll tell you that, too.

"Marge and I got married in 1946. We were both struggling to make something of ourselves as actors. Actually Marge was doing much better than I. I was nowhere. The most important critics in my life were casting directors. Each one, when I'd audition for a part, had something to say about—now, get this—about me. Me, personally! Not my acting! I was too tall. My cheekbones were too prominent. I looked too mean. My mouth was too full. My ears were too high. The cleft in my chin was distracting. One of them said I had the body and face of a man thirty and the gray hair of a man fifty. He said that made me a physical odd-ball. I knew what he meant. Professionally, I was a freak.

"You understand? My ability wasn't considered. I'd turn away from people if I caught them staring at me. I'd walk

body was looking at me the way they'd look at a man with two heads.

"When I met Marge I was hungry. Hungry? I was ravenous! I wanted to love someone and get loved back. Marge was the woman I needed. I loved her and she loved me. We married and had children.

"We were happy for five years. We had the kind of joy two people get from loving one another that you can't put into words. Even to each other. It was something we just knew we had."

Those questions

Jeff bit at his lower lip.

"All of a sudden we didn't have it anymore."

He hit his knees with the heels of his hands and stood up.

"Where does it go?" he asked more of himself than of me. "What takes it away from you? God, how many times I've asked myself those questions."

He sat down again.

"I tried. Marge tried. We talked it out, over and over. We'd go away together on short trips, each of us pleading for the help of Providence.

"A few years ago we tried a separation. We went back together again. And for a while it seemed as though we had found love once more."

Chandler let his voice drop. I could barely hear him.

"We were dreaming. Just dreaming. Kidding ourselves." He looked up. "Then we made a mistake. We decided to be

Celeste Holm says—

Half the people who buy fancy cars are trying to keep up with the neighbors. The other half are trying to keep up with the payments.

Leonard Lyons
in *The New York Post*

practical about our marriage. For the sake of the children, we agreed to be husband and wife. I learned there's no such thing as a husband and wife if you don't start with a man and woman in love.

"When I learned that *Raw Wind In Eden* was going to be shot in Italy I thought a separation like that—because of my work—might be a break.

Another world

"In Italy you become more sensitive, more philosophic. The Italians have great respect for the soul, for music and for love. But they are also very matter-of-fact about love. They don't pretend it exists if it doesn't. There are two thousand years of wisdom in the shrug of an Italian's shoulders.

"One afternoon I got into a discussion with an older man who had come to work on the picture. He was pure Italian. I liked him. He talked for hours and discussed everything openly. Then he began to speak affectionately, and there was boasting in his tone, of the women he had loved in his life.

"I smiled as he recounted his memories. But I was curious. 'You certainly have played a lot with love, haven't you?' I said.

"It was his turn to smile. 'When you are older and not so American, you will understand,' he said, 'that man does not play with love. It is the opposite. Love plays with the man. You Americans believe love dies. Love does not die. It simply disappears. So the two—the man and the woman who once loved each other—they go off in different directions. And that, my friend, is the end of them, as lovers.'"

Jeff sighed and rubbed his face again.

"I just sat there staring at him. That old man had given me my answer. It didn't take much to convert his philosophy to the problem that had been eating me all these months.

"At last I knew what has happened to the Jeff Chandlers. The old man hadn't been exactly right, but he had been close enough.

"My separation from Marge involves one of the toughest, most difficult problems that can hit a marriage.

Outgrown

"Because we are human, Marge and I have changed since we married twelve years ago. Each of us learns something each day of our lives that changes our personal behavior, our individual attitudes, and our desires. Our temperaments are just a little bit different tomorrow than they were today.

"At the end of a year, after three hundred and sixty-five almost imperceptible changes, each of us is a slightly different person. Particularly on the inside.

"Is it so difficult to imagine the incredible differences that can form between two people who, in the beginning, may have been ideally suited to each other as man and woman?

"Now I know our changes took us in opposite directions. The days and the months and the years went by and one unhappy morning, we woke up and realized that an uncrossable gulf had grown between us. That was the real separation.

"It's that simple. I've grown one way. Marge has grown another."

Jeff stood up and cocked his head to one side and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Now, I suppose no one will be satisfied unless—" He interrupted himself. "Look, I went to Italy to make a motion picture. I am told one day that a particularly nice person named Esther Williams is going to co-star with me. Trying to stop the gossip on that was impossible. I knew what was going to happen. I'd read the papers. There were rumors that Esther and Ben were having marriage problems. Turn the page and you read about mine. So it starts. The old game of Hollywood mathematics. Two and two makes whatever you please. People would say we're in love.

What happens, happens

"I started to worry about it. But I knew there was nothing I could do about it! In Italy, Esther and I worked together." And suddenly, he found a good friend, a friend who knew when he was blue, and took the time to talk to him about it—and seemed to know just the right words because she was going through the same kind of grief. "I like her," Jeff repeated. "Only people who take idiot pills will try to make anything more than that out of it."

"You know what it means when you're alone, away from home—and wracking your brains out? You know what it means to find a friend at a time like that?"

And listening to Jeff, I suddenly wondered how come people can feel a warm glow when they think about two guys who'd stick their arms into fire up to here for each other . . . or two women whose friendship helps them over the rough spots in life . . . and yet, couldn't see anything but 'romance' when it was a man, and a woman who found in each other that same precious understanding, and affection—and friendship. . . .

END

Jeff and Esther will soon appear in *U-I's* RAW WIND IN EDEN. You can see Jeff now in *U-I's* LADY TAKES A FLYER.

johnny on the spot

(Continued from page 31) A. I don't like destructive rebels. There's a big difference. I don't like phonies either, and that's another thing she's not!

Q. What do you usually do on your dates with Vicki?

A. Lots of times we just stay at Vicki's. A lot of young actors, writers—and just plain people—hang around there, talking about life in general and drinking coffee and playing records and beating bongo drums.

Q. How do you get along with Vicki's parents?

A. Vicki's father, Victor Thall, is an artist and somewhat of a bohemian—I guess you'd call him off-beat. So when Vicki's name started appearing in columns with mine, he added an extra L to his name! She was Thal—okay, so he became Thall! But he's giving me painting lessons, so I guess he's not sore at me!

Q. What made you go to a psychiatrist?

A. Two years of going unrecognized, of butting my head against solidly locked studio doors—the doors of my own studio, too! They kept me under contract, but not because of my work. They kept me because of my agent, Henry Willson. Finally I went reeling to a psychiatrist.

Q. Why did you have such a rough time getting started in pictures?

A. It was all Rock Hudson's fault!

Q. Come again?

A. Henry Willson was my agent—and Rock Hudson's too. Rock Hudson was U-I's biggest star. They signed me up just to humor Henry—but I didn't know it. The studio didn't even bother to give me a screen test—not even after they signed me to a contract!

Q. Do you think going to the psychiatrist helped you any?

A. Well, for one thing, while I was undergoing psychiatric treatments I finally got hip and went after the part in *The Unguarded Moment*—and that was the role that skyrocketed my stock. I fought for the part. Up to then I had thought *They'll come for me*. Nobody came. I had to go after success hammer-and-tongs.

The background

Q. You told me once that some of the kids you grew up with became juvenile delinquents, and—

A. Most of them aren't really juvenile delinquents. They are just kids who think it's smart to imitate the legendary hoodlum heroes of the neighborhood or the actors they see playing gangster parts in movies. The kids become emotionally involved with the idea of themselves as hoodlum heroes and gangster actors. Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the juvenile delinquents in the country could become actors? Then they could get paid for playing the parts they are playing! Juvenile delinquents? Nothing of the sort. They're just trying to draw attention to themselves, in order to make their buddies admire them. They want to be loved, to be admired. That may involve doing something dangerous to prove they have courage. It may mean robbing a bank, robbing an old lady's purse.

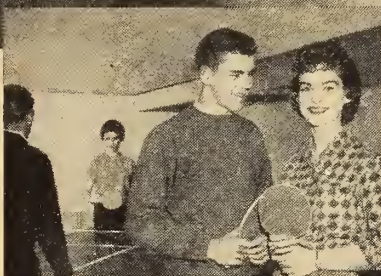
Q. What do you think made the big difference between you—and the kids who get on the wrong side of the law?

A. I was lucky. I happened to stumble on it—I mean good reading—when I was going to New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn. I turned away from the neighborhood hoodlums to reading. Reading helped me escape from a lot of things—and taught me a lot of things too. I turned away from the story I heard about my mother—about how the U. S. Immigra-

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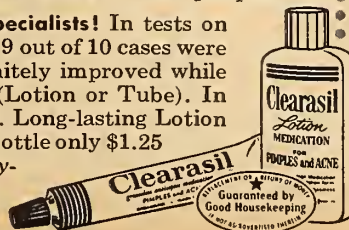
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tion Department quota system had permitted her two sisters to come to America before she did. By the time she came over from Italy her sisters were completely 'Americanized,' or so they thought. At any rate, they looked down on her because she was 'Old Country' and couldn't speak English. Reading books helped me to understand how things like that could happen, how people can hurt each other without knowing it, how to develop an understanding for them, how to forgive them, how not to be hurt in the first place!

About friendship

Q. How about friends? Who are your best friends?

A. One of my best friends is my business manager—and I don't mean just because he saves me money! I don't have many close friends.

Q. Why not?

A. Do you? Does anybody?

Let me try to tell you what I've learned about friendship during my four years in Hollywood. Stardom is the ultimate goal among actors. They join forces in the beginning, when they're both trying to attain a mutual goal. One of them makes it. The friendship is over. Both of them make it. The friendship is over.

Q. Why is friendship—in Hollywood—so hard to hold on to?

A. In movies, in the automobile industry, it's all the same in any walk of life. It's because people grow; they change. So friendships end.

June Havoc and Eva Gabor held a reunion in the foyer outside the Persian Room last night. There were the customary embraces, exchanges of "Darling," and then Eva asked, "How about renting me your house?" . . . "Only my beach house is empty," said Miss Havoc . . . "A beach house, darling, is so depressing, and when I'm depressed I get into trouble," said Miss Gabor. "But I'm in the mood for trouble. It's a deal."

Leonard Lyons
in The New York Post

This is not only true of Hollywood. It's true of two Army buddies, too. They're buddies on the battlefield, fighting for their lives, fighting for each other. Well, these two guys fight the big fight and come out victorious and get out on the town when it's all over, to celebrate the victory. What happens then? They find different girls. They separate. They don't need each other. The common bond of fighting the big fight has become untied.

