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FABIAN IN LOVE!

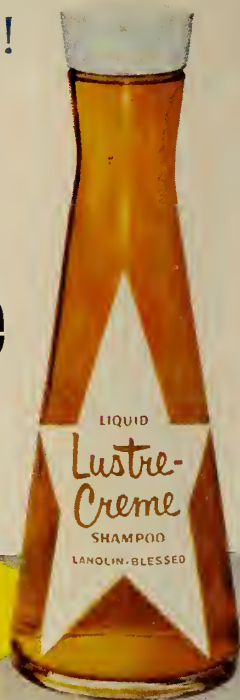
See Inside!
THE STORY
AND PHOTOS
THAT WERE
KEPT SECRET
UNTIL NOW...

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NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

Martha Hyer

starring in
"THE BEST
OF EVERYTHING"

A CinemaScope Picture
Released by 20th Century-Fox
Produced by
Jerry Wald Productions, Inc.
Color by DeLuxe



MARTHA HYER, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves her lovely blonde hair shinier and easier-to-manage. Why don't you see what Lustre-Creme can do for YOUR hair?

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

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

Set—with just plain water!
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Lustre-Creme—
never dries—
it beautifies—
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



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

NOV 20 1959

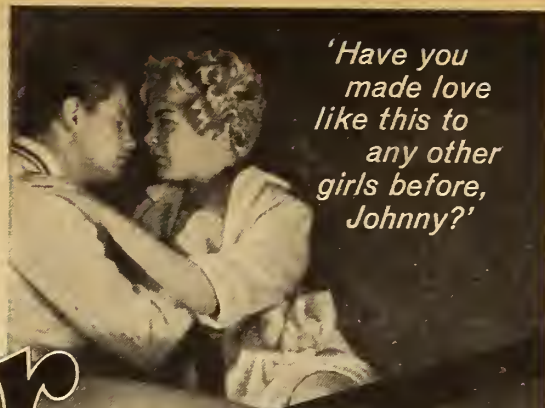
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THIS IS
THE PLACE
WHERE
A BOY
AND A
GIRL
DISCOVER
DESIRE.
WHERE
ADULT
EMOTIONS
VIOLENTLY
EXPLODE.
WHERE
THE
PEOPLE,
THE SINS
AND
SENSATIONS
OF THE
GREAT
BEST-SELLER
COME
TO
BOLD
LIFE.

a Summer Place



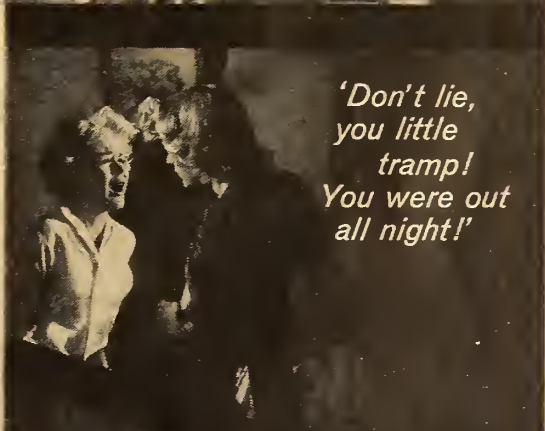
FROM **WARNER BROS.**
TECHNICOLOR®



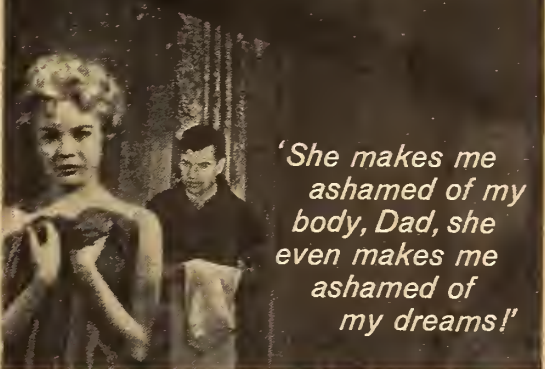
*'Have you
made love
like this to
any other
girls before,
Johnny?'*



*'What
right have
we to
give kids
advice?'*



*'Don't lie,
you little
tramp!
You were out
all night!'*



*'She makes me
ashamed of my
body, Dad, she
even makes me
ashamed of
my dreams!'*

By the author of 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit'

STARRING

RICHARD EGAN • DOROTHY McGUIRE •

THE MOST EXCITING
ROLE FOR TODAY'S
TOP TEEN-AGE STAR

SANDRA DEE • ARTHUR KENNEDY

AND INTRODUCING
A NEW YOUNG
STAR SENSATION

TROY DONAHUE

CONSTANCE FORD • BEULAH BONDI from the novel by **SLOAN WILSON**

Written, Produced and Directed by **DELMER DAVES** Music by **MAX STEINER.**

You'll hear the hit theme from 'A Summer Place'!

WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records





MARILYN FOSS, Sophomore, Ridgewood High School, Ridgewood, N. J. says:

"Rehearsing for the school play was fun—until my face broke out. I became more upset when the blemishes remained after trying skin creams and lotions. Then our druggist suggested Clearasil. By opening night my skin was as clear as ever!"

Marilyn Foss

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

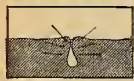
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

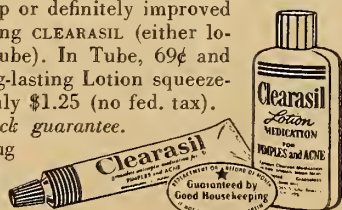


3. **'Starves' pimples.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.



**LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS**

modern screen

DECEMBER, 1959

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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THESE ARE THE FOUR LIVES THAT REVEAL THIS GENERATION.
THIS IS THE ONE MOTION PICTURE THAT CUTS TODAY'S WORLD TO ITS CORE!



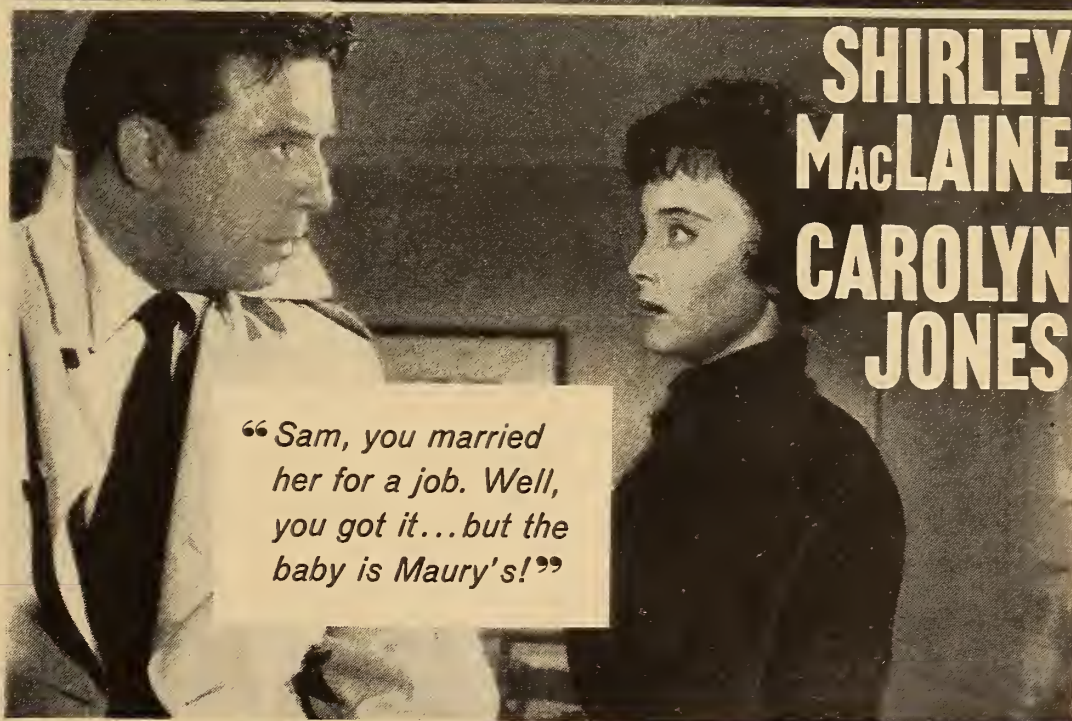
A
woman's
Career
is loving...

a man
who
corrupts
her love for
his own
Career
gets hurt—
the way
it hurts
hardest!



*"Maury, don't make
a pass! I'm the
one who makes all
the passes!"*

**DEAN
MARTIN
ANTHONY
FRANCIOSA**



*"Sam, you married
her for a job. Well,
you got it...but the
baby is Maury's!"*

**SHIRLEY
MACLAINE
CAROLYN
JONES**

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION **"career"**



and introducing

JOAN BLACKMAN · ROBERT MIDDLETON

and co-starring

Directed by

JOSEPH ANTHONY · JAMES LEE · A Paramount Release

Screenplay by



Want to look prettier
be
more
Exciting?



Color your Hair

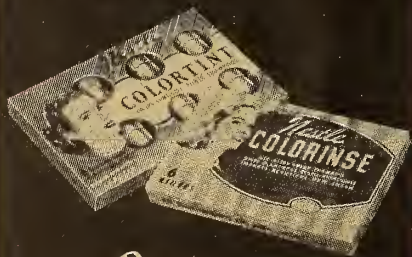
SO EASILY • IN MINUTES
WITHOUT BLEACHING OR DYEING

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢

NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colortint intensifies your natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. Colortint also blends-in gray hair to youthful new beauty! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—Colortint lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 fabulous shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORTINT



Nestle

HAIR COLORING SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



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 star get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 64.

Q Is it true that **Fabian** is an extremely poor student in high school and that's why he is having private tutors to help him get his diploma?

—T.E., TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

A The only course Fabian flunked was music. Private classes have been arranged in order for him to maintain his schooling while his career demands are so heavy.

Q Whatever happened to the **Hugh O'Brian**-**Nancy Sinatra** romance?

—F.S., WARWICK, R.I.

A Hugh still sees Nancy—but, certain that she'll never remarry, continues to play the field.

Q Why was **Edd Byrnes** so dead-set against appearing with **Dick Clark**? Could it be because Clark never plugged his first record, *Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb*?

—H.R., WACO, TEXAS

A Edd's appearance with Clark was cancelled against his wishes since his 77 SUNSET STRIP show is sponsored by a rival chewing gum sponsor and the studio felt he'd be getting involved in a sticky situation if he showed up.

Q Now that **Bing Crosby** finally got the girl of his dreams—do he and **Kathryn Grant** intend to keep having more children?

—L.D., ST. PAUL, MINN.

A Since Bing and Kathy are both staunch Catholics they intend to leave the size of their family to God's will.

Q What was **Debbie Reynold's** attitude when she ran into **Eddie Fisher** and **Liz Taylor**, together for the first time since their marriage, at that Khrushchev lunch at 20th Century-Fox?

—N.W., MUNCIE, INDIANA

A Since this was a diplomatic luncheon, diplomats at 20th made sure Debbie's table was nowhere near the Fishers'. Debbie however is quite aware that meetings with the Fishers at public functions are inevitable and is ready to cope with a face-to-face encounter should one arise.

Q Can you give us the Inside Story behind the reports that **Kirk Douglas** is in serious financial trouble, went into debt in order to finish *Spartacus* and is considering filing a bankruptcy petition?

—D.D., RICHMOND, VA.

A Kirk isn't broke yet. SPARTACUS, which costs \$9,000,000 to produce, needs to earn \$16,000,000 to show a profit. If it

doesn't, Kirk Douglas, producer-actor, may have to drop the producer title for a while—but as an actor there's little chance of his ever going hungry again.

Q Is it true that **Gardner McKay** ditched his steady girl because his studio thought it would be more advantageous for him to be seen with big stars?

—S.P., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

A Gardner's romance with a starlet was almost over before he started dating name stars.

Q I haven't been hearing too much about **Stewart Granger** and **Jean Simmons** lately. How are things with that marriage?

—B.M., KENOSHA, WIS.

A Their friends say at the 'Grim and Bear It' stage. But there are no divorce plans at the moment.

Q What was **Marlene Dietrich's** (who created the role) reaction to **May Britt's** performance in *The Blue Angel*?

—H.G., BERWYN, ILL.

A No comment.

Q I have heard rumors that **Jane Russell** is a very unhappy girl these days. If this is so do you know what's bothering her?

—M.N., WHEELING, WEST VA.

A Minor marital discord; major concern over not securing any major film roles and having her TV pilot film scrapped.

Q Why is **Jim Garner** feuding with his studio again—now that he's gotten a raise and permission to appear in feature films?

—G.W., TACOMA, WASHINGTON

A No feuding—just fussin' and a fuming because he was denied permission to do a guest-shot on a **Bob Hope** spectacular.

Q Did **Lilli Palmer** know that **Kay Kendall** was desperately ill, without long to live, when she gave **Rex Harrison** his 'quickie' Mexican divorce?

—H.M.R., FLUSHING, L.I.

A Yes.

Q **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** always say they hate to be separated and yet they rarely travel together. Why is this?

—J.B., SARASOTA, FLA.

A Tony is deathly afraid of flying and Janet gets train-sick. So they go their separate ways in just this particular instance.

"Soap on my face— ...never"

*Because soap robs your skin
of its essential oils...and
leaves it taut and dry!*

Unlike drying soaps...this modern scientific lotion absorbs dirt
and make-up...without disturbing the oil balance of your skin!

Until now, it was impossible to wash your face without robbing it of the essential oils that keep it soft and young. Soap cleanses thoroughly... *but* it strips the skin dry.

Now, Revlon has created a lotion that draws out hidden dirt and stale make-up from *deep* in the pores... without destroying the oil balance. It actually adds moisture and oils as it cleans.

As you apply 'Clean and Clear' it changes before your eyes to a greaseless cream. You rinse it off as you would soap, but you feel a fresh new *softness*... not the *tautness* that soap leaves.

You'll never know how lovely your skin can be until you try it. And isn't 1.25 (plus tax) a small amount to pay for a complexion you'll prize more with every passing day.

Revlon 'clean^{AND} clear'



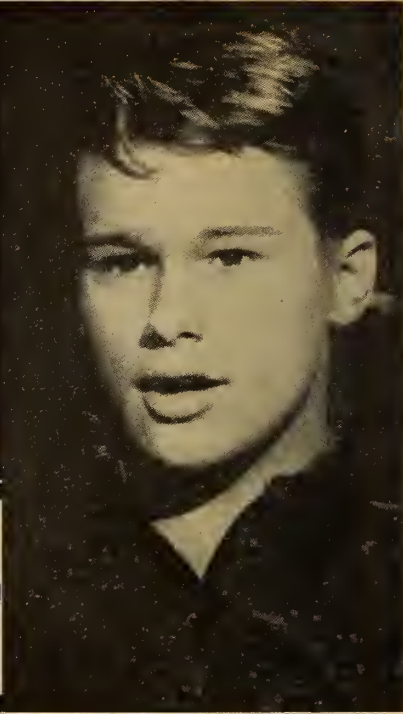
*If your skin is extra-dry, there
is a special formula for you
... White 'Clean and Clear'.*

Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels ©Revlon, Inc. 1959



At seven he hated the baby face that made him a star, made tough guys pick on him.

MEET: BRANDON de WILDE



At seventeen he still hates his baby face but he'll fight anyone who makes a wisecrack.

■ He made his first appearance at St. Mary's Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, on April 9, 1942. The nurse who placed him in the arms of his pretty, green-eyed blonde, young mother gave him his first 'notice':

"A fine boy! And that baby face!"

The fine boy who was to bear the impressive name of Andre Brandon de Wilde let up a howl and has been howling in protest at his young looks ever since.

Brandon hates looking younger than his years—he has hated it ever since he can remember.

But now, at seventeen, he can appreciate the fact that the day will come when it will work for him instead of against him. But—well, his young face has been giving him a rough time as long ago as when he first started school. . . .

He was seven—sturdily built and serious-looking, full of mischief and all-boy, clear through. But his mop of unruly blond hair falling over a baby face led the older boys to try to find sport with him.

That first time, he was on his way to school when three of the bigger boys stopped him. "Here's the actor," they jeered. "Let's see if the actor can fight."

Brandon looked them over and recognized them as belonging to what his parents called the 'rough element' at his public school. But he stood his ground—he had ancestors to live up to.

It wasn't as if there were merely one or two of them either. He had (*Continued on page 9*)

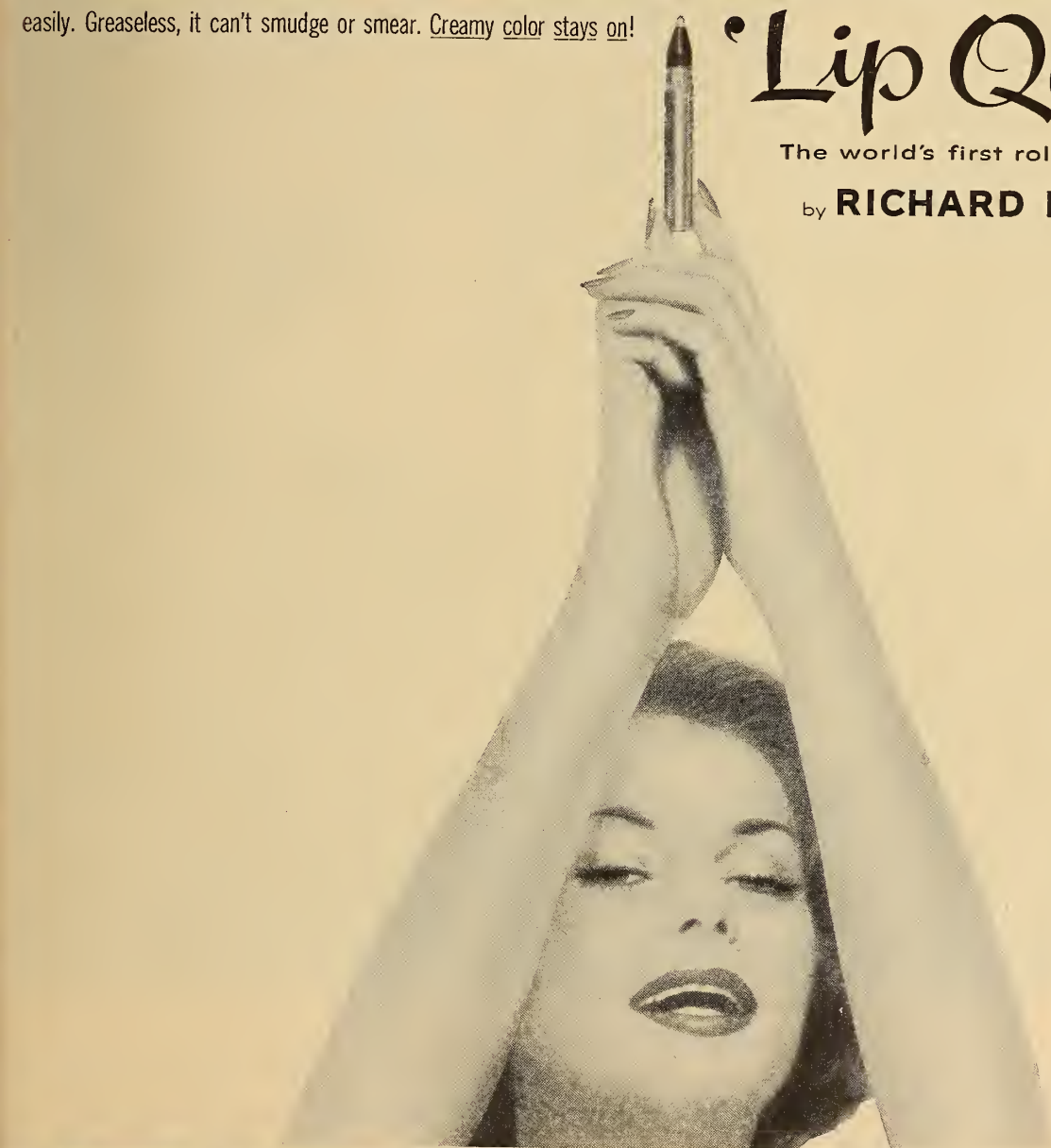
EXCITINGLY NEW! EXCLUSIVELY YOU!

Are you the woman other women watch to see what's new and exciting in fashion? Then you are the fashion leader for whom Richard Hudnut created 'LIP QUICK'—the world's first roll-on lip color—in the slim, elegant, golden case. An original in every sense of the word! 'LIP QUICK' actually rolls on flowing color automatically. Takes the place of lipstick, lip liner and lip brush! The secret is in the exclusive well and ball-point action. Fresh, flowing color, stored inside, is released only when you apply it, as the rounded tip is pressed gently against your lips. 'LIP QUICK' outlines, shapes and colors lips, cleanly, quickly, easily. Greaseless, it can't smudge or smear. Creamy color stays on!

'Lip Quick'

The world's first roll-on lip color

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**



Outline lips perfectly
in 1-2-3 strokes!



Now—just moisten
your lips!



Press lips together.
That's all!

Ordinary lipsticks can break off or melt. 'LIP QUICK' won't. It never gets messy, never breaks. And it's so easy to apply. This flowing lip color can be used to the very last drop! Lasts twice as long as lipstick. Be first with the first new form of lip color in 40 years. Say 'LIP QUICK'—not lipstick. It's the exciting new fashion in beauty by Richard Hudnut. In 8 fabulous shades.



'LIP QUICK'
in a precious
jeweler-design
case, \$1.50 plus
tax. Refillable.



I dreamed
I sang a duet at the Met in my
maidenform bra*

I'm *beside* myself with joy—Maidenform and I make such *marvelous* music together with Sweet Music*! The genius lies in the cups, each exquisitely sculptured from 8 separate triangles. Ingenious new "lifts" in the undercups hit a high note in comfort and curves! Sweet Music* (left) is silky white broadcloth with delicate embroidery. A, B, C cups, 2.50. Sweet Music* Elastic (right) has elastic everywhere but the cups. A, B, C cups, \$3. D, 3.50. Sweet Music* Waist Length (not shown), for the ultimate in control. B, C cups, 3.95. D, 4.95.



And what
gay packages!

MEET BRANDON deWILDE (Continued from page 6) numerous famous antecedents on both sides of his family tree. On his father's side, there was Ferdinand Victor Eugene Delacroix, famous French artist. The paternal family name in Holland was Neitzel-deWilde and his grandfather could use the title *Baron Neitzel-deWilde* even if the family dropped the title and the *Neitzel* when they emigrated to the United States three generations ago.

Also on his father's side, Brandon was descended from the architect Peerless who designed one of the Houses of Parliament in London. On his mother's side he is descended from Sir Charles Brandon, of the Brandons of Haddon Hall, whom you could read about in *When Knighthood Was In Flower*. Sir Charles married a sister of King Henry VIII and his brother, John Brandon, was given a land grant by the King that has been in the family since before the Revolution and still is. It lies in Catawba County, North Carolina.

With famous ancestors like this, a boy can't run, no matter how scared he may be and even though he doesn't hold much with this ancestor stuff. His parents had taught him that what you are yourself counts more than ancestry—yet great ancestors are a responsibility to live up to.

So Brandon stood his ground with the big boys and answered grandly, "Who wants to fight? I got other things to do! And who says I'm an actor?"

"You're an actor on Broadway, Noo York!" the second boy put in, as if this were the final indignity.

