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BY ASA MAYNOR

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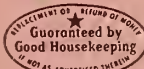
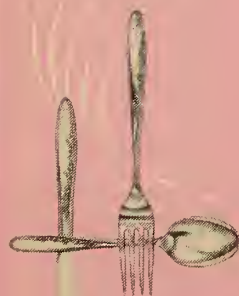
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**Questions
 answered
 on becoming
 a woman**

Q. My friends have already started on their monthly days. Why haven't I?

A. Some girls may begin to have their monthly periods at 9 or 10 years; some not until 15 or 16. There's no set rule. It all depends on individual growth and development. If you haven't started by 16, however, why not see your doctor?

Q. Must I feel blue at certain times of the month?

A. As you learn more about your monthly cycle, you will realize that "blues" are only temporary. Just don't give in to them. *Take your mind off yourself*—Do things you enjoy doing. Get into loose clothing—Feel free. Smart girls won't wear anything that binds on those days. They prefer wearing Tampax because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. It helps them forget a difference in days of the month.

Q. How should I act on a date during my period?

A. As you would any other time of the month. Your naturalness and discretion will prevent embarrassment. Be sure to change your protection as often as necessary. Keep extras out of sight in your handbag. You'll appreciate Tampax® because it tucks away in a tiny purse. You'll like it, too, because it prevents odor from forming. Banishes other telltale signs—lines and bulges. Ends chafing, too.

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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars, get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 64.

Q I heard a report that **James Garner** was officially voted the most unpopular male star on the Warner lot by the office help working there. Is this so?

—M.P., GLENDALE, CALIF.

A The voting was unofficial.

Q The columns have **Jane Wyman** dating her ex-husband Fred Karger again. Is this one of those usual Hollywood 'let's be friends' things or what?

—R.S., TULSA, OKLA.

A Looks more like one of those 'let's be married again' things. Time apart has minimized Jane's original marital problems.

Q And whatever *did* happen to **Veronica Lake**?

A When last heard of—this summer—**Veronica**, age 40, was playing a 24-year-old in a summer stock version of **FAIR GAME**. She's also writing her bio.

Q Is all still moonlight and roses between **Rita Hayworth** and **James Hill**?

—N.O., OMAHA, NEB.

A A quarter moon—and no posies.

Q Is my eye-sight failing or did I spot that gorgeous new dreamboat **Gardner McKay** in an extra role as one of the soldiers at the Army base in *Holiday For Lovers*? If I'm right, why did he accept the part when he's the star of a TV show, and why wasn't he mentioned in the cast?

—K.I.L., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A You have 20-20 vision. That was **Gardner** hovering about **Carol Lynley**. He got the part before *ADVENTURES IN PARADISE*. When the series came through the studio thought it inadvisable that he be billed for a 'bit.' See story on page 19.

Q Do you think the big romance between **Elvis** and figure skater **Vera Tchechowa** will lead to the altar?

—Y.T., WATERTOWN, S.D.

A It is more than likely when **Elvis** returns to America both the romance and **Miss Tchechowa** will be back on ice.

Q What is the status of the on-again-off-again-on-again status of the **Peter Brown**—**Diane Jergens** marriage?

—J.R., CARLSBAD, N.M.

A Off again.

Q Why didn't **Brenda Marshall** accompany **William Holden** on his latest trip to Switzerland? I have read that

she goes everywhere with him. Is she tired of the marriage?

—P.S.L., COLUMBIA, S.C.

A No—she's just tired.

Q If **Shirley MacLaine** is so hot, how come she insisted that **Barrie Chase** be removed from the cast of *Can Can*? Is she afraid of competition?

—P.R., JOPLIN, MO.

A Shirley wants to stay hot. The dance numbers given to **Barrie** were the ones that made **Gwen Verdon** a star in the Broadway version of the play. Shirley wanted the numbers. When she got them—**Barrie** got out of the picture.

Q Can you tell me the exact details of the settlement in the **Deborah Kerr**—**Tony Bartley** divorce action?

—P.L., TRENTON, N.J.

A \$300,000—allegedly paid to Bartley.

Q If **Yul Brynner** does have his own hair, then why did he have to wear a wig for his films *The Buccaneer* and *Sound and the Fury*?

—G.V., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Both parts required more fuzz than an unshaven Brynner could raise quickly.

Q How does **Henry Fonda** really feel about his daughter **Jane** embarking on a movie career in *The Way The Ball Bounces*?

—O.R., FALMOUTH, MASS.

A Proud.

Q Whatever happened to the **Audie Murphy** TV series that was supposed to be on the air this month?

—L.S., LIMA, OHIO

A Audie decided movies were better than ever, accepted one instead.

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor**, **Monty Cliff** and **Katharine Hepburn** weren't talking to one another all through the shooting of *Suddenly Last Summer*?

—B.B., UTICA, N.Y.

A Liz and Monty talked to one another—but not to anyone else.

Q What happened to **Bette Davis'** career? Is she so broke that she was willing to accept bit parts in *John Paul Jones* and *The Scapegoat*?

—L.C., ST. CHARLES, MO.

A Bette's *Catherine the Great* was a 'guest spot' in J. P. J.—done for a lark and lots of loot. A star role in *SCAPEGOAT* was turned into a 'guest spot' by a cutter with a careless scissors.

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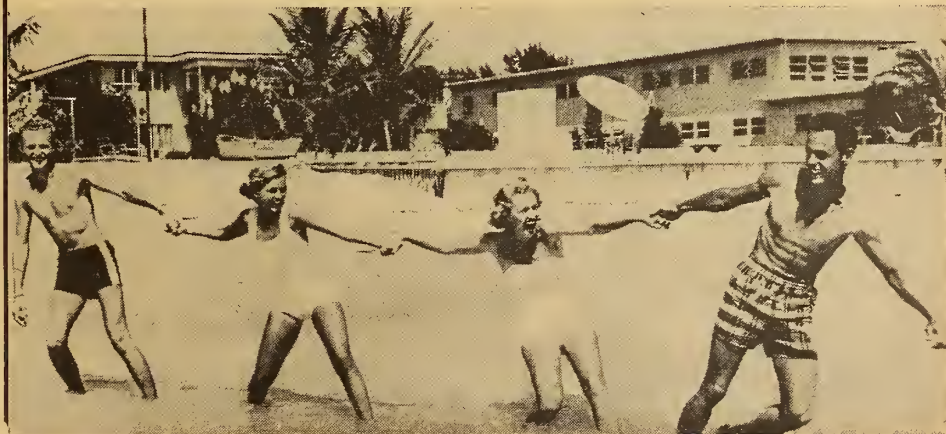
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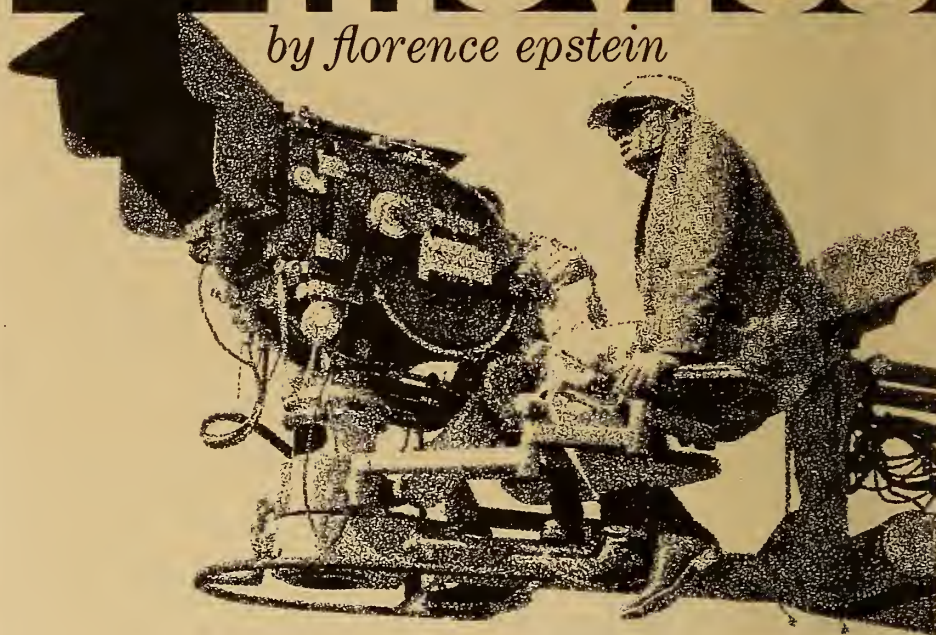
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NORTH BY NORTHWEST Cary Grant

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Eva Marie Saint

James Mason

Jessie Royce Landis

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■ Let's start on Madison Avenue where debonair Cary Grant is an executive. The thing he never should have done was to meet a few other executives for cocktails at the Hotel Plaza. Because there he's mistaken for one George Kaplan. He is mistaken, that is, by a couple of hoodlums who snatch and carry him up to a Westchester estate where James Mason (posing as a UN member) tells him to spill the beans. What beans? Miraculously escaping death by drunken driving (Mason's boys poured a fifth of bourbon down his throat) Grant races over to the UN just in time to be accused of murder (a knife in the back finishes the man Mason posed as). Now Cary's on the run. To Chicago, first, in pursuit of Kaplan. On the train he is very easily seduced by Eva Marie Saint who hides him from the police (in a closed upper berth) and invites him to spend the night in her compartment. The next day he's standing in the middle of a vast corn field (where Eva has sent him to meet Kaplan) and is being machine-gunned from an airplane. Whose side is Miss Saint on, anyway? Events pile up to a stunning finish on the side of historic Mount Rushmore (the huge monument to four presidents sculpted out of a mountain). The point is: Cary can't convince anybody he isn't Kaplan and, apparently, Kaplan is driving James Mason and his evil mob crazy; they are going to wipe him out if it takes forever. The Federal government (ours) knows who and where Kaplan is; they know that Grant is innocent, but for security reasons, they decide not to lift a finger to help him. This is a classic thriller, slick as ice and about as exciting as you can stand.—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

THE BIG FISHERMAN

religious spectacle

Howard Keel

Susan Kohner

John Saxon

Martha Hyer

Herbert Lom

■ Based on a best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas, *The Big Fisherman* is one of those giant spectacles that manages to remain absorbing drama. It concerns the life—and influence—of Simon Peter (Howard Keel) who becomes a disciple of Christ and a 'fisher of men.' But the story opens in a desert at a lavish Arabian encampment where Susan Kohner discovers that her father is not a noble prince but the cruel tyrant of Galilee (Herbert Lom). She vows, by her blood, to kill him. Leaving camp on an Arabian charger (to be followed shortly by her sweetheart John Saxon) she heads for Galilee, a rough journey, even if she is disguised as a beggar boy. But a new kind of gentleness seems to be descending on the land. A man named John the Baptist (Jay Barney) freely gives her food and tells her of his Lord in Galilee. Simon Peter, a hulk of a man—at first scornful, then awestruck by the peace and power he finds as he listens to Jesus—is in Galilee, too. Susan finds shelter at his home. Eventually, she finds relief from vengeance. But first she must confront her father in his place on the hill. Beautiful scenery (73 major sets) make this three-hour film a stirring experience.—PANAVISION, BUENA VISTA—WALT DISNEY.

(Continued on page 8)



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is the opal and your flower is the calendula. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

October 2—**Bud Abbott**
Charles Drake

October 4—**Felicia Farr**
Charlton Heston

October 5—**Skip Homeier**

October 7—**June Allyson**

October 10—**Richard Jaeckel**

October 13—**Judi Meredith**
Laraine Day

October 15—**Virginia Leith**
Jean Peters

October 16—**Angela Lansbury**
Linda Darnell
William Elliot

October 17—**Julie Adams**
Spring Byington
Montgomery Clift
Rita Hayworth

October 18—**Inger Stevens**

October 19—**George Nader**

October 20—**Dolores Hart**

October 22—**Joan Fontaine**

October 23—**Diana Dors**
Coleen Gray

October 25—**Anthony Franciosa**

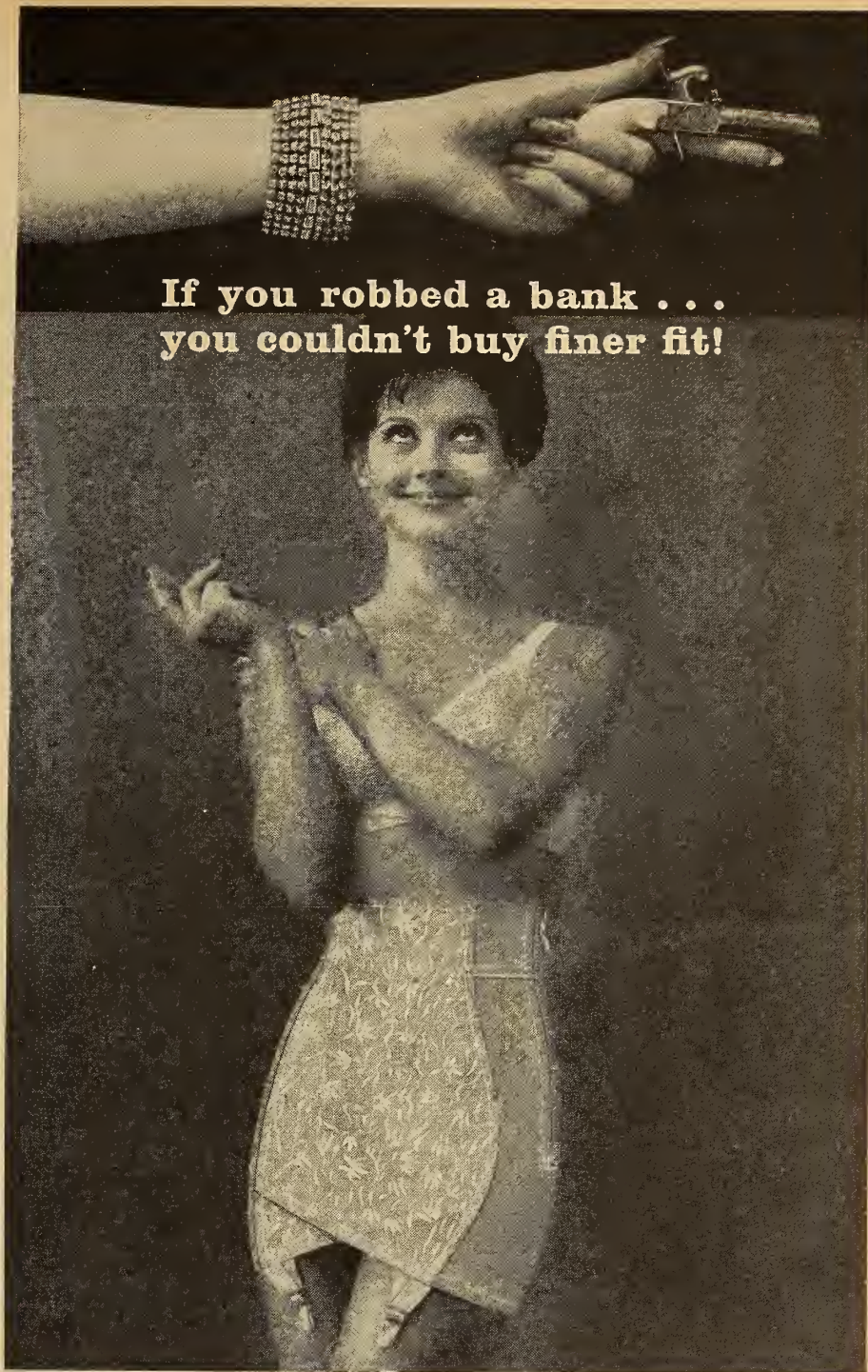
October 27—**Teresa Wright**
Leif Erickson

October 28—**Suzy Parker**

October 29—**Hope Emerson**

October 30—**William Campbell**

October 31—**Dianne Foster**

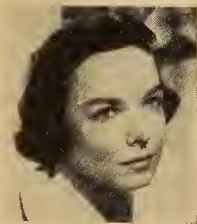


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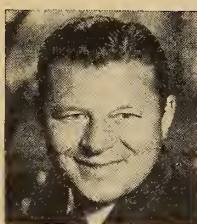
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BESTFORM



Diana Lynn
October 7



Jack Carson
October 27



Cornel Wilde
October 13



Dale Evans
October 31

ANATOMY OF A MURDER

the defense never rests

James Stewart
Lee Remick
Ben Gazzara
Eve Arden
Kathryn Grant

■ The murder is done. That's no secret. Ex-G.I. Ben Gazzara has marched into a saloon and shot the owner for raping his—Ben's—wife, Lee Remick. Lee is the kind of girl who wears tight slacks, tight sweaters and an inviting smile. She calls up lawyer James Stewart and asks him to defend her husband. James, who has been doing more fishing than lawyering, is only too happy to latch onto a case already in the headlines. It's a tough case because Gazzara, aside from being guilty, is jealous and a sorehead. Only a very clever lawyer stands a chance of winning him an acquittal. Stewart is very clever, and he has the help of an old lawyer friend (Arthur O'Connell) who'd given up alcohol for this cause. In the courtroom, presided over by Joseph Welch (from the real Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954) we're treated to a highly dramatic spectacle of shrewd legal minds at work. Wooing and winning a jury of twelve ordinary citizens calls for all kinds of verbal fireworks, surprise witnesses and astute psychological warfare. Stewart nearly meets his match when he comes up against prosecutor's assistant George C. Scott.—COLUMBIA.

BUT NOT FOR ME

behind-the-scenes-comedy

Clark Gable
Carroll Baker
Lilli Palmer
Lee J. Cobb
Barry Coe

■ Clark Gable is the kind of producer who'll tell *Life* magazine he has a hit play in the offing when the playwright (Lee J. Cobb) is too

drunk to write the third act—because the first two acts were lousy. Flamboyant, self-assured, a powerhouse of charm, Gable even has two telephones in his limousine, but that's not why his secretary, Carroll Baker, falls for him (that is, the telephones aren't why). He's twice Carroll's age but she can overlook that. (He can, too; he's been trying to overlook his age for years.) The plot is that Cobb's play is so terrible even Gable gets scared. He decides that his career is finished and the first person he fires is Carroll. Now that she's free, she's equal—and tells him off. What she tells him is that she loves him madly. In two minutes Gable's back in business—because all of Carroll's dialogue is perfect. Word for word it finds its way into Cobb's script. And who could be a better star for that script than Carroll? After her debut she feels important enough to marry Gable. But does he feel young enough? Around to persuade him otherwise are his ex-wife, charmingly brittle Lilli Palmer, and Carroll's ex-boyfriend, young actor Barry Coe.—PARAMOUNT.

TAKE A GIANT STEP

a Negro boy grows up

Johnny Nash
Estelle Hemsley
Ruby Dee
Frederick O'Neal
Ellen Holly

■ Johnny Nash is a bright, idealistic teen-ager who happens to be a Negro. His parents, to give him every advantage, settled in an all-white neighborhood when Johnny was a kid. As a kid everything was swell, but now that his pals have begun to date girls, the girls' mothers don't want Johnny around. Along about this time he gets kicked out of school as a result of talking back to a history teacher who made slurring remarks about the Negroes during the Civil War. It seems that all of a sudden Johnny's pleasant world has crashed

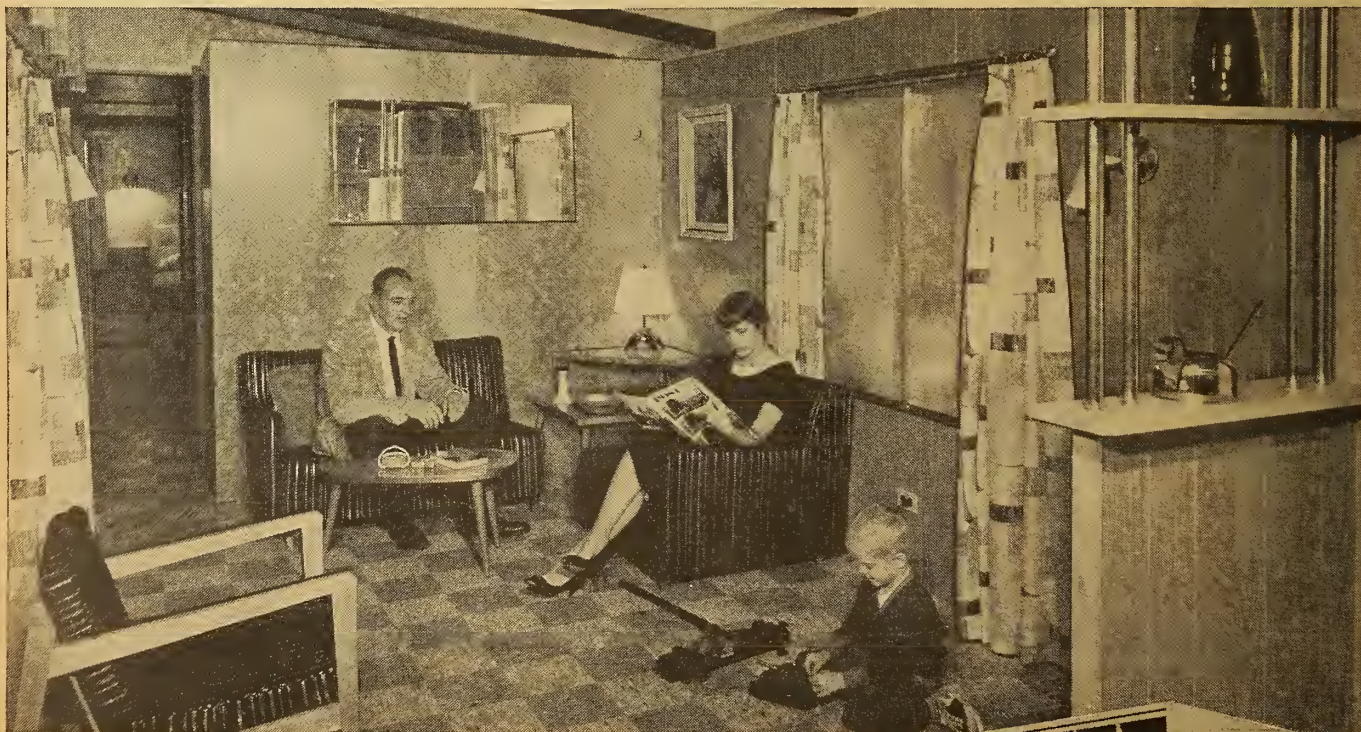
around him. His parents are nice people, but not much help; they think Johnny should 'stay in his place' and are upset when he asserts himself. It's sensitive drama considerably enlivened by the performance of Estelle Hemsley as grandma.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS (20th-Fox): Proper Bostonians Clifton Webb and wife Jane Wyman are upset at daughter Jill St. John's apparent romantic involvement with an aging South American architect (Paul Henreid). Papa, Mama, and younger daughter Carol Lynley rush to Sao Paulo and the rescue. Jill really loves Henreid's artist son, Niko Minardos, and Carol picks up Gary Crosby along the way. Bullfights and tequila upset Webb more before things get settled. Wonderful scenery, wonderful dancing (by Jose Greco) make a pleasant Holiday.

PORGY AND BESS (Todd AO, Sam Goldwyn): Catfish Row has some colorful inhabitants and some poignant stories. Sensitive cripple Porgy loves sultry Bess (Dorothy Dandridge), but she is hully Crown's (Brock Peters) woman. Crown murders a man, flees, and leaves Bess, who is taken in by Porgy. Their love, and life on Catfish Row, is complicated by Sporting Life (Sammy Davis Jr.), who sells dope (he calls it 'happy dust'), and a violent storm that frightens storekeeper Pearl Bailey, churchwoman Ruth Attaway, Diabann Carroll, her baby and fisherman husband (Leslie Scott), among others. Music by George Gershwin, lyrics by DuHose Heyward and Ira Gershwin, and a classic American love story make this film a must.

SAY ONE FOR ME (Paramount): Show business is the password here! Father Bing Crosby has a parish right off Broadway. Debbie Reynolds, a parishioner, breaks into the biz (at Bob Wagner's sleazy nightclub) against her father Les Tremaine's wishes (he's sick at the time). Debbie's protected from ladies' man Wagner by his semi-alcoholic side-kick Ray Walston. Bing finds the happy answer to all problems: a spectacular TV show. Much good singing and dancing throughout.



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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue: parties for Jimmy McHugh and Natalie Wood
an open letter to Tuesday Weld
the boy who sings *Ingenue*



Dean, Tony, Connie, Janet, Patty, Irene and I help Jimmy McHugh divide his birthday cake. 9

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Hero in the Sky

If those of us who said good-bye to **Laurence Harvey** at the Jules Stein party knew the great danger he would be in just a few hours later, we would have kept him by force from catching his plane to his native London.

For Larry was aboard the transatlantic jet plane which lost its landing gear during the New York take-off and circled the airport for four hours before making a miraculous 'belly' landing without wheels!

And it wasn't from Larry (such a big hit in this country since *Room At The Top*) that I heard the details of what a real-life hero this movie-hero was during those hours of agonizing danger.

On the same plane—and ironically, on her first air trip to Europe—was Hollywood public relations gal, Pat Newcomb, who was headed on her vacation to visit her friends, **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** in London and later, **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** in Switzerland.

"Larry was simply magnificent," the breathless Pat relayed to me via telephone as soon as she could reach one. "From the moment the Captain told us what had happened and that we were circling the airport for a crash landing, Larry was our morale booster, psy-



Five minutes after his emergency landing Laurence Harvey was sipping coffee at the airport.

chiatrist, and guiding light.

"Along with the fine crew, for four long, unbearable hours, he kept talking to us either privately or addressing the whole cabin. He was always encouraging, sometimes humorous—but mostly just making good common sense.

"When the moment finally came when the crippled plane was out of gas and we had to come down—no matter what the outcome—Larry set to work helping the pilot ready the escape chute down which the passengers would slide to safety—we hoped. Along with the fine and courageous Captain, he repeated to us what was taking place on the ground—with the foam being put down to cushion our landing. And, as the big craft came down in a shower of sparks, Larry was helping everyone to the makeshift exit, smiling and congratulating us on how well we had behaved!"

If you ask me—Mr. Harvey has himself a great, great fan in this Miss Newcomb.

Movie director Otto Preminger (*Anatomy of a Murder* and *Porgy and Bess*) was another Hollywoodite who acquitted himself well on the nightmarish adventure. Asked if he was giving up flying, Otto told New York reporters, "When is the next plane leaving for London? I want to be on it!"

Marriage on the Rocks

One thing I can tell you for sure about the break-up of the **David Nivens**—David's winning the Oscar and all the subsequent acclaim

he received, did not turn his head, nor is it in any way responsible for his separation from Hjordis.



10 *David Niven just couldn't keep up with his wife's social interests.*

For as far back as a year or more ago, their friends have known that all was not well between the popular English star and his beautiful Swedish wife.

Their worlds seemed to be separating. Hjordis appeared to love the social side of Hollywood and also busied herself with committees outside of pictures working on local charity affairs. These activities took up a great deal of her time—not that David really objected.

But his career in pictures has been so much on the upgrade since *Around the World in 80 Days* that he has frequently gone from one film to the other with no time off between closing and starting dates. Because of his backbreaking and wearying schedules, David frequently bowed out of party engagements to get to bed early.

Also, he attempted to spend as much time as possible with his two sons who had reached their mid-teens, one sixteen, the other thirteen. Their mother had died eleven years ago following a tragic fall down the stairs at the home of **Tyrone Power**.

In fact, just before the news of the parting of the Nivens was officially given to me, David and his boys caught a plane to Honolulu for a month's vacation.

Knowing both David and Hjordis very well, I am deeply sorry about this rift. But I doubt there is a chance of a reconciliation.



PARTY of the month

Birthday Party for Jimmy McHugh

"R.J. was so afraid he'd miss a minute of your party, he drove out to Warners to get me and wouldn't even let me get my make-up off—he was in such a hurry to get here," **Natalie Wood** told me as she and her R.J. (**Bob Wagner** to you) arrived at my cocktail party for Jimmy McHugh.

Sure enough, Natalie was still wearing the face, shoulder, and arm make-up she had on before the cameras of **Cash McCall**.

"Well, you're among friends who will understand," I laughed. Even so, her good friend 'Fieldsie' (Mrs. Walter) Lang kidded Natalie: "Is all that make-up just to prove you're off suspension and back at work again?"

Jack Warner, Natalie's boss and head of Warners during her long suspension, was standing nearby and laughed, coming over to put his arm around his lovely dark-haired little star. "She looks good to me in make-up," he said indulgently.

The party was in the garden of my home, and in addition to composer McHugh, it was also the natal day of **Buddy Bregman** and executive **Hernando Courtright**, and Hollywood Reporter's **Mike Connolly**, so there were four birthday cakes on display and much greeting and singing of *Happy Birthday to You*.

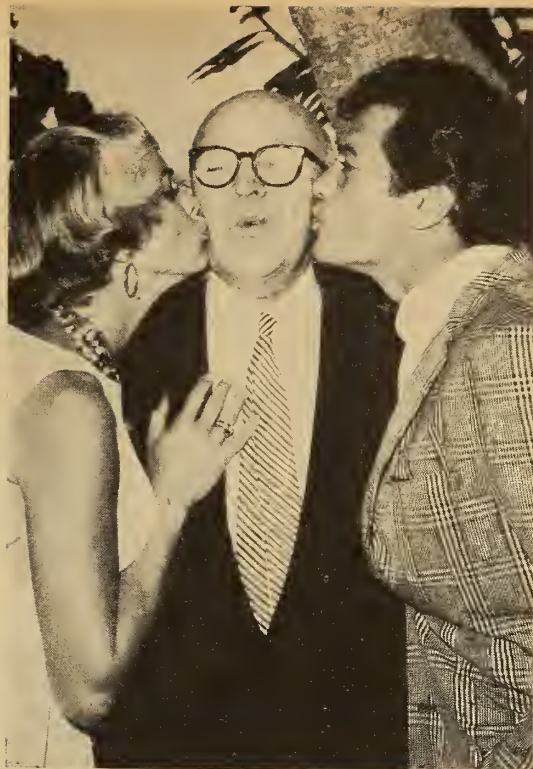
It had been one of the hottest days of the year, but thank heavens the early evening turned cool. And **Jack Benny** said, "The girls look like ice cream sodas in their pretty summer dresses."

Guess who was one of the hits of the party? None other than TV's **Richard Diamond**, **David Janssen** in private life! It was the first party he and his charming wife had attended at my home and he certainly received enough compliments from other stars to set up his ego. (He's really too nice and modest for that.)

I heard **Janet Leigh** and **Dorothy Kirsten** telling David that they hated to go out Sunday night because they'd miss one of his mystery sleuthings. Janet asked him if he'd ever been told that he talks like **Clark Gable**.

"Yes, but not intentionally," Janssen said. "I only hope I can one day be as well liked and popular as Gable without imitating him."

Janet, wearing a sort of peek-a-boo sheer cocktail shirtmaker dress, was with **Tony Curtis**, who is a wonderful guest at a party because he always seems to be having such



← Songwriter Jimmy McHugh got two big birthday kisses at once from Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis at my party.

Jack Benny (here with Irene Dunne) must have had his mind on food. He said, "The girls look like ice cream sodas."



Martha Hyer (with producer Ross Hunter) looked lovely in a pretty taffy-colored dress

And I couldn't stop admiring Veronique Peck's new short hairdo. →



a good time. Tony's here, there, and everywhere, clowning and cutting up at all social affairs.