Q. What do your sisters—Dolores, sixteen, and Julianne, fourteen—think about their famous movie star brother?

A. I don't know; I really don't. I was seventeen when I left South Brooklyn and Dolores was twelve, and since then the family has moved to New York City. Take Dolores. She and I haven't had much time together during the past four years, only on the few times when I'm able to get back East. We write very seldom. But, I talk to them a lot by phone.

A celebrity's family

Q. Do they ever ask you for autographed photos for their schoolmates?

A. Heck, no! They'd be too embarrassed. Come to think of it, it happened once that I remember, but the autographed photo wasn't for one of their schoolmates. Believe it or not, it was for one of Julianne's teachers! Julianne told me over the phone a few months ago that she wanted one for

a teacher of hers. I forgot about it, it was all so casual. Then she wrote me about it and reminded me. She explained she wanted it because this particular teacher was her favorite. And the reason she was her favorite was because she treated Julianne like a normal human being instead of like the sister of a movie star! There's your answer. You asked the question. Now, do you know what being the sister of a movie star must be like?

Q. What about hobbies?

A. I like painting, although daubing is a better word. Vicki's father got me interested in painting.

Q. What kind of music do you like?

A. Progressive jazz. I like it so much that I have become a partner in the ownership of a jazz program that is broadcast over radio station KDLA in Burbank. Our show is called *The Voice of Jazz*. I don't act as announcer on the show or take any active part except to suggest some of the music to be played. After all, I'm entitled—I'm one of the bosses!

Jazz and stuff

Q. Do you like rock 'n' roll?

A. I like the kind of music that fine progressive jazz men like Chico Hamilton and Shelly Manne play. Nothing frantic, nothing 'way out. I'm not knocking rock 'n' roll. Every man to his own taste. I just happen to like good, non-frantic, no-blast, easy-listenin' progressive stuff.

Q. What tv programs do you like best?

A. I watch tv only when I know that a certain actor or actress whose technique I admire is going to be on or if they're going to beam a play by one of my favorite playwrights. Of all the tv shows on the air I like the dramatic ones best—like *Playhouse 90* and *Studio One*.

Q. How about movies?

A. I see an average of two movies a week. Q. And the theatre?

A. I see all the stage plays I can. It's good for actors to watch other actors.

Q. What's your big ambition in life?

A. Acting's my big ambition. I think actors have a fine mission in life. They can help make people happy. That's a big achievement. After that—well, when I'm older I'd like to write or direct. But right now, I want to get a good acting performance on film. I don't think I've done it yet.

Q. Are you still studying acting?

A. All the time! Occasionally I goof off, but doesn't everybody now and then?

Q. How come you've still got that *sullen-and-sulky* reputation?

A. I don't believe in creating a phony personality just to get things printed about myself. Did I tell you about the interviewer who told me I was a hopeless actor for her to interview, because she couldn't get any colorful copy out of me? She actually told me to create a personality for myself, to make a 'Hollywood character' out of myself, to invent stuff even if it wasn't true. She told me about an old-time movie actress who did it by walking down Hollywood Boulevard with a leopard on a leash! She told me I should attract attention—"John, you've got to get yourself a publicity gimmick!"

I told her I'm afraid of any kind of gimmick—it might hurt my career.

Gimmicks kick back

Q. How could a gimmick hurt your career?

A. It might kick back on me. It kicked back on other actors and actresses.

Q. Name one.

A. I'll name three. Ingrid Bergman, Marilyn Monroe and Van Johnson.

Q. How?

A. First, Ingrid Bergman. Her fans had built her up as a very solid, very respectable, very womanly woman. She was all

of those things. She still is all of those things. But she's not a demigod—not the demigod some of the newspaper people made her out to be. She is a human being. The fans forgot the human equation. When she left her husband and married Roberto Rossellini many of them deserted her. They were hurt. It has taken them a long time to get over it.

Second, Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn became the cheesecake ideal of Hollywood. Again her studio encouraged the legend. Everyone laughed at her when she said she was going to prove herself as an actress. But Marilyn is having the last laugh. She is a fine actress. She was brilliant in *The Prince and the Showgirl*. The break she made hurt her at first. Because of that cheesecake publicity gimmick, she was out of pictures for a long time.

Third, Van Johnson. He was always regarded as the typical All-American-boy-next-door, always smiling, always lovable. He wouldn't harm a fly. But then Evie Wynn divorced Van's best friend, Keenan Wynn, and married Van—and everybody said, 'How terrible—this is the end of Van's career!' It was for a while, too. Van bounced back, but that gimmick was no help.

The real John!

Q. Do you think you deserve the rep you've got—of being hard to interview?

A. I guess so, but how would you like it if someone came to you and said, "Now tell me, Mike Connolly, what are you really

Jack Carson and his wife, Lola Albright, appeared on the Bob Cummings TV show. He played a wolf, and had one blazing love scene with his wife. The director wasn't pleased with the inadequate passion displayed by this husband and wife before the TV camera. Carson promised to perfect it. "Lola," he said to her, "in this scene make love to me fiercely—like . . . like . . . like you did with Frank Sinatra in *The Tender Trap*."

Leonard Lyons
in The New York Post

like, deep down inside—and tell it to me in one quick luncheon session in the commissary at U-I because I've got a deadline to make?" Of course you wouldn't like it. The only way you get to know a person is to know him and for a long time. You also talk to other people about them. Have you talked to others about me?"

Mike: As a matter of fact, Johnny, I did! John: Who?

Mike: Vicki, Victor Thall, Henry Willson, producer Ross Hunter, Ric Strauss—(Ric, a photographer, is one of Victor Thall's best friends).

John: What did they tell you about me? That I'm sullen and sulky?

Mike: No.

John: Have you ever found me that way?

Mike: No, not lately, although I had pegged you that way at first.

John: But you know now that I really wasn't, that I was just sore because I didn't think my career was rolling along fast enough? Do you remember the fun we all had at Curt Jurgens' party last month? Was I sulky and sullen then?

Mike: Wait a minute, boy! I'm conducting the interview!

[But I couldn't think of another thing to ask.]

Any questions?

END

John's in U-I's SUMMER LOVE and will appear in RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE for MGM and THE WONDERFUL YEARS for U-I.

I'll say yes to frank

(Continued from page 22) together. They break each other up with jokes and gags. They make a big thing out of such little things as going to market in Palm Springs, pushing baskets around and buying everything in sight; of painting funny faces on balloons to use as place cards at parties they co-host; of driving around Palm Springs, where they spend so much time, in Frank's new \$10,000 car in T-shirts and shorts.

For small groups of their intimate friends, including Bing Crosby and Kathy, Frank barbeques hot dogs and hamburgers and steaks and makes spaghetti while Betty whips up the green salad and garlic toast. On cook's night out, they'll even wash and dry the dishes, usually singing at the top of their lungs to the piano accompaniment of Van Heusen or some other composer pal.

"Frank says I sing like Tallulah Bankhead, off-key—but loud," laughs Betty.

All this tom-foolery is why I say that for the first time in his life Frank is in love without responsibilities, and I mean to take nothing away from the other two big loves in his life—Nancy Sinatra and Ava Gardner—by saying this.

When Nancy and Frank met and married nineteen years ago, neither his career nor his mental outlook were as mature as they are now. It's true that soon after the birth of Nancy, Jr.—now seventeen—the bobby-soxers started screaming Frankie into a semi-hysterical fame. But in the eleven years of this marriage, during which time three children were born—Nancy, Frank, Jr. and Tina—Frank was in the nerve-racking position of stabilizing his career as well as meeting the problems, emotional and financial, of his domestic life.

When he and Nancy finally broke up, he was already in the throes of a completely devastating new love with Ava Gardner—no rest cure in anybody's life.

If Frank had been coming up the ladder of success when he married Nancy, he was rapidly beginning to falter when he met Ava. Their romance, as the world knows, was one of the most tempestuous ever recorded in movie annals, and their marriage was even more so.

The wife Ava

With Ava and Frank, matrimony was one tremendous battle after another. Her star in the Hollywood heavens was growing brighter and brighter as his was beginning to flicker dangerously.

Their friends say they were "crazy" in love. It couldn't have been a more apt term. Their domestic life was out of focus from the very beginning.

Despite her fame, Ava knew nothing about running a home, and cared less. When they entertained, which wasn't often, the responsibility for the success of the affair fell entirely on Frank.

I'll never forget the first party Ava and Frank hosted when they returned to California after their Philadelphia wedding. They had taken a big home in the Pacific

Palisades and, as Frank wanted the shy and almost friendless Ava to know his friends, he asked a woman his bride was close to, Minna Wallis, to hostess a party at their home.

Ava was like a little girl, frightened and unhappy at welcoming thirty people to cocktails and dinner. She actually seemed to stand behind Frank, using him as a shield in her new position as an insecure housewife. When something went temporarily wrong in the kitchen, she went running in panic to Frank for a whispered consultation. She threw up her hands in despair at the chore of arranging the place cards, a little job he was attending to when the guests started to arrive. All during the evening, glamorous Ava was unsure of herself, unhappy and completely dependent socially on her husband.

But had they remained happily in love, perhaps Frank could have coached Ava into being a happier hostess and more able to guide their domestic life. It was very soon obvious that the great physical passion they had for each other was not going to be enough to hold the union together. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney never staged such battles as the battlin' Sinatras. It almost sank Frank as a human being as well as a singer.

As this is not a story of the trials and tribulations of Ava and Frank, I do not think I need to detail more information about their eventual break-up—except that it had to come. The world is well aware of the saga of how Sinatra hit bottom before he started his brilliant comeback to become one of the screen's finest actors as well as the great singer he is today.

But I have touched on Nancy and Ava to emphasize the difference in his personality by the time he met Betty Bacall.

Bogey's wife

They met as friends, Betty being the devoted wife of Humphrey Bogart, Frankie's great pal. Before the serious illness that was to claim Bogey's life as a victim of cancer, these three were inseparable cronies. Sinatra and Bogart had the time of their lives throwing insults at one another, in fun—and Betty refereed.

They were welded together in everything from stardom to politics—all wild-eyed Democrats—to their social circle. The three of them organized and activated the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, consisting of the friends I have previously mentioned plus the Mike Romanoffs and Judy Garland and Sid Luft. The latter two dropped out following a tiff between Frankie and Judy.