"Huh! It's my father who's the actor. I'm just helping out this friend of my father's."

"You're acting? You're an actor," the third concluded. "And why don'tcha fight? You chicken?"

"Who's chicken? I don't have time to fight, is all. Lemme pass. I'll be late for school."

"Well, you get to be a real actor, and you're cooked! Next time, you better be ready . . . you just better be ready!"

Brandon said nothing but ploughed his way toward school, his forehead wrinkled in a scowl.

The calls that changed everything

He was troubled. This never would have happened to him a few weeks ago before the phone calls from New York had made over his life. Everything was swell before that. . . .

His family had this nice five-room house and he liked living in Baldwin, Long Island, near enough to the shore for swimming and boating and cookouts and all the things a boy could have fun with. He had his hamsters, his two Siamese cats, Holi and Luki, and his room full of all the things a boy counts as treasures.

He had a uke his father made for him out of an old cigar box, and he could plunk away at it pretty good. He had a couple of ancient firearms that just *might* have belonged to his ancestors and a collection of shells he got at the shore.

In the basement, he had his electric trains. His pals and even his dad had a great time with them.

His mother had been an actress before he was born. Now she just looked after him and his father. But sometimes she would cue his father when he was learning a part. This meant that she would help Dad learn his lines. And sometimes, just from hearing them, Brandon knew the lines by heart too. But his parents were glad he was just an ordinary normal boy and wasn't going to be in the theater. They hoped that when he grew up he'd go to college, as they did, and when he was through, he'd become a lawyer or something solid like that.

Meanwhile Brandon was happy at public school with his pals Greg Murphy and



...and a solo

in my

maidenform girdle*

What an ovation! I'm the season's *sensation* in Spindrift* (gives a girl a starring figure overnight!) Light-as-an-aria nylon power net with double front panel. Who *said* flattery will get you nowhere? I'm the pet of the Met, thanks to Maidenform! S, M, L. Pantie, 5.95. Girdle, \$5. (Spindrift comes in Brief and Control-panel styles, too!)

Ralph Pereida. They had great times together. But even when he was alone, he had a good time because he lived in a world of space ships and knights of the roundtable and other heroes out of his books.

Sometimes he'd be so much a part of this world, he wouldn't hear his parents when they told him to do something and he'd end up by being bawled out.

"You're always daydreaming, Brandon. Pay attention when we talk to you."

"I was paying attention, Mom. I just didn't hear you."

"Brandon, those excuses . . ." they'd sigh.

But he was telling the truth for he was off in his space ship or with the knights.

Mostly his parents were pretty patient and understanding. They were good parents and they didn't expect the impossible of him like some kids' parents did.

He had his chores to do, like carrying out the garbage. Sometimes he'd be so far away, he'd walk right past the garbage can.

"Brandon—the garbage," his mother would call. And he'd have to come back and get it. But even when he got bawled out or had to stay home from the movies as punishment, he knew he deserved it. His was a good life—till those phone calls began. . . .

Casting for Brandon

They were from this friend of his father's who was a casting director with the same play his father was to stage-manage. A casting director, his parents explained, looked for the right people to act on the stage. Right now, she was looking for a boy of Brandon's age.

For days the phone rang and this Miss Fay would tell his father how she had tried out another group of boys and not one suited her. "How about bringing Brandon in for an interview?" she would ask.

"Brandon's just an ordinary kid. He hasn't an acting bone in his body."

"That can't be true—he's the son of acting parents. Besides, how do you know what he can do until he tries!" she would argue.

There didn't seem to be any answer to that and finally, to stop the daily phone calls and keep Miss Fay from getting mad at them, Brandon's father agreed to bring him to New York.

But his mother didn't like the idea any more than his father had. They kept making excuses and putting off the visit. "Maybe if we delay long enough, she'll turn up somebody else," they told each other.

But she didn't and the day came when the deWildes couldn't postpone the trip any longer. Miss Fay talked with Brandon and so did the producer. They both agreed that Brandon had the exact quality they were looking for. So they gave his father a fat play-script of *Member of the Wedding* to take home so he could coach his son in the part.

Soon he was letter-perfect in the part and at rehearsal he amazed everyone, including his parents, by his perfect timing. Timing, they told him, was something that some actors never learn. But Brandon seemed to have it naturally. It was a God-given gift, they said, something for which he could be eternally grateful.

When the play opened, the critics who wrote about such things raved about his performance. Later he was given the Donaldson Award for *The Outstanding Debut Performance* of the season and his parents told him he was the very youngest actor ever to win this.

Brandon grew to like the theater, the people in it and the audiences that applauded him. He liked being called a

trouper and having a fuss made over him but his parents took care that he did not get a big head. He understood that he came by acting naturally—as naturally as the shoemaker's son who picked up the tricks of his trade from his father. He understood that getting a big head was the sign of a rank amateur and no professional would tolerate it, and that when this play was over, he might not ever get another.

So to Brandon it was fun but temporary. But if the big boys were going to pick on him because of it. . . .

He told his father what had happened on his way to school and his dad wasn't surprised. "Something like this always happens when you're the least bit different from the usual," his father told him. "You were smart to talk your way out of that fight. Fighting never solves anything for very long but there will always be bullies who won't learn this. I guess it's about time I taught you to box."

"But remember this, Brandon," he said. "Just because the kids call you chicken doesn't mean you are. There will always be those who will try to goad you into doing something you know is wrong or just plain foolish. You have to examine your own conscience. If what they ask you is wrong, tell them so. And tell them that calling you names doesn't make those names stick. Don't let anyone make you do anything you don't want to do."

"They said they'll make me fight next time," Brandon told him.

"They can't make you do anything—not if you stand firm. But if the time comes when you have to fight—well, we'll see that you're ready."

So Brandon and his father began sparring in the basement. And it was decided, too, that it was time to think about a summer camp, where he would learn, among other things, the "manly art of self-defense." (But he didn't actually go to camp until he was eleven.)

Bob Crosby was once asked:
"Can you think of any distinct advantage in being Bing Crosby's younger brother?"

The biggest advantage," he said,
"is that, being younger than Bing, I've kept my hair."

Mike Wallace
in the New York Post

Brandon never missed a performance of *Member of the Wedding*. He played it five-hundred and seventy-two times on Broadway and fifty-six times on the road from Chicago to the Coast.

After that, he went to Hollywood to make the movie version of the play.

Now there was no more talk about Brandon's acting being a temporary thing. He was suddenly much in demand on radio and finally for television. The deWildes decided that thirteen was a good age for him to 'retire' for his voice would change.

As a child actor, he won every honor that was to be won and many that no child had taken before him. At nine, he was nominated for an Academy Award as the best supporting actor in *Shane*. For his work in that picture, he also won the Red Book and Look awards and the Hollywood Foreign Press Association's Golden Globe Award for the outstanding juvenile performance as well as the Milky Way Award for four consecutive years as *The Most Popular Young Performer on Television*. He starred in the TV series *Jamie*.

His parents' lives had changed. Brandon was the actor of the family now so his father had to stay with stage-managing so that he'd have time to coach his son. His mother who had retired from the stage, now crossed the country with him eighteen

times as he shuttled back and forth between the Broadway stage and pictures. On Broadway he played one hundred-eighteen performances with Helen Hayes in *Mrs. McThing*. Miss Hayes became his ardent fan, and if Brandon persisted in eating garlic, she ate it too. He and his family were invited to her home.

Just a regular kid

All this was fine and part of his double life. But at Baldwin among his friends, he was still just a regular kid, one of the crowd. His friends admired him for being able to earn his own malts, and his enemies still gave him a hard time. He stayed in public school in Baldwin until the seventh grade. By that time the deWildes were exhausted shuttling back and forth and had to take a New York apartment and go out to the house only on week ends. Brandon, therefore, transferred to the Lincoln Junior High in New York and then for a year, he attended the Professional Children's School. But his parents thought it wiser for him to be at a school where professionals were the exception rather than the rule so now Brandon attends the New York Tutoring School.

Retirement Day for him came and went unnoticed—he was too busy working. His voice never cracked as his parents thought it might. Instead, it fell two octaves lower as the years rolled around. The awkward age, if he knew it all, was spent at work. After *Shane*, came *Good-bye, My Lady*. In this, Brandon made a new friend in the pup, Lady. The producers didn't have the heart to separate boy and dog so they gave her to Brandon. A most loyal and engaging dog she is. She gets on famously with the cats Holi and Luki and acts as official greeter for Brandon's guests.

After the films *Night Passage* and *Missouri Traveler*, Brandon emerged this year as a young adult in *Blue Denim*. Retirement is now something to contemplate in his old age.

But problems are still with him!

Not too long ago in Baldwin, he rode downtown on his English racing bike for a bottle of milk. He carefully set his newly repaired bike outside the shop. Along came some boys who proceeded to kick it till it was dented and then wait for Brandon.

Slowly, deliberately, Brandon took off his wrist-watch and gave it to his friend Greg to hold. He did the same with his wallet. Then he put up his dukes and sailed in. It was easy now. He hadn't won the boxing championship at Camp Mitigwa, Maine, for nothing! The boys beat a hasty retreat and hereafter they'll think twice before they pick on the actor with the baby face.

His other problems Brandon does not solve quite so easily. There's school, for instance. Brandon is bright and quick but he's not a student. There are always so many other things to do besides home work, so many exciting things like swimming, water-skiing, skin-diving and camping. He knows he must get his high school diploma and he's promised his parents to take college entrance examinations just in case he changes his mind and decides to go to college, after all. Right now he thinks he doesn't want to—he'd rather put in his time studying the theater, acting, directing, writing.

Homework is a thorn in his side and at school he's in trouble. Recently his teachers called his parents down while they put him on the carpet.

"These old, tired excuses you give us," they protested. "Your alarm clock broke down, you overslept, you had a headache, you left your books in the country. Honestly, Brandon, we've heard every one of them before from hundreds of boys. When will you grow up?"

(Continued on page 21)

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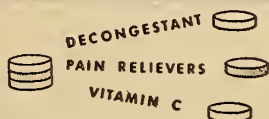
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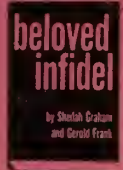
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MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLE PARSONS

in this issue:

Russia visits Hollywood

Five friends die

Tuesday's shocking interview



At the Hollywood luncheon for the Khrushchevs, that charmer, Frank Sinatra, charmed Mrs. K. 13



This is the Can-Can scene that Mr. Khrushchev seemed to enjoy but later called "tasteless and immoral." Sitting in the front row, left to right, are Khrushchev's daughter Rada, Mrs. Eric Johnston, Spyros Skouras, Khrushchev, and interpreter, Mrs. Buddy Adler, Mrs. Khrushchev and Mrs. Skouras.

Khrushchev Visits Hollywood

So electrifying was the presence of Nikita Khrushchev, 'Boss' of the Reds, and his pleasant-faced wife in the Cafe de Paris, jammed with movie stars, that no one seemed to give a hoot that this marked the first time **Elizabeth Taylor, Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** had been in the same room since the blow-up! No, their paths didn't cross.

Also, **Rod Steiger** and **Claire Bloom** chose this momentous day to get married and no one knew (or cared) until much later.

The stars among the males who stole the spotlight were **Gary Cooper** (the only one there who had had two movies released in Russia) and **Frank Sinatra**. Frankie sat next to Mrs. Khrushchev and completely charmed her. Later, big 'Coop' had a private conversation with both Khrushchevs.

14 Only **Bob Hope** and Mrs. Llewellyn

Thompson, wife of the American Ambassador to Russia, separated my place at the table from Mrs. Khrushchev, and when I asked her if she was having a good time in America, she answered in surprisingly good English, "Yes, but I am very tired. There's been so little rest."

Bob Hope made us all laugh by telling us that when he went to Russia recently, Mrs. Thompson introduced him at the Embassy as "that American who plays the fiddle," meaning nobody else but **Jack Benny**!

If Mrs. Khrushchev didn't recognize **Glenn Ford** sitting directly across the table from her, one of the daughters of the Premier, Rada, most certainly did. She pleased Glenn by saying she had cut his picture from an American fan magazine. (MODERN SCREEN, it is to be hoped.) Most appropriately dressed of the femme film stars, **Deborah Kerr**. Most surprisingly dressed, **Marilyn Monroe**, in a very low cut, form-fitting and revealing black lace cocktail gown.

Leslie Caron, with her new blonde hair, went over and introduced herself to **Tony**

Perkins, saying she had always wanted to meet him. And believe me, Tony was pleased.

David Niven, Tony Curtis and **Janet Leigh** didn't in the least mind that Mrs. Khrushchev didn't recognize them.

Hollywood insiders were secretly amused that among the first to arrive at the luncheon were **Liz and Eddie** and **Rita Hayworth** (Liz and Rita being notoriously late to all other occasions).

Kim Novak looked pretty in a cool sleeveless organdy. So did **Dinah Shore**, in an orange coat over an orange summer dress.

One thing will always puzzle and amaze me. Later, the entire gathering had left the cafe to watch **Frank Sinatra** present a scene with **Maurice Chevalier** and **Louis Jourdan** from Can-Can and listen to **Shirley MacLaine** make a little speech in Russian. Shirley also danced the 'Can-Can' number with the chorus. The Khrushchevs seemed to be enjoying everything to the hilt.

Next day in San Francisco, explosive Nikita called the dance "tasteless and immoral." That didn't figure.



PARTY of the month

There were so many parties I don't think I can say that any one was the party of the month and be completely truthful. But a party that brought out stars in absolute clusters was the tenth wedding anniversary dinner of the **Dean Martin's** at Dino's.

That's Dean's own successful restaurant of which you get glimpses in 77 Sunset Strip, even if 'Kookie' doesn't really park cars there. It's always a place where stars congregate.

I had been earlier to a cocktail party given for Jimmy McHugh by **Anna Maria Alberghetti**, **Vic Damone**, **Buddy Bregman** and **Bobby Darin**.

I thought we would be late, but Dino and **Frank Sinatra**, those buddy-buddies, had to work recording so they weren't there when we arrived. But practically all the rest of Hollywood was.

At Dean's party I had a chance to let Steve Parker know how much I like **James Shigeta**, who is in *Holiday* in Japan, Steve's Las Vegas show, and also in the movie, *The Crimson Kimono*. Steve has him signed for

a year and has now given him an understudy, which is only fair all around. Naturally, Steve's ever-loving **Shirley MacLaine** was with him.

Gary Cooper and Rocky were among the early arrivals and I told Gary what a doll I think his beautiful daughter Maria is, and how much I like her. Gary said, "I couldn't agree with you more."

David Niven, who made his first appearance—socially, that is, since his divorce from the beautiful Hjordis, staged it. He sat with **Mary** and **Jack Benny**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, and from the laughter I heard in that corner, they were all having a good time.

Tyrone Power's widow, Debbie, was with Arthur Loew, Jr. She told me, "I've never been on a date in weeks without Arthur. The day you printed I was out with some one else, I wasn't. That was Arthur." Personally I won't be surprised if these two get married.

Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson came from the McHugh party, as did **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**, and they were just about as late as I was, praise be.

I couldn't get over **Milton Berle**. He's lost pounds and looks years younger—one of the best arguments for getting thin I know.



Gary Cooper and Louella both agree his beautiful Maria is a real doll.



Vic Damone and Anna Maria Alberghetti congratulate Jimmy McHugh on his new record album.



Dean and Jeanne Martin (center) celebrated their tenth anniversary and Shirley MacLaine and Frank Sinatra added congratulations.

Another Pet Party

Another of my pet parties was the one **Rosalind Russell** gave two nights before she took off for New York. She hosted a party for Freddie Brisson, her one-and-only husband, first at their home before the opening of *Gazebo*, Freddie's play, and later, at Scandia. Scandia, which is a hundred percent Scandinavian, is Danish Freddie's favorite eating place in America. They had a smorgasbord that night that kept everyone chasing to the buffet supper table for more.

Rosalind was going to New York for a Ford TV spectacular, and Freddie about the new play he'll open soon on Broadway. **Jayne Meadows** and **Steve Allen**, who have become very popular in our social

circles, were both at the Brisson house for dinner and later at the after-theatre supper. Jayne wore a gorgeous flowered evening dress with a coat of the same color, lined with the flowered material of the dress.

The Allens have bought a house and settled here, and Jayne talked houses to everyone who is interested—and what woman isn't?

Everybody gave **William Powell** a big greeting. He looks so well and said that this was a really big evening for him, since nine months of the year he's a desert rat. A Palm Springs desert rat, that is, meaning very luxurious.

Fortunately none of us knew that Death was walking among us that evening in the hearty figure of **Paul Douglas**, who was to be dead exactly one week later.



A pet party of Louella's (right) was given by Ros Russell for her Freddie. 15

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Errol Flynn: Watta Man!

The Hollywood scene this month was livened by the visit of **Errol Flynn** who made his entrance into town with his arms around his divorced (and second) wife, **Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes**.

She brought their two daughters to meet him, but the Hollywood reporters were not long in the dark. Errol was not alone.

He was accompanied by his present amour, **Beverly Aadland**. He told me he had plans to make a settlement with his present (and third wife) **Patrice Wymore**, who has had great success in nightclubs. Pat said up to the time I talked to her that no settlement was forthcoming.

I asked if she thought Errol would marry

the Aadland girl, whom some say is sixteen. Others insist she is the ripe old age of twenty-two. Either way, she is almost as young as Errol's oldest son and daughter.

Pat says Errol just has to be married, so in her opinion he will probably wed young Beverly. On the other hand Errol told me that although he starred Beverly in *Cuban Rebel Girls*, which he made in Cuba, he isn't thinking of marriage.

So far so good. Then it got turbulent. Errol gave a birthday-cocktail party for Beverly, invited the press, and Nora came, again with her daughters, and also with her current boyfriend. Some five or six drinks later, Nora and Beverly got into a quarrel over Errol—while flashbulbs popped, and headlines were made.

Where was Errol? For once in his colorful life, he'd seen the female storm brewing, and had discreetly gone home, really to enjoy the last laugh. Watta man!



There was a storm brewing between Errol Flynn's (left) protege Beverly Aadland (right) and his former wife Nora (center). But he had last laugh.

The Yul Brynner Separation

Yul Brynner openly admitted to me that there is a definite separation between him and **Virginia Gilmore**, when I telephoned him in Paris. Virginia is in New York and Rocky, their handsome young son, to whom they are both devoted, commutes between them.

Yul insisted that he does not plan to remarry if Virginia does give him his freedom. The way I hear it is that it is the financial settlement that is holding the whole thing up. Or it could be that Virginia still hopes to get him back. She is an exceptionally nice girl with many friends in Hollywood.

I couldn't quite bring myself to mention Doris Kleiner to Yul, but she is the girl with whom he has been seen for the last several months in Paris—and the only one he's been seen with, I might add. Instead I let Yul tell me about his good deeds, and they are very good indeed. He's visiting the refugee camps in Europe, will later visit them around the world, and he will report about them to the U. N. as soon as he finishes *Winter Coffee*, which he is making in London.



Could be Virginia Gilmore hopes to get hubby Yul back.



Debbie Reynolds had Hollywood asking if her nose wasn't out of joint.

You Can't Eat Popcorn Alone

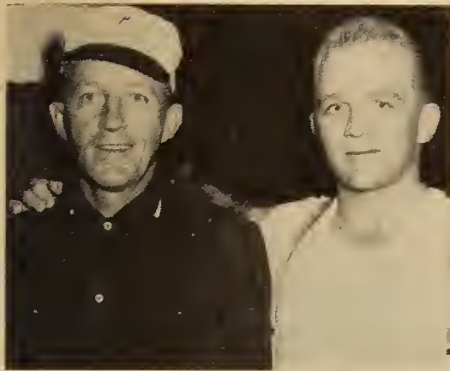
Everybody in Hollywood has been asking if **Debbie Reynolds'** nose wasn't a little out of joint when Harry Karl married Joan Cohn, the wealthy widow of producer Harry Cohn.

Harry Karl, **Marie McDonald's** ex, had followed Debbie to Honolulu, had given her some expensive jewels, and had taken her to our various nightspots.

In my opinion Debbie could have had him if she really wanted him, but I don't think she did, any more than she wants Bob Neal or any other man at this point. Maybe later, but she's having too good a time now to want to settle down.

Some of the fans criticize Debbie for becoming a playgirl. What do they want her to do? Stay home and knit? She's young, pretty, and she's had a blow that few women could survive without going to pieces. I'm in favor of her having a good time if she doesn't carry it too far.

As Debbie herself says, "You can't eat popcorn alone."



Bing and Gary should remember when they felt deeply toward one another.

Bing's Daughter as Peacemaker

Now that Miss Mary Frances Crosby, the one and only daughter of the one and only **Bing**, has made her debut into this angry world, I hope she'll be able to reconcile her father and his sons. I really mean **Bing** and **Gary**.

I happen to know that the twins and **Lindsay** would give up their feud with their father in a minute—but Gary won't let them. **Phillip** and **Dennis**, both being married, with children of their own, understand their father and his position much better than Gary does. Young Lindsay has always been an easy-going, happy go-lucky youngster. But

Gary, who has never yet been seriously in love, is stubborn—and you know where he gets that stubbornness from? From **Bing**!

The boys all loved their mother, Dixie, and her loss was a grievous one to them. Just the same, I can't believe the three younger ones begrudge **Bing** his present happiness with **Kathy Grant**, or his joy in little **Bing, Jr.**, or the thrill he has in finally having a daughter.

All **Bing** and **Gary** have to do is to recognize how alike they both are, in their stubborn pride, and give a little. I don't mean to talk like a built-in psychiatrist, but they both should realize their present antagonism only shows how deeply they feel toward one another. So come on, you two, give—and get such a lot. Remember there's not enough love in the world that any of it should be lost.



Claire Bloom and Rod Steiger were very secretive about their marriage.

Marriage for Claire Bloom and Rod Steiger

Three weeks before he married **Claire Bloom**, I talked with the new slim **Rod Steiger**. At that time Rod admitted he was in love but he said they had no marriage plans. A few days later I talked to Claire and she dodged the issue too.

But I'll say for Rod that when they slipped away to get their marriage license he telephoned to say they were going to be married just the first minute they had free.

This was a lot from Rod, because he's been very reticent about everything that concerned his private life. He told me his first wife, Sally Gracie, had already married again, but he didn't know the name of the bridegroom and seemed to care less.



Deborah Kerr's reluctant to discuss Peter Viertel.



The Plans of Deborah Kerr

Deborah Kerr has been very reluctant to discuss Peter Viertel, the man Tony Bartley accused of breaking up his marriage to the lovely English actress. But before she left for England and Australia, where she goes to make *The Sundowners*, she told me she expects to marry Viertel as soon as her divorce from Bartley is final.

Deborah, who was like 'Caesar's wife' until the author came into her life, was miserably unhappy for a long time but she sounded very happy the day I talked with her.

Things are much better with her. Viertel has gone to Australia with her. She is able to see her daughters oftener than she was originally, when they were put under the jurisdiction of the British court—which means when she returns to England to make *The Grass is Greener* she will have the opportunity to be really close to them again.



She's all right now, but little Kelly Lee gave Janet and Tony quite a scare.

Crisis for Tony and Janet

You never saw any parents more worried than **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** when their three-year-old daughter, Kelly Lee, underwent an emergency operation for a bilateral hernia.