Martha Hyer, in a pretty taffy-colored dress, was one of the beauties on parade, as was always lovely **Irene Dunne**, in a soft print.

Mrs. **Gregory Peck** (Veronique) has the cutest new short haircut, very becoming to her chic Parisian style. She and Greg always seem so happy holding hands and staying close together.

Paulette Goddard, the fascinating one, had just arrived in town from New York on a hurry-up call for a TV show, and attracted

much attention from old and new friends—and so did her enormous emeralds.

Because it was son **Ronnie's** birthday, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** had to leave early to have dinner with him. Gracie looks so young and cute I'm sure the other cafe diners would think Ronnie was out with his best date.

There were my good friends the **Mervyn Le Roys**, **Eddie G. Robinsons**, **Tom Mays**, **David Mays**, **Patti Page** and **Charlie O'Curran**, **Buddy Adlers**, **Dana Wynter** and **Greg Bautzer**, and many, many others who came to make the party an extra happy one for 'the birthday boys'—and the hostess.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Frank Sinatra, Bob Wagner and Dean Martin sang the first chorus of Happy Birthday to guest-of-honor Natalie.



Natalie looked her prettiest in a black chiffon dress—and her R.J. obviously thought so too!



Nat was so surprised at Frankie's thoughtful gesture that she burst into happy tears.



Spencer Tracy made one of his rare social appearances and had a good time—more fun than anybody.

Frankie's Party for Natalie

A party you fans would have paid money to attend, with so many stars present and so much hilarity and fun, was **Frank Sinatra's** surprise birthday dinner in honor of **Natalie Wood** on her twenty-first birthday.

Although the day previous Frankie had almost lost the sight of his right eye when he failed to avert his gaze just as a burst of gunfire exploded in a scene for *Never So Few*, and he was temporarily blinded and still wearing a patch over his eye, he insisted on going through with the party. He was quick to admit he had the help of his good friends **Dean Martin** and **Peter Lawford**.

The party was held in the Penthouse at Romanoff's and Frank went all out on the decorations. The ceiling was covered with clusters of big pink and rose balloons and the pink and rose color scheme was repeated in the centerpieces of flowers on each table.

I can tell you that Natalie was genuinely surprised. Frank had telephoned Natalie and **Bob Wagner** earlier saying he had to stop

at a cocktail party on his way to dinner with them, and would they be willing to 'dress.' Of course, Bob was in on the secret and he told his wife he wanted her to look her prettiest—which she did, in a beautiful black chiffon gown.

She was so excited—and well she might be at all the thought that went into this affair. There were twenty-one separate birthday cakes to mark her twenty-one years, a cake on each table. In addition, there was a huge birthday cake just for Natalie. When it was time for her to blow out the candles, Frank, Dean Martin and Bob all sang the first chorus of *Happy Birthday* and then everyone in the room joined in.

Spencer Tracy, who became a very good friend of the Wagners when he made *The Mountain with Bob*, made one of his rare social appearances. And did he have a good time! When I left to go home (and it wasn't early) Spence was still there having more fun than anybody.

Claire Trevor, who played Natalie's mother in *Marjorie Morningstar*, and whose

boat is anchored beside the Wagners' at Newport Beach, came in from the beach for the party. Another old pal from *Marjorie Morningstar*, **Ed Wynn**, was there dancing with all the pretty girls.

A new young actress, **Judi Meredith**, who was on **George Burns'** TV show for some time, received a lot of attention. She is so pretty. Judi is being courted by millionaire **Ivan Townsend-Smith**.

Barbara Rush, out of her sick bed for the first time in a week, wore one of her pretty trousseau gowns, a modified sari. With her dark hair and eyes, the dress was most becoming to the new Mrs. Warren Cowan.

A surprise twosome was **Rhonda Fleming** and writer **Sy Bartlett**. All of Natalie's chums were there,—director and Mrs. **Walter Lang**, **Mary Anita** and **Richard Sale**, the **Buddy Adlers**, and Natalie's boss, **Jack Warner**. All in all, I guess about seventy-five or more enjoyed the Italian dinner and all the fun. There was a million dollars worth of talent in the room to wish Natalie the happiest, happiest birthday.

Millie and Dean— Interrupted

I wonder if my 'tip' which I printed—that **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell** planned to elope to Las Vegas—caused Millie to back out of this plan at the last moment?

Someone at 20th, who is as close to this strangely lonely and retiring girl as she permits any friend to be, told me: "Not since **Garbo** has anyone in movies had the terror of publicity Millie has."

"She and Dean are deeply in love and are together constantly. But your story could well have interrupted their plans."

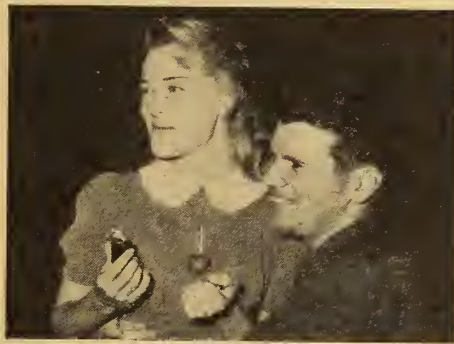
I remember **Garbo** once got as far as the court house with **John Gilbert** when my story broke that they planned marriage. And **Garbo** walked right back down those court-house steps—and never married Jack.



Is it possible that my story interrupted the elopement plans of Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell?

Don and Hope Defend Their Happiness

The usually mild tempered **Don Murray** actually blew his top denying that there is serious trouble in his marriage to **Hope Lange**. He blames all the talk on "False friends, who have been working on *The Best of Everything* with Hope, misinterpreting the fact that my wife did not feel well for a couple of days. It's too bad, a shameful thing, that people as happy as we have to resort to denials, or feel we have to defend our happiness."



It's too bad that people as happy as Hope Lange and Don Murray have to defend their happiness.

OPEN LETTER

To Tuesday Weld:

Although I can't say that I approve of a fifteen-year-old doing some of the things you do—such as smoking in public and wearing décolleté gowns a thirty-year-old divorcee might select—you've handed me the chuckle of the month in a manner of speaking.

It's a wisecrack about your recent dates with **Paul Anka**, the sensational young singer whose record of *Diana* sold a mere 8,000,000 copies. As you usually date such older men as **Tab Hunter** and **Sal Mineo**, and Paul is just a mere eighteen, somebody cracked about you: "What's Tuesday trying to do—rob the cradle?"

It's meant as a joke, of course—but it's indicative of the way you have stepped into a mature world so many years ahead of yourself when you're still really a little girl. I

don't care how 'sophisticated' you are.

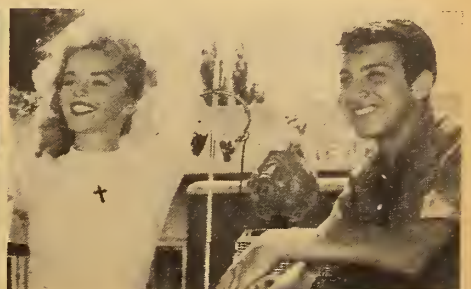
I'm not lecturing you that you should go around in middies and skirts, using no make-up and checking in early from dates. Fifteen-year-olds don't do that anymore—so they tell me. But there is something wonderful about being young while you are still young.

Life and maturity and responsibilities come to everyone with enough of a rush these days. Particularly, young people in show business are burdened early with career and financial

responsibilities.

But they don't have to tumble pell mell into emotional tangles and 'cave society' behavior as early as you are taking on 'life.' Maybe all this is just a front you are putting up. Maybe behind this nonchalance and sophistication, you are still a little girl playing at grown-up emotions as some young girls dress up in their mother's cocktail clothes.

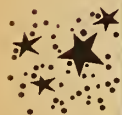
Just don't cheat yourself of your youth, Tuesday—in your case, such tender youth.



There's a wisecrack that Tuesday Weld who usually dates 'older men' like Tab Hunter (above left) was 'robbing the cradle' with Paul Anka. 13

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



I nominate for
STARDOM

Lee Remick:

This is a repeat nomination for Lee in this department but after her electrifying performance as the sexy floozie wife who is raped in *Anatomy of a Murder* all I can say about Lee is this:

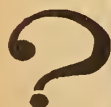
She is the most authentic candidate for big stardom since **Ava Gardner**. Lee has much the same appeal Ava had in her early days, a beautiful face and body—but the Remick girl has a warmth Ava lacks.

I first started to rave about Lee when I saw her in *The Long Hot Summer*—but as good as she was in that, she hadn't begun to show the talent she does in *Anatomy*.

A well-educated girl who attended such fine schools as Thayerland, Miss Hewitt's School and Barnard, Lee gets her theatrical talent from her mother, Patricia Remick, a successful stage actress. "My mother didn't care whether I went into the theatre or not," Lee tells me. "But I always knew I would. As a child I studied ballet and also did some child modeling for Powers.

"I hated modeling and was glad to grow up to where I could accept TV roles." Lee is happily married to television producer-director William Colleran and in January of this year they welcomed their first child, Katherine Lee. She is as proud of her husband's brilliant career, perhaps more so, as she is of her own. "Bill is going to do both **Bing Crosby's** and **Frank Sinatra's** spectacles this fall," she tells you happily.

Even though her Hollywood career is booming, Lee considers herself a New York belle. But she doesn't mind in the least catching that plane to Hollywood—particularly if it involves such great roles as *Anatomy of a Murder*.



PERSONAL
OPINIONS

One of the most unusual gifts I ever received came from **Dorothy Malone** and **Jacques Bergerac** soon after their marriage in Hong Kong. It was a sealed tin with a live oyster in it, guaranteed to contain at least one pearl—and sure enough, it did . . . !

Strangely enough, most of the parties this month were marked by serious dramatic events. I've already told you about **Frank Sinatra's** badly injured orb the night of his surprise party for **Natalie Wood**. And



Honeymooners Jacques and Dorothy sent me a live oyster with a real pearl in it!

also about **Laurence Harvey's** leaving the Jules Stein cocktail soiree to catch that (nearly) fatal flight to London.

But I must add that the Steins' party was also given right in sight of a blazing fire which had broken out in the hills near Laurel Canyon. Everyone there—and I saw the **Eddie G. Robinsons**, the **Joseph Cottens**, and many other stars—were deeply concerned about friends whose homes were in the fire line. . . .

No couple could be happier over the expected visit of the Stork in January than **Richard Egan** and his pretty **Patricia (Hardy)**. Both sides of the family are delighted over the impending event. Richard's mother, who has been so ill, got much better when she heard the news. . . .

It can never be said that **Shirley MacLaine** isn't a wonderful wife to Steve Parker. When Steve imported his Japanese variety show to Las Vegas, Shirley invited all the Hollywood press to attend, then pitched in and acted as mistress of ceremonies for the two opening shows. Shirley even had two lovely Oriental gowns whipped up to keep in the spirit of Steve's extravaganza at the New Frontier. . . .



No couple could be happier over the expected January visit of the Stork than handsome Richard Egan and his pretty wife Patricia Hardy.

How a Record Hit Is Born

Do you remember the gala coming-out party I hostessed for **INGENUE** magazine at the Beverly Hills Hotel early this year? Well, out of that party, and in honor of that magazine, has come a charming, sentimental ballad called *Ingenue*, sung by the hot young newcomer **Eddie Morgan** and recorded by 20th Century-Fox music company!

You'll admit, I'm sure, that composing and naming a song after a magazine for teenage girls, is a whimsical follow-up to a party. But, since I was in on it from the beginning, I'll tell you how it happened:

After the **INGENUE** party, composer Jimmy McHugh took a group of us, including publisher Al Delacorte, to the Villa Capri for pizzas. At the table, Jimmy, who does his composing in the strangest places (he wrote *Sunny Side Of The Street* in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Station!) began humming a catchy tune and rhyming the word *ingenue*. He did this over and over.

Most of us didn't pay too much attention, but Al Delacorte was listening attentively. "That's interesting," he said—and pretty soon he, too, was humming the few bars of the melody he remembered. Jimmy never did finish that idea for *Ingenue*—but Al kept the song in his mind. When he returned to New York—he had the rest written.

Result of this strangely conceived song-writing incident is that 20th Music has cut the

record, as sung by Eddie Morgan, and mailed it to five thousand disc jockeys. (Did you know there were that many?)

Now publisher Delacorte calls *Ingenue*—'our song'—and when you stop to think of it—it really is.

This is the hot young newcomer Eddie Morgan singing the charming, sentimental ballad "Ingenue," named in honor of the magazine.



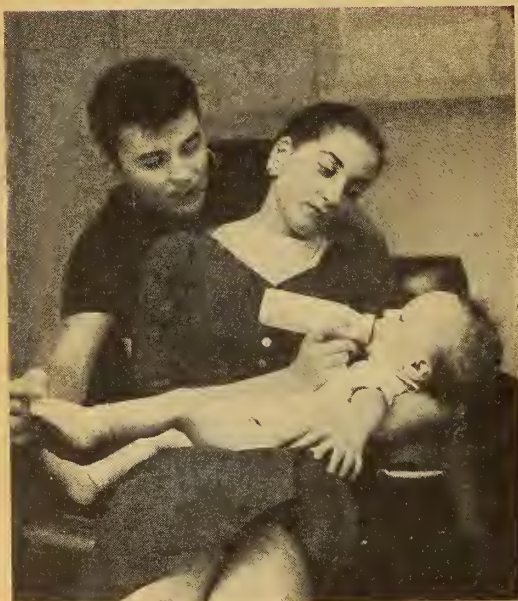
LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



A fan blasts us for ignoring actors like George Sanders.

A fan asks, "Who is Maximilian Schell?"



A devoted fan of Jimmy Darren's wishes he would think again about his broken marriage.



A poetic fan remembers Ritchie Valens with a verse.



LETTER BOX

I realize it's none of my business how **Jimmy Darren** runs his life, I'm just a fan of his. But I'm worried sick about the turn his private life is taking as his career soars in Hollywood, writes **MARCY G.**, fifteen-year-old resident of WARREN, MICHIGAN. I have kept scrapbooks on him since he was Jimmy Ercolani of Philadelphia and I've seen how his love for Gloria Terlitsky grew—and hers for him. Now this fine marriage is on the rocks and Gloria is back in Philadelphia with their son Jimmy, Jr. And Jimmy is about to marry **Evy Norlund**! Oh, if he would only think, think, think! You certainly are a devoted fan, Marcy. . . .

Many letters of praise about **IMITATION OF LIFE**. **ELLA BIERSDORF**, St. Louis writes, I felt like a square sitting there crying my eyes out over **Lana Turner's** movie until I looked around and saw everybody else was sniffing. Maybe this is a tear-jerker—but mark my words, it will be voted the most popular movie of the year by the fans. . . .

16 Speaking of this same picture, **KAREN CHRIS-**

TIAN, DETROIT, says, **Susan Kohner** is a young **Ava Gardner** but with more warmth than Ava ever had. Susan's sure to be a big star. Susan thanks you, Karen. . . .

THE YOUNG LIONS is just playing in my town, **CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS**, writes **CAROLYN LOKSE**, and I am most impressed with a young actor named **Maxmillian Schell**. Is he any relation to **Maria Schell**? Her brother. . . .

MRS. BETSY BARON decides to blast us this month: You, and **MODERN SCREEN**, cater too much to the tastes of teenagers, completely ignoring actors who appeal to us mature women—like **George Sanders**. If I don't see a story on him soon, I'll know you don't care about adult fans! Are you listenin', **DAVID MYERS** . . . ?

PEARL JOHNSTON, **ARLEE, MONTANA**, writes a beautiful poem to the memory of **Ritchie Valens**, which is a bit long for complete re-printing. But the last lines are lovely and I think Pearl would like to share them with other fans of this young singer so tragically killed in an airplane accident:

We know we'll always remember this
boy who went away

We know that he is near, just a
melody away.

From **GUATEMALA**, comes much praise from **DORIA** for **Doris Day**. I hope you in Holly-

wood appreciate the very fine impression **Doris** makes for you Americans all over the world. We, in **Guatemala**, think of her as the typical American woman—fresh, young, vital, even though she has a teenage son. You notice I do not refer to her as 'the typical American girl.' No, **Doris** has maturity and poise along with her youthful appeal. . . .

PAT PERRINS (don't know whether it's a male or female **Pat**) is wild for **Fabian**. You can have your **Elvises**, **Pat Boones**, **Ricky Nelsons**, comes in this letter from **DENVER**, **Fabian** is the greatest thing that ever hit the music world and the screen. On second thought, this **Pat** must be a gal. . . !

I wonder if **Maurice Chevalier** realizes how dear he is to American fans? asks **CELESTE WEIR**, **ATLANTIC CITY**. His songs, his gay charm are as typically French as that bubbling champagne from his native land. I'm sure **Maurice** appreciates the warm feeling we have for him, **Celeste**. He is an old friend and he has often spoken of how grateful he is for his American friends.

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

Luella O. Parsons

LADIES—Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.

HERE ARE JUST
A FEW OF THE
125
BEAUTIFUL NEW
STYLES NOW
READY FOR
DELIVERY

*Get this
opportunity!*

**RUSH
COUPON
TODAY!**

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — Mail Today!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

Dept. C-40541, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Yes, I want the opportunity of earning \$23 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to me by you. Without cost now or ever, please **RUSH** everything I need to get started at once.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 12, P.Q.





ARE YOU THE ADVENTUROUS TYPE?

If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

New Kotex-

the napkin most girls prefer



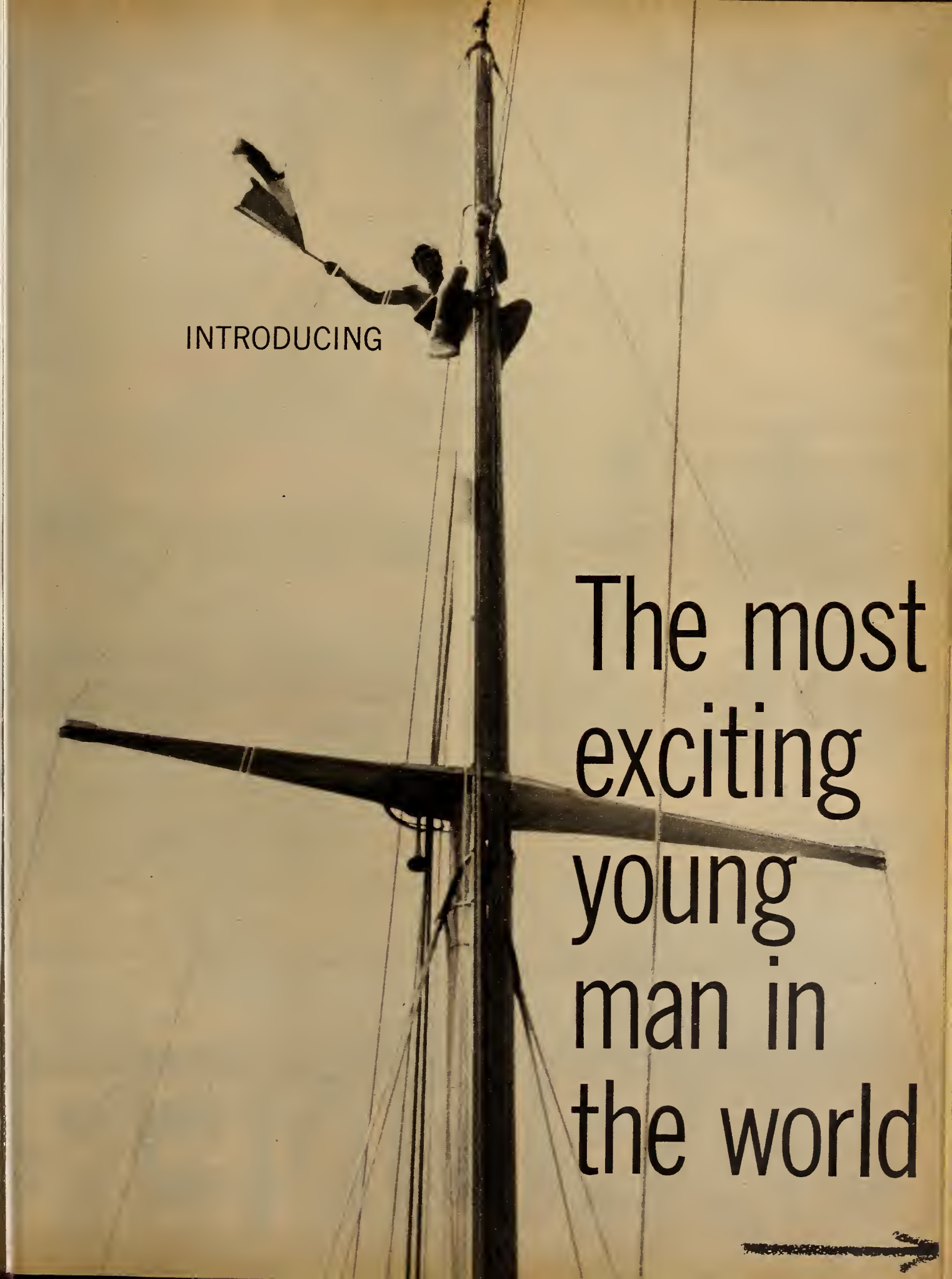
Special tips for you on grooming

Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels . . . accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.

- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece . . . a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



INTRODUCING

The most
exciting
young
man in
the world





GARDNER

ARTIST

sculptor of the famous 18' mobile in the White Museum, New York

ADVENTURER

8 stormy weeks alone on an open boat in the Atlantic at age 16

ACTOR

catapulted to stardom overnight despite absolute lack of experience

ATHLETE

great skin-diver, baseball and basketball player, hunter, fisherman

ADONIS

six feet five, one hundred eighty-five pounds, hazel grey eyes, and...

It was nearly six o'clock and the TV cameramen and technicians were getting restless. They'd been working on these *Adventures In Paradise* tests all day. One test had been worse than the other. "When do we knock

off?" one of the men asked, loud enough for the producer to hear.

"One more," the producer said, turning to his director. "Who've we got?"

"Who've (Continued on page 84)

McKAY



my
heart
IS
owned
BY
three

■ Recently, Tony decided to give me a birthday party. He thought about making it a surprise party—then realized that it would be very hard to fool me and really keep it a surprise. We decided that the party would be on a Sunday, for Tony and most of our friends are too busy working during the week.


By
Janet
Leigh

On Sunday afternoon, with Tony, our two little girls—Jamie and Kelly—and about forty of our closest friends, I was enjoying the party which we held outdoors around our pool. It was a barbecue party, informal and fun, but there were, I thought, to be no surprises.

Then suddenly, we heard an airplane droning above. Natalie Wood, one of our guests, called out, “Look up, Janet!” I looked and in the sky, circling our house, was a plane with a long banner flying in the breeze, and on it the words: HAPPY BIRTHDAY JANET.

Tony hadn’t wanted my birthday to be without a surprise, and out of his (Continued on page 74)





Dorothy Malone's Chinese Wedding

IT all happened very suddenly.

Dorothy Malone, in Osaka, Japan, making a picture, received the cablegram. It was from Jacques Bergerac. WILL YOU MARRY ME? it asked.

Dorothy thought over her answer for a full ten seconds and wired back: YES.

Three hours later she received the second cable from Jacques. WHEN? it asked.

Dorothy answered: AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

This all happened on a Thursday morning.

The following evening, Friday, Dorothy was sitting in the living room of her hotel suite, talking to her mother, Mrs. Esther Maloney, who'd accompanied her daughter to Japan and who, for fun, had even taken a bit part in the picture Dorothy was working in.

They talked (*Continued on page 66*)

*You are to me
the scent of the flowers,
the radiance of the moon,
the purity of the snow*



→ Dig this scene, man... that swinging chick with the mad hair... mfn that...



(Editor's note: The gentleman
in the photographs with Miss Reynolds
is Mr. Leon Tyler,
a friend from high school days.
The purpose of the soiree
was to raise money for retarded
children. Mr. Rupert Rupert,
writer of the prose
on the right is a retarded adult.)



like it is a drag man
and then this chick
flakes into the pad and i say
cool it man because i
recognize this chick like
she is Deborah Reynolds
of the silver screen
and i say to her chick
why did you split the scene
from Squaresville there
is no bread here and
she says man like maybe i dig
the poetry jazz so i
give her like this way out
book by the madman
and she says crazy and like
grabs the mike and
starts blasting like man
she is so beat i flip
and when she has made the poem
i say like deb i will supply
you with a pizza so she
says cool man i will
indulge instead in my basic
diet which is pretzles
from Pennsylvania after which
we will do the dancing
bit like that is if you
dig me man and i do. man i do...
—Rupert Rupert
(King of the Beatniks)

DEBBIE JOINS THE BEATNIKS

crazy... man that Debbie is way out...

After 10 years
of silence,
a heart-rending plea
from the father
Sandra Dee forgot—

Sandra, we have been talking with your father.

No. We don't mean the ghost of Eugene Douvan, the man you have called your father . . . but the real, very live John Zuck of Bayonne, New Jersey.

John Zuck impresses us as a nice guy.

John Zuck, however, is a man very badly hurt.

He is happily married. He is delighted with his charming four-year-old son, Kenny.



"I'm your
father!
Sandra—
Don't turn
your back
on me!"

He has a good job and many friends.

What hurts John Zuck?

That eleven years have passed since you, his daughter, last talked to him.

That would break any father's heart but, as John Zuck pointed out, he can hardly forget about it for a moment. He cannot walk past a newsstand without seeing your face on a magazine cover. He sees your photographs in the newspapers while drinking his morning coffee. He sees your name on theater marquees . . . but he has not heard your voice. He does *not* go to Sandra Dee movies. That would be torture he fears he could not stand.

John Zuck loves his daughter. He has always loved you, Sandra.

How did he lose you?

"I wish I knew," states John Zuck. "I only wish I knew." And you, Sandra have refused to talk about it.

During your school days and the years you spent as a high-priced model, all through your short and brilliant movie career, you have wanted to be known legally as Sandra Douvan.

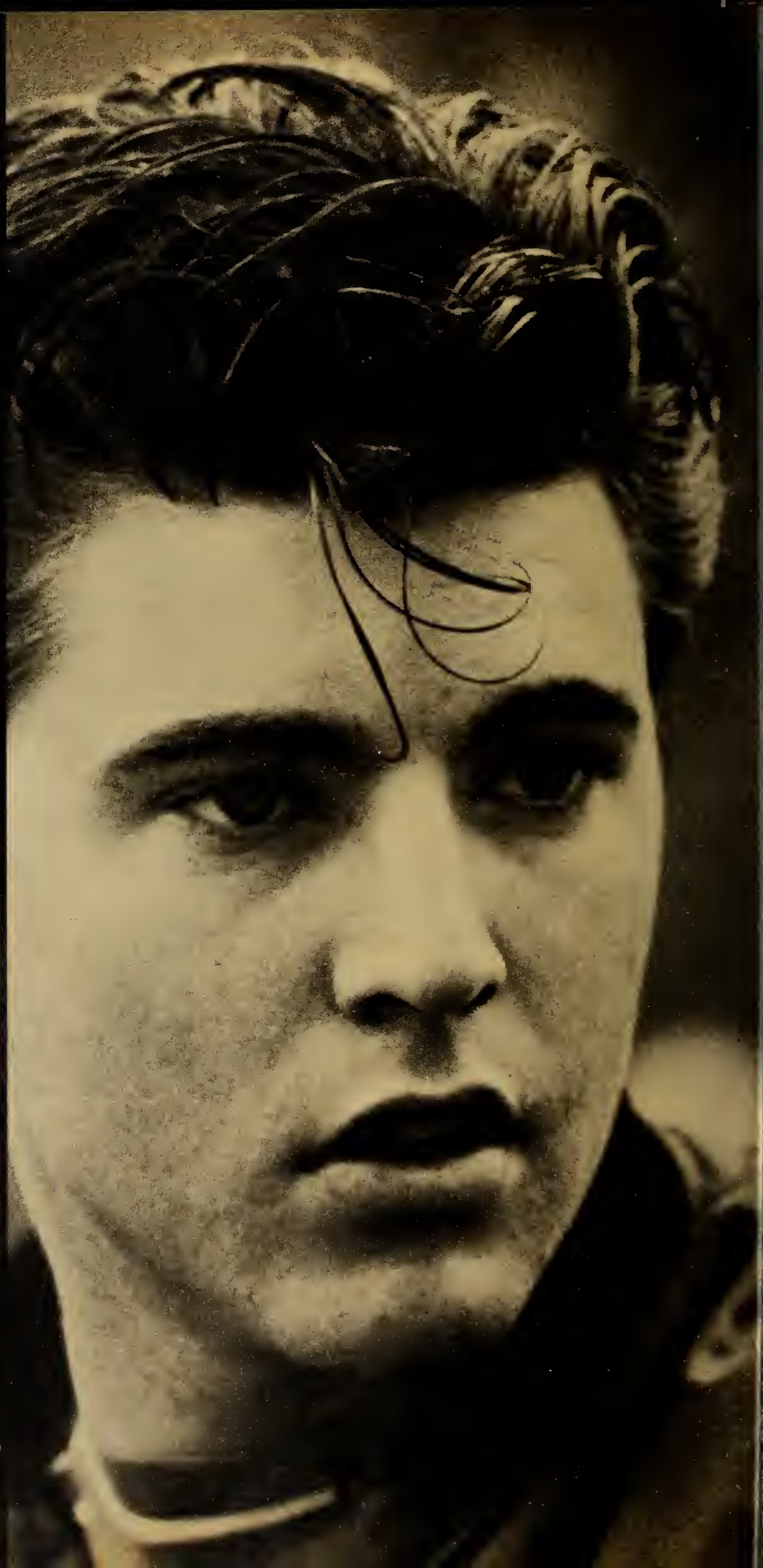
That was your stepfather's name. When curious reporters asked what your real name was you always answered, "Cimbolic." But that was your mother's maiden name.

When the reporters pressed and asked about your real father, you shrugged off all questions with, "I've never known him. I haven't seen him since I was an infant."

And you still seem to be
(Continued on page 78)



EACH evening Yellow Bird danced out onto the glittering stage of El Rancho Vegas, bathed in the golden circle of a follow-spot, wearing her gargantuan headdress of canary yellow plumes with wings of matching feathers on her suntanned arms and legs that were streaked with sprinklings of gold dust. And she wow-ed everyone. Audiences shoved, pushed, squeezed like canned sardines in the standing-room-only crowd to catch her act. *(Continued on page 82)*



The most talked-about
couple in Hollywood—

RICKY and Yellow Bird





ANNETTE

Young Girls in Hollywood:

4th of a series —

■ Annette Funicello! Not since the early days of Debbie Reynolds has there been a girl like this . . . absolutely normal, absolutely sweet, non-phony, endearing, with all the big virtues in great big wonderful quantities.

By now nearly all of you know the facts and figures of her life and career—born in Utica, New York, nearly seventeen years ago; came to California at age four; studied tap and ballet at the Margie Rix School in Hollywood; was signed by Walt Disney to become TV's cutest Mouseketeer when she was twelve; is now on her way to becoming a movie star, etc., etc.

But to get back to that personality of hers, have any of you figured what makes *that* tick?

We hadn't been able to—not until we'd read (*Continued on page 34*)



ANNETTE continued



Annette may be a Hollywood star, but she leads the life of an average teenager. Her day (when she's not working) starts out with a loooong phone call, but pretty soon she'll have to make that bed and clean up that dressing table—before Mom catches her. . . .



(Continued) the two letters.

Both letters arrived in our office last week, within two days of one another.

Both are about Annette.