The Bogarts and Frank even interchanged homes. If Sinatra was in the East he turned over his Palm Springs house to Bogey and Betty and their two children. And, before his beautiful bachelor home was completed, he often took over the Bogart house in Holmby Hills to throw a party.

But the great happiness they shared as pals was to become sorrowfully overshadowed when Bogey became tragically ill with cancer of the throat. He was not told his true condition because the doctors and Betty hoped until almost the end that he would respond to treatment. But Betty was told. And the only other person who knew of Bogey's heartbreaking illness from the beginning was Frank.

It was a sad, sad secret they shared. Much too heartbreaking for any other emotion to gain roots in their lives. It is one of the biggest lies ever whispered in malicious gossip that—during the lifetime of Bogart, particularly in the last months of his life—the feeling between Betty and Frank changed to something more than friendship, consciously or subconsciously.

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Frank Sinatra has been accused of many things in his life, much of the criticism being inspired by jealousy because so many women fall for him. But he has never been accused of having anything, and I mean *anything*—to do with a pal's wife or girl friend.

And Betty Bacall Bogart can hold her head high the rest of her life for her record as one of the finest and most devoted wives this town has ever known! She was a brave and gallant woman who deeply loved her husband to the last breath of his life and who was just as deeply loved by him.

I was one of the last visitors Bogey had before he died and I'll never forget with what pride he told me, when Betty had left the room, "She is the greatest woman I have ever known."

Frank was in New York fulfilling a nightclub engagement when Bogey died early in January of 1957. He was all for catching a plane to return to the Coast and be of what help he could to Betty during the sad days of the funeral arrangements. But over the long-distance telephone she told him, "You gave Bogey your deep friendship when he needed it: during his lifetime." Also, it would have meant the loss of thousands of dollars to the nightclub to cancel out the remainder of Frank's engagement. Although he was too sorrowful to sing the night of Bogey's death, he remained on in the East for the rest of his contract.

Then he hurried home to give what comfort he could to Betty. If what started in solace, and what mutual help they could give each other in their sorrow, has blossomed into a deep affection between them—it is an honorable story of the heart.

Within a few months of Bogey's death, Frank started prompting friends to include Betty in small parties held in private homes. He made a point of often dropping by the Bogart house bringing toys to help cheer up the children.

He would beg her to go to previews, not premières, with him to see the new pictures. As time went by—they were seen together more and more often. And laughter came back to both of them. These two who had shared a great sorrow began to share a new, vital happiness. They fell in love.

The other side

And this brings us to the second factor in their present relationship—the case against their marrying:

The most important is—Frank's marriage to Ava left him very, very bitter. He not only said "Never again" when they parted, he meant it—he had to wait years for Ava to finally make up her mind to free him, and that happened just last year in the Mexican courts.

He was, perhaps still is, convinced that he is happier as a free man. He loves his life as it is today. And why not?

He's riding the crest of his greatest professional success. He's crazy about his new modern bachelor house high on Mulholland Drive overlooking both the San Fernando Valley and the Pacific Ocean. "And I've got the best cook in town," he boasts of his Japanese man-servant. In this cheerful set-up, he comes and goes as he pleases without answering to anyone, most of all a wife.

As for what is referred to as a "home and family life," Frankie has that too. Because he and Nancy have maintained the friendliest feeling, despite her heartache at the time of the advent of Ava Gardner, he is a frequent and welcome visitor at the home of his children and his first wife.

Frank is not a casual father to young

Nancy, Frankie and Tina. It's nothing for him to drop by his former home and even stir up a spaghetti dinner with the aid of all three of his children. Sometimes the senior Nancy is there; sometimes not.

He is actively consulted about their schooling, their friends and even their clothing and visits to the dentist. Once, when Nancy, Sr. was in Jamaica vacationing with friends, eight-year-old Tina would call her father each morning to awaken him to take her to school! "This is great with a hangover," Frank would laugh. But he would show up!

Although his natural inclination is to spoil them, he tries not to do so. In moments of stress, he'll always advise that they listen to their mother.

He has a real and abiding affection for the mother of his children. When she recently gave a little party for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barbado, celebrating their 50th anniversary, Frankie even dropped by to felicitate his former mother- and father-in-law.

Nothing's perfect

Some of his envious male friends say, "Frank is sitting pretty. He never had things so good. His is a perfect set-up—why should he change it for another swing at marriage?"

And when he and Betty have an argument—and they do, as is the custom with sweethearts—I'm sure Frank feels the same way.

When a woman is in love as much as Betty is with Frank, there's little doubt but that she can be hurt by him.

They had a real blow-up when he slipped out of town and flew East to see Ava Gardner when Ava came to New York for what she expected to be surgery on her disfigured face. She had fallen from a horse in a bull ring at a friend's estate in Madrid and suffered a paralysis of the lip and cheek. She called in tears from New York, telling Frank of her plight and her fear of surgery. So he planned to her side to give her moral courage.

Betty hit the roof! Dining with Spencer Tracy and another friend at the Villa Capri during his absence, she was approached by a reporter who asked, "Where's Frankie?"

"Frankie who?" she snapped.

Then, before the surprised scribe could identify Mr. Sinatra, Betty said tartly, "I'm not his keeper. Who knows where he is? Or cares?"

She both knew—and cared. A lot.

But who can hold out on Frank when he wants to be charming and make up? Certainly not the girl who is so much in love with him. Pretty soon, after Ava flew back to Madrid without having surgery, Frankie and Betty were back together as happy and laughing as ever.

And this is the way the situation stands as this story is written.

What is my personal thought of what the future holds for them? Frankly, I don't know. I would love to see my friend, Betty, happily married to the man she loves so much. And I know Frankie loves her, too. If they should break up, I think her heart would break—again. Frankie may never again find a woman with whom he can share so much happiness and laughter.

They could be married by the time you read this.

It may never happen.

Either way, I believe I have shared with you, in this story, the reasons behind whatever decision is made.

END

'Betty' is in 20th-Fox's A GIFT OF LOVE. Frankie's doing DEVIL MAY CARE for MGM and KINGS GO FORTH for United Artists.

three minutes in the fires

of hell

(Continued from page 21) only excitement that will ever come to my life is my husband and our baby."

It is 3 a.m., January 14, 1958. The large, white, two-story Wayne home, centered amid the neatly landscaped acreage, has slept quietly through the moonless night.

Inside the house, on the second floor, Pilar turned slightly in the huge bed, dreaming, perhaps, of a husband who was thousands of miles from her side, on a movie location.

In a far corner of the room, beyond a wall fireplace, stood a large crib. In it slept the Wayne's chubby-cheeked, twenty-month-old daughter, Aissa.

There were no sounds except the soft breathing of the mother and her child. No hint, no signal, no omen of the terror that would strike in the next second.

Then, suddenly, in a burst of flame and light and smoke, a small area near the fireplace was a blazing fire!

Still Pilar slept.

Dionne Foster is one actress who doesn't complain about a 5:30 a.m. location call or a lengthy day of filming in her latest, Warners' *The Deep Six*. An arduous day of making a Hollywood motion picture is a vacation compared to the schedule she set for herself in England for two years, when she was in the London production of *The Hollow*—and was making movies too!

For two hectic years the schedule went something like this:

Up at 4 a.m. A quick cup of tea before walking to the nearest subway station. Then a train to the station nearest the movie studio. There take a bus to the studio.

The actress would be before the camera until about 5:15 p.m., then the same trip of bus, train, and subway back to London. Hurry to the theatre to be made up before curtain time. After the play, supper. Then to bed for a few hours before starting the merry-go-round all over again the next day.

A girl can get tired!

But a small dachshund dog ran, half-skidding, down the outside hallway, the nails on its paws beating a quick tattoo on the hardwood floor.

It was barking frantically. The dog squirmed its way through the partly opened door and bounced across the bedroom carpet. With a leap it was on the bed, whining, growling, barking.

Pilar Wayne rolled over, dimly aware that she was half awake, half asleep and that the dog was barking too loudly.

She put out a drowsy hand to reach the dog. "Shush, Blackie, shush," she murmured.

But Blackie only barked louder between his whines of noisy despair.

A feather of white smoke floated over Pilar's face. It's pungent odor was caught in the deep breath of her dozing consciousness. She wrinkled her nose.

"I don't know what I thought that first moment," Pilar recalls. "I remember Blackie's barking seemed so insistent.

"Then—it seemed like a dream—there was a funny stinging sensation in my nose. I coughed and I felt the same sting in my eyes. By now Blackie's barking was close to my ear and I could feel him running up

(Advertisement)

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By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement.

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

and down the bed. It seemed so mixed-up and I asked myself if I were dreaming. And I do not know what made me feel this, but I was afraid."

That was when Pilar opened her eyes. "My God," thought Pilar, "it is a fire . . . the house is burning . . . and Duke is not here . . . or is it that I am dreaming. . . ."

Any drowsy doubt Pilar might have had that she was still dreaming was gone in the next instant when she looked past the frantic figure of the dog to the crib.

"I think," says Pilar, "that at a time like that God lets you think and act more swiftly. Everything happens so fast you do not ever realize that your mind and body are working. Yet, when it is over, what happened in minutes, is remembered as in slow-motion."

"When I saw the flames crawling along the wall toward Aissa's crib, that's when I screamed."

Save the baby

Even before the echo of her cry had died, Pilar was moving toward her baby's side. Barefooted, wearing only a flimsy nightgown, Pilar was half-way to the crib, passing in front of the fireplace when—

Whoom! The great layer of heavy white smoke that had been hugging the ceiling suddenly burst into a canopy of flame. "It hit me like the breath of a tremendous oven," says Pilar.

Heat spewed out to every corner. Huge, smoke-tipped flames spread great blankets of white smoke in every direction.

Another sheet of flame raced along, blistering the paint on the walls.

In less than five seconds the once luxurious bedroom was a seething inferno of flame, smoke and unbearable heat.

Now, with so much fire and smoke, breathing for Pilar was difficult. The burning fog of white seared her throat and

lungs. She could not stop coughing. Her eyes began to redden. She staggered toward the crib, trying to fend the heat away from her eyes with her arm.

"When I finally did reach the baby," Pilar says, "I rolled the blanket over Aissa's face. I remember thanking God for letting me get to her. I picked her up and started for the nursery door because it was closer than the hallway. But now my eyes had watered so badly I could not see clearly. I said to myself how lucky I'm near that door."

But weakened by her difficulty in breathing, tears streaming down her cheeks, the tiny woman realized she was losing her strength. Aissa felt twice her usual weight.