Both Tony and Janet stayed, the night before surgery, with the little girl at the hospital, were at her side when she was taken up to the operating room, and never spoke a word till she was safely down in her own room again.

The curious thing is that Kelly Lee's younger sister, Jamie, who is less than a year old, was also operated on for a double hernia when she was only ten days old. The condition is a congenital one and often runs in families.

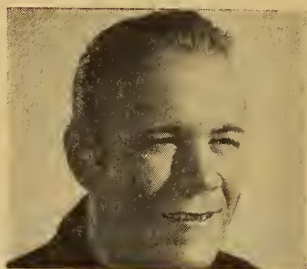
But with the quick bounce of children, Kelly Lee was back home in two days, lively as ever. Only Tony and Janet were complete nervous wrecks.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Gilbert Adrian



Wayne Morris



Paul Douglas



Edmund Gwenn



Kay Kendall

5 Friends Die

This, in some ways, has been the saddest Hollywood month in my memory. In a mere eight days we lost five of our most vivid personalities—glittering **Kay Kendall**, beloved **Edmund Gwenn**, **Paul Douglas**—whom I knew long before he came into movies, **Gilbert Adrian**, the dress designer—who was the first to make Hollywood clothes respected around the world, and **Wayne Morris**, who never quite regained the success he deserved after he came back from World War II.

That lovely, laughing girl, Kay Kendall, died in London of dread leukemia, and only then did we know of Rex Harrison's heroism, keeping this terrible knowledge, not only from Kay, but from the world.

In the past I have often expressed my disapproval of Rex. He didn't like Hollywood, and Hollywood certainly had good reason for not liking him. But you certainly have to respect any man, who can love a girl so greatly, that even when he married her, more than two years ago, he knew she was dying. She adored him, and he her, and he saw to it that life was colorful and laughing for her right to the end.

Dear little old Teddy Gwenn, as his friends called Edmund, had a personality as appealing as Santa Claus, whom he played so delightfully in his best film, *Miracle on 34th Street*. He hadn't been at all well for the last

that it was our business that took care of him. He died at the Motion Picture Home, where the most loving attention is given to our people.

The last time I saw Paul Douglas was at the opening of *Gazebo* which was less than two weeks before his death. He came into the party celebrating his lovely blonde **Jan Sterling's** opening, very late, and Jan explained it by saying he had suffered and perspired so, knowing she was so nervous about this stage appearance, that he'd had to go home and change his shirt.

Although Paul hadn't been sick, he had put on a lot of weight and had high blood pressure. Tragically, it was Jan who heard him fall, that fatal morning. She rushed to his side, tried to save him by artificial respiration but she was too late.

She's carrying on with her career, because she knows that is what Paul would have most wanted her to do.

Probably Adrian's name isn't too familiar to you younger readers but I'm here to tell you that in the days of **Garbo**, **Norma Shearer** and the young **Joan Crawford**, he was really something. Adrian it was who created the broad shoulders for Joan Crawford, which went round the world. He did the loveliest, most seductive chiffons for Garbo and he always made Norma look like a young queen.

When he married tiny **Janet Gaynor**, twenty years ago, the whole film colony was

very pleased. He then proceeded to show the other fashion creators that a girl didn't have to be six feet tall to appear chic. He turned five-foot Janet into a fashion plate, as well as a great hostess, and they lived a most fashionable life.

Incidentally, for you kids who think you have to 'know someone' in order to get started, Adrian was just a poor boy from the Bronx, who sent a couple of sketches to **Irving Berlin**, back in the days when Irving was doing the *Music Box Revues*. Berlin immediately recognized his talent—and thus a career was born.

I never knew Wayne Morris very well but I always felt that he didn't quite get the breaks to which his good looks and his talent should have entitled him. His first marriage, to Bubbles Schnasi, the present Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, went wrong. His career was going great guns when the war came, and he went into the Navy.

Except for Wayne, there might never have been any **Burt Lancaster**, which is another example of how his luck went awry. Wayne, after he was out of uniform, was the one U-I wanted for *The Killers*. But Warners, who had paid him all during his war years, asked \$100,000 for his loan-out. So U-I signed the unknown Lancaster for a mere \$5,000 and you know the rest of that story.

It's no wonder actors believe in fortune tellers and good luck symbols the way they do, is it?

Letter to a Foolish Girl:

A couple of issues ago, I sounded off here in MODERN SCREEN on the subject of **Tuesday Weld**, whom I think is becoming definitely unwielded and unwise.

I've had an avalanche of mail as the result, all of it feeling as strongly as I do. One letter in particular so exactly expressed my sentiments I am giving it to you in its entirety. It comes from NAZA RAY, 1233 MULLER AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Says Miss Ray:

Dear Miss Parsons,

I am a devout reader of yours in the Examiner and also your column in MODERN SCREEN every month.

I was waiting to see if you were going to mention **Paul Coates'** TV interview with Tuesday Weld. Ye gods, was I surprised! If this is what Hollywood is turning out, I don't want

any part of it. This very thing is what makes people look down on your city which you fight so hard to keep clean.

I'm telling you if I had a daughter her age I certainly would not allow her to associate with Tuesday Weld.

Danny Kaye may describe her as sixteen going on twenty-five, or whatever his quote was, but if I were summing her up, I would describe her as five going on four.

She was a complete picture of a tramp and to show her beautiful manners, she was eating something as she talked, and on top of that, she was sitting in a position that no lady should use on a television show.

I've never written a letter like this before, but I was so shocked I had to speak up. I love the stars. I'm a great fan of all of them, but Tuesday Weld is sickening.

Are you listening, Tuesday . . . I hope?



Tuesday Weld's shocking TV interview has resulted in an avalanche of mail.



I nominate for
STARDOM

Fabian

Just sixteen, with a gleam in his eye, a song in his throat, tremendous warmth and making his movie debut in *Hound Dog Man*.

Other rock'n'rollers have come in at the top, as Fabian is doing, made one picture and then been, somehow, forgotten. I prophesy Fabian's history will be quite different, that he will climb like a rocket ship and last in our movie sky. And I don't just think so because he kissed me the second time we met!

This boy has a charm which goes way beyond his singing ability. He already has a tremendous public of record fans and isn't in the least spoiled by his swift success. He goes out of his way to be kind, has wonderful manners.

Besides, he's definitely handsome, much more so—now don't kill me, girls—than **Ricky** or **Elvis**. He's six feet tall, his hair is brown and his eyes are startling. I never can decide whether they are blue or green.

He's very slim now, but I don't see how he can stay that way because I never saw a boy eat the way he does—double portions of everything, triples if it's dessert and the more exotic it is, Cantonese, Chinese or Hawaiian, the better he likes it. Then he goes home and keeps himself alive till the next meal by nibbling on something Italian, the food on which he was raised. He's really Fabian Forte, of Italian descent, and was born and raised in Philadelphia.

His favorite date is **Annette Funicello**, and vice versa, but marriage is a long way from his mind—and that goes for Annette, too, I'm sure.

I nominate Fabian for stardom because he takes his work very seriously, himself very lightly, and his music as a gift from the gods. 19

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

This story in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN brought protests from fans and readers in a thousand places.



LETTER BOX

From Atlanta, Ga., to New York City, from Charleston, W. Va., to Uvalde, Texas, and a thousand places in between come screams of protest regarding the story **Eddie Fisher's** mother gave MODERN SCREEN. Talk about stirring up a hornet's nest! Snaps M. J., CHARLESTON, W. VA., I've heard some mother-in-law stories in my time but this is the clincher. Such snide bitterness. Such downright spitefulness. Evidently no one is good enough for her little darling. MRS. IRENE MURDOCK is just as angry. Hisses Mrs. Murdock, I never read an article so filled with hate and venom. When the so-called 'most beautiful woman in the world' loaded with money and great box-office potentialities beckoned, Eddie and his mother willingly sacrificed **Debbie** to their ambitions. And so on and on and on. My opinion? I'm violently neutral!

By way of contrast comes KEN JORDON, of ATLANTA, GA.'s declaration of devotion to **Liz Taylor**. Purrs Ken: The real fans of Miss Taylor, our beloved Liz, are among the most

loyal in the world. You begin by just liking Liz and then suddenly overnight there is a bond between you that nobody or nothing can break.

BLINKY CHAMPAGNE (how's that for a name?) of COVINGTON, LA., is no fan of mine. Growls Blinky, I think it's a downright shame how you have been ignoring the great **Tab Hunter**. I'm sick of reading about **Rick, Elvis, Fabian**, etc. Come on, Tab's a great guy and deserves a break. Please Okay, Blinky, I aim to please and I tell you sincerely your idol is just slightly terrific in *They Came to Cordura*; in fact, I think it's his best performance.

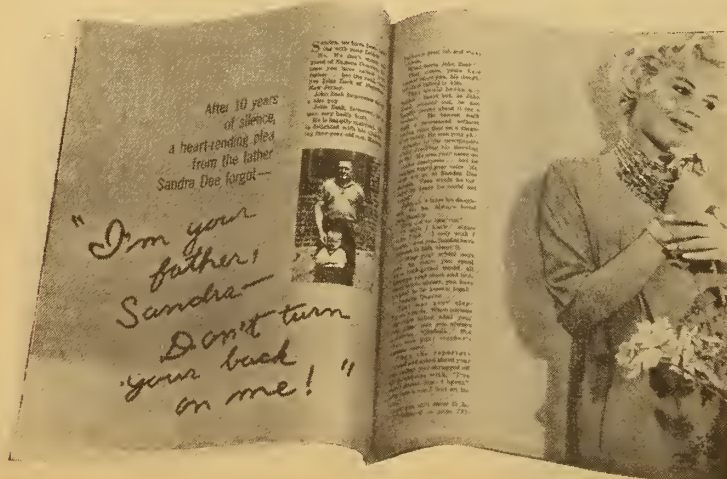
MRS. BONNIE DENNIS, of ROBINSON, ILL., says she wants to read more about Hollywood's strong foundation people. Argues Mrs. Dennis, I have nothing against **Ricky, Elvis, Gardner McKay**, etc., etc., but I wish you'd ask MODERN SCREEN to reach a happy medium. My favorite actress is **Susan Hayward**, always has been and always will be. But I also like **Anne Baxter, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth** and many others in this group, and among the men, **William Holden** and **Montgomery Clift**. Why don't we have news of them? Well, one reason, Bonnie, is because so many members of this group are usually outside of Hollywood, Susan with her

husband in Georgia, Bill Holden in his new residence in Switzerland, and such. As for Monty Clift, he does the **Garbo** act and "wants to be alone."

Sandra Dee gets both brickbats and bouquets this month, in almost equal proportions. Numerous fans like **SANDRA SANPARCHES** of NEW YORK CITY think pretty Sandy was wrong in not being in touch with her real father. Says fan Sandra to star Sandra, I know that you loved your stepfather and there is nothing against your saying that your name was **Sandra Douvan**. But you didn't have to say you never knew your real father. Please at least write to him and tell him you haven't forgotten him. There's an old saying I want to quote to Miss Sanparches. It's this: "The heart has its reasons." Sandra Dee is a sensitive girl. Give her time. She'll work this out. To her fans who find her beyond criticism, especially **DALE HARRISON** of COLUMBUS, OHIO, who asks if she and **Edd Byrnes** are serious about one another, let me say that the one thing Sandra is really serious about is her work. That's the one thing Edd is serious about, also, which fact I hope doesn't make you girls cry your eyes out.

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

Rouel O. Parsons



This story in the October MODERN SCREEN brought brickbats and bouquets in equal proportions from Sandra's fans.

(Continued from page 10)

Brandon said nothing—there was nothing to say. He knows they are right. The New York Tutoring School is an expensive private school. When he cuts or is late, he knows he is wasting both time and money—his own money that he has worked for. But there doesn't seem to be much he can do about it.

Brandon's extravagance

He's at the age of rebellion, fighting for his independence every inch of the way, even if he doesn't have to! His parents give him as much liberty as he can handle. He has his own room, his own telephone (the first \$10 of the bill his father pays for and the rest he pays out of his \$12.50 weekly allowance). His phone bills have stood at \$56. He groans over his extravagance and is trying to do something about it. He is taking driving lessons and will soon be able to use the family car one day a week. When he's eighteen he'll get his own. Meanwhile he's mislaid three learner's permits! He still thinks his parents are pretty wonderful—good and understanding—but he drives them crazy.

One week end, he and Greg went out with five boys in a boat. They came home at eight that night after both sets of parents had called each other frantically to see if the boys had had an accident, at the least, or drowned, at the worst. They were on the verge of calling the police to hunt for them when the boys casually turned up.

"Why didn't you come home by six as you promised?" Mrs. deWilde asked.

"Aw, Mom, how could we—it wasn't our boat. It's *their* boat. We had to wait till they were ready to come in."

His parents think this is a worse phase than when he was in his space-ship world.

The funny part of it is that Brandon is apt to agree with them. "I'd be absolutely nothing without my acting gift and my parents," he declares in a rush of loyalty.

His parents, he says, are quite different from those in *Blue Denim*. They answered all of his questions as early as he asked them and they always gave him straight answers. He could discuss anything with them. He loves them—but he spends little time with them these days.

Besides his love for the outdoors and the water, his current hobby is girls.

What kind does he like?

"Well, a lady," he said. "One who doesn't wear rouge or too much lipstick or slacks. I like a girl to wear shorts or feminine dresses. I like one who doesn't drink or use bad language (a hell or dammit isn't too bad). I like one I can sit down with and talk to for hours, one I can walk with and laugh and have fun with but one who can be serious too."

He doesn't believe in going steady till he's at least eighteen. "I tried it once and it was awful. She was always saying 'Why did you look at another girl?' and I was always saying 'Why do you talk to other fellows?' Now I meet a girl and I say 'We'll date but we'll go out with others.' Anything else is impossible," implying that he's not very stable in his emotions and knows it.

Yet in other things he has very definite likes. In food, he likes steak and roast beef and curry. His favorite actors are Marlon Brando, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. He likes Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald but he reads fan magazines too. He likes show tunes and Johnny Mathis best, but rock 'n' roll records are eating into his allowance.

In short, Brandon deWilde is what his parents always hoped he'd be—a normal, average, likeable, maddening teenager with enough wisdom to be able to laugh at himself, and look toward a terrific future.

END

Brandon stars in *BLUE DENIM* for 20th.

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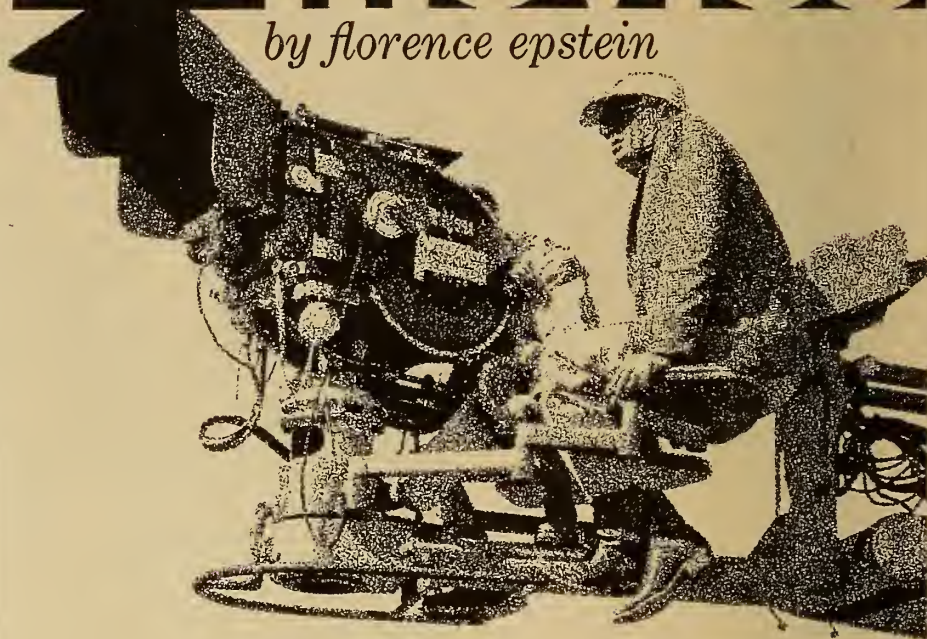
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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



new movies

by florence epstein



A SUMMER PLACE

and passionate boarders

Richard Egan
Dorothy McGuire
Sandra Dee
Arthur Kennedy
Troy Donahue

■ Years ago Richard Egan was a lifeguard at this exclusive island. Twenty years later he's a millionaire and back for a visit with his frigid wife, Constance Ford, and their lovely daughter, Sandra Dee. Hard-drinking Arthur Kennedy, who's wasted the family fortune, has turned the family mansion into an inn. His wife, Dorothy McGuire, helps him run it. The main reason they've stayed married is for the sake of their handsome young son, Troy Donahue. Now, when Egan and McGuire meet they realize that they've never stopped loving each other (but twenty years ago her mother sneered

at lifeguards). Unfortunately, Egan's wife is informed of the situation by a night watchman. Sandra and Troy like each other, too. Unfortunately, they go out for a sail, the boat capsize and when they're rescued Sandra's mother (that's Egan's wife) forces Sandra to submit to a complete medical examination. When the two adult couples finally divorce no one is more bitter than their two children (Sandra and Troy). But the kids are sent off to separate schools where they nurse their wounds and plan frantically to see each other. Egan marries McGuire and, one spring, the two kids agree to visit them (get it? it's *her* father, *his* mother). Sandra becomes pregnant, due to a passionate accident. The movie says something about love. I think it says love is good. Anyway, it's a pretty slick picture.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.



The faces leaning over the stairwell of the 'summer place' reflect the intensity of passions usually hidden by these summer-island 'boarders.'

THE LAST ANGRY MAN

a giant in Brooklyn

Paul Muni
David Wayne
Betsy Palmer
Luther Adler
Joby Baker

■ In the toughest section of Brooklyn there's one aging man who stands rooted like a tree—Dr. Paul Muni, for forty-five years a general practitioner of medicine. He is a slave to his impoverished patients, a saint to his wife (Nancy R. Pollock) and a trial to his next door neighbor who doesn't know where else to throw his garbage but on Dr. Muni's garden. In another part of the city (the swank suburbs) lives TV executive David Wayne. Wayne is up to his ears in debt, a mediocre husband to his wife, Betsy Palmer, and—at the moment—stumped for an idea to turn into a TV show. Muni's ambitious nephew, Joby Baker, has just written—and gotten printed—a newspaper account about his uncle's treatment of a badly beaten girl who was dumped on his doorstep by hoodlums. Wayne, whose potential sponsor is a drug firm, reads it and clicks. He goes out to Brooklyn to persuade Muni to appear on a TV show. It's a little like asking Dr. Schweitzer to sit for *This Is Your Life*. How Wayne pressures Muni to do the show, how the show grows into something meaningful, how Wayne is vitally changed by his drawn-out encounter with Muni forms the substance of this film. It's the story of a great person who lives a highly dramatic life—anonously, but with telling effect on whomever he touches. Muni's performance is superb.—COLUMBIA.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN

comedy of Eros

Henry Fonda
Leslie Caron
Myron McCormack
Cesare Danova
Conrad Nagel

■ It's Hollywood. Former idol Henry Fonda (who is The Man) is on his way down, and newcomer Leslie Caron is desperately hoping to rise. They meet—Henry falls in love with the idea of making her immortal. That is the big trouble; it would have been much better if he had just fallen in love with *her*. Never mind. They get married, and he spends his wedding night dismissing her former publicity men. He makes her a star but, every once in a while, when he feels like making love, he suddenly remembers there's an important party at Chasen's. Leslie gets sad and wistful but Henry can't figure why. One summer night on the Riviera she runs off with a handsome, professional soldier, Cesare Danova. Henry is seething with jealousy but he doesn't show it. He simply hires a thug to watch her every move and, in a moment of drunkenness, tells the thug to kill her boyfriend. At this point a fiesta is in swing and Henry is swinging in the white-faced costume of a clown—in case you didn't know what he was.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

CAREER

an actor's struggle

Dean Martin
Anthony Franciosa
Shirley MacLaine
Carolyn Jones
Joan Blackman

• If you want to be an actor (or an actress) you'll think twice after seeing *Career*. This is the way it probably is. It takes Anthony Franciosa fourteen years of what can only be described as hell to make it. On that wonderful night when the applause rises up to greet him he's the only one who doesn't wonder—was it all worth while? That's because from the moment he left Lansing for New York he had a one-track mind. A year after his arrival he's starving in a cold-water flat, acting for nothing on the Lower East Side (in a company organized and directed by Dean Martin) and



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DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

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

- December 1—**Allyn McLerie**
Paul Picerni
- December 6—**Agnes Moorehead**
Bobby Van
- December 7—**Rod Cameron**
- December 8—**Dewey Martin**
- December 9—**Lee J. Cobb**
Broderick Crawford
William Reynolds
- December 10—**Barbara Nichols**
- December 11—**Rita Moreno**
Gilbert Roland
- December 12—**Edward G. Robinson**
Frank Sinatra
- December 13—**Curt Jurgens**
Don Taylor
- December 14—**Abbe Lane**
Lee Remick
- December 15—**Jeff Chandler**
- December 18—**Betty Grable**
- December 19—**Edmund Purdom**
- December 20—**Irene Dunne**
- December 23—**Ruth Roman**
Barbara Ruick
- December 25—**Tony Martin**
- December 26—**Kathleen Crowley**
Richard Widmark
- December 27—**Marlene Dietrich**
- December 28—**Lew Ayres**
- December 30—**Jo Van Fleet**
Jack Lord



DOROTHY LAMOUR
December 10



BETSY BLAIR
December 11



VAN HEFLIN
December 13



RICHARD LONG
December 17

turning up at casting calls before such hard-bitten (and uninterested) producers as Robert Middleton. Marriage to pretty, middle-class Joan Blackman can't last—and doesn't. Friendship (with Dean Martin) is soon forgotten—by Dean Martin when he becomes a big Hollywood director. Love is used to satisfy ambition when Anthony, frantic at the thought of failure, marries Shirley MacLaine, Middleton's playgirl daughter. Shirley is usually lost in alcohol or in pathetic dreams of loving Dean. Only Anthony's agent—unmarried, frustrated Carol Jones—is acquainted with tender emotions, but these are squandered on her ailing mother and cats. Year after year Anthony plugs away. Nothing happens. Other names are made and broken, not his. Service in Korea seems like a picnic. Back home, grey at the temples, somewhat resigned he finds a steady job as a waiter. Time for the third act. Go see it!—PARAMOUNT.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

how to die laughing

Peter Sellers
Jean Seberg
David Kossoff
William Hartnell
MacDonald Parke

■ High up in the French Alps there's a place no one ever heard of—the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. It's full of adorable, gentle people, most of whom look like Peter Sellers (that's because Peter Sellers plays the roles of Duchess, Prime Minister and Field Marshal). Fenwick lives off the wine it exports to the U.S.A., but when a California firm comes out with a cheap imitation Fenwick's very existence is threatened. Prime Minister Sellers decides to declare war on the U.S., trusting that any country who is defeated by us immediately receives great heaps of American money and good will. An army of twenty men—dressed in medieval costumes of mail and carrying overnight bags—lands in New York during an air-raid drill. Field Marshal Sellers can't find anyone to surrender to. He *does* find Professor David Kossoff who has just completed a Q-Bomb (it makes the H-Bomb laughable) and his daughter Jean Seberg. He takes them, a General and four policemen, back to Fenwick as prisoners of war. Incredibly, Fenwick has won a total victory. This is clever satire in spots, but it's a little too mild to be important.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

ON THE BEACH

the way the world ends

Gregory Peck
Ava Gardner
Anthony Perkins
Fred Astaire
Donna Anderson

■ Here's a movie that doesn't pull any punches. What if we're stupid enough to have an atomic war—what can happen? Just the end of the world. It's a spring morning in 1964 when an American atomic submarine puts into Melbourne. It's commanded by Gregory Peck. Anthony Perkins is aboard as Australian Liaison officer, and Fred Astaire is a nuclear physicist. They're preparing for an exploratory voyage along the West Coast of North America. There is still a West Coast; there just aren't any people alive on it. There aren't any people anywhere, except in Australia, and *they're* doomed to die in about five months (due to radioactive drift). How do people react to the knowledge of doom? Here's Tony Perkins' wife (Donna Anderson) expecting a child; here's a wild, high living girl, Ava Gardner, still looking for love (she loves Peck, but he's in love with the memory of his dead wife and children). Here's Astaire, feeling pretty useless as a physicist, turning to suicidal auto racing. Here's Mel-

bourne with a banner waving in a public square. It says, "There's still time, brother."—How much?—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE JAYHAWKERS

Napoleon out west

Jeff Chandler
Fess Parker
Nicole Maurey
Henry Silva
Herbert Dudley

■ It's 1859 in Kansas, which means that the territory is open for all kinds of looting. Biggest looter of all is Jeff Chandler, head of the Jayhawkers. Monday, Jeff and his gang move into a town (masked as Missouri Raiders); Tuesday, Jeff comes back in a fancy vest and tells everybody he's going to build them hospitals. This way he plans to take over Kansas—town by town. Governor Herbert Rudley can't stop him—he can't even find him. Only one man would have the cunning to do just that. That's Fess Parker whom Rudley is also planning to hang, but he makes a bargain with Fess. Bring Chandler in alive and you can go free, is the deal. At first Fess refuses, but when he's told that Chandler is the guy who played around with his—Fess'—wife while the latter was in prison, he changes his mind. Fess finds Chandler, impresses him with his cool courage and is admitted to the Jayhawkers. Together, the boys raid the territory, building up to the final coup—the conquest of Abilene. Trouble is, Chandler is such a charming little dictator that Fess finds it hard to keep his bargain with the Governor. But standing by his side to hold him on the right path is French widow Nicole Maurey.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

BLUE DENIM (20th-Fox): Carol Lynley and Brandon de Wilde are nice kids, but they get into trouble (Carol's pregnant). They're in trouble because their parents are too busy: her father is lost in the memory of Carol's dead mother, his mother (Marsha Hunt) and stern ex-major father (Macdonald Carey) are busy marrying off their daughter. Warren Berlinger, Brandon's buddy, with no problem parents, adds his advice. Suspenseful proceedings.