One is from Hollywood and

a young fellow named Steve Stevens. Steve's eighteen, an actor, a friend of Annette's. His reason for writing to us is honest, blunt—"I just want her to know what I think of

her, and I want other people to know the kind of gal she is, too. I hope you'll print what I've written."

The second letter is from a *(Continued on page 64)*



Oooops, trying to sneak out before her bedroom is straightened up! Mom's too sharp for that.

Just as soon as Annette's done horsing around with her little brother Mike (far right) she'll get right to that room detail, Scout's honor . . . She doesn't want to let Pop (right) go off to his gas station without checking with him that it's ok to go out driving with Tommy Rettig of the Lassie show this afternoon.



They rode around in Tommy's new Impala till they got thirsty and then took off for the driving range . . . When Annette got home, she just couldn't go to sleep . . . She knew she wasn't in love with Tommy, but he sure was awful nice. . . .





WHY I HAD TO END MY LOVE-AFFAIR WITH



■ The tall, lean young man with the unruly brown hair stood in the doorway of a Hollywood apartment house. The girl with him—a beautiful blonde with hazel eyes—paused expectantly, as though waiting to be kissed.

But he made no move in her direction. Instead, an inexpressibly sad look passed over his face.

Alarmed by that fleeting expression, she said, "Edd, what's the matter? Are you feeling all right?"

"Well enough," he said, but his eyes did not smile. "Oh, I'm okay," he added, "but . . . well, if you must know, I'm really low tonight, doll."

"Why? Is there anything I can do?"

He paused. "I don't think so, honey."

(Continued on page 72)

EDD BYRNES

conversation
with a
'trapped
animal...'



MADRID, SPAIN: Ava Gardner clapped her hands three times—staccato, loud, like an empress—signaling the waiter to come take our order.

We were sitting in a small, nearly-empty cabaret on one of the side streets of this Spanish city.

It was early evening.



Ava had just driven in from her country house to meet me—our first get-together in five years, ever since that afternoon a few days before she flew from the United States to begin the self-imposed exile nobody thought would last a month.

She wore a simple blouse and skirt this night.

She appeared tired.

Her hair was uncombed.

I noticed lines in her face—under her eyes and on the sides of her mouth—I hadn't noticed five years earlier.

I noticed a deep-set weariness I hadn't noticed then.

"Excuse the way I look," she said, after we shook hands. "I was up late last night and I think I've still got a little bit of hangover. . . How about a drink?"

"Fine," I said.

She smiled—her eyes were the same, I could see now, green, beautiful, clear—and then she clapped for the waiter.

When he was at the table, she introduced us—"Amigo español, meet amigo americano," she said. Then she ordered.

"Antes de Corrida," she said, "—doubles."

"Whew!" the waiter said, as he walked away from the table.

"What kind of drink is that?" I asked.

"Very special," Ava said. "It's a bullfighters' concoction—something the matadors and picadors and all of them drink

just before the fight. It's flaming cognac doused with champagne. You'll like it. You'll see."

She clasped her hands on the table, tight.

"Now," she said, "just one favor. . . Don't ask me about Australia."

I knew she'd just made a picture there and had recently returned to Madrid. "Why not?" I asked, ignoring her request.

"Because it was awful," she said. "I felt like a trapped animal there."

Suddenly I remembered reading something a month or two back, about Ava saying: "This picture (*On The Beach*) is about the end of the world, and this is sure the place to make it!"

I mentioned the quote.

She made a face.

(Continued on page 68)



**Sal
Mineo
and
the
little
blind
girl**

202 Leland St.

Flint 7, Michigan

August 13

Dear Sal,

We are two girls who just saw you on American Bandstand and thought you were great! As you said,

"The looks and color ^{of you} don't matter but the girl's personality does." We wish more boys would take that attitude.

We know you are coming to Flint Saturday and we are appearing at the Palace. We are not sure we will be able to attend your appearance but to if pos



Would you please send us two pictures and if you have any spare would you please call us between 12:00pm and 8:00 PM Saturday. If you do not call we will understand.

If you do call call at Cedar 52480.

If you would this we would like you received our letter. We know we will enjoy your new movie "The Young Don't Cry". We also enjoy your singing, and would

in a musical movie.

see or hear from you.

Sharon Meredith (14)

Judy Murphy (16)

THERE are some girls a guy just doesn't talk about, but now that word's leaked out about Sharon Meredith I want to set the record straight. No, I've never mentioned Sharon in an interview or a story. Why? Because the afternoon I met her is a memory I wanted to keep sacred, a memory I'll always cherish.

Sharon is blind. She's in her teens, and everyone says
(Cont. on page 72)



Is Stella Stevens

(star of Li'l Abner)



right to break the law that was breaking her heart?

I STOLE MY BABY



■ "I looked at my little boy this morning as he was sleeping in the bedroom next to mine," Stella Stevens told me in an exclusive interview for MODERN SCREEN. "It was very early—even too early for a lively little fellow like Andy to be up. His blond hair was tousled, there was a sleepy pout on his lips and his arms were curled around Murgatroyd, his stuffed monkey. I bent down and kissed him before I left for work at Paramount where I'm in *Li'l Abner*. I couldn't seem to get my fill of looking at my little boy. I thought, *No matter what price I have to pay for stealing my own son, it's worth it. I'd do it all over again, just to have him with me so* (Continued on page 70)



DEAN JONES:

WHAT'S LEFT



■ Dean Jones invited me to the Malibu Beach apartment he had leased after his recent separation from his wife Mae. "Everyone is so surprised that Mae and I plan to divorce," he told me, his boyish face very grave. "Everyone says, 'After all you two have been through, why would you break up now—when things are good?' And then they begin to suspect that one of us has done something wrong, that there's another man, another woman . . . all sorts of *(Continued on page 79)*

WHEN LOVE FADES AWAY AND DIES?



ALL ABOUT MY DADDY

by MY MOMMY

(WHO IS HAVING A BABY)

A big man from a magazine came to my house the other day and talked to my mommy. He wrote this story. I think it's pretty good.

(signed) Tex Crosby

"I wouldn't want him to be any way but the way he is!"

That's the way Kathryn Grant Crosby summed up her husband Bing Crosby. She didn't admit outright that she'd been worried about how her marriage to Bing could work out, but it was apparent from the way she talked that she'd had a number of apprehensions. One of them was her relation to Bing's mother, ninety-year-old (which she'll never admit) Mrs. Kate Crosby.

"When we came back from our (Continued on page 76)





...Phone Call To

Mothers defend their sons.
That's a fact of human nature.

Mrs. Kate Stupp, Eddie Fisher's mother, is not different from any other mother. When her son is hurt, it hurts her. When her son is attacked, *she* fights back.

It hurts Kate Stupp that to this day

Eddie Fisher and his new wife Elizabeth have not told their side of the divorce-remarriage story . . . that Eddie and Liz are relying on time to blot out the gossip and not relying at all on themselves.

"They have a story," claims Mrs. Stupp. "A very real one. I don't know why they



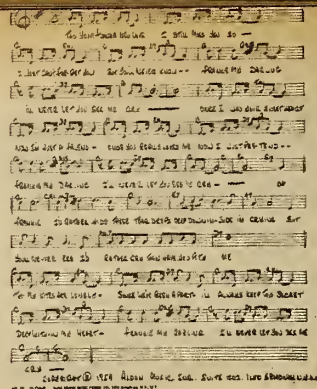
Eddie Fisher's Mother

don't tell it . . . but I don't know any reason why I shouldn't tell mine."

Actually, Mrs. Stupp has every right to say what she will. She was damaged (and *still* is being damaged) by the talk of her neighbors and relatives and friends. She might have remained silent, but a recent

telephone call from her ex-daughter-in-law, Debbie Reynolds, got into the newspapers. It damaged her, says Mrs. Stupp, even further.

It does not seem odd to us at MODERN SCREEN that Debbie Reynolds should have wanted to call (Continued on page 63)



December, 1957

Dear Diary,

I got a call today from my agents, and they asked me if I'd like to go out with a young fellow they liked. They wanted to fix a publicity date for the premiere of April Love. . . .

Who's Frankie, My Darling?

"Who is the fellow you want to fix me up with?" I asked them. "Well, he sings and plays the trumpet," they told me. "How old is he?" "Oh, he's seventeen!" "You mean he's a year younger than I am!" I said, indignant. "Yeah, he is," they said. "But don't you want to go to a big-time premiere?"

Well, they had me. I'd never been to a premiere ever, and I was curious, so I said okay.

After we said good-bye over the phone, I realized I forgot to ask the boy's name, so I called them back, and they told me my date was Frankie Avalon!

The night of the premiere I took a bus to New York City all by myself. I was wearing a special premiere outfit—a dress with a black velvet top, long sleeves, a scooped neckline and a wide, wide skirt of white organza in accordion-pleated tiers. My mom said it was too sophisticated, but I swooned over the dress when I saw it in a dress-shop window in Newark, and she finally gave in.

At the bus terminal a stranger came up to me and said, "Are you Connie Francis?"

I didn't know this guy from Adam, but I nodded.

"Connie," he said then, "Frankie's waiting for you!"

We walked into the bus terminal, and (Continued on page 69)

When Connie Francis sings "Frankie" there's an Avalon in her mind. We went through Connie's diary and asked some questions, to find out just what Frankie means to her.



THE *Story-Book Homes*

FOR 1960



Live . . .

. . . like a king
while you are
young enough
to enjoy it . . .
in one of these
fabulous homes

HOUSES LIKE THESE START AT \$18,000... AS

ROMANTICA . . . If you are romantically attached to the gracious charm of the past, including colonial columns and Strouss waltzes, and want to combine it all with everything that modern science can bring to the joy of living . . . *this is your home!*
The deluxe model home, pictured below, has a full-length colonial

porch, a covered and an open patio, barbecue, two-car garage and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Also . . . big kitchen, colonial living room with fireplace. Separate dining room. 3 or 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths and a romantic library balcony. Budget and deluxe models: \$22,000 to \$36,000.



Architect . . . C. Chadburne Shumard, A.I.A.

This model built by Trenton Home Builders (N. J.)



NEW ORLEANS . . . Contilevered second floor balcony and French windows. Family room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, covered patio—barbecue and 2-car garage. Large kitchen, dining room and living room, and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Budget and deluxe models \$20,000 to \$25,000. Optional indoor pools \$4,800 extra when added.

REGENCY . . . Large living room, dining room and kitchen, plus big basement game room and handsome family TV room with fireplace. Separate 3-bedroom and bath children's wing and master bedroom and both. Covered patio-breezeway with built-in barbecue and 2-car garage. Standard and deluxe models with (20 x 40) oversized swimming pool \$27,000 to \$38,000.



20TH CENTURY . . . Magnificent living room and separate dining room. Large kitchen, basement game room, handsome family TV room. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths and powder room . . . with children's wing separate. Covered patio—with barbecue. Standard model with indoor garden or pool optional \$26,000 to \$27,000. Deluxe with garden or oversized (20 x 40) heated indoor pool \$28,000 to \$34,000.

The wonderful story of

Story-Book Homes

Yes, you can live like a KING . . . and your wife will be a QUEEN, when you build your STORY BOOK HOME . . . designed for you by a non-profit home-research organization . . . established by leading manufacturers of building materials and appliances to develop a more complete and wonderful way of life in homes that are built to last and grow in value! In your Story Book Home you can live in comfort and pride and bask in "sunny" climate all year 'round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight" — lush, warm and lazy — every single night of your life, summer and winter.

You can lo! around in complete privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big indoor heated pool before you go to bed . . . And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.

These are the Story Book Homes now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back. Read the thrilling story of this new young family-man's paradise—that you can afford today, or build in easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story. And you can get complete plans for \$1.00.

**Costs of land and land improvements are extra. See back pages of this section for nearest model home in your locality.*



LITTLE AS \$22,000 WITH INDOOR SWIMMING POOL*

FUTURAMA . . . Built on a warm, moisture-proof, "monolithic" foundation with the "cellar" upstairs in a masonry tower . . . a huge "chimney" with many flues that vent out, not just furnace gases, but all of the exhaust from kitchen, bathrooms and laundry! All utilities are housed in this soundproof masonry core.

Deluxe model, shown here, has vast living room with handsome fireplace, shoji-screened entrance. Huge family and TV room surrounds magnificent scientific kitchen with formal dining, overlooking beautiful indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). 4 or 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car carport (or garage).



This model built by Allen Brothers, Fairhaven, N. J.

CONTEMPORA . . . Large indoor pool, covered patia and barbecue with 2-car garage. Huge kitchen, living room, separate dining room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, special balcony mezzanine off large family TV room. 2½ baths. Deluxe modern version of the Ramantica shown at left above, \$28,000 to \$32,000. Budget model with same rooms slightly smaller, no breezeway garage, but complete with heated indoor pool, \$22,500.

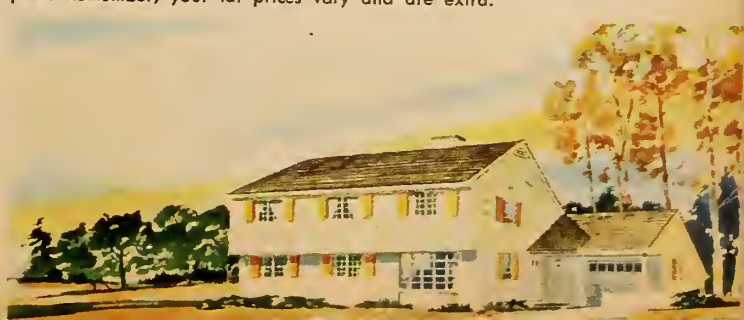


ABUNDANT VILLAGER . . . For the young married couple who want everything . . . as fast as their income increases. Start with 2 bedrooms and 1 bath and expand to 5 bedrooms and 2 baths. Do your own paneling and painting. Budget and deluxe models \$16,000 to \$24,000. 2 bedrooms with pool only \$22,000 . . . or get deluxe 5-bedroom, 2 baths, heated and filtered indoor pool . . . all far less than \$25,000.



ENTRANCE TO FUTURAMA. This home of the future has a magnificently simple exterior of great dignity and hospitality, with its massive chimney and glowing fireplace showing through wide floor-to-ceiling window-wall. Yet from the road, there is complete privacy for the den and the more intimate end of the living room, where sofas and chairs accommodate large gatherings. Huge, exposed natural beams make this house look as strong and durable as it truly is! This wonderful new and better kind of home comes in budget, standard, and deluxe models with prices ranging from \$18,000 to \$38,000 complete with air-conditioning and large indoor deluxe swimming pool. (Land extra, of course).

TOPSFIELD . . . A traditional colonial that originated in "garrison" and pioneer days in Topsfield, Massachusetts. Deluxe model with indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered); 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, beautiful living room, modern kitchen, cozy dining room, huge closets and full basement. Budget and deluxe models \$18,000 to \$25,000 with indoor pool. Remember, your lot prices vary and are extra.



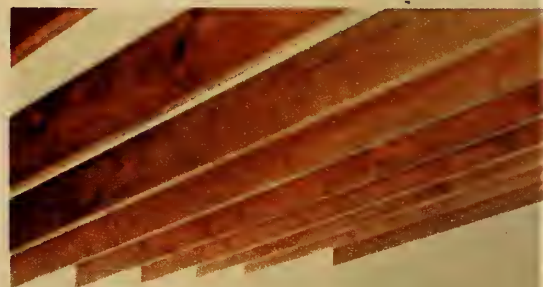


romantica decorated by Donna Gail Slavitt

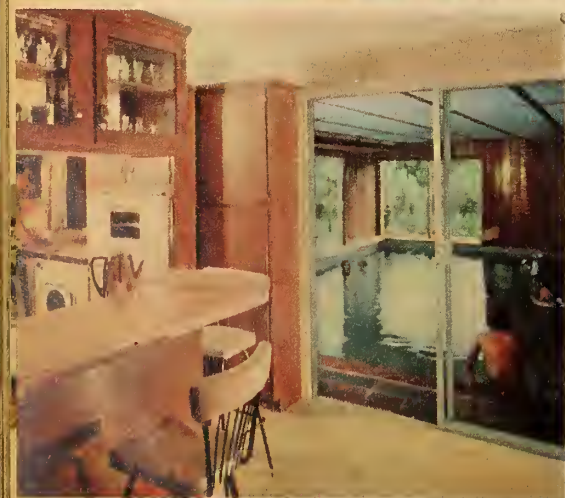
LOOK THROUGH this charming colonial dining room of the beautiful ROMANTICA Story Book Home, and you'll see portions of the spacious living room with its romantic balcony and cozy open fireplace. The lovely furniture from Baumritter's Ethan Allen line, the Aquomarine wall point by Dutch Boy, and the handsome fixtures by Lightolier . . . all contribute to the old world charm of the Romantica, so happily combined with the latest marvels of science. It is this delightful "marriage" of the old and the new in this liveable house that makes it the ultimate in gracious living.



THE MASTER BEDROOM of the ROMANTICA is furnished in true colonial fashion by Schumacher and Baumritter. The serviceable floors of beautiful Flexochrome vinyl asbestos floor tile blend perfectly with the decorative scheme; yet they require only a damp mopping occasionally to keep them spotlessly clean.



THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE shows the living room of the Romantica as you look down from the charming colonial balcony. Notice the unusual wood beams exposed beneath Flintkote's 3-way roof deck which insulates as well as decorates this lovely home.



MOTHER CAN PREPARE DINNER, and watch children swim from this spacious kitchen of the Romantica. Handy to barbecue grill, the kitchen is complete with Westinghouse appliances, including huge 24" oven. It is virtually wear-proof, with Formica bar front and counter tops. The Flexochrome vinyl-asbestos floor tile requires only damp-mopping.





HERE IS THE HUGE modern living room of the Futurama. Nearly 16 feet wide, it is so long it accommodates 2 large groups of people at either end! Notice the massive exposed beams and the lovely decorative effect of the ceiling, Flintkate's 3-way roof decking. Three inches thick, this wonderful scientific product eliminates 3 or more building operations and helps make this magnificent living room possible! A curtained picture window provides an optional view into the equally huge family room and 12-place bar!

THIS ATTRACTIVE DEN in the Futurama model can also serve as a guest room when desired. The ceiling and window wall trim are Dutch Boy's Desert Gray, and all other walls, interior of closets, doors and trim are painted with Dutch Boy's Avocado paint.



THE MASTER BATH, compact, but complete with glass-enclosed shower stall and floor-to-ceiling Farmica wall-tiles of camellia and white sequin pattern. Easy to keep immaculate. Mirror gives daylight view of smart bedroom shown in night scene (right). Incidentally, this bedroom and bath of Mother's is immediately accessible from her kitchen. And remember, it's just one jump from the swimming pool!



THE MASTER BEDROOM in the Futurama has all the elegance of your own private villa on the Riviera . . . far you can step out of the room, right into your own warm and filtered swimming pool. Imagine the luxury of an early morning swim for Mom and Dad, or a relaxing night-time dip . . . in complete privacy, unhampered by bathing suits!



THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

Not even movie stars or millionaires can live a more luxurious or thrilling life than you can in your fabulous STORY BOOK HOME.

For the STORY BOOK HOME is not just a shelter like so many houses. It's a family kingdom where all members of the family can work and play—together when they want to be, or quietly alone if they prefer. The lounging and entertainment areas are huge in comparison with houses of equal price.

This is accomplished by not wasting space in the bedrooms, which are compact, with large double closets. Master bedrooms have the equivalent of 4 regular closets. Hall space is held to a minimum or eliminated entirely.

Yet the pool, living and family rooms together give you luxurious spaciousness found only in houses costing \$60,000 to \$80,000!

And remember that all Story Book Homes are double-insulated and much stronger than most other houses built today. Thus their design, and proper use of the newest and most durable materials, make them far better investments for your money.

IT'S VACATION-TIME EVERY DAY!

Remember, too, that the indoor pool adds tremendous resale value to the house itself. Visitors are overwhelmed by the luxury of these first truly all-year-round "estates"! It is June every day in a Story Book Home. Yet the extra cost of the pool—even in the deluxe Story Book Home (financed at 6% interest)—is less, far less per year, than the average family spends for a few short weeks of vacation!

The extra health and happiness that the heated indoor-pool assures are worth almost as much as the house itself. It makes each home a marvelous place to entertain. It keeps the younger generation at home, more capable of controlling their own social life. In many Story Book models, you can build the house now . . . add the pool-wing later!

WIN A STORY BOOK HOME* FREE on the "PRICE IS RIGHT" Starring Bill Cullen N.B.C. NETWORK

Check local newspaper for time.

*Standard model Romantica or Futurama with indoor swimming pool, \$27,500.00.

SEE YOUR NEAREST STORY BOOK HOME TODAY

For the next several weeks, the leading builders (in or near the larger cities across the nation) are holding "open house" in a model Story Book Home. These builders have been carefully chosen for their ability and integrity. They, and they alone, display the certificate "Story Book Home AUTHORIZED BUILDER" signed by the architect and officers of Story Book Homes Inc., a non-profit organization established by the leading manufacturers of the finest materials, to plan and foster the building of better homes. No builder is the authorized builder of these homes unless he is certified and displays this sign! Be careful. These Story Book Homes will have many imitators.

No other homes even closely duplicate the wonderful features and all of the top-quality materials in these Story Book Homes. For instance, the double insulation, the special roof decking, the moisture-proofing are positively not combined in any other houses. The beautiful and durable Flintkote Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors are easy to clean, require no waxing.

Kitchen appliances are by Westinghouse and the kitchen snack bars and table tops are protected by gleaming and scuff-proof Formica. And new Formica Wall Tiles, from floor to ceiling, provide a beautiful, grout-free and easy-to-clean surface in the bathrooms of these care-free homes.

Husbands will recognize the value of Flintkote Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles, 3-way roof decking, double insulation, and fireproof Van Packer chimneys with round, factory-made flues. And in many of the furnished model homes you will enjoy the beautiful drapes by Schumacher, the lovely furniture by Baumritter, the colorful carpeting and rugs by Cabin Crafts, and lamps and fixtures by Lightolier. And inside and out—the houses are lastingly protected and beautified by the world-famous Dutch Boy paints.

"OWNER-FINISHED" CUTS COST WAY DOWN

By using Dutch Boy Nalplex paints you can easily save a lot of money. Because Nalplex rolls-on or brushes-on so smoothly a child could do it. And clever do-it-yourself men can install their own Flintkote Tile-Tex asphalt tile or Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors. Many builders offer to construct these homes and let the owners do most of the "finishing."

The new wonders of science also make possible your own indoor swimming pool. The interior walls are moisture-proofed with a marvelous plastic (polyethylene) sheet . . . and there is a special ceiling of expanded polystyrene that insulates, decorates, and controls moisture perfectly! No humidity problems in these swimming pool homes. You make your own healthy climate. When you want moisture added to the dry, heated winter air, you simply open (just a crack) the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, you keep the door closed. Furniture never dries out one minute, swells up the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind. And your own sinuses and nasal passages don't dry out and become irritated.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale", and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family.



THIS SPACIOUS BREEZEWAY between the ROMANTICA and its two-car garage is the ideal spot for a steak "caak-out" or a casual drink . . . and gives you and your family a delightfully cool and sheltered place in which to relax and entertain. It's so handy to the snack bar and pool, too, located just inside the doorway shown at the right of the barbecue and grille. Enclosed with screens and glass jalousies, this will also make a perfect "Florida" room, opened in summer; safe from insects. In winter it becomes an extra family room.



YOU ARE READY FOR ANY OCCASION in this spacious family room of the FUTURAMA. For it has all the equipment and room (16' by 32') for any type of fun or entertainment. Drinking fountain! Separate matching freezer and refrigerator units by Westinghouse. You can serve a casual drink or snack or a formal dinner by candlelight. And as you dine, your guests will envy the romantic shimmering waters of your own indoor "tropical lagoon." And what a room for the youngsters! A snack bar and pool to themselves while Mather and Dad relax in the living room.

CAN'T LIVE A MORE THRILLING LIFE!



SERVE A SNACK OR DRINK . . .
or even a complete meal, at this beautiful and serviceable snack bar in the family room of the Futuroma. Facing the kitchen range, oven and refrigeration units, the bar seats 11 to 12 people and is covered with gleaming and durable Formica. The bar front is Formica, too, and unmarred by children's scuffing feet. And the Formica front is designed to match perfectly the wood grain of the kitchen cabinets. Overlooking the 32-foot indoor swimming pool, the family room is a paradise for children of all ages. For it lets them build their own friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. And it's fun for Mother and Dad, too, for it provides the perfect place to have cocktails and to entertain either formally or informally at dinnertime.



LOOK THROUGH from the rear of the ROMANTICA, and you'll gaze across the beautiful, heated indoor swimming pool typical of every indoor pool in every Story Book Home. Airtight Thermopone doors furnish complete protection from the elements and prevent condensation from the pool. A two-speed fan removes humidity from the air. Ceiling is protected by moisture-proof polystyrene panels which decorate, insulate, and won't condense moisture.



VIEW OF FUTURAMA POOL as seen from the family room (also see front page, this section). The master bedroom also opens onto the pool, and the pool's large Thermopone doors (with screens for summer) open onto the patio at side of house and onto the back lawn in the rear. All Story Book Home indoor pools require little or no work. Filtering and cleaning are automatic. Water requires no changing to be purer than drinking water.

BOTH THE FUTURAMA AND ROMANTICA feature ample children's bedrooms which provide one large play area during the daytime and convert to two bedrooms at night, thanks to Novofold plastic folding

walls. This feature of Story Book Homes was voted the most popular by thousands of women who were polled. And Mother has only one area to clean instead of two. Folding walls lock closed at night.



EASIER HOUSEKEEPING AND MOR

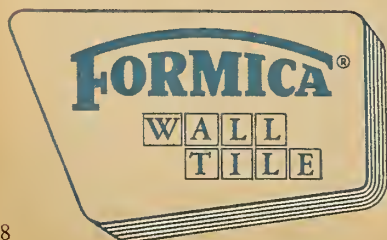


LOOK! FORMICA WALL TILE FROM FLOOR TO CEILING . . .

. . . and the beauty of it all is so easy to maintain. Formica Wall Tile is smooth fitting—that means no grout lines to scrub . . . and its satiny finish won't water spot. A damp cloth removes dirt, grime . . . restores its original beauty. Notice the Queen Size squares (10" x 10") for extra beauty, cleaning ease, extraordinary decorative possibilities. With Formica, its beauty is permanent—its cost surprisingly low. The pattern is grey and antique



In the Story Book Home kitchens, not only the counters, but the bar fronts are mar-proof Formica in wood grain colors to exactly match the grain and color of the builders' cabinets.



. . . with NEW Formica® Wall Tile

Here is a brand new "way of life" for bathrooms. It's the revolutionary new Formica Wall Tile with a smooth, gleaming surface that enhances the beauty of bathrooms and other areas, assures long wear, and saves cleaning time and work for Mother.

In all STORY BOOK HOMES, the kitchen table tops and bar areas are lastingly protected and brilliantly decorated by Formica as well as the wall areas surrounding them. You see them beautifully illustrated on this page and in other photographs taken in various rooms of the "Romantica" and "Futurama" models.

*The bathrooms with the
"wife-time" guarantee!*



ANOTHER FLOOR TO CEILING FORMICA BATH . . . Isabel Barringer who chose the lovely Formica Wall Tiles states "Rarely have I ever found it so easy to achieve such beauty with a product that saves so much work for the housewife."

Choice of beautiful colors. Enduring Formica!

NO Grout lines to scrub.

ATTRACTIVE, LONG-LASTING FINISHES



Dutch Boy Hydrangea Pink is the subtle backdrop for this spacious living room in the "Romantica" model. The colorful surprise on the balcony above is Nalplex Aqua . . . Sunton in the family room beyond.

... and carefree color — all through the house — with Dutch Boy Paints



Dutch Boy Starlight Blue is largely responsible for the mood of this serene dining room in the "Romantica" model. Hydrangea Pink in the living room is the pleasing companion color.



Dutch Boy White combined with muted Seasand create a pleasing freshness with remarkable stamina in the living room of the "Futurama" model. Nalplex washes perfectly, remember.

Story Book wall colors live happily ever after, thanks to Dutch Boy Nalplex — the famous acrylic-latex paint that washes brand-new again, time after time. All the beautiful Dutch Boy colors for Story Book Homes were chosen by Isabel Barringer, the famous decorator, and applied by expert painters. But, confidentially, you can get the same handsome results *yourself* with Dutch Boy Nalplex. Color spreads on like velvet. Brush and roller marks vanish in thin air. And that paint-y odor just isn't there. All in all, you'll *like* Story Book living with Dutch Boy Nalplex.

Here's a chart of the beautiful colors Isabel Barringer selected for the exterior of the two Story Book Homes and for the rooms shown in the photographs on this page. Your Dutch Boy dealer has a wide range of exciting colors to make your Story Book Home come true. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

ROMANTICA

Exterior	All Siding Shutters	Bright White Chorcool Gray	House Paint #110 House Paint #168
Interior	Living Room Dining Room	Hydrangea Pink Aquo Starlight Blue	Nalplex (Intermix) Nalplex #72-73 Nalplex #72-73

FUTURAMA

Exterior	All Exterior Redwood Flat Paneling Overhang	Redwood Stain French Blue #51 White	Woodcote #23-52 118 House Point 111 House Point
Interior	Living Room	Seasand White	Nalplex (Intermix) Nalplex #72-11

Dutch Boy
NALPLEX
A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY



Carefree beauty in materials high-styled for every

STORY BOOK HOME...

from FLINTKOTE — the manufacturer of America's
broadest line of building products!



® Registered trademark, The Flintkote Company

MORE COMFORT AND ECONOMY IN YOUR STORY BOOK HOME WITH THESE FLINTKOTE BUILDING PRODUCTS:
Roofing and Siding • Tile-Tex® flooring • Van Packer® Chimneys and Flues • Foundation coatings • Flintar® driveway
sealers • Insulation roof deck, sheathing, wool and ceiling tile • Insulrock® • Flintrock® Gypsum Products.

EASY LIVING FLOORS with beautiful Flexa-chrome® vinyl-asbestos floor tile. Patterns styled by the nation's top color consultants to match any decor in any room. Takes barely a whisper of work—a damp mop to keep it spotless.

TOP ROOFING PROTECTION with Flintkote's SEAL-TAB® Shingles. Seal-Tabs are self-sealed by the heat of the sun to make a sturdy, weather-proof roof hurricane winds can't budge. They have rich-looking, double-thick tabs in a variety of handsome pastels and blends.

YEAR 'ROUND COMFORT with Flintkote siding and insulation products. Exterior wall made of fire and weather-resistant asbestos-cement flat sheets is backed by layers of Stalwart® Insulating Sheathing and Flintkote Insulating Wool.



SEE your nearest STORY BOOK MODEL HOME!

Where model name and model address are not given, check with the authorized builder listed for model being built and completion date.

