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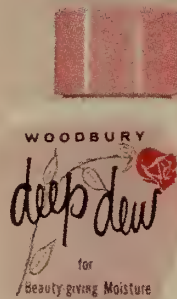
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MAY 15 1957



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The ragged woman-wrecked cast-off called Dude...



The rockin' baby-faced kid...

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A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

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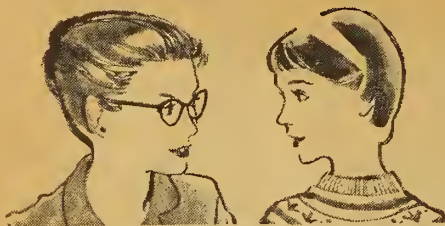
...and the girl they all call "Feathers"



CO-STARRING **ANGIE DICKINSON · WALTER BRENNAN · WARD BOND · JOHN RUSSELL**

WITH PEDRO GONZALEZ-GONZALEZ · ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ · Screenplay by JULES FURTHMAN and LEIGH BRACKETT
MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY OIMITRI TIOMKIN · AN ARMAOA PRODUCTION · Directed and Produced by HOWARD HAWKS

Hear Dean and Ricky Sing... "Rio Bravo" - "My Rifle, My Pony and Me" - "Cindy"!



...about
personal care
during
problem days

Q. Shouldn't I stay home on problem days? Many girls do.

A. Your monthly period is not a sickness. It's a natural, normal part of your life. So, there's no reason to stay home—unless your doctor says otherwise. Take your mind off yourself. Do things you normally do, things you enjoy doing. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise. This will help you feel better, look better, too!

Q. I always have skin troubles on those days. What can I do?

A. As young people grow toward maturity, oil glands become more active. Pores may become clogged and pimples develop. At maturity, your glands learn to function smoothly, and your skin will clear. Meanwhile, be sure you wash your skin with soap and warm water—3 times a day. Don't be afraid of water! Science proves it can't harm you on those days! Since we perspire more freely then, it's important to bathe. That's why millions of girls have turned to Tampax... They can bathe, shower—as at any other time of the month.

Q. What deodorant is best to use on problem days?

A. Whatever deodorant you usually rely on should be effective during your period. So far as your sanitary protection is concerned, deodorant powders on pads can only mask the odor. They can't prevent it from forming. This is another reason why so many girls prefer Tampax. Worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. Banishes all the other telltale signs—lines, bulges, ridges. Keeps your secret safe!

Q. What should I do about "disposal problems" on visits?

A. Disposal of sanitary protection can be embarrassing for girls who use pads. Tampax® internal sanitary protection solves this problem. Makes changing and disposal truly discreet. You simply flush it away, applicator, and all.

Wouldn't you like to try Tampax? It's so simple and dainty to use, change, dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, to suit individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

modern screen

APRIL, 1959

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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The cover photo of Debbie is by Frank Bez of Globe.

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Rima, the untouched, the girl of the virgin forest, meets her first man,

**SOON YOU WILL SEE
ONE OF THE WORLD'S
MOST EXCITING AND
EXOTIC STORIES...**

Young lovers in a jungle
Eden where menace lurks
amid the orchids!

**ADVENTURE-ROMANCE
THAT FASCINATED
MILLIONS OF READERS!**

A best-seller in nine
languages and recently
reprinted in Reader's
Digest Condensed Books!

**ACTUALLY FILMED IN
THE AMAZON JUNGLES...**

M-G-M sent camera crews
thousands of miles into
South America's wilds
for "on location" thrills!

**MARVELOUS MUSIC
AND AMAZING
TRIBAL DANCES...**

Music by brilliant Latin
composer Villa-Lobos
and dances created by
Katherine Dunham en-
rich one of the great
romances of our time!



M-G-M's production of W. H. Hudson's famed novel

AUDREY HEPBURN

as Rima

ANTHONY PERKINS

as Abel

GREEN MANSIONS

In METROCOLOR and CinemaScope

Co-Starring

LEE J. COBB

SESSUE HAYAKAWA • HENRY SILVA • DOROTHY KINGSLEY

Based on the Novel by **WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON** • Directed by **MEL FERRER** • Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER** • An M-G-M Picture



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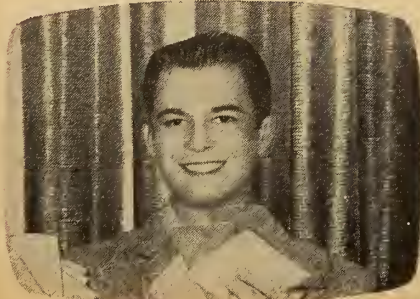
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the world's
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SEE GAYLA QUALITY PRODUCTS...
ON TV'S AMERICAN BANDSTAND
WITH DICK CLARK



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q What is the current status of **Loretta Young's** marriage to **Tom Lewis**?

—V.P., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A *Loretta is living permanently in Hollywood. Tom makes his home in New York. But they are still 'officially' married.*

Q If, as was printed in **MODERN SCREEN** last month, **Ingrid Bergman** was able to marry **Lars Schmidt** without receiving an Italian annulment—because "in England and a lot of other places her marriage to **Rossellini** was never considered legal anyway"—in what position does this put her three children by **Roberto**?

—T.W., FRESNO, CALIF.

A *A very awkward position—except in Italy.*

Q I read that **Eleanor Parker** and **Carolyn Jones** had a violent feud when they were down here in Florida making *A Hole in the Head* and that they weren't even saying 'good morning.' Isn't this an exaggeration?

—R.T., PALM BEACH, FLA.

A *It's an understatement!*

Q Is it true that **Elvis Presley** lost his voice because of the shock of his mother's death and that's the real reason he hasn't entertained in camp shows abroad or made any records?

—J.L., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A *No.*

Q I read that **Cary Grant's** settlement to **Betsy Drake** left him so broke he had to sell his sportscar and station wagon to raise ready cash. Is this true?

—R.P., ELMIRA, N.Y.

A *Cary sold his station wagon and sportscar. Is now down to two Rolls-Royces and a \$750,000-per-picture salary.*

Q With **Mel Ferrer** following **Audrey Hepburn** all over Africa and Europe and Mexico, does he ever get to see his children by his first marriage to **Frances Pilchard**?

—L.S., BROOKLINE, MASS.

A *Occasionally.*

Q How do the **Gary Coopers** really feel about **Tab Hunter's** frequent dates with their daughter **Maria**?

—T.P., BANGOR, MAINE

A *Both Gary and Rocky would prefer*

Maria to look in the social registry rather than the actor's directory for a future husband.

Q How much were **Vivien Leigh** and **Laurence Olivier** paid for their recent appearances on American TV?

—J.E., ONTARIO, CANADA

A *Vivien got \$500 for **SMALL WORLD**; Sir Laurence, \$100,000 for **MOON AND SIXPENCE**.*

Q If it's true that **Jerry Lewis'** doctor warned him to take it easy or he won't be responsible for what happens, then how come **Jerry** is planning to star in a Broadway show, continue on TV and tackle a couple of more movies?

—M.H., LARAMIE, WYO.

A *Jerry's never been too prone to listen to advice.*

Q In some of his movies **Alan Ladd's** hair looks nearly dark. In others it's very blond. Does **Alan** dye for his art?

—K.J., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A *No. The sun also bleaches.*

Q Why does **Martha Hyer** continue to date men like **George Nadar**, **Frank Sinatra** and others when her heart really belongs to a wealthy San Franciscan?

—W.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A *To keep the publicity spotlight on her in Hollywood, and away from her in San Francisco.*

Q Why, after two years of steady dating, hasn't **Jack Lemmon** popped the question to **Felicia Farr**?

—C.R., FALL RIVER, MASS.

A *Jack is happy with the current arrangement.*

Q Has 20th Century-Fox fired **Diane Varsi** because she keeps turning down roles and loan-outs to other studios?

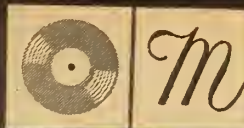
—D.H., PINE BLUFF, ARK.

A *They kept her under contract. Took her off salary.*

Q Didn't **Johnny Mathis'** manager use her influence in high places to keep **Johnny** out of the Army?

—I.L., BISMARCK, N.D.

A *Johnny was classified 4F because of an old high jump injury.*



new

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I dreamed
I set
a record
in my

maidenform^{} bra*

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...*new* Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special "lifts" in the under-cups bring 'out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band *under* the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll love the difference Sweet Music makes! 2.50 And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

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this package
everywhere.

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

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

April 1— **Jane Powell**
Debbie Reynolds

April 2— **Rita Gam**
Alec Guinness
Jack Webb

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

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

April 8— **Ward Bond**

April 9— **Brandon DeWilde**
Virginia Gibson

April 11— **Paul Douglas**

April 13— **Mari Blanchard**
Howard Keel

April 14— **Tony Perkins**
Rod Steiger

April 18— **Barbara Hale**

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

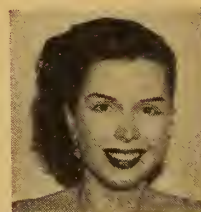
April 20— **Nina Foch**

April 21— **Anthony Quinn**

April 23— **Shirley Temple**

April 24— **Shirley MacLaine**

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



Ann Miller
April 12



Barry Nelson
April 16



William Holden
April 17



Eddie Albert
April 22

FANNIE HURST'S
BEST-SELLING NOVEL OF
TODAY'S TORMENTED
GENERATION!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

LANA TURNER
JOHN GAVIN

Imitation of Life

in Eastman **COLOR**

CO-STARRING

SANDRA DEE
DAN O'HERLIHY
SUSAN KOHNER
ROBERT ALDA
WITH
JUANITA MOORE
MAHALIA JACKSON
singing "Trouble of the World"

HEAR

EARL GRANT

sing "Imitation of Life"

"You've given me
everything a
mother could,
but the thing
I wanted
most ...
your
love!"



"I'll get the things
I want out of life...
one way— or another.
From one man—
or another!"



"The color line won't
stop me, Ma!
I look, feel,
think white
...and I'm
going to
marry
white!"



Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN and ALLAN SCOTT

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK

Produced by ROSS HUNTER



WATCH THE ACADEMY AWARDS TELECAST APRIL 6th NBC-TV

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you'll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that *protects* as it *glamourizes* with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris. Created in Paris, made by Bourjois in USA

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REGULAR \$1.50 VALUE



DICK CLARK GOES FOR "Gidget"

"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"



She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!



The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA".

Gidget

Co-starring

SANDRA DEE • CLIFF ROBERTSON • JAMES DARREN
ARTHUR O'CONNELL with MARY LA ROCHE and THE FOUR PREPS
Jo MORROW

Screenplay by GABRIELLE UPTON • Based on the novel by FREDERICK KOHNER
Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PAUL WENDKOS
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

CINEMASCOPE EASTMAN COLOR

It happened in 1943 at a Texas army post. The young soldier was feeling mighty low. For six long weeks he'd rehearsed a song for a camp show, and now he was down with a case of laryngitis! What made it so tough was that Peter Lind Hayes was expected the following day. He was going to select the most talented applicants for the show.

This was the soldier's big chance, and now it was ruined! Then he started thinking. In his locker was a record of the world's most famous operatic tenor. He got it out, and went to work. First, he cut two disks from a sheet of writing paper, using a can of shoe polish as a guide. Next, he typed the title of the song he'd rehearsed and his own name on the paper. Then, he went to the company mess hall where he made some paste out of flour and water. Very carefully he pasted the home-made labels on either side of the record.

Hayes arrived on schedule, and at the proper moment the soldier approached him. He explained that he had a case of laryngitis brought on by the Texas dust, but that the doctor assured him he'd be okay in another day or two. "Will you listen to one of my records?" he asked anxiously.

Hayes agreed, and the soldier quickly put his doctored record on the phonograph. Hayes sat listening to the powerful voice, entranced. As the last note rang out, he sprung to his feet.

"Private," he exclaimed, "that's a scratchy recording. But you've got the greatest voice since Caruso. You're in the show!"

The soldier's name? Mario Lanza, of course. Who else?

the SOLDIER and the SINGING GHOST



MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



in this issue: **Kirk Douglas' big party**
My secret Oscar ballot
A warning to smutty comics

My Secret Academy Award Ballot

Each year at Academy Award time I feel I must repeat the stand I have always maintained: I have consistently refused to make a list of my personal selections for the Oscar. I do not believe this is fair.

In the first place, the Academy Awards are not a popularity vote of columnists, critics or the public. It is strictly a tribute from the people within the industry to their own. As a member of the Academy, I shall, of course, vote for my favorites. But this is a secret ballot and as far as I am concerned will remain so.

But, I have relented my rule in the past few years to make a list for my MODERN SCREEN readers of pictures, performances and directors which I believe to be outstanding and worthy of consideration. With these reservations in mind, and not in the order named, here are my selections of outstanding achievements in the various categories:

Best Performance By An Actor

David Niven in *SEPARATE TABLES*—A heartbreaking portrayal of one of life's failures.

Tony Curtis in *THE DEFIANT ONES*—Surprisingly deep interpretation by an actor heretofore confined to light roles.

Burl Ives in *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*—As Big Daddy, and a star of the picture, Burl may find himself the first actor ever to be entered in two categories—a star and a supporting player, the latter in *THE BIG COUNTRY*.

Marlon Brando in *THE YOUNG LIONS*—Marlon's always in the running, isn't he? I thought he was particularly fine as the German officer.

Maurice Chevalier in *GIGI*—A perfect delight of charm and sophistication.

Spencer Tracy in *OLD MAN AND THE SEA* or *THE LAST HURRAH*—A veteran actor scores in two widely different characterizations.



DAVID NIVEN



TONY CURTIS



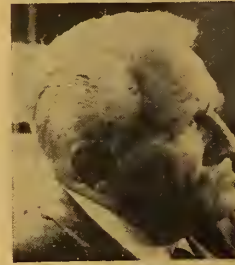
BURL IVES



MARLON BRANDO



MAURICE CHEVALIER



SPENCER TRACY

Best Performance By a Supporting Player (Male)

John Kerr in *SOUTH PACIFIC*—As the young Lieutenant in love with Liat he all but stole the musical.

Chuck Connors in *THE BIG COUNTRY*—As the 'badie,' he's a 'goodie.'

Burl Ives in *THE BIG COUNTRY*—(See Best Performance By An Actor.)

Gig Young in *TUNNEL OF LOVE*—Another top comedy portrayal by a very smooth light comedian.

Harry Guardino in *HOUSEBOAT*—Even Cary Grant, star of the picture, says Harry deserves a nomination!



JOHN KERR



CHUCK CONNORS



BURL IVES



GIG YOUNG



HARRY GUARDINO

Best Performance By An Actress

Deborah Kerr in *SEPARATE TABLES*—A heart-tugging performance of a love-starved girl by an actress who is usually in the Oscar race.

Shirley MacLaine in *SOME CAME RUNNING*—A musical comedy star sets the town on its ear playing the cheap little floozie in this drama.

Elizabeth Taylor in *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*—Liz's most vivid work as the wife who believes she is not loved by her husband.

Susan Hayward in *I WANT TO LIVE!*—A shocker of dramatic fireworks from a girl long overdue for an Oscar.

Rosalind Russell in *AUNTIE MAME*—Roz having a romp as the outrageous Aunt who has become a national legend.

Jean Simmons in *HOME BEFORE DARK*—Outstanding character study.



DEBORAH KERR



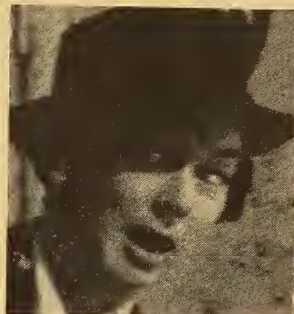
SHIRLEY MAC LAINE



ELIZABETH TAYLOR



SUSAN HAYWARD



ROSALIND RUSSELL



JEAN SIMMONS

Best Performance By a Supporting Player (Female)

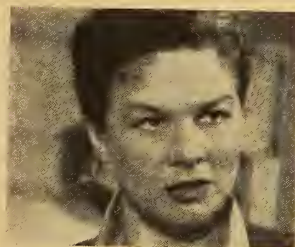
Wendy Hiller in *SEPARATE TABLES*—A great English actress is magnificent as a boarding house manager.

Hermione Gingold and **Isabel Jeans** in *GIGI* (as a team)—Two delightful stage actresses are delightful as ladies who aren't all they should be.

Cara Williams in *THE DEFIANT ONES*—Who would have thought this girl usually confined to 'cutie' roles could have been so compelling as a plain ranch woman?

Lee Remick in *THE LONG HOT SUMMER*—A striking performance from a 'new' personality.

Alice Backes in *I WANT TO LIVE*—As the nurse who keeps the dreadful death-watch with Susan Hayward, she gives an outstanding and understanding portrayal.



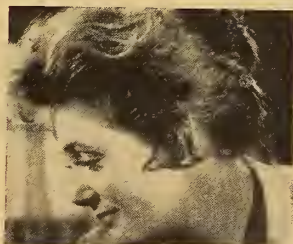
WENDY HILLER



HERMIONE GINGOLD



ISABEL JEANS



CARA WILLIAMS



LEE REMICK



ALICE BACKES

Best Pictures

AUNTIE MAME, WARNER'S—A great big wonderful spectacular comedy.

SEPARATE TABLES, HECHT, HILL, LANCASTER—Searching drama of lonely people.

GIGI, MGM—The most eye- and ear-filling musical of the year.

THE DEFIANT ONES, STANLEY KRAMER—A drama with the beautiful message that man does love his brother no matter what the color of his skin.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, MGM—A strong stage play by Tennessee Williams becomes a gripping film.

Best Direction

MORTON DE COSTA, for *AUNTIE MAME*—A famed stage director repeats in a movie hit.

VINCENTE MINNELLI, for *GIGI*—A master of sophisticated musicals.

STANLEY KRAMER, for *DEFIANT ONES*—A famed producer proves he can direct!

DELBERT MANN, for *SEPARATE TABLES*—Sensitive handling of tragedy.

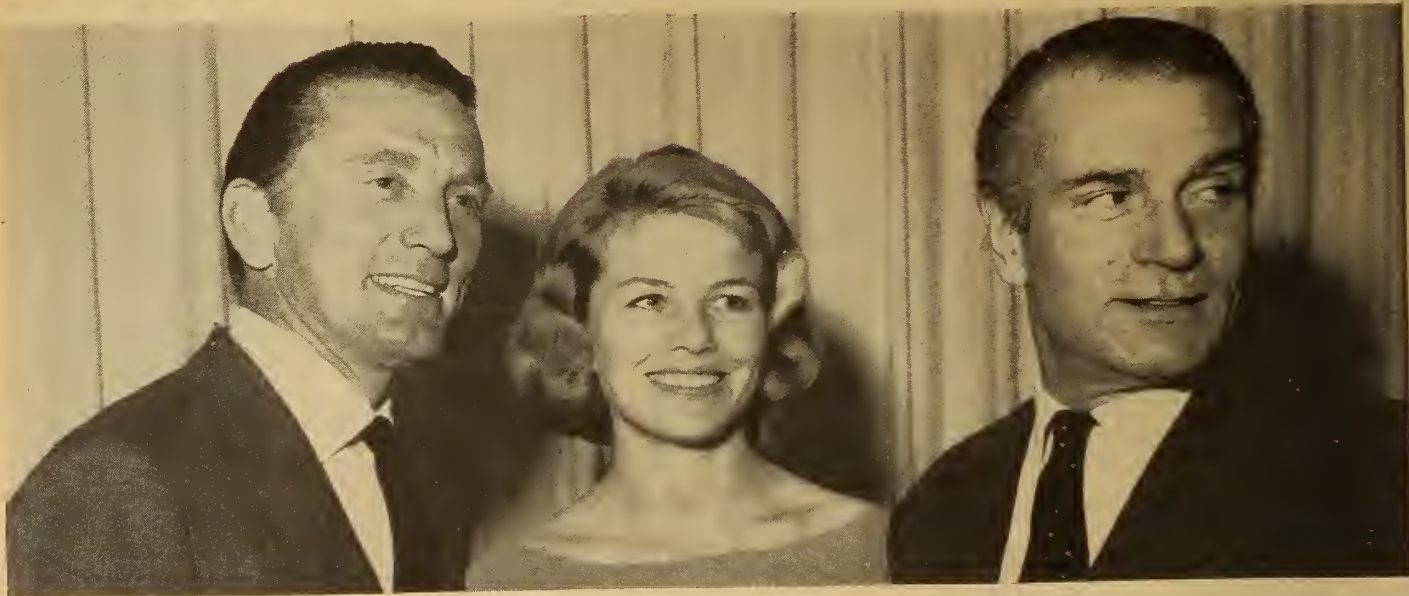
RICHARD BROOKS, for *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*—Excellent direction.

ROBERT WISE, for *I WANT TO LIVE*—Daring and shocking presentation of drama.

MERVYN LE ROY, for *NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS*—A comedy romp from a dramatic director.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



PARTY of the month

Sir Laurence Olivier literally had Hollywood (and Los Angeles) spread out at his feet at the cocktail party **Kirk Douglas** gave honoring the titled English actor at the Star of the Roof, the beautiful room atop the Beverly Hilton Hotel.

The lights of the city twinkled and glowed like jewels through the enormous windows, rivaled only by the beautiful jewels worn by the glamour girls. It was the dressiest cocktail party in many a moon—and everybody turned out.

Sophia Loren looked every inch the beautiful movie star (and believe me, I'm all for it) in a brocaded cocktail gown with the most breathtaking necklace and ring of square-cut sapphires surrounded by diamonds! "How do you like my Christmas present from Carlo?" Sophia whispered in my ear, flashing her 'jools' at me.

"And how about that chinchilla stole?" I asked.

"Oh, this is last year's," she laughed.

My girl, **Gracie Allen**, looked like a doll, as usual—in a cocktail suit of satin, and she was wearing her eye-catching diamond necklace and bracelet given her by her devoted **George**.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed **Dana Wynter** was in a white chiffon dress of Grecian design with a crushed raspberry velvet cummerbund. With her handsome **Greg Bautzer** of course.

I was simply enchanted with blonde German **Sabina Bethmann**, the lovely girl 12 who will appear with Kirk and Sir Laurence



(Above) Kirk Douglas (on the left) gave a party to welcome Sir Laurence Olivier back to Hollywood. With them is blonde German star, Sabina Bethmann, who will appear with Kirk and Sir Laurence in *Spartacus*. (Below) Olivier is delighted to be in Hollywood again. And everybody turned out for the party. Tony and Janet had a lot to tell him about their new baby.

in *Spartacus*, the big U-I spectacle. (It was really to welcome Larry back to Hollywood for this movie that the party was given.)

Getting back to Sabina: she is so beautiful and so modest and speaks English so well. "German children must study English six years in school," she told me. "But there is oh such a difference in coming to this country and actually speaking it. I am being coached all the time. Do you think I am doing all right?"

Sophia Loren broke in, "I wish I had been doing half as well after just four days in Hollywood!" These two beauties seemed to really like one another—rather rare in our town.

Had a nice long talk with Olivier. I've known Larry for years and we had so much to talk about. He's delighted to be in Hollywood again. "You don't know how lucky you are living in this climate—it's Paradise," he enthused.

I asked him about **Vivien Leigh** and he said she could not accompany him—she is appearing and touring with a new

stage show in England.

James Mason introduced me to his charming mother who is on her first visit to Hollywood and like Larry, she could not get over our warm January evenings. "I did not even wear a wrap," she smiled.

Jack Lemmon escorted his best girl **Felicia Farr** who was wearing a pink wool cocktail dress under a mink coat. (We locals have to ignore the warm nights to trot out the mink!)

Had many laughs listening to **Milton Berle** swap wisecracks with the **Eddie G. Robinsons** and **Jack Benny** and **George Burns** were in rare form. Among the big-league producers on hand were **Buddy Adler**, **Jerry Wald**, **Ed Muhl**, **Harold Hecht**, **Benny Thau** and **Bill Goetz**.

As I left I heard Kirk Douglas kidding Sabina Bethmann because she wanted to meet all the movie stars.

"I'm a movie star," he laughed.

"Oh, I know you. You're my friend," she replied.

• • •



(Above) Sophia Loren looked every inch the beautiful movie star in a brocaded gown with the most breathtaking neckline and ring of square-cut sapphires surrounded by diamonds. When I asked her about her chin-chilla stole, John Gavin and I just had to laugh at her reply. (Right) With Greg Bautzer was his lovely dark-eyed Dana Wynter, in white.



Tommy & Lindsay—Nice Raiders

Tommy Sands and **Lindsay Crosby** cornered me at a party, both boys very upset because a little exclusive group they belong to called *The Raiders* is being treated in some quarters as if they were juvenile delinquents.

"Heck," said Tommy, "the main idea back of our group is charity work, getting together to put on shows at various hospitals and orphanages. Yet a columnist advised me the other day to 'Get out of it because you're a nice kid.'"

Linny backed him up with, "Sure, we had some leather jackets made to identify our members. They are good-looking jackets and we like to wear them. But you would think we were refugees from that hoodlum movie of Marlon Brando's—*The Wild One*—the way some writers are carrying on."

Tommy got back in the discussion, "Frank

Sinatra heads a social group who call themselves *The Clan* and no one flips over how dangerous it is. So why can't we call ourselves *The Raiders*?"

Another thing upsetting Tommy very much is that he is supposed to be on the outs with his mother Grace over *The Raiders*.

"Nothing is farther from the truth," he said seriously. "I'm not feuding with mother over anything, much less belonging to this group with Linny and some other young actors."

I laughed, "Okay, boys—you've sold me."

I promised to print a kind word of explanation about *The Raiders*—and here it is, Linny and Tommy.

Will Marilyn Adopt?

Are **Marilyn Monroe** and Arthur Miller planning to adopt a baby? That's what I hear from the East.

Ever since Marilyn lost her second expected baby, she has been depressed to the extent that the devoted Arthur is worried about her. She doesn't want to go anywhere or do anything.

I know of no girl who wants a baby more than Marilyn. And another thing I've noticed: childless couples who adopt little ones frequently discover that they are going to have one of their own.

No Bulge Battle for Bob

If **Bob Wagner** loses any more weight, he and not **Peter Lawford** should be starring in *The Thin Man*, very, very thin! Bob sings and dances strenuously in *Say One for Me*, his movie with **Bing Crosby**. All this exercise, in addition to a schedule that has taken him from film to film with hardly a break, accounts for the loss of about fifteen pounds from his chassis.

Natalie Wood brings ice cream and milkshakes and all sorts of fattening foods on the set for her *R.J.*—but nothing seems to put on the poundage. (Wouldn't that be wonderful if it could happen to you and me?)



Natalie Wood brings milkshakes on the set for her *R.J.*—but nothing seems to put on the fifteen pounds he lost. 13

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Liz in a blaze of anger

Wowie! Did **Elizabeth Taylor** hustle out of her self-imposed rigid retirement in a blaze of anger after a Los Angeles newspaper printed in black headlines that she was a patient at Menningers' Clinic in Topeka, Kansas!!!

Whether you are for or against Liz, this was a very unethical piece of journalism without a leg to stand on. I talked with Elizabeth right after the headline hit the street, and she was red hot.

"This is a cruel and terrible thing to do," she said heatedly. "It is frightening to see a black headline insinuating that I am mentally disturbed. I'm going to sue for my children's sake."

She then went on to tell me that all the wire services had been alerted that she and **Eddie Fisher** would be dining at Chasen's that very night. "I'm going with Eddie to Chasen's so that everyone can see me and know I'm not in a mental institution! This whole thing nauseates me!"