PILLOW TALK (Technicolor, U-I): Interior decorator Doris Day has no husband and no private phone; doesn't want the first, desperately needs the second. Sharing her party line is big-time wolf Rock Hudson, who's destroyed Doris' faith in men. Thrice-married Tony Randall is Rock's friend but wants Doris himself. Thelma Ritter has a share in the brief dialogue, and how boy gets girl is all good fun.

A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): In one army camp are jazzman Sal Mineo, playboy Gary Crosby and college-type Barry Coe. They've got girls, too: Christine Carere, Terry Moore, and Barbara Eden. The girls are proud that TV emcee Jim Backus plans to put the boys on his Christmas show. But, Barry, in the post hospital with laryngitis, accidentally gets married to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Jessie Royce Landis) whose reason is that she wants to keep a little Dutch girl in the States (an orphan-to-be, that's where Barry came in). All is solved when miles of red tape unwind. It's a lark!

THAT KIND OF WOMAN (Paramount): World War II is on, and Tab Hunter and Jack Warden get a leave. On their train are Sophia Loren, "property" of George Sanders—in return for jewels, mansion, the works; Barbara Nichols, her friend; and Keenan Wynn, her watchdog. Sophia's choice between poor but loving Hunter and rich but loving Sanders provides the burning question here!

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN (Technicolor, Buena Vista): James MacArthur's father, famous Swiss Alps guide and legend in his village, died heroically. James would like to follow father's footsteps but his guardian Uncle James Donald forbids it. Michael Rennie, a famous English climber, would like to try the peak that led to the death of the boy's father. The conflict between the three men and the mountain scenery make a dazzling film.

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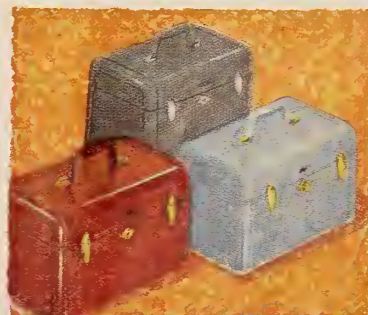
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For years now, there have been five Christmas trees each year at the Art Linkletters'. One for each child.

It started when Dawn was the baby and Jack a big boy of four. And he wanted to do his own tree trimming. So Art got a little tree for Jack, and one for Dawn.

Every Christmas morning, Daddy made a formal tour of inspection and judged the trees. Then he awarded prizes—and there are numerous classifications: the Prettiest Tree, the Most Unusual Decorations, the Best Color Scheme, the Most Symmetrical, and so on.

Classifications changed from year to year, but somehow there have always been five and somehow everybody would get a prize for one classification. None of the little Links has ever outgrown this. Even when Jack and Dawn went to college, they came home for long enough to trim their Christmas trees.

Last December 23rd, Jack got married and the following day he and his new wife flew to Hawaii for their honeymoon.

And come Christmas morning, Art made his tour of inspection as usual. The trees were particularly pretty this

year, he thought. He had quite a time awarding the prizes and it wasn't until he got back downstairs that he realized there was one classification left over.

It was meant for a tree that should have been in the downstairs study—which was always Jack's bedroom—and Art was automatically turning to the door when it hit him for the first time with full force that this was the first break in the family circle. He just stood in the doorway to the study and looked at that tree-less room. . . .

Then he heard the doorbell ringing behind him, but he didn't pay any attention. His wife called out, "It's for you, Art," so he pulled himself together and turned around to answer—but there wasn't anyone at the door.

Nobody was there, but sitting on the steps was a little Christmas tree, gaily decorated from top to bottom and bearing a large placard reading *My entry for the tree-judging: Jack.*

P.S. Later on, he cabled Jack in Hawaii: YOU ARE UNANIMOUSLY AWARDED BEST IN SHOW.

ART LINKLETTER'S CHRISTMAS TRADITION



FABIAN

See Inside! The story and photos that were

IN LOVE!

kept secret until now →





FABIAN IN LOVE!

continued

Fabian is in love. Her name is Kathy Kersh. She lives in Montebello, California. She is sixteen (Fabian's age). She is blonde and cute as a button. Her father runs a supermarket. Her mother is a housewife. Kathy herself is a part-time model and recently was named 'Miss Boysenberry' in a local fruit-picking contest. Primarily, however, she is not a professional, but an average high-school teenager, who adores movies, eats up fashion and movie magazines, digs rock 'n' roll the most.

Not long ago, Kathy met Fabian.

They fell in love.

(Continued on page 30)



FABIAN IN LOVE!

continued

This is the exclusive story of their love . . . its joyous beginning, its sorrowful middle, its bitter-sweet ending.

It began that late-afternoon on the beach at Paradise Cove; Kathy and Fabian had just finished posing for a picture layout. For Fabian it was the tenth such layout in five days. For Kathy it was one of those once-in-a-while assignments that happened to come her way.

They walked barefoot now along the sand, alone, relaxing, talking. They'd met for the first time only an hour earlier. But they'd hit it off fine, and they were good friends already.

Fabian kidded Kathy.

"Tell me," he said, "just what did those judges think you had in *common* with a boysenberry?"

Kathy pretended to be insulted. "Well, Tiger," she said, "—that *is* what they call you, isn't it? Tiger?"

They both laughed.

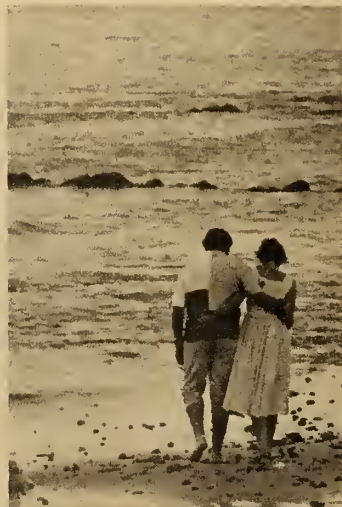
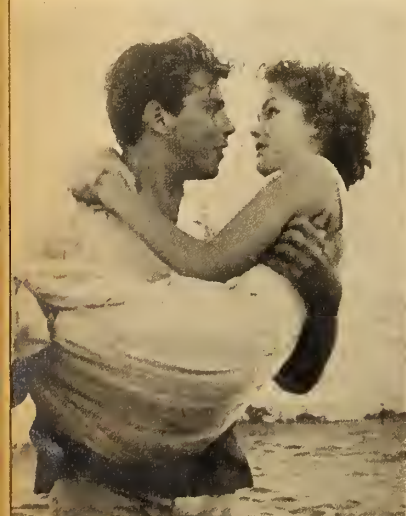
And Fabian took her hand.

And he began to run toward the water, pulling a shrieking Kathy along with him.

"My dress . . . my dress," her voice came over the waves' loud roar. "I'm getting drenched."

"So'm I," Fabian shouted. "So what?"

A big one came rolling toward them now and broke only (*Continued on page 71*)





Four to glow with by **CUTEX**

Match your mood with your polish! When tonight's *the night* and the world is a glittering promise, light up your nails with Gold Sequins—shown top left over Slightly Scarlet. The gold sparkles are equally spectacular on their own. Or be vibrantly feminine with Tahiti Orchid, top right. Flaunt the new Flaming Pearl, lower left, and light up the night with molten excitement. Or smooth on mysterious Capri Blue Pearl, lower right, and wear an air of cool sophistication. Try a different Cutex Pearl Polish every night...and thrill to a new look every time!



Cutex Pearl Polishes come in 16 luminous shades, including dramatic new Charcoal Pearl to wear with the fashionable new gray tones.

CONFESSIONS OF A "USED BRIDE"

Come January I'll have been married to Tony Wright for three years, and, although it breaks my heart to admit it, I've felt like a bridal dummy in a shop-window, a toy, a showpiece whose novelty wore off and was chucked in the junk pile.

Tony and I have been separated by mutual consent for nearly two years. In England, it's not legal to divorce until after three years of marriage (unless, of course, your doctor attributes a failure in health as a result of it).

I've never before talked about my marriage because I've been so confused by it. Now, living in America, I've had a chance to think about it in a proper perspective, and I want to share the truth of my marriage with you, hoping it might give you some insight into what a mess the wrong kind of marriage can be for two people who do *like* each other but who mistake affection and a longing for security for good enough reasons to get married.

Affection isn't enough. But Tony and I didn't know the meaning of love, of real passion. We were attracted to each other, yes. Tony was Britain's *Mr. Beefcake*, terribly good-looking, tall, muscular, with bright blue eyes. He was what's known in England as a 'restaurant stopper.' As soon as he entered a dining room, everybody put down knives and forks and *stared*. He was *that* handsome.

So let me start at the beginning. I came from the provinces—or 'the sticks.' I was born in Blackpool, a seaside resort where my dad, Alex Munro, was performing in a vaudeville act.

I never had a real home. I grew up in a stage trunk, learned to live out of cramped suitcases with my traveling parents, and, during my (Continued on page 56)





Elvis grinned that night as he entered the little out-of-the-way tavern where Vera Tchechowa waited for him.

"Guess what?" he said, sitting alongside her and taking her hand.

"I know," the pretty German actress said, pretending to be very serious about this, "you have just been made a *major* by the United States Army."

"Nope," Elvis said.

"Mmmm—your cook sergeant has finally learned how to make the famous hominy grits you are always talking of?"

"Nope."

"I cannot guess," Vera said, shrugging and (*Continued on page 58*)

THE



This
was the
night
the G.I.
and his
German
sweetheart
had to
face



AGONY OF PARTING



INTRODUCING:

■ “Zim!” whispered the excited Yale freshman, staring raptly up at the row of prancing tights. “Which ones do you like? Me, I’ll take numbers twelve and thirteen.”

His darkly handsome companion in the front row of a New Haven, Connecticut, theater appraised the chorus line’s curves with a connoisseur’s eye. He was a Yale freshie, too, just seventeen but already a sophisticate.

“You can have them,” he allowed. “I’ll pick—let’s see—numbers sixteen and eighteen.” Young Efrem Zimbalist, Junior, meant what he said. As the girlyies bounced into the wings he rose and strolled to the stage door, shrugged philosophically when the guard shooed him away, then made the rounds of all New Haven hotels where the show troupe might stay. At one he made smooth contact with numbers sixteen and eighteen, and took them out to supper. Then he caught a hack to his (*Continued on page 62*)



MAY BRITT:

THE
PRIVATE
LIFE
OF
THE
BLUE
ANGEL



She dated the father
and married
the teenage son...
for a while

The tall slender girl stood silently at the edge of the cliff, staring intently at the waves beneath her.

Her trenchcoat was wrapped tightly around her to ward off the chilly winds—but her long blonde hair kept falling crazily around her eyes—and several strands were trapped by the dampness of her tears.

Standing next to her was a dark-haired youth of twenty-one.

He too was watching the sea. And watching her. And struggling to refrain from drawing her tightly into his arms.

Instead he tenderly put his hands on her face and removed the wisps of stray hairs from her eyes.

They faced each other and the silence (*Continued on page 75*)



RICKY NELSON AND

THE hushed-up

DEMOLITION RACE

AS THE sun drew over the towering mountains framing the still Arizona desert, Ricky Nelson wearily lifted himself out of bed and walked slowly over to the bathroom to shave and get washed up.

He thought to himself as the sink began to babble with whirlpools of water, *Today it'll be the same old drag. Heck, it isn't the film which is a drag. Making Rio Bravo is a ball. It's this part of the world which bugs me. No excitement here. At least not the kind of excitement that I crave.*

And Rick Nelson delighted in a special kind of excitement.

He enjoyed being strapped into a shining hunk of bright metal which (Continued on page 66)



by Steve Kahn



the

The tender courtship of
James Darren and Evy Norlund

patient

"I love you, Evy," Jimmy Darren said. "I love you—and I don't want to!"

Evy Norlund felt her heart turn over inside her. Those words were the most beautiful and the most cruel she had ever heard. For a minute she wanted to cry. But all she said, in her soft, Danish-accented voice was: "I know, Jimmy. I know. I'm frightened, too."

They had known each other only two weeks when that happened. (*Continued on page 80*)

lovers

In less than five short years she would be dead.

But for now—this period in late 1954—her life was approaching its fullest bloom.

As was the life of the man she had just met.

And there was only

laughter between them.

And the beginnings of love. . . .

Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall met in London while working on a picture titled *The Constant Husband*.

Rex, star of the picture, was forty-six at the

time. He had recently returned to England from several miserable years in Hollywood. His long marriage to Austrian-born actress Lilli Palmer was on the rocks. He was not a very happy man.

Kay, who played one of

Rex's seven wives in the picture, was twenty-eight. She had recently scored a triumph as the trumpet-tooting society gal in *Genevieve*. She was single and fancy free. She was now working with her girlhood idol, a man she'd adored since

THE LAST DAYS OF KAY KENDALL

she'd first seen him on the screen years before. She couldn't have been happier.

"Tell me," the temperamental Rex said to her late one afternoon, shortly after they'd begun to work on the picture and after he and one of his

other 'wives' had staged a real-life fight on the set, "what do *you* really think of me?"

"I think," said Kay, "that though you're a marvelous actor, Mr. Harrison, you are also pompous, overbearing and terribly conceited."

Rex mumbled a glum thank-you and began to walk away.

"I think, too," Kay said, following him, "that these qualities are strangely attractive in you."

Rex kept on walking. "And that if I've given

any offense—I'd like to try to make it up to you."

Rex stopped.

"How?" he asked.

"I'll cook you dinner tonight," Kay said, without a blink.

Rex stared at her. "You're not a very shy
(Continued on page 68)



IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

(In having a girl)

"IT'S a girl!"

These were the wonderful, almost unbelievable words Dr. Abner Moss rushed out of the delivery room to tell Bing Crosby that September fourteenth. "It's a girl, and mother and daughter are doing perfectly."

The doctor led Bing to the nursery window, and there she was, Mary Frances, the daughter he and Kathy had named so long ago, had dreamed so much about, had planned for so long. His first little girl, and only a little over a year late.

It was a tremendous moment.

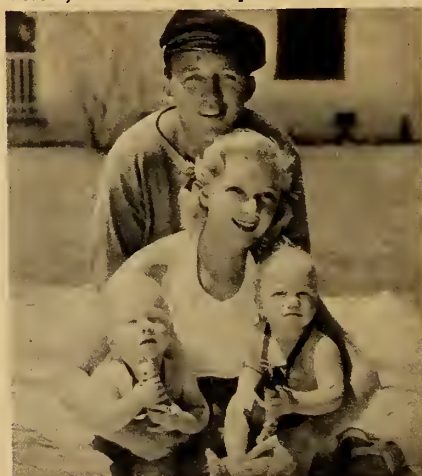
What did Bing say to honor that tremendous moment? He said what about a billion fathers before him have said. He said, "Isn't she awfully red?"

"Go relax for an hour," said Dr. Moss. "Then come back and

I'll let you see Kathy, and by then I expect you will be able to see your daughter more clearly. Right now, I forgive you everything. After all, you've had a hard day."

Bing *had* had a hard day. So had Kathy. It wasn't until Bing was driving away from the hospital, hurrying home for a few moments so that he could tell baby Harry all about it, that he realized how hard the whole nine months of Kathy's second pregnancy had been on him—as

Then, twins Phillip and Dennis.



TRY,

TRY,

well as on her. He hadn't admitted until just now how much he had wanted a girl.

The first time Kathy had been pregnant, they had never referred to the coming baby as anything but "she." Deciding on her name was the easiest. Mary for the Blessed Virgin; Frances for a beloved aunt who had been the guiding inspiration of Kathy's childhood.

Now you have to realize, first of all, to understand their feeling about their impending parenthood, that Bing and Kathy grew steadily more in love each day following their marriage. They had gone through a very long courtship, something few Hollywood couples do experience.

They had, over the years of their acquaintanceship before their wedding, surmounted the almost insurmountable obstacles between them. There was the age difference between them. There was the fact that Bing was not only mature but also a celeb-

Dixie's last son was Lindsay.



TRY,

Bing and Dixie's firstborn, Gary.



rity, a millionaire, a corporation, a father and a son and a brother. If the ramifications of his relationship to the world were difficult for him, they were triply difficult for Kathy.

The average young girl would have been swamped by Bing's relationship to his widowed mother, to his two brothers and their families, by his troubled relationship to his four sons, and subsequently to two of their families, and finally to the memory of a dead wife.

As a matter of fact, a couple of girls were defeated by these odds. Bing has never been the kind of man suited either for loneliness or bachelorhood. Like most charming men, everything in life is made pleasanter for him if there is feminine society mixed (*Continued on page 72*)

Bing and Kathy's first son, Harry.



TRY,

Success! Daughter Mary Frances.

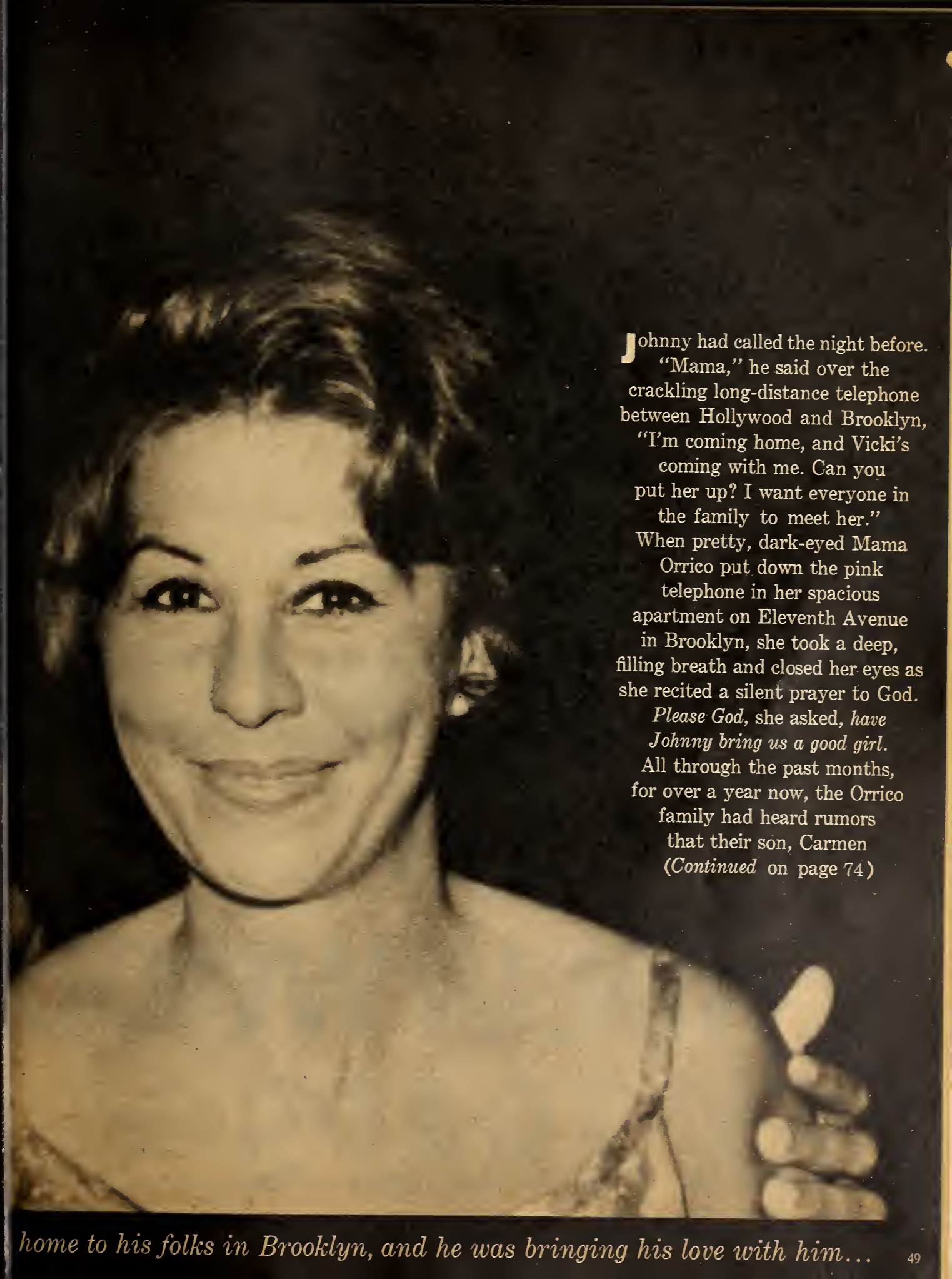


TRY AGAIN!