ARKANSAS

John E. Bryant & Sons Lumber Co., Inc.
East Lawrence Street
Batesville, Arkansas

Vernon E. Pittman Const. Co.
1326 Eastwood
Fayetteville, Arkansas

CALIFORNIA

R. T. Campbell
2865 Forist Lane
Merced, California
Model: Romantica
Address: Harris Acres
973 Arizona Drive
Merced, California

L & M Enterprises
5200 Orange
Long Beach, California
Model: Romantica
Address: 4189 Bouton Drive
Lakewood, California

Charles W. Roberts
3427 San Luis St.
Ventura, California

Wacker Construction Co.
6353 Palm Drive
Carmichael, California
Model: Futurama
Address: Capricorn Drive
Northridge Woods
Citrus Heights, California

COLORADO

Werner Livingston Construction Co.
1617 Marion Street
Denver 18, Colorado
Model: Contemporary Romantica
Address: Applewood Grove
Corner Zinnia & Willow Lane
Denver, Colorado

CONNECTICUT

The Drzen Lumber Company
85 Washington Avenue
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Patten Heights
Mill Road
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Corner of Welch Road
and Stanford Lane
North Haven, Connecticut

Finneran Weston Builders, Inc.
7 East State Street
Westport, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Hollow Tree Ridge
Boston Post Road and
Hollow Tree Ridge Road
Darien, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Burning Tree off
Stanwich Road
Greenwich, Connecticut

Green Acres, Inc.
99 Wintonberry Ave.
Bloomfield, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Laurel Park
Bloomfield, Connecticut

Neil Scala
30 Victoria Drive
Meriden, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Brownstone Ridge
left off Allen Avenue
from Meriden, Connecticut

DELAWARE

Gardy Enterprises, Inc.
Gardy Bldg.
Wilmington Manor
New Castle, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Longgallen Estates
223 Gordy Place
New Castle, Delaware

Seaford Lumber Company
Seaford, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Nanticoke Estates
River Road
Seaford, Delaware
Contact builder for date
of completion.

FLORIDA

Hugh Edwards, Inc.
27 N. W. Tenth Avenue
Gainesville, Florida
Model: Futurama
Address: Libby Heights
1201 N. W. 34th Terrace
Gainesville, Florida

ILLINOIS

Abreco Realty, Inc.
6731 N. Mt. Hawley Road
Peoria, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Brookcrest
3900 Black
North Brookdale Place
Peoria, Illinois

Cross Country Homes Corp.
Route 1, Fox Lake Hills
Lake Villa, Illinois
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: Banbury Village
Libertyville, Illinois

A. J. Erickson Construction Co.
800 Ogden Avenue
Downers Grove, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Dutch Creek Woodlands at
Johnsburg on Fox River near
McHenry, Illinois

Ozier Construction Co., Inc.
315 Van Doren Street
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Summit Ridge
2410 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: 2400 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois

Ri-Daro Home Builders
R #2
Quincy, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Lyn-Mar Subdivision
Route 2
North 12th Street
Quincy, Illinois

Willard R. Shields, Inc.
821 Greenwood Avenue
Waukegan, Illinois

Sleepy Hollow Land & Development Corp.
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Sleepy Hollow Manor
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois

Square Builders
4004 Auburn Street
Rockford, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Berkshire Hills Subdivision
4225 Cushman Road
Rockford, Illinois

Tilton Homes Corporation
100 East 4th Street
Rochelle, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Tilton's Winfield Knolls
Winfield, Illinois

INDIANA

LaPorte Lumber & Coal Co.
1719 State Street
LaPorte, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: Glendale Subdivision
East Lincolnway
LaPorte, Indiana

McCracken Homes
4800 S. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: 4825 So. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana

H. J. Hoevel, Inc.
2524 Hoevelwood Drive
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Model: 20th Century
Address: 2535 Paulding Road
Hoevelwood, Fort Wayne

Piccadilly Construction Company
Box 105, R. R. 19
Indianapolis, Indiana
Model: Romantica
Address: Avalon Hills
6310 Macatuck Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana

IOWA

G. E. Platts and Sons
714 S. Jefferson
Mason City, Iowa
Model: Romantica
Address: 75 Kentucky Court
Mason City, Iowa

KENTUCKY

Cole-Freeman Builders
431 So. Broadway
Lexington, Kentucky

John A. Walser, Inc.
4050 Westport Road
Louisville 7, Kentucky

MAINE

Snorodo Corporation
P. O. Box 241
Auburn, Maine
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Ridge Development
Webster Street
Lewiston, Maine

MARYLAND

The Dulaney Corp.
19 West Penna Avenue
Towson 4, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: 2322 Ravenview Road
Pat Spring
Timonium, Maryland

Humphrey Properties
12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland
Model: Cape Cod
Address: 12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland

Town & Ranch Homes, Inc.
2 Beaverbrook Road
Ellicott City, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: Beaverbrook
Route 40 (Edmondson Ave. Extended)
to Route 29, take 29 approximately
3 miles to Clarksville Pike, right
on Clarksville Pike 1 mile to Beaverbrook.

MASSACHUSETTS

Joseph Chapdelaine & Sons, Inc.
154 Pandview Drive
Springfield 8, Massachusetts
Model: Regency
Address: Pinewood Drive
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

George C. Krewson, Jr.
Sea Ranch
Magnolia, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Kettle Cave Acres
University Lane
Manchester, Massachusetts

Moore Realty Trust
3 Diehl Road
Lexington 73, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Burnham Farms
Thoreau Road
Lexington, Massachusetts

Rustmar Estates, Inc.
1248 Tremont St.
Boston, Massachusetts

MICHIGAN

Amos Roe Building Co.
32897 Ruehle Street
Warren, Michigan

Donto Builders, Inc.
Model: Futurama
Address: Belaire Woods Estates
Pierson Rd., West of Fleming
Flint, Michigan

Lake View Lumber Co.
L'Anse, Michigan

Leonard Building Company
Grand Blanc, Michigan
Contact builder for date
of completion.

Property & Insurance Exchange
116 West South St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Van Deilen Homes, Inc.
Green Hills
Temperance, Michigan

C. C. Van Wagoner
208 Addison Street
Alpena, Michigan
Model: Futurama
Address: South Side
Alpena, Michigan
Contact builder for date of completion.

MISSOURI

Jenkins Construction Co.
19 Briarbrook Trail
St. Louis 31, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Glen Elm Drive - Warwick Addition
Glendale, Missouri

Magill & Murphy Construction Co.
4550 Main Street
Kansas City, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Somerset Acres West
8714 Mission Road
Kansas City, Missouri

Howard Larsen Construction Company
4440 Sunnyslope Avenue
Omaha 14, Nebraska
Model: Romantica
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4312 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska
Model: Futurama
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4404 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pako Homes, Inc.
5 W. Diane Drive
Keene, New Hampshire
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Acres
Keene, New Hampshire
Contact builder for date of completion.

Phil A. Paquette & Son, Inc.
132 Bridge Street
Manchester, New Hampshire

NEW JERSEY

Allen Brothers, Inc.
596 River Road
Fair Haven, New Jersey
Model: Romantica
Address: Kings Village
81 Twin Brooks Ave.
Middletown, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Kings Village
72 Woodland Drive
Middletown, New Jersey

Barcan Associates, Inc.
159 Main St.
Chatham, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: Highland of Chatham
Van Houten Avenue
Chatham Township, N. J.

The Arthur D. Crane Co.
R. D. #3
Wharton, N. J.


Houston Lumber & Supply Co., Inc.
Interhaven Ave.
North Plainfield, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: So. Branch Neshanic Road
Branchburg, N. J.
Near Flemington
Contact builder for date of completion.

Habart Homes, Inc.
7 Country Road
Livingston, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 7 Caventry Road
Livingston, N. J.

Norman E. Luthman, Builder
R. D. 1, Box 171
New Market, New Jersey
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: South Randolphville Road
New Market, New Jersey

Princeton Manor Construction Co.
Model: Cottage Colonial
Address: Princeton Manor
136 Randall Road
Princeton, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 439 Terhune Road
Princeton, N. J.

Rees-McChesney, Inc.
Old Eagle Rack Avenue
Essex Fells, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Laurel Ridge
Laurel Avenue
Roseland, New Jersey

See Coupon for ordering plans on next page. 

- Trenton Home Builders
Carl Jacobelli
1646 N. Olden Avenue
Trenton, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Hampton Hill
Crown Road off
Pennington Road
Ewing Twp. 5 miles
north of Trenton, N. J.
- Wedgewood Acres
256 Belvidere Avenue
Washington, New Jersey
Model: Romantica
Address: Brass Castle Road
Washington, New Jersey
- E. J. Zimmerer
Developer & Builder
Box 55
Cedar Grove, N. J.
- NEW YORK**
- Avalon Park, Inc.
2854 Hewlett Avenue
Merrick, Nassau County, N. Y.
Model: Romantica
Address: Avalon Park
2854 Frankel Blvd. (Ave.)
Merrick, New York
- Beachview Manor, Inc.
37 Minna St.
Dongan Hills
Staten Island, N. Y.
Model: Romantica
Address: 179 Naughton Avenue
Dongan Hills
Staten Island, N. Y.
- Clifford C. Booth & Son
1070 Arterial Highway
Binghamton, N. Y.
- Krantz-Rustmann Builders
Strawtown Heights
New City, Rockland County, N. Y.
Model: Futurama
Address: Sickletown Road
Strawtown Heights
New City, N. Y.
- Model: Romantica
Address: Sickletown Road
Strawtown Heights
New City, N. Y.
- Gamble & Berry
1009 Sycamore Circle
Elmira, New York
Model: Romantica
Address: Harris Hill Manor
Route 17E
Two Miles West of
Elmira, New York
- La Duca Builders, Inc.
98th St. & Porter Road
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
- Strickland, Inc.
Cherry Valley Road
Marcellus, New York
Model: Romantica
Address: 100 Lyons Road
Camillus, New York
- Clifford H. Querolo
11B Elder Road
Islip, New York
- NORTH CAROLINA**
- Associated Realty of Laurinburg, Inc.
Box 1064
Laurinburg, N. Carolina
Hardy-Harvey, Inc.
700 North Queen Street
Kinston, North Carolina
- Moore-Fanvielle Realty Co.
106 N. Second St.
Wilmington, N. Carolina
- OHIO**
- Band-Ville Builders
37 East Market
Akron, Ohio
Model: Futurama
Address: Park Heights Estates
745 Castle Blvd.
Akron, Ohio
- Clark Brothers
Oberlin, Ohio
- Lee Chase Builder
150 Bell Street
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: 109 Dale Road
Hemlock Hills
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
- K. R. Evenson Co.
142 Portage Drive
Vermillion, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: 32363 Lake Road
Avon Lake, Ohio
- Paul K. Solon, Inc.
3301 E. Galbraith Road
Cincinnati 36, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: Wyoming Meadows
613 Heatherdale Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio
- Edward M. Schuler, Inc.
1481 Middle Bellville Road
Mansfield, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: Southern Estates
Belmar Drive
Mansfield, Ohio
- Wander Homes Sales, Inc.
5896 Youngstown-Warren Road
Niles, Ohio
Model: Futurama
Contact builder for date
of completion
- OKLAHOMA**
- Lawton Home Builders Corp.
223 Kaehler Bldg.
Lawton, Oklahoma
Model: Futurama
Address: 1509 North 47th
Lawton, Oklahoma
- Norman Lumber Co., Inc.
105 W. Eufrata
Box 462
Norman, Oklahoma
Model: Romantica
Address: Normandy Park
410 Terrace Place
Norman, Oklahoma
- OREGON**
- Nase Construction Company
1606 S.E. Brooklyn St.
Portland 6, Oregon
Model: Futurama
Address: Visto Cascade Add.
4515 S.E. Franklin
Milwaukee, Oregon
- PENNSYLVANIA**
- Aino Building Company
4156 Library Road
Pittsburgh, Penna.
- Edsanclay Construction Company
R. D. #2
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: Country Side Manor
1131 Country Side Drive
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
- William P. Haase
200 Fawn Lane
Haverford, Pa.
Model: Romantica
Address: Glenhardt Farm
Thomas Road, near Walker Rd.
Chester Co., Valley Forge, Pa.
- Travis Homes, Inc.
210 Peach Drive
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
- Wynwood Company
370 Montgomery Avenue
Merion, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: June Road
Penn Valley, Pennsylvania
(Lower Merion Twp.)
Contact builder for date of completion
- First of Beaver Corp.
Northern Lights Shoppers City
Baden, Pennsylvania
Models to be built at:
Can-wall Manor
Canaway, Penna.
North Sewickley
Indian Park Estates
(Near Beaver Falls, Pa.)
Check with Builder
- Zeigler Bros. Construction Co.
1103 Willowbrook Rd.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: Chapel Knolls, Pulaski Rd.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
- J. T. McAlister & Co.
2710 Beltline Blvd.
Columbia, South Carolina
Model: Futurama
Address: Foxhall
Pinebelt Road
Columbia, South Carolina
- SOUTH DAKOTA**
- Urup Construction Company
Franklin St.
Vermillion, South Dakota
Model: Romantica
Address: Ridgecrest Addition
836 Valley View Drive
Vermillion, South Dakota
- TENNESSEE**
- W. D. Jemison & Sons, Inc.
2306 S. Parkway East
Memphis 14, Tennessee
Model: Futurama
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Phone Call to Eddie Fisher's Mother

(Continued from page 49)

Mrs. Stupp or should have done so in good faith . . . but Mrs. Stupp sees it differently.

"I've never been so shocked," said Mrs. Stupp, "as I was when I heard Debbie's voice. I knew this was all for the newspapers. She called me from a hotel in New York, the Drake, and she asked the telephone operator to get 'Eddie Fisher's Mother' on the phone . . . she didn't ask for Kate Stupp or Mrs. Max Stupp. Oh no . . . then the operator wouldn't have known who she was calling. The operator wouldn't have told the newspapers.

"They were absolutely the first words she spoke to me in two years. And do you know what she said—'Hello, Mommala.'"

"Can you blame me for feeling sick . . . a little bit nauseated. It was pretty late to start calling me 'Mommala.'"

"You can't imagine the number of times I tried to get them on the phone while they

were married . . . to get either of them.

"I would put in a person-to-person call to Eddie or Debbie Fisher each time. The maid would answer the phone and if Eddie were not home, the maid would tell me when he would be back. I could hear Debbie's voice in the background prompting her but never once did she ever take the phone and say a friendly word. I was so startled and confused when Debbie made that call that I didn't know what to say. I did know her intentions were not sincere, but how could I say that? I just didn't feel comfortable about it. I tried to figure out how she could do a thing like that. Some of my neighbors said, 'What a nerve she has.' They warned me that she was just using me for publicity purposes and that it would be appearing in the papers that she called us. Sure enough, a few days later I got a clipping from one of the columns which said that Debbie Reynolds had invited Eddie Fisher's mother and father to visit her in New York and that they both would—but separately! I was so hurt about this awful lie that I cried for days. I never accepted her invitation, even though she had the publicity man from MGM call me a second time to find out when I was planning to come to town! As for using the term separately, apparently it was meant to bring attention to the fact that I am divorced. I can only say that it has taken many difficult years of bringing up seven children before I was able to adjust to the necessity of such an action. Debbie seems to ignore the fact that her brother who lives with her is divorced and has an eight-year-

old daughter. She keeps saying that she was brought up to believe that marriage is for keeps. Well, what about her brother? Wasn't he brought up the same way? Or, are we supposed to bury our heads in the sand about imperfections on her side? It is not fair that she should initiate such publicity. We do not have a close relationship; we never have had. Debbie has always been cool and distant. She may, but I cannot pretend otherwise. I was criticized because I talked to a reporter on the phone and told him it was not Elizabeth's fault that Eddie and Debbie's marriage came to an end. I didn't know they were going to make a big story of it. I spoke as a mother. But if Debbie has high-powered publicity people to keep her in the good graces of the public, why shouldn't I let the truth be known? Debbie talks to and obliges all the reporters and editors and they write nice things about her because she cooperates and gives them things she wants them to write about. And my Eddie and Elizabeth are criticized because they are happy. What kind of a world is it—when people only know one side of the story and judge two sides?"

We agreed to print what Mrs. Stupp told us. We agreed that it *might* help if the people of the world knew both sides of the story, but we seriously wonder if that will ever happen.

Maybe it would be better if we tried to forget the old pains and tried not to inflict new ones. Maybe it would be better if Mrs. Stupp accepted Debbie's calling her 'Mommala' as a belated peace offering. Maybe it's long past due—but now that it's here, why not take it to mean, "I'm sorry about what's happened. It's over now. Please, let's be friends."

END

Debbie's in *THE RAT RACE* for Paramount and MGM's *GAZEBO*.

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Advertisement

Annette

(Continued from page 34)

twelve-year-old girl named Marie. Marie lives in a Catholic home for underprivileged children in Boston, Massachusetts. Her reason for writing? "Annette said things to me that changed my whole life. Maybe there are other people like me who need the kind of help she gives, but who aren't lucky enough to get to talk to her. So maybe, if you have the room, you'll print this."

Both letters follow—Steve's first, then Marie's.

See if you don't agree with us after reading them that to know Annette a little is to love her at lot. . . .

Steve's letter

The first time I met Annette was two years ago when my best friend Tim Considine took me along to a Sunday afternoon dance over at Noreen Corcoran's backyard. Annette was sitting by the pool, pretty as all get-out in a white and silver dress, talking with some of the kids. I noticed her right away. I was dying to go over and introduce myself and talk with her. But something held me back. Maybe I was just plain shy that day.

Anyway, after a while I found myself in a line with some of the other kids to get a hot dog and a Coke. As I took my hot dog it happened that somebody accidentally pushed into me. I began to fall back. I was sure I was going to hit the deck, but as it turned out someone stopped my fall. As it turned out, too, that someone was Annette. I'll never forget that scene. She happened to be standing behind me and she opened her mouth to say Oops or something and I raised my arm and the hot dog ended up straight in her mouth. I began to apologize. Annette looked at me very serious. "The least you could have done," she said, removing the meat and roll from where it was, "was to put some mustard on this thing first!" Then we both started laughing, and talking, and our friendship began.

After we both finally got around to eating—the more proper way, this time—we danced a few dances. We talked some more as we did. Annette told me a little bit about herself and I told her a little about me—namely that I was looking for work and that my folks, who were originally from New York, had gone back out there and that I was living in a small apartment by myself. It was during the second or third dance, I think, when Annette held herself away from me all of a sudden and began to stare up at me. "You know," she said, just as I was about to ask her what was wrong—"you know, you look very Italian," she said. I was, I told her; at least, I was of Italian descent, like herself. Annette grinned. "Listen, *Paisan*," she said then, "how would you like to come over to our house Sunday and have some macaroni with us? My mom makes the craziest gravy you ever tasted." "And meatballs?" I asked her. "The biggest," Annette said. "I'll come," I said.

When I showed up that Sunday, I was carrying something I'd never brought to any other girl in my life—a dozen red roses. As I gave them to Annette I could feel my face turning the same color as the roses. She looked so happy. "Fellows have brought me corsages once in a while before a dance," she said, "but no one has ever been so gosh terrific to give me a whole dozen of these before." I was glad we were even. I even told her that, that this was the first time I'd ever been

laughed and stood way up on her toes and kissed me on my cheek.

It was quite a day, that Sunday. I got to meet the rest of Annette's family—Mom and Pop Funicello, and Annette's two kid brothers, Joey and little Mike. They're all very proud of Annette, as you can imagine. Mom Funicello looks very much like her daughter and they get along like sisters. Pop runs a gas station, but he takes time out to travel with Annette when she goes on tour. He's a regular guy.

Speaking of dates, I began to go out with Annette pretty regularly after this first Sunday. By date, don't get me wrong—I don't mean the Coconut Grove and Moulin Rouge and those places. First of all, I can't afford that. And second, Annette doesn't really dig that kind of stepping. What she likes most is house-parties and listening to records and eating pizza and going to movies—drive-ins, walk-ins, stand-ins, fall-ins, anything as long as it's got a screen and a couple of actors moving around on it and as long as it's all about love and not about war.

Working with Annette

I don't know if it was fate or not, but about a month after I met Annette I got a steady featured part playing opposite her for the Disney Studio. Working with her for the next four months brought us even closer together. I would pick her up in the morning and drive her to the

studio. I would also take her home in the evenings, after work, and stay for dinner on Mom Funicello's insistence.

It wasn't too long ago when Annette and I were leaving her house on a date that I broke the news to her about my enlistment in the Marines. She stopped and looked at me for a moment and then said, "You're clowning, Steve." I told her I wasn't. I explained that I felt it was a duty that I wanted to fulfill as soon as possible so I could concentrate fully on my career later. When she realized I was serious, she seemed sad. "When do you leave?" she asked me. "I go to San Diego on Monday," I told her. "Then," she said, "on Sunday you've got to come over to the house first thing in the morning and spend the whole day with us—and we're going to have the best day of our lives, all of us together."

We did, too. I got to the house at about seven o'clock. We all went to church, then had breakfast and then went to the beach for a swim. In the afternoon we came back to the house and had one of Mom Funicello's great dinners. And the hours passed and passed. And how right it seemed that I spend these last civilian hours there at the Funicello home with these people that meant so much to me. Finally, it was late and it came time to say good-bye to the family. And then Annette walked me to my car. This was the hardest part of all. Standing there, outside, under the moon, Annette gave me her St. Christopher medal and I gave her mine, to keep until I was out of the service. Then she hugged me and asked, "Will you promise me one thing?" "Yes," I said, before I even knew what it was. "My birthday's next month," Annette said, "and I want you to promise me that—if you can—you'll come to be with me that night. All right?" "Yes," I said, putting my arms around her now and hugging her back.

Annette's birthday

As it turned out, I had a serious accident in the barracks two days before Annette's birthday and I suffered a brain concussion. I was unconscious for exactly forty-eight hours. When I came to in the hospital, I could make out a nurse standing alongside the bed. She smiled at me, patted my lips with a damp cloth and then she said, "You're going to be all right, Marine—and I'm sure Annette will be glad to hear it." "Annette," I asked, "how does she know about this?" "I'm not sure if she does or doesn't," the nurse said, "but you sure kept repeating her name over and over in your sleep, and if she doesn't know now—" I interrupted the nurse. As hard as it was for me to talk, I asked her, "What day is this?" "Saturday," she said. I explained that this was the night of Annette's birthday, that Annette was expecting me, that I had to call her on the phone and tell her why I couldn't make it. The nurse shook her head. "No calls, I'm sorry," she said. "Please," I begged, "I've got to let her know. Please." The nurse kept shaking her head and saying that I wasn't supposed to be talking in the first place, that the strain could be too much for me. But I guess after a while I must have been crying or something and the nurse must have felt sorry for me because she finally said, "All right, Marine, but for only a few minutes."

She held the phone to my mouth as I spoke to Annette. I really must have sounded terrible talking because I remember Annette asking right away, "What's wrong, Steve? What happened? Tell me. Tell me." Then I remember she was very quiet as I said to her, "I wanted to come home for your birthday, Annette . . . I wanted to bring you flowers, too; roses—two dozen of them this time . . . I wanted to come . . . I wanted to come."

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*

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The next day when I opened my eyes Annette was there, standing alongside me. She brought her fingers up to her lips, motioning me not to talk. And then she said, "Thank you for the roses." I looked at her, not understanding. She pointed to my night-table. I looked and saw a vase there, all filled with roses, at least two dozen of them. "I knew," Annette said, her voice real cheery, "that you would have brought them to me last night if you could have. But since you couldn't, I figured I'd buy them—from you, for me. And since you were in the hospital I figured I'd bring them so you could enjoy them, too. After all, you got them. I mean—" she started to say. And then she threw up her hands and said, "Oh Steve, Steve, hurry up and get better, will you—just so you don't get me so darn mixed up in what I'm saying!"

Annette at the hospital

After sitting with me for a while, Annette got up and went around the rest of the ward talking to the other patients. At each bed she'd stop and I could hear her talking for a while and then the fellow she was talking to would begin to laugh. She tried to give everyone there some kind of attention. All in all, she stayed for three hours and finally ended up singing and dancing and having the whole place in the happiest uproar you ever saw.

When Annette came back to my bed I couldn't tell her how *really* swell I thought she was. I thought to myself I'd tell her just that, in so many words, the next time I saw her. But the next time came and went, and the time after that, and I said nothing. I guess it's hard to compliment a girl to her face. There are things that come out easy and things that don't. Anyway, I know Annette and how it would embarrass her if I told her to her face.

So now, at the risk of embarrassing her even more, I'm sending my compliment through the mails for publication. Annette probably won't talk to me for two whole days after she reads it. But I just want her to know what kind of a gal I think she is—and I don't mind the rest of the world knowing how I feel, either.

The second letter we received, from twelve-year-old Marie, begins:

Annette Funicello changed my whole life by what she said to me that day this summer when she came to the Home. She was in Boston on what is called a tour. Annette sings and dances on these tours for money. But she came to the Home to sing and dance for us free, maybe because one of the Sisters met her and asked her if she could spare the time. After her act the Mother Superior made a speech and told us if we lined up we could get Annette's autograph and then we would all have cookies and milk together. While we were having our cookies and milk Annette came around and talked to all of us, one at a time. When she came to me she said that she didn't remember seeing me when she gave out the autographs. I told her it was because I had not gone up to her for one. She asked me why not and I told her the truth, that I hated the Home and everything about it, even when people came to sing and dance for us, so that I didn't want *anybody's* autograph or to have to do with *anything*.

Important prayers

She pulled up a chair and in a very soft voice she asked me why I hated it at the Home. I told her because it was supposed to be God's Home and since I didn't think there was any God how was I supposed to like it. She asked me if the nuns knew how I felt and I said I never tell

them anything, I keep everything to myself. Annette asked me why I was telling her then. Because while she was singing, I told her, I made believe she was my sister who had come to see me and that I could finally tell her, at least, my sister.

Then Annette asked me if I had a real sister or any family. Just a mother, I told her, who left me when my father died five years ago and who I never heard from since. I didn't know where she was. I just never heard from her again.

Annette asked me if I wanted to see her. I said yes. Then why, Annette said, didn't I ask God to see if maybe he couldn't send her back to me. I told her again I didn't think there was any God. How could there be a God, I said, if he made my father die and made my mother go away from me. Oh yes there was a God, Annette said. Then she said if I prayed to Him He might hear me and answer my prayers. I told her prayers foey, there's no such thing as prayers that are answered, prayers foey—that's just what I said—and she said now listen here, a lot can be done by praying.

She told me about her own life. She said how sometimes she prayed silly prayers and how it was true some prayers, silly prayers, never got answered.

But your prayer, Marie, she told me, that could be a very important one, to ask God to get your mother to come to see you, to come back to you. One time, she said, she prayed an important prayer for her daddy and God listened. Her daddy had a bad sickness and she thought he was going to die and she prayed and prayed and he got better.

While Annette was talking to me Mother Superior came over to her and said she must be tired and probably had to be going. Annette looked at her watch and said yes. She waved good-bye to all the children

and then she looked at me, speshul, and said don't forget what I said.

That night just before supper we all went to Chapel, like every day. Other times I just used to kneel and make believe I was saying the prayers like the other children were, really only moving my lips though and not saying anything. But this night I remembered Annette and what she said and I started to pray for true, real hard, harder than anybody ever, I bet.

The answer

And do you know what? Four days later I got called in by Mother Superior who said my mother had just wrote to her and asked her if she could come and get me in a few weeks, that she had been working in Chicago, Illinois, in a restaurant and had some money now and could take care of me, that she was terrible sorry she had left me in the first place and wanted to make up for it now.

I will be leaving here in a few days. My mother will come and get me and we will live together again. It's been so long since she saw me that I hope she likes me. I guess she will. At least I am praying for that too now. Also I am praying for God to take care of Annette and give her so many good things for all her life. I bet Annette would say that was one of those silly prayers. But I don't think so. And I bet God doesn't either. Because He must love her so much, almost as much as I do.

Those are the two letters we received—one from a boy named Steve, one from a girl named Marie. We feel that they leave very little to be said on the subject of a young lady named Annette Funicello.

As little Marie would probably put it: Don't you agree she's a pretty "speshul" person?

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goes to the heart of the teenage girl

Dorothy Malone's Chinese Wedding

(Continued from page 25)

happily about the exchange of cablegrams, the future.

"For a while," her mother said, laughing, "I thought my girl was going to end up a spinster. And now here I am, nearly a mother-in-law, and I couldn't be more glad. . . . When do you think the wedding will be?"

"In about a month, I guess," Dorothy said, lighting a cigarette. "As soon as we get back to the States and Jacques and I can make our plans."

"Good," her mother said, "Good." Then she said, "You know, Dorothy, now that it's all settled, I don't mind telling you I was a little worried about this romance for a while. You'd known Jacques for a year and a half—"

"Two years," Dorothy broke in.

"Well, two years," Mrs. Maloney said, "and I know, I know that he'd asked you to marry him before. And I know you'd always said no, too. And I don't mind telling you it secretly broke my heart that you kept doing that."

And then she knew

Her daughter shrugged. "Looking back I guess it's not too hard to figure out," she said. "I was getting older, I guess. Let's face it, Mother, I was in my thirties when I met Jacques. And that's not exactly young anymore. And I guess maybe I was afraid that because I'd never really been in love before, I wouldn't know what real love was, ever. . . ."

"And," she went on, "well, Jacques and I, even though we had so much fun all the time, even though we were together so much, I just never knew if this was love we had, or what. . . . And then I was sent here, to Japan. And a girl couldn't ask to be in a more beautiful place than this, with everything so lovely and the people so nice and everything. And yet, as soon as I got here, I knew that something was missing. I wasn't happy. I felt lonely. And after thinking it over just a little, I knew that it was Jacques I missed, that I *did* love him, that I missed him, and that nothing in life could ever be half so good without him."

Her mother nodded. "Well, I'm glad," she said. "And now, Dorothy, about the wedding. I mean, practically speaking. Would you rather have it in Hollywood, or maybe back home in Texas?"

"I don't really care," Dorothy started to say. "Not as long as—"

She was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"I think that's for me," Mrs. Maloney said. "I ordered a newspaper. It's probably the boy delivering it."

She walked out of the room and into the little vestibule adjacent to it and opened the door.

"Jacques!" she shouted.

Dorothy turned around, quickly.

"Jacques?" she whispered, stunned.

"Of course—Jacques," he said, walking to her and throwing his arms around her.

"But—but you were just in California," Dorothy said.

"I know," Jacques told her, "and now I am here."

"But it's impossible," Dorothy said.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she could hear her mother say.

"It's impossible," Dorothy repeated. "Darling . . . darling, what in the world are you doing here?"

Jacques took her hand and led her over to the couch. "You wired me about our wedding?" he asked. "That you would marry me, finally—no?"

"Yes," Dorothy said slowly, "yes I did." "And that you would marry me as soon as possible?"

"Yes," Dorothy said.

"Well, what is sooner than now?"

"Now?" Dorothy asked back.

"Now," Jacques said.

But, but, but

Mrs. Maloney cleared her throat. "If you both will excuse me—" she said, smiling broadly, as she walked into the bedroom, sliding the panel that separated the rooms behind her.

When they were alone, Jacques reached for Dorothy and they kissed.

And they kissed.

And then, suddenly, Dorothy pulled away from him and said, "But, Jacques—"

He put his hands up to her lips. "Why do you say that all the time? But Jacques. But Jacques."

Dorothy shook her head.

"But Jacques—we can't get married here, now," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "Do you think I flew 6,000 miles at the expense of a very expensive airplane ticket just to let you get away from me again?"

"No, of course not," Dorothy said. "And don't worry, I'll see that you never let me get away from you, not ever again. But—"

"But, but, but," Jacques said, laughing.

"But there is one thing, darling," Dorothy said. "Seriously. I know it may sound silly to you, a man. But to me—well, it's the most important thing in the world, the thing I've always wanted most."

"Then you shall have it," Jacques said.

"But that's just it," said Dorothy. "I won't be able to have it if we get married here in Japan, so quickly, like this. . . ."