"Although the room was bright from the flames," Pilar says, "I discovered that I could not see the door. Everything was blurred. I tried to rub the tears out of my eyes, but it only made them worse. I tried to distinguish the outlines of furniture but I could make out nothing but a red-gray light all around me. Then it seemed the room began to revolve and I know now I was getting dizzy. I put out my hand hoping I could find something to lean on until I got to the door. I started to fall. The wall stopped me."

Sliding along the wall, Pilar finally came to the door and clutched at the knob.

The knob turned, but the door wouldn't open. The heat had swollen the wood and it was jammed against the door frame.

Tropped!

"That's when I became terrified," says Pilar, "because I didn't think my strength would last—the smoke was like liquid now—and I could not think where to turn, where the hallway door was."

"I did not know what to do," Pilar continues, "nor which way to turn. And then over the noise of the fire, I heard a bark! 75

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"Blackie was at my feet barking. Somehow the presence of that little dog gave me new strength. I thought if he, who is only a dog, is all right, perhaps I am all right, too.

"I said to myself, follow Blackie, Pilar. Trust him. And do not lose your head again. Aissa's life depends on you."

But then, as though Pilar had lost her hearing, Blackie's bark faded. Pilar knew she could not lose the dog now. Her eyes had swollen shut from the smoke, nausea was coming to her stomach from swallowing the thick smoke and her lungs seemed ready to burst for the need of air.

Moving as quickly as she could toward Blackie's distant bark, she had taken three or four steps when she hit a low table she had forgotten was in the center of the room. She fell to the floor, but twisted her small body under Aissa to save the infant from injury.

"That is when I believed that I might die in that room," Pilar says, with the memory of that desperation still vivid in her mind. "But that fall to the floor saved my life—and Aissa's. Because I was able to breathe now. The cooler, cleaner air, I now remembered, was always near the floor in a fire. It revived me and I rubbed the tears from my eyes. I still had to find that door.

"Then I heard barking again, very loud now. Blackie was at my side again, first sniffing at me, then at Aissa.

"I started to crawl toward Blackie. I could see a little. All of a sudden Blackie disappeared again.

Still inching her way along the floor Pilar recalls saying, "Blackie! Blackie! Come back! Come back!" She does not remember whether she thought the words or screamed them.

If it weren't for Blackie . . .

"Then I felt Blackie's cool nose sniffing at my face. I kept moving, by first pushing the bundle that was Aissa ahead of me and then dragging myself forward on my elbows.

"After what seemed like an eternity I put out my hand and felt the door. It was open a few inches.

"Blackie's entrance had left it ajar. Otherwise it might have been jammed shut, like the other, from the heat. I pulled the door open and fresh air swept through against my face."

I loved etchika

(Continued from page 34) blast at publicity. I'd be plain crazy to adopt an anti-publicity attitude for one simple reason: I'm grateful. And I'm well aware that the magazines helped me plenty by keeping the public's interest in me alive between pictures. So I don't want to sound like an ingrate. But one phase of publicity hurt me a lot—trumped-up publicity.

It interfered the one time I was in love . . . with Etchika Choureau.

And it embarrassed me when a good friend was concerned—Venetia Stevenson.

In fact, about two weeks ago a friend of mine called me up and said, "Congratulations. When's the wedding?"

"What are you talking about," I asked, "and by the way, who am I supposed to be marrying?"

"Why it's in the papers," my friend said. "I'll read you the item: TAB HUNTER PROPOSED TO VENETIA STEVENSON LAST NIGHT AND SHE SAID 'MAYBE.'"

I don't think it would be ungentlemanly or telling tales out of school to say that this item was completely without basis!

I first met Venetia when she was mar-

ried to Russ Tamblin. You see, knowing I live alone, and that I'm not the greatest cook in the world, a lot of married couples in Hollywood have asked me over to their homes. That's how it was that I was invited to the Tamblins'. Russ and I have known each other for quite a while. I went over to their house and we had a nice evening.

Anyway, after Russ and Venetia split up, a mutual friend of ours called me one day and told me that he thought Venetia seemed lonely and suggested I ask her out. So I did. We had our first date two days later. We went horseback riding. I found it very exciting teaching Venetia how to ride because she seemed to take to it so fast. She'd only ridden a few times before, but she'd never taken it seriously before. It was like a whole new world for her. I've never seen anyone improve so. She really applied herself, and you never saw anyone get as excited as she was when she entered her first horse show a couple of months later.

We had a lot of fun. We used to have a regular routine. We'd meet around six in the morning and we'd head for a little bakery on Sunset Boulevard, called Puppi's. We'd get there just as the first

The priceless collection

After escorting the maids to safety, Pilar went back into the house a second time, found a fire extinguisher in the kitchen and returned to the second floor and fought the fire desperately to save her husband's den.

"There were things in there," says Pilar, "which he could never replace. It would have made him very sad to lose them."

Her delaying action—and the prompt arrival of the firemen—did save the fabulous and priceless collection of mementos Wayne has gathered during his acting career. But his clothes and Pilar's were destroyed.

"It's incredible," concludes Pilar, "but those three minutes, while I tried to get out of the bedroom with Aissa, seemed like three hours."

The fire brought out seven Los Angeles fire companies. Division Chief Harry Gross, who led the firefighters, estimated that if Pilar had stayed in that bedroom another two minutes she and Aissa would never have gotten out alive.

The next morning Mrs. Overlander called, and, in admiration, told the tiny woman that she had done a very brave thing.

Pilar nodded her head and looked at her burned arms, swathed in bandages. "That's what I discovered," she said softly, "all mothers are brave."

END

John Wayne is in United Artists' LEGEND OF THE LOST and will appear in THE BARBARIAN for 20th-Fox.

batch of hot rolls and coffee cake was being taken out of the oven. We'd buy a bag of Danish and get some coffee and be on our way to the stables.

After a while, she started going riding by herself, and now—occasionally—we run into each other out at the barns.

We had a lot of fun; we're still good friends.

But the whole point of my going into all of this is that, although it's been months since we've seen each other regularly, I still see pictures and read stories about how we're practically one step away from the altar!

(Editor's note: Venetia's story—her whole story, just as she told it to us—starts on page 48.)

This brings me up to another story, another girl and another load of publicity.

Only in this case, I can honestly say the amount of attention we received helped kill our romance. . . .

The only difference between all the other stories and this one was that when our romance was blown up in all the magazines and labeled a real love match, for once the magazines were right! I'll never be as attracted to any one, or as attached, as I was to Etchika Choureaux. But even though this was a real romance, the abundance of publicity, though based on fact, grew so out of proportion that it hurt me. At least to the extent that I feel it kept me from thinking coolly and calmly about things at the time . . . and when I did smarten up and think right—well, then it was too late.

I'm being completely open about my feelings. With Etchika, for the first time, I was really in love; for the first time I was really close to marriage.

I went so far, then I got scared and backed away.

I wasn't sure.

Not that the girl in question wasn't wonderful or that she wouldn't make a good wife. It was something else. Something hard to explain—difficult to put into words. . . .

But I really feel that one of the reasons nothing came of our romance was that all the stories contributed to my unreason.

Before we were sure ourselves, of how we really felt about each other, our relationship had been so built up in the papers that I felt hemmed in, felt that the decision had been made for me before I'd been ready to decide for myself. It was the same with Etchika. Reporters would ask her how she felt about me, what our real relationship was and she couldn't answer, because she wasn't sure herself. So, since the two people involved couldn't answer the questions, other people wrote answers for us. One day I'd read where we were eloping. The next day I'd see stories about how Etchika said she didn't feel she could take me out of circulation, because it might hurt my career.

How silly can a dreamed-up story get! Then there were the stories about how I was going to follow her to Europe, even if it meant breaking my contract with the studio. Words, words, words and all the time we ourselves didn't know yet what our real feelings were! All I knew was that she was so cute, so full of vitality, so . . . well, she's got everything!

Anyway, we finished making *With You In My Arms*, and she was leaving for Paris almost immediately. She's a big star in Europe—has been for years. But just before she left we went to a party at Gary Cooper's home. This was at the time all the stories were circulating about us. We spent most of that evening sitting on a couch, talking. There were dozens of people at the party but we were ob-

livious to everything except each other. That night I said to her, "Etchika, I don't know what to do. I know I love you, but if I ask you to marry me, if I ask you to be my wife it has to be forever. And if I say forever I mean forever. Right now I'm not sure."

To me love means marriage, and that means the building of a foundation for togetherness. I could never say "I love you" casually. It isn't fair. And I can never make any promise that I'm not prepared to keep. That's how it was that evening with Etchika. I knew I loved her! I knew I felt for her as I've never felt for anyone before. But I got so far and then I got scared. It may sound stupid but she didn't think so. She understood.

You see, I'm a coward in some ways. I have to admit it. All my life I've run away from things instead of facing up to them. Like when I was unhappy with my career. Instead of trying to make the best of it, I sought escape by going out of town and entering horse shows. I stayed out of town as long as I could. Yes, it's true; I run rather than face up to things. That evening at the Coopers' home, Etchika and I talked for hours and decided that we couldn't rush things. That even if everyone around us was rushing us by assuming we were going to marry, by writing stories about our supposed elopement, and even a few about how we were secretly married, that despite any outside pressures our love was too important a thing to be rushed.

Frankly, I was an idiot to let Etchika slip through my fingers. I don't know, maybe it's still not too late. The way we left things, who can say. I only know that my feelings for her have not changed, at least not inside where it matters. I know this to be true because the other day I went into a projection room at the studio to see the finished version of our picture. This may sound funny but the minute I saw her face up there on the screen I wanted to cry. What do I mean I wanted to? I did! I sat there and bawled.

You know, when I look back on the times Etchika and I had together it occurs to me that we were never really alone very much. We were busy making the picture and usually surrounded by other people. But that didn't matter—the feeling we had for each other, it was there, even though we weren't alone. I've tried to think about how it was during those days. Tried to pinpoint just what it was about her that made me feel the way I did. But how can anyone really say what it is that makes him fall in love? I only know that when I was with her it was something very special . . . almost magic.