And she kept her word. When Liz and Eddie walked in Chasen's, TV cameras were set up all over the place, the regular customers were stumbling over cables, top reporters were covering the 'story' and photographers were popping flash bulbs right and left.

Liz's temper had abated somewhat and she smiled as she talked with the press and of course she smiled and smiled at Eddie.

Eddie tossed in a couple of comments of his own: "I'm thoroughly in accord with Miss Taylor," said he, time after time.

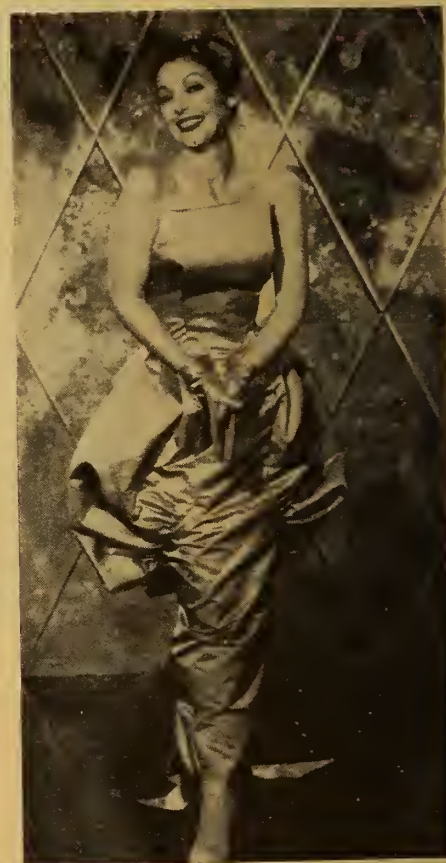
Well, it all added up to quite a bit of excitement—and at least Hollywood got another look at Liz whom we haven't seen in a long time. There's more of her than last look. She's gained weight noticeably.



That Liz was upset, and possibly even 'nauseated' showed clearly when she first walked into Chasen's with Eddie Fisher.



No man could have been happier about being shot than Errol.



Loretta Young certainly makes my list of 'best dressed women.'



PERSONAL OPINIONS

Three actresses made the official list of Ten Best Dressed Women this year—**Kay Kendall** in seventh spot, **Audrey Hepburn**—number nine and **Dina Merrill**—(number ten). All always beautifully groomed. I'd like to add a couple of selections of my own—**Dinah Shore** and **Loretta Young**. What clothes they wear on their TV shows! . . .

I'm sure **Errol Flynn** couldn't have been more delighted than he was in being grazed by a bullet (on his leg) during the Cuban revolution. Wouldn't you know Errol would be in the thick of a revolution? Just like one of his old Warner movie plots. . . .

Debbie Reynolds has done a master-ful job of handling her own public relations

during all the fracas with **Eddie** and **Liz Taylor**. A wag said the other day, "Eddie and Liz should hire Debbie to do their publicity! . . ."

The girl who surprised me the most as an actress is **Cara Williams**. I think she was just great in *The Defiant Ones* with **Tony Curtis** and **Sidney Poitier**. Frankly, I didn't think Cara had it in her—but I am thoroughly convinced. . . .

My biggest 'kick' of the holiday season: **Clark Gable** (and his Kay, of course)

personally coming over to my house to turn on the lights on the very pretty ornamental Christmas tree he and Kay gave me. It's not everybody who can have The King crawling around on his hands and knees at the light switches! . . .

When General Rafael Trujillo, Jr. (remember him?) selected the outstanding Hollywood star of the year for the magazine he owns in the Dominican Republic he chose—**Mitzi Gaynor**! Not a mention of his former 'hearts' **Kim Novak** or **Zsa Zsa Gabor**!

AVA cries wolf again

When **Ava Gardner** alighted from her trans-Atlantic plane in New York on her first trip back to her native country in eighteen months, she grabbed a handful of snow, made a face (far from pretty) and said she'd like to throw the snowball at the American press.

Guess the boys can take a hint. When Ava came to Los Angeles there wasn't a photog at the airport to take her picture, she was left strictly alone during her visit here with her sister Bea, and when the 'I want to be alone' lady departed, none of the press was there to 'bother' her.

Methinks Ava has cried 'wolf' once too often. Many stars say they don't want to be 'bothered' by reporters and photographers.

But as **Dean Martin** philosophizes, "Heaven help us when the press doesn't 'bother' to bother us!"

Ava Gardner is a beautiful woman, a big star and an exciting personality. But she's no great actress and much of her fame has been built up through fabulous publicity. In looking back on her career in her last four or five pictures, she hasn't had a big financial hit in the lot.

Yet, because she has been built up by the press into one of the world's most exciting personalities in films, she commands an unbelievable salary of \$400,000 a picture plus (in her contract for *On The Beach*) a home given her in Australia, all servants paid, a limousine and chauffeur at her disposal and traveling expenses for her sister and secretary!

I'd think it over, Ava—and think it over long and hard about throwing snowballs at the press.



I'm on my
SOAP BOX

... to say that I'm disgusted with some of the smutty antics and remarks of some of our top movie and tv comedians recently.

A case in point is the 'entertainment' put on at the Cocoanut Grove following the premiere of **Jerry Lewis'** *Geisha Boy*. True, it was an invited audience with no outsiders—but there is absolutely no excuse for the miserable bad taste exhibited by three comedians who took part in the 'impromptu' entertainment staged at the supper-dance in the Cocoanut Grove!

This time I'm not going to mention names. But next time I most definitely shall!

It's all right to be tolerant, and oftentimes a double entendre can be amusing in a closed group. But not dirt for dirt's sake and smut for smut's sake! Particularly when there are ladies (and gentlemen) present.

The thing that was so particularly shocking is that all three offenders are top stars in their movies, tv and nightclubs and from them we have the right to expect the best public conduct.

This is fair warning to those comedians—next time this happens I'm naming names.



This picture was taken at the party after Jerry Lewis' premiere. And I must say, even Bill Demarest, Jerry and Bill Bendix looked shocked. 15

continued

Lauren's bitter comments

Until she chose to pop off about Hollywood and the USA in London, I had always liked **Lauren 'Betty' Bacall**. I thought she was a straightforward, outspoken gal and I was more amused than annoyed when she gave forth with her opinions on everything under the sun from politics to medicine.

But I'm far from amused and I think she is acting very foolishly in criticizing her own country to the British press.

Betty has been very bitter since her romance with **Frank Sinatra** ended. It's my personal opinion she's still carrying a big, big torch for him.

If she is being quoted correctly, she stated that she would "exchange Hollywood, where flesh is cheap and people forget too quickly, for England, where people have something to say and are willing to listen to what I think."

If she didn't say this—I'll be glad to retract it for her. If she did say it—all I can say is she is a very, very foolish girl.

I would like to call to Betty's attention that

her own country gave her a fine career, a happy marriage to the late **Humphrey Bogart**, two charming children and much happiness for many years. If one of her private romances disillusioned her—that's a personal matter, not an international crusade!

Inger Stevens: love at its cruelest

The heartache of not one—but several—broken romances is believed to be the reason for the rumored suicide attempt of **Inger Stevens**. Everyone is genuinely sorry about her unhappiness. Inger is a popular girl at the studios, a 'regular' person and well liked by her co-stars and the crews.

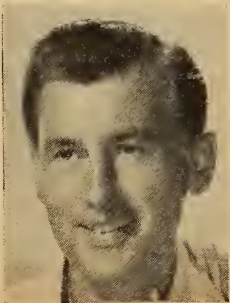
Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, was particularly distressed because he believes so much in her future as an actress that she was given a contract with the studio for five years.

Love, in Hollywood, can be very cruel. Particularly if a sensitive girl is unfortunate enough to keep falling in love with the wrong—for her—men. (Read the story of Inger's tragedy on page 48.)



(Right) I think Lauren Bacall is acting very foolishly. If a private romance disillusioned her, that's a personal matter, and not an international crusade!

Find the 'True' Stewart



Which is the real Jimmy Stewart? The one on the right, or the one on the left? That might be a harder question to answer than most people think.



LETTER BOX

I am extremely talented in fashion sketching and hope for a career as a designer, writes **KAREN McCORMACK**, BOSTON. Is there any Academy-Award-winning designer in Hollywood who conducts a school for aspiring novices? No, Karen, there is not. I think your best bet in practical designing is with the commercial art department of a department store. If you are really good, you'll make your mark. . . .

BRIAN SKINNER, star of *Teen Club* TV show operating out of DAUPHIN, MANITOBA, CANADA, writes that he recently conducted a poll among Canadian teenagers to select their favorite American movie actors and the results were:

- 1—**Tony Curtis**
- 2—**Rock Hudson**
- 3—**Elvis Presley**

(Take a bow, boys. And thank you, Brian.)

From LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, **MARIE** writes in excellent English, Greetings, from one of many of your MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE readers in Switzerland. My home town is near Burgenstock where **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** and **Sophia Loren** and her husband come to rest. I wish to report both couples are so friendly and permit us fans to snap their pictures. We in Switzerland have never encountered a difficult or temperamental film star. Perhaps it is because they come here to relax and be happy. Could be, Marie, and thank you.

Another letter from abroad, **CHRISTINA JACOBSON** writes from STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: American movies are the most! But the star who holds my interest super-completely is **Frank Sinatra**! Frankie is the most! How do you like the way I use the latest American slang? As Frankie would say, you're a gasser, Chris.

Please tell me the real names of **Jimmy Stewart** and **Stewart Granger**, writes **MRS. L. NOLLNER**, FT. WORTH. Don't blame you for being confused. Jimmy Stewart's real name is Jimmy Stewart—and Stewart Granger's real name is also—Jimmy Stewart! . . .

ALVIN CUMMINGS, NEW ORLEANS, asks: Who is the richest actress in the world—and the richest actor? With income taxes what they are today, Alvin, present day stars do not pile up the fabulous fortunes earned by veterans such as **Mary Pickford**, **Chaplin**, etc. Taking a running guess, I'd put **Liz Taylor** high on the list (her salary plus returns on *80 Days*); **Ava Gardner** is said to be well heeled and **Doris Day** must be doing all right. Among the actors **John Wayne**, **Cary Grant** and **Bill Holden** have plenty piled up. . . .

Ricky Nelson is just an out and out carbon copy of **Elvis Presley**! yelps sixteen-year-old **CYNTHIA HOSSFORD**, ATLANTA. Oh, boy—have you started a battle, Cynthia! Watch this column for the firing. . . .

EVELYN SWARENGEN, DETROIT, has a message for **Doris Day**: Please sing more in your movies. I printed much the same idea in a recent newspaper column of mine—so we agree on Doris continuing her singing in future pictures, Evelyn.

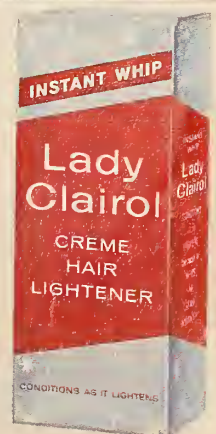
That's all for now. See you next month.

Luella Parsons



Is it true...
blondes
 have more
 fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it. The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Lady Clairol Instant Whip, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
 a blonde's best friend is

NEW Lady Clairol® INSTANT WHIP* Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

Rhonda Fleming

starring in

"ALIAS JESSE JAMES"

A Bob Hope Enterprise
A United Artists Picture
Color by De Luxe



RHONDA FLEMING, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair shining and easy-to-manage. Why don't *You* try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

*Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!*



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

YOUNG GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD

2ND OF A
SPECIAL
SERIES

subject this month: SANDRA DEE



A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

*(these are the
personal notes
of a top report-
er...they were
not written to
be printed...
they are shock-
ingly honest)*



SANDRA DEE:

I HAVE NO FRIENDS

THIS is a girl who lived the life of a fairy princess: the whole bit. Her father and mother were divorced when Sandy was a baby. Her mother, a very pretty, baby-faced woman who looks almost as young as Sandy, focused all her attention on her daughter. They had almost nothing to live on, but Sandy was always dressed like a little doll, protected and loved. When Sandy was three, a man saw her at the beach, took one look, and thought: *That's the most adorable child I've ever seen.* He met and shortly afterwards married her mother. He was a very wealthy man, and he took them back to Long Island with him to live.

From then on, Sandy lived in a grown-up, (Continued on page 77)



Dear Jim,

Thanks for letting us have the first, and (as you say) the last, picture of the 'secret Garner family.' It's a pleasure to print it, not just because it's a 'scoop,' but because one look at you, your wife Lois, your step-daughter Kim and your own little girl, Greta Scott, is enough (Continued on page 66)



JOANNE WOODWARD:

"I'm having my
baby by
Natural childbirth"

"When Paul came home one night he found me lying on the floor, my eyes closed, breathing deeply, a look of bliss on my face.

"'Honey,' he asked, 'what is this? Dreaming of someone?'"

"My eyes flew open, and I broke into a smile. 'Just getting ready for the baby.'"

"'For the baby? This way—now?'"

"'This is just the exercise part of it, darling.' I told him.

"I'm preparing for natural childbirth. That's the way I'm going to have our baby. I don't want to miss out on one minute of it."

"I waited for Paul's reaction. I hadn't discussed my plans about this with him before. I wanted to surprise him. I should have known better than to think I could surprise my husband by anything I do. He's used to me by now. He played it cool."

"'Ummm,' he mused thoughtfully. 'You look so comfortable

I think I'll join you. Mind if I do that exercise, too?'"

"If anyone had walked in at that moment, they might have contemplated calling for those little men in white jackets. We looked like two complete idiots."

"Although Paul was doing these exercises for laughs, I have never taken anything so seriously in my life. I did them because I really do hope to have my baby by natural childbirth, next (Continued on page 50)



RICKY! YOUR LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER!

We, the editors of MODERN SCREEN, are not astrologers, but we know millions believe in their stars. A very famous astrologer who has a record for being right asked that we get this message to you:

RICKY: On the next page is your horoscope, set for May 8, 1940, 1:25 p.m. EDST, Teaneck, N. J. I feel it is very important at this time to explain what it means to you. You can't afford to live dangerously this year, or any other year for that matter.

If you could read your star chart, as I can, you'd know it too. Let's face it, you do not have the chart of a race-car driver. Your reflexes are much slower than you realize. Naturally, you want to be popular, successful, a star in your own right. You want to impress people, especially your friends. You are always ready to bet on yourself to beat the field and win.

continued →

But your stars say you may some day lose more than money if you don't put on the brakes a bit. **Right now, during this month of March**, especially the 23rd to 30th, while Mars is passing over its natal place, and during the months immediately ahead through your birthday, you need to slow down and stop pushing your luck. Stress aspects are now in force, increasing the tendency to overforcefulness, reckless driving and mis-adventures.

Here, in plain words, is what an astrologer sees in your birthchart. You were born on the day after a New Moon, shortly after noon, so both the Sun and Moon are high in the sky, shedding their light radiantly over your life and affairs. These are also symbols of the prominence both of your parents have reached—and the opportunity you have to make a place in the world for yourself, as they have done.

The Sun, Mercury, Saturn, and Uranus—four planets, mind you—are in the sign Taurus. From this it can be seen that you reflect the strength and stubbornness of the proverbial and celestial Bull. Your Mercury in close conjunction with Saturn is a key to you—it has deep meaning to an astrologer and is the reason why I've stated that your reflexes are slower than you think.

Since both Saturn and Mercury are in good aspect to your ascendant, their influence, properly used, could make you more restrained and cautious; but Mars angular, also high in the sky at your birth and square to Neptune, makes you rash, thoughtless in action, inclined to overreach yourself under stress of emotion and excitement. Impatience can work very much to your disadvantage; so can unrestrained desires. You are striving to storm the pinnacle of success forcefully—this is a dangerous course for you to follow. It would be far better for your future and your ultimate happiness if you would follow the promptings of your slow-but-sure Mercury-Saturn aspect.

You probably hate the word *fear*, but when it denotes caution at the right time, it is something to be cultivated properly by all of us.

The urge to follow a reckless, devil-may-care course is often the mark of a person who is overcompensating for some lack he feels deep down within himself. Take stock of yourself, Ricky. Is this true to any degree where you are concerned? Don't fear in making your mark—this was already indicated in the heavens the moment you were born.

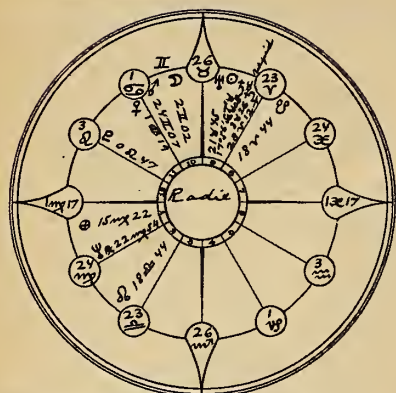
The elevated Moon in your chart is square your ascendant, and since it is the astrological symbol of your public, your friends and your lights-of-love, you should always be wary of letting it entice you into taking risks in order to impress people. Actually, your horoscope promises plenty of success and public renown if you make the most of the talent you were endowed with at birth.

But there is a great, big red light (Mars high in the sky at your birth) warning you to avoid reckless pursuits that can needlessly endanger yourself and others.

In conclusion, let me make plain that astrology is not fatalistic in the interpretations it provides. It is intended to give timely advice and wise counsel. One of its oldest dictums is succinctly phrased "The Stars Impel; They Do Not Compel." We all have our God given free-will and can in good measure mold our lives accordingly.

Sincerely yours.

An Astrological friend



May 8, 1940 1:25 p.m., D.S.T., Teaneck, N.J.



You can barely feel it!

A new kind of lipstick with a light touch—no greasiness! New Cutex

delicate



Here's a completely new kind of lipstick that *feels* as beautiful as it looks! Beautifully creamy, yet you won't feel a touch of greasiness from the minute it glides on! Light and moist as a delicate mist, it has all the brilliant color and glow you could want. Give your lips a *new* excitement . . . a *new* delicacy . . . with Cutex Delicate Lipstick. In the new slim, elegant Nugget Case . . . in gold, aqua, or pink! 79c plus tax.

CUTEX®

*It was time to go, time to move on,
but Lauren was still trapped in the
past, saying...*

*"Help me, Bogey,
help me!"*

Help me, Bogey . . . help me, help me!"

It was a little more than a year and a half since the chilly January morning Humphrey Bogart had died. And for all that time Lauren Bacall, his widow, had done everything in her power to avoid this moment. She'd gone to parties, so many parties. She'd gone out on dates, more than a few. She'd laughed hard and she'd played hard. She'd spent very little time alone. She'd done all this, and for a while she had thought it was good doing this, that she was happy doing this.

But she realized now that she was miserable.

And the moment she'd avoided came tumbling down on her this night.

"Help me, Bogey, help me," she murmured, as she sat in the living room she had known the last few months, suddenly cold and strange and repulsive to her. "Help me the way you tried to help me that night," she murmured.

(Continued on page 56)



"I WAS ALWAYS RUNNING FRO

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF STUART WHITMAN— HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING NEW STAR

I'VE finally stopped running.

• All my life I've been running. As a kid, I ran from cops, truant officers, enemy gangs, storekeepers and my mom and dad. Even when I married my wife, Patty, I had to run. A police squad car, summoned by her parents, chased us, trying to keep us from boarding a plane for Las Vegas and heading for a minister.

Fortunately, I out-ran that squad car in my souped-up hot rod. I say 'fortunately,' because my marriage to Patty five years ago was one of the things that helped change me from a drifter into a man.

Looking back, I don't blame her parents for trying to do everything to keep their daughter from marrying me. I was a wild one, and they had every reason to believe that their beautiful daughter would ruin her life if she tied up with me.

They never dreamed—nor did I—that a guy like me would turn into a responsible man. But that's the way it is with me today: four kids, a home with a pool in the Valley, a wife to whom I'm devoted, and a career I'm willing to work my head off for. It was a tough struggle, but I finally made it. *(Continued on next page)*

M THE COPS..."



"I WAS ALWAYS
RUNNING FROM THE COPS..." *continued*

I'm no longer the rebel I used to be. No longer the drifter. Finally, I belong.

Maybe that's what I craved all my life, but until now I didn't know it. Maybe I always wanted to stay put, and going off half-cocked was my crazy way of showing it.

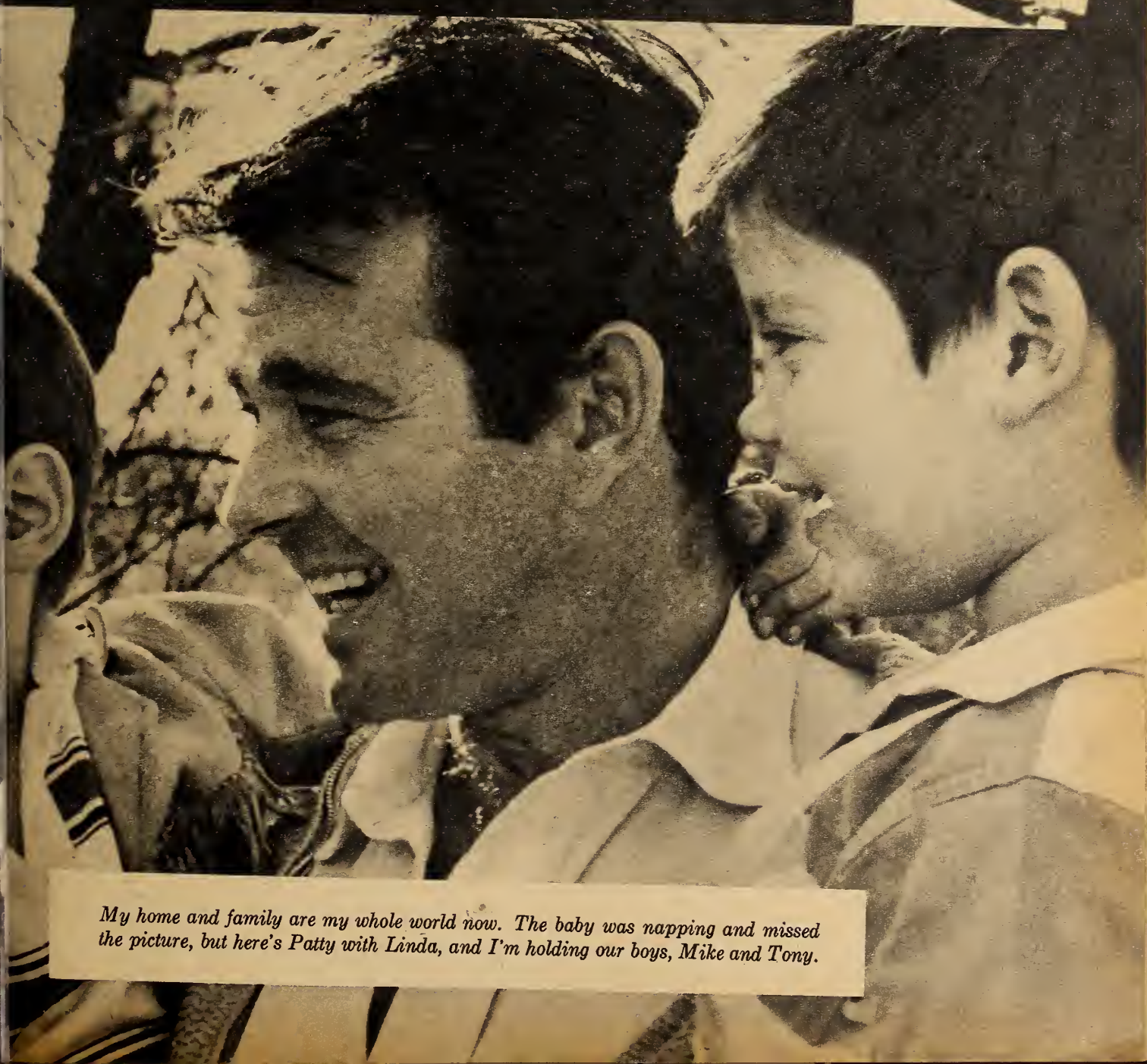
My restlessness made it tough on my folks, who had problems of their own. My parents married when they were very young: Dad was eighteen, Mother seventeen. Dad was studying law in New York at the time

and they were very poor, but like lots of kids who marry young they had bright hopes for the future. Then I came along, and the struggle began. My mother had to stop work, and Dad had to double up, working all day, going to school at night.

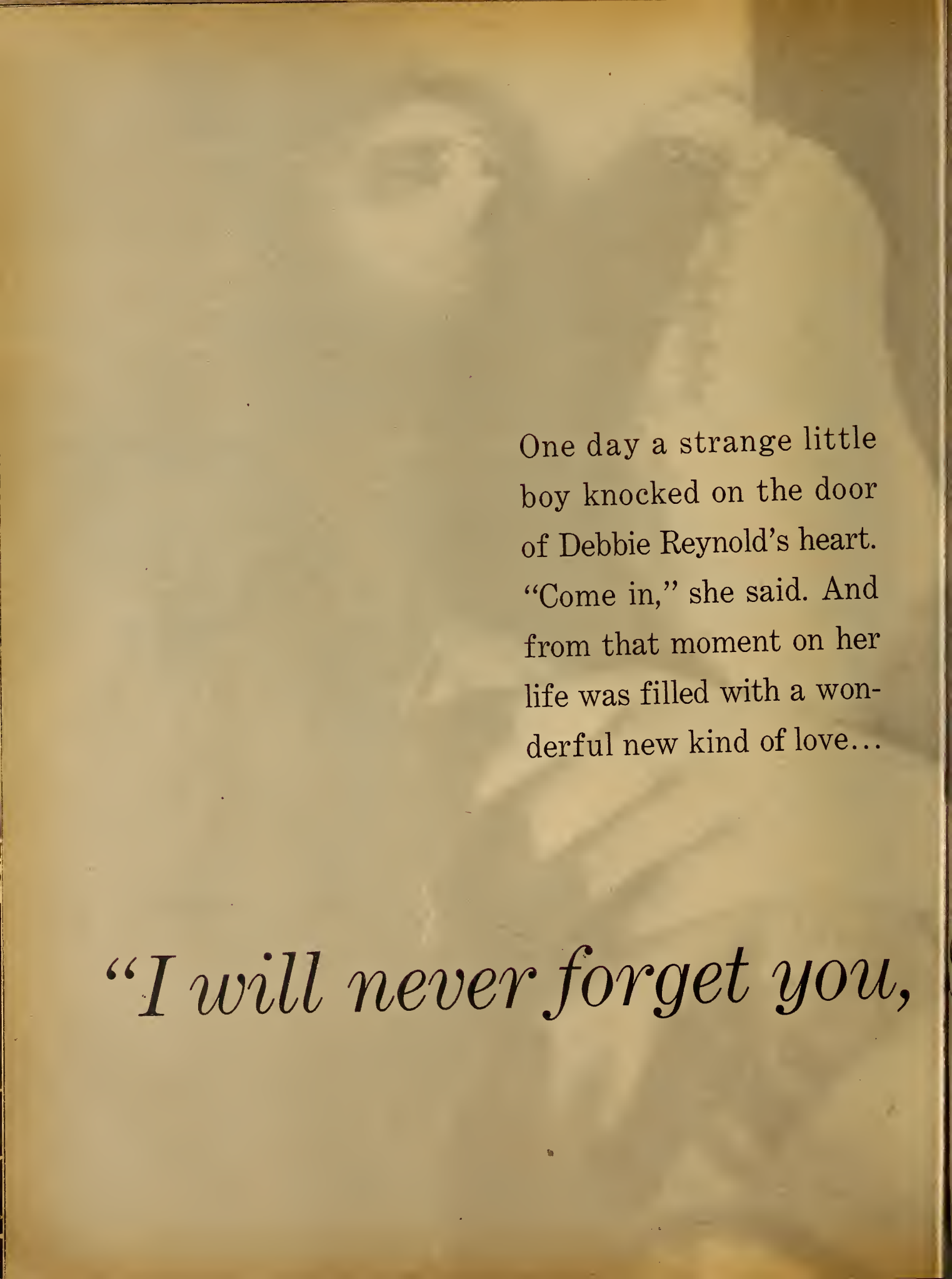
It was rough going. To make ends meet, Mom went back to work shortly after I was born, and we moved in with Dad's mother. Grandma had a big old house in Coney Island, and there (Continued on page 80)



**"IT TOOK GREAT COURAGE
ON PATTY'S PART TO RUN
WITH ME AND THEN
MAKE ME A HOME"**



My home and family are my whole world now. The baby was napping and missed the picture, but here's Patty with Linda, and I'm holding our boys, Mike and Tony.