"Jacques darling, ever since I was a little girl I've dreamed of what my wedding would be like if I were ever to get married. First of all, it would be an old-fashioned wedding, very old-fashioned. It would be on a Sunday, for one thing, the day everybody *used* to get married, before people got so chic and high-falutin'. And I would be dressed in a beautiful white dress, a dress I loved and would wear once and would keep in my closet for the rest of my years, to look at and remember and touch and feel until the day I died. And, most important, Jacques, I dreamed that I would get married in a church of my faith, a great big Catholic church, with a priest and with organ-music playing and—"

She stopped.

"Do you see what I mean?" she asked.

"But yes," Jacques said, "—and it is all so easy." He snapped his fingers. "Poof—and it is done, just the way you want."

"How poof?" Dorothy asked. "I just explained that—"

"First of all," Jacques said, interrupting her, "they have Sundays here in Japan just like everywhere else. Am I right?"

"Uh-huh," Dorothy agreed.

"And they have the shops, where they sell dresses?"

"Yes."

"And they have Catholic churches, a few of them at least, even here?" Without giving Dorothy a chance to answer, he said, "So you buy a dress and we find a church and we get married this Sunday."

"This Sunday?" Dorothy asked. "The day after tomorrow?"

"Well?" Jacques asked.

They looked at each other for a moment, Dorothy still in a state of semi-shock, Jacques waiting for her to snap out of it. . . .

And then Jacques leaned back, reached for a phone and said, smilingly, to a smiling Dorothy, "Now to find out about the business of the certificate. . . ."

Exactly forty-five minutes and eleven phone calls later, neither of them was smiling. The bad news was, simply, that they could not get married in Japan without undergoing a five-day waiting period.

"Now what do we do?" Dorothy asked. Jacques thought for a moment. "When I was in the Army, in France," he said, "there used to be an expression we used when we had a problem. 'Tell the minister,' it went."

"Our boys had the same expression," Dorothy said, nodding, "only I think it went, 'Take it to the chaplain.'"

"Yes," Jacques said, reaching for the phone again, then asking the hotel clerk to place a call to the nearest Catholic Church. "Hello, Father?" he was saying a few moments later, to an English-speaking priest at the other end of the line. He explained his and Dorothy's problem.

When he hung up, he turned to Dorothy. "It's all settled," he said. "We go to Hong Kong."

"Hong Kong?" Dorothy asked. "You mean—China?"

"Once a part of China, though Hong Kong is now a British Crown Colony," Jacques said. "The priest told me it will be easy there, with no wait. And he said



JUDY MEREDITH

Everybody (guys and gals) should read "Understand The Boy In Your Life" in the September-October issue of **INGENUE**.

It says boy-girl relationships can be great, instead of a problem. The way it should be!

there is a fine Catholic church there, St. Teresa's, and a priest we must call as soon as we get there, a Father Orlando. . . . It's only a few hours by plane from here, Dorothy. Are you still game? A Sunday wedding—this Sunday?"

"I'm dizzy, but yes," she said, "a Sunday wedding—this Sunday."

Jacques got up from the couch. "There's a travel agency in the lobby," he said. "I'll go down and get the tickets. Meanwhile, you tell your mama what we've decided and tell her that she must get ready to come with us, too."

"Ready," a voice came from the next room. "Children, I could hear everything through these Japanese walls. And I don't mind telling you slowpokes I've just about got my suitcase packed already!"

The plane carrying the excited three-some arrived at Hong Kong Airport shortly after noon the following day, Saturday. There to meet them were Mr. K. Y. Pan, the local MGM distribution manager, and his wife, and Mr. H. S. Moh, of Paramount Pictures. Immediately, Dorothy and Jacques asked Mr. Moh and Mrs. Pan if they would act as best man and matron-of-honor at the wedding. The two agreed, there were embraces all around and then the entire party drove to the Peninsula Hotel for lunch.

Following lunch, there was an interview with reporters from the local press.

And then Mr. Moh and the Pans drove Jacques and Dorothy to the City Hall for the civil marriage papers.

At three o'clock, the couple parted, Jacques leaving with the men for the church where they would talk with the priest and make the necessary arrangements for the next day, Dorothy leaving with Mrs. Pan to buy her dress.

Like any girl in a hurry, anywhere, Dorothy took hours making up her mind about the dress. She and Mrs. Pan went from shop to shop to shop. And it wasn't till they came to a shop run by a Miss Betty Clemo that the decision was made.

Dorothy spotted something in the back of the shop, a very simple dress, snow white, strangely cut—long, with three-quarter sleeves and high slits on either side—hanging alone in a shining glass case.

"That's nice," Dorothy said, staring over at it, suddenly fascinated.

"That is what we call a *cheongsam*—a Chinese-style dress," Miss Clemo told her. "It's made of Guipure lace, the most exquisite of all laces. I daresay it's the most beautiful dress in all of Hong Kong."

"It is beautiful," she said. "I think it's the most beautiful dress I've ever seen."

Her eyes still on the dress, she said, "I imagine it's very expensive."

"Let's see," Miss Clemo said, figuring. "In American money it would cost—\$800." Dorothy gulped.

She turned away from the case. "Oh my gosh," she said. "I know movie people are supposed to be rich. But I'm a girl who works hard for her money, and I'm not a big spender by nature, and \$800—well, that's a fortune for just one dress."

"It's not cheap, no," said Miss Clemo. "I should say not," said Dorothy. "And—"

She stopped suddenly and turned back around to look at the dress again.

"—And I really love it and a girl only gets married once and I'll take it!" she said, in one long, jubilant breath.

What the newspaper said

The wedding, this morning, was very lovely, a Hong Kong reporter wrote for his paper later that next day. The Nuptial Mass, held in conjunction with a Students' Day Mass, began at 7:45 and lasted nearly an hour. It was officiated by the Reverend Father Carmelus Orlando. The church was decorated with palm leaves and little vases of ginger flowers, which gave off a permeating fragrance.

Miss Malone, looking very appealing and kneeling at the silk-draped prie-dieu with Mr. Bergerac throughout the Mass, seemed radiant and she smiled particularly when the chorus of children's voices began to sing the hymns Immaculate Mary and Soul of Our Saviour.

Following the Mass, the couple walked arm-in-arm down the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin and then went to the Vestry where Miss Malone cut a wedding cake and where all drank champagne, provided by the mother of the bride.

With the champagne the groom, at the suggestion of friends, proposed a traditional Oriental toast to his bride—To me you are and always will be the scent of the flowers, the radiance of the moon, the purity of the snow—and then the bride retired to a room to change into her going-away outfit, an ivory silk suit with a smart cloche hat.

It was interesting to all to note that though it was raining and the skies were leaden when the bride arrived, the rain had ceased and the sun was just managing to glint through the heavy clouds as the film stars left the Vestry together.

"Surely a sign of good luck," as one of the crowd remarked. **END**

See Dorothy in MGM's THE LAST VOYAGE.



JUDY GEYER, Senior, Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H., says:

"I scrubbed and tried all kinds of remedies, but the blemishes stayed. Then I heard how well Clearasil worked for other girls like myself. Now, every time I look in the mirror, I thank Clearasil for the way it cleared my complexion."

Judy Geyer

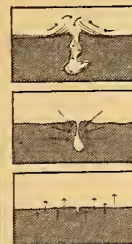
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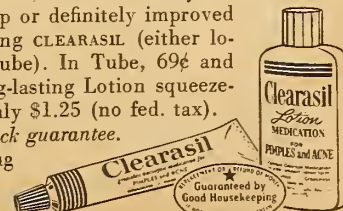


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LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

Conversation with a 'Trapped Animal'

(Continued from page 39)

"I never said that," she said. "But somebody dreamed it up and printed it and I got accused of insulting the country. Some of those people accused me of everything. I missed a press conference one day and they printed such terrible things that people booed me when I left the hotel.

"I couldn't wait till it was all over," she said. "I couldn't wait."

"You'll get over it," I said.

Ava nodded, and smiled again.

"I get over everything in time, I guess," she said.

Then, as the smile began to lessen, she said, "Except, I guess, some things."

"Like?" I asked.

She thought for a moment.

"Like some of the men I've known recently, men who've pretended to like me and who've taken me out, but who—deep down—are only interested in which newspaper column our date is going to be printed up in, in which photographer is going to be nearby to record our big date for all posterity.

"Cheats," Ava said. "The world is full of them. Everybody cheats. Or almost everybody. From Hollywood to Rome to Timbuctoo."

Again she shook her head.

"Don't get me wrong," she said, "it's not only other people who make me mad. It's me, too—me myself. It's—"

The waiter interrupted her as he came to the table with the drinks she'd ordered.

After the ritual of preparing them, he served them, and then he bowed slightly and left.

"It's me, too, who makes me mad," Ava said, after taking a long swallow from her glass. "Oh, some of the memories I have of myself."

She took another swallow, and then she laid the glass down on the table.

"I was so selfish with my mother, for one thing—till the day she died," she said. "So selfish.

"I was twenty-one. I'd landed in Hollywood three years before. Nothing much was happening. But I was there, making fifty whole dollars a week, and away from North Carolina and the poorness and the dirt and everything. And then I got this message from home. Mama was dying of cancer. She'd had it a long time now, the message said, and she was taking it well. She never complained. She took nothing for it either, except aspirin. I didn't know how she endured that pain. I couldn't have. But anyway she did, for a couple of years. And knowing she was sick, I thought to myself that I should go home and be with her. But did I?

"No," she said. "I knew I should have been with her. But I was so selfish. I was interested only in myself . . ."

Her voice trailed off and there was a moment of silence which seemed endless. I watched Ava clench her hands until the knuckles turned white, and when I could stand the silence no longer, I said, "What really happened between you and your mother, Ava?"

She raised her head and our eyes met and held. Her lips quivered and she finally began to speak.

"It all began one night, on the farm where we lived, in North Carolina. I was fifteen, I think, or almost fifteen—a tall self-conscious girl, 'that big girl with the pretty hair,' they used to call me. And there was this boy. He was my first date. He took me to a dance in town that night. I was so happy. He was nice and he had a car—his family wasn't anything near as poor as we were—and I thought, *Boy, I'm*

a lucky girl, having a nice fellow like this take me out. And when the evening was over and he walked me onto the porch, he asked if he could kiss me. I said, 'Yes, I'd like that'—because I liked him and I was happy. And I remember how, in the middle of the kiss, my mother walked out onto the porch and she screamed, 'Ava, what are you doing?' Then she chased the boy away and she had a talk with me. And the things she called me and that boy, they don't bear repeating now . . . But I remember I was scared. And I remember going to my room after that and scrubbing my face and hands over and over, trying to wash off some of the dirt I was sure I'd contracted from that kiss . . . And after that—it's funny, but after that, for a while, I didn't seem interested in boy-friends. And I was hurt with what my mother had said to me. I guess in some weird way I thought I was getting back at her by not going home. My God, isn't that awful! And so I stayed in Hollywood instead of going home to her. And when I got the news she was dead, I cried. And



FRANKIE
AVALON

*I like girls
who look natural.
You know, let a
little skin show
instead of burying
their faces under an
inch of make-up.
For example,
I like that girl
on the cover of
INGENUE Magazine.
But everyone
to his own taste.
What do you
say, Jimmy?*

(See what Jimmy Darren has to say on page 71.)

I said, 'Mama, I really loved you so much. I miss you, Mama. I want you back. I should have been with you, Mama. I know that! . . . Except it was too late.

"Then," she said, "then I got married. One and two and three—poof."

She picked up her glass and took another swallow, finishing off her drink this time.

Her face looked flushed now. Her eyes less clear. "Three marriages—three flops."

And then, suddenly, she reached across the table and put her hand on mine.

"You know," she said, "this is going to sound so terribly corny. But yes, I'd like to get married again and I'd like it to be happy and right and all that. But most of all, most of all, I'd want a baby out of my marriage."

I could see the tears beginning to form in her eyes.

"I've always wanted a baby," she went on. "People think I've been blessed with so much. But—"

She removed her hand from mine and brought it up to her eyes and began to wipe away the tears.

"Say something, quick," she said, "before I really start bawling."

I fumbled around with some words.

"How's it been here in Spain, these past five years?"

"It's—it's been happy," she said, bringing down her hand. "They leave me alone here, for one thing. I can walk around the streets of Madrid, the biggest streets; I can go into the shops or a theater and almost nobody looks or comes up and asks stupid questions and bothers me.

"And I have my house, a small place—five rooms, a terrace, and privacy, good wonderful privacy.

"And Bea, my sister, is with me a lot of the time.

"And people come visit me—friends here in Spain and people like you, people I really like, from back home.

"And I have my books.

"And my music—my records and the real music, the music of the people and of this country.

"And I feel here that I can take off my shoes whenever I want, like a girl back on the farm, like the girl in North Carolina I used to be, really—the strange little hillbilly I guess I was and always will be. . . .

"The strange little hillbilly," she repeated, wistfully, as if the words themselves brought back certain memories that she could only half-remember.

"The strange little hillbilly. . . ."

At that moment, two men entered the cabaret.

Both were dark, obviously gypsies, and one carried a guitar.

"Señorita Ava," they both cried out when they saw her and as they came rushing over to the table.

Ava spent a few minutes listening to the two welcome her.

Then, putting up her hand, she said, "Gracias, gracias, my old friends. Now how about a little music to really welcome me."

"Si," they both said happily. "Si."

And with that, they took a few steps back and the man with the guitar began to strum his instrument and the other began to sing.

It was a fast, pulsating song they performed—Andalusian, wild and primitive, as wild and primitive as the Southern mountain country where it was conceived.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Ava asked, almost to herself, after a while.

I turned to look at her, as she continued to watch the two gypsies.

I noticed, immediately, that for the first time in that past hour she seemed relaxed, her eyes, her expression, her body—all the tenseness that had been hanging heavily upon her gone, suddenly, completely.

I watched her, a moment later, as she rose from her chair.

I shook my head as she asked, "Do you mind if I dance? . . . I just feel like dancing . . . Anyway, I've been talking too much and it's time for a change. Okay?"

I watched her as she kicked off her shoes, as she walked away from the table, as she began to dance—tapping her right foot at first, in time with the music; then, like the music, exploding into a gypsy frenzy of quick steps and twirls, and clapping her hands and giving out with throaty shouts of *olé*.

The waiter walked over to our table a few minutes later.

"Another drink, Señor, while you wait?" he asked. "The señorita will want another when she is finished. I know."

"All right," I said. "Bring two more."

Then I turned to watch Ava, twirling and clapping her hands and shouting her *olé*s, her bare feet hitting hard against the ground, a strange and magnificent creature, part hillbilly, part empress, strange and magnificent and lost and sad—a beautiful female animal trapped in her own misery, whose desperate dance of escape will probably never free her from the chains of unfulfillment.

END

See Ava in United Artists' ON THE BEACH.

Who's Frankie, My Darling?

(Continued from page 50)

there Frankie was, sitting on a long wooden bench. Soon as he saw me he jumped and came over.

"Hi..." Frankie said.

I could barely say "Hi" because he looked so groovy.

Suddenly we were in a taxi. The stranger turned out to be Frankie's manager, and he said we had an hour to kill.

"Why don't we ride through Central Park?" the manager suggested.

"Okay," I said.

After a moment of quiet, Frankie spoke. "Hey, Con," he said, "do you like Frank Sinatra?"

"Frank Sinatra!" I almost shouted. "I love him. He's my favorite singer. For my birthday I'm buying nothing but Frank Sinatra albums."

"You kiddin'?"

"Huh-uh," I said.

That was it, the icebreaker. From then on we talked about Frank Sinatra—his albums, the way he dressed (Frankie said he liked the way his shirt cuffs peeked out from his jackets), his personal life.

In a while, as the December snow fell on the bare dark hills of the Park, we drove toward 59th Street. It was nearly premiere time.

Frankie and I both swooned when we arrived at the Roxy Theatre. We had never seen so many big spotlights. Right behind us we noticed Joan Collins, Robert Wagner, Tab Hunter. The fans were all shook up over the celebs, but they never looked at us once. We were nobodies.

Frankie looked like a living doll. He was wearing a bright tomato-red blazer, grey flannels and white bucks.

"Hey, Con," he said, "do you think somebody might look at my white bucks and think I'm Pat Boone and maybe ask for my autograph?"

We had a good laugh over that.

When we sat down, I reached into my purse for my eyeglasses, and, just like a clumsy fool, I dropped them on the floor. I was nervous, I guess, since I'd never been to a premiere. So Frankie, good old Frankie, crawled on his knees and kept fumbling for them. And I kept worrying about his clean white bucks getting dirty. But Frankie didn't give up until he found my glasses.

After the movie, Frankie said, "Gee, Con, someday I'd love to act in a Hollywood film."

"I'll bet you will someday, Frankie."

"Oh, Con," he said in a woebegone voice, "I'm disgusted. I've been in this business all my life, and I'm nowhere. I've had a teenage night club, danced on the Jackie Gleason Show. Everyone's said, 'Frankie, you're made! You're in!' But nothing's happened. I haven't had one hit record, and I'm just a big fat failure!"

"Oh Frankie," I said, a bit depressed myself, "it's the same story with me. When I was twelve I sang on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, and everybody kept telling me I was a hit. But I'm nowhere. I'm going to give it all up. It's such a tough business, and I've been breaking my neck for some luck, but no go. I haven't had a hit either. If my record, *Who's Sorry Now*, doesn't take off, I'm kissing the whole record business good-bye. My record's been out a month now and, so far, nothing's happened. I think I'll go to college and study philosophy."

"Con, I know just how you feel," Frankie sympathized. "My record *De De Dinah* is out, and it hasn't taken off either, so I think I'll go to school, too..."

"You wanna shake on that?" I asked.

"Okay!" Frankie agreed, and we shook.

Outside, the newspaper photographers were taking hundreds of flash pictures of Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Joan Collins—all the celebs. The big brass band from Columbia University was playing lively marching songs, and everybody was screaming, but nobody, not one person, turned to look or nod at Frankie or me.

I could tell Frankie felt funny, so I said, "Frankie, you're a star. To me!"

"Con," he smiled. "You're a star, too. I've been wanting to tell you I just love your dress. It's beautiful!"

I flipped. He noticed my dress! So I promised myself silently to wear it the next time I saw him.

February, 1958

Dear Diary,

I've just come from a big party at the fabulous St. Regis Roof which is decorated with crystal chandeliers and silky pink wallpaper. I wore my dress for Frankie. I had heard he was going to be there. . . .

We ran smack into each other at the party, and soon as Frankie saw me, he said, "Hey, Miss Francis!" I did a double-take. Why was he so formal? "May I please have your autograph?"

I got the message. So I smiled and said, "Hey, Mr. Avalon, may I please have yours?"

Why? Well, both our records had taken off like skyrockets. For the first time people crowded around us, wanting to know what it felt like having a hit record.

Frankie whispered to me, "Hey, Con, it's taken us a whole lifetime, huh, but we've made it!"

January, 1959

Dear Diary,

Gee, I felt awful when Frankie told me the boys were making fun of him. All through the rock-and-roll show at the Loew's State the fellows hissed, and Frankie hated to go out on stage. . . .

I didn't have any inkling about all this until that first night of the show when I was sipping a Coke backstage. I saw Frankie coming down the stairs looking so sad and gloomy.

"Hey, Frankie, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Con," he said, drawing a deep breath, "I'll be all right."

"But . . . but you look so down in the dumps?"

"Well," he hedged. "They . . . they don't like me out there."

"What?" I said, stunned.

"The fellows, they're hissing. . . ."

"Listen, Frankie," I said, fighting mad, "they're just jealous!"

"You think so, Con?" he asked, his eyes looking into mine for a moment.

"Absolutely!" I said. "Don't worry about it, Frankie. Just go out there and do your best and have a ball!"

It was nice being able to help Frankie a little bit. He's shy, and needs a boost now and then.

February, 1959

Dear Diary,

Mom and my secretary, Pigeon, and I were hungry for a good spaghetti dinner, so we called Mrs. Avalone in Philly and said, 'How's about it? You in the mood for some hungry company?'

Frankie's mom makes sensational spaghetti, and she's so happy when people come over for a visit—and dig in. . . .

Frankie was there. He had just come back from the coast. So Pigeon, who's a wild Frankie fan, decided to pick up some

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gossip. She'd get a chance to hear the latest. "Hey, Frankie," she asked at the dinner table (we were all gorging ourselves on spaghetti, meatballs, sliced tomatoes and homemade Italian bread), "what did you do in Hollywood?"

"Pigeon," Frankie said, "I had a great time. I dated Annette and Marianne Gaba, and I met Ricky!"

"Tell us about Annette and Marianne! They're such dolls," Pigeon said.

"You know me, Pidge," Frankie said. "I don't care what gals look like. I go for a girl's way with a guy."

"Attaboy, Frankie!" I cheered.

Then we went into the living room to watch television. Pigeon saw a picture of a gorgeous blonde on the mantel. She was wearing a tight sweater and short-shorts. The picture was inscribed, *To Frankie . . . I love you, even though you don't think I'm sexy.*

I saw Pigeon turn green.

"Frankie?" she asked, trying not to sound hurt. "Who . . . who's that?"

"Just a fan," Frankie smiled. "Hey, Pidge, why don't we go for a ride, huh? I have my new Thunderbird outside. You, too, Con! Come on!"

But I let Pigeon go with Frankie. I fig-

ured she'd get a chance to talk to him alone, and it would be a memory she would cherish for always.

April, 1959

Dear Diary,

Frankie, Pigeon and I drove to Albany, New York, in a big black Caddy with a chauffeur. We were invited to appear at the Catholic Youth benefit. . . .

When we arrived in Albany, a priest met us and told us we were going to meet the Bishop.

"But what am I supposed to do when we meet him?" Frankie asked.

"You kneel on one knee and kiss the Bishop's ring," the Father told us.

When we met the Bishop, we kissed his ring. And when we stood up from our kneeling position, the Bishop asked us for our autographs. We were surprised. "I want them for my nephews," he told us.

The Bishop blessed us then, and Pigeon, who's not a Catholic, asked for a blessing too.

The benefit was held in a huge field house, and it was a smash. Afterward, we drove all the way to New York in the Caddy. By accident a window was broken by the fans when we left, and the car was

cold. We decided to stop at a roadside restaurant for some Italian food to warm us up. Frankie ordered veal parmigiana (one of his favorite dishes), and Pigeon and I had pizza.

When we got back to the car, the night had gotten colder. Frankie curled in a corner of the back seat and tried to sleep. It was late and we were all tired. But he was chilly. Pigeon and I saw him shiver. So we took off our coats and put them over him so he'd be warm, and Pigeon and I huddled next to each other so we wouldn't be cold.

Frankie looked dreamy sleeping in the corner. Pigeon and I swooned. How can a gal fall asleep when Frankie's in the same car with her? So Pigeon and I whispered all the way home about what an angel Frankie was, how proud we were to be his friends and how we wished his success would grow and grow and grow.

Because once you know Frankie Shy-Guy you realize he's not only the Most.

More than that.

He's the Greatest!

END

The song FRANKIE is used by permission of Aldon Music, Inc., Nevins-Kirshner Assoc.

I Stole My Baby

(Continued from page 43)

that I can see him in the morning like this."

A soft smile had lingered on the pretty face of this young mother as she talked of her little boy. Now she grew serious and said, "I did. I stole my son because I wanted him. Every mother should have her baby with her. It seemed that the only way I could have my baby was to steal him. So I did. There is a contempt charge against me in Memphis, Tennessee, because I took my little boy away with me. If I return I can be fined—or jailed. I don't like to defy the law. But I had to have my little boy. Is this a crime?"

"It had been many months—almost a year—since I'd had my little boy with me," Stella went on. "All the time I was making good in Hollywood this past year, getting started on a movie career, my joy was mixed with a deep sadness. I'd been in Hollywood only a short while when I was signed by 20th and became busy in pictures. It all happened very quickly and it was wonderful. People at the studio would come up to me and say, 'My, you're a lucky girl, Stella. You're making the grade so fast. You must be real happy.' But I wasn't happy. Because even while I was acting in front of the camera, even while my agent was telling me about this and that role coming up for me, my mind kept turning, always, to a little towheaded two-year old boy with round, blue eyes, thousands of miles away in Memphis.

"I was going along like this, feeling that the most important thing in my life was to have him, but waiting for the right time to get him.

"Then, one night, something happened to make me determined to have my baby with me without waiting any longer. I'd gone with a friend to see *Hole in the Head*. When I saw Frank Sinatra and that cute little boy, Eddie Hodges, I started to cry. Everyone else was laughing at the funny things going on between Frank and that adorable little boy. But in Eddie's innocent, child's eyes I saw the big, round eyes of my own little boy. I couldn't control my tears. I had a consuming desire to be with my own little boy, and I couldn't wait another month—not another day. The

court hearings for the purpose of permitting me to take my own son out of Memphis to live with me seemed to go on forever. I had to have him with me right now.

"That night I did a daring thing. Only it didn't seem like a daring thing to me at the time. It seemed like a natural thing. I hopped on a plane and flew to Memphis so that I could see my son and take him back with me. In doing that I may have defied the laws. I wasn't thinking of that"

My heart went out to Stella. She looked so forlorn, remembering.

"Why was it necessary for me to have to steal my own son in the first place? Why wasn't he living with me?"

How it began

"I guess it all started because I married too young. I was only fifteen when I married Herman Stephens. He was eighteen. We'd been going steady for several years and it just seemed natural that we'd marry. One night we drove to Holly Springs, Mississippi, and got married.

"Even though it's not uncommon for girls in the South to marry young, we kept our marriage secret because we thought our parents would object.

"When I learned a few months later that I was going to have a baby, we told our folks. I guess I should have been frightened at the thought of becoming a mother at sixteen, but I wasn't. Although I was married only four months, I was becoming bored. Herman was an electrician and was away all day and would come home tired. Taking care of our little house in Memphis wasn't enough to keep me stimulated. Most of my friends were still at Tech High School and I couldn't mingle with the older married set.

"Having a baby would give me something to do—someone to love. It would fill my life. I looked forward eagerly to having a baby.

"After Andy was born, everyone was surprised to see me settle down so easily to taking care of him.

"But the truth was that I was 100 percent absorbed in my baby not only because I loved him dearly—but because my husband and I had fallen out of love with each other.

"We were too young when we married. The thrills during dating didn't carry over into marriage. We had nothing in common. Funny how we didn't recognize that during the time we were dating. I

wanted to make something of my life. I didn't want to spend the rest of my days washing dishes; nights sitting in front of the TV while my husband snoozed. Also Herman had done some boxing and he couldn't seem to confine his fighting to the Golden Gloves ring. Two arrests went on his record. I was terribly disillusioned. I wanted to go back to school, even to college, to improve myself. My husband laughed when I told him that.

"We began to quarrel. One night, after one of these quarrels, he walked out.

"Our marriage was over. I was awarded full custody of the baby, along with \$35 a month child support and \$15 alimony. I was determined that Andy should have a chance in life, and to do that I knew I'd have to go back to school—nights. I took care of my baby during the day. Both my parents worked—my father, Mr. Eggleston, as a foreman at International Harvester, and my mother as a nurse at Kennedy Veterans Hospital. They babysat at night.

I worked very hard at school. I wanted to have a career—I wasn't sure what. I'd never dreamed of becoming an actress. But when I entered Memphis State University and worked in the Drama Club, things opened up for me.

"A Hollywood publicity agent, Irving Shiffren, who was in Memphis briefly on a promotion deal for *God's Little Acre*, saw me at a fashion show when I was modeling at Goldsmith's Department store, and told me he could arrange a screen test for me if I came to Hollywood.

"I could hardly believe him. Besides, I wanted to learn more about acting. A few months later, after doing more local plays, I thought I'd take him up on the screen test offer. Borrowing some money from my parents, I kissed my baby good-bye (my folks were going to watch him while I was gone) and I took off for Hollywood. For a month, I thought.

"Then," said Stella, smiling, "a miracle happened. There was a test waiting for me at 20th. Dick Powell directed it. And twenty-one days later I had a contract.

"I was thrilled. My heart was just about ready to burst. And immediately I thought, *I'll rent a little house for my baby and me.*

"But although I had custody of my boy, I wasn't allowed to take him out of the state of Tennessee except by special court order. I wanted permission to take my baby out of Memphis so that he could live

with me, but his father objected.

"Again and again there were snags in my court hearing to get legal permission to take my baby with me. There were postponements, and there were times I couldn't make the trial because I was busy working in pictures. After *Say One For Me*, I went directly into *Blue Angel*.

"It was almost a year since I'd been with my baby. I was hungry for the sight and touch of him. But still, I couldn't leave Hollywood or I'd lose the headway I'd begun to make. One day I was told I'd have to go to Oklahoma City for a personal appearance. Oklahoma City was only 500 miles away from Memphis. I called my parents and asked them to bring Andy to me there so that I could see him again.

"My time was filled almost every minute with appointments set up by the studio while I was in Oklahoma City. But I worked every angle to see my son. When I was in a parade, I arranged with my parents to hold him up at a certain street corner so that I could see him and blow him some special kisses. I slipped out of a big civic dinner, where I was one of the guests of honor, so that I could have dinner with my baby. Then my parents drove back to Memphis with him, and I flew back to Hollywood.

"The two days with my baby were like a teaser: I knew I had to have my child with me."

Nevertheless, this could be resolved only



**JIMMY
DARREN:**

*I like a girl who's really with it, up-to-the-minute and maybe just one step ahead of the crowd. For instance, a girl who knows what's new and what's interesting—a girl who reads **INGENUITY**. What's your type, Sal?*

(See what Sal Mineo has to say on page 80.)

by a court trial.

"In March," Stella went on, "I flew back to Memphis for the hearing, believing that I'd be able to bring Andy back with me. I'd even rented a house in Beverly Hills with a big back yard and a room, that would be his, that had knotty pine walls and murals of cowboys on it. But I came back alone. The trial had been postponed again.

"It wasn't only my own emotions that were involved, but Andy's," Stella explained. "I noticed when I saw Andy the last time, he seemed to be confused. He couldn't understand why his mother wasn't with him all the time. Somehow, he was beginning to get the feeling that his mommy didn't love him. I didn't want him to feel rejected, and yet the more we were apart, the more confused he became.

"When I had to go back to Hollywood, after the hearing had been postponed in Memphis, Andy took it as hard as I did. He ran after me at the airport crying, 'Mommy, Mommy, don't leave me.' He was right behind me, tugging at my skirt. I was blind with tears myself, but forced myself to run into the plane. He climbed into the plane after me. We were both crying, and finally my parents had to pull Andy off. I looked out the window, and through the blur managed to see my little boy kicking and crying. I was sick.

"Back in Hollywood I got the news that I was going into the lead in *Li'l Abner*. I

was happy about that, of course, but I couldn't forget the sight of my little boy. "When I made my decision, I had to work fast. I had to be at work early Monday morning."

That very night Stella got on a plane for Memphis. She used another name—Florrie Williams, who was another Fox player—so that no one in her home town would know she was there. Luckily, it was raining that early Sunday morning and no one was around. She bent her head low against the rain and went out the side door of the airport. The taxi driver didn't recognize the tall, blonde girl, carrying a suitcase, who crouched in the back of his cab. The suitcase Stella was carrying was empty. "It was for Andy's clothes," she said simply. "I was going to fill it and take him back with me.

"All Sunday I stayed in my mother's house and scarcely moved. I didn't even walk around, for fear someone might see me through the windows. I just sat in a corner and played with Andy. I was afraid something might happen—any little thing that would tip off the neighbors to the fact that I was there. I didn't want anything to hold me up.