I don't know what the future holds. I really don't know. But the other day I received a letter from her. When I read it, my first impulse was to sit down and answer it that very moment. Yet something stopped me and I put the pen and paper away. Maybe it's because I'm still scared. The only thing I know for sure is that I feel I have profited by this experience. I hope I've matured enough, grown up enough to know that the real thing, the real love that I'm looking for, can never be harmed by outside forces—that nothing, no one, can stop me from being adult enough to decide things—to face up to them—not to run away. Yes, I feel that publicity killed my romance—but I know that I'll never again let rumors or gossip keep me from the life of togetherness I seek with a woman I can love and be happy with—forever. **END**

Tab and Etchika are appearing together in Warners' LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE. Etchika is now in Warners' DARBY'S RANGERS and Tab will soon appear in Columbia's GUNMAN'S WALK and Warners' DAMN YANKEES.

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does he love my daughter enough?

(Continued from page 28) a great appetite for her cooking—something that never makes any woman exactly unhappy. I remember how it became kind of a friendly joke at the table when Vic was over for dinner, now Mrs. Pierangeli would sit down after serving the food and watch Vic taste the spaghetti or the lasagna—her specialty—or whatever she'd made and wait for him to tell her what he thought—as if she were counting on him, above the others, to tell her how good it was.

What Mrs. Pierangeli didn't count on, however, was losing her Pier to Vic. Not, at least, while Pier was still only twenty-one, so young, so very young in her mother's eyes.

But the night Pier still remembers so well came. And the decision of giving her happy blessing to the couple or shaking her head with a firm "No!" rested in her mother's heart.

A nervous moment

"Vic had proposed to me a little while earlier," Pier says, "and now it was time to come home and ask Mama for my hand. He was a little nervous. I remember how on the way he stopped at a bakery shop and bought a big box of spumoni, the Italian ice cream Mama likes so much. Then we got home and he showed Mama the spumoni and said he would like to talk to her. I think she sensed right away what he wanted to talk about. 'Let us go into the other room,' she said. They both went in and I sat down to wait, to wait for them both to come out all smiles and kiss me, to wait for us all to celebrate the wonderful thing that was happening."

Pier's mother and Vic sat talking in the other room for an hour and a half. They both looked tired when they finally did come out, but Mrs. Pierangeli had obviously said yes to Vic's request.

Everything was fine. Just fine.

Except that Pier couldn't help noticing something missing—that splurge of celebration she'd been thinking about as he'd sat there waiting for them to come back to her that long hour and a half.

"Maybe," she thought, "maybe they are both too tired now. Maybe tomorrow we will celebrate, after we have told Marisa and little Patrizia."

Pier, happier than she'd ever been in her whole life—despite the slight disappointment of a little while earlier—gave thanks to God for being so good to her.

She'd planned to go to sleep now, right away, so tomorrow would come sooner and so she could see Vic again.

Someone to share the secret

But her head was too dizzy. She was too happy. She knew she would not sleep.

She opened the door to Marisa's room. If Marisa is awake, Pier thought, she would tell her the good news and they would sit up for the rest of the night and talk about the wedding and their gowns and the kind of flowers they would carry and all the things sisters talk about when one of them is going to be married soon.

But Marisa was asleep, fast asleep.

Then Pier tip-toed over to her baby sister Patrizia's room. She opened the door and peeked in. The sound of the door opening awakened Patrizia. Pier rushed over to her and, hugging her, told her the news, that she and Vic were going to get married.

She couldn't understand why, instead of laughing and hugging her back, Patrizia had begun to cry.

"Perché piangi?" she asked her little sister, softly. "Why do you cry?" "Because," the girl said, sobbing and

rubbing the tears from her sleepy eyes, "because now we are going to lose you."

In bed a little while later Pier lay awake, looking up at the shadowed ceiling. Patrizia's words kept pushing against her ears. "Lose you," she heard the little voice say, *lose you...lose you...* And then she saw her mother's eyes again and the look in them that she had tried to avoid understanding a little while ago, but that she realized now meant *but you are so young...so young...so young...*

And again Pier began to pray, the prayer of any young girl about to be married—movie star or factory girl; today, yesterday or a hundred years ago.

"Please, God," she prayed, "please make everything turn out all right."

The wedding turned out beautifully, as everyone remembers. The honeymoon was all that a perfect honeymoon should be.

But when they came back home a newspaper columnist announced their return with the news:

PIER AND VIC'S HAPPY SMILES AT THE AIRPORT CAN'T CONCEAL THE FACT THEY'RE WORRIED WORRIED ABOUT WHAT? IN-LAW TROUBLE. WHOSE IN-LAW? VIC'S.

The report was a gross exaggeration. But nobody will deny that everything wasn't exactly smooth as bridal silk.

"My brothers are always kidding me about money. They say that with me money is an obsession."

"That's not so at all. I know there are more important things... but unless you have money THEY WON'T GO OUT WITH YOU!"

—Groucho Marx

But daughters do grow up

Pier herself remembers those first weeks after the honeymoon.

"When we first came back we didn't see too much of Mama or Marisa or Patrizia," she says. "I guess that is the way it is with all new brides and their husbands. There is so much to do, fixing the house, buying things, getting to know one another more and more—so much. But," Pier adds with a smile, "Mama would always be on the phone calling me. And if it was a little cold outside that day she would say, 'It is cold outside today. Are you wearing a warm sweater?' Or if it suddenly turned hot she would call and say, 'It is hot today. Are you making sure you are staying out of the sun and keeping in the shadows?' Once I even told her, 'Mama, why are you calling me so much? Do you think I am still a little child?' And once she even had a talk with Vic and asked about something I was doing. And Vic said to her, 'Anna—that is my real name and what he always calls me—'Anna is my wife, Mama, and I love her dearly. And I will take care of her. So don't worry.'"

But Mrs. Pierangeli couldn't help worrying—just a little, as far as she was concerned; though seemingly quite a bit, as far as the newlyweds were concerned.

And things didn't seem to be made any better for anybody concerned when after they'd returned from their honeymoon, then after their baby Perry had been first born, Pier and Vic had to pack their bags and leave Hollywood. Vic had a rash of singing engagements to fill in the East. Then there was a business trip to Europe they both had to make. And then there

was a trip here. And still another trip there. And, all in all, they were going to be gone for a very long time.

This is when the rumor-mongers began to reach for their bongos again.

ARE THE DAMONES PURPOSELY STAYING AWAY TO AVOID MAMA? one of them chanted.

HAS MRS. PIERANGELI BEEN SAYING THINGS ABOUT HER NEW SON-IN-LAW BEHIND HIS BACK DURING HIS AND HIS WIFE'S ABSENCE? another asked.

The fact is that Mrs. Pierangeli wasn't saying anything to anyone about whatever she was feeling at the time.

The fact is, too, that Pier and Vic were beginning to hear about these newspaper reports—and what they heard began to upset them, terribly.

Surprise!

"I spoke to Pier toward the end of December of that year," a very good studio friend of Pier's told us, "and she was heartbroken that she and Vic couldn't make it back to spend Christmas with her mother and sisters. But they would surely be in for New Year's Eve, she said, and they wanted very much to surprise her mother. You know, pop in on her that night and have a big reunion.

"When their plane came in, Pier—carrying what looked like dozens of Christmas packages—was almost crying with excitement.

"Mrs. Pierangeli opened the door. She

see everything was coming along all right. "It is all right if I sit down here for a little while?" she asked her daughter.

"Si. Mama," Pier said.

It was hard, Pier knew, for a mother to sit in her daughter's kitchen while the daughter worked, and not do anything. So quickly, and trying not to be too obvious about it, she brought over a cake she'd made earlier that afternoon and asked her if she'd put on the icing—which she'd also made, so it would be ready for dessert.

"Buono," Mrs. Pierangeli said, getting on with the job. "Good."

And within a few minutes it seemed like old times again to both mother and daughter, being together, working together, talking together.

A beautiful marriage

Actually, it was Pier who did most of the talking. And it was Vic she talked about most.

"You know, Mama," she said, "Vic and I, we never fight since we are engaged or married. I don't like the word fight. Sometimes we don't agree. But then we don't have a fight. We have a discussion. We try always to talk everything out. When you have brains and a mind, you should discuss things—not fight. Every night we never go to sleep without kissing and saying our prayers together. If anything was wrong during the day, we talk about it before we go to sleep and then we can wake up happy and not mad....

"He is seldom moody, my Vic. But sometimes, yes, he is so busy thinking about so many things, he is a little pre-occupied. When he's like this, I just leave him alone. And he knows why I am not bothering him. We don't say to each other, 'Why are you doing this? Why don't you do that?' We just leave each other alone. The human body needs at times to be alone, to relax. I will say to Vic sometimes, 'Can I help you?' And he will say, 'No, darling, I have to think something out and for a while I must be alone.' And that is the way I leave him....

"When we are together it is so much fun, Mama. You know, I even take up golf now? Vic is a great golfer. And me, I like it because he does. I am trying to understand the game. I practice it. I am getting to enjoy it. It is a good game because you are in the open air, you walk, you hit the ball, then you walk again. It is very healthy and we love to do this together. . . Also we love the movies. Sometimes we go to three different theaters in one night. We start at seven o'clock and we get home at two o'clock. I always give Vic his choice—cowboy. He always gives me my choice—the more romantic movie. Last night we went to see two pictures. *Oimé*, they were so bad I even forget what they're called. But we have fun, anyway."

Romance all over the house

Dinner was almost ready by this time and Mrs. Pierangeli, the cake all fixed and finished, got up from her chair and told Pier she was going upstairs for a minute to wash her hands.

Then, suddenly, halfway down the hall, she stopped. And that moment was the beginning, the beginning of a new happiness for all of them...because a terrible worry was lifted from Mrs. Pierangeli's heart. She was passing Pier and Vic's room when she noticed Vic in there, fixing some flowers he'd just placed in a vase.

"How beautiful they are, Vic," Mrs. Pierangeli said, entering the room.

Vic blushed a little. "They're just something I got for your baby today," he said. "Every day...every day I like to bring flowers home and surprise her with them.

BIGTIME: Joe Frisco, the veteran vaudevillian, plays a featured role in *Sweet Smell Of Success*. Frisco headlined at the famed Palace Theater on Broadway for years. One night, while he was on tour in Scranton, he saw a girl who was making her show business debut that night, kneel and pray silently. "Don't be nervous, little girl," said Frisco, then referred to her prayers. "The Big Guy up There covers only the Palace."

Leonard Lyons
in *The New York Post*

was stunned. When she saw Pier and Vic standing there, back finally and holding all those Christmas presents, she didn't seem to know what to do or say at first. Then the tears started to come to her eyes, too, and she grabbed them both."

Mama was at their house a couple of nights later, invited to dinner by both Pier and Vic.