One day a strange little
boy knocked on the door
of Debbie Reynold's heart.
"Come in," she said. And
from that moment on her
life was filled with a won-
derful new kind of love...

"I will never forget you,

by Helen Weller

IT WAS the end of the Thalian Ball, given to raise money to build a charity clinic in Los Angeles for mentally disturbed children. Debbie was very tired. She had put in a tremendous amount of work to make the ball a success. Now it was very late. She had come alone and now it was time to go home—alone. There were many things she wanted to push out of her mind as she drew her white mink stole around her shoulders and rose from her table. But there was one thing, something that had started back when she was just beginning her career . . . remembering that, the tired-

ness left her, and she smiled. . . .

Debbie had been practicing a lively dance routine that day with her old school friend and neighbor, Leon Tyler, in Leon's Burbank home. She was just starting out in pictures then, a promising starlet. Debbie was engrossed in working out the dance steps which she was practicing for a new movie, when slowly she became aware of large, brown eyes out of a thin face watching her. She stopped suddenly and saw the little boy in the doorway, his gaze fixed on her.

"Hello there," *(Continued on page 60)*

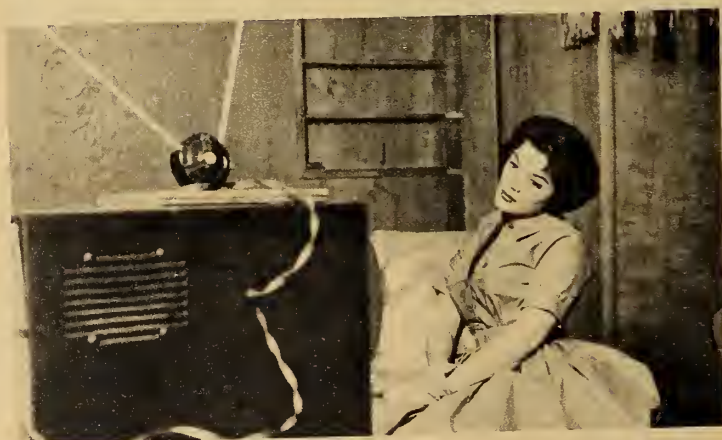
Sandy"



introducing Connie



"It's not Poppa's fault that he's so old-fashioned, but if I have to stay in one more night, I'll go nuts!"



by Paul Denis

*"If I hear those words once more:
'You're too young, too young,'
I don't know what I'll do...!"*

Francis! *female vocalist of the year*



"SOME DAY our little Concetta will be a star singer," said George Franconera, hugging his chubby two-year-old daughter.

"Look at how well she sings *Little Sir Echo* and *Playmates*. She must have heard them on the radio."

Ida Franconera nodded happily, then went back into the kitchen to see if the veal parmigiana was ready.

Poppa Franconera then picked up the small concertina he had brought over from Italy, and started to squeeze out an old Italian melody. Little Concetta watched him, utterly fascinated. . . .

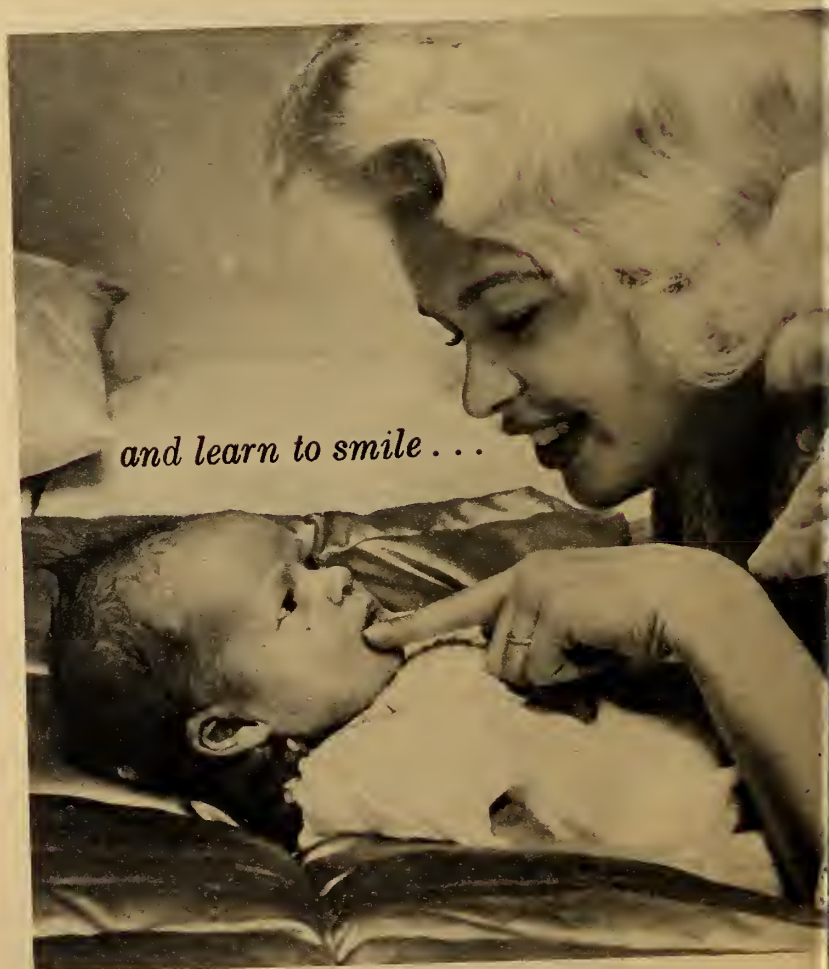
In their home town, Newark, New Jersey, little Concetta was soon known as a musical kid. She was such an unusual singer that Miss Nye, at the Bergen Street School, put her in a special row in the classroom—her voice was so low for her age.

Poppa was a big tv fan. And there was a juvenile variety show, George Scheck's *Startime*, which (Continued on page 74)



THIS IS THE WORLD, LITTLE MIKLOS

*a memory album
of your first
hour at home*





and watchful eyes . . .



the world is private . . .



but you call for help . . .



you cling to one . . .



*and are given
to others . . .*

continued



demand your fill . . .



*fight for
necessary
changes . . .*



for the world is love . . .


END

i dig

**unveiling the mysterious
private-life of Carolyn Jones**



yoga



In the beginning Carolyn Jones did not suspect that she would be leading two separate lives. Each life is not exactly a secret from the other. Her husband, Aaron Spelling, is understanding. Hollywood, however, is a little shocked, as it always is at the unusual!

"It began," Carolyn told me over lunch at the Tail o' the Cock in San Fernando Valley, "when I was making *Last Train from Gun Hill*. I mean, the surprise at what I was doing—for I have been doing it for three years.

"We had a tense scene in a roaring fire. Despite the precautions, Tony Quinn got his hair singed, the back of Kirk Douglas' coat caught fire, and my hair was scorched. It was frighteningly realistic. When it was over I ran to my portable dressing room on the outdoor set. I flung myself on the floor, and went into a deep trance of relaxation.

"After a while Tony looked in. He (Continued on page 69)

by May Mann

Don't cry,
honey...
our baby
will be
all right





Tony and Janet tried to comfort little Kelly, but they themselves were taut with fear. . . fear for their baby's life!

JANET AND Tony stood in a corner of the hospital corridor waiting. They saw the nurses slowly wheeling the thirteen-day-old infant down the hall toward the door marked *surgery*.

As the cart passed, with the tiny figure barely discernible under the white sheet, Janet clutched Tony's hand tighter, her face turning pale.

"She's so tiny—she looks so very small on that big stretcher. Such a little baby, such a very little baby to go through so much. . . ." Her voice trailed off in a sob.

Tony, taut with fear himself, somehow managed to hold himself steady for Janet's sake. She needed courage.

"Honey," he said, putting his arm around his wife as though to give her some of his strength, "she'll be all right. Remember what the doctor said."

Janet remembered. Remembered the day the doctor had come to the house and examined the baby. Then grave-faced he had told her the baby had a double hernia and would have to be operated on as soon as possible. It (Continued on page 68)



A HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

Three years ago Inger Stevens came to Hollywood. But love in Hollywood can be very cruel. Two months ago they found her—sprawled across her bed, nearly dead. She was all in pink, and she still looked very beautiful. Days later, when she recovered consciousness, she would not talk about what had happened. Here is the story no newspaper was able to print . . .

On her night table, the clock ticked steadily. The little gold hands moved, registered eleven o'clock, then twelve. Twelve o'clock, midnight. Long past time to be getting ready for bed. Tomorrow she would have to be up early, she had things to do, she needed her sleep.

But Inger Stevens, sitting silently in her chair, didn't move. If she was tired tomorrow, what did it matter? If she couldn't do the things she was supposed

to do—well, what did that matter either?

What did anything matter any more?

She'd been neglecting things for quite a while. Dave Tebet, a real nice guy, had taken her to a New Year's party at his boss' house, and though she had made her face up with care and put on a pretty dress, she had failed to rise to the occasion. Jokes hadn't seemed funny enough to make her laugh. Songs hadn't seemed tender enough to make her cry. She supposed Dave had noticed and had been disappointed. (She was right. Hours later, Dave Tebet was to tell police, "Yes, she seemed awfully down in the dumps. I took her to parties, we exchanged Christmas and New Year's gifts, but nothing seemed to cheer her up. She never told me why.")

Several times, she had almost opened her heart to him. Several times—but at the last moment, the shell of misery had closed around her again. It was too hard. Much (Continued on page 64)

I'm Having My Baby By Natural Childbirth

(Continued from page 25)

month. No anesthetics. The experience of bearing a child means everything in the world to me, and I don't want to miss a single minute of it. After carrying my baby within me for nine months, I don't want to be knocked out by drugs the moment it comes into the world. I want to be awake through the whole thing.

The greatest accomplishment

"I started studying natural childbirth even before I knew I was pregnant. In fact, I'd like to give birth to my baby at home—but most doctors won't agree to it, I guess.

"I plan to do everything for my baby myself. To me, giving birth to my baby will be the crowning achievement of my life. Not because a child has been born. I know millions of women have been mothers biologically. But the woman who is really a mother—who stays with her child and gives him a real sense of security—has accomplished something far greater than any human being can achieve in any other way.

"I certainly intend to nurse my child myself. It's healthier for the baby; better for me, too. I was nursed by my mother until I was a year old. Perhaps it was because of this nursing that I escaped so many childhood diseases. My doctor says that being nursed by a healthy mother gives a baby a certain immunity to illnesses that bottle-fed babies do not have.

"I even hope I'll be able to arrange to have the 'rooming in' method when my baby comes; have the baby lie in its little crib next to my bed in the hospital so that we can be together all the time during its first days of life. It would be more natural for me to have my baby with me, than to have it brought in at certain hours, like a strange package.

Difficult to adjust

"When I told this to a friend of mine she asked me, 'But won't this kind of life tie you down terribly, Joanne?' But if I didn't want to be tied down, I wouldn't have babies.

"But Joanne," she persisted. "This is all so untypical of you. Why, you've always been such a bohemian type . . . always flying off in different directions. It's going to be awfully difficult for you to adjust to motherhood."

"I smiled secretly to myself. Adjust to motherhood? I was *always* adjusted to the idea, whether I knew it or not.

"As a child I was automatically drawn to babies. There were lots of babies in the neighborhood, and I played with them constantly.

"I helped raise my own little half-brother, who is now only three. My father and his wife live in New Jersey, and I was in their home the day they brought him home. I took care of the baby the first day. I thought, even then, how wonderful it would be if I could do all these things for a baby of my own some day. On Christmas Eve when they couldn't get a nurse, I took care of him again. I loved the funny baby noises he made. In fact, I love the funny noises all babies make. I'm quite an experienced baby nurse, really. When I was seven I started baby sitting. There was a little girl, Nancy, who lived next to us and I took care of her all the time. I did it for fun. Soon, whenever there was a baby in Mariette, Georgia, who needed extra care, I took care of it. I didn't have any baby brothers or sisters of my own, and I drove everybody crazy asking to take care of their babies.

"You can imagine how happy I was when Paul's three children by a previous marriage came to live with us this summer. They're very young—from eight to three—and we had a ball. I was with them all the time and loved it. I like them as children, and as people. When Paul and I first got married I think I shocked people by saying I wanted to be beautifully pregnant as soon as possible. And I meant it. Then having Paul's children briefly with me, the need to have a child that belonged to me—to us—was even greater. And by a wonderful miracle, that was the month I conceived my child.

Belonging to myself

"Yet there was a time once when I wanted to belong only to myself. I was afraid of belonging to anyone else. I thought that freedom consisted of having no obligations to anyone, outside of your work. Now I know that the woman who belongs only to herself is living in a vacuum.

"A full scrapbook of clippings is poor consolation for an empty heart. I wouldn't have believed that two years ago, but now I understand it.

"For in the last few years—since Paul

Learn Some Startling Facts About Your Favorite Stars

*

What famous star's real name is John Lincoln Freund?

What popular star would rather go to the circus than do anything else?

What talented movie star plays four musical instruments?

*

Find the answer to these and other interesting questions in

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR CHART

Learn 4810 facts about the stars!

*

Just mail 25 cents in coin with the coupon below.

Box 515

Super Star Information Chart

Times Square P. O.

New York 36, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin. Please rush my copy of

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART

Name

Address

City..... Zone.....State...

and I fell in love—I have discovered that the real world has more magic in it than the world of make-believe—provided you're lucky enough to share it with someone whom you love ardently.

"Because I'm in love with Paul and awaiting the birth of the child of our love, my heart is full—full of warmth and happiness. I'm not going to talk about my baby and my husband being first in my life. I'm going to live it.

We'll never be separated

"I never want to be apart from my husband for any length of time. Paul was recently away for five days when he had to go to New York to discuss his new play, and I never suffered so miserably in my life.

"If I needed proof that I couldn't be away from him, this was it. There will never again be a long separation for us. I would give up any picture in the world, no matter how desirable, to be with Paul. And when our baby comes, I know that no part, no matter how wonderful, would ever tempt me to give up the privilege of being with him during the very first year of its life.

"While Paul was in New York, he found our wonderful apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. It's only a two-bedroom, but if we can rent the small apartment next door, we'll take that, knock a wall through and include that in the apartment, so that we'll have a real home.

"Paul and I are going to live in New York, and come to Hollywood only when his work in pictures demands it. I don't think having a back yard is the most important thing when you have a baby. We'll have Washington Square Park for a back yard.

"I intend to wheel my baby in the park and sit on the bench with the other mothers and the nursemaids and join the talk about such glorious problems as teething and which is the best diaper service and how to make strained food more appealing.

"Although my baby is due in a few weeks, I haven't gone on a baby-shopping spree.

"I have so many things that my family is passing on to me. I'm getting lots of things like a crib and bassinet. In Southern families, these things are usually handed down.

All the blessings

"My mother gave me my grandfather's old oaken high chair, which she used for me when I was a baby. Paul's mother in Cleveland is sending me the bassinet she used for Paul.

"I love the idea. Just imagine Paul's son or daughter in the very same bassinet that his dad used as a baby! It gives me a feeling of great happiness—as though all the blessings and the love and hopes that Paul's mother had for him were coming down through the years to be added to Paul's dreams and mine for our baby.

"Paul and I are sentimental parents. I guess I'm the biggest sentimentalist of all time.

"So these tangible heirlooms for our baby please me very much. Somehow, I feel that all the love of a close-knit family goes with the high-chairs and the bassinets used by those families.

"I thought I'd reached the top when I married Paul and won my Oscar. I know now that I'm only beginning to live." **END**

As told to Helen Weller

Joanne can be seen in *THE SOUND AND THE FURY* for 20th; watch for Paul in *THE PHILADELPHIAN* for Warners.

if you are

UNDER 21

Under 21 is prepared with the cooperation and assistance of Hollywood's leading experts: Edith Head, costume designer for Paramount Studios; Helen Hunt, hair stylist for Columbia Pictures; Ben Bard, director of talent training at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios; Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios; Pat McNally, director of the makeup department at Walt Disney Studios; Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios; Pauline Kessinger, commissary director of Paramount Studios.

*the phone
never seems
to ring...*



Dear Editor:

I'm getting sick and tired of sitting home every weekend. My mother is always bugging me to go out on dates, but nobody good ever asks me. I've done everything I can think of to make some of the real neat guys at our school ask me out, but they don't even know I'm alive. I wait and wait for them to call, but the only ones who ever call are the creeps. I'm a junior in high school and reasonably attractive, about average. But I'm stuck without dates almost all the time and I just don't know what to do any more.

Eileen

Caspar, Wyo.





if you are UNDER
21

*and the phone
never rings...*

What's chasing the boys away?

Dolores Hart has asked herself the same question. Like you, she was a good looking girl...There were plenty of available boys...Other girls seemed to have plenty of dates...But she had a sneaking suspicion that she knew what was wrong...

Dear Eileen:

It's here again. It's Saturday night and you are home alone. Just like last week.

Actually, Eileen, you're not a bit alone. From Connecticut to California, girls sit at home Saturday night. Because the phone doesn't ring. Because the boys don't call.

There are six million girls between 15 and 19. And more than you realize are dateless. The reasons range from a boy shortage in their town to a lack of self-confidence. But these are not your problems. Your letter reminds me of the situation Dolores Hart had in high school.

She once told me about a date that made her realize her mistake. He was a charming young man and lots of fun, but as they were leaving the restaurant she noticed that he hadn't left a tip. "Isn't he going to leave something?" she wondered. He didn't. "I felt so bad about his not leaving anything that I just couldn't date him again," Dolores explained.

Afterwards, long afterwards, on those lonely evenings when she sat home alone and wrote in her diary, Dolores realized. She knew that she had brushed that boy off unfairly. I think she began to understand that boys are sometimes nervous on dates too. Maybe he forgot the tip. Perhaps he didn't know how much to leave and was afraid of being laughed at. Or it's possible that he just didn't have any more money.

Dolores took a good look at herself and found out why she was always home, why the phone didn't ring. She realized that she expected her dates to be just about perfect. She was chasing the boys away herself by being so very demanding. . . .

Now standards are great; they're essential! But if a fellow forgot, just once, to help Dolores with her coat, he was dead! He was a creep. There would be no more dates. That sounds like your problem, Eileen. Writing off available dates. Refusing to date boys who have goofed with you, the creeps you mentioned. But you're not being fair to them or yourself. They might be great, if you gave them a chance. But you chase them away. And then you are stuck without dates. . . .

"Real neat boys don't even know I'm alive," your letter says. It's because you've disconnected your phone. If you dated more, even fellows you don't dig the most, you'd start the cycle: the more you date, the more dates you get asked out on.

Just between us girls, Eileen, we know that boys are often pretty immature in their teens. So we have to understand and give them a fair chance. But take a good look at yourself, as Dolores did, and see if you are not partially to blame for chasing the boys away. You see, Eileen, you have to have your phone connected before it can ring!

Sincerely,

Maxine

"Dear Diary," wrote Dolores. "I think I know why the boys don't call me. I've really found the answer now. . . ."

Dolores Hart is currently appearing on Broadway in *The Pleasure of His Company*. Her fourth movie, *Lonelyhearts*, was released by United Artists this month. Dolores' perky plaid dresses are from the summer cotton collection of Jonathan Logan, in your local store, at moderate prices, in junior sizes.

Solved your dating problem? But you still have troubles... ➔

if you are UNDER
21

Just Shout for Help...

Dear Editor:

I went out for swimming because I'm kind of heavy and I heard it was supposed to be good exercise. But honestly, sometimes I get so beat I can hardly move but all it ever seems to do is make me hungry and thirsty. Most of the other girls are real slim and I figured I could get that way too. Is there a better sport I could go out for that would help?

Mickey
Los Angeles, Calif.



Dear Mickey:

No. Swimming is one of the best. It's an active sport and you do burn up calories. If you swim vigorously, I don't mean just horsing around in the pool, you'll burn up about 400 calories in an hour. But there are 280 calories in a malted milk, 362 in a hamburger, and 465 in an order of french fries. So if you finish swimming hungry and have *this* kind of a snack, you end up 707 calories *fatter* than before you jumped into the pool. As Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios, points out: "No matter how much you exercise, you can't lose weight unless you diet, too. But if you diet *and* exercise, you will lose three times as fast as you ordinarily would just dieting." So keep up the swimming and the deep knee bends, but switch to munching apples (75 calories) for snacks. . . .

Dear Editor:

Why do magazines keep telling girls to keep quiet and get their dates to talk about themselves? Whenever I got out with a girl she wants me to do all the talking but I have nothing to say. I just can't talk to girls. I get all tied up and I can't say a thing to them all evening and I just start stuttering or something. Why don't you tell the girls to do the talking?

Steve
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Steve:

All right. The girls *should* carry the conversation part of the time. But you have to do your share, too. As Roosevelt once said about a much more serious problem, you "have nothing to fear but fear itself." That's the whole bit, Steve. You're just too worried and nervous about girls. Relax! Twentieth Century-Fox Talent School Director, Ben Bard, advises you to take it easy and not try too hard to make the big impression. "Any man would be nervous if he had to think up a lot of malarky that he didn't believe. When you have something to say, say it simply," he explains. "Don't try to find fancy words or phrases." So just take it easy, Steve. Carry your share of the conversation and then ask a few questions to get your date started. And be prepared to listen for *part* of the time. You're right, Steve. You don't have to do *all* the talking. As Mr. Bard points out, "some of the biggest male stars make their most important impressions by asking a few choice questions and then just *listening* to the girls. . . ."

Dear Editor:

My friends go with a crowd which has its morals kind of low and go in for cheap petting. I don't like this, so they call me a square and have dropped me. Should I try to get looser or stick to my standards and be unpopular?

Laurie
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Laurie:

If your friends behave in a way that you don't dig, then toots, they're not your friends! Friends are people who share things together, hold common ideas on im-

portant things, enjoy each other for what they are. Your "friends" don't fill the bill. So they dropped you? Good. It saves you the trouble of chucking them. It's time for you to find a new gang, kids who think the way you do. And I don't mean that you're a bit square: you're simply one of the very rare and wonderful people who have the courage to live up to their beliefs regardless of the way the crowd goes. More power to you, Laurie. With that kind of guts you'll have no trouble making new and better friends. . . .

Dear Editor:

My mother is my problem. Whenever I have a boyfriend or one of the kids over, she sits around and listens and she just won't get lost. The same thing when I talk on the phone. I want some privacy. I'm 15 years old and don't you think I should have some rights? Why don't you run a story on how kids should be left alone and mothers shouldn't be so nosy? Maybe if I showed her that you agree with me, she'll stop bugging me so much all the time.

Sally
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sally:

Okay, here's your answer, one you can show to your mother. But you'd better read it pretty carefully yourself, too. . . . It sounds like you and your mother are ready to have a little talk. Yes, Sally, you are old enough to have some privacy and it's something that your mother should realize. But perhaps you should try to understand *why* she listens in. Perhaps it's because you never tell her about the things you're doing and the places you go and the fun you have. If you didn't keep it all a big secret and filled her in occasionally, she wouldn't feel she had to eavesdrop. Or perhaps she would like to know more about your friends; you can't blame her for that. If you included her in occasionally so she could get to know them, then perhaps she'd deal herself out when you do want privacy. Best talk it over with her, gal, but it sounds like you're at least partially to blame. Remember, mothers are human too. . . .

Dear Editor:

I'm 17 years old and I go around with a real swinging crowd of college kids that are the greatest. The trouble is that I have a baby face and always look like a child. I've really tried to follow the beauty ads about putting on mascara, eyebrow pencil and stuff, but when I get it on I just look like I'm going to a Halloween party. I want to use makeup so I can look a little older. All my friends and lots of younger kids wear it and it looks good. But whenever I put makeup on I look so silly that everyone just laughs at me and my mother says I look ridiculous. Isn't there some special kind of makeup I could use?

Lillian
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Lillian:

Anyone who tries to look much older than her age is going to look silly. If your college friends really thought you looked too young, they wouldn't have you in the gang. So don't bother trying to look older; you'll be old soon and spend the rest of your life trying to look younger. But if you do want to wear makeup, go ahead. You don't need a special kind. You may be *used* to it on your friends, but they would probably look silly too if you saw it on them for the first time. *However*,

Gordon Bau, director of makeup for Warner Brothers Pictures, warns that *makeup must be used well and sparingly*. "What you see in the beauty ads may be excellent on a model, but far too much for a teenager," he explains. You are on the right track if you stay clear of too much paint; if they use a lot, your friends are the ones who need the advice. Mr. Bau declares that if you feel like you are masquerading when you do put on makeup, you are probably using it as a disguise. It's only intended as an accent. So if you do use it, use it carefully. . . .

Dear Editor:

I spend lots of money on real shoe Ivy League clothes to look nice. I try and try to make myself look decent, but my hair always looks like a bird's nest and I'm getting frantic. It's stringy and a crummy blonde color. I hate it and just can't make it look human. I want to cut it all off but my boyfriend likes long hair and won't let me. Don't you think I should cut it all off anyhow?

Gilda,
St. Petersburg, Fla.



Dear Gilda:

Too bad you didn't send a picture with your letter, because it's hard to tell what your problem really is. Possibly a haircut *would* get rid of your bedraggled look: short hair is always smart and much easier to care for. . . . But you really don't have to chop it off and antagonize your boyfriend, if you give it proper care. It doesn't sound as though you do. Hair stylist for Columbia Pictures, Helen Hunt, responds to your problem by suggesting that you try shampooing it at least twice a week, then be sure to rinse thoroughly, and brush your hair dry before setting it. "Your hair may look crummy simply because you're not washing it often enough," Miss Hunt declares. "More care will give it life and sheen and the dirty blonde look will become beautiful." So, Gilda, try shampoo before you resort to scissors to knock that bird's nest off your head. . . .

Something still bothering you? Don't be shy. We'll talk it over if you write to:

**Maxine, Under 21
Modern Screen, 750 Third Avenue
New York 17, New York**

We'll find the answers for you. We're waiting for your questions. So write that letter now and we'll tackle your problem.



a FINE
for CLARK

One rainy, stormy day in Pima, Arizona, a trailer-truck loomed out of the mist and headed directly for an approaching car. The driver reacted swiftly, cutting his wheels to the right. With a sudden screech of brakes, both vehicles halted.

Clark Gable emerged from his auto unhurt. A patrolman arrived, and finding both men all right, started to write out a ticket for Gable, charging him with 'illegal passing.' Clark grumbled something and got back into his car.

On the day of the hearing, crowds of newsmen gathered at the courtroom. "Hey," shouted one, "bet you Gable doesn't even come himself."

"Yes," agreed another, "he'll probably send some long-winded attorney."

Moments later, Clark Gable stepped from a taxi at the door of the courthouse. He was alone. He made his way up to the door.

The judge entered the courtroom. Clark was called to the stand. "I don't need a lawyer," he explained. "The accident was my fault. I want to plead guilty to the charge."