"There was a plane leaving for Los Angeles late that night. I held Andy and said, 'You're going home with Mommy.' 'That's good,' he said. 'And we'll never be separated again,' I said. 'Mommy will never leave you.' 'That's very good,' he said.

"It was just before midnight when I slipped out of the house with Andy. He was sleeping, and I was grateful for that. At least, he wouldn't be making any sounds to attract attention. I wore treader pants and a shirt so that I could go straight to the studio when we landed in L.A.

"At the airport, we didn't go through the lobby, but sneaked in by the side entrance. A girl I'd gone to school with happened to be at the airport that night and spotted me. 'Estelle,' she called. 'Wait for me. I want to see you.' I held Andy tighter and ran. Sitting in the plane I prayed, 'Dear God, let this plane go up. Let me bring my baby home with me.'

"It was only after we got up in the air that I was able to breathe again. I held Andy in my arms all the way. I couldn't sleep. It was the fear that I might not be able to make the trip home, that someone or something might stop us. We had to stop at Dallas. I locked myself up in the ladies' room with my boy, then came out at takeoff time.

"Although I hadn't slept in two nights, when I got off the plane in Los Angeles I wasn't one bit tired. For the first time in a year, I was completely happy. I turned Andy over to a wonderful English nursemaid I'd hired. Then I drove to Paramount and worked. When I got home I had dinner with my son. It was the happiest night of my life.

"There's a contempt charge against me in Memphis. My parents were thrown in jail after I left, and charged with conspiracy. They were cleared, but not before they had to put up \$1000 bond apiece.

"My case came up again this July and I couldn't be there, so my husband was awarded full custody of Andy. I was told that sympathy in town was with him. It wasn't at first, because he had married and divorced another fifteen-year-old girl since our break-up and people didn't consider him a good father. But now the town felt I was wrong because I'd taken Andy away with me. If I return to Memphis I can be jailed. I won't go back.

"I stole my son. I'll pay whatever price there is to pay. But I'll never let my baby go."

END

Stella is featured in Paramount's *Li'l Abner*.

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Sal Mineo and the Little Blind Girl

(Continued from page 41)

she's cute as a button. But to me she's beautiful. She has a very soft quality in her face, a high forehead—the kind you see in the paintings by the old masters of Renaissance women—and pale eyes and tender lips.

We met backstage at the Palace Theater in Flint, Michigan, when I was on tour a while back. I was prepared for our meeting in one sense. Sharon had sent a letter in Braille to the theater and I got it that Saturday afternoon when I arrived. Her cousin, Judy Murphy, had written an explanation of the Braille in longhand under each of Sharon's sentences.

This is what she said:

Dear Sal,

We are two girls who just saw you on American Bandstand and thought you were great! As you said, "The looks and color of hair don't matter but the girl's personality does." We wish more boys would take that attitude.

We know you are coming to Flint, Saturday and you are appearing at the Palace. We are not sure we will be able to attend your appearance but sincerely hope to if possible.

Would you please send us two pictures and if you have any spare would you please call us between 12:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M. Saturday. If you do not call we will understand. If you do call call at Cedar 5-2480. If you would do this we would know you received our letter. We know we will enjoy your new movie "The Young Don't Cry." We also enjoy your new field recording, and would enjoy you in a musical movie.

We hope to see or hear from you.

Sincerely,

Sharon Meredith [14]

Judy Murphy [16]

Sharon even tried to write her name in ink, and I was touched by her determination.

Strangely enough, the letter made me feel uneasy. I don't know why, but it did. Maybe it was because I just wasn't sure of how I should behave. I always like to look into people's eyes when I talk to them, and suddenly I was going to have to make contact with someone whose eyes couldn't look back into mine.

That afternoon when I finished my speech on stage, I returned to my dressing

room and wondered about how I'd face Sharon.

But before I had a chance to think too much, my brother Victor knocked on the door and said, "Sal, you have some visitors."

There was a tight thick feeling in my heart. Anxious as I was to meet Sharon and Judy, I could barely answer Victor to say, "Show them in."

When the door opened, Victor stood in the doorway and the two girls, dressed in colored blouses and skirts, walked into the room. Judy led Sharon by the hand. "Hello," I managed.

Sharon smiled. "Is . . . is that Sal?"

"Yes," I said. "It's me . . . Sal Mineo."

Judy's eyes, wide and bright, stared at me. "Yes, Sharon," she said. "It's Sal!"

A photographer who was covering the personal appearance tour stopped by the dressing room for backstage shots.

"Not now," I told him. "I have visitors."

He said he'd wait.

"Oh, Sal," Sharon sighed, "I . . . I wish I could see you!"

Her words sent a chill through me. I closed my eyes and, for that moment, I suddenly imagined myself never being able to see again. Never able to see the sparkle of stars in a dark sky, the pink fire of the morning sun, the jewel greens of the trees shimmering in the peak of summer, the easy smile of a laughing child, the faces of my parents and grandparents.

Imagine living in a world of total darkness, never knowing the colors and shapes and expressions of life!

Trembling, I couldn't answer Sharon. My throat was parched. Again Sharon said, "Oh, Sal, I wish—just for one second—that I could see you, that I could have one quick look!"

Tears flooded my eyes and rolled down my cheeks, and I fell on my knees before her. I took her soft hands in mine, and put them on my face.

Gently, she patted my cheeks, my forehead, my chin. I wanted her hands to know the way I looked.

"Sal," she said whispering, "you're crying!"

I nodded.

"Oh, Sal," she said, "please don't cry. I'm so happy to be with you—just for this little while. Please try to be happy, too!"

I wiped away my tears, but I couldn't stop them.

I told her I was happy we met. Looking up at her, I saw her face light up. It had saintly radiance, almost a divine glow.

Smiling, I held her hand to my cheek, and the photographer—he had tears in his eyes, too—asked if he could take the picture.

"I've never been so moved in my life," he said. . . .

People I'd never see again

The photographing over, Sharon, Judy and I talked about films and recording stars.

"I have all of your records," Sharon told me.

I asked if she had a phonograph of her own in her room.

"No, we have an old one at home. But it plays all right," she said cheerfully.

Victor offered to order Cokes and cookies from the nearby drugstore. In a while we were in the midst of a good gab session, talking about everything from my mom's pizza pie to the cool lake breezes in Michigan.

Finally, Judy said, "I hate to be the one to say it, but it's almost six o'clock, and Sharon, we've got to get back in time for supper or else everyone'll be worried."

Before I knew it we were saying good-bye. Victor and I went to the bus stop with Sharon and Judy. The sun was sinking in the sky, and I began to feel a little sad. *What a funny business I'm in, I told myself. Here today, gone tomorrow, meeting wonderful people I might never see again. . . .*

Victor and I walked a little through the streets of Flint. We passed an appliance shop. The owner was in the midst of closing up, but I persuaded him to take an order. I had Sharon's letter in my suit pocket, and I told him I wanted a hi-fi phonograph delivered to her address as a gift from me.

That next morning we left Michigan and flew on to our next stop. But one thing stayed with me: the sweet, radiant joy in Sharon's face. . . .

It wasn't long after my afternoon with Sharon that I had another reason, a very serious one, to cherish the privilege of meeting that courageous girl. A strange affliction hit my eye, putting me in a state of terror and misery whenever I got overtired. Finally my doctors told me there was only one way to correct it: surgery.

After the operation, as I lay in constant pain in the hospital, not daring to think of what might happen when they took the bandages off, I thought back to a brave blind girl who asked me to be happy.

And her words gave me comfort while I prayed to God for healing and recovery.

I will never forget her—Sharon Meredith, the little blind girl who changed my life. . . .

See Sal in Columbia's THE GENE KRUPA STORY.

Why I Had to End My Love Affair with Edd Byrnes

(Continued from page 37)

"Let's go out and have a cup of coffee," she suggested.

He shook his head.

"Oh, Edd . . . I wish you'd take me out for coffee."

Again that shake of the head.

"I just want to mosey home. Thanks for trying to cheer me up, but it won't work."

The girl bit her lips. *I've seen him through these moods before,* she thought. *He's blue . . . I've got to get him out of it or he's sunk.*

She smiled up at him. "Well, certainly you'll walk to the corner with me and buy me a pack of cigarettes. I'm all out. Surely, you can give me five more minutes. . . ."

"Nope," he said quietly. "No, doll. Don't ask me why, but I've got to go."

Inside the apartment, Asa Maynor stood leaning against the door, trying to understand. Most of the time it was easy to understand Edd. But sometimes she couldn't. Like tonight—just running off this way.

The phone rang.

Edd's voice, apologetic.

"Honey, don't be mad at me. . . ."

"I'm not, Edd. But I am hurt. Why did you run off that way?"

"I was too embarrassed to tell you, baby. But when you asked me for a cup of coffee, I didn't have a dime—not two

skinny nickels to rub against each other—to buy you a cup of coffee. And I was ashamed. Some day I'll be able to buy you dinner at Romanoff's, just like that. But doll, tonight I couldn't even buy you a cup of coffee. . . ."

Today, Edd can buy the fancy dinner he was talking about. For years, Asa Maynor stood by Edd, encouraging him, bolstering up his faith in himself, sharing his hopes and dreams.

Today, the day they'd been waiting and struggling for is apparently here. At last they could face the world together. . . .

But can they? As Edd stands on the brink of a wonderful career, he'd be foolish to

risk his new found fame by getting tied up with any one girl. That's why you're apt to see Edd posing in publicity layouts with Judi Meredith, Connie Stevens and other beautiful film girls. But Asa knows him best.

If Asa is unhappy about it, she hides it. She tries to understand. She says, "Before Edd was famous, he didn't have to go out on so many interviews and dates connected with his work. To get married would be bad for his career right now; and also bad for mine. I'm always working at my career as an actress; he's all wrapped up in his.

"He's an idol, and the road is rocky for the girl friend of an idol. It's very trying to find your personal friend everyone's idol. You might think a girl would be flattered at the knowledge that nearly every girl in town would like to be in her place. But they don't know.

"Before Edd was famous, he didn't have to go out on publicity dates. Now he does. So I sit and dream about the days when everything seemed so different, and I realize that those weren't really difficult days at all. Because in those days the future belonged to both of us. Now it doesn't.

Back in the poor days

"I first met Edd when we were in a *Matinee* TV show together. I noticed him right away. He was so handsome, and had that cute, cocky grin that other girls are crazy about now. He took me home and that was when it happened—the friendship that has meant so much to me, and I hope to him.

"Edd was trying to become an actor and sometimes it was very disheartening. He'd just come from New York and was living on what he was earning, and on his small savings from the days in New York when he drove an ice truck. Sometimes in Hollywood he'd get a day's work as an actor—and then he'd be at liberty for a whole month, with no money to count on.

"Edd was terribly close-mouthed at the beginning, and told me very little about himself.

"One day I came to his place and noticed that his Hi-Fi was not there.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Oh, in storage," he said.

"Another day I noticed a watch on his arm I'd never seen before. 'New?' I asked.

"No," he said, looking a little embarrassed. 'I just got it out of storage.'

"Finally, I was with him one day when he drove to a pawn shop. He didn't make any explanation of why he wanted to stop there, but he came out with a tuxedo.

"Afterwards, he broke down and told me the truth. That was when I learned for the first time that when Edd had anything 'in storage' or 'at the cleaner's' it was usually in hock.

"Edd always had to buy the best. When he got paid for a day's work he was a millionaire for that day. No matter how broke he was, he'd buy the best suit, the finest cuff links he could afford, even if it meant living on coffee and doughnuts for dinner for weeks afterwards. But, except for the suit on his back, nearly all of his suits were 'in storage.' Once when he was in a Broadway play, he bought gold and sapphire cuff links. Those valuable cuff links brought him, from time to time, the money he needed to eat and live on. Then, whenever Edd was in the chips, he would take something out of storage.

"I'm sure that with all these financial problems it was very hard for Edd to keep his courage up. He told me very little of the struggle he was going through. He was too proud to talk about it.

"Once I was doing a little-theater play, *The Fifth Season*. I offered to try to get Edd a pass, but he wouldn't hear of it.

Somehow he scraped together the money to buy the ticket—that was his pride.

"Our dates were simple. We'd take drives to the beach, walk along the beach, or sometimes splurge by playing miniature golf at twenty-five cents a game.

"Mostly, we enjoyed those walks by the ocean. Our walks were usually quiet. We talked a little, and virtually never argued. Early in our friendship, I discovered that Edd hates to argue. Maybe this goes back to his childhood. Edd was always close-mouthed about his family, as though trying to forget early hurts.

"However, I suppose no child ever passes through a childhood completely unscarred. Once I told Edd about an unhappy experience I'd had in my childhood. Fresh from the South, I'd moved with my family to Palo Alto, in northern California. Naturally, I still spoke with a heavy Southern accent. When the other kids heard me, they howled. Afterwards they all mimicked my accent. Youngsters can be very cruel, and I was very hurt.

"When I told Edd about it, he was quiet for a few minutes. Then it was as if a dam had broken down. He began to tell me about some of his own childhood, during which he had experienced many cruelties. Suddenly I felt I really understood him.

"For the first time I realized that he had had his problems as a teenager. He had been too shy and had an inferiority complex. In high school Edd majored in gymnastics, in the hope of winning the admiration of other schoolmates. Later on, he wanted to act, not only to earn a living, but also because in playing roles he could forget his own personality.

"One day when we were at the beach, he leaped around like a kid, stood on his hands, and turned handsprings. Knowing how lonely he'd once been, my heart warmed at the spectacle of Edd showing off like a small boy.

"One of the most revealing moments in our lives occurred just about a year ago. Edd was still having rough going then. One night he broke down and cried, 'When I think of all the fool things I've done in my life, I can't believe I'll ever be successful. It would be a miracle—but I've got to make it!'

And, as Asa and his fans know, he has made it.

But success brought strange new heartaches—both for himself and for Asa. . . .

One was the big day in Asa's life; Edd couldn't even be present. A contest was being held at a swank restaurant to pick *Miss Sunset Strip*, in which she was a contestant. Edd had told Asa he'd be there, but at the last minute he couldn't make it. He had to rehearse. "I won, and was awarded roses, prizes and made a speech," says Asa sadly. "But Edd wasn't there."

However, Edd is still loyal to Asa. Although he goes out with other girls on publicity dates, he tries to see Asa whenever he can. It was a very special occasion for Asa not long ago when Edd invited her to be with him for dinner and an evening at the fights.

For that evening, Asa was in her glory. She was with the man whom girls all over the country openly adore. On that evening, his eyes were only for her—as they used to be. . . .

But one evening is not enough to nourish a romance. The past is past and no girl can live on memories. Love can't survive on hope alone. Asa, who once would have given her heart away to Edd, thinks now of giving her heart its freedom again. Perhaps some day Edd will understand what his career and his hesitation can cost him. He will have lost a very real love! **END**

See Edd in Warner's *YELLOWSTONE KELLY*.

Sally's BLUE



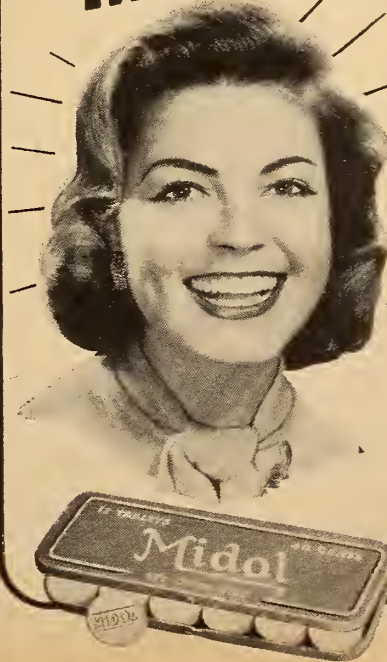
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My Heart Is Owned By Three

(Continued from page 23)

loving heart he had arranged for this one.

I laughed and cried, for to me it seemed so wonderful—and so like Tony to do something sentimental and completely wacky for me. My daughter Kelly, noticing the excitement, asked, "Mommy, what's the matter? What does the airplane say?" I told her and then added, "Daddy did this for me."

One of our friends said, "Don't you think it would be wonderful to do something like this for Kelly's birthday?"

I said, "Well, maybe."

But I was just being polite. The surprise element was what made Tony's gesture so dear to me. To make the same gesture for a child barely able to understand its significance might come under the head of 'spoiling.' And this is something Tony and I don't want to do. What we would prefer, rather, is to raise our girls to be so charming that when they grow up, they'll marry men who are daring, imaginative and loving—men who will make gestures that will surprise their wives.

And if I may think that far ahead—I'm the kind of mother who sometimes does—I hope that my girls will be wives who will also be daring and imaginative.

I can remember when Tony used to praise me for looking and acting sexy. And thank heavens, he still feels that way. But though I hope that in Tony's eyes I'll always be glamorous, I think he sees a new phase of my personality since the children were born, just as he seems more mature to me.

Nor is it only Tony who sees this new set to my face, this new look in my eyes. We had company the other night—our good friends, Blake and Patty Edwards. Kelly, wearing her harem pajamas, came down to say good night. After Tony and I had kissed her good night, she went upstairs to her room.

After she left, Blake turned to me and said, "Janet, if you could just see the expression on your face when your children are with you! For you, everything stops then. The whole world is wiped out when you're with your children. You're no longer with us, but in a world of your own. It's corny. But it's there. I've seen it."

I don't know if Tony is as conscious as my friends are of this new 'mother' expression. When he sees me, the children are nearly always around, and I'm nearly always wearing my 'mother' face. He sees me when I'm disciplining them, when I'm changing their diapers, when I'm feeding them, when I'm wondering sometimes if I'm in danger of spoiling them.

Actually, I don't want Tony to see only my 'mother' face. Even though I love my girls devotedly, I know that I'm Tony's wife, too. And I want to be his wife, his companion, his sweetheart.

Many women, I know, become so fanatically attached to their children that they forget to be wives and sweethearts. And this kind of attachment in the end not only ruins their marriage, but deprives the children of the sweetness of being in a home where love reigns. For I doubt if any woman can hold her husband if he always takes a poor second or third place to their children. The heart is big enough to hold both kinds of love, and it is a foolish woman who forgets it.

When a mother has a career, or has a successful husband, there are two pitfalls. Sometimes she becomes so busy that she leaves the upbringing of her children entirely to nursemaids and governesses. And this won't do, for children must know that their parents love them. On the other

hand, if I were just slavishly attached to my children, it would be bad for them and for me.

I want to be a modern woman, loved by my husband, and adoring him, also. If a woman is too attached to her children, giving them every bit of her time, then when her girls grow older she lets her own personal life fade in order to be with them all the time. What sort of life is that for them—or for her, either, for that matter. I want to keep up my own interests and my appearance, my own identity as a woman. In future years, this will be better for my two girls and myself.

Several times in the past year I've heard that I'm retiring so that I can devote all my time to my family. But this isn't true. You don't turn a career off and on like a faucet. At least I don't. Before the babies were born, I was a very ambitious girl. I made loads of pictures. I'm still ambitious to a point, but my career is relegated to different proportions in my life now. I don't have to make as many films as I once did. And I won't do any pictures that will take me away from Tony and the children.

Career vs family

After the baby, Jamie, was born, I was offered a number of scripts. These pictures would have taken me away from Tony and the girls—to Germany, Spain, Italy, even Yugoslavia. Some of these pictures would have been wonderful to make if I had no ties—but thank God for those ties that made me say no.

Though I'll still continue with my career, Tony's work comes first in our house. If Tony's career takes him to Europe, that's another thing. Then I'd pack and go with him, and take the children. If I didn't take the children with me, I'd die. No picture is worth it. And if I stayed home with the children and Tony flew alone to Europe, he would die inside a little. He must have some of his loved ones around.

I've already known the pangs of being parted from my children, but there will be more times when I'll have to face it. We try to stay together and travel together as a family, but it isn't always possible. I'll never forget the time we took Kelly, then just a little baby, with us to Europe when Tony and I were going to work in *The Vikings*. We stayed at a hotel in London, but when we had to go to Norway for the sea scenes, we decided that it would be best to leave the baby and the nurse in London. It would have been too rough for such a young baby to live on one of the fjords of Norway.

Every night I myself would call London to talk to the nurse. This wasn't easy. To get to the hotel that had the telephone, I had to fly into the mainland of Norway or take a boat every night. But it was worth it.

Then one day, when we were in the middle of a scene, one of the secretaries came on the set and told me, "We have a message for you, Janet. Your nurse got a call through and she says your baby is sick."

Here I was in a remote part of Europe. How could I get to London quickly to be with my sick baby? And how could I leave a production in the middle of shooting?

I was torn with indecision. I managed to get a plane to the mainland where I put through a call to a friend in London. I was in tears when I told her, "My baby's sick. I don't know what to do and I'm worried sick. Please go over and find out what's wrong and let me know." I stayed

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by the phone waiting for her call to come through.

Finally, hours later, it did. I was almost a wreck. "Relax," said my friend, bless her. "The baby's not seriously sick at all. She threw up, but she's fine now. I guess the nurse got panicky."

Even though it's a wrenching thing for me to be away from my daughters for any length of time, I'm Tony's wife, too, and sometimes I have to make a choice: shall I stay with my children, or go off with my husband? It's not an easy decision.

Like the time when Tony had to go to Key West, Florida, last winter to make *Operation Petticoat*. I planned to join him there with Kelly. Jamie was only two months old and home with the nurse was best for her.

Then, just before we were to leave, Kelly came down with a virus. Tony had to go, but I stayed behind, hoping she would recover sufficiently so that I could take her with me. She did get well, but Dr. Zall told me, "I'd rather Kelly didn't go to Florida. Flying wouldn't be the best thing for her right now, and besides, I don't want her exposed to the dampness."

Should I stay at home with my children—or join my husband? For five moments I was undecided. But only for those five moments. I decided to join Tony. The children would be well cared for by the nurse. On the other hand, Tony needed me. He'd just been through a very rough time. His father had died. And before that, Tony and I had both been shaken due to the two accidents I'd had during my pregnancy, followed by the shock of learning our baby had to undergo surgery only thirteen days after birth. We'd seen her in danger, then watched with anxious eyes as she made a good recovery from her operation. After all this real-life drama, we were both wrecks. We needed a vacation. And we needed to be together, Tony and I. I know my Tony. When he's on location alone, he gets terribly depressed. I couldn't leave him in the middle of a location, to brood on the things that had happened.

So I kissed my babies good-bye, and flew off to be with my husband.

Second honeymoon

That visit with Tony was wonderful. When Tony was busy with his work, I took care of certain details for him. I took on some of the public relations chores. I had a ball being Miss Helicopter, Miss Jet, Miss Submarine. I got dunked in the ocean in a submarine, had a jet toss me in the ocean. And these publicity stunts got the name of the picture in the papers, which pleased Tony and the publicity department.

When Tony wasn't busy, we let off steam. We were like kids. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We swam, fished, lazed in the sun. Tony relaxed as he never would have if I'd remained at home. We discovered each other all over again. It was like another honeymoon.

Even though I'd left our children behind, I think I did them the greatest favor. By getting off on this holiday, by both of us enjoying each other so much, we cemented our own marriage. Coming home refreshed and happier, we passed this happiness on to the children. . . .

A friend of mine asked her doctor wistfully, "I had an unhappy childhood. What can I do to make sure my children are happy?"

This wise man said, "Be happy yourself. Only a happy woman can make her children happy."

Some people might think, "Look at that Janet. Who couldn't make children happy with all that money!"

How wrong they are. Of course it's wonderful to have material blessings—if

you know how to wring contentment from them. But I've seen many homes of wealthy parents where children feel rejected, forlorn and unhappy! And if the children are spoiled, they will be miserable later on. Nobody likes to mother a spoiled darling.

When parents have had to do without when they were young because of lack of money, they're often tempted to say, "I'll make up for all my deprivations. Everything I lacked, my children are going to have."

Then they buy them fantastic toys, send them to elaborate summer camps, buy them clothes by the dozen and cart them around to expensive ballet schools because that's what they wanted and couldn't have when they were children.

I don't want to do that sort of thing. I wanted desperately to go to a girls' camp when I was a youngster. But I couldn't go. My parents couldn't afford to send me. Besides, I was an only child and my mother was afraid to send me away from home. It was a childish yearning of mine to go, almost a frustration. It would be very easy for me to say to my own daughters, when they're old enough, "Look, I'm sending you to the finest camp. I'm sure you'll love it. It was just what I wanted and couldn't have when I was your age. See how lucky you are."

But suppose they don't want to go to camp. Suppose they'd rather spend the summer in our own back yard, which has a swimming pool and next year will have a tennis court. Wouldn't I be a ridiculous mother if I then said, "Why you ungrateful brats. I would have given my right arm to go when I was a girl."

No two people are alike. Those girls of mine are, naturally, different than I was when I was a young girl. There were problems I faced that they'll never have. On the other hand, they may have problems I never faced.

No woman can re-live her life vicariously through her children. If she tries, she may make their lives wretched. I don't expect my girls to copy me as they grow older. But if there is ever anything they want to ask me about, I'll be delighted if, as the result of my own experience, I can guide them a little.

It may seem strange that I should be talking about my girls as if they were little women. Well, it isn't really strange, for that's what they are sometimes—little women. Particularly Kelly, who at the age of three is an experienced little flirt.

She already knows how to twist her dad around her little finger. Sometimes when I watch them together I feel like laughing. It's like watching a girl acting coy with a date. Kelly uses all the little maneuvers on Tony that I do. When I want to go somewhere and am not sure that he wants to go, I butter him up. I act very gay and charming, and I'll say, "Darling, you look wonderful. It's a shame to stay home." And all that jazz. And usually I can get him to go.

Kelly beats me at my own game. The other evening I saw her curled up next to Tony on the couch. She put her arms around him.

"Oh Daddy, I wuv you," she cooed.

He melted.

"Daddy, you're so wonderful. You're the most wonderful daddy in the world."

He was mush.

Then she fluttered those big eyes at him and chirped: "Daddy, can I have an M & M?" (This is her favorite little candy and she knows that she isn't allowed to have it except after meals.)

Tony should have said no. Helplessly he said, "Of course, Schnizzlefrizz. All you want."

Another time I saw Kelly get that gleam in her eyes as she sat with Tony.



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"Close your eyes, Daddy," she said.

Then she went to the nut dish, took some nuts and popped them in her mouth. Meanwhile, Tony kept his eyes blissfully closed waiting for her to surprise him.

Instead, she came over to him sweetly—after she had finished eating the nuts—and said, "Did you have a nice rest, Daddy? You may open your eyes now." And she kissed him.

I love her kisses and her hugs, too. But she knows she can't fool me the way she can her Daddy. Even if she hugs me hard and says, "I wuv you, Mommy," I'm still reasonably strict with her. So she saves her feminine guile for her daddy.

But my daughter and I have our sweet moments—moments no man could adequately share. She loves to be with me when I'm dressing up. I bought her her own little compact, eyebrow pencil and lipstick so that we can make up at the same time.

Usually, too, I'm the one who has the privilege of putting our two daughters to bed, tucking them in for the night.

Once, when Tony and I had to leave early to have dinner with friends, Kelly started to pout when she realized I wouldn't be able to tuck her in that night.

"Darling," I explained, "you have your friends. You had your friends over to a tea party today. Mommy and Daddy have their friends. We're going out to dinner tonight with Edie and Lew. You wouldn't want us to be late because I had to wait to tuck you in, would you?"

Now she understands, and is proud that her parents go out.

So that Kelly can feel that she is an important part of my life, I let her help me make decisions when I'm dressing.

"What shall we wear?" she asks me.

"Well now, let's see," I say. "Shall it

be the blue dress, or the white one or the black chiffon? Of course, the blue is only right for afternoon affairs, and the white for dinner parties and Daddy and I are going to a premiere tonight."

"Then let's wear the black chiffon tonight, Mommy."

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea, Kelly."

She beams as I put on the black chiffon which I'd planned all along to wear.

When we knew the baby was coming, I was afraid that Kelly might sometimes feel we were paying too much attention to the coming baby and neglecting her. So before the baby came, we kept referring to the child as *our* baby, sometimes even as 'Kelly's baby.'

Still, after the baby came there were moments when Kelly felt we were giving Jamie too much attention. When she'd see me holding the baby, she'd come up to me and say, "Mommy, please come and look at my teddy bear."

I'd say, "Not now, darling. But I will, as soon as I finish with the baby. She's so little she can't hold herself up the way you do."

Thus I'd save Kelly's ego, and at the same time try to avoid spoiling her.

Sometimes mothers turn their households upside down, neglect their husbands and wear themselves out trying to adapt themselves to their children. Children don't have to be difficult. Babies can adjust—as long as they have love—much better than most adults. Instead of changing our pattern of living, Tony and I try to stay happy—and our children adapt to our happy way of life.

END

Janet and Tony are in Columbia's "WHO WAS THAT LADY?" Tony's in Paramount's THE RAT RACE.

All About My Daddy

(Continued from page 46)

honeymoon," Kathryn recalled, "she met us at the door, with her suitcases packed, ready to move out. . . ."

The older Mrs. Crosby was convinced it would be easier on her son and his young bride if there were just one woman in the house.

Mother-in-law

"It took Bing and me weeks till we talked her into giving up that idea," Kathryn insisted. "She is such a wonderful woman. I know now why all her sons are so fond of her. Whenever there's a side to be taken between Bing and me—she takes my side. Like when Bing stayed away a few days to hunt. Every day she asked me, 'When is Bing coming back—isn't he here yet?' And then she told me how Bing's father used to stay away for hours watching baseball games, which she hated, and how, the moment he came back, she'd put on a hat and coat, walk out of the house and stay away for hours, to show her disapproval. . . ."

Kathryn has no intention of following in her mother-in-law's footsteps. First of all, she doesn't mind Bing's staying away because she has activities of her own to keep her busy, and secondly, it didn't help Kate Crosby's cause a bit. Her husband still continued to go to the games!

Kathryn tried to join Bing on his hunting expeditions till she became discouraged one fine afternoon, when he was shooting ducks.

It was her job to hold onto the retriever—but apparently her 108 pounds weren't enough to discourage him, because the dog suddenly took off, dragging her along

behind him. She was covered with mud from head to foot.

Kathryn didn't get upset or angry, but she decided a bigger person could do a better job!

It's a different story with Bing's two other favorite hobbies, golf and fishing.

"I've always loved trout fishing," she said. "In fact, I used to go along with my father when I was a little girl. I'm every bit as excited about it as Bing. . . ."

However, she hasn't mastered golf yet, and very likely never will. But neither has she become a golf widow. "I enjoy walking, so when Bing plays golf, I just walk along with him."

How much Bing's golf has influenced their lives is evident by their Sunday schedule. Sunday has become Golf Day in the Crosby household.

"In order to attend mass first," Kathryn told me, "we go to the eight o'clock service, which means we get up at six-thirty."

This isn't as much of a sacrifice as it may seem at first, because Bing and Kathryn are awakened at six every morning regardless of what day of the week it is, thanks to the lively pre-breakfast chatter of year-old Harris Lillis Crosby—or, as Bing calls his son—Tex.

No empty house

When they got married, Bing had seriously considered selling the huge house in Holmby Hills. When his four boys by his first marriage had moved out, it seemed too big, too empty, too quiet for just the three of them.

The arrival of Tex—and the anticipation of more children—changed his point

of view. It wouldn't be long, he hoped, till the place would be as lively as ever. "Because Bing knew I wanted to take care of the baby myself," Kathryn explained, "he let me turn his den, which is right next to our bedroom, into a nursery. The baby is very good now. He sleeps all night through. But he does wake up at six, which means the night is at an end for us, too. . . ."