**'WE'RE
SO GLAD
JOHNNY
DIDN'T
PICK
A GLAMOR
GIRL...'**



Everyone was nervous, excited and a little scared—Johnny Saxon was flying



Johnny had called the night before. "Mama," he said over the crackling long-distance telephone between Hollywood and Brooklyn, "I'm coming home, and Vicki's coming with me. Can you put her up? I want everyone in the family to meet her."

When pretty, dark-eyed Mama Orrico put down the pink telephone in her spacious apartment on Eleventh Avenue in Brooklyn, she took a deep, filling breath and closed her eyes as she recited a silent prayer to God.

Please God, she asked, have Johnny bring us a good girl.

All through the past months, for over a year now, the Orrico family had heard rumors that their son, Carmen
(Continued on page 74)

home to his folks in Brooklyn, and he was bringing his love with him...

I'd heard
people say,
"There's only one way
to get anywhere
in Hollywood."
I knew what they meant
but I didn't
believe them.
Then I learned:



THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD SEX TRAPS

SUPPOSE I was just one of an endless stream of star-struck teenagers. I certainly never dreamed what I was letting myself in for when, trembling with excitement, I got ready for the interview.

It would mean so much if I got the part. It was one of the leads in a teenage movie, a very sexy girl—the type of role that so often leads to stardom. A friend advised me that I'd stand a much better chance if I dressed as much as possible like the character in the picture and left as little as possible to the producer's imagination.

With high hopes, that's just what I did. My own skirt wasn't tight fitting enough, so I borrowed one a size smaller from my roommate. I also borrowed a waist cincher, which pushed me up a lot, and I wore my own sweater tautly pulled in. I could barely walk when I finished, so I knew I didn't have to worry too much about my qualifications being overlooked.

I found the producer quite businesslike. He looked me over very appraisingly and said, "Uh hmm. Uh hmm. Okay, sit down. Your part begins halfway down the page. Would you read it, please?"

I didn't get very far when he cut me off.

"Thank you, Miss Gaba," he said. "An interesting reading. You'll hear from me soon."

A week later I received a phone call instructing me to report back to his office. I practically held my breath all the way. He asked me for another reading, then motioned me to sit down in the easy chair next to his desk.

"Marianne—if I may call you Marianne—I think you may be very well suited for this part," he smiled.

It was all I could do to keep from shouting with joy.

He leaned back to lower the venetian blinds, opened his bottom desk drawer, and took out a bottle of whiskey. He offered it to me.

"Care for a drink?" he asked.

"No thanks. I don't drink."

"Very smart girl," he said. "Mind if I have one?"

"Of course not."

By
Marianne
Gaba

(next appearing in
Paramount's "Li'l Abner")

as told to
William
Tusher

He drank in big fast gulps, and licked his mouth. I was waiting for him to continue, and make it official by telling me when to report. But all he did was sit and stare at me. I was growing uncomfortable, but I decided he was still (Continued on page 60)



A MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL SERVICE

**JERRY LEWIS'
ADVICE
TO THE
LOVELORN**

Q. How do you get a girl to accept a date? E.B., Kansas City, Kan.

A. *Never give a girl just one date. Give her the whole box. But if dates make her break out, try giving her figs.*

Q. I've never been able to find 'the right girl.' How do you go about it? D.A.J., Fillmore, Calif.

A. *The right girl doesn't have*



to be pretty, intelligent, or charming. She doesn't even have to have money. But her parents . . . they have to have money and the girl has to be the only living relative.

Q. What's the best way to surprise a girl? L.S., Flint, Mich.

A. Ask her to come up to your place to see your collection of salami ends. Then when she

arrives, show her the collection. That'll surprise her.

Q. How do you propose to a girl? K.K.K., Knoxville, Tenn.

A. Tell her marriage is a wonderful thing. No family should be without it.

Q. I have a problem: of all the fellows I have ever dated, all but one of them got fresh when they brought me home. And if I said, "Don't," they

called me snobbish, aloof, or old-fashioned. What is a girl to do—give in every time? K.S., Wichita Falls, Texas.

A. No, every other time—that confuses them.

Q. I'm undecided between going to college after I finish high school next June, and getting married. My boy friend says he doesn't want to wait (Continued on page 55)





JERRY LEWIS' ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

(Continued from page 53)

four years till I get my degree, and I don't want to marry him *and* go to school, because I don't think I could make a success of both. I love him, but I want an education too. What's more important? L.S.M., Omaha, Neb.

A. *Your teeth. Take good care of them.*

Q. My boyfriend drinks like a fish. How can I make him stop? L.X., Denver, Colo.

A. *Hide his gills.*

Q. Do you believe in going steady? V.N., Lawrence, Ohio.

A. *Yes, but my wife objects.*

Q. I am twenty years old. I used to go steady with a man twenty years my senior. A few months ago he married a woman nearer his own age. Now he says he's still in love with me, and wants to see me again. Should I? T.C., Independence, Mo.

A. *Should you what?*

Q. When should a girl start wearing lipstick and high heels? B.L., Groton, Conn.

A. *In August.*

Q. Is it a crime to wear falsies? S.M., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Yes, unless you're a girl.*

Q. My daughter has just turned twelve, and now she's asking me questions about sex. Frankly, I don't know how to answer them. In fact, I don't know some of the answers myself. What can I do? H.F., Rochester, N.Y.

A. *I'm afraid I can't help you . . . you see, I lived a* *(Continued on page 78)*



Confessions of a "Used Bride"

(Continued from page 32)

teens, I took up acting, too. It was the only life I knew. I played in over three hundred and twenty plays in stock all over England, and, one evening, a J. Arthur Rank talent scout spotted me and asked me to come to London for a screen test. I was tickled pink and I walked on Cloud Nine until I heard the results of my test. "Too individual" was the executives' comment. They also told me I didn't have the proper Kensington accent which everyone prefers in English films.

I stayed on in London, alone, living out of a tiny fourth-floor furnished room, and I got a job as a hatcheck girl in the Kismet Club, which is famous for shish kebab and spicy curries and rosepetal desserts. Every evening the management burned incense in the dining rooms for atmosphere. I wasn't on salary, just on tips, but I managed to eke out a living to meet expenses. The only trouble with the club was that the men customers liked to pinch the bottoms of the waitresses and the hatcheck girl, and, consequently, I suffered from constant black and blue marks.

One evening Tony Wright walked in, looking for all the world like a Greek god with his manly physique. We flirted a little, and a couple of nights later he asked me out for coffee at midnight when the club closed.

We dated. We liked each other, but there was nothing serious between us. I was lonesome, and it was nice to have an escort, and Tony liked the way I didn't fawn over him in public. There was a nice warm feeling between us, and we respected each other as individuals.

After a month of dating I was offered a role in a touring play and I decided to take it since the money was better than the meager Kismet Club hatcheck tips.

Tony was disappointed. He hated to see me leave London, and I admitted I'd miss our dates. They had become a habit.

On the road I played nothing but one-night-stands. I tell you this because I think it explains my craving for a home of my own. One morning I received a long letter from Tony with a marriage proposal, and I was shocked. My first reaction was, "He's being cute. How can the two of us marry when we've only seen each other a dozen times?" So I wrote back and said I couldn't consider marriage until we knew each other better.

Tony wouldn't take my no for an answer. He wrote and wrote, bombarding me with cards and letters, all of them asking me to marry him. He telephoned me constantly, and he showered me with beautiful bouquets of flowers, boxes of chocolate candy and bottles of fine French perfumes and colognes.

Dream of home

This had never happened to me before. A man had never paid so much attention to me. Possibly it was because I was so overwhelmed that I wrote back, a few months later, and agreed to our marriage. I was tired, exhausted from touring the provinces. Mother had died when I was seven, and all I could think of was the comfort and security a home would give me. I was twenty-two years old, a vagabond; all of my life had been a mad chase to a new town where I'd perform, spend the night in a small hotel, awaken—only to be on the move again.

I yearned for roots, the strong binding roots of love and marriage and family. Dad had married and divorced twice since Mother's death so I had little home life with him.

I wonder now if I wasn't selfish to expect so much from marriage. Maybe my expectations were too much. But as I wrote to Tony Wright and accepted his proposal of marriage that drizzly gray September day, all I could see in my mind's eye was a cozy flat of our own with gay chintz curtains, comfy maple furniture, a roomy kitchen where I'd fix all our meals. I dreamed of having happy children with rosy-pink cheeks and tousled hair who'd smile and call us Mummy and Daddy, who would grow up and make us proud in our old age.

Fool that I was, I simply took it for granted that such were the rewards of all marriages.

Later I learned and suffered the bitter truths of reality.

Now, of course, I say to myself if . . . if . . . if . . .

Danger clues

If only I had stopped to think about it all as it was happening, wouldn't I have suspected something was wrong? There were danger-ahead clues even before we wed.

Tony wouldn't let me make any of the wedding arrangements. Maybe because I was so awed that I was marrying a film star I held back my suggestions. He was adamant about choosing my wedding dress, a fitted bodice with a trailing skirt

Charles Laughton (200 lbs.):
"What difference does it make
with this face whether I'm fat or
thin? Either way I look like the
back of an elephant."

Paul Sann
in the New York Post

of pale lemon and white organza. He insisted that we be married in the Church Registry office, but I finally broke down and cried. I'd always dreamed of a church wedding with organ music and a Mass.

Tony wanted a man I'd never met, Earl St. John, an executive producer with Tony's film company, to give me away. This gave me the chills. I had a feeling Tony was ashamed of my dad because he was a vaudevillian.

"Everything's got to be done properly for the press," Tony kept saying. However, after much pleading and begging from me, Tony compromised about the church. He agreed the marriage could take place in a small chapel near a friend's country estate.

When I awoke the morning of my wedding in the spacious and elegantly appointed country home, I realized I was all alone in a world of strangers. We'd arrived the night before, and I was ushered to my corner bedroom with its canopied bed and flowered wallpaper by a stiff, imperious butler. I couldn't help thinking this was a showplace, that the farm was not a lived-in farm. It served merely as a stage setting.

The day of the wedding I had to pose, at Tony's request, a number of times in my wedding gown—in and out of the church—for newspaper photographs. Since the late afternoon sunlight wasn't strong enough for TV cameramen, Tony arranged for us to have a 'mock wedding' at noon in addition to our actual wedding later in the day.

All through that morning and afternoon, before Tony and I took our vows of holy matrimony, I had the eerie sensation that

our marriage was an important business matter to Tony—and nothing else. I was afraid of hurting him so I didn't say anything, trying to comfort myself with the thought that every bit of publicity was worth its weight in gold to him since he was a popular matinee idol.

What really broke my heart was a silly thing, I guess. It was the way my wedding gown looked at the time of my marriage. Every time we posed for newspaper pictures I ironed it so it would look fresh. During the mock wedding, I tripped on a TV camera cable, and my gown ripped. When the hour of our wedding arrived, my gown was limp and ragged, like a used costume from a play that needs dry cleaning. All the ironing in the world couldn't save it; it looked worn.

And my beautiful bridal spray of white butterfly orchids had wilted.

I felt like a "used bride"

I couldn't help thinking I was a paper doll, a stage prop, a "used bride," but I chided myself on being over-sensitive. Yet, as I stood beside Tony in his neat navy blue suit (which was pressed countless times by his valet), I couldn't help wondering if ours wasn't a movie marriage, staged for the cameras and by evening the two of us would return to our respective homes.

The morning after our marriage Tony announced we had plane tickets for Paris that afternoon. After we boarded the plane and soared into the wintry sky, I turned and looked at him in his impeccable glen-plaid going away suit. He was handsome, and a thrilling virility charged through his being, but I had a terrible premonition I would never know him deeply as a husband, the way I imagined all wives get to know their men. I reached over and put my hand on his as the plane motors roared, and I said, "Tony, darling, what'll we do on our honeymoon? Will you show me all the wonderful places I've heard about in Paris?"

He leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes and announced he would be very busy since he planned to do some location film work in Paris and Marseilles. . . .

When we returned from France, Tony took me to an apartment in London he had had done up by the set decorators from the Rank Studios. It was a cute place in Shepherd's Bush on the outskirts of London. All my life I'd dreamed of furnishing a place of my own, and now that joy was taken away from me. No doubt the decorators did a much better job than I would have done, but I would have loved the pleasure of choosing furniture and sewing curtains and shopping for pictures for the walls. Even the kitchen cupboards were stocked with dishes, pots, pans and food-stuffs.

Tony worked every day at the studio, and, oftentimes, he arrived home late. Gradually, as the months passed, I became bored sitting alone in that three-room apartment in Shepherd's Bush. Tony was called away time after time for location work abroad, and there were moments when I thought I would go mad. One afternoon over tea, one of my neighbors, after listening to how lonely my life was, suggested I go back to acting. So I began seeing agents and casting directors during the mornings to while the hours away.

I was offered a role in a B-movie, *Small Hotel*, in which I was to play a sixteen year old. I accepted. On the strength of my work in *Small Hotel*, I was offered a role in *The Young and Guilty*.

Tony, meanwhile, returned from one of his location jaunts, and he demanded I stop working.

"You're my wife," he told me repeatedly. "What'll people think? That I can't support you? I want you to stay home

like a wife and look after the apartment." I kidded him. "But I've sewn all the missing buttons on your shirts. And the maid does all the heavy cleaning. There's so little for me to do."

"I don't care," he told me. "I don't want you working. It'll make a terrible impression with the press."

Maybe I should have been flattered, but I wasn't. I knew I could go crazy sitting in that apartment of ours with nothing to do. Tony was thirty-two when we married, and he was always used to having his own way. I tried to understand this, but I realized, more and more, that he'd been spoiled by the studio.

Not that I was perfect, by any means. I had no one to talk to about marriage before I went into it. Had my mother been living, she probably would have told me things I should have known. Sure, I was a 'green' wife, and maybe Tony was impatient with me. But I loved him—or, at least, in my naivete I *thought* I did. And I believed our love would grow and the two of us would develop together from it.

I wanted children, a whole flock of laughing kids, but Tony dismissed the thought of a family: I almost became ashamed of mentioning it. No doubt I was at fault here because, out of timidity, I was hesitant to harp on it.

One afternoon, months after our marriage, I had a revelation. I took a stroll through our neighborhood and I discovered that an old movie of Tony's was playing at a nearby cinema. I decided to see it. I sat there in the pitch-dark movie house, watching Tony perform on the screen, and suddenly I realized Tony's trouble. He was insecure because of his acting. He wasn't a very good actor, but he did have a magnificent physique and exciting looks. Like all Mr. Beefcakes, his time in the movies was coming to its end. He had passed his heyday. Looks fade so quickly, and I could tell he wasn't as handsome now as he was in his earlier movie. Nor was his body as supple. That day it became shockingly clear to me that there was little talent to back up Tony's looks, and I felt deep compassion for him.

I rushed home and cooked him a chicken pot pie, but he didn't come home until after midnight. He'd had things to do in London, he commented. I asked him if he wanted me to heat up his food, and he said no, he'd eaten.

I hadn't. I'd been waiting for him to come home. I didn't want him to see how he'd hurt my feelings by not thinking of calling me so I stole quietly into our bedroom and put on my nightgown while he watched a late show on television in the front room. I buried myself in bed, tears streaming down my face, depressed over the mess I'd made of my life. I simply couldn't go on living like this. We were posing as husband and wife. We weren't married in the true sense of the word: sharing and caring and communicating.

After another week of floundering thoughts, I decided to return to work. This infuriated Tony, but I told him I just had to have something to do.

I was cast in my first TV play, *One of Us*. Then I acted the lead in *Pick Up Girl*, about a teenager on trial. Within six months I was awarded the coveted TV Critics Award of the Year for my acting, and Tony was terribly upset. At one point, he suggested I leave the apartment if I continued working. Finally, he made me pay for half of the housekeeping since I was a wage-earner.

The little love I had tried to salvage from our marriage had vanished. We were two strangers, unhappy, hostile, living together under a roof via the guise of holy matrimony.

One evening I asked him outright if he was unhappy with our marriage.

"For heaven's sake," he countered, "what do you expect out of life? Paradise?"

"No," I told him. "I don't expect heaven, but I do want a little love and tenderness."

He patted my head and kissed me on the cheek, the way you pat a child or a pet, and I decided the time had come. We should separate. It might do us good to be away from each other for a while. Maybe we could re-evaluate ourselves and decide what we both wanted from life and marriage. Maybe we could compromise.

I dreaded seeing my marriage go on the rocks. I hated admitting I'd made a mistake. But I was certain—if we tried (and with God's help)—there was a chance it could be saved.

Shortly after our separation Walt Disney came to England and auditioned hundreds of girls for his *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* film. My casting agent suggested I try out for it, and, as luck would have it, I was chosen! It was a very thrilling moment for me since I'd always dreamed of coming to America, and now one dream, at least, was coming true.

When I was told the news I hurried to a public phone booth and called Tony at his studio. He was cold, uninterested.

"I've bought a new carpet for the living room," was all he said.

"What color?" I asked him.

"Why does it matter to you? You know nothing about decorating," he answered. No, I'd never pretended to be a professional decorator, but I, like all women, take pride in the way my home looks.

"Tony," I managed, my throat choked with tears, "I've . . . I've never felt our apartment's been a home for us. It's more like a business."

"I don't know why you say that. You've lived here almost a year."

"I know. But I've never felt it had the atmosphere of love a home should have."

"There you go again," he cut in, "with your fairy tale dreams. You should know I can't live in just any kind of a place. I'm a star, a big star, and my apartment has to be furnished properly. It's got to be smart and elegant."

Then and there I knew we had signed the death warrant to our marriage. I couldn't build my marriage on chic or elegance. I wanted to build it on love and on the joy of sharing my life with a husband and children.

"Tony," I said. "I . . . I think we ought to get a divorce. I . . . I just don't see how we can go on living with each other."

"Suit yourself," he told me very matter-of-factly. "You can apply for it when the three years are up."

I closed my eyes; they were stinging with hot tears. How could he dismiss our marriage so quickly, so heartlessly. Why had he wooed me with love letters and French perfumes and sweetheart roses? Was it all for him to have a stage-prop bride, a purchased wife to pose with him for the film magazines and newspapers?

"Whenever you want," he added, "you can come and pick up the rest of your clothes. But everything else in the apartment is mine. I've paid for it."

I gulped and hung up the telephone. My hands were sweaty and clammy. I put them up to my face and sobbed in the stuffy phone booth. People looked at me, but I couldn't help myself. I'd made a mess of my personal life. What could I do to save my self-respect?

Wiping my tears I walked to a tearoom for a cup of hot tea and I told myself it was never too late to grow up. I thanked my lucky stars I was coming to America.

America would help me forget. And maybe, in time, it could help me build a new life for myself.

END

See Janet in *DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE* for BUENA VISTA.



Tarzan and the kid

■ Gordon Scott, handsome star of *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure*, stepped off the plane at Nairobi, Africa. Almost instantaneously, the powerfully-built man was surrounded by myriad lads of all ages and stature clamoring to carry his luggage.

Scott looked over the sea of small faces and picked out what he felt was an intelligent-looking lad.

The boy came forward, looking in awe at the big man.

"You big," he said.

"That's true," modestly answered Scott.

"Built like tree," declared the boy, holding his steady gaze.

Scott, amused, smiled and said, "Oh, I wouldn't go quite that far."

"Arms like tree trunks," continued the boy.

Scott looked admiringly at his own muscular arms, "You're right, boy, they are powerful-sized."

"You strong like lion," said the boy, seeming to sum up the matter.

"Well," Scott laughed, "if you really think so."

The boy began to walk away, then turned, and stated simply, "You carry own luggage."

And Scott did!

The Agony of Parting

(Continued from page 34)

smiling now, too. "You tell me. What?" "I'm going home," Elvis said. "I'm getting discharged. I should be out by Christmas."

"Home—and discharged—by Christmas," Vera said, after him.

"Yep," said Elvis, "—at least if everything goes okay." He explained how his company officer had called him into the office that afternoon and told him there was a good chance of his being let out in December instead of in March. "Some sort of good-conduct dispensation," he said to Vera now. "Great, isn't it?"

"Oh yes," the girl said, softly, "that is very great."

She forced back the smile which had begun to leave her lips this last moment. And she watched Elvis, intently, as he called over a waiter now and ordered a stein of beer for himself and for her.

"What're you—all gazin' at, Ma'am?" Elvis asked as he looked back at Vera, using an exaggerated Southern drawl that had always been a guarantee to set her laughing. Vera didn't laugh this time, however.

"I'm gazing at you," she said, very simply.

"Honored, Ma'am," Elvis said, bowing his head a little.

Still there was no laughter from Vera.

"And I am thinking," she said, "how much I will miss you."

"Huh?" Elvis said.

"Is that too forward for me to say?" Vera asked. And without giving Elvis a chance to answer, she said, blushing a little, "Well, I guess then that I am forward. I have known you for nearly a year now. I have seen you nearly every night of that year and nearly every Saturday and Sunday for the full day. I have had fun. I have grown closer to you than I have ever been to anyone in my whole life. I knew all this time that you would have to go away. In March, I would tell myself, in March he will go away. But somehow the sound of March was distant to me. It seemed somehow as if it would never come . . . And now December—" She sighed. "December is not so far away . . . And you will go . . . And I will miss you."

What Elvis had in mind . . .

"Honey," Elvis said when she was through. "Honey Vera," he said, shaking his head, "did it ever occur to you that no matter when I went away, in March or in December or in October of 1964—if I had to stay in this man's army that long, that I wouldn't just leave you like that? That I wouldn't leave you at all?"

Now it was Vera's turn to shake her head. "I do not understand you, Elvis," she said.

"Look," he said, "when I go back to the States, I want you to come with me . . . I've always had that in my mind, that you would."

"But how?" Vera asked. "How can I come?"

"You're an actress, aren't you?" Elvis asked back. "A good one and a beautiful one. There's no reason why you couldn't work in the States instead of here. There's no reason why you couldn't come to Hollywood and be there the same time I'll be there."

Vera said nothing.

"I tell you," Elvis went on. "It won't be hard. Sure there's lots of competition. But you can beat most of it, hands down. I know that, Vera . . . How about it? How does it sound?"

Still, she said nothing.

"We'll be together that way, without

any Decembers or Marches or Octobers splitting us up," Elvis said. He pressed her hand in his. "I don't want to go back without you, Vera. I don't want to let you out of my sight, ever."

"So how about it?" he asked again.

And this time Vera spoke.

"I will come," she said.

"Good," Elvis said, relieved, "good, Vera."

Vera smiled.

"And you know what is the first thing I will do," she asked suddenly, "when I am in the United States?"

"What's that?" Elvis said.

"I will go straight to the South of your country," Vera said, "and I will find a kind woman there and I will say to her, 'Please, Madame, would you teach me exactly how to make the famous hominy grits? The exact way?' . . . And then, Elvis, on Christmas Day, for dinner, I will make that for you and for your father and for no matter how many relatives you will be gathered with. Hm?"

Elvis laughed.

"Sure," he said, "nothing like grits with your turkey, I always say."

"You mean that?" Vera asked.

"Just like having an old-fashioned banana split with these," Elvis said, pointing to the two beers the waiter had just brought to their table.

He laughed again.

And this time Vera laughed with him.

"Oh, it will be fun," she said, "the most wonderful thing that could ever happen to me."

Elvis stood up.