"Since you're so honest about it, Mr. Gable," said the judge, "the court will fine you the legal minimum—twenty-five dollars, or twenty-five days in jail."

In the midst of Gable's paying the fine, a bailiff burst into the room, and blurted out, "There's maybe two thousand women out there, all screechin' their heads off fer a look at that Gable feller. . . ."

The judge cleared his throat and addressed Clark. "Since you managed to survive the automobile accident with no injuries," he said, "I see no point in putting your life in danger now. I hereby sentence you to remain in my chambers until everything quiets down." Then he winked, "I guess you'll have to take a jail sentence, after all!"

Help Me, Bogey

(Continued from page 30)

With an effort, she forced her mind to recall the other living room, the big warm beautiful room in the Holmby Hills mansion where she and her husband and their two children had lived.

She smiled a little as she remembered. But then something else—a sound she remembered, a sound of that night—echoed in her ears, and the smile disappeared.

It was the creaking sound of the dumbwaiter. It meant that it was five o'clock, that Bogey had been dressed and shaved and that his by-now emaciated, cancer-filled frame had been lifted into the dumbwaiter for his nightly visit downstairs.

On that night, Lauren remembered, she had rushed from the kitchen, where she'd been supervising dinner, to meet her husband and help him from the dumbwaiter into his wheelchair.

"Hello, darling," she'd said, after he was in the chair, smiling and kissing him and adjusting the collar of his scarlet smoking jacket.

Every other night for the past year, Bogey, she remembered, had looked up at her and—after scanning her face very seriously for a moment or two—had winked and smiled back.

But that night there had been no wink and no smile, and she knew that something was wrong.

In the living room a few minutes later, Lauren had poured him his glass of sherry, and then she'd poured one for herself.

"Here's to us," she'd said, lifting her glass, waiting for him to do the same.

He hadn't though, not that night.

Instead, he'd simply brought his drink up to his lips and taken a sip and then, in a voice more hoarse and croakish than it had ever sounded that past year, he had said, "Sit down, Betty . . . there's something I've got to tell you."

Lauren's hand, still raised, had shaken when she'd heard him say that. A little of her drink, she remembered, had spilled to the floor.

"Sure," she remembered herself saying, forcing a laugh, stepping over the damp spot on the rug and walking to a chair and sitting.

Bogey knows the truth

What her husband might as well have said then, she remembered, was that he knew he would be dead in a few days, that the terrible truth, the awful knowledge he'd fought off with all the brave toughness within him had finally reached the center of his brain—and that he knew now what she, his wife, had known and kept from him all these long months.

"I've been thinking, Baby," he'd said, "that in case, just in case, anything happens to me—"

Lauren had forced her laugh again. "Like what, Bogey?" she'd asked, interrupting him, "like what?"

He hadn't answered her.

He'd sat for a minute, looking at her through those over-large eyes set deep in an already unfamiliar face. And then he'd said, "In case anything happens to me, I never want you to live in the past."

"Bogey . . ." Lauren remembered saying, as if pleading with him not to talk that way.

But he'd gone on, anyway.

"It's been a wonderful thing, our life together," he'd said. "Nearly twelve years. Two kids—God bless them—a boy who looks like me, and a girl pretty like you. Comfortable. We've always had everything we needed. And love—that we had

most of, Baby, that we had plenty of . . . But don't try to relive it, no matter what happens. Remember, you were a kid when I married you and you've got a long, good time ahead of you. So don't think of me—not too much, Baby. No matter what happens, don't ever live in the past . . . Will you remember that? Will you?"

She had nodded. She hadn't been able to say anything that night after he'd spoken and she had known it would make him happy if she nodded. And so she did.

But now, this night, a year and a half later, remembering what he'd told her, she thought, *But I've tried, I've tried, and it's been no good.*

She thought of the ways she had tried. So many ways, so many painful ways.

I sold the house, our house, she thought. *I didn't want to live there with all our memories. I didn't want to live there in the past—like you said. So I sold it and we moved here, the kids and I, to this house.*

And the furniture. Part of it I sold, part I gave away. Just so the past wouldn't be near me, couldn't be near me. Every chair you ever sat in, every table you ever touched, our bed, our everything, sold, given away . . . gone.

No one really understands

And they've come in, Bogey, some people, and they've wondered: Not even a picture of him on the wall or on the piano—My, that's strange, isn't it?—I mean, you'd think that's the least she could do, to have his picture around.

And they've asked me, some people, Betty honey, where's your bracelet, the one your husband gave you when you first met and fell in love, the one with the whistle on it, that you always used to wear? Oh, you've locked it away? Oh, we see, we see.

But they don't really see, Bogey, do they? They don't really understand that this is the way you wanted it to be, that this is part of what you meant when you told me to forget about the past?

She thought, too, about the social life she'd embarked on a few months after the funeral. How, suddenly, almost impulsively, it seemed, she'd chucked her widow's weeds for the smart cocktail dresses and high-fashion gowns she'd worn so well and so often before her husband's death, and how she'd begun to step out, to go to parties and premières, to live it up and laugh it up again, to tackle life as if it were a contest involving a kind of emotional brawn that she would prove to the grandstanders who watched her every move.

Some of the grandstanders had cheered. "She's got what it takes," they'd said. "She's a fighter. She's not going to let anything that happened, no matter how bad, knock the stuffings out of her."

Others had been less sympathetic, though, much less.

"She's got no class," they'd whispered, a low chorus of catty voices from the bleachers. "She's making a mockery out of something that should have been sacred to her—for a while, at least. She's making a blotch of what was supposed to have been twelve years of wedded bliss. She's got no class, just nerve, and what nerve!"

But Lauren hadn't cared, not one way or the other, about what anybody had thought.

She'd known only that she was doing what Bogey had meant for her to do.

Or, at least, she'd *thought* that this was what Bogey had meant.

Frankie's part

Even that incident with Frank Sinatra—even there, at the beginning, Lauren had thought, despite the criticism from others, she'd been doing (Continued on page 58)

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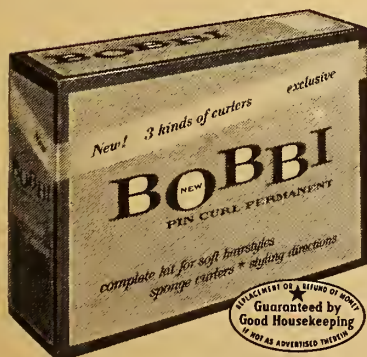


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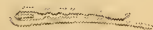


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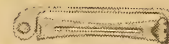
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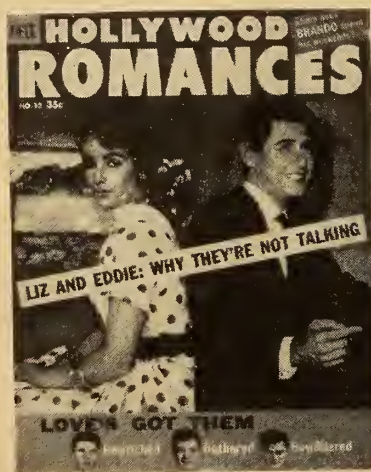
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something that would have pleased Bogey.

For what better friend had they ever had than Frank? And who had seemed more heartsick over Bogey's death when it came, and more anxious to comfort her?

As Frank himself had put it at the time: "Betty is very lonely since Bogart left us—and I'm a lonesome guy, too. So it's quite natural we should get together and try for a few laughs."

The situation that had developed in time—their much publicized dating spree and engagement (a newspaper announced on September 14, 1957, that they were planning to marry momentarily) with both Frank and Lauren saying *No comment* at first, then with Lauren saying *Maybe* and Frank countering with a stunning *No, no, a thousand times no*—all this had been messy, confusing, embarrassing.

But after the clouds of publicity and comment had lifted—after Frank had begun to go his own old way—Lauren realized it was best this way, that she had leaned so much on Frank not because she had really fallen in love with him, but because he had been a close friend when she needed one, a good warm friend, and nothing more.

So, more and more without Frank now, she'd continued living at the fast pace to which she'd become accustomed.

For the most part, this pace had revolved around her married friends, sticking close to them, going out with them, being with them practically all the time.

Occasionally, too, she would date one of Hollywood's crew of good-looking bachelors—men she'd met through her work and at parties, men who seemed very anxious to be with her.

And for a while, this had seemed to be the answer—the married friends, the attentive bachelors, the merry-go-round she was riding, spinning faster and faster, more and more merrily, round and round, almost without let-up.

Sick of it all

But then, suddenly, Lauren had become fed up.

Suddenly, the gayness in her had vanished.

Suddenly, a sick feeling had begun to take hold of her heart.

Suddenly, she had begun to talk not of how happy she was trying to be, but of how unhappy she really was.

About her married friends, there came this comment now: "I'm tired of going out to dinner and to parties with them. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I love them. I envy them their complete lives. But I've had it, just being the extra woman they're sweet enough to invite."

About the Hollywood bachelors, came this angry, disgusted comment: "Most of them are specialists in small talk, with nothing but the promise of boredom to come. I've seen the lowered lids as the sleek head closes in for the kiss on your hand. It's not a life they offer, not even an existence. Just boredom!"

Suddenly then, Lauren Bacall had realized that she was miserable.

And suddenly now, this night, sitting alone in that unfamiliar room, after a year and a half of avoiding this moment, she turned to the man she had known and loved for so long and she begged him to tell her, somehow, what she should do.

"Help me, Bogey, help me, help me," she said. "I've tried. You told me to shut out the past. And I've tried. But it's been no good. . . Look at me. Look. Look at me and see what's happening to me and then talk to me—talk to me once more—and tell me what I've done wrong."

The tears began to fill her eyes.

"Is there something I've done wrong?" she called out, rising from her chair, looking around the empty room. "Is there?"

She waited, the tears streaming down

her cheeks, as if an answer might come.

But there was no answer.

"Bogey!" she cried out, once more, desperately.

And then, not knowing exactly what she was doing, conscious only of the fact that she had to get out of this new room and this new house now, right now, she ran into the foyer and out the front door and toward the garage and to her car. . . .

"I swore I'd never come back!"

She'd been driving, no more than fifteen minutes, when she brought the car to a stop.

For a moment, she looked straight ahead, at the black night that faced her.

But then, slowly, she turned her head and she saw it—the house, high up on the hill.

She stared at it for a long while, studying its outline, peeking beyond its far-away windows and into the rooms she remembered so well.

And then the years seemed suddenly subtracted from this night as she heard a voice say, *I just bought it, honey; it's ours for as long as we're together, it's ours.*

She turned away.

She brought her hands up to her ears, to block any more words from the past.

"No," she said now, shaking her head, "it's not ours anymore. I've sold it, Bogey. I've moved. I moved one day and I swore I'd never come back to it and—"

She stopped.

But she *had* come back, she realized.

It had taken some time, but she *had* come back.

And then she realized, for the first time, that despite everything, she had never really moved—that she was still as close to the house and to her dead, beloved husband as she had ever been—that she was still in Hollywood, California, the town they had known together; still with their old friends, the people they had known together—that she had made the mistake of trying to forget the past by clinging to a place and to people too close to that past.

The tears rushing to her eyes again, she lowered her head, bringing her forehead hard against the wheel of the car.

And she sobbed, "I've got to get away. I've got to. . . ."

The change began

A few weeks later, Lauren left for a four-week tour of Europe with some friends.

As one of these friends has said:

"It was the best thing that could have happened to her. On the way over, she was moody and depressed and halfway to Madrid, our first stop, I remember her saying something about missing Stevie and Leslie, her children, and wishing she were back with them. But after a few days in Madrid, and then in Rome, and then Paris, the change began. I don't know exactly what caused it. I think it was being away from Hollywood finally, and meeting lots of new people. And the reception she got from these people—it really thrilled her. Until, at last, we got to London. And that did it!

"In one day, I remember, two important things happened. One was a meeting with an English producer in the morning. He told her how much he'd always admired her and he offered her a part in one of his pictures, to begin filming within a few months there in England and then in India. Betty thanked him for the offer, and for his interest, but she told him she wasn't sure what her answer would be. 'I'm on vacation,' she said. 'It's all so sudden. I'll let you know within a few days, if that's all right.' Then that night there was the party given for her by Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, a fan-

tastically beautiful party with everybody who was anybody in London present—about two hundred people. And—unlike most big parties where the guest of honor usually turns out to be little more than just another guest—all two hundred of them swarmed around Betty and introduced themselves and heaped more love and praise on her than she could ever have possibly imagined. I remember how after the party, over a cup of coffee, she said to me:

"You know, nobody before—except Bogey—ever made me feel so important, and wanted."

"And then she decided, right there, that she would take the part in that picture she'd been approached on, that she would return to the States after our trip, pack up her children, come to England, make the picture, and then divide the rest of her time between Europe and New York, her home town."

"And leave Hollywood?" I asked her.

"She nodded. 'Yes,' she said, 'that's not the place for me anymore.'"

"She added, 'I'll go home, spend Christmas with the children and then, right after that, I'll take them back here with me. They're my whole world. They're all I've really got. And maybe here—here and in New York—the three of us can get our feet back on the ground and find out what everything is all about again.' . . ."

"Good-bye, my darling!"

It was a night in January of 1959, the beginning of a new year and of a new life for Lauren Bacall.

The place was the International Airport in Los Angeles.

A crowd of people gathered at the foot of the ramp leading to a European-bound airplane.

They were friends, old friends, who'd come to see Lauren and the children off.

There was much excitement—flowers, photographers, kisses and embraces, shouts of good-bye.

Then a stewardess said it was time to leave and Lauren shooed the children up into the plane.

Finally, a minute later, she herself began to climb the ramp.

When she reached the top step, she waved.

"Come see us, wherever we are," she called out to the old familiar faces below.

"We will," she listened to them all call back, "we will."

She turned and started to enter the plane.

But then, once more, she turned back.

This time, however, she did not wave, nor even look down at the crowd that stood watching her.

Instead, she raised her eyes and looked over to the east, at the low twinkling hills there, and to a spot she could not see beyond those hills.

"Good-bye," she whispered, softly, to someone who could not hear her, who lay beyond those hills.

"Good-bye, my darling. . . ."

And then, suddenly, she turned again, for the last time, and rushed into the plane. **END**

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When it comes to dreaming up gags, Betty Grable is no slouch. One time, when her favorite band leader Harry James was filling an engagement at a popular night spot, Betty decided to drop in on him in a fancy disguise, and see if she could fool him.

Betty was making a movie at the time and she left on her studio make-up during dinner, so that Harry would think she was planning to stay home. But no sooner did he leave the house than Betty went into action. With the help of her hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, she got herself up in a black wig. Next she painted on black eyebrows and applied dark purple lipstick. Her costume consisted of a tight black skirt, a flame-colored blouse, and ankle-strap high-heeled shoes. Marie assured her she looked as sexy as all get-out. At the last moment, Betty remembered to take off her wedding ring.

Escorted by her dance director, Kenny Williams, who was in on the

BETTY GRABLE



*fools her
family
but not
her
fans!*

joke, Betty arrived at the night club. They walked into the dimly lit cocktail lounge, and saw Betty's sister and brother-in-law seated at a table. Williams, who knew them, introduced Betty as a girl friend from Flatbush named Lynn Kelley. There were polite how-de-dos all around. The real test came when Harry James joined the party, and was introduced to Miss Kelley.

When the band leader asked Betty what she did, she played it straight. "I'm a dancer," she said.

"What did you say her name was?" James whispered to Williams.

"Lynn Kelley," he confided.

"She's rather attractive," James said.

Whereupon Betty broke into loud laughter and the game was up.

But even though Betty had managed to fool her family, she couldn't fool her fans. When she got outside, the autograph hunters immediately buzzed around. One of them, a brash young man, put his arm around the 'dark-haired' beauty.

"Hi, Betty," he greeted her, "may I have the next dance?"

I Will Never Forget You, Sandy

(Continued from page 37)

said Debbie, smiling. "Do you want to come in and watch?"

The boy looked at her, then backed away, terrified. Holding his arms up to his face, he fled.

Debbie ran after him, and finally found him in the kitchen, cowering in a corner like some trapped animal.

How frightened he looks, thought Debbie. Why?

Aloud she said, "I enjoyed having you watch us. Please come back."

The boy held his head down, scarcely hearing her, his face stony.

"Please," said Debbie, "please come back. I need you. I really do. I want you to tell me how you like this dance. You see, it's very important to me. . . ."

Slowly, she coaxed the child back into the den which she and Leon, by removing the rug, had converted into an impromptu rehearsal room.

Now Debbie wasn't concentrating so much on the dance—important as it was to her rising young career at the time—as she was on the boy. Always quick to sense the hurts of children, Debbie knew that this boy was suffering inside.

"This is such fun," she said, her legs twinkling in a series of taps. "Come on and join me. . . ."

She took him gently by the hand. "Come on, do this with me." Slowly, clumsily, the little boy moved his feet, stomped them in an awkward imitation of Debbie's clean-cut taps.

"Good!" exclaimed Debbie. "Oh, this is great I'm enjoying this. Are you?"

The boy became interested, followed Debbie. She looked at him and saw a flicker of a smile on his face.

Later, Leon told her, "Debbie, it was a miracle. A positive miracle. Do you know what you've done? You made Sandy smile. This is the first time in his life that Sandy smiled. And you did it."

And on that day, Debbie learned Sandy's story

Sandy—a troubled child

Sandy was just one of a procession of foster children who came into the home and the lives of Leon and his mother, Mrs. Maude Sperl. Mrs. Sperl, a motherly-looking woman with a twinkle in her eyes, occasionally takes care of mentally-disturbed boys in her little pink stucco house.

Debbie has always been interested in children. And her heart has always gone out to children who have known trouble. Though her own childhood was always serene, she never took its blessings for granted.

"I can't remember," Debbie told me, "the time I wasn't interested in children who needed help." In the days when she was a happy-go-lucky little Girl Scout in Burbank, her troop used to help the spastic children in the community.

But when Debbie began visiting Leon Tyler and his mother, who lived up the street, she discovered that there are children whose bodies bear no scars, but whose spirits are scarred by rejection, cruelty and lack of understanding.

Of all the children she met, Debbie's heart was most taken by Sandy—because of all of them, he needed help most.

When Debbie first saw Sandy he was only six years old. But in his six years of life he had seen more tragedy than most of us see in a lifetime.

His mother had been deserted by her husband when Sandy was born. Deprived

of love herself, she turned bitter, took out her unhappiness on Sandy.

Sandy, eager to love and be loved, found himself often rejected by his mother, who hated the whole world, including herself. Her hatred against the world grew so bitter that she finally had to be confined to a hospital.

In the meantime, his grandmother, a small, lively, elderly woman, took care of Sandy. She loved him deeply, and he responded to her affection like a plant turning to the sun. But tragedy struck at this valiant woman. She became ill with cancer, her frail figure withered away, and in unbearable pain most of the time, she could no longer take care of Sandy.

A world where hate reigns

Little Sandy didn't understand why he had been deserted by the grandmother who had given him affection; he didn't know why, at the age of six, he was placed in a mental institution with older boys who were potential murderers and delinquents. He didn't even know the long, many-syllabled word that spelled out what was wrong with the boys who shared his quarters at a state hospital with him. All he knew was that once he had been loved, and now he was shut out from love, and in a world where mostly hate reigned.

On the day when Mrs. Sperl first came to visit Sandy, she had heard his story from a social service worker who explained that he had been removed from his home when he had been violent to a little girl, and that he had been in a state hospital for several years. She believed that Sandy, though belligerent, could be helped if someone took a sincere interest in him.

When Mrs. Sperl started to talk to him, he backed away and cried, "You're making me nervous," and ran behind a canteen.

Unpromising as his background was, Mrs. Sperl wanted to help him, and agreed to take him into her home as a foster child.

When Sandy first came to live in Burbank, he held his head down, his eyes fastened morosely on the ground.

That was one of the first things Debbie noticed about him.

"Why don't you hold your head up?" she said, after she got to know him a little better.

"Why should I?" he said, his lips curling bitterly.

"Because, like all people, you are made in the image of God—and we who are made in God's image have a right to hold our heads up."

"Who's God?"

Touching the boy's hair gently, Debbie told him. She saw his brown eyes trying to grasp the concept of the all-powerful Being who is also all loving.

"Do you understand?"

He shook his head in dumb bewilderment. The world he had known was one of violence and hatred. How could he possibly believe in a God who was the symbol of love?

More meaningful than her career

Often, thinking of Sandy, Debbie's eyes would fill up. Never did her prayers have so much meaning as now. "Thank You for Your many blessings . . . and please make Sandy well."

Debbie was at the beginning of her career at MGM then. A bright new face in pictures, she was blazing swiftly ahead and everyone said that she would become

a great star some day. But important though her career was to her, it was never quite as meaningful as what was happening to Sandy on any particular day.

Most of the time, Sandy was very belligerent. In the world in which he had been brought up, belligerence was the only way to take things. You couldn't take them with a smile, because there was nothing to smile at. And if you cried, someone might beat you for it. Other children had parents who loved them; other children lived in a world of teddy bears, toy trains and wondrous clowns. Sandy's was a world where you fought for everything and never knew what it meant to be at peace.

He was an angry little boy—too young and defenseless to know exactly what to be angry at. One day, when Debbie was visiting Mrs. Sperl's home, she saw Sandy struggling with the buttons on his shirt. In a fury, he tore the shirt off and ripped it to ribbons.

"Why did you do that?" Debbie asked.

Head down, he wouldn't answer. Finally he said, "It made me mad."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't button."

"Don't you think it was foolish to be angry at a shirt?" said Debbie. "It wasn't to blame for the fact that you had trouble buttoning it. If you promise not to tear it, I'll buy you another shirt, but you must let me teach you how to button it. Will you promise?"

Sandy promised. His face became softer; he had seen so much unkindness, so little kindness.

To Debbie it wasn't enough just to make a fuss over Sandy when she visited Leon and Mrs. Sperl. Undeterred by the fact that she had been warned Sandy was unpredictable and could suddenly become violent, she had invited him over to swim in her new pool, a gift she had given

herself and her family when her first option had been picked up.

"When he's busy letting off steam swimming, he won't let off steam in a destructive way," she said to those who tried to discourage her from having a wild boy like Sandy around. Debbie would go in swimming with him, teach him new strokes, keep him occupied.

The one thing he needed

But so much hate had been built up in poor Sandy that he couldn't forget it completely, even lying in the sun by the side of Debbie's pool. One day he became very rowdy. It happened on a day when someone from the studio was at Debbie's house. Anyone else would have sent Sandy home, rather than permit him to tear around when a big shot from the studio was there.

But Debbie has always been very direct, and it didn't matter to her if her guest was a studio wheel or someone from the neighborhood; to have sent Sandy home in disgrace would have set him back.

In the meantime, she knew she had to divert him. "I'll race you," she called out to Sandy, jumping feet first into the pool. He followed. She splashed him with water, he threw some water back at her, and when he emerged from all this horseplay in the pool, he was more peaceful.

Although most people found him violent and frightening, to Debbie he was a child with a child's wants and a child's needs; and out of her great heart she gave him the one thing he needed most—love.

You cannot achieve a miracle in a day, a week, a month or a year. Only God can make a miracle. But sometimes for a while He uses a human being as an instrument of His love.

One day, Debbie noticed Sandy watching her with her two French poodles. "Want

to play with them?" she asked, noticing the way his eyes were taking in every movement of the playful poodles.

"Oh, yes," he said.

Like a red light, the warning she had heard from someone who knew Sandy's background flashed across her mind: "Never give him pets to play with; he can become violent. He might harm them."

Debbie loved her two poodles. And yet in God's world, wasn't a child even more important than a beloved pet? Wasn't it possible that the gentle puppies might awaken something in Sandy that would be good for him to know?

Her mind worked rapidly: the well-being of two beautiful pets against the well-being of a turbulent, disturbed child.

"Here they are," she said, placing one of the poodles in his arms. And then she left.

The acid test

When she returned, her heart was beating fast. Had she made a mistake? She walked back to where she had left Sandy. He was leaning over the dog, fondling it gently. . . .

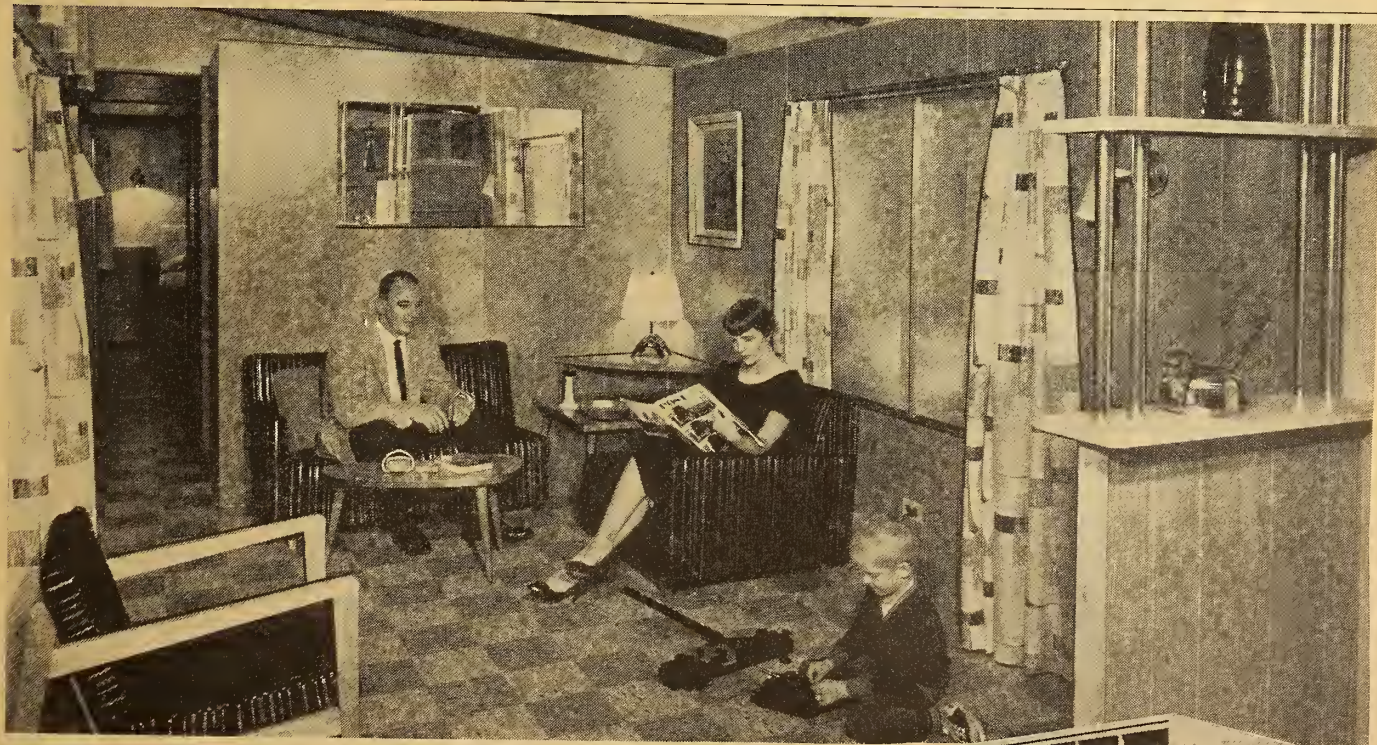
First it was the dog, then it was Debbie, and finally it was Mrs. Sperl. He loved them. Debbie was the only one he would permit to touch him. He followed Debbie around like a little puppy. With her, he lost some of his hostilities. She tried to get him interested in going to school, but the parents of the other children were afraid to have their children play with him. Most who met Sandy were frightened by him—but never Debbie.

Once he asked her, "Debbie, do you really believe in God?"