She'd arrived a little early—"so I can help you with the meal," she'd told Pier. But Pier had winked at Vic, who promptly poured his mother-in-law a nice glass of wine. And as he did, Pier headed for the kitchen while telling her mother that she should please sit and relax, that she, Pier, already had the meal half ready and insisted on finishing it up by herself.

The spell is working

But then she heard a crash from the kitchen. And she jumped up from her chair and rushed inside.

"It's nothing, Mama," Pier said, bending to pick up a macaroni drainer that had happened to fall from its shelf. "Non e niente."

Mrs. Pierangeli breathed a sigh of relief. She looked over at the stove. She couldn't resist. She walked over to examine the contents of the pots that sat on top of it, steaming merrily away. "Everything is coming along all right, Anna?" she asked.

"Si, Mama," Pier said, smiling.

Mrs. Pierangeli nodded. Yes, she could



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"Quiet, QUIET," yelled Betty Hutton.

HOW BETTY HUTTON STOPPED 'EM COLD

■ If Betty Hutton hadn't lost her head one night years ago—chances are she'd be singing on street corners today.

It happened back in her night club days.

As night club performers will tell you, it's no soft snap to sing your heart out to a roomful of noisy customers. They have to keep on yodeling—and smiling sweetly through all the clatter and chatter. But many a time there's murder in their hearts.

On this particular occasion, Betty was singing between floor shows at the Casa Manana. Billy Rose and Lou Holtz were the star attractions, and Betty was just filling in for them. The louder she sang—and this gal could really give her tonsils a workout—the more they seemed to ignore her. There was a large party, celebrating something or other at a ringside table near the bandstand. The party's shrieks filled the place, drowning out Betty until she couldn't stand it. Then she stopped the show in a most unusual manner.

Blockbustin' Betty grabbed at a nearby curtain and swung into action. Literally! She landed feet first into the party of merry-makers. "Quiet—Quiet!" she yelled in far-from-ladylike tones. That stopped 'em cold.

And Betty fled to her dressing room in tears. If only, she reproached herself, she hadn't lost her head! Now she'd be singing on street corners for a living.

There was a knock on the door, and Betty opened it to Rose and Holtz. "I know," she sobbed. "I'm fired!"

"Fired? Heck, no. That's the funniest bit we've ever seen. You'll be featured in our floor-show—doing it every performance!"

The very next night, Betty joined their act. The customers have been listening to her ever since—and yelling for more!

You know, putting them in different parts of the house, where she has to kind of find them. . . ."

"That is nice, Vic," Mrs. Pierangeli said. "That is very nice."

Vic finished fixing the flowers and then left the room, telling his mother-in-law he'd see her downstairs.

"All right," Mrs. Pierangeli called out. She looked at the flowers again. Then she decided, now that she was here, that she might as well use the bathroom adjoining the master bedroom to wash her hands. After wetting her hands, she reached for the soap. And it was under the soap that she found the little note that had obviously been placed there just a few minutes earlier. The note read:

My wife—

I adore you

—Vic.

Mrs. Pierangeli didn't say anything when she got back downstairs. But she went straight to the kitchen, where Vic was helping Pier with a few last-minute dinner touches, kissed them both and said, "I know now that both you children are happy, very happy. And that is all any mother wants out of life, all that is really important when her job is done. . . ."

How a mother feels

"After that," Pier says today, "everything was wonderful between the three of us. You know, what I told you before, about Mama phoning me all the time after we were first married, about the cold weather and the sweaters and all those things? Well, now that I am a little older I know what my mother meant at that time. It's mother instinct. Now that I have my own baby, especially, I realize what the mother feels inside about her child.

"And don't forget, my mother—before I married Vic—she came all over the world with me, was always with me. With Marisa it was not always this way. Marisa was in school those years, on her own a little more. But with me, Mama was always there and it was a little hard for her to learn that she was not always going to be with me anymore.

I wish I could have worn white

(Continued from page 40) that is constantly attached with so much excitement and publicity—I want my wedding simple and small and sweet. This little chapel holds only a few people—less than a hundred. And at night we will have candlelight and moonlight. The moon will show through the glass spires, for the whole church is glass. It is just everything I want," Jayne sighed happily. "Oh, May, I'm so in love, so happy!"

It was twelve days before the wedding, and Jayne looked as joyous as a bride-to-be should look that morning. She was still in her negligee and her eyes were still a little sleepy looking. She was curled like a kitten on a lounge on the sun deck. And we had breakfast together to plan the wedding. Before we had finished our orange juice however, Mickey arrived to wish Jayne good morning. Mickey—tall and handsome, with his eyes twinkling—scooped Jayne up and gave her a good-morning kiss. *Everyone should be so happy, I thought.*

"Now that it is all happening," Jayne observed softly, "it seems more wonderful by the second. I'm marrying the man I love, and it is all so much a part of Heaven to us, so sacred. It is such a joyous wonderful thing," Jayne sighed from her perch on Cloud 16.

"My parents will fly out from Dallas for

"My baby sister Patrizia, too. Her first words when I told her I was going to get married were, 'Now we are going to lose you.' But as soon as she, like Mama, saw she would still see me, that I would always be her flesh and blood, part of her family, she realized she was not really losing me.

"Now everything is all right. My mother, my sisters—I see them very much.

"And my mother is very happy now. When she sees that I can handle the responsibilities—the house, the baby, the marriage—she is happy. And now I realize how strong this woman is and I pray to God for her strength.

"Don't forget, when she came here with us she had no English, no husband. Just the courage to leave Italy and take us here.

"And I thank her for all the things she taught me. When I was four years old, she started to teach me. How to press, how to sew, how to cook. We were never poor, but the Italian mother teaches you this way. And she tells you that one day you can be up-up-up and the next day you can be down-down and that it is good to know all the things a woman should know.

"I thought I would always be healthy. Then, before my baby was born, I was in an accident and I got sick, so sick. I was down. But through faith and through everything I'd been taught all my life, I believed for the best—and this belief is what made me get better and what gave me a healthy, wonderful child.

"I only hope that God will give me the wisdom of my mother, and her strength. Because of her, I know a lot of things. Because of her, Vic and I are happier than maybe we would be otherwise.

"We thank her for everything, things she did for me before I knew Vic, ways before; before I knew what all her hard work was leading to.

"Vic and I, we thank her from the bottom of our hearts."

END

Pier is appearing in MGM's MERRY ANDREW.

the wedding. After the ceremony, Mickey and I will take the midnight plane to Dallas. We'll toast our marriage with champagne, in the air. We'll stay in the guest house in the garden of my parents. They are having it especially decorated for us. The reception will be held in the living room of their home. This is the way it should be. We had offers for big receptions in Hollywood with hundreds of guests, but this is ours. This way no big publicity circus or anything like that can possibly be attached to our marriage.

"Mickey's parents are behind the iron curtain in Hungary. We know they are alive, but we have had no direct communication from them for a year and a half. Mother is so delighted with Mickey who is the same age as the son she had who died. Mickey, who has missed his family, loves mine. It is all so perfect.

Ten days before the wedding a finely engraved pink invitation arrived which read: MR. AND MRS. HARRY L. PEERS REQUESTS THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER, JAYNE MANSFIELD TO MR. MIKLOS HARGITAY ON MONDAY, THIRTEENTH OF JANUARY AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING. THE WAYFARERS CHAPEL PALOS VERDES DRIVE SOUTH, PORTUGUES BEND, PALOS VERDES.

"May, I am wearing pink at my wedding," Jayne telephoned me that ver-

night. "I thought it over, and I decided to have a new dress, and not use the studio dress. It is going to be a dream, and Charlie LeMaire at the studio, is making it. And May, listen to this," Jayne ecstasized, "Mickey and I are going to move into a beautiful big new home in Holmby Hills. It is Mickey's wedding present to me. It will have a heart shaped pool!"

Then Mickey was on the telephone. "I have made the down payment on it—on the \$175,000 house," he laughingly explained. "You know I'd give Jayne the world, if I had it," he added seriously. "Sometimes," he said in a low voice, "I can't believe my good fortune in having such a wonderful girl."

Then Jayne was back on the telephone, "I don't know what I ever did before Mickey came along," she said. "I want to be the best wife in the world for him. May, you don't know how wonderful in so many ways, and how good Mickey is. He never steps into the house that he doesn't take over the whole of the responsibility. If there is a leaky faucet or something that he can do, he does it. And he helps Jayne Marie with her lessons, and reads to her."

They had just finished dinner, Jayne told me, and were still at the table. Jayne had cooked the dinner. "I often cook dinner for Mickey," Jayne said. "Of course, I do. Any woman who can't cook for her man isn't all woman," she said. "And Mickey's best friend—Ross Christina; he's going to be our best man—arrived tonight from Indianapolis. You'll have to meet him, May," Jayne enthused.

And what did they eat, that Jayne had prepared with her own two hands? "I barbecued pork chops, and we had baked potatoes and boiled cabbage with butter and baked apples. I cook healthful things," Jayne remarked. "When I first met Mickey, I used to eat lots of what he called junk. Like candy bars and popcorn and soda pop. Mickey doesn't eat junk, and he taught me how to eat correctly."

The burden is eased

"I always had to go it alone with my career, and take care of Jayne Marie right along with it," Jayne said, quietly—remembering. "You know that, May. You've been around me a lot here and, in New York. You know how many times I've taken Jayne Marie with me on picture layouts when I couldn't get a baby-sitter, and even when I had to make personal appearances in New York. In an emergency, I'd tip the powder room maid to watch Jayne Marie for ten minutes while I made an appearance as queen or something. I've never for a second let my career interfere with my being Jayne Marie's mother. I even took her to school with me when I went to college."

"And then Mickey came into my life. He took all of the load of responsibility off my shoulders. He makes every hardship a pleasure. I have the hardest time trying to do something for him. I don't know how I ever lived without Mickey."

It was now eight days before Jayne's wedding, and a thousand requests had already been received, asking to attend the wedding.

The hullabaloo

That night Jayne and I were sitting near her swimming pool, freezing a little in the chill of Benedict Canyon, but warmly wrapped in our respective mink coats. And Jayne was bewildered!

"My friends are the press," she was saying, "and I don't want anyone's feelings hurt. But there's only room for one hundred people in the little chapel!"

Three months ago, I remembered we had also been sitting near the pool enjoying girl talk just before Jayne was to leave

for her seven-weeks personal appearance tour in Europe. The rumor then was that everyone hoped Jayne would meet a titled duke or prince in Europe, or at least an heir of a great fortune.