"Let's dance, Vera, to celebrate," he said.

"But there is no music," Vera said.

"Let's dance anyway," Elvis said.

Vera got up now, too, and fell into his arms.

They began swirling around the floor of the little tavern.

After a moment, Elvis began to sing.

And a moment after that the waiter came rushing over to them.

"*Tanzen verboten, Herr Corporal,*" he said. "No dance here. Is forbidden. *Verboten.*"

"But you don't understand, Herrober," Elvis said. "We two are celebrating. We're going home."

"To America," Vera said, nodding and clinging to Elvis. "To America!"

Vera was surprised the way her best friend, Hedwig B—, received the news that next day.

"Well," Hedwig said bluntly, "it's your funeral—both your funerals."

"Why do you say that?" Vera asked.

"First of all," her friend said, "unless two people are both in love, really in love, there's no sense in keeping up a relation-

ship once it runs its natural course. Now is there?"

"But we are in love, Elvis and I," Vera said. "We are."

"You're sure of that?" her friend asked.

"Yes," Vera said, "more sure than I have ever been of anything."

"Then how about marriage?" Hedwig asked. "I know you very well, Vera Tchechowa. I know you to be an extremely honorable girl. Yet not once in all your talk this past year, this afternoon, have I heard you mention the word marriage . . . And do you think it honorable for a young man and a young woman to discuss going away together without any discussion of marriage?"

"It's not going away, like that," Vera said. "He is going home. And I am going to work close to his home, so that I can be near him."

Her friend shrugged.

"And as for marriage," Vera went on, "no—we have never discussed it. But that is because we realize that we are still too young to talk about a step like this. We have thought about it, separately, to ourselves. I know that. I know that . . . But the time has not yet come for us to bring it up in words."

How it really sounded . . .

Her friend was silent for a moment.

"All right," she said, "I believe you, Vera, because I know that you are good. And if you are good, the man you love must be good, too. So don't be angry with what I have said. Because I believe you."

"But," she added, "there are other problems to be faced."

"Such as?" Vera asked.

"Such as things for you not being the same in the United States as they have been here in Germany," Hedwig said. "Think of it, Vera, of how the lovely little world you two have inhabited, alone, this past year, will be gone . . . Yes, if he were just an ordinary American boy you could still have your world as it was, with some changes, but pretty much the same. He is not an ordinary American boy, however, is he? And his life when he returns to his country—the mobs of people that will surround him everywhere, for most of every day, every day—that will be extraordinary, won't it? . . . And where, Vera, where will you fit into this picture? Do you think you will get to see him much anymore, to be with him much? Do you think there will be Saturdays at the lake still, and Sundays driving through the countryside still, and evenings in little places where he will not be recognized and where you two will be left alone? Do you think this, Vera?"

"I think you exaggerate," Vera said.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1959.

(SEAL)

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Commission Expires March 30, 1960.

"Well," her friend said, "as long as I exaggerate, I won't—"
She stopped.

The bitter truth

"Vera," she said then, urgently, "don't you know that you will be hurting him, too?"

"What do you mean by that?" Vera asked.

"You are German," Hedwig said. "He is a popular American idol, an American hero. There are many people in his country who would not look so kindly on him, who would criticize him, if he appeared to be too serious about a German girl."

Vera took a deep breath. "You talk," she said, "as if our countries were still at war. The war has been over for many years now, Hedwig. Thousands of our girls have married American soldiers and live happily in the United States now . . . You know that."

"Yes," her friend said, "but their men's careers were not dependent on the romantic notions of others. And when there was any criticism leveled against these marriages—and there *was*, Vera, there *was*—it was not too difficult for the American boy involved to tell his critics to please mind their own businesses."

"With your man, however, it would be difficult. He is an idol. He cannot tell people off. If he but tried—it might mean that he would be finished, washed up, just like that."

She placed her hand on Vera's shoulder. "I tell you this because you're my friend," she started to say again. "Because—"

Vera moved away from her.

"I appreciate your interest," she said, "but I don't want to hear any more right now."

"Have you understood at all," Hedwig

asked, "what I've been trying to say to you?"

"No," Vera said.

She began to cry, suddenly, and she brought her hands up hard against her face.

"No," she sobbed, "No . . . No . . . No . . . No!"

The face of reality

There was a party that night at the home of some friends.

Elvis, held up at the post on some special duty, arrived late and walked straight over to where Vera was sitting.

For a few minutes, he told her about his day—that it had been a tough one and that he was pooped, that the only thing that had made it bearable was knowing that night would come, eventually, and that he would see her, Vera.

Then he put his arm around Vera's waist and he leaned over to kiss her on the cheek and he asked, "Excited?"

Vera forced a quizzical smile.

"About what, Elvis?" she asked.

"Your trip," he said.

"Ah," Vera said, "my trip to America?"

"Yeah," Elvis said, "and the big search you're going to make for that grits recipe, among other things."

"My trip to America," Vera said again.

She shook her head and forced a laugh this time.

"I knew it was all too good to be true," she said, "—to think that I would really be able to come."

Elvis stared at her.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Do you remember," Vera asked, looking away from him, "do you remember, Elvis, that role I told you that I was up for, in the picture about Berlin, the crisis and the underground and the girl who gets involved in the underground?"

"No," Elvis said, "I don't remember."

"Well," Vera said, "I got the part. Just today, this afternoon at four o'clock. I was at home and the phone rang and it was my agent. He was so out of breath I didn't know what was happening at first. And then he told me. And I was so—happy."

"You took the part?" Elvis asked.

"Of course," Vera said.

She looked back at him now, looking at his face but avoiding his eyes.

"And the trip is off?" Elvis asked.

"But it *must* be," Vera said. "The picture starts just about the time you leave Germany, my darling, and it will be in production for at least three months . . . maybe even four."

"How about then," Elvis asked, "—you could come over then."

"Ja," Vera said, "if the other picture doesn't come through."

"What other picture?" Elvis asked.

Vera proceeded here to invent another plot and another part for herself.

"Vera," Elvis started to say, "I don't get this. I don't understand how—"

But she never gave him a chance to finish.

"Look," she said, pointing to the door of the room and to a man and woman who stood there, "look who has just come in."

"Who're they?" Elvis asked.

Vera mumbled some names. "I must go talk to them," she said, rising. "Excuse me, my darling, but it has been such a long time since I have met with them."

Elvis watched Vera Tchechowa as she raced across the room.

He had no idea, at that moment, that she was racing out of his life . . . nor why.

END

Some theaters are re-running Elvis' KING CREOLE and G. I. BLUES, both Paramount.

THEIR CLASSROOM WAS THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR...

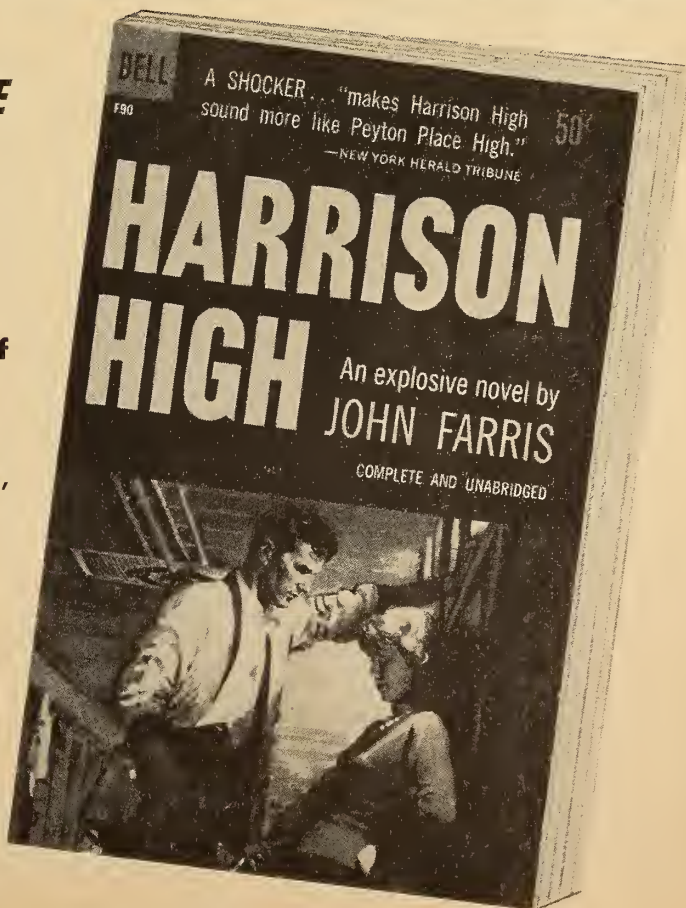
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The Truth About Hollywood Sex Traps

(Continued from page 51)

trying to visualize me in the part. I felt a great sense of relief when he finally did speak again and confirmed that theory.

"Yes," he mused, "I think you could do the part very adequately."

"Oh thank you," I cried out. "Thank you very much."

"There's only one thing that concerns me," he went on as if I hadn't said anything. "If you got the part, you understand, you'd be on the set every day—"

"That would be fine," I interrupted enthusiastically. "I'd be happy to do whatever the part required."

Judging from the expression on his face, I must have said the secret word.

"I'm going to be very frank with you," he picked up with a thin smile. "I think it's only fair to tell you that I find myself so attracted to you that if I saw you around the set every day I'm not sure I could refrain from making a pass at you. And you wouldn't like that, would you? Or would you?"

I was so startled that at first I couldn't speak. Not only was he one of Hollywood's most respected producers, but he was also married and a father. He went about it in such a businesslike manner that it took me a minute before I fully realized that I was being cold-bloodedly propositioned.

"I don't think I'm right for the part," I finally managed to say. I thought my legs would buckle as I ran from the office.

It was a terribly shattering and disillusioning experience. In my wide-eyed innocence, I'd thought I was going to a reputable business office. Instead I'd walked into a sex trap! I had to face it honestly—and it wasn't pleasant. I'd often heard people say that was the only way to get anyplace in Hollywood, but I'd never taken it seriously. I always dismissed it as sour grapes. But now I was not so sure.

Her parents' warning

If that was what I'd be up against every time I tried for a part, there seemed little point in staying in Hollywood. I might as well return to Chicago. I thought of how naive I'd been when I'd so confidently assured my folks that they wouldn't have to worry about me. The funny thing was that they really weren't worried. They just told me to use the same good judgment I'd used as a model in Chicago. They did warn me to be careful not to let temptation impair that judgment, and the last thing my father said before I boarded the plane to compete as Miss Illinois in the Miss Universe contest at Long Beach was:

"Any time you go out with someone, be sure to mention that your dad is a rugged outdoor man who has rifles and guns, and that he could fly out there in a jet in just a few hours."

Once in Hollywood, I corresponded regularly with my mother, and she ended every letter with the same counsel.

"Be a good girl, Marianne," she wrote without fail. "Go to church and take care of yourself."

Well, after a week of soul searching, I decided that perhaps I'd permitted myself to become more troubled than the facts justified. After all, I still was a good girl, and I had taken care of myself. Perhaps I'd used poor judgment in dressing like a sex-pot for the interview—but on the other hand I'd used good judgment by getting out of the producer's office while the getting was good. I decided that it was childish to pretend that the incident was not partly my own fault. The next time I'd

know better. I'd never go to another interview costumed like a teenage Mae West.

I gradually convinced myself that it didn't make sense to judge all producers by the one who had interviewed me. In that respect my second thoughts were to prove correct. Because I was to discover that producers were no different from so many other men in Hollywood—whether they were famous orchestra leaders or movie stars. Hollywood sex traps, I discovered, are where you find them—in a crowded restaurant, at a party, in a car or at someone's apartment.

All this was quite unnerving, but it still didn't necessarily prove that a girl who was nice couldn't make the grade. Certainly there was temptation. But there was temptation in Chicago, too. I had to recognize that as awful as the producer's behavior had been, he still hadn't tried to make me do anything against my will. As long as I had the power of decision why shouldn't I keep on trying?

Actually I should have realized from the way we were protected during the Miss Universe Contest how many pitfalls faced a pretty teenager in Hollywood. At the time I thought all their precautions were ridiculous. During our two and a half weeks at the Lafayette Hotel in Long Beach we not

One night Tallulah Bankhead was phoned by a reporter at 3:00 a.m. to check a story. "Do you know what time it is?" she thundered. "You've a nerve! How dare you wake people out of a sound sleep? Just a minute till I turn off the radio."

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

only were constantly accompanied by chaperones, but guarded by police. We couldn't even go to the powder room or get a newspaper unless a chaperone was along. We weren't even allowed to receive phone calls, and our telegrams were screened. Our messages and telegrams were turned over to us only after the contest.

I moved in with an aunt and uncle in West Hollywood and proceeded to check those messages out. I soon understood why they had taken such elaborate precautions. Out of the hundreds of phone calls only five turned out to be legitimate. All the others were thinly disguised ruses of Hollywood wolves on the make.

Thinking back, I realized I should have been prepared for what followed, and that made me feel a little better. Even so, I still was stunned every time I stumbled into another Hollywood sex trap. It didn't matter whether they were teenage idols or producers. They all had more or less the same thing on their minds.

In fact, one of the things that helped remove the sour taste resulting from some of my early experiences was my friendship with one of Hollywood's most popular young stars. Going out with him gave me such a lift. It was so nice not having to be on the defensive for being nice.

Once after I'd flown to Chicago for a visit with my folks, he met me at the airport on my return and invited me to dinner that night. I had the feeling that something was troubling him. I was right. He had done a lot of thinking during my absence.

"Marianne," he spoke slowly and I could see that it was painful for him, "there are two kinds of girls. There's your kind and

there's the other kind. You know how much I like and respect you. You're the type a fellow isn't ashamed to be seen with. Then there's the other kind you don't like to be seen with. You know what I mean—the kind that wants to have a good time as much as a fellow does. What I'm trying to say is that if we still went together you'd have to go all the way, and I know you're not that kind of girl. It's hard to explain, but do you understand, Marianne?"

Naturally I understood. I don't know how he could have made it plainer. He was going through a stage that I imagine every boy his age does—of finding out about sex. At first I was shocked and hurt, but I was grateful that he still had too good an opinion of me to think of me as the kind of girl he could experiment with. At least he was forthright about it, and didn't try to set any sex traps.

I wish I could say as much for an older Hollywood idol who stars on one of television's most popular cowboy series.

Disillusioned again

I'd never have suspected him of the slightest ulterior motive. We met when two other Miss Universe contestants and I posed with him for publicity pictures. Under the circumstances, I thought it was perfectly all right to let him know where I was staying, and he gave me no reason to regret that decision. One week end he dropped by when my dad flew in for a visit. My dad thought a great deal of him.

It was entirely by coincidence that I saw our cowboy hero again a year later in Chicago. I'd gone home to take part in a July 4th parade, and he happened to be in Chicago at the same time. My father had told him to phone anytime he was in town. To his great surprise, I answered the phone when he called. I invited him over for dinner, and it was a lovely evening. He was warm and friendly, down to earth and a perfect gentleman.

As it turned out, both of us were planning to return to Hollywood the following day, although he had to leave on a later plane. He wondered if I'd like to go out when we got back, and we made a date right in front of my folks. He had made a marvelous impression on them—and on me. After he left, my dad nodded vigorous agreement as my mother said:

"He's such a nice young man. You can't realize what a comfort it is to us to realize you know people like him in Hollywood."

Back in Hollywood he didn't phone me until 11:00 the following night.

"How would you like to come to my place and have dinner?" he suggested.

Had it not been so late I don't think I would have begged off.

"Don't worry about that, Marianne," he urged me. "Why don't you just take a cab both ways and charge it to me?"

"No," I insisted, "I still wouldn't feel comfortable."

He wasn't easily discouraged.

"All right then," he said, "I've got a better idea. Why not have dinner and stay overnight? It's very safe. There's a separate bedroom, and I'd give you the key."

"Well, would anyone else be there?"

"No," he admitted frankly, "the maid doesn't stay. It would be just you and me."

Bang went another illusion! By then he'd certainly made his less than honorable intentions clear enough, and if I had walked into his sex trap I would have had no one to blame but myself. I just let him know that wasn't my cup of tea.

But curiously, I don't feel bitter. As long as they don't use force, I never really get too angry. Practically every fellow you date in Hollywood somehow gets to the subject of sex. They act as if there would be something wrong with them if they didn't at least try.

Sometimes I even feel a little sorry for them. I particularly have in mind a recent date when a boy who was getting very lovey-dovey in the car suggested that we go to his apartment. I decided to teach him a lesson.

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," I whispered, "but what about going to my apartment?"

I almost burst out laughing watching him try to conceal his excitement. He couldn't believe his luck! What he didn't know, of course, was that my roommate, Connie Stevens, wasn't feeling well, and I knew she'd be home.

All the way to my place, he kept telling me how much he really liked me, how wonderful and mature I was. When we parked, he jumped out of the car, ran around and opened the door for me.

He expressed surprise that the lights were on in the apartment.

"Oh, I forgot to turn them off when I left," I said.

As soon as we went into the living room, he sank down on the couch, took my hand, and tried to pull me alongside him.

"I'd love some coffee," I said, gently freeing my hand, "wouldn't you?"

"Not really," he replied, "but if you're going to have some, I suppose I might as well join you."

I went into the kitchen, put some coffee on, and slipped into Connie's bedroom.

"Don't make a sound," I whispered after explaining what was going on, "but be sure to come out in a few minutes."

I returned to the living room and sat next to my date.

"Would you like some cookies while the coffee is getting ready?" I asked.

He shook his head and put his arm around me. I sat up and said I felt like having a cigarette.

"You can smoke later," he breathed as he kissed me on the cheek.

He got more affectionate by the second. His kisses became more ardent, and I was beginning to get alarmed. Just then there was a loud squeaking noise. The bedroom door opened, and in walked Connie!

My date jumped bolt upright!
"Why, Connie!" I feigned surprise. "What are you doing home?"

"I wasn't feeling well," she covered a yawn, "so I decided I'd stay home. I'm not breaking in on anything, am I?"

"Of course not," my date knew I had to be polite, "why don't you have a cup of coffee with us?"

"Well, I'm so tired. . ."

My date's face brightened.

"But maybe I will have just one before I go back to bed."

She had one and then another. My date kept saying, "Well, it's getting kind of late. I'll have to be going pretty soon."

Connie was not about to take the hint. Finally at 1:30 her dad, musician Teddy Stevens, came home. My date was livid. He mumbled the good-byes of a foiled romeo and stalked out.

I'm afraid I lose more boyfriends that way.

Temptations and good judgment

For sheer audacity, I never had an experience to compare with a recently divorced orchestra leader who didn't even make a pretense of bothering with the usual softening-up preliminaries. He simply called me up, told me who he was, and said, "I saw your picture in a producer's office yesterday. You're very attractive, and I'd like to meet you tonight."

"I don't even know you!" I exclaimed.

"You may not know me," he laughed, "but you've heard of me."

He sounded rather nice even if he was unusually forthright, and I knew from his own pictures that he was quite handsome.

"Besides," I said, "I already have plans

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for this evening. However if you're that insistent on meeting me, I suppose I could say hello at lunch."

I felt there couldn't be much danger in broad daylight. If he really turned out to be nice, there would be nothing wrong in going out with him. So I agreed to have lunch with him at the Beverly Gourmet.

The head waiter led me to his table. He stood up, threw out his arms as if we were old and warm friends, and puckered his lips as though he really expected to kiss me! I did my best to ignore his fantastically effusive greeting, and sat down. The moment I did, he grabbed my hand and said, "You're just as charming as I knew you'd be. I have a nice evening all planned."

He didn't even make any small talk. I just sat there astonished as he went on.

"Not very often," he assured me, patting my captive hand, "will you have the chance to be loved by someone like me. I'm very dynamic. When I work, I work very hard. When I sing, I sing all the way. When I love, I love all the way."

"Well, you just happen to have the wrong girl," I got up to leave, but he caught my hand again.

"Anytime I date a girl," he serenely ignored my indignation, "we have a thorough understanding. I have no time to waste with any girl who's coy. I'm very nice to people who are very nice to me."

It was so incredible I almost laughed.

"Do you really have many girls fall for that line?" I gasped.

"It's not a line," he said earnestly. "Very few girls pass up such an opportunity. This is my philosophy of life. And the sooner you find out about this way of living, the happier you will be."

His brashness was beyond imagination. As I stomped out of the restaurant, he blandly uttered these parting words, "Don't forget. Call me when you decide."

No wonder, with creatures like that crawling out of the woodwork, you keep wondering if a good girl can make good.

Not that I think sex is anything sordid or shameful. It's just that there is a right time and place for it. For me, marriage is the only right time. In my opinion to make sex beautiful you definitely have to be in love with someone and married to him.

So many Hollywood men have tried to shame me into submitting to their desires. "You're inhibited," they ridicule. "You should grow up and act like a woman. You're not enjoying life."

I happen to think they're the ones who really aren't enjoying life. I know there are girls who don't agree with me.

"Sure," they say, "you don't have to be loose. But when it's to your advantage . . . well, there's nothing to be ashamed of."

Perhaps not for them. I know I'd die with shame.

I also have met quite a few girls who would give anything if they had not made the mistake of such thinking.

"Don't let anyone kid you," these girls tell me, "all you get that way is grief and regret. Once you do it, word gets around, and everybody expects you to be easy. There's no longer any question of saying no."

Fortunately, with study, hard work and my self respect intact, I've been able to make progress. And without sacrificing my principles or bringing shame to myself and my family. Nice girls can get jobs. I've done a lot of work in television and lately I've had more luck in pictures. So I've proved to my own satisfaction that a girl doesn't have to turn her back on her moral values unless she wants to.

I know that in the long run I'll be a lot happier than girls who take the Hollywood shortcuts. Those shortcuts are mined with sex traps and tragedy.



Barbara Stanwyck: SHE ASKED and she RECEIVED

Some people like to collect rare stamps; others go in for paintings, china, or tapestries. Glenn Ford once collected some seven thousand classical records, then cultivated a fondness for hundreds of rare pipes and tobaccos. At one time Julie London's passion was antique silver.

Barbara Stanwyck's great dream was to own a complete dinner service for twelve of world-famous—and costly—hand-blown glass. But her hard-headed business manager pointed out that her dream was a pretty expensive one, that she didn't really need it, and told her: "Nothing doing!" She argued with him, but couldn't get him to change his mind. It burned her up that here she was a movie star, yet she couldn't even buy what she wanted. . . .

Then Barbara hit upon an idea. To friends and family she mentioned—oh, so casually!—that if anyone *insisted* on giving her a birthday or Christmas present, some of that glass would be mighty welcome. It needn't be much, she added modestly, even salt and pepper shakers would be just lovely. . . .

Her birthday arrived, and the mail brought dozens of small boxes. Eagerly she tore open the first one. Oh, just what she wanted: something for her dinner service. How wonderful, her plan was working. She tore off the tissue paper and held the beautiful glass up to the light. It was a salt and pepper set. She admired it for a few happy moments and then put it gently down and opened the next package. She unwrapped it and took out—a salt and pepper set!

Well, good, Barbara thought, *I can put one at each end of the table.*

She picked up another package. Of course, salt and pepper. . . .

By the time the day was over, Barbara stopped opening those small packages. She knew what was inside. There was not one plate, not one cup, not one soup bowl.

"Come Christmas, I'll ask for my glass dinner set again," she decided ruefully. "But this time I'll be a little more specific!"