"Why, of course."

"Why can't I see Him?"

"Because He is invisible . . . a Spirit that flows through the world. He is our Father. . . ."



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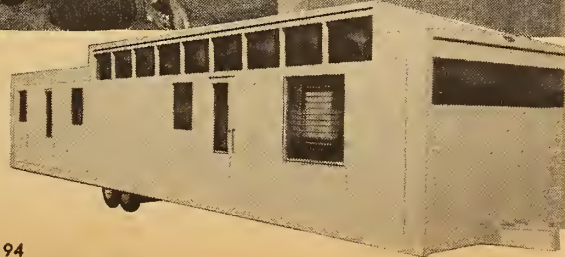
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A DELL BOOK

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Again, the boy was perplexed. Our Father? He had never known what it meant to have his father's arms around him, to hear a father say, "I love you, son." Was the Divine Father different?

Love can achieve miracles. We all know that. And yet there comes a time when love alone is not enough. Three people—Maude Sperl, Leon Tyler and Debbie—matched their unbounded love against a mind that had been filled with hate and rebellion.

I wish I could tell you that their love was victorious. It accomplished much, but in the end, the psychiatrists who studied Sandy decided it was time for him now to have special medical treatment that was available only under constant care in a hospital.

And so Sandy went back to the hospital.

He had known Debbie's love for two and a half years. At the thought of having it withdrawn from him, his face became tense and harried. "Sandy, Sandy," said Debbie gently, "with God's help, they'll make you well at the hospital. And I'll come to see you."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

A promise remembered

A short time later she kept that promise. It was just after she had made another sacred promise: *for better or for worse, till death do us part . . .* She had made it to Eddie Fisher. She was beginning a new life that she thought would be glorious with the man she loved. Her career was in high gear. She had just finished a picture; her day was filled with appointments, for the very next night she was flying to New York to be with Eddie.

She phoned many friends to say goodbye, Leon among them.

"I'm going to visit Sandy at the hospital tomorrow," he said.

"How is Sandy?"

There was a pause. "He's unhappy. We're worried about him. He's going back into his shell again."

Debbie gasped. "Wait a minute, Leon." She looked at her appointment book. It was crowded from early in the morning until the moment she was to step on the plane. But she remembered a promise she had made to Sandy.

She bit her lips. "Leon, please meet me tomorrow morning at eight, at Sepulveda and Ventura. I'm going with you to see Sandy."

The next morning, Debbie rode up the beautiful coastal highway that leads to a great state hospital, but she had no eyes for the majestic scenery, the waves dashing against the rocks, the winding road that skims the ocean and darts through the wooded mountainside.

There were only two thoughts in her mind: *I must leave to be with Eddie, and I must help that poor, frightened boy.*

Sandy was in isolation. He had lost weight; he looked remote. She tried to get him to open up. She reminded him of their swimming dates, she talked about the poodle he had loved. And when his eyes became aware of where he was and who was with him, she got permission to leave the room with him and walk up to the corridor with him.

He was proud that the people in the hospital could see him walking side by side with Debbie. "They didn't believe I knew you," he said. A small lost boy, he needed her kindness to give him back a little of his lost identity.

So proud and happy

God has created each one of us unique and different, Debbie had once told him. But the world in its cruelty had made him

feel that he was nobody. So he needed the reassurance of knowing that a woman who was very famous and very lovely thought enough of him to visit him. And little did he dream of the famous names with whom she'd canceled appointments in order to spend a few hours with him.

He was so proud and happy, holding Debbie's hand, walking by her side. Later, the doctor told Debbie, "Young lady, if you ever give up movie work, I have a job for you here. The way you handled that boy was wonderful."

The doctor offered to take her through the wards. Debbie was struck by a young girl who was sitting by herself, her head hanging as though to wipe out the world. "This girl," she was told, "won't talk to anyone."

Debbie walked over to her. "Hello. I'm Debbie Reynolds."

A flicker of awareness flashed into the girl's eyes. Debbie touched her hair. "You have such lovely hair," she said.

A tragic little face came up slowly. "Me? My hair's ugly."

Next month

in

MODERN SCREEN

*If you've changed
your mind about*

LIZ

*here are the facts
you should know*

"It's lovely. All you have to do is comb it right and set it. Shall I show you?"

Debbie ran her own comb through the girl's hair, talking gently to her. Then she showed the girl how it looked in the mirror of her purse. The girl sat up.

"Your hair is beautiful. Lots of little girls in Hollywood would be happy to have hair like yours. But they have to take care of it."

When the doctor returned, he was amazed. The girl's unkempt hair was combed, a slight wave coaxed on top. When they left, the girl was timidously patting her hair, holding Debbie's comb.

Afterwards, Debbie sat alone with the doctor in his office.

"I've learned a lot being here today," she said. "I've seen a lot. Tell me—what do you need to help these unhappy children?"

"We need people with understanding; we need financial help. We need a place where these children, once they get out of the hospital, can find love, care and understanding—a bridge between the hospital and normal life. We need a good clinic, staffed by fine doctors, where they can receive care very early."

"My project for a lifetime"

On the drive back with Leon, Debbie was thoughtful.

"Leon, those poor kids—those poor, emo-

tionally-wrecked kids. The world labels them crazy. They're not crazy at all; they're unloved. If we can save any of these children, how wonderful it would be. If we can only give them that 'bridge' the doctor told me about, maybe many more of them could live like happy human beings.

"I'm lucky. In my work I meet many people who can help. Maybe one of the reasons I have been given the chance to have a movie career was so that I'd be able to meet the right people—powerful people who can help these children.

"In whatever way I can, I want to help these children." She looked out at the surging ocean. "I'm going to make this my project for a lifetime. . . ."

The night of the Thalian Ball

It was just before Christmas, 1958, the night of the Thalian Ball. The International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton glistened with beautiful gold decorations and glamorously gowned women flanked by black-tied men. The most important people in Hollywood had paid fifty dollars a couple to come, the proceeds to be turned over to the Thaliens for their charity work in building a clinic on the grounds of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles for mentally disturbed children.

Debbie, as the Thaliens' dynamic president for the past two years, had done a tremendous amount of work to put the ball across. And she looked radiant in a strapless, pale blue chiffon gown. She had come alone, but throngs of people surrounded her. Graciously, she had insisted that there be no speeches made in her honor that night, but she couldn't stop the tributes voiced by the guests among themselves. Her eyes shining, she looked around the gay, crowded room and thought, *This is helping our clinic. This ball will give us thousands and thousands of dollars to make our clinic possible.*

The ball was a magnificent success. Tomorrow there was more to do. And the day after . . . and the day after that. There were children to be helped, the new clinic to be built. Even now, before the clinic was an actuality, little children with clouded minds were being helped by a group of psychiatrists—all made possible by the work of the Thaliens. But the clinic was on its way now. Soon, hundreds of children would walk through its doors and be led out of the darkness and into the light where they belonged.

Only a few couples remained to dance to the final strains of the orchestra. Debbie, shivering slightly, drew her white mink stole around her shoulders and rose from her table. She felt tired now. And alone. So terribly alone. During the gaiety of the evening, she had forgotten how tired she really was.

As she started out, Leon Tyler caught up with her and touched her arm.

"It was great, Debbie," he said. "It's going to help a lot of kids. A lot of Sandys."

Debbie smiled. She held her head up and walked lightly to the door. Suddenly, she wasn't tired. Not anymore.

She was alone, yes, but her heart didn't seem so empty now. She had something to fill her days, a project to last a lifetime. . . . Long ago a strange little boy had knocked on the door of her heart and from that moment on her life was filled with a wonderful new kind of love. All because of Sandy.

"Thank you, Sandy," she whispered to herself. . . . "I hope I was able to help you a little, but thank you, oh so much, for helping me."

END

Debbie can soon be seen in SAY ONE FOR ME for 20th, and THE MATING GAME for MGM.

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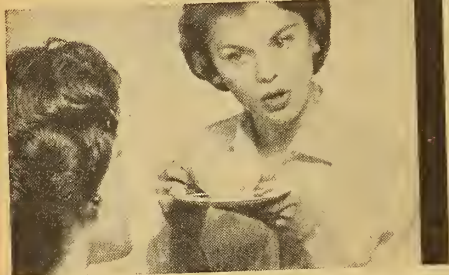
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A Hollywood Tragedy

(Continued from page 49)

too hard for her to explain her misery.

After all, how could you tell a man that no matter where he took you, no matter what you did, the days were empty, the nights were agony? How could you say out loud, "You see, I'm in love with a man who has children and a sick wife. Last Christmas I didn't see him, but he called. Last New Year's I was foolish, but I had hope."

"This year, we have given each other up for good."

"This year, hope is gone."

Inger Stevens sat motionless in her chair, remembering. . .

She had seen him many times on the screen, but the first time she saw him in person was at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood on the night of March 27, 1957, when the Academy Awards were given out. He had walked past her down the aisle and she had thought briefly, *what a wonderful-looking person he is.* Just that—no more. For she was dating Bing Crosby then and the tangled, mixed-up confusion of that relationship was all she could think about.

But by the time she met him again on the Paramount lot, that tall, exciting man who had stridden past her without so much as a glance, Bing had married Kathy Grant and Inger's heart, a little bruised, a little empty, a little relieved—was free.

It didn't stay that way for long. Work brought them together, made them spend hours in each other's company. He didn't look through her or past her any more—and suddenly she could see nothing, nobody, but him. Wrong? Yes. Insane? Yes. He was married, he had a family, he had a position to maintain in Hollywood and in the world. They should have stopped cold before love began to grow out of their friendship. They should have understood that first wild attraction, and stayed away from each other.

But they didn't. They fell in love instead.

A secret revealed

Within weeks, everyone knew. The studio help gossiped about it. Items appeared in every Hollywood column, mentioning no names—only because the man had a wife, and she was respected. The secret was lost—and with it, discretion.

They became almost a joke. Their picture over, he went on to star in another one. There was a little starlet working in that one with him, and he took an interest in her—only professional, almost fatherly. Inger, walking onto the set to watch him work (since there was no secrecy any more) would find the two of them in a quiet corner, going over her brief scenes. Inger would smile, too brightly. He would grin back. His big, well-known voice would boom out for the entire set to hear: "What's the matter, huh? You jealous?" He was only teasing her, she knew, and she tried to find light, gay answers, words to show that nothing could be further from her thoughts. Sometimes the words wouldn't come. She would be forced to walk away, her cheeks red, her lips tight.

What was the use? She was jealous.

As always, she threw herself completely into love. He went away on location miles from Hollywood. If she could have gone with him, she would have. But commitments kept her home, so she did the next best thing: she paid him brief, fantastic visits. On one day, still talked about by those who knew, she flew down to have breakfast with him and watch

him in the morning's work. That noon, she flew back to Hollywood to keep a business appointment. And that afternoon, she flew back to him for dinner.

A lonely year

But eventually she knew it couldn't go on like that.

He was not free, and he could not free himself. They had better part forever. After all, she was young and beautiful and on the threshold of a great career. He had his own work, his children. Time would heal their hearts.

She had had vast experience in saying good-bye. Good-bye to love, good-bye to happiness.

So she said it once again, and it was all over.

"I'm going to Sweden," she told a columnist, "and I'll stay as long as I can. Maybe I'll never come back. I don't know if I'll be happier living in Europe. I'll have to find out. But from now on, I'm only interested in me, in being happy. I want to find out what kind of person I am." She had smiled sadly. "The only family I have," she said, "is a little dog. He's very loyal—he doesn't leave me."

In the quiet bedroom, the hands of the clock moved on. Very slowly, Inger Stevens arose, walked to her dressing table. Before it, she lifted a brush to her hair. Her eyes met her in the mirror.

The only one I have, she had said. The only one who doesn't leave me. . .

Was that true, the eyes asked her. Did you believe it even when you said it? Was there never anyone who loved you—and whom you left?

A lonely immigrant

She had married very young. Not in years—she was in her early twenties—but in experience. She had never made friends easily and in high school in a tiny town, Manhattan, Kansas, she had been very much alone. She felt very keenly that she was an outsider, a little Swedish immigrant girl who had traveled with only her still younger brother for companion, to join her father in America, when she was only thirteen. America had awed her, the trip had frightened her, her accent provoked laughter and her foreign clothes and shoes—which the family was too poor to replace—set her off as different right away. She wanted friends, but "I couldn't communicate with the girls," she told a reporter wistfully, years later. "And boys—boys sort of bored me. I felt all the small talk was silly—who was seeing who, who was buying what with what allowance. Of course, I know now it was just that things had been so different somehow in Sweden, and I couldn't get used to it here. . ."

So, friendless—with no money and no contacts, with no experience with men and dates, but holding a vague dream of becoming an actress—she came to New York and set about making the rounds.

One of the first people she met was Tony Soglio. He was an agent and he was attracted to her at once. "I can help you," he told her, and he meant it. He worked hard for her, getting readings for her, taking her to auditions, opening doors that had been closed. Gradually she became his whole world; she saw it, and was amazed. No one had ever made her the center of his life before. When he proposed to her, she accepted; they were married in July, 1955. And at once, she knew it had been a mistake, that she did not know, and never would know, exactly why she had married him. But it was done, and he was a good guy who loved her. She tried to make the best of it, she tried to fight the terrible depressions that came more and more often. Tony did his best to help. He got her to talk about her-

self, her unhappy childhood, her parents who had left her to come to a new country, eventually to leave her and her brother again for new marriages and other parts of the world. The long talks into the night didn't help. (Later Tony was to say that it was not the failure of their marriage that caused Inger's unhappiness; it was her deep, old unhappiness that caused their marriage to fail.)

Inger's new love

Whatever the reason, the marriage was over terribly soon—and in terrible circumstances.

For late in the same summer in which she became Tony's bride, Inger fell in love for the first time—and with another man.

He was her co-star in a summer stock show in which Tony had placed her. He was a good-looking, talented young man, and they were thrown together a great deal, often rehearsing love scenes, often alone. Inger had never been in love before, she didn't know how to fight it, how to protect herself.

Tony came to the stock theater week ends; at those times he watched the shows and gave Inger his opinion afterwards. It was usually a highly critical opinion; it could have helped her, but Inger, torn by emotions and fears, was increasingly sensitive to criticism, unable to profit by it. For her romance, though, Tony had only patience, unbelievable patience. He met the boy; he was nice, and more than nice to him. Perhaps in his deep love he believed that if he waited long enough, Inger would come to love him instead. But a difficult situation became gradually impossible.

Years later Inger was to hear, from a third person, the boy's own account of what happened then:

"Tony invited me to have dinner with them—even though he guessed about me. He thought I was great in the show and wanted to sign me. . . . But I felt that would be disastrous. After we got back to the city I continued to see Inger for a while. She was crazy about me but I was in no position to tell her to get a divorce and ask her to marry me. I was red-hot from that summer. Every agent in town and several movie studios were after me. But it got around about Inger and me. And I was worried if they got a divorce and it came about—well, it would hurt my chances. So I told Inger we'd have to cool it. After all, I couldn't jeopardize my career."

That was the kind of man to whom she had given her heart.

The brink of failure

If she had been miserable before, she was doubly so then. Tony wanted her to stay with him, to try again. She owed it to him, and she stayed. Somehow during the next year he managed to help raise money for a show that was to make Inger a Broadway star: it was called *Debut*. In work, they both tried to forget their problems, forget the marriage that still, despite all efforts, tottered constantly on the brink of failure.

Debut opened in New York on February 22, 1957. Inger and Tony sat up all night, waiting for the morning papers, the reviews. Finally, they came.

The most important critic, Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* wrote for the world to read that for an actress like Inger Stevens there was no room on Broadway—or for that matter, in summer stock or anywhere else.

She received one of the worst, the harshest, the most unkind reviews any actress had ever gotten.

She was a failure in her personal life, a failure in her work. If she could have, she would have fled from the world, have

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(Advertisement)

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

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hidden away—where no one could find her.

But where was there to go? She had no family, no friends, no faith in herself.

And then a woman named Lillian Small wrote to her. No matter what the critics had said, Lillian, a Hollywood agent, liked Inger in *Debut*. She could arrange a screen test for her. Would Inger come to Hollywood? Inger would. She had no hope of success. But at least—it was somewhere to go. On the loneliest Easter of her life, she arrived in Hollywood.

There she moved in with Lillian Small, and slowly, she began to get work in tv. A fear she had carried with her for years, an unreasoning fear that as soon as she got a part, she would be fired, stayed with her—but still, she worked. Across the country from Tony, she came at last to believe that her marriage to him could never be successful, and began discussing divorce proceedings. And then she met another man, her second love.

A new start ruined

He was a young actor, and he played opposite her on a television show. He too had known heartache and failure, but together he and Inger seemed to find a peace, a happiness neither had ever known. Dinner dates became more and more frequent, long talks more and more wonderful. Within months they were deeply in love, planned to marry as soon as Inger's divorce came through. All that summer they were together, swimming, riding, planning their future. True, things were slow for the boy right then, but he was a talented actor, he would get his big break soon.

But an important business advisor did not approve. Inger was on her way to becoming a star. And she should be seen with stars, not with struggling young actors. From a personal point of view also,

the advisor lacked faith in the boy—what if he never made good, what would become of Inger then? Inger should not tie herself down too soon. She should date others. Inger had a chance to read for *Man on Fire*, the new Bing Crosby picture, and whether she got the role or not, it meant she was becoming somebody.

Listening, Inger shook her head. But she was frightened. She had messed her life up so many times before. Was she going to do it again? Perhaps she should take the advice experience offered. But she was in love, she didn't want to date anyone else.

Her confusion increased when she got the role in *Man on Fire*. Her confusion and her fears. The boy was delighted for her, but she was terrified. She would certainly be fired in a week. What had ever made her—or anyone else—think she could act, especially opposite Crosby? She became absent-minded with worry. Odd things, peculiar accidents happened. She developed a fear of the telephone, hated to answer it. She got sick and called in a wrong prescription to a drug store, spent days taking the wrong, possibly harmful pills. Memories of childhood accidents haunted her—she discovered that her earliest memory was of an accident in Sweden when at the age of three, she somersaulted onto a stone, covering her head with blood and leaving still visible scars. She spent sleepless nights reviewing past failures and the next day on the set Bing would comment that she looked tired, how about a quiet dinner with him, a little relaxation?

Finally she said yes.

A double life

From then on, she lived in two worlds, in two lives. In the one, she loved the boy, hoped it would work out. In the 65

other, she was treated as a star, shown the world of wealth and fame. She was ill again, this time with appendicitis. The young actor rushed her to the hospital, hovered over her—but when she was well again, the glow had gone from their love.

If she loved this boy, why did she enjoy seeing Bing so much? If she married him and woke up to find she had made another tragic error . . . ?

Torn by doubts, she fled to Palm Springs when the picture was over. Suddenly Bing was in Palm Springs, too, and the papers began listing them as a huge romance. She had wanted peace and quiet; she got, instead, a frantic, wonderful whirl of fun. When she got to Hollywood, she told the boy that perhaps they had better not see each other any more, after all. She told him on Valentine's day.

She knew she had broken his heart. . . .

Yes, she had had faithful loves other than just the little dog she had talked of—other loves who had not left her.

Loves she had left.

And for what? What had she had from her romance with Bing? A good time, yes. An exciting time. A touch of the fabulous. Had he ever loved her? The way Tony had loved her—so patiently, so hopelessly? And had she ever loved him with

the love and joy she had given to that boy? It was ironic now, that only months after she left him, the boy in Hollywood had finally gotten his big chance. They could have had love, and security as well. Instead she had had a brief romance, a very generous gift certificate from Bing as a birthday present, a little shock to her troubled heart when—only days after he took her to an important party for his Edsel spectacular, showed her off as his girl—he suddenly married Kathy Grant. (She had sent the gift certificate, untouched, back to him as a wedding present.)

An empty life

Little troubles mounted up so hugely when she lay awake at night thinking: the infected tooth that made working in *The Buccaneer* an agony; the time, during the filming of *Cry Terror*, when they had worked in the Hudson Tubes and she had gone too near a generator, had been pulled away from a strange sleepiness just in time; the trip to Sweden that had settled nothing, cured nothing, only taught her that wherever she went, she took her misery, her loneliness, her lost loves with her; this beautiful apartment in New York that held beautiful, empty rooms; these dates that should have been fun, and were

not—the unfriendly world around her. These were the sum of her life. These were the possessions arranged around her as the clock ticked on, as the hours went by without a world, without a call from him—without hope that there ever would be a call again.

Beside her hand, on the dressing table, sat an array of bottles. Bottles of perfume for the dates she did not enjoy. Bottles of medicine, for the illnesses that plagued her. Bottles of—other things.

Inger Stevens reached blindly for a bottle. . . .

The building superintendent found her, beautiful in her pink negligee, with the tears dried upon her cheeks, and took her to a hospital to be saved from death.

Suicide, as the columnists hint?

Accident, as Inger's acquaintances insist?

Or was it one more occurrence like the wrong pills, the constant illnesses, the unwary heart that had made her life a series of tragic accidents?

Inger Stevens, coming out of her coma days later, surrounded by questions, remained silent. **END**

Inger is appearing in THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL for MGM.

Jim Garner

(Continued from page 23)

to make anyone happy . . . your own happiness and your love is showing. It's also a privilege because we know how you have felt about such a photo being taken. How your door was always shut to photographers who begged for the family group. That we are able to have this photo is something we're grateful for.

When we first heard of this gingham curtain around your home and family (as unpenetrable as any curtain the Kremlin ever had) we must admit we thought that perhaps the success of your show *Maverick* had gone to your head. After all, Alan Ladd, Esther Williams, Tony Curtis and many other great stars had allowed their public to see them and their children at home. Why should you refuse? Why, when you were asked about Kim's life at school, or whether Greta had her first tooth yet, did you always change the subject and start talking about your tv show and your personal appearance tours and so many other things which, while they were interesting in a way, were not what your public wanted to hear about. But the most surprising thing is you didn't feel this way a year ago.

When we spoke to you a year ago, Jim, we didn't know very much about you. We're a movie magazine and we're mainly concerned with movie people. So another tv western called *Maverick* didn't mean much to us. We did see you in *Sayonara*, though, and we liked you, and as fast as quick-silver it seemed that all our readers liked you too and wanted to read about you. So we questioned you.

You told us everything we wanted to know about you. You told us that you had been a carefree guy, a drifter and adventurer, who had never had strong home ties. Your mother died when you were five, and you were virtually on your own by the time you were thirteen. At sixteen you were a Merchant Marine seaman; at twenty-two, an infantryman in Korea where you were wounded twice; at twenty-four, a would-be actor. You told us you were twenty-eight and a veteran of a hundred jobs, romances and brawls when you were introduced to Lois Clark

at a Hollywood swimming pool. She was a divorcee, trying to forget a broken teenage marriage, dabbling in radio acting, raising a seven-year-old daughter who had just come home from the hospital after a bout with polio.

A head start

She had noticed that all the kids were

Charlton Heston once told how he got the title role in "Ben Hur": "I happen to be one of two men in Hollywood who can drive a chariot. Francis X. Bushman is the other—but he's over 70."

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

hanging around you in the pool, and she knew you had a way with kids. She had liked you at once.

You liked her, too, and twenty-five days later, in August, 1956, you were married.

We got a little nervy then and we asked if you didn't think marrying a woman with a seven-year-old child was a stumbling block. And we liked your answer: "Never for a moment did I consider it a stumbling block. It was a head start. I couldn't have been happier about it. I had only one moment of apprehension, just before I met Kim for the first time, because I knew if we didn't hit it off my whole engagement could have blown up."

Once you got started, Jim, we didn't have to ask you about Kim and Lois and the expected baby. You wouldn't stop talking about them. You kept telling us warm and wonderful little things.

You told us about the hard time Kim had when she got started at a school near your new home. And naturally being so proud of you, she told everybody in her class that her daddy was *Maverick*. Only none of the kids would believe her. In fact they didn't believe her until her teacher brought a copy of a program guide with your picture on the cover and explained to everyone that this was, without doubt, Kimberly's father.

Then you were proud that Kim was now a big wheel in school because of it. And it seemed to us that you were happy that you were going successfully because it made Kim happy and important.

You told us, too, how *Maverick* helped form a bond between Lois and your neighbors in your ten-family building. How every Monday morning the ladies would drop by and talk about the show and give their opinions, and how they helped keep Lois from being too lonely when you were away at the studio for long stretches of time.

And you told us how Kimberly was thrilled that there was going to be a new baby, and how pleased you were at her happiness. You laughed when you told us how positive Kimberly was that she was going to have a sister, when you and Lois were so sure you were going to have a son. And when you told this to Kim, she agreed to compromise and accept the idea of a baby brother . . . if you would guarantee her a sister too—at the same time.

That's the way it was with you a year ago Jim. It was almost impossible to get you to stop talking about Lois and Kim and your expected baby, long enough for us to find out more about *Maverick*.

Pictures . . . later

And when we asked if we could get a few pictures of you and Lois, you were so apologetic as you spoke about Lois's unphotogenic condition and about the fact that the apartment was hardly furnished. You went on to tell us that because you didn't want to get into debt you took a small place until you could save enough money to buy a house outright. You had just bought the dining room set and some furniture for the nursery and you were so pleased about it. "Wait," you asked us, "in a few months the apartment will be ready . . . and Lois will be ready."

We waited—and all your fans waited. Greta Scott was born, and although it wasn't the son you hoped for and expected, that fact didn't dim your joy. Slowly the apartment filled up with nice, modest, serviceable furniture. You even got a new car and we heard how delighted you were that the dealer recognized you and gave you the car at wholesale price. And we heard how you scoffed when a friend of yours told you that you should have waited a little longer and you certainly would have been given one free.

Your salary went up—from \$350 to \$1,500 and the rating of your show went up and up and up. And still you lived in that small apartment and saved your

money. And once when you lost \$20 in a poker game you quit, insisting: "That's all I can afford."

So although your fame grew, your head seems to stay that same modest size.

I guess that's why we were so shocked to hear about your negative attitude toward publicity—when it came to talking about your kids and Lois or being photographed with them at home.

You didn't mince words at first.

"I give all I can to my career, but I'll be darned if I'll open my house to a bunch of photographers."

Then you softened a little!

"I can't let them in. I've got to have time to sit and talk to my wife, and play with my kids, and watch tv!"

"I once let a photographer come into the house for a half hour. They're nice, photographers are . . . but having them in the house means a lot of pressure for Lois and the kids. So I said no more!"

You were equally adamant about having Lois talk to the press.

"At the beginning, I permitted an interviewer to see Lois, and she was misquoted. So no more interviews with my wife."

That was your new attitude, Jim, and the magazine and newspaper press throughout the country felt a little miffed and disappointed. You can't blame us. After all, we have our readers to serve and our readers wanted Jim Garner and family as much as they wanted *Maverick*. After all, how much can you say about a fictitious character?

The lowdown from a friend of Jim's

We couldn't understand the attitude and we told a friend of yours so. He then proceeded to tell us your side of the story.

"I knew Jim before he was signed for *Maverick*. I still see him around all the time. Changed? Not Jim. Still has his sense of humor. Has a heck of a lot more humility than most of the fellows who made it big via tv westerns. Cooperative? You bet your life. But can you blame a guy who has just been married a couple of years for wanting some privacy in his home-life during the few hours a week he's at home to get any home-life at all?"

"Do you know his schedule? Why he works eleven hours a day, and he's still tired from two seasons of work without a vacation. 'If I ever have a vacation,' he told me, 'I'd sit for a week!'"

"When he comes home, he avoids talking shop. He has developed a system of studying his script on Saturdays only."