Jayne said it then, and she repeated it now, "There isn't a man in the world for me except Mickey. I knew it ten minutes after we met."

They had met two years ago, when she was starring in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* on Broadway. And Jayne-girl was the toast of the town.

"Remember that column, May," Jayne asked, "the one you wrote in the *New York Herald-Tribune* two years ago. *Jayne Mansfield's 10 Most Wanted Men*. It's here in my scrap book. 'The more famous I get the more proposals I get,' I said then. I also said that I like older men with charcoal-gray hair. And I listed my ten current favorite beaux. It took Mickey to put my feet on the ground."

"This is the difference before Mickey. What can a girl receive from dating ten different men—except ten different, mixed-up situations?"

In Paddy Chayefsky's new movie, *The Bachelor Party*, Carolyn Jones plays the role of an existentialist. She felt she could play the role better if she knew what an existentialist really was. Miss Jones chose the direct way, by trying to reach Jean Paul Sartre, the founder of existentialism. She called him in Paris, and was told he was in Rome. In Rome she was told he was in Madrid, then London, Brussels, Geneva, Amsterdam. After a month's vain search she said: "Now I know what an existentialist is. He's someone who doesn't exist."

Leonard Lyons
in *The New York Post*

Real love

What happened when Jayne first met Mickey? She laughed, "My producer took me to the Latin Quarter to see the show, and Mickey was featured. Afterwards when I met him, I knew this was it. I believe that God made me for Mickey and Mickey for me. It was an immediate spiritual and chemical reaction—real love. There's never been a single doubt."

"All of the time I was in Europe, being escorted by the dukes, the counts and the earls that the studios arranged for, I was thinking only of the day I'd get back to Mickey. Lord Kilbracken met me at the airport in London and the papers asked, 'Do you and the Lord have any plans?' That was ridiculous. In my heart I was engaged to Mickey; I had just tearfully said good-bye to him. I felt like I was almost sinning to even let another man escort me. *What will Mickey think?* I kept wondering as I read all of the publicity in the papers. It didn't seem fair. Mickey never stepped out of Benedict Canyon the seven weeks I was gone. I'm a very lucky girl, that he has such understanding, that he knew the stories were just for publicity. I'm so lucky in love," Jayne said.

Little Jayne Marie in her nightie and robe joined us. "Which lullabye will you sing me tonight, Mommie?" she asked. Jayne took the child on her lap, sang a lullabye, and then took the little girl inside to hear her prayers.

It was now the following day, the seventh day before the wedding. Jayne and I were sitting on the pink satin bed with the fan-shaped pink mirrored headboard that Mickey had designed and had made for her. We were delighting—as

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girls always will—over her trousseau. Loads of very filmy night gowns, negligees, and lingerie. Pink and white and blue. Long and fluffy, baby doll, waltz and princess lengths. "I can't wait for Mickey to see," Jayne enthused. And there was the big surprise: her wedding gown.

"I'll wear pink at my wedding . . ."

Six days before the wedding. Jayne told me about the wedding ring she got for Mickey. "It's a plain gold band inscribed: *To My Husband on his Wedding Day. I Love You. 1 - 13 - 58.* And for a gift," Jayne said, "I'm duplicating a gold tie clasp that Mickey lost, and it is inscribed: *My husband from his Wife.*" How Jayne loved saying "My Husband." She caressed each syllable.

"We're going to Florida for our honey-

moon. We'll return to Las Vegas on the 19th, for rehearsals on our show at the Tropicana. It's going to be my life story, about a little, wide-eyed girl from Texas who knew she was born to be a star."

Jayne's ring

I cornered Mickey, who arrived just as I was leaving. And he showed me Jayne's ring, a gold band engraved: *My everlasting love is yours.*

Right now I'd like to say that Mickey Hargitay, besides being the man she loves, is the best thing that ever happened to Jayne. I have grown to know, like, and respect Mickey in the last two years. He is considerate, kind, and yes, possessive! That possessiveness caused headlines once. It was during their Korea jaunt with Bob Hope to entertain our troops.

NATALIE'S HEAVY DATES



Bob phoned Natalie for a date. She had a surprise for him.

■ On February 21, 1957, at four o'clock, Bob Wagner phoned Natalie at her home.

"What about dinner tonight?" he asked.

"Let me see," replied Natalie. "What day is today? Thursday? No. I'm sorry Bob, but I already have a date."

"Break it," insisted Bob.

"I can't, it's too heavy. Besides, the fellow is bringing a friend."

"What difference? You can shake them."

"But," said Natalie, "the thing is this friend is *also* bringing a friend."

"Leave it to me," replied Bob, "I'll get rid of all three of them!"

Something in Natalie's voice should have warned Bob. But he didn't catch it when she laughed and said, "All right, you do that. Be here at seven."

Bob was all set when he came for Natalie that evening. He was sure he could take care of his rivals. In fact, he himself opened the door when the bell rang. There stood a hulking stranger. Bob thought he recognized the man but somehow he just couldn't place him.

"Is Natalie in?" the stranger asked. "My name's Jack and we've got a date."

"She's in all right," said Bob, "but you can forget about that date. She's going out with me!"

Before the man could explain, the bell rang again. When Bob opened the door, there was another big guy.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I wanted to see Natalie. My name is Georges."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," answered Bob,

"and you think you're going to take her out tonight," interrupted Bob. "Well, forget it. I'm taking her out."

The bell rang again—another giant.

"My name is Luis—" the man began, but Bob cut in, furious by now. "Now listen. I don't care what your name is. You're not going out with her either, get it?"

Just then Natalie appeared.

"Oh, Bob," she said with a diabolic smile, "haven't you gotten rid of those fellows yet? Then maybe I'd better introduce you. Mr. R. J. Wagner, meet Mr. Jack Dempsey, Mr. Georges Carpentier, and Señor Luis Angel Firpo!"

"Wh-what?" stammered Bob incredulously, "you mean Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, is your date?"

"And don't forget me," said Georges Carpentier, one of the greatest boxers in history.

"And," grinned Luis Angel Firpo, "I suppose you remember they call me the Wild Bull of the Pampas!"

Bob suddenly looked a little green around the gills. But Jack laughed and said. "It's OK, Bob, you can come along too. Georges and Luis won't mind."

"You see," said Natalie, "I told you I had a *heavy* date!" And heavy they were—heavyweight prizefighters, all of them! But Bob doesn't care—he married the girl!

Watch for Natalie in Warners' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR and United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH. Bob can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's STOPOVER TOKYO.

Mickey explained it this way: at cocktails he was asked to escort the General's wife to dinner. "I have my fiancée," he replied, unaware of Army protocol.

Jayne said, "Place cards were switched, and a four-star admiral had no place to sit! Mickey graciously agreed to sit across from me. That was all there was to it. So we don't know what the fuss was about. Mickey is polite."

It was now four days before the wedding. "Mickey is a wonderful business man," Jayne said thoughtfully as we drove to the Ambassador Hotel, where Jayne was scheduled to appear as guest of honor at a civic luncheon.

"You know, May, when I was first offered a show in Las Vegas at \$12,500 a week, Mickey and I were visiting my parents in Texas. 'I'll accept,' I said in delight. Mickey said, 'No, you should get more.' I told my agent and he was terribly upset. For it meant four weeks—\$50,000. I said to Mickey, 'You'll cost me my career. I don't have special acts. I'm not a night club star.' But Mickey said patiently, 'Then we'll get you an act. And you are a star, wherever you appear.' Imagine the confidence he gives me! My agent said that the offer would never go higher. But it did—up to \$18,500. And Mickey said, 'It is not enough! If they give you \$25,000 a week for four weeks then you take it.' I was sure I wouldn't get it, but two days later the contracts were signed!"

Their long-range plans

"Mickey has many business enterprises, you know. He has business interests in Minneapolis, a chain of gas stations, and a health and food club. And a photo business."

"Movie money you can't keep," Jayne continued in a practical vein. "So you have to make long-range plans. We are incorporating the Jayne Mansfield Enterprises."

"We have an apartment house already and we are going to open a chain of pet stores and kennels. We have plans for a Hungarian restaurant, too."

"But of course," she added softly, "our main plan is to love each other the rest of our lives!"

She flipped on the car radio, and on every spot news program—were details of Jayne Mansfield's wedding-to-be!

"This is the little intimate wedding we planned," Jayne sighed. "But," she concluded, "isn't it wonderful that everyone is so interested, and wants to participate in the most important day of our lives!"

Three days before the wedding: the newspapers front-paged four-column pictures of Jayne and Mickey getting their license at the Los Angeles Hall of Records. Over fifty photographers had followed them all that day!

Two days before the wedding, in the afternoon, I hung a bridal pink bow caught with pink roses on the front door of my home. An hour later, twenty of Jayne's girl friends were circled on the floor *ohhing* and *ahhing* as Jayne opened her shower gifts. Maureen O'Hara's was an automatic skillet. Vera-Ellen gave her a white beaded wedding bag, and Marilyn Maxwell said, "Mine is practical!" proved to be white bath towels with pink satin monograms. Marie Windsor tied all of the gift ribbons into a wedding bouquet.

Jayne and Little Jayne and Jayne's mother wore pink. My house was decorated with pink vases filled with pink roses and pink carnations tied with pink satin bows. And centering the pink bridal cake was a doll wearing a duplicate of Jayne's pink lace wedding gown, which I had copied.

Mickey and Jayne's father arrived at sundown, just in time to hear Donald Maloof, the handsome young baritone who's soloist on the Arthur Godfrey show, sing *Because* and *Ave Maria*—which Jayne had asked him to sing at her wedding.

Jayne was reading her shower book of good wishes and I asked Mickey how he happened to come to America—"Did you see a picture of Jayne Mansfield?" I asked.

Mickey's decision

"No," he laughed, "that was ten years ago. I was eighteen and completing my course in psychology at the University of Budapest. I was to be drafted for the army and sent to Russia for four years. I escaped and was captured three different times. After many attempts, I finally reached America, and became a citizen."

"My parents, Frank and Maria Hargitay, and my two brothers and my sister are still behind the iron curtain," Mickey added quietly.

Jayne was dreamily listening to the album of wedding music on the hi-fi, and when it swung into Lohengrin's *Wedding March—Here Comes The Bride*, Jayne clasped Mickey's arm. "I love you," Mickey said.