Barbara's in U.A.'s CORE OF EVIL.

Introducing Efrem

(Continued from page 37)

Temple Street digs and packed his best rags.

When the show left that night 'Zim' Zimbalist left with it. He stayed with it in Philadelphia and in Washington, too. Each glorious night he bearded numbers sixteen and eighteen, also several other flashy showbabes in a binge that lasted until his allowance for the college term was gone and he was flat as a pancake. Then, with enough classroom cuts to sink a Phi Beta Kappa, he went back to school. The dean informed him firmly that Yale could get along very nicely without a playboy like Efrem Zimbalist, Junior.

If you called Efrem 'playboy' today, he'd shake his head unbelievably and chuckle right in your face. It's about the last tag anyone in his right mind, including Efrem, would hang on this composed, purposeful gentleman of many mature parts who leads a private life as normal and steady as 98.6°. "And really rather dull, too, I suppose," he cheerfully confesses. "Up at six, home at seven, in bed by ten—that's me."

In between, about the only capers Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. pulls these days are his TV escapades as Stewart Bailey, the suave sleuth of 77 *Sunset Strip*. Ten hours a day, five days a week most of the year, Zim reports with banker's regularity to get his handsome head slugged, six-foot body ticked by bullets or roped and dumped from a speeding car and once even sealed in a coffin. Sexy molls are usually out to hook him, or vice versa.

Efrem at home

At his sprawling Encino country home, however, Efrem drops the act for a very different reality. The only heels that kick up there are those belonging to the saddle horses in his stables. The women he's involved with are his pretty, pixyish wife, Stephanie; their three-year-old daughter, Steffi, and Efrem's fifteen-year-old daughter, Nancy. He's surrounded by kids, pets, trees, paint, fertilizer, books, music and the delightful distractions of domesticity. He's alert and sensitive to everything around him, but he couldn't be more relaxed. A close friend of his puts it this way: "Ef," he says, "is the most *adult* person I know."

At thirty-eight, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is certainly adult enough to evaluate and appreciate the wild-haired spees that used to be par for the course with him—every bit as accurately as he once sized up that chorus line's charms and obeyed his impulse. It wasn't the first time or the last.

"But, in some ways," he says, "I'm glad I did. Not that I'd recommend following my foolish footsteps. I tossed away opportunities with a cavalier disregard for the future. I disappointed people who loved me and had high hopes for me. I wasted valuable time and money and I got in some lovely jams. Today I'd be disgusted with myself. I wasn't then, because I wasn't what I am now. And it could be that's just the reason I am—if that makes sense."

When he talks, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. pulls thoughtfully at the shell-briar pipe usually clamped between his white, even teeth. The corners of his good-natured brown eyes crinkle. "I guess the best way to put it," he grins, "is with the old cliché: youth must have its fling. There comes a time when you have to snap the leash, no matter what happens. It's a part of growing up you just can't duck. And, if you ask me, it's a lot better to let the bugs

out, when they're ready to fly, than to hold them in for later when it might be more disastrous. I'm not exactly Dad, the old armchair philosopher, yet," he allows, "but I'm thankful that I got all that out of my system so I could handle the real knocks when they came along."

The raps were rugged for Efrem Zimbalist when they came. Among others, he lost the first real love of his life when his first wife died leaving him with two small children to care for. But long before that happened he was mature enough to meet responsibility. And he'd found his groove in life.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is not shallow enough to credit all this to a reasonably misspent youth. He's grateful for a privileged background and a heritage of unusual intelligence, talent and worth. "But that's pure luck," he believes. "It doesn't really make much difference who you are or where you come from. It's up to you. The set-up varies but the problem is basically the same: somewhere along the line you have to take off, let yourself go and hope for the best. No one else can learn for you."

From the crib on

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., started with the best of everything and every opportunity to learn. He was born almost with a silver tuning fork in his mouth, November 30, 1922, in a spacious New York town house. His father, of course, was Efrem Zimbalist, a gifted Russian from Rostov-on-Don who became one of the world's great concert violinists. Alma Gluck, his mother, was a world-famous operatic star and a Victor Red-Seal favorite of her day. Efrem's half-sister on his mother's side is Marcia Davenport, the novelist, although she was grown by the time he came along. Closer by far was his sister Maria, three years older, who saw eye to eye with Zim about the free life. All their young lives Maria and Efrem scrapped like cub wildcats, but palled up for adventure. They adore each other today, although when Efrem was still in his crib, Maria did her best to eliminate the competition.

One afternoon, Alma Zimbalist happened in the nursery to find Maria leaning over her sibling rival, a pair of scissors poised in her small fist. She quickly lowered the dagger and patted Efrem's head. "Nice little brother," purred that infantile Lady Macbeth, "sweet little brother. I wouldn't stick him in the head with scissors, would I?"

At that point, Efrem was a tempting target. His blond curls had suddenly dropped out leaving him as bald as a baby Yul Brynner. When his hair came in, it was black and thick and he hadn't lost a one since. "But I've often wondered," grins Efrem, patting the mop speculatively, "if underneath somewhere there's not a hole in my head."

Outside of Maria's brief threat, there was hardly a flaw in young Efrem Zimbalist's family picture. Money was never a problem. Although his mother stopped concert tours with her babies (Efrem never heard her sing except on records) her royalties poured in. His father's concert fees were steady and fabulous. At the big house in Manhattan's East Seventies and at the Connecticut summer one, too, the Zimbals lived in Continental elegance. Five servants staffed them both and the children had their own governess. They wore custom clothes and, for a while, when they traveled it was in their mother's private railroad car. When Junior Zimbalist went off to exclusive Bovee School, he was driven to and from by a chauffeur. This gave Ef his first chance to live it up. He talked the driver into racing the other kids home.

Sometimes they raced classmates named

Lex Barker or Mel Ferrer and then he had a chance. But usually, headed his way was a kid named Reid, whose grandfather owned the *Herald-Tribune*. "We could never lick him," recalls Zim. "His car had a press sticker and the cops waved it right by. We got stopped and handed tickets." When the tickets piled up at home the joyrides were over.

Gentleman's reply

By that time pint-sized Efrem Zimbalist was already in love. He'd tumbled hard for a curly-topped blonde in kindergarten, who later became a society glamour girl. Efrem bumped into her now and then and went to her coming out party later. But he kept his secret until one night, a while back, at a dinner party in Beverly Hills. Married now, like himself, and not so glamorous, Zim thought it safe to tell her. "About a thousand years ago," he smiled, "I was desperately in love with you."

The kiddie heartbeat gave him a blank stare. "Where in the world was that?" He told her about kindergarten and his unvoiced passion, thinking it funny. The stare froze.

"That's impossible," she cut him off. "We couldn't have gone to kindergarten together. You're obviously much older than I!"

"You're right, of course," Efrem retreated gallantly. "It must have been another little girl."

He knew it wasn't, but if there's one thing Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., unmistakably is, it's a gentleman. It's not just his pleasantly cultured voice and ease of manner which, even on *77 Sunset Strip*, set Efrem apart from Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes and Roger Smith, too. The hallmark goes deeper: Efrem's considerate, never rude; he's friendly, not hostile; open instead of suspicious. He gets amorous fan mail, of course, but seldom the wacky kind. "I'd like to be in love with you," wrote one smitten girl, "because I know you'd never hurt me."

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., has never consciously hurt anyone in his life. He's too sensitive himself for that, too gentle. At home today he's like an affectionate big brother with his teen-age children, Nancy and Skipper (Efrem III)—whom he raised alone for half their lives. Almost anything that lives finds refuge in Encino with the Zimbalists—stray cats, dogs, turtles, lizards, snakes, birds—even skunks. Zim himself pets a Japanese rat and sometimes lets it burrow down in his pillow at night. He was upset not long ago when he brought home a new Dane puppy and the family poodle ran away in a jealous huff. "I know just how she felt," sympathizes Efrem. "Like Maria did when I muscled in at home."

Efrem's own juvenile breakaways were not spurred by bitterness, anger or the vicious resentment of a mixed-up juvenile delinquent. That's why he can look back and call them good. "I was simply too tightly collared," Efrem explains. "When the collar slipped I went wild exploring my freedom."

His mother and father: what they were like

Although the Zimbalist kids were so close to their governess that when her time came to leave, Maria secretly phoned the transfer company that was coming for her baggage and canceled the order—their mother, Alma, ruled the roost. Alma Gluck was a formidable woman. "Almost ferocious," as Zim remembers, "in her demand for perfection and discipline." Those virtues had made a beautiful, talented but obscure Rumanian girl into a rich, renowned artist who sang for royalty and mastered five languages. She applied these demands for perfection to her children's lives and the

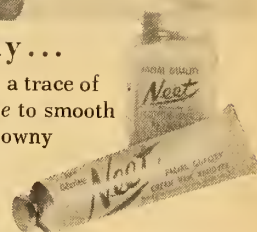
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Neet



organization of the Zimbalist household.

His father was completely different. Efrem Zimbalist, Senior, who lived a public life, was and is reserved and reticent by nature. He addressed the world—and his family—as he did his violin, gently, with deep feeling and a mastery that was subtle, not overpowering.

Efrem Zimbalist was away on tour when his son was born and absent on his first fifteen birthdays. Sometimes, when Junior was old enough, he went along—once on an around-the-world tour. But they were never *pals*. "I never had a heart-to-heart talk with my father," says Efrem, Jr.; "we never told each other much about ourselves and still don't." Yet, the influence was pervasive. In his manhood, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., favors his gentle dad temperamentally more than he does his dynamic mother. As a boy, it was the other way around.

From both, Efrem, Jr., inherited a love of good music and a talent that was to show up later on. He was exposed to culture and the arts from the time he could crawl. Famous actors, painters, writers, composers and musicians cluttered the drawing room. When Junior was only five his father handed him a violin and commissioned Jascha Heifetz' father to start him out. Junior stuck it restlessly for three years, getting his knuckles swatted for inattention by the maestro, who finally threw up his hands and walked out. Efrem was exposed to the piano next and disappointed his father the same way. He plays and composes both today for his own pleasure, but *then* he studied them only to please his parent. When it was painfully obvious that he'd never be a virtuoso, Zimbalist père shrugged philosophically and let up the pressure. Both instruments were always around when Efrem cared to touch them. Things were strictly different with

his mother's projects for her young son.

One summer, when he was only ten, she gave him a power boat that did twenty-two knots. Zim roared off alone at once on his maiden voyage, racing the ferryboat from Fisher's Island, where the Zimbalists often summered, to New London, Connecticut. He'd been cautioned to turn on the cooling system before he started but, of course, he forgot about that. Halfway across the Sound it conked out and he wallowed perilously for six hours until fishermen picked him up. That was the end of the speed boat. His mother promptly took it away and sold it.

Campus hell raisers

One reason Efrem's mother gave him the boat was because she wanted him to be an engineer. But not a sloppy engineer for a minute. Already he'd spent two years in the strict Fay School in Southboro, Massachusetts, packed off at eight to start fundamentals. "It was a wrench for me at that age," remembers Efrem, "and I was miserably homesick. But I guess I was lucky to get it over with early. Later, in the Army, I saw kids who'd never been away from home a lot sicker than I ever was."

Another strict school, St. Paul's in Concord, New Hampshire, followed Fay. Efrem was the dinkiest kid in his class (he didn't sprout until he hit college) but he played football and baseball, rowed and made his letter in gym. He completed his last two forms in one year and graduated at sixteen. He also headed a band of campus hellraisers.

"It really wasn't so wicked," Zim laughs today. "Started, in fact, with a cigarette-smoking league strictly against rules, you know. That led to sneaking out for dates with town girls and finally we brazenly took in dances and stayed out all hours. We rubbed charcoal on our faces, wore 63

dark clothes and climbed in and out of my window. Well, one night the housemaster caught me—half in the window and half out."

The gang of sinners elected Zim spokesman to face Dr. Drury, the rector. He confessed everything so charmingly that instead of the expected ticket home, all he got was, "Well, I'm sure you'll never do a foolish thing like this again." The good doctor couldn't have been more wrong. Zim was just warming up for a monumental breakout ball in—of all places—Russia.

At St. Paul's he had just \$1.50 a month to squander—when he could spring himself. In Moscow, sixteen-year-old Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., suddenly found himself rajah-rich, with over 100,000 rubles burning his pockets and no one around to fence him in. But let Efrem tell it. . . .

"It all happened," he explains, "because President Roosevelt recognized Soviet Russia and that spring Father got invited back, for the first time since he'd left for a concert tour. He took all of us with him and we splashed in the Black Sea while he played his dates. The home folks ate him up. He made more money than he ever had before anywhere. But it was all in rubles—and that was the catch. You couldn't take them out of Russia.

"When father ended his tour, he decided to let Maria and me stay in Russia. You see, I got word there that I'd flunked my entrance exams for Yale, and Maria had been bounced out of Bennington the year before. So, it seemed to make sense for us to spend the frozen loot broadening our outlooks while the dust settled. We accomplished both in style—but not quite as the family had planned. . . .

"They knew what usually happened when Maria and I got together, so I was staked out in Kiev at the Conservatory of Music. I lived with a Tartar family and had a tutor who couldn't speak a word of English. It didn't make sense to me. Maria was installed five hundred miles away in Moscow to learn Russian and explore the arts alone. As soon as the coast was clear I took out for Moscow and Maria."

Living it up in Moscow

Zim still sighs blissfully, re-living the extravagant orgy that followed. "Imagine," he says, "two kids who'd been supervised all their lives—like hothouse flowers—two supercharged ones like Maria and myself with a fortune to blow. We went exquisitely wild."

They lived like a prince and princess. They bought every luxury that was for sale—a fur coat apiece and individual grand pianos for their plush apartment. They raided the Moscow shops for diamond rings, watches, and expensive trinkets. They'd have bought a Rolls-Royce if they could have found one. Nights, Efrem and Maria practically supported the elegant Hotel Metropole, dining on mollosol caviar and *Cordon Bleu* champagne after the theater, opera or ballet. "At sixteen I was pleasantly stuffed and potted every night," recalls Zim. "We got so spoiled that when the waiter brought us *shashlik* on a skewer we groaned. We expected the chef to bring it in himself on a flaming sword."

Sometimes, they struggled out of bed for breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon and a Russian language lesson. More often there was just time to get dressed for the night's ball.

What broke it up was the bitter Russian winter. One thing they couldn't buy in Russia was enough warm clothes. When they wrote home for those, two boat tickets came instead. With all their splurging, Efrem and Maria left 20,000 rubles in Russia. Going home, they carried a letter from a Moscow theatrical producer to Katherine Cornell in New York. On the boat they

decided to open it. It was quite a letter.

"I'm sending this by two spoiled, silly, empty headed children who have been acting disgracefully in Moscow," it began. The report was too uncomfortably true. Efrem ripped up the note and tossed it out the porthole.

That fall he made Yale, all right, by boning at 'Rosy's' famous cram school. But after Moscow, campus life seemed dull as dishwater. Along came the chorus girls and that was that. It wasn't the end of Yale, however. Next year Efrem got another chance, as 'social sophomore', a polite term for a second-year freshman. But Zim Zimbalist still hadn't simmered his high-living Moscow tastes down to size. He made the mistake of loading up on eight o'clock classes.

"I just couldn't seem to get up on time," confesses Efrem, "and there were other distractions. But I had to do something to excuse the cuts or it was heave-ho again." He hit on the brilliant idea of becoming a chronic invalid. "My repertoire of sniffles, coughs, aches and pains," he claims, "was so realistic that sometimes I made myself actually sick." They didn't fool the doc, however. One morning when Efrem showed up at the dispensary shaking and pale, he called him into his office.

"Sit down, Mr. Zimbalist," Zim sat. "Now," he riffled a thick sheaf, "this record shows that you've been here with headaches, sore toes, runny noses, bloodshot

eyes—and I daresay, hangnails, exactly forty-four times this term and last. I don't want to see you again in here unless you are at death's door—is that clear?"

It was clear, all right, but Zim was too far gone by then. His marks were dismal and his bills astronomical. He couldn't stand the food in Freshman commons, so he charged his dinners at expensive restaurants. He saw no point in wasting his allowance on laundry, so he charged a new shirt when one got dirty. "At one time," Efrem remembers, "I had forty shirts stacked under my bed—all charged to my father." Then, of course, there were girls.

All the reckonings caught up with him at once. That April Mr. E. Zimbalist, Junior, left Yale for the second time by request—and for keeps.

The hard road down

Efrem shakes his head at the goof-off, but without too painful regrets. "Obviously, I didn't belong in Yale," he concludes. "At that point, I wasn't up to it. Maybe because I was too young, too spoiled, too wild, too indifferent. I see some parents now shoe-horning their kids into college and propping them up all the time they're there. It's wrong. You don't get anything out of what you don't work for. I wasn't about to then and so what happened was inevitable. I had to pay to learn."

Efrem paid first by dropping his standard of living grimly below rock bottom. Back in New York he didn't dare see his parents. A friend fed and sheltered him until he got a page job at NBC and \$15 a week. Then he found a room for \$4, managed to eat on \$1 a day. Word of his debacle at Yale and desperate condition reached home eventually, of course. And word reached Efrem that his mother was ill. He went home to face the music but there wasn't any. "Nobody bawled me out. My father was only sadly polite about it. I know mother was bitterly disappointed, but she didn't show it. That made it worse." She didn't tell Efrem either that she knew she was going to die.

Hard times had cooled Efrem down considerably, but he thinks his mother's death started him growing up at last. "Until then," he says, "I was still irresponsible and aimless, subconsciously relying on her great strength." At her funeral he thought of the things he should have done and hadn't, what he should have been and wasn't. He knew he had to do something with his life. What, though, was a mystery.

Acting had never occurred to Efrem. He suspected that actors were misfits who couldn't do anything else, which figured in his case. Also, the radio players he saw breezing importantly in and out of NBC seemed a lot better off than he was. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. took his first steps toward acting because they were the only ones he could see that led slightly up.

He quit ushering for a chance on the radio thriller, *Renfrew of the Mounted*, and after that was a voice on *Cavalcade of America*. He made the same \$15 a week on both but he barely knew a dramatic role from a doughnut. Zim's first efforts to develop his art make him laugh today, although they weren't so funny at the time.

"There was a slightly insane woman down in the Village with the improbable idea of replacing second features on movie bills with plays," he relates. "Unfortunately, I heard about her and thought—ah—that's for me! That winter we rehearsed for nights and nights in an old stable with no heat and no pay, naturally, working up *The Last Mile*, but it didn't move a foot. Nobody booked it. Undaunted, we tried again with *Alice in Wonderland*, believe it or not. It opened—and closed—in less than

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First love

After that, Zim decided he'd literally have to pay to learn. His father staked him to a year's tuition at Neighborhood Playhouse, and there a lovely, starry-eyed 'Navy brat' named Emily McNair made the year even more interesting. For a while, Efrem wondered if this was just another flare-up of his old weakness but each day and each date told him it was not. It was the real thing, and the stars in Emily's eyes were contagious. She's probably the real reason Efrem's a successful actor today. Because he loved her, and lost her, but never quite forgot the ambition they shared in his first mature devotion. Emily was step two in growing up for Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

They talked of marrying and continuing their studies at the Royal Academy in London. Efrem got to London, eventually, but not with Emily. He went on different business with step three of his maturing process—the Army.

"If there was any playboy left lurking around in me," he says, "the Army knocked it out."

He was drafted in February, 1941, almost a year before Pearl Harbor. Days after that red December 7, Emily McNair became Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. The next four years were bittersweet.

In the infantry, Efrem rattled around at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, where there was no room for a bride. Luckily, but "with no justification whatever," he put down 'actor' as his civilian occupation, so, naturally, they made him a clerk. For a year he had a commuter's desk job on Governor's Island and some life with Emily. Then his chance came for OCS. Efrem got his gold bars at Ft. Benning, Georgia. He followed the D-Day invasion into France as a replacement officer. In Paris, right after the Liberation, Lt. Zimbalist had his last caper. He went AWOL and joined the celebration, but he didn't get caught. A Nazi landmine ripped his leg in Germany for his Purple Heart and, what was more important to him, five discharge points to bring him nearer home and his family. He was in the hospital at Bristol, England, when Emily sent him V-mail news of Nancy's birth.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., was five years in uniform and plenty glad, at the end, to shuck it. But he wouldn't trade his experience for anything. It put the seal of manhood on him. Indirectly, it gave him his real chance to act. After his wound Zim did some Special Service shows for two Army captains named Garson Kanin and Josh Logan. Both liked Zim's style and both are pretty important producers. One put him on Broadway; later, the other sent him to Hollywood. Kanin pitched first. Less than a month after he got home Efrem played a featured part in *The Rugged Path*.

That break seemed to usher in the best years of Zim's young life. He seasoned his craft with the American Repertory Theater in a half dozen more plays. He established a home in Bedford Village with Emily and Nancy. Skipper was born to bless it. With his friend, Chandler Cowles, Efrem had the satisfaction of producing the first operatic works of Gian-Carlo Menotti, *The Medium*, *The Telephone* and *The Consul* (which won a Pulitzer Prize). He felt great, worked hard, tasted success and saw light ahead at last.

Then suddenly his world turned black.

The black years

The doctor told him why Emily was so thin and tired—and why she'd never get well. For two years, Efrem kept the se-

cret from her, as his mother once had from him. Emily died right before *The Consul's* triumph.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., doesn't like to talk about the desolate stretch which followed. But if you press him, he tries to explain, in part at least, why when Emily died he cut off a flourishing career and didn't speak a line for four years.

"The heart was gone out of it for me," he says. "Acting had brought us together and it was something we had loved together. We loved, I think, the sociability of the theater as much as the work. But without Emily I didn't want to see people. Maybe I wasn't yet adult enough to face what happened. Anyway, I had to get off by myself for a while."

He took Nancy and Skipper to a house in Connecticut. For a year Efrem could do nothing except try to make up their loss to them. Then in his solitude he turned to his undeveloped heritage—music. Menotti encouraged him to write and so did another composer friend, Samuel Barber. He mastered counterpoint and harmony. For another year he lost himself writing serious compositions. Efrem still writes them as a hobby. Then, he did it as a sort of therapy. But it wasn't a living. His father needed an assistant at Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which he headed. Efrem's first step back to the outside world was there. He stayed two years.

"Then, one afternoon I was sitting on a bench in Rittenhouse Square," Efrem recalls. "Suddenly I got a good look at myself and it appalled me. What was I doing there feeding peanuts to the squirrels? What was I doing in Philadelphia? What was I doing working in a school? I knew I had to go back to the gregarious, exciting life I really wanted."

Zim quit his job and eased back with summer stock in New Jersey and Buck's



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County, Pennsylvania. In New York he played on TV soap operas and then the big air shows. By the fall of 1955 he was ready for Broadway again, rehearsing Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*. But something was missing. One night, right before Christmas, he began to realize what that was.

Sometimes Efrem shudders to think how he almost missed meeting Stephanie Spaulding. If rehearsals hadn't broken early that evening, he'd have just had time for dinner before a party that started at 10:30. As it was, Bill Windom, a friend in the play, asked him to dinner at his place and then, with time still to kill, suggested they look in on a couple of girls he knew. "If I make the party I'll be doing great," Zim yawned.

"Wake up," Bill told him. "It's almost Merry Christmas."