"On those rare days at home, he plays with Kim, who's nine now and very bright. Sometimes he takes her golfing. With daughter Greta, a year old, it's mostly holding her and wondering at the eternal miracle of an infant growing."

"Then he puts on tv and relaxes. When Sid Caesar's show was on, Jim thought it was the greatest. Now he has no favorites. But he has little time for tv. 'I'm too busy galloping across the screen myself,' he laughs. But, when he does see himself on tv, he gets 'a little sick' and turns the tv set off."

"Sometimes he watches two football games at the same time . . . in an effort to make up for the ones he misses."

"But even at home he finds it almost impossible to relax."

"He has been plagued by phone calls from strangers—fans, salesmen, and what-not. Even though he's had an unlisted phone, they somehow get the number. So, each month, he changes the number, and that means he must make sure he remembers the new number, too."

"Once the new number gets out, at least fifty calls a day tie up the line. Lois, feeding the baby every four hours, often naps in the daytime . . . and the phone calls disturb her. Jim urges her to ignore the

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calls or take the receiver off the hook, but she always worries it might be Jim calling, so she picks up the phone.

"Because of his heavy work schedule, he and Lois have very little social life. 'We just don't have any,' he told me. 'We don't go out. Our private life is dull, real dull; nothing glamorous.'"

"Sometimes, they play double ping pong against Marie Windsor and her husband Jack Hub. Sometimes he plays poker with Lee Marvin. His greatest relaxation is golf, however, and he shoots in the high seventies and is a six-handicap man."

"Because the studio often calls him in for dubbing or 'some small thing' on his day off, he delights in outfoxing the studio by getting up at 6:00 a.m., and driving to a golf course."

"When the studio calls, Lois tells the truth, 'Jim is golfing, but I don't know at what course.' Then when Jim finishes his game, he phones Lois for messages."

The change in Jim

"He takes time out to phone his Oklahoma grandmothers, Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Baumgarner, and to call his dad and step-mother, now living in Los Angeles. He even makes time to try to help his brother Jack, manager of a Florida ball team, who has a good singing voice and, Jim feels, ought to be in show business too."

"His friends at the studio watch him when he phones the house to see if Lois is feeling all right and if the baby is well. They watch him as he makes a memo to pick up two extra containers of milk on his way home. They shake their heads in disbelief at his change from a hellraising bachelor to a contented husband, a guy who at the end of a long day sometimes doesn't even wait to remove his make-up so he can speed quickly home, hoping to get there before the kids go to sleep."

"It isn't only the hours before the cameras you know that keeps Jim away from his family. It's all the other obligations that he's forced to meet, too."

"Do you know, he's traveled more than 50,000 miles (twice around the world in mileage) promoting the show and thus his time at home was diminished even more. But Jim doesn't complain. He knows it's part of the game in show business and he's willing to go along."

"Busy as he is on these tours, he insists upon time to go to children's hospitals. He'll go anywhere to help kids."

"Then he gets back to Hollywood and is plagued by requests for interviews. He lets the studio arrange them, doing as many as he can graciously."

"But, now can you see why he balks at bringing interviewers or photographers to his home . . . ?"

Well, Jim, to be perfectly frank with you, after hearing what your friend had to say I did see.

I'm a father of two young children myself, Erika and Dee, and if I were as deprived as much as you are of the time I could spend with them, I'd be mighty jealous of the time I did have.

As a father, your edict about photographers and reporters in your home makes sound sense to me.

But as the editor of MODERN SCREEN, I must confess again how delighted I am that you broke down for the first and last time, and we are able to have this tender family portrait for our viewers this month.

Gratefully,

David Myers

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Don't Cry, Honey

(Continued from page 47)

was the only solution—to save the baby's life. Little Jamie Lee would be fine, the doctor had reassured her.

Yes, Janet remembered. But she remembered something else. She knew, with a mother's deepest instinct, that any surgery on so tiny an infant is risky. No matter how minor it is—and this wasn't really that minor.

By a miracle, this baby, while Janet was still carrying it, had twice escaped death when Janet had been involved in automobile accidents. But now death's dark shadow might be closing in again. Janet shivered. Tony saw that shiver, and he realized how difficult it would be for Janet to remain in the corridor waiting, waiting—and imagining things while she waited.

There is a children's ward on that floor. "Why don't we go in and visit the kids?" Tony suggested.

Janet brightened. They told the nurse where they'd be, and walked hand in hand into the big room.

The children, on seeing Tony and Janet, smiled and called out gaily. Tony and Janet went from bed to bed, talking to the children and signing casts.

One boy shyly asked Janet, "May I kiss you?" Janet leaned closer. He kissed her, then she put her face tenderly against his cheek and hugged him. She looked at the plucky kids, and her thoughts went back to that other room, where her own baby was undergoing an ordeal.

Soon the nurse came in. Even before she spoke, Janet and Tony knew by the smile on her face that the news just had to be good.

"Your baby came through the operation fine. She's a wonderful baby. The operation is a success, and the doctor will tell you so himself as soon as he comes out."

And with those words, the most heart-breaking time in their entire lives came to an end.

"Manny's dead!"

This terrible period had begun with a midnight phone call only two weeks earlier. Janet, heavy with child, was expecting her baby to be born within forty-eight hours or less. Tony awoke with a start and picked up the phone by their bed. It was his mother, sobbing, "Pop-pa's gone." Tony's father, his beloved 'Manny,' had died suddenly of a heart attack.

Tony's face was ashen.

He began to dress quickly. "But you stay home, darling," he'd told Janet. "You're in no condition to go through this."

Such sorrow on his face; his lips tight, his eyes red. She began to dress, wordlessly.

Heavy though she was with the baby, she felt suddenly strong. She could always help Tony when he was upset, just as he could steady her when she was.

Just that day she and their little girl, Kelly, had lunched with Manny. Manny adored his lively, two-and-a-half-year-old granddaughter and was looking forward to welcoming another grandchild.

"Such *glück* (happiness)," he would say.

It was a happy day for all of them. Tony was going to do a TV show, *David and Goliath*, and Manny had been delighted. "It's wonderful," he'd said. "You'll be playing David—one of our own people." His eyes were shining with joy.

Manny's early life had been one of poverty and frustration. Now he was coming into his own, basking in his older son's

happiness and good fortune. He adored Janet, too, and couldn't wait for the moment—due so soon—when she would present him with another grandchild. So much to live for.

That was only this noon. And now death had cut short his dreams. . . .

"Not today, Jamie Lee . . ."

At the funeral, it was Janet who stayed by the side of Tony and his grief-stricken mother. Later, when the widow had to lie down Janet stayed there, and handled the friends who came to call, and comforted Tony. A friend of Janet's remarked, "I know it sounds ridiculous, but Janet acted almost as though she'd made up her mind she'd see Tony through this, and not have her baby that day."

The following night Janet was pooped. She'd been so busy watching over her husband and his mother, she had almost forgotten about herself. She collapsed on a sofa and Tony called the doctor.

"You've been through such an ordeal," he said, "I want you to go to the hospital and rest."

Tony drove Janet to Cedars of Lebanon, then left her, believing she would have that much-needed rest.

At 4:30 in the morning his phone rang. "Your wife's started labor. Come down," he was told.

Jamie was born at 9:05 in the morning, a beautiful baby girl with a shock of downy blonde hair and a round face.

"A beautiful baby. And I swear she's got eyes like her mother!" Tony exulted, and treated everyone in the waiting room to breakfast.

There was a blissful smile on Janet's face when he went in to kiss her. "Just like Kelly," she said dreamily. "Just like her big sister."

Tony brought Janet and the baby home Thanksgiving day. Janet had paved the way for Kelly to love Jamie Lee. She'd kept talking about 'your baby' even before the baby was born. Tony gave Janet diamond earrings to celebrate, and they both gave Kelly a baby doll and lots of special attention.

"May I hold the baby and give her her bottle?" Kelly had asked.

"Yes, darling. She's as much yours as mine."

Janet put her own steady right arm under Kelly's to bolster up the baby. Then, with knowing hands, she held the bottle at just the right angle so that it couldn't possibly slip. But Kelly's little hand was on the bottle, too. She was feeding her baby.

Tony would bound into the house at night, calling out, "How's my harem?"

Life in the big white house on top of the hill was heaven. . . .

It was a few days before they discovered that there was a darkening cloud in their heaven. Jamie Lee cried all the time. None of the soothing things Janet or the nurse did seemed to help. And Kelly cried because her baby was crying.

Janet, still weak from childbirth, had to remain in bed most of the time. She tried to smile, for Kelly's sake, but with her own sure instincts she knew something was wrong.

She recalled that Kelly hadn't cried like that when she was an infant. A baby didn't cry incessantly—only when she was hungry or in pain. Was it possible that something was wrong?

The nurse felt the baby, and her experienced hands found a slight lump on the tummy. Alarmed, Janet called the doctor. She told herself she mustn't fear—and shivered with fear nevertheless.

She and Tony were together when the doctor came, both fearing the unknown.

That was when the doctor said, "It's a

double hernia. She'll be all right, but an operation is imperative."

Operate? On a thirteen-day-old baby? Janet stared at Tony, and Tony at Janet.

Their baby's life was in jeopardy. The words of reassurance from the doctor sounded unbelievable. Tony didn't know what to think.

Janet had been home only a week, with strict orders not to go out, least of all in a car.

"I'll take Jamie to the hospital," Tony said dully. "You've got to stay here until you're stronger."

"I can't stay home," Janet said. "I want to be with my baby."

And Kelly, seeing her mother's face not happy and laughing as it usually was, and her daddy looking so different, too, burst into tears. She hadn't heard their words. But she had seen their faces. . . .

Her parents tried to comfort her with, "Don't cry, honey, our baby will be all right." But they didn't sound *sure*.

But finally the ordeal ended, the baby was all right, there were no more tears.

"It's over now, thank God," says Janet. "Jamie is happy and healthy—a bouncing baby who cries only when she's hungry or wet! Because Jamie passed through such a serious emergency, we're more grateful for our good luck than ever."

Kelly smiles, her glance stealing toward Jamie kicking vigorously in her crib. "Isn't our baby pretty?" says Kelly proudly. "And isn't she good? She hardly ever cries now!"

As Tony's father might have said: "Such *glück*."

END

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I Dig Yoga

(Continued from page 45)

gasped, "Are you all right, Carolyn?" He started to pick me up, and of course I had to come out of it. Tony was white as death. "You scared me. Did you faint?" he asked.

"No," I retorted, "You took me out of my exercise of relaxation. I was in the death trance—to calm my nerves from the fire." Then I explained, "I practice Yoga."

"You do?" Tony looked at me rather stunned and shocked and it was plain to see what he was thinking—*How far will this wacky girl go?*

"Yes, I know," I laughed, "You don't know anything about Yoga, and like most people you think it is some sort of a cult whose members stand on nails for hours, run knives through their bodies, and walk on hot coals. I know what you're thinking—stunts and stage tricks!"

"I explained to Tony about Yoga. That it is a life science which teaches the technique of deep relaxation, which soothes away feelings of tension and anxiety. It is a system of physical exercise which stimulates and releases energy to replace fatigue. After my dissertation on these two principles, Tony stretched out on the floor beside me and together we went into a deep state of relaxation."

"A few moments passed and Kirk Douglas poked his head in the door. 'What's the matter?' he asked with genuine alarm in his voice. Both Tony and I had to come out of it, and explain to Kirk what we were doing."

"Kirk wanted to join us. Since there was no room on the dressing room floor for three, we all went outside and lay on the ground. After a while, we heard something and there was the whole picture crew standing around us and looking."

"It was embarrassing—three bodies all laid out in a death trance. Kirk opened his eyes, and his stand-in said, 'You never looked better.' The director, John Sturges said, 'Why can't you look that animated when you do a scene? Now you are easy to light.'"

"So the word went like wildfire on the Hollywood grapevine that Carolyn Jones, a strictly off-beat girl who has been most on-the-beat career-wise, was practicing the ancient weird art of Yoga?" I teased her.

"I know," Carolyn laughed. "I know exactly how people feel—the unlearned. A Yogi—Ohhhh!"

"I didn't initiate either Kirk or Tony in advanced Yogi exercise. For it takes time and patience to master it. Naturally I

instructed Aaron when I started studying from the book.

"One night our close friends Cluny and Jimmie Komack were at our house and they asked to try Yoga. Jimmie was very adept. However, about 1:30 in the morning, Cluny telephoned us in a panic. 'Come quick,' she said. 'Jimmie has his legs locked in a Yogi position and he can't get out of it.' Aaron and I went to the rescue."

I asked Carolyn to explain an exercise to me.

"The Whooping Crane—a stork pose—is one of our favorites. You fold one leg under, put your hands over your head and stand on one leg. It is very relaxing."

How she got started

Carolyn as a child was shy and oversensitive, and always sick. Even as a young woman she could never count on being well for long. All this made her a likely candidate for Yoga. Then three years ago a friend gave her a book entitled *Yoga*.

"He had been nervous and overwrought and distressed with ulcers," she explained. "He was aware that I suffered with asthma and he thought Yoga could help me as it had helped him."

"Outwardly I am always calm," Carolyn went on. "I was raised to be a lady at all costs—never raise my voice and never quarrel or engage in a heated argument because a lady never makes a scene. A lady never shouts and yells. Therefore a lady never lets off emotional steam. It is all held within, and it comes out in the form of headaches, asthma, sinus, and all other sorts of nervous manifestations."

Regarding further the subject of her secret life which has now been exposed, Carolyn admitted a vague distrust in the beginning for anything to do with cultism. And her ideas of Yogis and the practice of Yoga were only vague.

"I read the little book when I found time, and I discovered that Yoga is actually a mental science. The way our social structure is set up it is hard for people to achieve the right attitude to live a full happy life. Too many people are frustrated, unhappy, disillusioned, tense, lacking of energy. They don't have the right mental, spiritual, and physical conditions of existence. And they don't know what to do about it."

A pronounced bongo beater

"That is, most people don't. But the people of the black-leather set, the so-called *beat generation*—I think they have learned relaxation. They beat bongo drums, and it is something creative and at the same time a release for inner tensions. I am now," Carolyn announced

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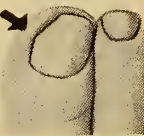
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gleefully, "a pronounced bongo beater.

"I discovered in Yoga that complexities are all in the mind. That certain unconscious actions which we perform daily could be amplified in such a way as to increase our recuperative powers. The natural functions are indispensable to human life. Without breath, you die. Without rest, you wear out. Without thought you could not be conscious. And without action you could achieve nothing.

"I began to study," Carolyn continued seriously. "You learn to visualize in your mind the perfection that you require. And you learn the four basic principles of Yogism: deep relaxations, deep contraction, dynamic breathing, and dynamic concentration. And with Yoga I have never been so well and happy. Asthma has no place in my life. And now that the secret—which I had no intention of hiding in the first place—is out, I'm being asked to appear on tv and radio and before women's clubs and schools to expound its principles. It seems there has always been a tremendous mystery surrounding it—until now."

Carolyn stopped for a moment for breath—and took a deep one. I took that moment to ask her about her new home.

"Oh, it's real crazy at our house all of the time," Carolyn giggled. In the middle of the plans I thought of doing the decor, but I thought twice. I just lost my secretary, and that's just plain murder. Without her, I can't seem to get organized.

"Aaron says we don't need a secretary, we need a keeper. It's pretty wild with Aaron at home writing scripts, and me in and out rushing to or coming from the studio—or holding conferences at home with agents, architects, builders, decorators, fans, friends, and our dogs. But we love it. We are together, building our life together. We had less than two dollars between us when we married, plus a number of anxieties and insecurities carried over from both of our childhoods. We needed each other more than any two people I know. Part of the time I exude confidence and when I let go, Aaron takes over for both of us. Our life actually is not as wacky as it may sometimes appear."

I asked Carolyn what Aaron was working on these days.

"Oh, he's got a million irons in the fire," she exclaimed. "Television, theater, films—"

"For diversion he goes around the house shooting flies. Aaron has a plastic gun made for it which shoots rubber bands. When we have company, and I see Aaron suddenly alert with a grin on his face, I know what's next. He gets the gun, and zing; he's a great shot. There was a big black bumble bee from the honeysuckle on the side of the house that buzzed inside the other day. Aaron said, 'I'm going to mount his head!' He aimed and he had to shoot over a guest's head to get him. Our guest turned and said to me, 'What do you do? How do you live here?'"

Get out the bongo drums!

"We have three telephone lines into our house and most of the time they all ring at once. When that happens, and it gets to be too much, I start beating the bongos, or I go into my Yoga trance.

"I admit," Carolyn chuckled, "it does present quite a picture, but Aaron insists that he does his best writing in all of this confusion. And his success proves it in a way. When he was at Fox they gave him an office. Aaron called home to talk to me, which he never does. After fifteen minutes I asked, 'What do you want?' My husband replied, 'I don't want anything. I'm just bugged—it's so quiet here. Please put Vicki (our dog) on the phone and let her bark.' Vicki barks at everyone, even people she knows well. For years it was a running-dog-barking competition

between our dog and my former secretary's dog Archibald. After a few minutes I picked up the receiver to hear my love say, 'Do me a favor, get both dogs barking on the telephone.'"

Carolyn's enthusiasm for her marriage keeps her talking about Aaron. And this is unusual and nice to see in show business. While her enthusiasm for the wonders of Yoga is apparent in everything she says, somehow Carolyn kept swinging the conversation back to a 'His and Hers'—Aaron and I.

"Usually Aaron starts writing in his paisley pajamas with a sports car cap on his head and his feet encased in mukluks. And with a legal tablet in his hand he writes—walking part of the time with the dogs running under his feet—and he'll be writing like a maniac. At spasmodic intervals, he'll suddenly call our secretary to 'Get so and so on the phone!' That's the way we live."

"Well, it seems to agree with you," I commented. "We've been married eight years," Carolyn said, "and at first I tried to keep very quiet around the house when Aaron was writing. I'd say, 'I'm going out shopping so you can work.' I'd stay out as long as I could, finding any excuse to allow Aaron to have complete peace and quiet at home for his concentration on his writing. And when I'd come back, he'd say, 'Stay here. I can't work when you're out.'"

Carolyn says that her marriage comes first and she means it. "I can't be away from Aaron one day and be happy. One time on location we were apart two weeks.

Eva Gabor saw Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, in which a beautiful young girl couldn't get her husband to find her attractive enough until the final scene. "It would not happen vit me," said Miss Gabor. "Such frustrations. After fifteen minutes I'd say to heck vit it."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

Our telephone bill was almost the size of my salary. Aaron said *never again!* Aaron is a worry wart, and I have been a person with high tensions. We understand each other and have a mutual need for emotional security as well as the excitement and the companionship of love and marriage.

"I was a bundle of nerves when we were first married, and then I found Yoga. And I am now healthy and happy. I learned, as I said in the beginning, that the neuroses are all in one's mind. Now I am able to relax, and lose the tensions that once sent me into a fit of asthma. Anyone can benefit from even as little as twenty minutes a day with Yoga. It's that simple.

"My career is going wonderfully, and I no longer have that fear when a role comes up that I may become sick and lose it.

"Right now," Carolyn said in conclusion, "I should stretch out on the floor for twenty minutes and practice my Yoga. I need fresh energy. But what would the people in the restaurant think? I have to run now. I have to okay the plans for the house, go and get the loans, get orders for more water heaters, and bigger electric meters and outlets, and deposit money for the gas and lights, and I'm running.

"I can't fling myself on the floor and go into Yoga now, even when it is the thing I should do. I'll do it, however, the minute I get home," said Carolyn.

And she was off.

END

Look for Carolyn in MAN IN THE NET and A HOLE IN THE HEAD, both for United Artists.



Jack Carson:

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All his life Jack Carson wanted to be a circus clown. His great opportunity came when the Clyde Beatty Circus arrived in Hollywood. A friend, who knew of Jack's secret ambition, pulled wires and arranged to have him in the show.

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Jack, in white face make-up, red, heart-shaped mouth, big putty nose and bright red wig, bounced onto the stage with the other clowns. They fell on their faces and somersaulted in the sawdust while the kids squealed and laughed. They shrieked when Jack bit into a watermelon and water spurted out. He laughed along with them, having the time of his life.

After all their clowning, the drums rolled and the announcer said: "Ladees and Gentlemen, I present none other than Jack Carson, the one, the only, the famous motion picture star!"

That was the signal for Jack to step forward. He took off his wig and putty nose and waved at the crowd. The big-top rang with applause. Then Jack turned and bowed to the other clowns in the act. As he saluted them, a voice called out from the front row.

It belonged to a disappointed four-year-old in a cowboy suit. "Aw," said the youngster, "I thought he was a real clown!"

See Jack in RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS for 20th.



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new movies

by *florence epstein*

TONKA

Sal and his horse

**Sal Mineo
Rafael Campos
Phil Carey
Jerome Courtland
Britt Lomond**

■ This is the story of an Indian brave (Sal Mineo) and a horse—and of the devotion between them that survives separation, war and time. It starts one day in the 1870's when White Bull (that's Sal) and his friend Strong Bear (Rafael Campos) are out riding in the territory of the Dakotas. Sal spots a magnificent wild stallion and captures him, naming him Tonka Wakan (The Great One). Sal's uncle, the Sioux chief, is so impressed that he decides Sal is now old enough to go out on hunting expeditions. Too bad Sal's cousin (H.M. Wyant) covets Tonka; since he's older than Sal he's allowed to claim the horse. But Sal, enraged by his cousin's cruel treatment of the beast, frees Tonka and sends him back to his wild herd. Fortunately, Tonka's next owner is a horse-loving cavalry officer (Phil Carey) who decides to call him Comanche. Enter General Custer (Britt Lomond) who is not very far

from his famous 'Last Stand'. Custer would like to burn every Sioux village to the ground, 'cause he thinks Indians should be on a reservation. Naturally, the Indians have other plans. One of them is to send Sal and Rafael out to the fort to count bow many palefaces they're up against. There, Sal finds Tonka; but one of General Custer's men finds Sal. It's only through the intervention of Tonka's new owner that Sal isn't scalped; instead, he's sent back to tell his people to surrender. Surrender? Ha-ha! A bloody battle soon follows—that's Custer's Last Stand—and about the only two left standing are Sal and his horse!—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

THE HANGING TREE

gold, a girl, and Gary Cooper

**Gary Cooper
Maria Schell
Karl Malden
Ben Piazza
Gordon Scott**

■ Here we are in the wildest gold camp in the territory of Montana. Doctor Gary Cooper has just ridden in and set up his shingle—this makes him an enemy for life of faith healer Gordon Scott. Cooper has

had a personal tragedy in his past (his wife deceived him) so now he is silent, grim, touchy and hard working. But he has a heart. When young Ben Piazza is running from Karl Malden (whom he was trying to rob) Cooper takes him in and makes him his aide. Outside of town a stagecoach has been held up and only a girl survives. A posse finds the girl (Maria Schell) temporarily blinded—and nearly roasted—by the sun. While she's in his care, Cooper is all tenderness and concern, but as soon as she's well and beautiful again he gets scared and acts cold. Determined to make a life for herself, Maria goes into partnership in a mine, together with Ben and Malden. Unknown to her, Cooper has provided the grubstake. Weeks later Maria strikes it rich. To celebrate, Malden gets himself—and a lot of his buddies—riotously drunk. Then he tries to attack Maria. Cooper saves her and kills Malden, at which point the simple-minded miners, led by that wild faith healer, drag Cooper to the hanging tree—to be hanged. A lot happens in this film which, despite its air of pretentiousness, is beautifully photographed and acted by 'pros.'—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL

**James Cagney
Shirley Jones
Roger Smith
Cara Williams
Nehemiah Persoff**

a gangster film set to music

■ It's not exactly a musical but there are some truly delightful songs in it. It is certainly a comedy—about a lively little 'hood' named James Cagney who swindles his way to the top—that is, to becoming union head of the waterfront. When the story opens he needs money to throw a party for the voters so he 'borrows' ten thousand dollars from a bookie (Jack Albertson) who sues him for extortion. By the time the trial comes up Jack's in an iron lung, courtesy of Cagney, and unable to testify. Still, feeling the need

Sal Mineo carefully tends to his magnificent wild stallion, Tonka.



of a lawyer, Cagney hires young Roger Smith, much against the wishes of Smith's wife, Shirley Jones, who doesn't like gangsters. Cagney falls for Shirley and bribes Cara Williams into breaking up the marriage. Cara says that if he'll give her a Ferrari (a very expensive foreign car) she'll agree to become Smith's secretary and work after hours. The deal is made. And the damage, you can be sure, is done. It's fun all the way—even though the trouble Shirley's beloved gets into is serious. But not so serious that it can't be solved.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS

Don Murray
Richard Egan
Lee Remick
Patricia Owen
Stuart Whitman

one man's lust for power

■ It's 1880 and when Don Murray joins a cattle drive into Montana, it's just the beginning of his drive toward money and power. Stuart Whitman—who is a 'you live and let me sleep,' boy—is persuaded to go wolf-hunting with Don, but the precious skins are lost when Don is shot and nearly killed by Indians. Lee Remick—a shady young lady who operates in the town saloon and seems to belong to gambler Richard Egan—lovingly nurses Don back to health, after which she rewards him with her life savings. That, and a loan from banker Albert Dekker, puts him and Whitman into the ranching business. Then Don goes very high-brow. He figures he's too good for Lee, marries the banker's niece, Patricia Owen, and looks forward to running for state senator. By this time Stuart Whitman has left Don to become a horse thief. In order to safeguard his votes, Don joins an illegal posse (headed by Egan) to hunt down Whitman and hang him. It's a sad business. Things get worse when, back home, Patricia coldly hands Don a note from Lee saying she needs him. (Lee needs him because Richard Egan has just beaten her to a pulp.) Well, a man who wants to run for senator—and stay married—can't very well afford to defend a shady lady's honor. Or can he? The movie will answer that question!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

IT HAPPENED TO JANE

Doris Day
Jack Lemmon
Ernie Kovacs
Steve Forrest
Russ Brown

a very good Day

■ A widowed Doris Day supports her two kids by breeding fancy lobsters at home in Cape Ann, Maine, and shipping them to fancy restaurants. Trouble is, the railroad she ships them on has been taken over by skinflint Ernie Kovacs who is so unmindful of his customers' needs that he allows several hundred of her lobsters to die in the railway station instead of in the pot. Doris (with her suitor Jack Lemmon as her lawyer) sues the railway for ruining her business. The railway (that's Ernie who owns it) refuses to pay damages, and Doris takes possession of some of the trains (the trains happen to be parked in the Cape Ann station). This plucky move attracts nationwide attention—and also the attention of Ernie Kovacs who proceeds to charge rent for the use of the rails. Big city reporter Steve Forrest covers the story, carrying Doris off to New York for various guest appearances on tv. This is all very nice but it isn't doing the lobster business any good. (It isn't doing Jack Lemmon any good, either, for that matter.) Old skinflint Ernie carries his fight to ridiculous extremes; he should've stood in his Pullman for all the good it does him—he's got strong opponents. It's a good film with lots of laughs for the entire family.—COLUMBIA COLOR, COLUMBIA.

LONELYHEARTS

advice to the lovelorn

■ You think you got troubles? You ought to read that mail that comes to the desk of Montgomery Clift who handles an advice column for a big city newspaper. All he was hired to do was to answer the mail without taking it personally. But Monty takes it pretty personal. And he's very nearly murdered by the husband of a faithful reader. The real story, though, is everybody's loneliness—and sometimes, bitterness. Monty's editor, Robert Ryan, is so bitter he can't stand seeing anyone happy, particularly his wife (Myrna Loy) whom he's been torturing—mentally—for ten years. He gave Monty this particular job to torture him. (Every couple of months he pays a tortured visit to his father who is up for life—he killed Monty's mother.) And Monty's girl (Dolores Hart) although she is very sweet is a little on the unforgiving side. The reader Monty gets involved with is played by Maureen Stapleton—but I won't go into what's torturing her. See for yourself!—UNITED ARTISTS.