"I love you more," Jayne replied to Mickey. Little Jayne Marie snuggled between them happily, with Mickey's big hand covering the child's as his arm enfolded his bride-to-be.

You just know it is going to be happy for them.

And then it was her wedding day. ... Eight thousand people attended Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay's wedding, but there was room for only 130 guests in the little glass church known as Way-

farer's Chapel in Palos Verdes. Scheduled for 8:00 P.M., between Jayne dressing at the church and the mobs of photographers and fans, the ceremony was delayed for forty-five minutes.

Jayne wore a pink lace wedding dress that was form fitting to the knees, where it billowed out into yards of fluff. She carried a bouquet of pink roses and Lily of the Valley.

Then Donald Maloof, an old friend of Jayne's was singing *Ave Marie* and *Because*, and the wedding ceremony began. ... Jayne never took her eyes away from Mickey during the ceremony.

When the minister pronounced them man and wife, Jayne whispered into Mickey's ear, "I love you, darling."

"I want to see your dress"

After the shower of rice and the throwing of the bridal bouquet, Mickey held Jayne at arms' length for a moment, saying, "Let me look at you. I've been seeing your face, and now I want to see your dress!"

Changing into a pink suit, over which she flung a mink coat, Jayne and Mickey and her parents, the Harry L. Peers, drove away in Mickey's white Cadillac. On the car was a not-unusual sign—JUST MARRIED and a long tail of cans and old shoes. The whole of the picturesque Portuguese Bend in Palos Verdes rang and re-rang with the cheers of the crowds and well-wishers.

The bridal party boarded the night plane for Dallas, where a family reception was held, and then Mr. and Mrs. Hargitay were off to Florida for their honeymoon.

And what did little Jayne Marie have to say about her new daddy? "Oh, I love him so!"

END

I'll never marry again

(Continued from page 48) each loaded with talent and personality, fail in marriage. Two people, each of whom are very dear to me, are in that situation now. Neither has been unfair to the other. But marriage has been a complete disillusionment for them.

If I seem to feel so strongly about the terrible results of an unsuccessful marriage—more strongly than most teenagers—it's because my whole life, my personality, and I guess my whole outlook has been affected by it.

Even before my parents were divorced, my life was affected—I guess because an unhappy marriage doesn't give parents much time to worry about their children. I was that poor little rich girl—I lived in the nursery, a separate wing of the large home my director father and actress mother had. I was raised by my governess.

Mother's day

Periodically, my mother would receive me in her bedroom.

She was Anna Lee, a successful actress. Her room was all mirrors and white satin. I'm sure there must have been more than mirrors and white satin in her room, but that's all I really can remember of my nearly mother-and-daughter relationship.

With my father, Robert Stevenson, it was different. Early in the evening he would come to the nursery. He loved me and would play games with me. Then, as I grew, he was a successful director. He didn't have much time to spare, but he did find time to give me some of the love I longed for. What family feelings I've retained pivot around my father.

Periodically, my parents would ask their friends to bring their children to our house. They came. I didn't know them.

I had been alone in my nursery too much to understand the give and take of play with strange children. Eager as I was for companionship, it would frighten me when children came to visit. Instead of welcoming them, waves of fear would hit me, and I'd run to my room to escape.

My parents were two people who had once thought they loved each other enough to be happy living together. Instead, they were two separate, unhappy individuals—and I was another separate little individual in our 'family.'

The great oversight

But they forgot to tell me when my father and mother got divorced.

One day, when I was seven years old, I heard from my nursery the sounds of a large crowd gathering downstairs.

Leaning over the top-floor bannister, I saw my mother being married to the man I now know as my stepfather!

Divorce? I'd never heard of it, then. But for the rest of my life I was to feel the repercussions...

It's a blurred memory, but I vaguely recall the day I went to court and told the judge I'd rather be in my father's custody than my mother's.

Mother's new husband was in World War II. He is younger than she is. His experiences hadn't prepared him to cope with a step-daughter. I was rebellious by this time. Our relationship didn't work out. I was sent to boarding school.

You've read about children who were miserable about being sent away from home. I adored it!

For me, the dormitory life—playing, laughing, sharing; even the inevitable quarrelling—was so much better than being alone in my nursery.

Where is home?

Once a month I went home for the week-



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end....

'Home' had a strange meaning for me. In my mother's home I was a young stranger. My visits caused problems, as my stepfather and I couldn't get along.

My father had remarried, also. And I met problems there, too.

I suppose I had a normal little girl's jealousy. I wanted my father to adore and protect me. I guess I didn't feel that he did... After all, one can't be adult and mature—at eight.

But by the time I was nine years old, I had decided there was only one person who could help Venetia Stevenson in this world... and that person has to be Venetia Stevenson—backed by a guardian angel.

That's the way I still think today. ...

A baby boy was born to my father and stepmother. I loved him from the first moment I saw his wrinkled baby face.

By the time I was fifteen, it had been three years since I had seen my mother. The home my father and stepmother had established was no haven for me. I was extremely mature for my age—and restless. And I was coming out of the awkward age.

From as early as I can remember, I knew I wanted to be an actress. I'd been sure of it all my life.

One day, in my room at Chadwick School, I took stock of myself carefully. I loved school, my grades were good. But was what I was learning going to help me as an actress? No. Was I old enough to go out on my own? In actual years, no. But, looking at my face in the mirror—from physical development, yes.

I quit school, left my father's home and struck out on my own.

The real truth

I didn't run away from home. Nobody threw me out. Lots of wrong versions have been circulated about this phase of my life. My father always knew where I was. He helped me with money.

I was fired from my job as an usher and candy girl at the Hawaiian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

I went to New York to break into modeling. My face was too teenage looking to model; at least that's what I was told over and over. I came back to California.

One clear, hot morning I took a break from job-hunting to go to the beach. Loaded down with a back rest, towels and magazines, the only thing I had in mind for the day was riding the surf and getting a smooth sun tan. A man with a camera strolled casually over and asked if I'd pose for pictures.

It never occurred to me that my first big break was happening. But that's what it was. The pictures taken that day paved the way for my becoming a magazine cover model in Los Angeles, and those covers led the way to an RKO contract and eventually, to my meeting Russ Tamblyn. ...

About the time when my career started on the up-grade, I started going to a psychiatrist.

I don't go to a psychiatrist any more. I didn't get the help I needed from him. But that experience did strengthen my belief that the only one who could really help me was myself.

When Russ and I approached marriage, we discussed every aspect of it. We started with the firm and sincere belief that we could make each other happy.

Russ and I were married on February 14, Valentine's Day, in a picturesque, beautiful little chapel that overlooks the palisades of the Pacific Ocean.

As I came down the aisle, a seventeen-year-old girl in a bridal gown, I glanced at the front pew—and saw an attractive woman in her early forties who turned

and smiled at me.

The wedding spectre

My mother had come to my wedding! It was the first time in five long years I had seen her!

It distracted me. Thoughts started racing through my mind. I wondered what she was thinking. Did she feel a tinge of sadness seeing her only daughter marrying? Did she wonder if I was ready for marriage? I had never had a serious intimate talk with her. She'd never talked to me about love and marriage, what it meant or what it involved. I had no way

have any questions ?

such as . . .

How old is Bing Crosby?

What's Rory Calhoun's real name?

Where should I send a letter for Debbie Reynolds?

When was Nick Adams born?
Has James Darren ever been married?

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of knowing what she was thinking as she saw me coming down the aisle. I worried about my step-mother, Frances. Would it cause an embarrassing situation?

We had one awkward hour together at my wedding. What does one talk about to a mother who has not seemed like a mother? For I can't consider her my mother, although she is.

But I just don't feel I can honestly regard her with deep, normal emotions, and it's terribly important to me to stay honest. ... Less than a year later, Russ and I separated.

The problems we met couldn't have been

foreseen. They were unanticipated. Here's why I can't tell you what they were: the day we were divorced, we shook hands and promised each other that we'd never discuss our marriage failure with anyone else. I intend to keep that promise.

A new relationship

Although he's my ex-husband, Russ is now my best friend. It's not his fault that the experience left me with a feeling of despair and a bad outlook, completely cynical of marriage.

What I've said might make it sound as though I'm embittered with life and men, as well as marriage, and looking forward to a dull, anti-social life.

I'm not.

What's more exciting and wonderful than a career as an actress? An actress doesn't need marriage to live a full, rich and exciting life: I meet fascinating people through my work, and I have fascinating experiences.

Just because I don't intend to get married again doesn't mean I'm anti-men.

I defy any girl to offer a more fascinating group of young bachelors for companionship than Tab Hunter, Tony Perkins, Elvis Presley, Robert Evans, Nick Adams, Barry Coe, Dennis Hopper and Will Hutchins.

If this is a deadly-dull, spinster life—I'm all for this kind of dullness!

Tab's introduced me to horseback riding. We enjoy being together; and what he calls his "German temper" doesn't hurt our relationship as it would if we were married. Robert Evans is an elegant man-about-town. He's too sophisticated for me for a steady marriage diet, but a dash of it in a girl's dating life is wonderful. Tony Perkins is working towards a successful acting career just as hard as I am, so it's hard to have more fun than on a date with him. We can relax together because we know neither of us would let marriage interfere.

Elvis Presley is like a king in the rock 'n' roll set. To date him is like going into a completely different world and being queen for a day. It's different and exciting. Barry Coe sends me flowers and candy and gives his dates those little extra attentions every girl loves. Nick Adams can be as understanding as a girl's best kind of big brother. Dennis Hopper is intriguing, a really different personality. An interesting individualist.

Russ Tamblyn is my best friend.

An honest appraisal

Just add up all of that: marriage couldn't offer me such well-rounded companionship... not without the emotional discouragements it brings at the same time. And I can't afford that emotionalism. ...

Right now I'm not in love with anyone. I find it is easy to be analytical in planning my life. What worries me is knowing that when people think they're in love, they go off the deep end. I hope, even if I think I'm truly in love again, I'll keep my head.

One thing puzzles me. Before I was married, I only had two proposals. Since I've been divorced I've had six serious proposals. Everyone I date knows that emotionally I'm a bit mixed-up right now. Do I inspire them to feel sorry for me?

Or are they testing my firm conviction that marriage is not for me?

Let others marry—but both observation and a try at it myself has convinced me marriage can only bring unhappiness for Venetia Stevenson. ...

END

Venetia will soon be in Warners' ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN. Russ Tamblyn is in 20th's PEYTON PLACE and soon will do TOM THUMB and HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL for MGM.



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