Consequently it's very easy for them to be at the eight o'clock mass at St. Paul's on Sundays—and on the golf course by ten!

Kathryn didn't say how much persuasion it took to make Bing give up his den for the baby, but from all indications, he is so fond of the child he'd do anything for him!

In fact, he even surprised his lovely young wife with the self-assurance with which he handled Tex almost from the hour he was born.

"I was in the hospital room waiting for the baby to be brought in when Bing arrived. Excitement was written all over his face. He could hardly wait to get his hands on him. I'd taken nursing courses for a month and I was still uneasy about

set, she recalled—when she went home in the white-faced clown make-up she wore for *The Big Circus*.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded angrily. Before she even had a chance to answer, it was obvious that Tex was so delighted by it that Bing couldn't help breaking into a smile. Ali was forgiven.

However, she confessed that she got some pretty strong letters from fans, who objected strenuously after all the publicity her outfit got in the press. In each case Kathryn tried to reassure them that as long as it's part of the character she portrays, there is nothing wrong with it.

At the same time, Kathryn admitted that Bing never visits her on the set. "I've asked him to come, repeatedly. But Bing thinks it would be unprofessional—that it might look as though he were interfering. He's a real pro, my Bing. He just wouldn't do that. . . ."

Kathryn has become a very accomplished homemaker. "He's a bit fussy about having everything nice and clean," she grinned. "But I'm learning. . . ."

Of course he doesn't expect her to go down on her knees and scrub floors, for which they have help. Nevertheless he feels it's up to her to supervise the household properly, which she does with increasing efficiency.

The only actual work she does around the house is cooking, although she hastily leaves the kitchen after it's done and lets someone else clean up after her.

"We love to eat home," Kathryn told me. "We go out occasionally, but never to cocktail parties, where you don't get to know or really talk to anyone."

Invariably when they plan a meal home, she asks Bing's mother to join them. Each time Kate Crosby finds an excuse to have her meal by herself, just as she keeps out of sight the first twenty-four hours after her son comes back from a trip, to give them time alone together. "If I ask her to join us for dinner she'll insist she had a big lunch and if I ask her for lunch, she excuses herself by saying she expects to have a big dinner," Kathryn explained.

By all indications, the ninety-year-old Mrs. Crosby seems to be an extremely capable mother-in-law. Having a wing of the house entirely to herself, half the time they don't even notice her presence till she comes out of hiding. Yet they always know where to find her. As a result, there is no competition between the women for Bing's affection, or who should run the house. Unlike many daughters-in-law, Kathryn couldn't be more pleased to have Mrs. Kate living with them.

Bing himself has shown a lot of consideration towards both. "Every summer," Kathryn said, "he used to go hunting and fishing in Alaska with his cronies (six fellows, including Phil Harris). Last year as a concession to my delicate condition (I was pregnant with Tex) he gave up his trip. This year it was I who suggested he go North again, even though we're expecting another child. (By the time you read this Kathy and Bing's new baby may have been born.—ED.) But I'll be all right for a few weeks without him. . . ."

All right, and busy, too, for when she gets her nursing degree at the Queen of Angeles Hospital, she'll devote at least two days a week to the chore. Asked if the hospital staff didn't mind being able to count on her only between pictures, Kathryn thought they wouldn't "because they get my services for nothing, anyway. . . ."

From all appearances, Bing and Kathryn couldn't be happier. In the eyes of the public, she might have married a Hollywood legend. In her own opinion, she married a man, "the kindest, most sensitive, most wonderful man in the world. . . ."

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holding such a new baby, but Bing took him out of the nurse's arms and held him and talked and tickled his chins like he'd done it every day of his life. . . ."

Life with Bing has been a busy one for Kathryn, who has never been able to be idle. It was the urge to do something worthwhile that gave her a whole new interest in life before she ever became his wife.

"During the year before we were married, when I wasn't sure of what the future would hold for me, I decided to take up nursing, because there's only so much you can do with a career. You can't push it beyond a point, and I wanted to be busy. Nursing filled my needs. I discussed it with Bing when I knew we were going to be married. He had no objections when I told him I wanted to keep it up."

Contrary to some reports, he had no objections to her career either, nor did he become upset when she wore tights in *The Big Circus*, as had been reported. "He wouldn't think of such a thing!" Kathryn insisted emphatically. "Bing lets me handle my career as I please."

There was only one time he became up-

END

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"I'm Your Father, Sandra . . ."

(Continued from page 29)

oblivious of the fact that John Zuck is
alive and, in fact, still living in the same
apartment building that was your home
the first seven years of your life. You
even closed your mind to the fact that
you have a four-year-old half brother,
Kenny, who is virtually the image of you.

But Sandra, you're not a child anymore.
You are old enough to understand what's
in your father's heart. You're a warm
enough person to listen to his plea: "Please
don't turn your back on me."

Maybe, Sandra, you are wondering:
"What is he trying to prove? What does
he want from me. Glory? Money? Or is
he just trying to hurt me the way he hurt
my mother so many years ago?"

But Sandra, you are so wrong.

Your father does not want money from
you. He has a good job with the Rheemes
Steel Company.

He does not want to share the spotlight
with you. He remained silent for years,
even when he knew all the people in the
neighborhood knew the truth and were
laughing behind his back at the way you
and your mother had rejected him. He
didn't care what the neighbors were say-
ing. He knew the truth and that was his
comfort. He was proud that the little girl
he loved so dearly but lost so many years
ago grew up to become a beautiful and
popular movie star.

And he is not trying to hurt you. For
whatever you may think, whatever you
may have been told, your father is in-
capable of hurting anyone. He didn't try
to hurt your mother. He didn't walk away
from her.

Love walked out on them both. It can
happen, you know. And when your mother
closed the door to their marriage, she took
with her the one thing that meant more
to your father than anything in this world.

She took you.

And that's all that your father wants
now. You.

He wanted you the day the judge
granted your mother a divorce in 1948.
He didn't fight for your custody then be-
cause he knew a little girl belongs with
her mother. He tried to be satisfied with
the Saturday visitation rights which the
court had granted him. And he lived
from Saturday to Saturday.

The most important thing to your father
was that you grow up normally and hap-
pily. He didn't want you torn apart as
most children of divorce are—torn by
loyalty and love for each parent and in
constant conflict not to hurt the other.
But he did want you to know that he was
your father and that you were the most
precious thing in his life.

You were only six years old then. Too
young perhaps to understand why Daddy
wasn't coming home the way he used to.
Too young perhaps to even remember the
way it was a few years before, when your
father was in the service. You were only
three then, but you knew when his bus
was coming in for week end leaves—and
always you were on the corner waiting
to greet him with a radiant smile and out-
stretched arms. Those week ends still re-
main the dearest memories your father
has of you.

A year later your father came back
home to you. He wasn't wearing the sailor
suit you adored. He was in a strange new
outfit—and he was always driving a bus.
And on Saturday's you were always on it
with him—bubbling over with the excite-
ment of seeing new places and meeting
new people. Your father remembers so
well how you used to love people. The

passengers on the bus, your new friends
in Miss Minerva's dancing school. But you
didn't know—how could you—that the rea-
son your father was driving that bus on
week ends was to pay for your dancing
lessons and for all the pretty dainty dresses
you wore and all your wonderful toys.

Your father was only twenty-seven
when he and your mother got their di-
vorce. Not much older than some of the
boys you date. But there was only one
special girl in his life then—and he tried
desperately to see that there was no change
in his relationship with that girl—you!

We wonder, Sandy, if you forgot-
ten, really forgotten, all of those wonder-
ful Saturdays you two shared for six
months. The days at the park, the candy
store, the movies. You had such a won-
derful time that when evening came you
cried as though your little heart would
break because you didn't want to go home.

Sudden change

Then, suddenly, Sandy, there was a
strange change in you. You grew tired
quickly. You grew impatient. In the
middle of the afternoon you'd say, "Please,
Daddy, I want to go home."

We wonder, Sandy, if you remember
the day it was decided that you didn't
want to see your father at all—even for
a few hours.

He remembers it vividly. He called to
see what time you would be ready—and
there was no answer. And when he called
again your mother told him abruptly:
"Sandra doesn't want to go out with you
any more." He thought it was a phase.
He didn't try to push things. But after
a week or two he called again and again—
but there was never any answer.

You saw your father only once after
that. You met him by accident a short
time later, with your mother, on a bus.
But you were strangers. And once, just
a few years ago when you were in New
York on a personal appearance and he
called, you wouldn't even speak to him.
Your mother merely said you were both
leaving for Hollywood immediately and
there was no time for any discussions.

This, of course, Sandra, is your father's
side of the story, the one he gave to us.
And we are very aware that there are two
sides to every coin.

The mystery of rejection

But we wonder what your side could
be. No child of six could possibly reach
a decision that would influence her entire
life unless she was tremendously and
violently influenced by others.

What caused you to reject your father?
What made this rejection so strong that
even as an intelligent, mature teen-ager,
you continue to shut him out from both
your mind and life?

Was it your strong attachment to your
step-father, Eugene Douvan? Was your
love for Douvan so great that you didn't
want to admit that anyone else could
possibly have been your father?

In all the stories you have given, you
have talked of no one else except Douvan.
You talked of your love—and of your
utter desolation when he died just before
you came to Hollywood.

Your attachment to your step-father was
in many ways stronger than most girls
have for their own dads. You and your
mother used to tease each other about it.
"I think he only married me to get
you," she'd laugh.

And you'd tell people: "We were mar-
ried to him." And then you would add:

"He was a father and protector to both my mother and me."

People who knew him have told us that your step-father was a dominant man. One who could make people respect and obey his wishes. He ran your life and your mother's completely. You were never consulted about his plans. He made them and took care of everything.

We don't know how he influenced you, Sandy. Perhaps you were too young to know yourself. But influence you he did.

To the point that when he died, life became completely unbearable to you and nothing seemed to matter for a long long time. . . . Even now when you go out with boys you seem to compare them all with Eugene Douvan.

And you have closed your mind completely to the fact that your own father might measure up to him. But your step-father is dead and John Zuck is still very much alive.

There's a lot of love in your heart, Sandra. Love that has no place to go. Someday you'll find a boy to whom you will want to give this love. But at seventeen that 'someday' may still be a long way off.

Can't you find it within yourself to direct it to the person who wants and needs it the most? To your very own father.

John Zuck has been hurt, hurt badly by your rejection. Despite the fact that he has remarried and has a loving wife and son, there is a wide open gap in his heart that can be filled only by you.

Although a day hardly goes by but that he thinks of you, he still cannot bring himself to see any of your movies. "If you've been hurt, why keep on hurting yourself again and again?" he asks. "The last time I saw her perform was when she was still very young—about six, in a Brooklyn stage show. She was dolled up in a fancy costume and looked pretty as a picture. That memory of my beautiful daughter is enough for me."

Do you remember that day, Sandra?

We're not writing this to tell you what to do. We think you know in your heart what you must do. When your step-father died you wanted to reject God. You stopped praying. It was as though you were angry at God for taking away from you the most important thing in your life. Even your priest couldn't help you. In time you came to realize how wrong this attitude was. In time you came to realize that your step-father's death was God's will. And you stopped questioning that will.

We think you know in your heart how important it is to follow God's wishes again—as set down in the Bible, in the Ten Commandments. *Honor thy Father and thy Mother.* And we know you realize, too, that the best, the only way you can honor your father is to return the daughter he lost eleven years ago.

His arms are outstretched—waiting for you. **END**

Sandra stars in Warner's A SUMMER PLACE.

What's Left When Love Fades Away and Dies?

(Continued from page 45)

terrible things. So I want to set the record straight and tell you how it really was.

"It was our problems that held us together," Dean went on sadly. "We were too worried about each other to stop and ask if we loved each other. We were so submerged in trouble that there was no time to even think—just try to keep going."

"When life got easier finally, we could look at each other clearly; and then we discovered that we were very, very different. . . ."

Dean Jones and Mae Entwistle were very, very different when they met, only they were too smitten to realize it. They were just in their teens. Mae was a beauty queen, *Miss San Diego*, and Dean was a sailor who was singing at the San Diego County Fair. Mae was gentle, reserved, quiet; Dean was full of fun, impulsive, happy go lucky. They thought they were madly in love.

Dean remembers thinking . . . *So beautiful, so reserved, such a lady . . . How could a wild hoot-owl like me measure up to her . . . ?*

Mae's parents were firmly opposed to the idea of their lovely young daughter marrying a boy who wasn't even out of service yet. Dean's parents, while they liked Mae, objected to the idea of their only child tying himself down with a family before he could support it.

But Mae and Dean were not listening to arguments. They got married first, and told the folks after. . . .

Mae gave up the privileges and honors that went with being *Miss San Diego* because the city queen wasn't allowed to marry till a year was up. While Dean finished his Navy Service, she handed back the crown and got a job as a receptionist in an insurance office. She found a tiny one-bedroom house for them. It was carpeted and furnished and the picture window in the back looked out on a garden of

roses. It cost ninety dollars a month. Between Mae's salary and Dean's pay, they had plenty to live on. And San Diego was Mae's hometown. She knew everyone there—and everyone knew her. She could have introduced Dean to a hundred people with a hundred jobs for him when his service was finished. Both of them knew that, but Dean had other plans.

Then an offer came from Hollywood: would Dean like to make some recordings? Would he be interested in playing a role out at Knott's Berry Farm where so many young actors had gotten their start, acting in the old-time melodramas? Of course, the recordings weren't for sure—but there was a good chance he'd get his fine singing voice on a disc. Of course, the job at Knott's only paid \$40 a week—but he'd be an actor in Hollywood, wouldn't he?

With scarcely a glance at what he was leaving behind, Dean (out of the Navy at last) took off for the Promised Land. Mae stayed on in San Diego to work for another week or two and save her salary to 'tide them over.' But they weren't worried. In no time, Dean would be a star, or at least a steadily working singer-actor. Till then, Mae could get another job. They'd have plenty. After all, some people spend years working and hoping just to get to Hollywood. . . .

He hadn't been house-hunting a week before he learned that you don't rent beautiful little furnished homes, complete with roses, for ninety dollars in Hollywood. For two hundred, maybe. For ninety: *Want to see a one-room efficiency, Mister? The bed pulls out of the wall and the stove is here, right next to it.* A dozen times in those first few weeks Dean gulped and said, "Well, thanks—but the rent is a little high." By the end of two weeks, he wasn't even sure they could afford ninety a month. The recordings weren't materializing; and it seemed as if half his forty-per-week had

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to go into transporting him out to Knott's—which turned out to be fifty miles away from town.

But he still wasn't discouraged. This was Hollywood, the beginning of the dream-come-true. He'd bide his time till Mae joined him, and then everything would be as they'd planned. She'd get a job—she didn't mind working; she liked it—till he had it made. When they saw how much she'd earn, then he'd have a better idea of what they could afford. . . .

So, after five weeks, Mae joined him, and there was just one little hitch.

Mae wouldn't be able to hold a job for very long. She was going to have a baby.

Dean spent his lunch money to bring her roses. "I'm glad, darling," he told her over and over again. "I've always wanted a son. Don't worry. We'll manage."

He got himself a job parking cars at a race track. At the Berry Farm his duties included not only acting—in four shows a day—but sweeping out the theater, barking for the extra attractions, making himself useful backstage. As he got to know them, he found that other young actors in the melodrama were in almost as bad financial jams as he was. One of them, the fellow who played the villain, had a little two-bedroom home in the Valley. He offered to let Dean and Mae move in with them, on a share-the-rent, chip-in-for-food deal.

In San Diego, they might have moved in with Mae's parents, or with old friends and lived peacefully, accustomed to each other's ways. In Hollywood, there was no choice but the one they made—to try to exist in cramped quarters with practical strangers. Under any circumstances it would have been difficult—with the particular conditions of those months, it was impossible. The two men drove hours every day, to and from work at the farm and extra jobs. They lived in a state of constantly increasing tension, waiting for phone calls that didn't come, fearing dismissal every time lack of sleep and too much anxiety made them miss a cue on stage. There was not always enough food—what there was was designed to be filling rather than nutritious. Both Dean and Mae worried terribly about whether she was eating properly, and there was no one to turn to for help, as there would have been at home. No experienced mother, no long-standing girl friends. Only strangers—and of course a doctor (but doctors cost money; you can't run to them with every little problem, unless you're prepared to pay for advice). In the little house in the flat, sun-baked, dusty valley, tempers rose and flared and exploded. "I was afraid, finally," Dean said later, "that in the scene where my friend, as the villain, tried to stab me—I was afraid he'd really do it."

Still, he hated to give up. He met a friend, a real friend, Bert Richman, who gave him what seemed to be good advice. "Dean, you've got to pull yourself out of this hole you're in. Stop waiting for things to come your way—go after them. Have a kinescope made the next time you're in a TV show. That way you'll have something to send around to the people who count."

He had an assignment coming up—a *Spade Cooley Show*, for which he was to be paid a hundred dollars. With that money, he and Mae determined to move out of the house in the Valley—if they didn't, they were afraid they might both crack up. But a kinescope cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Dean tortured himself over it night after night and finally came to his decision. He used the hundred, and he took another hundred-fifty out of his mustering-out pay. Mae didn't argue with him, for the simple reason that she knew nothing about it. It was the first time he had ever kept anything from her, but what else could he do? He was in

Hollywood, wasn't he? *He had to make it work.*

So he had the kinescope made. Without seeing it, he sent it out to people who had expressed an interest in him. Within days he had an answer. "Sorry, Dean. The kine's out of focus. Can't see you at all."

Sick at heart, he took more money out of what was left of his Navy reserve, and moved himself and Mae into a one-room house in Van Nuys. The house, to put it mildly, was not roomy. There was enough floor space to walk past the bed—if you went sideways. The length of the house was approximately three times the length of the bed. But they would be alone together, he and Mae told each other. They could stand anything if they were really together.

Only, they couldn't.

Living with the other couple, they had been united—if only in being on the same side during the quarrels. Now, there was no one to take out fears and frustration, anger and hurt on—except each other. They couldn't help it. They tried not to fight. Dean reminded himself over and over that Mae was a young girl going through her first pregnancy far from home and help, that she was naturally touchy and difficult at a time like this. Mae, in turn, repeated to herself that Dean was doing his best for her, exhausting himself with long hours of work, fighting to make a living—and suffering terribly at the idea that he had failed her. She would be very careful not to complain—



**SAL
MINEO**

Well, I could sure go for a blonde with big brown eyes and a tiny turned-up nose . . . something like the girl in the picture story, "New Girl In School" in INGENUE Magazine. How about you, Fabian?

(See what Fabian has to say on page 82.)

But you can't keep terror bottled up in yourself all day, all night. Not when there's no one to talk to, no one to tell.

And so the fights grew worse and worse.

Then the doctor told them that the RH factor was going to be part of their lives.

The technical jargon isn't important. The important thing is that stories they had heard about 'blue babies' frightened them. "Don't worry," the doctor told them kindly. "It almost never affects a first baby at all, and medical science has now advanced to the point where RH mothers can go on having babies safely. Don't think about it."

So Dean and Mae went home, pretending not to think about it. But how were they to do that, alone in their cracker-box house? They couldn't afford to go to a movie, to entertain—even if they had had close friends. They could always, of course, think about other things—the gas bill they had not paid, the last role Dean hadn't gotten, their last fight. . . .

On March 5, Dean took Mae to the hospital. Late in the night, she gave birth to a baby girl. Dean rushed to a phone in the lobby. He called his parents in Alabama, Mae's folks in San Diego, everyone he knew from the Berry Farm theatre. When he finally emerged from the booth, the nurse at the front desk called to him. "We've been looking all over for you, Mr.

Jones. The doctor wants you at once."

He was suddenly shaking. He found the doctor and stood riveted, hearing that the impossible had happened—his first-born was a blue baby. They wanted permission to drain all the blood out of her tiny, choking body, to replace it with new, unaffected blood.

Numb, Dean signed the papers. "Does Mae know?" he whispered.

"No," they told him. "Say nothing to her. Talk to her as if it were all right."

So he went to Mae's room. She lay, white-faced and beautiful on the pillows, smiling at him. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "You wanted a boy. . . ."

Somehow, Dean stretched his dry lips into a smile. "Oh, another twenty years and she'll be bringing in plenty of boys."

Then he went out, to wait, alone.

He sat in an anteroom outside the operating theater. Minutes passed and became hours. No one came by, no one spoke to him. He stared at the clock on the wall, and wondered how he could tell Mae if their child died. The clock read two-thirty, two-thirty in the morning. That meant they had been working on his baby for two-and-a-half hours. Why wasn't it over?

Three o'clock came. The door of the operating room opened and nurses exploded out in all directions. One brushed past him, racing to a phone. "Send Dr. So-and-so with a something-or-other," she cried. The words made no sense to Dean's frightened ears. Then a doctor stuck his head out, saw him. "Have Mr. Jones wait in the lobby," he snapped. Dean heard the words with the sense that they ended all hope. It was over now.

Alone, he went down to the lobby. Alone, he sat there, while in San Diego, in Alabama, he knew, the folks were calling up their friends, saying, "We have a granddaughter." And in Hollywood, his land of dreams, Dean Jones put his head into his hands and wept.

At four-thirty in the morning an intern walked by and saw him, still sitting. "How's everything?" he asked, friendly.

Slowly, Dean raised his head, focused on the white coat. Then he leaped to his feet. "How's my baby?"

The intern stared. "Didn't anyone tell you? She'll be all right!"

And walked away. . . .

There were no tears left in Dean Jones then. No tears of joy for his baby daughter, who would live. No tears of gratitude for the doctors who had saved her life, had saved him from going to his wife with the news that their first-born had died. There was only emptiness, and cold, dry fear.

He had no money and no hope. He had no way to pay for the saving of his child. He had no funds for a nurse to bring his wife and daughter back to health. He had no home to take them to—only a cramped, crowded, airless room. He had no confidence left to offer them—only failure, only defeat. For himself, he didn't care. The magic of Hollywood is strong; the enchantment lasts a lifetime. But he could not ask his weary wife, his fragile baby, to live on magic and on dreams. They needed roots, a real home, security.

And Dean Jones swore to himself that he would provide those roots . . . that home and security, even if it meant working himself sick. He worked and MGM came through with a contract. He made *Gaby*, *Night of the Quarter Moon*, did the benefits and went on the tours that would eventually mean parts in *Handle with Care*, *Imitation General*, *Never so Few* . . . He worked hard, but did not work himself sick.

Mae was the one who got sick.

They had had another baby, and a tragedy at the time. Mae's mother had died suddenly one night, and Mae's fourteen-

year-old sister came to them, shocked, bewildered, greatly in need of love and care. These were huge responsibilities that Dean faced up to as best he could by working harder. It was probably not the right solution, for day by day he and Mae were growing apart. But there was no time to think about it, no time to worry about it.

Mae was at the UCLA Medical Center, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Specialists were called in. It took a lot of money, a lot of anxiety, a lot of driving back and forth from the studio to the hospital to the house. Dean was just beginning to get launched on his career at MGM. It would have been good for him, career-wise, to go out socially and do the social things that are necessary for a young actor-on-the-rise to do (meet exhibitors, get seen around, meet columnists, producers). Instead, he was harassed and anxious, had to stay close to home, and close to his two baby daughters. Mae's kid sister was a great help—but Dean felt he had to look after her too.

However, he did all this without complaint because Mae's illness was such an overwhelming problem it made almost everything else fade in importance. . . .

"We had to stick together," Dean said, lifting his head from his hands. This was a painful story he had to tell me, and it was obvious that he hadn't talked about it very much, that it still hurt deeply to think of it.

The only way

"Separating was out of the question at the time. It didn't even make sense to wonder if we loved each other. I couldn't have walked out then. Mae needed me. So did the kids. We had to stick together and work our way out of our troubles first. Our only thought was to get Mae well."

"Now Mae has her health back," Dean continued. "A lot of problems that badgered us before have been solved. My father—who had sudden reverses a couple of years ago—is back on his feet again. But at the time, I was too broke to help. Mae's family worries subsided. Our baby, the one who was born a blue baby, is well. My career became more stable. The big problems over, the differences between us became clear. We could see each other as we were to each other, and it boiled down to this: Do we really love each other or not? Were we important to each other now, or *were we destroying each other by our differences and the tensions?*"

"Mae needs a husband who can spend more time with her, be more with her in spirit, and a man whom she can really understand. Mae needs a man who can go along at her rate of speed. It was just one of the many things that made us see how unlike we were. I'd carry my work home with me and this wasn't good for Mae. Lots of times I'd come home and be so worried about a scene of mine in a script, or a hassle I'd had with a writer who wanted to write it a different way than I felt it, that I'd just flop into a chair at home and stare into space, thinking of that scene instead of listening to one word Mae was saying."

Dean and Mae also found that they didn't have as much in common as they once believed they did. "Basically, we're not the same type of people," Dean says.

They had been be-glamored of each other when they met. Although Mae was a beauty contest winner, she is a quiet girl, a home girl, and marriage made her a placid companion, a conventional, down-to-earth housewife. Dean, on the other hand, got an MGM contract, met colorful people, developed a restlessness of his own. He had an actor's temperament and the bursting inhibitions of a guy who'd married young and hadn't had his fun, liked to do things on impulse.

They couldn't agree; they got on each

other's nerves.

One night Dean felt like going to Las Vegas. "Let's go. Tonight. Just pack a bag and we'll get in the car and go. I feel in the mood."

Mae fretted about it. "Can't we do it in two weeks instead?" she suggested. "I have to call in the baby sitter, and I've got to make all sorts of arrangements. . . ."

"We can get a babysitter now, honey, and you know that. We have five reliable baby sitters to call on. The kids will be safe. Let's go now. It's just that I feel like going."

"Dean, I can't go along with this crazy idea of yours. Why can't we go in two weeks? Make it a definite plan. . . ."

"Okay," said Dean quietly, the fun suddenly gone. "Let's forget it." Next week they didn't go, nor in two weeks. Dean was busy, or had lost the desire to go, or something. . . .

Mae isn't to blame. Most young mothers are reluctant to take off at a moment's notice. Nor was Dean to blame. Impulsive, he likes to do things now. As a fellow who had to buckle down to great responsibilities very early, there's something inside of him now that makes him eager to catch up on lost fun. Settled-down Mae, anxious to preserve her new-found security, wanted to plan.

"After a while we just couldn't reach each other," Dean said. "If Mae dropped the roast beef on the floor, I couldn't understand why it was such a tragedy to her. If I came home in a blue funk because a certain scene went wrong, she couldn't understand why I wouldn't talk."

Naturally, there were quarrels. Dean began to go out more and more on personal appearances. A singer as well as an actor, he was in great demand at studio functions, exhibitors' dinners, glad-handing important people, singing at their affairs.

"It's important for my career," he'd explain to Mae, taking off. Often Mae went with him, trying hard to enjoy herself; but bored and uneasy thinking of the children at home. Still, she tried.

Dean says he's the "original benefit kid." He never turned down a request to sing at a benefit. Sometimes Mae could go with him, often not. He made trips all over the country, singing here and there, making p.a.'s. Mae couldn't keep up with him on the whirlwind tours. "I couldn't ask her to travel with me, spend two hours in one city and fly off to another."

Did Dean have to go off on these trips? Or was it, subconsciously, an excuse to get away? Was he restless, was it a convenient way to break up the boredom he felt at home. . . . ?

They maintain a civil friendliness with each other now but there doesn't seem to be any indication of a reconciliation. "Mae's a wonderful girl," Dean insisted emphatically. "It's all my fault. . . ."

Dean doesn't want to hurt Mae; she seems just as anxious to please Dean.

"Right after we broke up, Mae considered moving with the kids to San Diego. But she realized that if she moved there—about 160 miles from here—I wouldn't be able to see the kids as often as I do. I see them every afternoon when I'm not working. So she's remaining in the house in the Valley, even though she'd personally be happier in San Diego. I love her for that. And I'm buying her a new house."

"We get along better now. The moment we separated, all the bitterness seemed to leave. No more fights, no more tensions. We hate divorce, but maybe it's better for the kids not to be raised in a home where the parents don't get along."

"Maybe it's better to part while we can still be friends. . . ."

END

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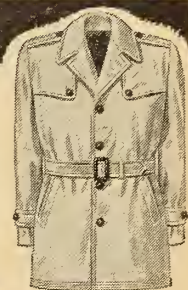
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Ricky and Yellow Bird

(Continued from page 30)

Yellow Bird shimmied and Yellow Bird shook to the typically French organ-grinder's music. Thundering waves of approval roared from the audience: cries and catcalls and screams. Yellow Bird, a green-eyed blonde just turned twenty-one, was blessed with a figure as fabulous as Brigitte's.

And her dance was delightfully naughty, a strictly-for-adults tease after the fashion of the world-famed Folies Bergere.

One night a writer, a pal of Ricky Nelson's, visited Yellow Bird backstage to renew their acquaintance (he had met her last summer in France) and he mentioned casually, "I'm here with Ricky."

"Reeky?" Yellow Bird asked, confused. She spoke with a captivating French-Viennese accent.

"Yep," he told her. "Ricky. Is there any other? Ricky Nelson?"

Yellow Bird didn't bat an eyelash over her jade-green eyes. She looked at him blandly and asked, "Who is Reeky Nelson?"

He laughed in her face, "Are you kidding?" But from the sudden hurt expression in her eyes, he realized she wasn't fooling.

"Tell me," he said, "How long have you been here, Sheika?" Yellow Bird was her stage name; her legal monicker was Sheika Moser.

"Onlee a month," she confessed.

"And you haven't heard about Ricky?"

She nodded her head.

"You must meet him. He's a great guy, and he thinks your act is great."

Sheika smiled.

"Come out to the lounge when you change your costume," he invited. . . .

This was a warm Friday night last spring, and the El Rancho Vegas was mobbed. The writer, Ricky and Sheika met in the cocktail lounge. Ricky, sipping a Coke, smiled as his friend made the introduction. Ricky, basically shy, didn't know what to tell her. She was such a fantastic performer.

"Cat got your tongue?" The writer asked him after a moment of silence.

"I . . . I . . . I'm crazy about your act," Ricky finally managed to say in a soft whisper.

Sheika meanwhile crawled into her off-stage shell. Onstage she was daring, graceful, free—The Yellow Bird Beauty. Now, mingling with the crowd, she was timid, afraid, all elbows—just like a baby bird learning to fly but not trustful of its young, trembling wings.

And Ricky was taken aback. Here was a girl who didn't swoon, reach out for a lock of hair or ramble incessantly about how wonderful he is. For the first time in his life Ricky met a gal who looked upon him as just another fellow and not a star.

The two of them sat, silent and still, sipping ice-cold Coke and ginger ale, listening to their friend toss off aimless conversation about Las Vegas, the weather, foreign cars.

But neither Ricky nor Sheika looked at him. They looked at each other; they couldn't help it; they were overpowered by a strange, haunting attraction.

Ricky was impressed with her offstage simplicity; Sheika liked the way Ricky looked upon her—as a person rather than a chorus girl.

At midnight the writer said, "We're in Las Vegas for the week end. Maybe we'll be seeing you again."

Finally Ricky, after clearing his throat twice, asked, "What about tomorrow afternoon? Are you free? Would you like to go

swimming?" He blushed as he said it.

Sheika gulped her ginger ale and looked into Ricky's eyes and she spoke so softly he barely heard her say, "Yes. . . ."