GIDGET

that's a girl growing up

■ They call Sandra Dee 'Gidget' because she's a girl, and a midget. Not a real midget. More like a half-pint, more like a tomboy who sneers at falsies. She's real cute, but a square when it comes to flirting. 'They' are a group of boys who spend their summers on surfboards at Malibu Beach. They even have a leader—Cliff Robertson—who lives in a shack on the beach and has no other goal than to follow the sun. 'Moondoggie' James Darren idolizes Cliff and is planning to quit college in defiance of his father and become a 'surfbum.' Then Sandra, whom Darren has rescued from drowning, comes into their lives and won't leave until they make her their mascot. If her parents knew that Sandra's mad desire to master surfboarding had anything to do with those boys, her parents would die. But Sandra falls in love with one of those boys (guess which one) and spends the whole summer trying to get him to notice her. Aside from the slightly sinister atmosphere of this cult at the beach, it's a gay, happy movie about young love.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:
THE SOUND AND THE FURY (20th-Fox): Here's one southern family that's showing signs of wear. Only the cook Ethel Waters knows what's really going on. As well as running the household, she takes personal care of Jack Warden, a mute. The daughter in the family seeks wild adventure by disobeying her uncle, Yul Brynner, playing hookey and running around with a no-good guy. When her mother (Margaret Leighton) who deserted her at birth returns for a visit, Joanne learns some pretty shocking facts.

SOME CAME RUNNING (MGM): Frank Sinatra is a writer who returns to his home town after the war to face all the people he's pulled apart in his novel. But he's given up writing for another sport—drinking. He meets Dean Martin and Shirley MacLaine in a bar. Shirley can't let go of him. So she follows him around until he marries her. But things don't look rosy for this pair—in fact they get worse and worse.

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS (20th-Fox): The old expression 'Go fight city hall' becomes a new one in this picture. It's 'Go fight the Army!' So Joanne Woodward sends hubby Paul Newman to Washington to do just that. Paul goes to Washington to fight the Army and, instead, has to fight off glamorous Joan Collins. When Joanne finds her husband with no trousers on—in Joan Collins' suite, wow!!! All kinds of bombshells start to burst. But the funniest explosion is when poor Jack Carson finds himself in a rocket headed for the moon.

Montgomery Clift
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Dolores Hart
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Sandra Dee
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Introducing Connie Francis

(Continued from page 39)

entranced him. "Connie," he announced one day, "you're as good as the kids on that show . . . You ought to be on it!"

So he took her to Scheck's office in New York and said, "Mr. Scheck . . . this is my daughter Connie . . . She's thirteen . . . and she sings."

Scheck, who was overloaded with kid singers, started to end the interview before it began.

Franconera added, hurriedly, "But she plays accordion, too."

"That's different," said Scheck. "Bring her around tomorrow for an audition."

The next day, Scheck watched the short, plump Connie, with her big brown eyes and thick dark hair, as she played accordion and sang. He thought she was gifted, and put her on his show.

From then on, Connie Francis—she cut her name short for tv—showed up each week for the two rehearsals and the telecast, always accompanied by one parent or the other, plus a big salami sandwich. She ate so heartily the other kids on the show were completely awed.

She was never left alone for one moment. Poppa or Momma was always around. "In the old country," explained Poppa, "girls don't go with boys until they're married. That's how girls stay out of trouble."

Connie protested many times, "But, Poppa, you're so old-fashioned."

"Never mind," said Poppa, firmly, "A girl must never be left alone."

This little scene was repeated often, and sometimes Connie would say, "Oh, Poppa, you talk to me like I'm a little girl, but I'm growing up!"

Poppa would give her a hug and say, "Never mind growing up . . . To me, you're my little girl . . . Always, my little girl."

Connie moved slowly but surely ahead as a singer. She developed poise, timing, know-how.

But, at home, Momma and Poppa glowed at her and exclaimed, "You're our little girl, Connie, our little girl!"

Plenty of time for boys—later

When she started at Newark Art High School, the other girls her age were starting to date. They talked incessantly about boys. But Connie kept silent. She had no dates, and she knew very little about boys. Momma and Poppa, who married at twenty-two, always pointed out that young girls ought to worry about school and good marks . . . and never mind about boys. "There's plenty of time for boys and marriage . . . later."

Bursting with enormous drive, Connie turned her back on romance and concentrated on becoming a good singer on Scheck's tv show and on getting high marks at school.

At fourteen, she was not yet even five feet tall but she already weighed 138 pounds. When she got up to 140, Scheck said, "Connie, I don't want to hurt your feelings . . . but don't you think you ought to start dieting?"

But Connie was crazy about food. Poppa, who came from a country where people don't fuss so much about calories, said, "Come on, Connie, eat! You work hard, and you need strength . . . eat!"

And Connie ate like there was no tomorrow. When she became bored with salami sandwiches, she went for hamburgers, two or three at every rehearsal.

When she was depressed she would eat more. At rehearsals and performances, between hamburgers, she would sigh, "I

can hardly wait till I get home, to eat."

At school, some of her friends urged her to reduce. But Connie would answer, "I'm too busy." And the truth was that she was busy: three nights for her tv show; editing the school paper; winning the New Jersey State Typing Championship; studying for high marks.

She excelled in debating contests and read heavy books on psychology, religion, politics. When she happened to be with a bunch of boys, she didn't moon around or hold hands. Instead, she would yak with them about religion, psychology, logic. She was strictly an intellectual.

Just as she had become a standout in school, she moved to the top of the tv show. She polished her singing, she learned a lot about cameras, lighting, wardrobe, make-up, direction. She got so smart that soon Scheck was letting her be his assistant. She even directed the show from the engineer's booth, until the Directors' Guild protested that she wasn't a member of their union.

Soon she started writing songs and one, *An Answer to My Prayer*, was published.

Around school, she was never really happy. She found it difficult to mix easily



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with the other students. She felt so much more mature than they were. She had become accustomed to adult talk and was annoyed at the teen-age jive talk.

She felt left out, and not part of the group. The other girls would come to school in Bermuda shorts and chat gaily about their dates. But Connie didn't dare to wear shorts (she was too plump) and she had no dates to brag about. She didn't have the figure to try out for the cheerleading team; but she consoled herself by saying, "I'm too busy for such nonsense!"

She didn't have any close girl friends, and she felt isolated. Even her brother, George, was too young to understand—he was three years her junior. And Momma and Poppa were too unyielding in their attitudes about dating. "Nice girls don't date," said Poppa, and that ended the discussion.

Connie knew, of course, that she had something the other girls didn't have—high marks and musical talent. But it sure didn't seem like enough.

Time and again she forced herself to mix; but she never felt comfortable. The other girls talked about clothes and boys. Connie hated to think about clothes, and she didn't know what to say about boys.

Then one day in sewing class she made a skirt and miscalculated so much that the skirt came out three sizes too small. Furious at herself, she decided she would wear that skirt if it killed her. So she dieted heroically, and dropped from 140 to 102

pounds within a period of two months.

The girls at school, startled, began to praise her and boys started to notice her, and she liked it.

But it was always a struggle. Whenever she became tense, she reverted to heavy eating. She couldn't help herself.

Her mind was very bright, very active. She questioned everything, challenged traditions, insisted on the highest ideals, and developed a hostility to hypocrites. When a girl friend phoned to say, "Connie, I can't go to church with you today . . . I haven't anything to wear," Connie was horrified. She felt the girl had missed the whole point of religion.

Conflicting ideals

She joined a sorority; but quit after two weeks. "You're all so phony!" she told the sorority sisters. "There's no real friendship here. You're just faking."

This did not win her any pals, needless to say.

Around the school, the kids knew she was a tv celebrity earning fifty dollars a week, and sometimes more. The boys were awed; the girls were jealous.

When Connie put on a real pretty green halter dress to go to a school dance, she heard a girl sniff: "Huh . . . who does Connie think she is? . . . A big shot?"

The other girls wore flats and bobby sox; Connie wore one-inch heels. So when she went to another school dance, a girl said out loud: "That Connie is always showing off."

Connie left early. She was uncomfortable, and had no boy to dance with.

Then there was the time her cousin Charlie was going into the Army, and Connie gave him a going-away party. When she kissed him a cousinly good-bye, her own best girl friend said: "Oh . . . you know Connie . . . She always thinks she's privileged."

After two years at Newark, the family moved to Belleville, a suburb, and Connie enrolled at Belleville High School. There, too, she shone as a scholar and soon became a celebrity.

Her parents were proud of her success on tv and at school, and they lavished affection on her; but Connie felt that though in a way she had everything, actually she had nothing.

At sixteen, she got up enough nerve to ask Poppa, "Can I go to the movies tonight?" Poppa said, "Sure, go ahead." Then Connie asked, "But can I go with Nick?"

Poppa stared at her, amazed. "Why take Nick? If you want some company, I'll go with you."

Another time, she yearned to go with Steve, a tall, husky local football hero. She asked Poppa, "Can I go to the corner store for ice cream with Steve?"

Poppa, alarmed, said, "Connie, if you want ice cream, I'll go and get it for you."

She went into her room and played listlessly with her collection of stuffed animals. "Poppa just doesn't understand," she told herself. "He doesn't understand!"

A date—finally

She told her favorite uncle, Gus, about this incident, and he was horrified. He went to Poppa and kidded him about his lack of sensitivity to Connie's needs. Then Poppa became embarrassed and admitted that maybe he had been wrong.

After three high school years of no dates, she finally was allowed, in her senior year, to accept a few.

But Poppa still wouldn't let Connie go out alone. . . .

When she graduated with high honors, she won a scholarship to New York University. She yearned vaguely to become a doctor, perhaps a psychologist . . . but she couldn't get singing out of her system.

During the summer vacation, Scheck offered to become her manager. She signed, eagerly, and Poppa approved.

"You'll be a big star, Connie," he beamed.

Scheck had her record *My Treasure* and placed it with MGM Records. After Connie had been at NYU three months, she quit to promote her record. But nothing much happened.

Then she sang for the soundtrack of the movies, *Jamboree* and *Rock, Rock, Rock*. But again, nothing happened.

When Pat Boone's movie *April Love* was about to premiere at the Roxy Theater, on November 12, 1957, her movie company suggested she ought to go to the premiere. "We'll send you tickets, and we'll have another singer from the movie, Frankie Avalon, escort you there. It might get publicity for our movie."

So on November 12, Connie's poppa put her on the bus for New York, and when she got to New York, Frankie and his manager were waiting. They got into the manager's car and he drove them around Central Park for a while.

"I'm crazy about Sinatra," said Frankie, then sixteen.

"So am I," said Connie, then eighteen. "My first record's a flop," sighed Frankie, feeling very blue.

"Mine, too," Connie agreed. "I guess we're in the same boat."

They cried on each other's shoulder, and then Connie said, "If I don't hit with my next record, I'm quitting show business forever. I'm going back to college!"

Frankie said he would do just that, too.

No one cheered

When they got to the Roxy, Frankie looked down at his white buck shoes and quipped, "Maybe somebody will think I'm Pat Boone and ask for my autograph." But no one did.

Pat Boone and Robert Wagner entered the lobby just then and the fans cheered. But, nobody . . . not a soul . . . recognized Frankie and Connie.

"I wonder if the day will ever come when somebody asks for my autograph," whispered Connie, holding the tears back. "Yes, I'll ask for your autograph," Frankie assured her gallantly.

After the premiere, they went to Lindy's for coffee and cheesecake, and then Frankie's manager drove Connie back to the bus station.

Connie had made up her mind to go back to college when her poppa said, "Connie, you've made eight records and they haven't hit; so why don't you try something different? Why don't you take an old song like *Who's Sorry Now?* and do it with a rock 'n roll beat?"

"That's silly," said Connie.

But Poppa insisted, and the recording people said, "You're nuts." But, finally, they gave in. "All right, let's try it."

Connie cut the record, but nothing happened. It just lay there.

Again, she wanted to go back to school; but Poppa and Scheck kept encouraging. Finally, to her amazement, six months later, the record started to take off.

A few weeks later, Connie was headlining (with Frankie Avalon) at a Jersey theater. Frankie's own *Dee Dee Dinah* was soaring, and now both were getting recognition.

When they saw each other backstage, they yelled with glee, and then they paused, embarrassed. Each realized the other was now a celebrity.

"May I have your autograph?" Frankie asked.

"Of course," said Connie. "And may I have your autograph?"

They exchanged autographs, happily.

Just before she was eighteen, Connie

developed her first big crush. But her parents frowned on it. "You're a little girl, Connie," they reminded her.

Lonely birthday

So she turned her back on romance, and spent her eighteenth birthday in misery. She would not have a party; she would not see anybody; she refused to answer the phone; she locked herself in her room and hugged her dog Mambo and her rabbit Cha Cha, and played old records.

She made no attempts to date anybody until Pete came along. He was jovial, and her parents did not protest when he made her join the local teen-age crowd going to the movies and parties. He got her to laugh again. And then he went into the Coast Guard.

"It's better that he went away," her relatives said. "You're too young to become serious with boys."

Unlucky in love, lucky in her career.

Fortunately, her new records were taking off. *Who's Sorry Now?* sold 1,500,000, and then *Stupid Cupid* sold a million. *Eighteen, I'm Sorry I Made You Cry*, *My Happiness* and *Fallin'* all sold big, and soon Connie was being hailed the new queen of the records.

She went on long promotion tours, and made scores of personal appearances. She was glad to be busy; it made her forget certain things. And she was glad to have Momma along as companion and wardrobe mistress. Of course, there was no time for boys. She rarely stayed in one town more than a day.

She charmed the disk jockeys, and seemed the essence of confidence. But she would confess to her mother, "I'm putting up a brave front; but inside I'm shaking."

After an eight-month tour, she finally had two days off. But she frankly didn't know any boys at home well enough to get a date, so she spent the days with the kids in the local teen-age crowd. One day they went to Coney Island and the other day they had a pizza house-party.

Her relatives came around and said, "Little Connie! . . . Who would have thought she could do it . . . A famous singer!" And Poppa would explain loudly, "Connie went to England for two weeks, and they were wild about her. She was just voted No. One Female Vocalist by the *Musical Express*. Doris Day came second."

Momma would say, like a veteran of show business, "Yes, *Cashbox Magazine* named Connie The Most Promising New Female Star of the Year!"

Everybody was proud of Connie, and Connie was grateful, but she knew down deep in her heart that true happiness was evading her.

. . . Sort of left out

"All my girl friends are getting married," she told Momma. "And they're giving showers . . . and they invite me . . . But I feel funny . . . I just don't want to go. Not that I want to marry, too . . . I don't . . . But I feel, well, wistful, about seeing them marrying and sort of left out."

With time, her own aching heart eased and she could discuss her big crush with calm. "It's better it ended . . . There would have been complications . . . He was a performer, too . . . And, between two performers, there is always rivalry."

She says, "If I marry someone in show business, I'd quit show business because I'd want to be a full-time wife. If I marry someone in the business, then we'd be in trouble. It wouldn't work."

She is Catholic. "When I marry, I'd want it to be forever."

The double threads of her life—career and womanhood—don't intertwine easily.

She's been so smart, careerwise, that her parents no longer tried to influence her



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■ Sometimes people seem a bit surprised when I sit down at the pianner and they *don't* laugh. It happens when I get halfway serious and throw in a touch of Beethoven or Bach.

The story to that goes back over fifty years. We lived on New York's Lower East Side then. My father had a barber shop there. One of his customers was a music teacher, Perfesser Fiore. So my pop makes a deal with the Perfesser: free shaves and haircuts for two free pianner lessons a week at the Perfesser's elegant studio. It was a real swanky place. Steam heat in the parlor, and the bathroom was out in the hall, not in the backyard!

I was doing pretty good with the lessons until I got a job carting newspapers to the stands along Fourteenth Street. It was hard work. I got so tired I told the Perfesser I'd have to give up the lessons—and he'd have to give up the free shaves!

Well, the idea of gettin' to look like either one of the Smith Brothers bothered Perfesser Fiore so much that he kept coming around to the house, saying I had pretty good talent and shouldn't quit studying. After a couple of weeks I realized that the real loss to the music world if I didn't start up again would be the Perfesser! If he didn't get a haircut soon he'd have to give up the pianner and buy a violin!

So I went back to the pianner lessons, and I'm glad I did, because a couple of years later it was my acquaintance with the Old Masters that got me an accompanist's job at Diamond Tony's Saloon, the pride of Coney Island!

And every once in a while, when I need a shave or just got one, all of a sudden I remember that old Perfesser. And every once in a while, just before I say my good night to Mrs. Calabash, wherever she is, I throw in a little Beethoven for my Perfesser.

decisions. "Connie, you know your work best," they conceded. "Do what you think is right."

But when it came to choosing her friends, and dating, they opposed her: "You're too young . . . Take our advice. We know best."

Many times she would lock herself in her room and put her palms to her ears, but she could not shut out the words, "Too young . . . Too young . . . Too young."

Recently, they were sitting around the dinner table, and Poppa said, "Connie, you mustn't see that girl in New York."

Connie bit her lip and said, slowly: "Poppa, you know I love you, and Momma . . . but you're wrong, telling me who I can see and who I cannot see . . . I am not a little girl any more . . . I'm a big girl now. . . ."

Poppa protested, "My little Connie. . . ."
"But I'm not little Connie any more," Connie insisted. "I'm nineteen, and I expect to earn \$100,000 this year, and I have a manager, a publicist, and a fan club secretary . . . I'm a business woman . . . and I travel . . . and I know by now what's right and what's wrong."

Momma said gently, "Maybe Connie is right, dear."

Connie went on: "I've lived nineteen years, and I've never done anything to make you ashamed of me."

"That's true," Poppa admitted.

There was a long silence, and then Momma started to cry. Connie brushed away a furtive tear, and then Poppa said, "Maybe I am too strict . . . I'm sorry . . . We did it because we love you so much. And we don't want to see you hurt. . . ."

"I know, Poppa."

He sighed, "You're growing up . . . I know . . . I've watched you . . . You're real smart . . . I guess nobody could fool you now. . . ."

"Yes, Poppa."

"Go ahead and do what you think is right," he said, slowly. "And Connie, you look thin . . . have some more spaghetti!"

"I'm not thin," said Connie. "I'm 104 pounds and five-foot-two!"

But she wasn't really mad, and she reached over and kissed her poppa.

Really grown up

Connie became twenty on December 10, 1958, and now she makes her own decisions about dating as well as career problems. She still seeks advice from her parents and her business associates, but she feels good because she knows she makes the final decisions.

"When I grow older," she says, "I hope I'll understand why my parents were so possessive and so restricting . . . I was always in conflict. I was accepting and fighting them at the same time . . . It was terribly confusing."

Just before her twentieth birthday, she played the Paramount Theater, on Broadway, and Frankie Avalon was co-headliner. They compared notes on dating, and talked about their autograph collections. And Connie, being older, advised Frankie about his steady-dating.

Connie herself is beginning to have a new crush—David Somerville, one of *The Four Diamonds*, a group of singers.

Her wonderful feeling of being trusted reached new heights recently when the family moved into their new house in Belleville. Friends and neighbors came over, and Connie found herself fascinated by one particular boy.

They were holding hands when Poppa came into the room.

"Connie!" he exclaimed. "That's a nice young fellow you have there. Why don't you invite him over more often?"

"Yes, Poppa, I will," she said . . . and she knew, finally, she was a Big Girl now.

END

I Have No Friends

(Continued from page 21)

dream-come-true world. She dined—a tiny child of four or five—at Twenty-One and the other good restaurants. She wore little velvet coats and white gloves. She was adored by both parents. There were no more children and she liked that fine: "I liked getting all the attention and all the presents from Grandma." Her step-father's family seems to have taken her into their hearts completely.

As a child, she began to model, was a great success. The money was not a factor, of course; she loved to do it, and begged for more. Except for difficulties at school, life was perfect. Then tragedy: her step-father died. At that time, she received a Hollywood offer, which she and her mom grabbed, to take them away from New York and memories.

Personality

Sandy is, of course, very poised, very mature for her age (16). I ordinarily dislike such teen-agers, but Sandy made a good impression—seemed quite frank, quite nice. Thinking back, most of her talk could just as easily have come from a twenty-five-year-old starlet instead, but that would probably be due to the twenty-five-year-old's childishness rather than Sandy's grownupishness. She was in a hillbilly outfit when I saw her, and it distressed her considerably; she apologized for looking such a mess, complained resignedly about what they were doing to her hair, accepted hopefully my words of reassurance, and sat cross-legged on the couch for the interview. From time to time she seemed very young after all—but I can't swear that that isn't an overlay and the poise the real thing.

Throughout the interview, she shredded paper napkins all over the floor without noticing. She confessed to moods—mostly of boredom. All of a sudden, nothing will seem interesting. As long as it lasts, she cries. It aggravates her, but there she will sit, with the tears rolling down her cheeks for no reason apparent to her or anyone else. Philosophically: "It's a phase." Her monthly period brings on varying moods, too—she either laughs or cries.

She is nervous about her acting: *Gidget* is the first movie she didn't want to do all over when she saw it. But she enjoys acting immensely.

She has various quirks: doctors terrify her. "I run from them. If they catch me, I bite them. Once a doctor came to give me some shots. I locked myself in the bathroom. Only Mom could make me open the door—she swats me around. So I opened the door a crack and the doctor grabbed my arm around it and stuck me. I didn't mind it so much that way. It's the idea of the needle more than the pain that gets me. When we went to Europe the doctor came to vaccinate me, and when I saw it wasn't such a big needle, really, I let him."

Sandy went through a bad period at eleven—just as she was becoming conscious of boys, her figure started to change and her bust to develop. She was horribly embarrassed; none of the other girls had shown even a sign of such happenings. She took to wearing undershirts in an attempt to flatten herself out. She refused to wear a bra—the idea was disgusting. What the undershirts couldn't hide, oversized sweaters did. In the summer when bathing suits made it pretty obvious, she told the other girls that the suit was padded. Then suddenly the boys began to notice it too—and with approval. That did it; Sandy became very pleased with her

34-C bust. By the time she was thirteen the other girls had caught up anyway.

Relations with step-father

Her step-father was a remarkable man. He was wealthy, loving—and commanding. He ran Sandy's life and her mother's completely. They were not asked where they'd like to have dinner. Daddy took them where he thought proper and good. They were not consulted on larger plans either. Daddy took care of everything. Since he was an extremely benevolent despot, whose first thought was always for his wife-and-daughter, they not only had no complaints. They worshipped him. Sandy loved him with all her heart. It is a half-serious joke with her and her mother that Eugene married Mama only to get Sandy; it is even less of a joke when Sandy says, "We were married to him," and even more significantly, when she was asked, "He wasn't just a friend to you, then, but a father, a real father?" she replied: "He was a father to my mother and to me." Both women felt utterly protected and secure having him run their lives: his death was utterly devastating to them both.

When Eugene died, Mama went to pieces completely. According to Sandy: "She couldn't be talked to. And there were things that had to be talked about. So I took care of them—I was all right, I wasn't crying. Mom sobbed through the whole funeral. I was dry-eyed. I felt I wasn't supposed to cry. Then I went to the coffin to say good-bye. And I passed out. All of a sudden, I knew he was gone, and I walked away and fainted. People came for me and picked me up, but I was through. After that, I couldn't do anything but cry."

Going back to the apartment they had lived in in New York proved unbearable. When Ross Hunter suggested they come to L.A. and that Sandy make a movie, they said yes at once, hoping that distance and new sights and work would help. It was probably the first big decision either of them made, but it turned out to be a good one. The move helped them a great deal.

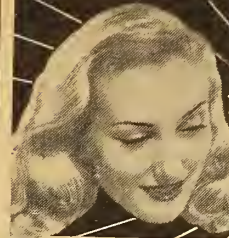
Both can now calmly discuss the man they loved so much. There is tremendous reverence in their voices when they think back. Sandy says she was even closer to him than to her mother. She brought all her problems to him and all her joys. They looked alike physically—the same big brown eyes—and they were alike mentally. The one thing she didn't discuss with him was boys—they were a trivial, if exciting, part of her life until recently. Now she would like very much to talk to him about them, but of course she can't. She remembers shopping with him, too. He had strong ideas about women's clothes—as about everything—and chose many of Sandy's himself. He also had notions about make-up. He hated it on a child. If Sandy came home with her modeling make-up still on, he'd have a fit. If she appeared with a little lipstick, he'd make her wipe it off. She did as she was told. She was a strong-willed child, but she says frankly that she was afraid of her step-father, and would never dare to raise her voice to him. She says it proudly. It is obvious it will take quite a guy to measure up to her memory of him.

As to her real father: Sandy shakes her head grimly, won't say much. Only that now that she's a success, all of a sudden they hear from him. Mama says Sandy's big brown eyes also resemble her real daddy's.

Relations with mother

Mama says simply: "After Eugene's death, Sandy started doing for me what he used to do." Sandy is a person of much more will and strength than most sixteen-year-old girls—or even most adults, and

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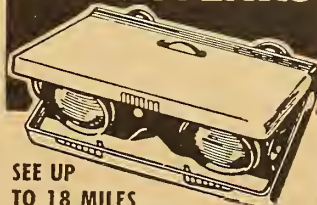
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Mama, who used to depend on her husband a good deal now depends on Sandy.

She calls her mother 'Butch' these days; a recent innovation. Used to call her 'Mommie'—as did Eugene.

She feels she is closer to her mother than most girls. Their protected, much-fathered life fostered that, her mother's involvement with her baby helped, and then the drawing together after Eugene's death made them lean heavily on each other. Now, in fact, Sandy feels they are too close and ought to start breaking apart. It is a painful process, probably even more so for Mama than for Sandy. Mama agrees to a certain extent, hesitantly. "In two years or so she'll be on her own. I'll have to make a life of my own, too." Right after Eugene's death, friends started trying to remarry Mama off.

At first Sandy was horrified. "How can they, when they knew Daddy? We'll never go near those people again." Then one day they met a person who was 'very much alone.' Sandy was stunned by such desolation. When they left, she told her mother, "Mom, I'd never want that to happen to you. Just pick someone I can stand." Now Mom goes out on dates, sometimes with Sandy along. When Sandy goes out without her mother, she feels a bit guilty.

Their living together breeds quarrels from time to time, mostly over food:

Mama to Sandy: Eat.

Sandy: I don't wanna.

Mama: Eat! You're driving me crazy!

Sandy: I—don't—want—to!

They also quarrel over Sandy's messiness. On the whole, Mama doesn't mind picking up after her. But sometimes when Sandy asks her to find something for her—say, a particular scarf, she rebels, "Look for it yourself." "No," Sandy wails, "I'd only mess everything up." After a few minutes Mama realizes that that's all too true, and gets it herself. As a little girl, Mama says, Sandy always knew precisely what hair ribbon or which dress she wanted to wear and it had to be just right—but when she got out of it again, the fussed-over outfit would be left to lie on the floor until Mama picked it up.

Relations with other kids, boys, etc.