Had it not been for the swimming, that Saturday afternoon date was a bust. Oh, the weather was perfect with a bright sun and a breeze in the air, but neither Ricky nor Sheika knew what to say to each other. They liked one another, yes; that was obvious from the way their eyes seemed to lock upon each other's faces. But they were both quiet as mice.

At one point, Sheika spoke up. "Reeky," she said, "I'm going to get a drink of water."

Ricky offered, "Would . . . would you like me to get you a Coke?"

"No, just water," she insisted. "Cokes always make me thirsty."

Ricky watched Sheika walk to the water fountain near the edge of the pool. Her figure was plus-perfect; it couldn't be any better. Was this why he was ashamed? Seeing a date for the first time in a bathing suit made a guy feel kind of funny, and Ricky wondered if Sheika maybe felt the same way.

Yet, Sheika, during her fabulous Yellowbird act, performed without a trace of embarrassment. Shimming to the French music she sparked sexual fire. Now, walking away from Ricky in her wet emerald



FABIAN

I dig chicks . . . period!

green bikini, she was embarrassed and as awkward as a duck. And Ricky, his manly hairy chest exposed, wearing a pair of fitted white boxer swim trunks, was all hunched up near the diving board like a scared pup.

Sheika returned.

"I . . . I guess we should have asked our friend to come along," Ricky said smiling.

"Why?" Even with a one-syllable word there was a musical lilt to her voice.

"Because he kept the ball rolling last night. I'm . . . I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"I . . . I don't care," Sheika answered, and she looked away. Ricky was certain he saw her blush through her luscious suntan.

"You . . . you want to swim a little?" he asked.

The two of them walked, hand-in-hand, to the diving board. They dove separately and swam across the blue water of the pool. Ricky, at one point, made a feeble attempt to splash her a little. Sheika laughed a wide grin that showed her gleaming white teeth.

But she didn't splash back.

Maybe she hates water games, Ricky feared. Where do we go from here? He was at a loss about what to do; this didn't happen to him often on a date. After another swim across the pool, Ricky and Sheika smiled and began to say good-bye.

"If . . . if you're ever in Los Angeles," Ricky added before they parted, "Let me know."

"All right," she said.

"Better yet," Ricky continued, "call me before you come and I'll meet you at the airport."

Sheika looked into Ricky's blue eyes. "Maybe . . . maybe I come this Tuesday on my day off. Is . . . is okay with you?"

Ricky took a deep breath. He felt better. Maybe she did want to see him again even if he wasn't the world's greatest talker.

"Yes," Ricky replied immediately. "It's . . . it's perfect!"

"I . . . I will call you," Sheika said, "and tell you which plane I take. . . ."

Ricky gave her his private telephone number. After they parted he wondered if she just wasn't being nice to him; maybe she didn't want to hurt him and she said she'd come to L.A. out of politeness.

He couldn't figure it out. She had him stumped. She must have had hundreds of invitations to dates with jazzy and witty playboys; what did she see in him? He was still rough at the edges. He didn't have savoir-faire or cosmopolitan polish; when it came to girls there was still soap behind his ears.

Late Tuesday afternoon Sheika's plane landed in the huge Los Angeles airport. It was a grey day, heavy with rain.

Ricky was waiting.

The two of them greeted each other in the drizzling rainstorm. Sheika asked to check in at a motel.

Ricky drove her to the Sands on the Sunset Strip.

Then they took in a movie. Afterward they stopped at an out-of-the-way eatery for hamburgers and French fries. Then Ricky dropped her off at the Sands.

The following Tuesday Ricky waited at the Los Angeles airport.

Sheika landed, checked into the Sands. The two of them took in a movie and an Italian dinner in a tiny restaurant featuring candlelight.

The following Tuesday Sheika came again. Ricky took her to the beach. She romped in the white sand and in the ocean water in her bikini. All the beach guys and gals were bedazzled by her figure. Ricky and Sheika swam and water-skied. Ricky noticed what an excellent swimmer she was.

"Hey," he told her after the swim, the salt water trickling down his face, "you're good enough for the Olympics!"

"Reeky," she laughed, running her fingers through her blonde-white hair, "don't be so generous with ze compliments. I swim just for fun."

He loved the way she didn't make something big of herself; she could have so easily.

That night, after they had dinner and he was driving her home to the Sands, he put his arm around her and she leaned her head against his shoulder, and he told her how much each Tuesday meant to him now.

He parked the car and kissed her; there was love in the way she gave her lips to him; and a shiver trembled through Ricky's heart.

Maybe . . . maybe he was falling in love. . . .

Ricky's and Sheika's Tuesday dates became a ritual, and all of Hollywood buzzed over this commuting romance. Ricky, if he worked on Tuesdays, asked his friend to meet Sheika and drive her to the studio where she watched him act. Later Sheika and Ricky would go to Ricky's bungalow on the lot where he played his guitar for her, the delicate sonatas and chaconnes he was mastering under the instruction of his famous Spanish teacher. A couple of times Ricky had to break the Tuesday date because of personal appearances; Sheika never showed any anger, upset or bitterness. She was understanding, agreeable and submissive.

Ricky's parents, Harriet and Ozzie,

asked Ricky about Sheika after they saw her at the General Service sound stages several times.

"She's . . . she's a French girl," he told them, "who works in Las Vegas."

"What does she do?" his mom asked.

Ricky gulped. Should he tell them the truth?

"I . . . I . . ." he fumbled.

Harriet waited.

Finally he blurted it out, "She's . . . she's a chorus girl!" He was happy and relieved he had the courage to face his mother with the truth. What was wrong with being a chorus girl? It was an honest living. Sheika needed money to send home to Europe; she had told him her chorus-girl wages were better than anything else offered to her.

"Don't you know anything about her background?" Harriet asked.

He shook his head and whispered, "No."

"Don't . . . don't you think you should?" his mother inquired gently.

Ricky didn't answer her.

But the following Tuesday he decided to bring Sheika home to dinner.

On Monday night he didn't sleep. He wondered how his parents would react to Sheika who didn't speak very clear English and who was shy with strangers besides.

When he told Sheika on Tuesday he wanted her to spend the evening with his parents, she smiled. "Yes," she said, a fuzziness in her throat, "it will be nice to know them."

That evening when Ricky picked Sheika up at the Sands to bring her over to his parents' home, he was scared and nervous. He wanted to call the whole thing off. Supposing his parents didn't like Sheika. She was different. She was sexy. She was a foreigner. And she was a chorus girl. He knew little about her background.

Supposing they decided she was the wrong girl for him? What was he going to do?

Sheika wore a dusty rose shirtwaist dress; the color of it made her skin glow. Before they entered the Nelson's tastefully furnished Colonial house, he squeezed her hand. "Don't worry, honey," he told her. But, as they walked into the cozy living room, Ricky's heart beat so loudly from his anxiousness he was afraid everyone could hear it. His throat was dry and cottony with fear.

His brother David suggested earlier that afternoon to Ricky that they go to his house on the hill to watch television when the dinner ended. Ricky wished that moment were now. He was petrified with worry over what his parents would ask Sheika. He didn't want her to undergo a stupid third degree.

Yet the way everything happened shocked him; he wasn't prepared for it.

Harriet served pot roast and peas and green salad; for dessert she made her wonderful chocolate cake—Ricky's favorite. During dinner everyone chattered politely about obvious things like the wealth of Las Vegas or the high style of French fashions.

After dinner, when everyone finished their coffee and moved into the living room, Sheika started to tell the Nelsons about herself.

She volunteered all the information. Nobody asked a question!

She bashfully admitted she never expected to find America as wonderful as it was. In Europe, she explained, there are cynics and frustrated people who are constantly condemning America's easy-going way of life. To her, she said, America offers the greatest way of life because every one has an opportunity.

"My father and mother," she continued in her French dialect, "were killed when I was six years old. They were in a car

crash. My father was Italian, and my mother came from Yugoslavia. When they died, some French friends in Switzerland adopted me, but they were poor, and I had to work for my allowance. When I was fifteen I had an interview with Christian Dior, the beeg dressmaker, and he told me I was too developed to be a model. He wanted skinny girls for models. But he told me to be a showgirl. He said I could have a good career. Later on I tried out for a night club show in Paris, *La Nouvelle Eve*. There were to be six showgirls in the show. Each girl was to be a different bird. The night club people, they liked me, and they hired me as the Yellow Bird. That's where I developed my act. I learn the can-can, and, after the act opened, it was a beeg success. We played in the night club for a couple of years. Then the people who owned the club sold it. They made enough money to retire. But we all got small wages. So I was out of a job and desperate, and my friends say, "Sheika, go to America! Try your luck there!" And I came and found work. God was good to me. And after I found work I met Reeky. God was good to me again.

"Reeky is the nicest fellow I ever know. But, the only thing which bothers me is now that I know how famous he is . . . well, I don't think somebody as famous as Reeky should go out with Sheika Moser who is nobody, just a Yellow Bird in a night club."

Ricky cringed. Was this her polite way of throwing him over? And all the while he was quaking that his parents would reject her!

Harriet and Ozzie were very sympathetic to Sheika's story. Harriet even commented that Sheika shouldn't feel funny about dating Ricky. What mattered was that the two of them were able to get along together and enjoy each other. . . .

Later, at David's house, Sheika, Ricky and David watched TV and listened to Ricky's and David's cherished album of *Odetta* singing blues songs.

David left Sheika and Ricky after a while and went to his bedroom.

Ricky then told Sheika how touched he was by her story; he said he had never asked her about her past because he didn't like to pry into people's lives.

"Usually," Sheika said, "I feel uncomfortable with strangers, but I wasn't shy with your parents. I wanted to tell them everything."

They held hands and talked for what seemed to be a passing of minutes, but, when they looked out the wide picture window, a pinkish glow flickered along the horizon. Dawn was beckoning. They had talked for hours!

Sheika told Ricky about the new acts arriving at El Rancho Vegas, and she added she would be leaving the following week.

"You're not going back to France?" Ricky asked, holding his breath, fearing what her answer might be.

"No," she said flatly. "I'm going to stay."

He kissed her.

"I'm going to stay," she repeated and paused, "because of Reeky. He . . . he has won my heart."

And Sheika mine, Ricky's heart sighed.

He cupped her chin in the palm of his hand and looked into her kittenish face—the slanting green eyes, the white-blond hair framing her tanned complexion, her yawning smile; and he leaned his cheek against hers. They walked to his car in the pale light of morning while crickets cheeped and early birds sang, and Ricky knew he had become a man.

He was deeply, desperately and hopelessly in love.

END

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Gardner McKay: The Most Exciting Young Man in the World

(Continued from page 21)

we got?" the director said, turning to a secretary.

"Gardner McKay," she said, reading the name from her book.

"He still here?" the director asked.

"I guess," said the girl.

"Facts?" the director asked.

"Twenty-six years old," the girl said, "born in Manhattan, hair brown, eyes hazel-gray, six-feet-five, one-eight-five pounds, experience—practically nil."

The director shook his head. "Just what we need," he said. "A six-five giant who knows nothing about acting."

"Call him, and let's get this over with," the producer said, shrugging.

They did and saw walking towards them from the far end of the mammoth sound stage what one of them later described as "the tallest and best damn-looking guy we had ever laid eyes on. He was handsome—face it, he was a beautiful man—but with no pansy-shmansy about him. His jaw was strong, his lips were full, his eyes were what the ladies might call rugged yet gentle. He was Adonis, Lord Byron, Gregory Peck and Flash Gordon, all wrapped up in one big frame. He was too good to be true and we knew *something* had to be wrong with him, like maybe when he opened his mouth to talk he would sound like Margaret O'Brien or Mr. Peepers."

"How do you do?" Gardner McKay said—his voice deep, resonant, perfectly modulated—when he reached the spot where the producer, director and secretary sat.

They spoke with Gardner for a few minutes and then they led him to a prop ship that had been built in the studio, went over his lines with him a couple of times—"You're Adam Troy, an adventurous young sailor," they said, "in the heart of the South Seas, in search of excitement, money and romance. Got it?"—and then they stepped back, ordered the camera to roll and waited to see what would happen.

Even before the scene was over, they knew they'd found their man.

The producer took a deep breath. "Mr. McKay," he said, "you happen to be the forty-third young man we've tested for the role in the last eight days. And of the forty-three, you were not only the best, looks-wise, acting-wise, everywhichway-wise—but you're also the only one who looked as if he knew what he was doing with those ropes."

"Lines," Gardner said, correcting him.

"Ropes, strings, lines, whatever you call them," the producer said. "When the script called for you to make a knot, you picked those things up and made a *knot*!"

Gardner laughed.

Plenty of experience

"Oh," he said, "—well, sir, I've had plenty of experience with boats and knots and things like that. My family, way back—they were clipper ship builders. And when I was a kid I spent quite a bit of time on *China Boy*—my own boat."

"A little practical experience never hurts, eh?" the producer said.

"No, sir," Gardner said.

And as the producer continued speaking now, congratulating him, giving with the facts on the contract that would be ready to sign the next morning, talking about the big things ahead, Gardner found himself only half-listening.

Because, for the first time in a long, long time, he had thought about and spoken about his boat.

And, this long day over with finally—the studying, the waiting, the test, all behind him now—he found it comforting,

relaxing, nice, to stand there and let his mind wander back to the past and to the best friend he had ever had . . . back to his boat, his *China Boy*. . .

There had been no other friends for Park-Avenue-born Gardner McKay when he was a boy. Mainly because he was never in one place long enough to make any. His folks were wealthy people who liked to travel, who liked their boy to travel with them. And so by the time Gardner was fifteen he had attended thirteen schools, in three countries—the United States, Switzerland and France. In the European schools he was known to the other students as the kid with the funny American accent. In the American schools he was known as the kid with the phony European ways.

To say that he was insecure and lonely would be putting it mildly.

It was, in fact, because of this insecurity and loneliness that Gardner developed an uncontrollable stutter.

It happened at a sub-debutante dance in swanky Newport, Rhode Island, the night before Gardner's sixteenth birthday.

A girl, young and small and pretty, a friend of the hostess' from down South somewhere, noticed tall, good-looking Gardner standing on the other side of the room, alone.

"My gosh," she said to the boy with whom she was dancing, "who is *that*?"

The boy looked. "Him?" he asked.

"You're dancing with me. Why do you want to know about him?"

"Because I think he's awful cute," the girl said.

The boy laughed an annoyed laugh.

"Well, what's so funny?" the girl asked.

"You want to meet him, I suppose?" the boy asked back.

"Yes," the girl said, annoyed now, too, "I believe I do."

Meeting G-g-g-gardner

The boy took her by the hand to where Gardner was standing.

He bowed, mockingly.

"Linda Sue," he said, "I'd like you to meet G-g-g-g-gardner Mc-c-c-c-Kay. We're old buddies. We went to the same s-s-s-s-school together once."

The girl stared up at Gardner for a moment, then over at the other boy.

"What in the world are you talking like that for?" she asked.

"'Cause that's the way G-g-g-g-gardner talks," the boy said. "Go ahead, Gard. Linda Sue here thinks you're real cute. Show her how cute you can t-t-t-t-talk."

The girl looked back at Gardner. She saw the perspiration forming on his forehead, the look of hurt and fury coming into his eyes. For a moment she thought he was going to say something—something dreadful, something violent, something stumbling and awkward and full of all the terrible anger inside him.

But instead, after another moment, she saw him turn away, then walk quickly towards the door.

Gardner says "I felt alone in the world, absolutely alone, as if not a person in the world cared if I lived or died. I felt I wasn't worth anything, couldn't do anything right, was frightened of everything, that I would never amount to a pot of beans. Somehow, I knew, I had to change, had to prove myself . . . Except that I didn't know where to begin."

He got into his car and drove home from the party. His folks were away on a trip and the house was empty. The first thing he did was to take off the tuxedo he was wearing and change into some sloppy

clothes he'd hardly ever worn before. That, at least, was some kind of beginning.

And then, after a while, he got this idea about the boat.

He went into the kitchen and packed a boxful of canned foods and got into the car again and drove down to Mystic, Connecticut, where the boat was stashed. He looked at it sitting there, running his hands along its smooth hull. And he thought, "You and I are going to go away to the sea together, *China Boy*. And maybe while we're away, we'll be able to prove something. But what, I don't know. . ."

The stutter cure

It was in mid-August, exactly eight weeks later, when the storm came crashing down on the boy and his boat.

They were in the Atlantic, three long miles from the Long Island shoreline.

For these past eight weeks they'd been sailing up and down the coast, alone, pulling into tiny ports once in a while for provisions, taking children on rides once in a while, but mostly sailing out in the open waters, just the two of them, together, far from the rest of the world, wallowing in their solitude, their awyness, in the vast and silent and challenging world of the sea.

And then, this day, the storm came.

It began with the rain, heavy and cold.

Then huge lightning flashes charged the sky and the thunder roared.

And then the winds came, blasting upon them from every direction, causing the waves to lash furiously against the sides of the little boat, causing the boat to roll crazily from port to starboard, starboard to port, way over, back and forth, more and more and more.

For what seemed like seven lifetimes, the boy struggled to keep his boat from capsizing. Even though it was early afternoon it had grown dark and he could barely see what he was doing. But he worked the lines that worked the straining sails until his fingers bled, and for a while he even thought that everything would be all right. For the thunder had begun to lessen a little and the sky had begun to clear a little and the boat was rocking a little less.

But then, again, suddenly, the sky turned dark and from out of nowhere, it seemed, a black, gigantic, spray-spitting wave came rushing towards the boy and the boat.

It was upon them in a moment, enveloping them in its grip, tearing them loose from one another with its overwhelming power.

It cracked the boat in two, easily, as a big old man might crack a toothpick simply by pressing it between his fingers.

And it sent the boy flying through the rain-swept air, then down into the water, only a few yards from the spot where *China Boy* had just gone under.

For a second, Gardner panicked. He gasped for air and opened his mouth and it came filled with the stinging taste of the cruel water that seemed to have set out to lick him. His limbs turned weak. His heart pounded heavily inside him. He felt that he was going to die.

And then, almost without realizing it, he found himself beginning to swim.

He knew that he was an impossible three miles from shore. He knew that he had no idea which way that shore lay.

But still he found himself swimming now, one tired arm cutting into the water, then the other, his legs kicking wearily but steadily, steadily, steadily, through

wave after wave, for yard after yard, on and on . . . heading maybe towards life, maybe towards death, not knowing.

"When I came to the shore, finally," Gardner says today, simply, about this incident, "I crawled onto the beach, lay back exhausted, thanked God for making me safe and fell asleep."

Says a family friend of Gardner's about this incident: "From that time on he was a different person. He never stuttered again. He never felt inadequate, or lost, or ashamed, or that anyone would ever ridicule him again. Because he knew that he had a certain power now, a power in himself and a guiding power up there somewhere. He knew, too, that it took guts to live, and that he had 'em. And from that day on he has lived by those guts, doing whatever he's wanted to, wherever and whenever he's wanted. . ."

For example:

When Gardner was eighteen, he entered Cornell University. The next two years were fun. He was a good student, a star basketball player, editor of the school newspaper, and—tremendously popular with his fellow students—was voted president of his freshman and sophomore classes. But at twenty, suddenly—a little more than halfway through college—he decided to quit. "I just got to feeling bored," he says. "So I sat down one night and asked myself, 'What would you really like to be doing right now?' The answer was: New York, a job, something on Madison Avenue, in advertising."

Less than a week later Gardner was in New York, working for one of the large ad agencies, doing what he now remembers as the 'gray-flannel bit.' He started as an office boy, but in less than six months he was marked down as a comer and promoted to space salesman. Now he was really in, attended by all the usual ad-man

trappings—the private office, the private secretary, the expense account, the snazzy little East Side apartment, the rack of striped ties, the jovial martini-guzzling friends, the works.

"Except that this became boring, too," Gardner remembers, "and I decided it was time for another change. What to do now? I didn't know exactly at first. And then one day I found myself not getting into a cab and going to work but walking across town to an art museum instead. I guess you can say it was as if something pulled me there, to the museum, to the certain exhibit room I ended up in, to those certain pieces of sculpture I found myself staring at, marveling at. Anyway, that's when I made up my mind that I was definitely going to quit advertising and switch to sculpting. Had I had any training for this? No. I just knew it was the only thing I wanted to do now."

For the next two years, Gardner sculpted away and had the time of his starving life. He lived in Greenwich Village now, in a \$50-a-month apartment in a 50-year-old tenement building. When he was lucky and managed to sell some of his work (he sculpted hands mostly and his average take was \$3 per finger), he could even get to pay the rent on time. When he wasn't so lucky, his landlady—an artist herself—understood and advanced him credit.

Gardner got his break eventually. One of his works—a huge mobile he had worked on in his spare time—was bought by the White Museum in Ithaca, New York. Then, a few weeks later, four pieces of his sculpture were bought by a dealer for more than \$500. The price on fingers had gone up considerably and Gardner could feel his way to fulfill his latest wish, to continue his art studies in Paris.

On the very morning of the sale, he paid

his landlady what he owed her and then took a bus to the offices of the French Line and bought his ticket on the first ship leaving for Europe.

The ship happened to be the *Ile de France*.

Sailing time happened to be the following afternoon, Wednesday, July 25, 1956.

It happened, too, that on the night of the twenty-fifth, at precisely 11:45, Gardner was seated in the ship's lounge, treating a girl he had met a little while earlier to a cognac, indulging in a little first-night-out flirting, when he felt his glass begin to tremble in his hand.

He knew, after a moment, that the ship had suddenly put on more speed, what seemed to him to be maximum speed.

He signaled a steward over to the table.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"The *Andrea Doria*, monsieur," the steward told him. "We have just received an SOS. She is crashed with another ship not far from here. We are on our way to pick up survivors."

And with that message Gardner forgot about the girl, the cognac and went for his camera.

"He got them all right, too," says a photographer friend of Gardner's, "some of the best pictures anybody took. And when the *Ile* turned around with its survivors and headed back to New York to let them off, Gardner got off, too, and stayed off. You see, he'd gone to the *New York Times* with his pictures and they'd bought them on the spot and somebody there had said to him, 'You should be in this business.' Without stopping to think if maybe the guy wasn't just talking out of the excitement of the moment, Gardner figured, *Yes, maybe I should be*. And with that he canceled his passage on the boat, forgot about Paris and art and buckled down to becoming a photographer . . . I

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Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three \$10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn \$10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE GARDNER McKAY:

- ☐ 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

2. 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

3. I LIKE DOROTHY MALONE:

- ☐ 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

4. 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 DEBBIE JOINS THE BEATNIKS
☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

I READ: ☐ 1 all of DEBBIE REYNOLDS'S PHONE
CALL ☐ 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 SANDRA DEE:

- ☐ 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 RICKY NELSON:

- ☐ 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 ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

- ☐ 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

8. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:

- ☐ 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

guess I don't have to tell you that he was pretty darn good at it. He became, in time, a fashion photographer of no mean reputation. He liked the work fine, too. 'Work?' he used to say, '—you call working with girls like I meet work?' If Gardner had stuck with it he'd be in a class with Avedon and Horst and Rawlings by now. If he hadn't met Schary, I mean."

The meeting with Dore Schary, then Vice-President in charge of Practically Everything at MGM Studios, was as accidental and as fated as every other important moment in Gardner's life.

It came about in an elevator at 1540 Broadway, the bulding where MGM maintains its New York offices.

Schary, in from the Coast on a quick business trip, stepped into the elevator, said hello to the operator and then looked over at the fellow standing next to him.

He was struck immediately by his unusual good looks.

Neither Schary nor Gardner remembers the exact conversation on the forty-five-second ride up. But according to Gardner, it went something like this:

SCHARY: What line you in, young man?

GARDNER: Photography.

SCHARY: Where you headed for?

GARDNER: MGM, to deliver some pictures I've taken.

SCHARY: Like your work?

GARDNER: Like it fine.

SCHARY: Consider changing to something else?

GARDNER: For instance?

SCHARY: For instance acting.

GARDNER (laughing): You're kidding.

SCHARY (not laughing): I'm not . . . You got a few minutes?

GARDNER: Sure.

SCHARY: Then come with me.

They went to Schary's office where, for

the next hour or so, the producer worked at convincing Gardner that it would be foolish of him to turn down an offer such as this, a chance at money, fame, glamour.

"You mentioned a few minutes ago you liked boats," Schary said, finally, when he saw that the rest of his talk wasn't getting him very far. "You have one here in the East, I suppose."

"No," Gardner said, "it doesn't seem to pay having one for only a few months of the year."

"Well," said Schary, smiling, "come to California and you can have one year 'round . . . You ever been to California?"

Gardner shook his head. "No, sir."

"Well," said Schary again, rubbing his hands together and proceeding to make like a one-man Chamber of Commerce, talking now about the magnificent Southern California weather, the blue Pacific, the ideal sailing conditions, the regattas at Christmastime—

"Christmastime?" Gardner broke in, amazed.

Schary nodded.

And then, slowly, Gardner began to nod, too, and he said, "It doesn't sound like such a bad thing at that, becoming an actor. Tell me, sir, how do I begin . . . ?"

"Gardner today isn't the least bit bitter about the wasted two years that followed in Hollywood," reports a young lady who works for us and who interviewed him recently. "In fact, he laughs about what happened. Regarding his first and only picture to date, *Raintree County*, he says: 'I had two whole lines more than the tree.' Regarding one of the half-dozen Grade-Z television westerns he did following *Raintree*, he says: 'I managed to kill one big mob scene single-handed. But I couldn't help it. A horse was standing on my foot.'"

"He is sorry, he says, that Mr. Schary

was released by MGM a few months after signing him—"probably things would have happened faster for me if he'd remained." But, he says, he is grateful that those two long years of hanging around were climaxed by his big recent break, the *Adventures In Paradise* TV series, due to hit the home screens, by the way, this October. . . .

"Gardner lives in a one-room square box of a place in Laurel Canyon, with an all-glass side, facing the mountains. Just one room—huge, where he sleeps, has skin-diving equipment all over the place, lots of books along one wall and a counter where he eats.

"He answers questions intelligently, simply—bragging not at all about himself. He is properly modest about his almost total lack of acting experience. He is obviously quite an athlete—sails, swims, fishes, hunts, like to play ball, all that—but you get the feeling that if he had ever won a trophy, it would be hidden down in the cellar somewhere. . . . He is a perfect gentleman, yet a non-conformist. He thinks for himself, does what he wants to do, but is definitely not a beatnik. He has wonderful manners and is gracious, even in boating jeans.

"When I asked him if he has ever been in love he said: 'No, but I hope to be and I'd like to get married in about two years, three years tops.' When I asked him what kind of young lady he had in mind, he smiled at me and said: 'Give me a girl who knows all about basketball—and I'll take it from there.'

"He is a charmer who's come a long way from the shy frightened boy with the stutter.

"I predict, in fact, that the next stutter you hear will be the pitter-patter of gals' hearts, from Maine to California, wherever a TV set exists. . . ."

END

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

9. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:

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 SAL MINEO:

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

11. I LIKE STELLA 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

12. I LIKE DEAN 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 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

13. I LIKE BING CROSBY:

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

14. 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 LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:

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

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____
MALE

(1) _____
FEMALE

(2) _____
MALE

(2) _____
FEMALE

(3) _____
MALE

(3) _____
FEMALE

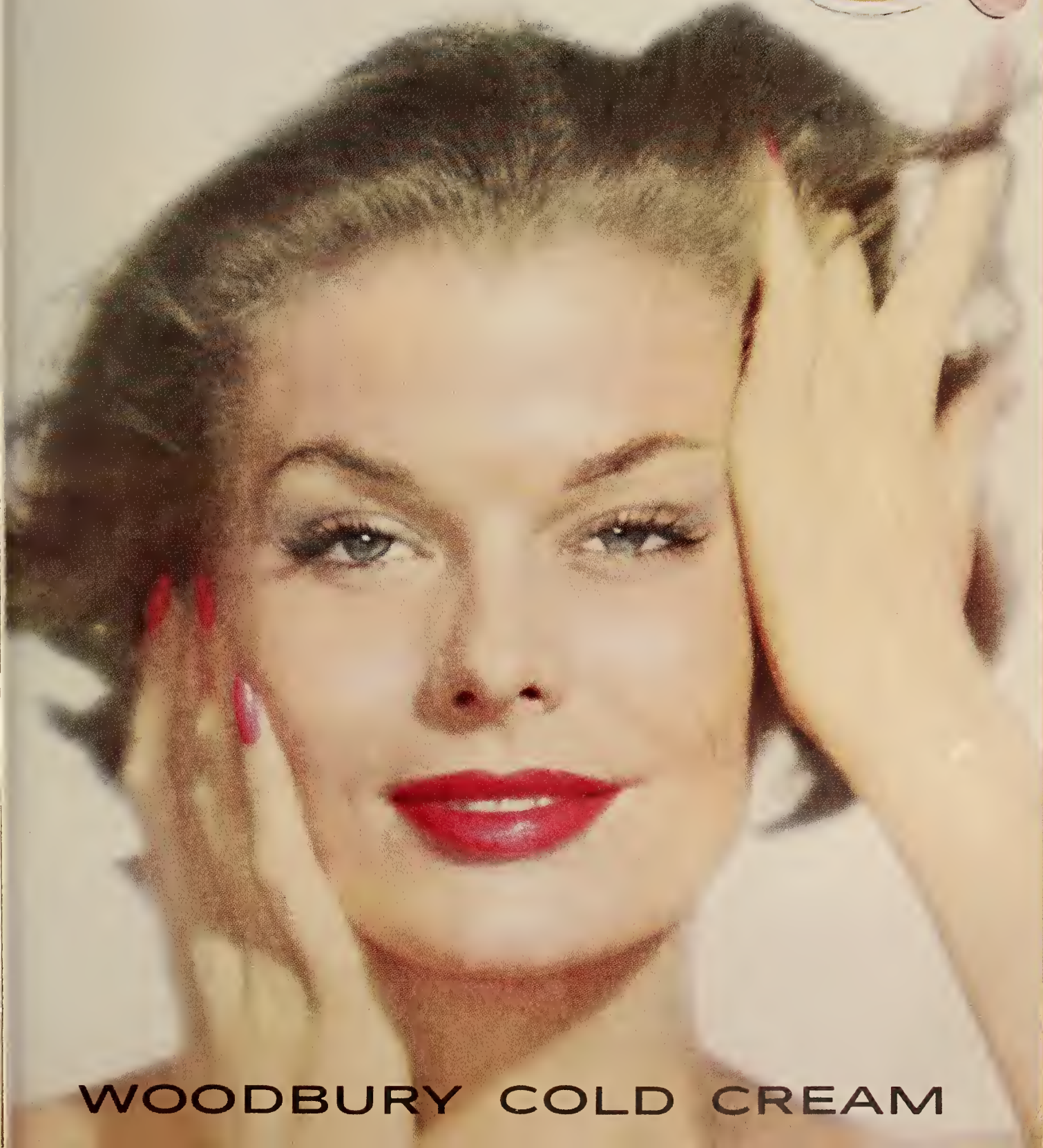
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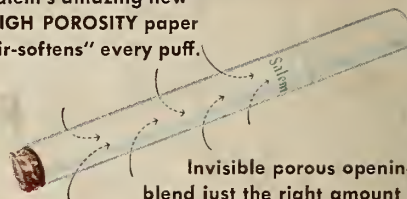
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HIGH POROSITY paper
"air-softens" every puff.



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blend just the right amount of
air with each puff to give you a
softer, fresher, even more flavorful smoke.



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

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