As a little girl on Long Island, Sandy says, she was not only in on everything in school, but president of most of it. She was popular, liked school. At eleven she became boy conscious all of a sudden. It was the thing in her class to have boy friends. Sandy set about getting them with a will; it used to take her three and a half hours to walk home from school every day, dawdling with crowds of boys and girls. The teachers began to send notes home: "Sandy talks too much in class—especially to boys!" It wasn't fair, Sandy protested—the teacher had assigned her to a seat simply surrounded by eligible males. Every Friday afternoon there was a dance at school, and Sandy was always there. Her tactics were successful; she got herself, she says, forty-eight boy friends, and the classroom was a veritable whirl of notes flying back and forth between Sandy and her guys. On one in particular, an older man of thirteen or so, she had a violent crush. He was very tall, a big wheel, and they had a mad romance for three days. Then he gave her his bracelet. Delighted, she took it home—and discovered that it had his name on it. Cheap, she decided; if he really loved her he'd have gotten her one with her name on it. End of romance.

Then Sandy began to model, and the family transferred home base to a New York apartment. Sandy enrolled in a Manhattan school, and there everything was very different. From the start, she was given special privileges, could leave early, come in late, etc., because of her work

schedule. The other children resented this strongly. By the third day, Sandy was miserable, ready to leave. No one talked to her, no one answered when she spoke to them. At first she was stricken with worry—maybe these kids were right and she was awful. She would blush, almost burst into tears when they refused her overtures. She tried to do something about it. Decided they resented her because she ate in restaurants at lunch time while the others went into candy stores. But no one would ask her to join them in the candy stores and she couldn't walk into those small kid-crowded places alone. So she went on eating in lonely splendor. Then she thought perhaps it was her clothes—too expensive and varied. For seven days she went to school every day in her gym suit

Jean Simmons told Rock Hudson that she and husband Stewart Granger refer to the two ranches they own in Arizona as 'his' and 'hers.'

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

in an effort to erase the clothes-horse impression. Nothing came of it . . . except a burst of Sandy's natural strong-mindedness. She'd done her best, the heck with them. She no longer felt inferior, just mad. She positively sneered, walking out of school, all dressed up, two hours early. The only time it ever got her down again was at graduation. The school put on *HMS Pinafore*, and Sandy, who had been working so much she'd scarcely been at school the last few weeks, was the only girl not in it. Her father came to the exercises, which were held in a tiny basement. He was a big man, and he sat there with sweat pouring off him, just to applaud his daughter—and then she was the only one left sitting on her seat while the rest went onto the stage. She was sure he was horribly distressed, could have cried for him.

Boys dropped out of her life completely during this time, and defiant as she was, she was lonely, desperately wanted a friend. Then one day at a fashion show, she met another model, Lorna Gillam. This was a beautiful girl, somewhat older than Sandy. Sandy idolized her and they became good friends—best friends. They slept at each other's homes, talked about everything, were inseparable. Then Lorna fell in love. After that, Sandy would talk about career, Lorna would talk about her guy. Sandy used to go out with them sometimes, and found the fellow treating her like Lorna's little sister. She wasn't exactly resentful, only lonely and wistful. She wanted a boy friend and had none.

In Hollywood now one of the major troubles in her life—and possibly, she thinks, the cause of her bored periods—is that she has no girl friends at all. Why? Because she doesn't know anyone her own age. She feels confident of her ability to make and keep friends—but there's no one to know. "I met Cheryl Crane once. She could be a friend—but she goes to school. I never see her."

On the other hand, she does date. A year ago she had her first date with Johnny Wilder, and was very nervous. Now she has many dates—"Well, many for me." It's actually very few for the normal girl, but to Sandy who was cut off from boys for so many years, it's overwhelming. Her mother approves of her going out. "She even accepts dates for me, just to get me out." Most of her dates are for movies, or dinner and a drive. Week nights she has to be home by ten, Friday by eleven, Saturdays at her own discretion—which is good.

At dinner dates, she looks first at the price list, even when she knows she doesn't have to. Sal Mineo took her to the preem of *The Big Country* and she kicked off her shoes and cried out loud through the entire movie—partly because it was sad, partly because she had no popcorn. Then Sal had to find her shoes for her afterwards; she's sure he was embarrassed.

Her biggest disappointment in boys is a direct result of her new movies. Before her face became known, fellows used to try to pick her up—and her mother—in Schwab's. Now, she says sadly, they never do anymore. Boys are very important in her life now, but it's a new field of endeavor for Sandy and she isn't sure of where it's going. Her mother has great confidence in her ability to handle dates. She never told Sandy the facts of life exactly, but is sure she knows them, because "She learned them through contact with adults, subtly." Sandy told her once that "When the time comes to kiss a boy, I'll know. It won't be just because it's good-night time, either." So far, time hasn't come.

Clothes

As a little girl, Sandy was kept in pinafores and organdy by her doting mother. This went on and on, with Mama buying the clothes and Sandy looking like a little dream in them—until she reached the age (11) when other children in school were growing up into sweaters and skirts. Sandy didn't kick her heels or sob for months to make her point. When simple argument didn't make Mama get her some sporty, older clothes, she took her to school with her one day. Mama wept, but was convinced. The next day she and Sandy went shopping. For a long time Mama continued to buy all of Sandy's clothes—except those Eugene bought. He was the one who brought her her first formal and her first heels. The shoes were white satin, the strapless dress white with red roses, the occasion the White Ball in New York. Sandy was thirteen. It was for that that she finally talked Daddy into letting her wear a little lipstick, and dancing with him at the ball, she was spotted by Oleg Cassini, who asked her to model a \$35,000 necklace for a show. Sandy did, and fell in love with modeling. She didn't need the money—it was just fun.

After a while, Sandy began to go shopping often with her mother, to look at older things. She got to wear her first stockings to school one day, wanting to make an impression, by telling Mama there was a glee club rehearsal and the girls were asked to wear hose. Then when she got to school she was so embarrassed she sneaked out, bought a pair of anklets and pulled them on. Last summer for the first time she went shopping alone and, to her mother's admiring surprise, brought back 'very chic things.' Now she buys most of her own things, going for rather modified high fashion—she bought no clothes in Paris—and nothing extreme. Mama still buys her cocktail clothes, though—just got her her first black dresses. They are very soft, simple, youthful looking dresses, though, one of black net over flesh-tone silk, the other of black silk. She owns too many skirts and sweaters to count, twelve or more dressy outfits, and about thirty pairs of high-heeled shoes. In Hollywood in her spare time she wears slacks or capris with flats and wedgies. In New York she wears suits, wool dresses, heels. In general she wears mostly bulky knit sweaters, skirts, and now red and blue tights and short skirts. The one thing she owns and can't wear—it's too dramatic—is a white beaver coat with a dark mink collar. She got her chance in Paris, though, and stopped traffic even in that blasé city.

The only color she avoids is grey. "It seems to grey her out a little," her mother says. "Not that she doesn't look good in it—Sandy can wear anything—but grey isn't as good as everything else."

Food, diets, etc.

Sandy's skin has never so much as had a blemish on it, but she has other major food difficulties. At one point after she began modeling, she became dissatisfied with her photos—she was fat, she decided. After that her mother began to notice that Sandy was barely touching her food—meal after meal would pass by without her eating more than a scrap of what was on her plate. This worried Mama very much. She tried to tell Sandy her photos were marvelous. But Sandy never took anyone's word (except possibly Eugene's); she had to be convinced herself. Ordinarily, she was right. This time she was wrong, but Mama couldn't do much about it: "Sandy had always been treated as an adult, never lived in a child's world. You couldn't just give her orders." Eugene could, but he wasn't around then; he was on a trip. When Mama and Sandy ate out, it was the same story. She began to lose pounds. Mama consulted a doctor who said, "When she's hungry, she'll eat." Doctor didn't know Sandy. By the time Eugene got home, she was a mess but still stubbornly dieting—a subdued, quiet, hungry, stubborn Sandy. With his usual forthrightness, Eugene got in another doctor who bawled Sandy out, told her what she was doing to her health. Sandy finally stopped, but the damage to her system was done. She still must avoid rich, sweet foods and probably will always have to. This was cinched by a rash she developed on her midriff at ten; the allergy that caused it is gone now, but Sandy fears it and doubly avoids sweets. Fortunately, she doesn't like them much anyway—except for walnuts and ice cream. Some weekends she indulges herself on a binge of those.

She goes through food phases. Her father was on a salt-free diet for years, so the whole family grew accustomed to eating that way and Sandy still prefers it, has no compunctions about asking for saltless food in a restaurant. But mostly she prefers to eat at home. In fact, she will often go along on a dinner date with her mother and a friend, not eat a thing—and then come home and cook her own dinner. Sandy is an inspired, self-taught cook, and cooks for her mother also. She cuts recipes out of women's magazines just as a housewife might do. Her mother is no cook, likes to have Sandy do it for her. (Sandy mentioned with happy anticipation that she was going home that evening to make a new liver dish for her mother and herself; her mother knew nothing about it, but accepted it.)

For a while, Sandy ate steak for breakfast every morning. She liked it so rare that it made Mama ill to look at it. Now she prefers it medium or even well done—but she doesn't eat it as steak. She'll go to the butcher, ask for a magnificent filet, see that it is cut thick, prime meat—and then ask him to grind it. The poor butchers have a fit, but Sandy is on a hamburger kick.

She loves vegetables, eats them raw or par-boiled. An occasional baked potato, too. She eats quantities of fresh fruit, and raw lettuce is the one thing she has always loved, without deviation. When her father was alive, she used to make him salads; he was a gourmet, and his praise was important. She made the dressings, too. Also makes a very elaborate dish of lobster, rice, mushrooms, onions that she made up herself. She is one of those rare people with perfect pitch in tasting; she can try

a new dish once and tell you what's in it.

For a while she was on an onion craze, but working in movies cured her of that. It just isn't fair to your co-star. Equally, Europe cured her of garlic addiction; she'd had enough of that by the time she got back.

On the whole, her diet seems an eminently sensible one, but Sandy is probably underweight, and these foods won't help much. Her back is so thin it has to be padded when it shows!

Make-up

Sandy learned to make up at an early age, from watching the older models. She thought it was tremendous fun, had clashes with her father, finally won permission at thirteen to wear a little light lipstick for big occasions, though he and Mom wanted her to wait till she was sixteen. She was delighted, thought she was getting away with something. Now she hates the stuff and on week ends will wear lipstick—maybe. If feeling very lavish, she may powder her nose. For work she wears mascara, eyebrow pencil, eye liner and shadow, and feels as if she can't even blink with it all on. On week ends she doesn't comb her hair either—just ties it back or rolls it up on top of her head and forgets about it.

Money

"Sandy has no conception of it," her mother says. She gets no regular—or irregular—allowance, but always has a little money with her "and anything she wants, all she has to do is ask for it." On the whole she asks for very little. The only two things she has wanted desperately (besides modeling, her childhood urge) are a Thunderbird and a house. She now has both. She has never known any sort of privation, of course, and is not aware of wanting much—she just has. Her mother thinks that on a limited income, Sandy would not have been unhappy, either. I suspect that when she comes of age Sandy will suddenly become extremely sagacious about money, and possibly even take over the family finances from Mama. Eugene's death, of course, left them rich—but Mama says she is completely bewildered by having to handle business details which she'd never handled before, and that were completely in Eugene's world.

School work

Her best subjects in high school are psychology and English; her compositions surprise her mother with their excellence; she did one on a little alleyway in Paris, and once turned the death of her father's mother into a story. Her worst subject is mathematics—she hated geometry. Figures are figures and triangles are triangles, and why mix them up together?

Religion

The family is Greek Orthodox. Sandy used to go to church every Sunday, light candles, pray nightly. She would ask God that things go well for her family and herself, for her career, for everyone's health. Sometimes she would ask for something she wanted badly and then go to sleep feeling safe. The only things she lost out on with God was her father's life. That threw her; she stopped praying—she was mad at God. A priest tried to help, but to no avail. Now she seems to have recovered her respect for God. She keeps an ikon that belonged to the family, and her father's cross, plus a St. Christopher medal. She says she would go to church in Hollywood, but she misses the one in New York. She does burn a candle in her room from time to time.

Sports

She hated them as a child, now enjoys

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them mildly. She likes ice skating and swimming, but isn't particularly good at them. She was taken skiing at Big Bear and was tickled to discover she didn't have to walk up the mountain (she'd started to) but could ride the lift. She loves amusement parks, goes on six or seven rides including roller coasters, without so much as a breath in between.

Her room

In the New York apartment Sandy and her mother left so quickly after Eugene's death, the walls were pink in Sandy's room, with white furniture, a deep purple tufted headboard on her bed and a purple velvet spread over a pink organdy dust ruffle. The carpet was pink, too. Wow! She also had a triple dresser, a mirror—and the bed was a huge double one. She gave all of it away to family and friends.

The room she will live in in the new house they've purchased in Hollywood has shell-pink wallpaper and a mural on one wall. Sandy hasn't furnished the rest of it yet, will do so herself.

The interesting thing is that pink is by no means a favorite color of hers, yet she always ends up with it in her room!

Her physical stamina

Sandy's actually got a good deal of

stamina and energy, but doesn't look it. Leading men have been scared to death that they'll break her in half. She's over five feet four inches but weighs only a hundred and looks very tiny, fragile and short somehow.

Summary

Sandra Dee is different from the average teen-age girl in more than her career. The fact of her luxury-centered childhood makes her more poised, more socially assured than most girls; she has no worries about which fork to use, how to speak to a waiter, what to wear where, how to talk to adults.

Both her indulgent mother and autocratic step-father contributed to her social maturity. On the other hand, in specifically teen-age affairs, she knows less than most girls do, has dated less, and has shared in almost no teen-age girl life. This makes her present life lonely and difficult, and makes her work assume even greater importance than her natural ambition would give it.

She is a forceful, confident, able person. In a strange way, the tragedy of her beloved father's death probably had its good side for Sandy; as she grew older, she could scarcely have avoided tremendous clashes with him over the very things that

made her adore him previously—his firm-handed running of everyone's life, his insistence upon his own way in everything. Under the circumstances, her memory of him is unspoiled.

Now both she and her mother are centered upon Sandy's career and it is Sandy who runs the house to some extent, plans the meals—does in fact whatever she wants to and finds interesting. (She doesn't wash the dishes, but does go on periodic cleaning sprees.) They are tremendously conscious of her mother's need to remarry because Sandy will be leaving her—not, as you might expect, Sandy's worrying centering on her mother's marrying and leaving her. (What a sentence!)

I feel that Sandy's career is the result of her basic difference from most girls, and not the cause of it.

Of course in many ways she is like other girls: she is self-conscious about her appearance, nervous and hopeful about boys, and will probably sooner or later feel very strongly the fact that she has no one to lean on, but is being leaned on instead. But I couldn't make a case for this girl as the average teen-ager plunged into the glorious upheaval of Hollywood. Because it just ain't so. **END**

Sandra can be seen in *GIDGET* for Columbia.

I Was Always Running from the Cops

(Continued from page 34)

were several other uncles, aunts and *their kids* already living with her. When we showed up, I've been told, my cousins looked at me and said, "Good gosh, not another Whitman!"

It was kind of crowded, but it was the only thing we could do. We lived there several years. I remember watching my mother leave for work early in the morning—a small, frail figure, really a kid herself. As I saw her disappear under the El trains I felt kind of lost and lonely. It was only when I saw her walking home, under the same El shadows, that I felt secure again.

Grandma had a lot to do in the house with that big mob, and with my mother and dad away all day, I felt alone. I was in a new neighborhood, a tough neighborhood, and I wanted to be noticed. A gang of boys began to pick on me because I didn't 'belong.' One day when I walked along the street the leader of the gang yelled, "Comeeer, sonny boy!" He was eleven, I was eight, and he looked like he could mop up the street with me. I ran.

"Sissee—looka sonny boy run," they jeered. They caught up with me and turned me upside down, rifling my pockets of some pennies and marbles—all of my worldly possessions. When I started to cry, that made it worse. They surrounded me, calling out, "Cry baby—lookit it cry." I bit my lips and learned never to cry again.

Every day that gang kept after me. I knew I had to do something dangerous to win their respect, so I started to hitch rides on the trains. While the trains were in motion, I'd make a leap for the back car and hang on. It didn't matter where the train went. I had no place to go. I just had to hop on. It was forbidden, it was dangerous, so it was the thing to do.

I was in

Once, the conductor caught me at it and no sooner had I sneaked on the train than I had to jump off. In jumping, I fell and split my nose. The gang saw me lying there bleeding and some of the guys said,

awe in their voices: "Gee, the kid's got guts." I picked myself up, and even though I was black and blue, I never felt better in my life. At last, I was one of them.

But not for long. No sooner had I become part of the gang than we moved—this time in with an aunt and uncle. I didn't know why we had to move. Maybe Grandma's place was too crowded, maybe it was because of Dad's and Mother's personal problems. But moving meant getting in with a new gang of kids again, doing crazy things to make them admire me.

The adjustments became painful. My uncle and aunt had two boys, and having a terror like me around didn't induce greater hospitality. So back we went to Grandma's in Coney Island. I had to re-instate myself with the gang, and that's when I started getting into trouble.

On a snowy day I took a sled up to the very top of the highest roller coaster in Coney Island. I looked down and got sick to my stomach. But the gang was below, watching me. I gritted my teeth and headed down. My stomach felt as though it had hit concrete when the ride was over, but I was still alive. My pals yelled, "Criminee, the cops!" I picked myself up and ran.

I was getting used to living with trouble. I didn't know what it was like not to be in trouble, or inviting it. Although my parents were away all day—Mother was working, Dad was trying to finish his law studies and get a foothold in politics—they'd hear about my shenanigans when they'd come home. When I was in bed, I'd overhear their worried conversations as they sat up in the kitchen discussing what they could do with me.

"Well, Stu," my father told me one morning, "we've managed to get you into a free camp—a real nice camp. Maybe being in the country will help you. . ."

I guess I would have enjoyed camp, except that my folks couldn't come to see me. They were both busy working. Also, they couldn't afford the fare. But I didn't understand that. It just about killed me to think that I was forgotten. It gave me an

odd kind of satisfaction to work off my disappointment by making life miserable for the counselors.

When camp was over and I got off the train at Grand Central Station, I saw my father, grim-faced, heading toward me. He was alone.

"Where's Mom?" I asked.

"In bed. She was in an accident."

I felt that my world had collapsed. Even after I learned she wasn't badly hurt, I still had that sunk feeling.

The slums

The phony security I had built up in being a 'respected' member of my gang collapsed, too, when my parents moved again. This time it was into a small flat in the heart of New York's slum area, surrounded by poverty and violence. As the new kid once more, I had an overwhelming need to make the other kids notice me at all costs, and I did it in the only way I knew how: by trying to be wilder and tougher than any of them. I had a lot of time to do that. I was on my own after school until my folks came home.

At school I caused so much trouble that finally I was expelled.

This meant going to another school. I couldn't play hookey forever, so I enrolled in P.S. 63, which was in an even tougher neighborhood than my last school.

To re-establish myself as quickly as possible I beat up two guys the first day. In return, they beat the tar out of me and cut my head open. Six stitches were taken over my eye, but I didn't mind. I'd accomplished my purpose. I'd made the toughest gang in that school.

We'd whip through candy stores, yelling, and grab comic books off the stands, knocking candy off the counters. There was a marble factory nearby. After school, we'd size up the trucks and hitch a ride on one. Then we'd tumble off a carton or two, divvying up the marbles. After that, we'd run like crazy.

One night I came home, my jacket stuffed like a penguin with marbles. My father ripped open my jacket and the marbles spilled out. "Where did you get them?" he demanded.

"Well, you see," I said, "there was this guy and he came to school and said, 'Look, I want to give these aggies away. . .'"

Wham—my father's hand came across my face. "Don't ever let me catch you lying again—or stealing!" Mom was crying.

I guess I split my folks up, the tensions and problems must have got her and Dad. Because shortly afterwards she took me with her to California where we moved in with my other grandma. Just the two of us—not Dad. I was too busy connecting with another gang to give it much thought, but I remember how glad I was when my mother, all smiles, said to me one morning, "We're going back to your father again. Let's pack up. . . ."

We did. We packed up and went to Atlanta, Georgia, where my dad was taking his bar exams. But he had no future as a lawyer there, so back to Manhattan we went. Because I immediately began to run around with gangs again, my parents boarded me with a minister's family in a small town in upper New York state.

There were no gangs in Fishkill. Soon I discovered I could let off steam in wholesome pursuits. I pitched hay, learned to milk cows and worked from morning until night on the farm of a local judge. And I fell madly in love with his daughter, Becky.

I was happier than I'd ever been in my life, when the blow fell: a real estate venture of my father's failed and we were moving to Los Angeles. It just about broke me up to have to leave Becky. When we got to California—maybe out of rebellion—I started to go back to my old ways.

In looking for thrills, the other guys in my gang and I got motorcycles and drove up and down hills, crashed through cornfields and tore through the main streets of neighboring towns. For added kicks, we tried to see how close we could come to running into, and just missing, each other.

All the harebrained stuff I did was finally channeled in a worthwhile direction

when I joined the Army. That's where I started to get rid of my unpredictable temper. Because I could box, they made me an athletic instructor. I did all right at that, helping guys who had never thrown a punch in their lives. Then the Army detailed me to help rehabilitate the wounded and I learned some patience.

An important discovery

But I was at loose ends when I got out of the Army. I didn't know what to do with my life. I guess I still didn't quite know how to live without trouble. Groping around for some kind of outlet, I started spending days and nights in movie houses. It was then that I made an important discovery. When I watched a movie I'd find myself identifying with the characters on the screen, and the wild go-go-go within me would subside. I was no longer myself but someone else.

With my GI Bill allotment, I decided to take some dramatic courses. I got a role now and then, just small things, and in order to eat regularly, bought a bulldozer on time and took jobs leveling hillsides and yanking out trees.

I was working nights in a little theater in Hollywood, and spending days picking up a tan at the beach when I met Patty. There were lots of pretty girls at the beach, but Patty was a standout, with her red hair and green eyes, a figure made for a bathing suit and a million-watt smile.

There was every reason for me to fall for Patty; why she fell for me I'll never know. Patty came from a well-to-do family, long-established in Los Angeles. A fine, lovely girl attending Immaculate Heart College, she'd had all the stability I didn't have. Besides, at the time she was engaged to an All-American football star of whom her family approved heartily.

They made no secret of their opposition to me. "He's nothing—he's irresponsible—he has no future," her parents told her, not without logic. In the face of all these valid arguments, Patty continued to see me, even breaking her engagement to the other fellow.

No one can blame her parents for feeling the way they did. I used to call for her in my hot-rod. I didn't even go into the house. Dressed in levis and a T-shirt, I slouched behind the wheel and honked the horn to announce my arrival.

On one occasion, bringing Patty home from a party at 4:00 a.m., I was met at the door by her father who was furious and told me never to come around again. Two nights later, with a quarter to my name, I proposed to Patty and she said yes.

She had finished college and had taken a job, and we planned to wait only long enough to finance a wedding. Her boss, who had a soft spot in his heart for kids in love, said he would stake us to the plane fare and honeymoon in Las Vegas.

On our way to the airport, Patty asked me to stop for a moment so that she could make a call. Not wanting to hurt her parents too much, she suddenly decided to telephone them. "Mother, Dad," she told them, "I want you to know that I'm going to marry Stu—today. We're on our way to Las Vegas, but I'd like your blessing."

The police were after us

Her parents tried to talk her out of leaving. We knew we could never get their consent by waiting, so off we drove. Her parents tried to stop their daughter from making such a terrible mistake and called the police to send squad cars to stop us from getting on the plane. Somehow, I got speed out of my jalopy, and managed to give the slip to the police. We

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☐ 5 not at all

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☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

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- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

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I READ: ☐ 1 all his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE LAUREN BACALL:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE STUART WHITMAN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)

were off on the plane just minutes before the police cars screamed into the airport.

The kind of love and courage Patty displayed in marrying me continued after we got back. Patty did everything she could to make something of our marriage. And in doing so, she began to make a responsible, well-adjusted human being out of me.

We moved into a one-room place and right off the bat our married life started on a see-saw arrangement. I was acting in a little theater play; not much dough but the only thing I could do if I wanted to become an actor. When the night's performance was over, I was too exhilarated to go home to sleep. I'd join the other kids in the show and go out for coffee. Usually I'd let myself into the apartment only a couple of hours before Patty was ready to leave for her job. When Patty came home at night, I was ready to take off for the theater. Even though her office job wasn't paying much, it was still more than my take-home of \$35 a week, and she was paying most of the bills. I began to feel like a crumb about this, and Patty was afraid I'd slip back into that awful feeling of insecurity. In order to build up my own self-esteem, she quit her job. She knew this would be rough on her, leaving her with very little, but she felt it was worth it to make me feel like the head of the house.

One afternoon, at rehearsal, the manager told us the play was folding as of that night. I wondered how to tell Patty. I stood outside our door for a long while trying to get up the courage to break the news.

When I stepped inside, Patty rushed to me and threw her arms around me. "Guess what? The doctor told me we're going to have a baby. Aren't you happy?"

In the past, I'd probably have tried to

escape this crisis by going out on a tear. But not this time. There was a glow on her face; she looked up at me, believing that I'd take care of her. I couldn't let her down. I polished up my bulldozer and took excavating jobs. Whenever I heard of an acting job, I'd rush off to the nearest gas station, wash up, change into a clean shirt and report at the studio for the interview. Then back to my 'cat' tearing up mountains of dirt.

The rebellion I'd built up inside of me all these years didn't vanish overnight. My early habits took over, and I still found it hard to adjust to authority.

Labeled a trouble-maker

A break came my way when I was signed to a contract by U-I and was given a small part in a picture. When the director tried to tell me how to do the scene, I disagreed with him and didn't hesitate to tell him so. Everyone on the set was shocked to see a bit player tell off a director. The director didn't like it and told me to do it his way. I blew my top and started arguing with him. Tony Curtis, who was the star of the picture, took me aside and said, "Look, Stu, don't fight. You'll only be driving nails in your coffin. Now take it easy and do what he says."

Tony's intervention saved me my job in that picture, but I was labeled a trouble-maker and my contract was torn up.

The day I was dropped by the studio was the day Patty told me baby Tony would have a little brother or sister. She didn't cry, she didn't nag, she didn't say I was a failure when I told her I'd been bounced. She just took my hand and said, "You'll get a better break, honey. I know you will." Unconsciously, I squared my shoulders.

On my next film job, when I disagreed

with the director, I tightened my fists but kept my mouth shut. I began to do better all the time, and when our third baby, Linda, came I got my big break as the lead in *Johnny Trouble*. We called Linda 'Lucky' because our luck changed from that time on.

Johnny Trouble led me into *Darby's Rangers* which led me into the role of the beatnik musician in *Ten North Frederick*, and a 20th Century-Fox contract. When I played this role I thought how much like this guy I was—wild, undisciplined, an out-and-out rebel.

While I began to play guys on the screen who were hell-raisers—like the maverick cowboy in *These Thousand Hills* and the circus roustabout who courts Joanne Woodward in *The Sound and the Fury*, changes were taking place inside me. Some of my own feelings of insecurity and restlessness died down. I stopped thrashing out at the world. I wanted to belong.

With the first money I was able to put away, I made a down payment on a house in the Valley for Patty, myself and our four kids—we had a new baby, Scott, last year. I'm a family man now. With Patty and the children to come home to, I feel anchored, secure. Week ends I paint the house, help with the kids, grill steaks on the barbecue. Patty's family and my parents come over often. Winter nights I like to sit before the fire with my wife and children. Summers, I teach the kids how to swim, take the family to Disneyland or Marineland and for drives to the beach. Just like lots of other guys.

It's swell to feel wanted, needed. To stay put.

And I never want to run again. **END**

Look for *Stu* in *THE SOUND AND THE FURY* for 20th-Fox.

8. I LIKE CONNIE FRANCIS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

- ☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE CAROLYN JONES:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

- I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE INGER STEVENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(2) _____ MALE

(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

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