They took a cab over to an old apartmentized house on 49th Street. Steffi was in an old shirt, jeans and barefooted. She was shining a pair of riding boots and she didn't stop when Zim was introduced. He asked her which she was shining, her face, smeared with polish, or the boots and why?

"I'm going to ride in a hunt tomorrow," said the dishevelled blonde pertly. "And I want to look nice when I fall off my horse."

"Bet you don't."

"How much?"

"All I've got—let's see—four bits?"

The real thing . . . twice

That's about how it went and pretty soon Zim and Bill did, too. But the next afternoon Efrem's housekeeper scribbled on his memo pad, "Lady phoned—said you owe her fifty cents." Zim knew where to take the half-dollar and a gift-wrapped bottle of pain killer. Without the shoe polish he thought Steffi made a beautifully irresistible cripple. They didn't miss much time 65

after that. They were married two months later.

With sprite-like Steffi, Efrem Zimbalist learned to laugh again. He also learned that the real thing can come twice with equal intensity. He still wears a gold signet ring that Emily gave him, with a flowery design traced around the initials. It's a bluebell, because that was his pet name for her. Steffi understands. She understood before she married Efrem.

They've been supremely happy for almost four years, and the prospect is forever. A Washington, D. C., girl, daughter of a diplomat, Stephanie has lived around the world, was educated in Boston and Europe. She's artistic, athletic, domestic, good humored and in Zim's words, "a constant, delightful surprise"—about all a man like Zimbalist could ask for. Steffi's also pretty darned capable.

When Efrem's other Special Service captain, Josh Logan, sent him out to Hollywood late in 1956 to test for *Sayonara*, Steffi came along, leaving Nancy and Skipper back East in school. But Jim Garner already had the job Efrem wanted sewed up. At Warner's he tested for *Bombers B-52*, but his agent told him, "Forget it—they want Tab Hunter." The Zimbalists packed up to leave. Then the phone rang again with the good news. "You got it—a contract, too." That was December 17, a week before their first Christmas together.

So Efrem had to leave for location at dawn.

Efrem took Stephanie to the plane and kissed her a gloomy good-bye. "I guess we skip this one," he said. She just hugged him closer, and he felt like a dog wishing all the hard work on her: renting their apartment, taking the kids out of school, packing their things, making the move to Hollywood—a hundred tedious chores. It would take weeks.

By Christmas Eve, Efrem was more miserable. He hadn't heard a word from New York. In his hotel room he dressed to have dinner with the Ira Gershwins. They were old friends and the invitation was a lifesaver, but—well—they weren't his family. He was going out the door when the phone called him back.

Surprise!

"This is your landlord," said a voice. "I've got a problem at your house." What house? "The one you've rented," Efrem was informed. "There's a big package up here and I don't know what to do with it. You'll have to come up." And he wouldn't take no for an answer.

Put out and mystified, Efrem followed directions, winding up high in the Hollywood hills, upset that he'd be late for a very kind invitation. He found the place at last and banged open the door impatiently. Under a lighted tree sat his package—Stephanie, Nancy and Skipper, chorusing

"Merry Christmas!" She'd done it all in seven days, alone on both coasts to meet a sentimental deadline.

Since that miracle, Efrem doesn't underestimate the power of the fragile-looking woman he loves. She can outdrive him on a horse, keep up with him in the pool and on skis. More important, Steffi's a devoted mother to Nancy, Skipper and Steffi, Jr. Keeping that active brood and the Zimbalist menagerie fed, cared for and happy is a full-time job, but Steffi and Efrem have made their two-acre ranchette into just the kind of green, blooming, graciously comfortable place they need, in less than a year. It's no wonder Zim says, "Once there, I'm a hard man to move."

They belong to several clubs—the Los Angeles Tennis, California Racquet and West Hills Hunt, among others. They have "hundreds of friends." But the '34 Packard that Efrem bought ten years ago for \$300—and loves madly—seldom chugs out of the garage except to the studio. For one thing he's so busy. Efrem has six pictures behind him and more ahead, if he ever gets unglued from 77 *Sunset Strip*, which doesn't seem likely soon. "We haven't had a honeymoon yet," reveals Ef, "and we talk about Europe—or even New York and all the shows. But actually the best show on earth is watching our children grow." Which is just another way of saying that home is where the heart lives. **END**

Ricky and the Hushed-up Demolition Race

(Continued from page 41)

can negotiate sharply banked curves at 100 miles per hour without breathing hard.

He got his kicks swerving a car wildly, leaving shreds of burned tire rubber and a field of swift racers in his wake.

He liked racing the moon, knowing that he'd never win but at least willing to give the cow up there a run for her money.

Yes, decided Rick that morning as the sun which filtered into his room did nothing to temper his reckless determination, *I've got to race again!*

There was no mistaking it. Rick once again had his terrible urge to get behind the wheel of a car.

It's a habit which had Hollywood biting its nails.

Friends of the Nelsons, who watched Rick develop into an intelligent, mature boy, were worried that he would never ripen into the maturity of manhood.

Death must be reckoned with on the accident-marred, blood-scarred speedways used by Rick to unleash his tremendous drive to go, go, go.

And Rick had almost traveled the highway to heaven more than once. . . .

The first big wreck

Like the big, fantastic wreck which almost cost him his life late one night two Decembers before.

That particular wreck happened in Beverly Hills. The city is a sedate residential area well-patrolled by steel-eyed motorcycle officers who are not afraid to hand out traffic citations.

But this night there wasn't a cop in sight . . . and it was late . . . and Rick was loose behind the wheel of his primed-for-action Porsche.

Rick, forgetting that Beverly Hills was not the Hollywood Freeway, roared through the city with abandon. Instead of writing 'Ricky Was Here' at the intersections he passed, he left vicious streaks of rubber smeared on the roadway . . . streaks which can be used as evidence in a vehicular manslaughter case like a blood-

stained knife is evidence in a murder case.

Rick was traveling the road by instinct . . . like a pilot who blacks out at the controls but can keep his plane aloft because of his time-trained reflexes . . . and was not really noticing the dangers lurking in the darkness.

Suddenly, looming like it was the Mississippi River, a slick spot of water appeared on the road. Rick still isn't sure whether or not he ever saw it, but he did see the island in the center of the divided road. Swerving with the desperation of a man fighting for his life, he failed to keep the sleek car upright and flipped over amidst the terrifying crunch of metal and the tinkling of shattered glass.

He and his friend miraculously escaped serious injury in a wreck which veteran examining officers agreed should have resulted in death.

But while such a wreck would have kept most any other survivor off the streets, it did little to ease Rick's urge to drive . . . fast.

"I guess I just like to drive," he rationalized without apologies.

And today Rick was going to drive again.

As he quickly finished dressing, Rick happily realized that—in the middle of nowhere—he had discovered an outlet for his racing prowess. This part of the world was going to be a drag no longer!

He rushed through the day's takes with more enthusiasm than usual and after the director called it quits, he and his friend and stand-in, Joe Byrnes, quickly changed clothes and rushed off the set.

This was going to be a night to remember for both of them.

Dangerous destination

As the sun crept below some of the peaks jutting out into the sun-scorched desert, Joe and Rick headed for a racing strip near Tucson.

They didn't tell anyone when they were going because, unlike some of Ricky's past speedway appearances—which had been

the world's worst-kept secrets—this one had to be hushed up.

Warner Brothers was not especially anxious to lose its star in the middle of a multi-million dollar picture. Had Rick and Joe told the producer of their intention, they probably would have been kept under twenty-four hour surveillance by a crack corps of Pinkertons.

Rick and Joe were unusually quiet on the way to the track, but their stomachs had butterflies chattering away like spinsters on a party line. It was the kind of conversation which produces ulcers.

They were nervously silent because Rick was about to experience something new. This race was going to be literally a fight to the finish!

And Rick had another worry etched into his troubled mind. He was entering the race as a 'mystery driver'—his name was not going to be revealed to anyone. Only he and Joe were aware of his identity.

What if someone unmasked him?

It would cost him future roles because producers would type him as a 'risk' property, not concerned enough with the picture he was working on to protect their 'investment' in Rick Nelson, boy actor.

As they pulled up at the racing oval, Rick realized that he was in this thing for keeps . . . come what may, and who knew what might come?

"This was it," recalls Rick with the cautious awareness of a survivor. "The Demolition Derby."

"It's a pretty wild thing. You take a half dozen old jalopies, the most beat-up things around, and practically junk them. You knock their windows out and barely leave their motors in one piece."

"Then you line them all up in the infield and at the gun you go after each other in a wild free-for-all. You try to knock into as many cars as possible and anything goes."

"You're strapped in and helmeted and reinforced for the dozens of bumps you know you're going to get."

"You just go for broke. It's not a race. It's more a sort of auto suicide. You kill the cars—and maybe yourself."

"The last guy running under his own power is considered the winner."

"Well, for about fifteen minutes we were knocking around and flying all over the infield. We just slashed at each other. Finally there were only two of us left. Me and another guy.

"I was going to try to win by cutting across the infield into him broadside. I sliced both our cars with the impact. . . ."

"What a stupid way to die . . ."

If Rick could disengage himself from the wreck and just move another inch under his own steam, then he would be the winner of The Demolition Derby. But he never got the chance. . . .

"Suddenly," he says with a shiver. "I saw that my car was on fire and panicked a little. I pulled and I tugged but I couldn't get the safety belt off.

"I thought that I might burn with the car. . . ."

"There was no way out. The doors were jammed and the roof was also solid. I figured this was it. . . ."

"What a stupid way to die, I thought. In a crazy stunt like this!

"I had my wind knocked out of me as I was thrown against the wheel when we hit. My stomach was aching and I was panting. I tried to yell. . . ."

The crowd lining the infield was on its feet, screaming for someone to save the poor guy trapped in that flaming wreck. No one realized, except Joe, that one of America's most popular performers was seconds away from death.

Joe Byrnes, the stand-in, couldn't 'double' for his best friend now. All he could do was pray.

Suddenly, one of the officials who had run over to give assistance spotted a hole in the rapidly rusting wreck. But, was it large enough for the driver to crawl through? And, if it was, did he have the strength to save himself?

Flames kept stretching their fiery claws closer to him and the smell and smoke were becoming dense . . . and the guy trapped in the inferno was still alive.

The group of heroic men bunched around the flaming car, oblivious to the threat of an explosion which could catapult them to a blazing death, decided not to ask any needless questions, and just went to work.

They thrust their strong-boned hands in and began to pull Rick through the jagged hole. Offering what little energy he had left, Rick—still conscious—helped them along. He retained his senses and was able to see everything that was going on, frustrated only by his inability to do more than he was doing. In minutes he was dragged clear of the wreck.

"It was weird," says Rick, not admitting that the close call on this, his most daring night, has virtually cured him of his thirst for speed.

He hasn't raced since that fateful night. It was the night that Rick, saved from death, decided to live. . . . **END**

Ricky's in Warners' RIO BRAVO and Columbia's WHACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY.

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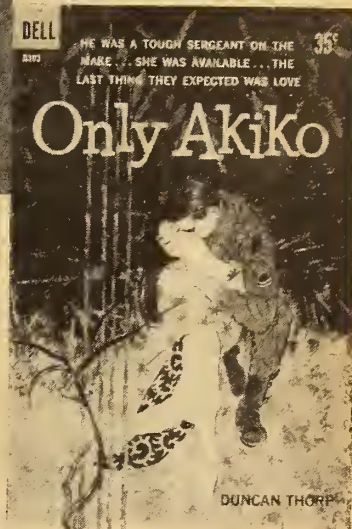
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THE BEST IN PAPERBACKS

The Last Days of Kay Kendall

(Continued from page 45)

girl, are you now?" he asked teasing her.

"No," said Kay. "My parents were in vaudeville. I was raised in a crowd. There wasn't too much time for shyness. Besides, you look as if you could use a home-cooked meal . . . Now, shall I come to your digs or will you come to mine?"

"Why don't we make it at my place," Rex said, still not quite over the initial shock.

"Good," Kay said. She thought for a moment. "Let's have a Russian meal," she said then, quickly. "Do you have any vodka?"

Rex nodded.

"I'll bring the rest," Kay said. . . .

At promptly eight o'clock that night, she arrived at Rex's apartment. "Dinner!" she said, gayly, holding up a small paper bag.

Rex led her to the kitchen and watched as she removed two items from the bag—a tin of caviar and a box of crackers.

"Is that to be it?" he asked. "Dinner?"

"Uh-huh," Kay said. "It's fish eggs, you know. All very nourishing. And with a little vodka to wash it down it's even—healthier."

Sensing that Rex found her dietary figurings a little peculiar, she added, "Anyway, I'm really not too good with things like frying pans and boiling water."

Rex cleared his throat. "I hear through the grapevine at the studio," he said, "that your friends—your very best friends—refer to you as Scatty Kitty."

"Why yes, that's true," Kay said, smiling. "And I guess you can see why now."

"Indeed I can," said Rex, very seriously.

And then, suddenly, he broke out into a peal of loud and hearty laughter, the kind of laughter he hadn't enjoyed in a long, long time. . . .

While they were eating, Rex asked Kay to tell him a little bit about herself.

Kay obliged, practically without let-up. "Well," she began, "I was born up in Withernsea—christened Justine Kay Kendall McCarthy, begorra!" She went on then to tell about her childhood: "It was all vaudeville till the war broke out and my folks sent me and my sister Kim to Scotland—for safe-keeping."

About her first job: "Kim and I ran away from the Highlands after about a year. We came to London and got dancing parts in a revue called *Wild Violets*. It folded after a bombing raid a week later."

About her first movie: "*London Town*, remember it? They billed me as England's Lana Turner—me, all skinny five-foot-nine of me!"

About what happened after the movie was released: "The studio boss called me into his office. 'Miss Kendall,' he said, 'you're ugly, you have no talent, you're too tall and you photograph badly. Why don't you go marry some nice man, settle down and have a family?' 'Am I being fired, sir?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'yes!'"

About how she gave up show business—temporarily: "I took a job in an antique shop. I broke two Wedgwood vases my second day. I was fired again. I had to go back to show business."

About the rough years of almost constant unemployment that followed, until her big breaks came—first in *Genevieve*, and most recently in *The Constant Husband*. . . .

"With Rex Harrison," she said now, almost as if she were realizing it for the first time. She bit her lip. "I can't believe it. You know—I just can't believe it."

Suddenly, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry," she said, reaching into Rex's lapel pocket for a handkerchief and blowing her nose. "I'm terribly sorry for being so silly, Mr. Harrison."

Rex took her chin in his hand.

"First of all, young lady," he said, "don't go on calling me Mr. Harrison. The name happens to be Rex. D'you hear?"

"Yes, Rex," Kay said, still sobbing a little.

"Secondly, don't cry," he said. "I don't like women who cry. Understand?"

Kay nodded. "Yes, Rex."

"And third," he said, "how about you and me leaving here and getting ourselves a good fat bag of fish 'n' chips? It's not very Russian, I know. But I think we both could use a wee bit more dinner . . . All right?"

"All right, Rex," Kay said, wiping away the last of her tears and blowing her nose once more. . . .

They were in the hallway a little while later, waiting for the elevator to take them down, when Kay—dry-eyed and ebullient again—suddenly remembered that she had left a scarf behind.

"I'll be right along," she said, rushing back into the apartment.

When she came back out, Rex shook his head.

"What's wrong?" Kay asked.

"A minor point," Rex said, "—just that you didn't shut the door."

Kay looked at him, contritely. "It's an

Orson Welles is really a count. Orson has a Roman count for a father-in-law, his daughter is a countess, and Italian law says that makes Orson a full-fledged count, too.

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

awful habit of mine," she said. "I never shut doors. It makes things seem so final, so ended."

Rex tsK-tsked.

"Scatty Kitty," he said, shaking his head. Then he walked past her and towards the door, to shut it himself.

"Scatty Kitty," he said again, smiling this time, now that she couldn't see his face. . . .

Rex and Kay were inseparable those next twelve months. They had fallen desperately in love. They knew that as soon as Rex got his divorce they would be married. And though they knew the divorce might take a long time coming, since Lilli Palmer seemed to be in no hurry to grant Rex his freedom, they didn't care. They had each other. That was all that mattered to them.

There was almost no indication that anything was wrong with Kay's health during this period. Most of the time she was her usual self—bubbling over with radiance, life, laughter. And it was only once in a great while that she would complain about pains in her stomach. But she would then shrug these off by saying something about an ulcer attack she'd had back when she was eighteen, and that would be that. . . .

Kay went to see Rex off at the airport the night he left for New York and rehearsals of *My Fair Lady*.

Her face looked a little pale that night, drawn.

"What's the matter?" Rex asked her. "Are you feeling all right?"

"No," Kay said. She smiled. Then she said, "How can I be feeling all right with

you going away. I'm lost without you."

In the few minutes they had left, they reminded themselves of all their plans for the future—how, if the play went well, Kay would come to New York; how they would be together again; how they would wait out the divorce together, even if it took five years, ten, fifteen.

And then it was time for the plane to leave.

And they kissed and parted. . . .

My Fair Lady played its hugely-successful opening performance in New York on the night of March 15, 1956.

It was exactly a month after that when Kay arrived in town.

She stayed for four months, returned to England for some seven or eight weeks of television work, and then returned once again to New York.

It was shortly after this when Rex got a phone call from a doctor friend of theirs.

The doctor's voice sounded urgent. "I'd like to see you Rex," he said, "—in private."

Rex asked when.

"In half an hour," the doctor said.

They met in the cocktail lounge of Rex's hotel.

Rex smiled as they shook hands.

The doctor did not.

Rex ordered a drink.

The doctor did not.

"Why so serious?" Rex asked.

"It's Kay," the doctor said. "She's very sick."

"Kay—sick?" Rex asked. He began to laugh. "Well, she certainly has a funny way of showing it. We were just together, this afternoon. We played tennis and—"

The doctor interrupted him.

"She's sick," he said again. "She came to my office this morning. She said she had a pain in her stomach and in her chest. I examined her. I examined her for two hours—extensively."

The smile began to leave Rex's face.

"I couldn't believe it," the doctor went on. "I've checked since, with a specialist . . . Kay has leukemia."

He waited as Rex lifted a drink that had just been placed before him and downed it, in one swallow.

"She doesn't know," the doctor went on then. "She asked me midway, 'Why is this taking so long?' I told her I suspected a rare form of anemia. She giggled and said she guessed that was because she'd never learned to cook and because she was constantly eating from cans. Then she said, 'Well, whatever kind of silly thing it is, please don't tell Rex. He worries so about these things.' She made me promise. I'm breaking that promise now . . . I felt that you should know, Rex. Just as I feel Kay *shouldn't* know."

There was a long silence.

Then a waiter came to the table and asked if the gentleman would care for another drink.

The doctor nodded this time. "Two," he said.

The waiter returned a few minutes later, placed the drinks down and left.

Rex lifted his glass.

He was about to bring it to his lips when he asked, suddenly: "Will she die?"

"Yes," the doctor said.

"When?" Rex asked.

"In two years," the doctor said, "—three, if she's lucky."

Rex's hand began to tremble. The drink began to spill onto the table. He put down the glass.

"There's nothing we can do about it," the doctor said. "The suffering won't come till close to the end. Till then, there's nothing to do but to keep her happy. She's happiest with you and with her work. Stay with her, Rex, as much as you can. See that she works from time to time, too. This is as important as anything else; to keep her

occupied . . . Other than these things, there's nothing else that can be done."

He picked up his own glass now.

"There's nothing else," he said. . . .

Kay was on the telephone when Rex walked into her hotel room a little while later.

She looked over at him, surprised, blew him a kiss and indicated she'd be off the line in a minute.

"Darling," she said, when she'd hung up, "that, I'll have you know, was Hollywood, and calling me."

"Well now, was it?" Rex said, trying hard to keep his voice steady, and taking her hand in his.

"Oh yes," Kay said. "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios," she added, with a flourish. "It seems there's a super-colossal film they're readying for production—*Les Girls*, I think they're calling it—and they say they will simply collapse if I don't agree to do it."

She laughed.

"You will do it, of course," Rex said.

"I will not," said Kay. "I'm here with you, and to stay this time. I've ended all my commitments. I'm all yours now, Rex—like it or not."

He drew her close to him.

He kissed her.

"I'm glad you came back," Kay said, softly, as their faces separated.

"I've got some important news, good news," Rex said. "I wanted to wait until tonight, after the show. But—"

Kay didn't let him finish. "The divorce," she said, "it's coming through?"

"Yes," Rex said.

"And we'll be married?" Kay asked.

"Yes," Rex said.

"Oh darling, my darling," Kay said, grabbing him, hugging him. "When?"

"In a few months," Rex said, "—four or five or six at the most. It takes time."

Kay placed her head against his chest. "So long?" she whispered.

"It takes time, Kay," he said again. And then he drew her away from him and he asked, "What did you tell them at MGM—about the picture?"

"That I couldn't do it," Kay said.

"And what did they say?"

"They asked me to reconsider."

"Do it," Rex said.

"Why?" Kay asked.

"It'll make the time go doubly fast for you," Rex said. "You'll be busy. You'll be working. You'll—" He stopped and took her hand again. "After we're married, Kay," he said, "you and I aren't going to be separated, ever, not for one minute. We'll work together when we work. Or we'll arrange to be with one another when only one of us is working . . . But for now I'd rather you worked alone, if you must. I'd like you to go to Hollywood and do the picture."

Kay smiled. "Is that an order, sire?" she asked.

"Yes," Rex said.

"I have no alternative?"

"No."

"If I refuse will you leave me and will I remain an unhappy spinster for all the long years of my life?" Kay asked.

Rex tightened his hold on her hand. "That's right," he said. "That's right. . . ."

It was early evening by the time Rex left Kay's hotel.

He took a cab to the theater and went straight to his dressing room.

There, alone, he picked up his phone.

And he placed a call to Lilli Palmer, his wife. . . .

"From the beginning of shooting, it was Kay who set the happy mood on *Les Girls*," remembers Mitzi Gaynor. "She was so beautiful and spontaneous. She spoiled everyone by splurging on gifts. On the starting day, Gene Kelly wasn't there and

he forgot to send flowers to his leading ladies—Kay, Taina Elg and myself. So when he came in the next day Kay deluged him with roses and wires saying, Good LUCK ON YOUR PICTURE! That was the beginning of the fun we all had together. Kay made it last until the very final day."

Taina Elg remembers that "During lunch, Kay and Mitzi and I would sit together in one of our dressing rooms, munching on sandwiches and salads while Kay kept us in uproarious laughter. She knew so many funny stories. She had such a marvelous wit and *joie de vivre*. The only time she ever became serious, in fact, was when either Mitzi or I would mention something about our husbands. Then Kay was the typical anxious bride-to-be wanting to hear all about married life. Very often she would say, 'I wish I were in your shoes—right now.' We would remind her that she would be marrying Rex before not too long. 'Yes,' she would say and her face would light up, 'that's right, isn't it?' And then she would go back to making a joke about something or other, but you could tell that deep in her mind she was still thinking about her man, her Rex—and that her heart was just bursting to marry him. . . ."

The wedding took place on June 20, 1957, shortly after midnight, in New York's Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity.

It was a simple and lovely affair.

Kay was attended by her sister, Kim, who had married an American and was now living on Long Island.

Rex's best man was his lawyer and good friend, Aaron Frosh.

On the altar before them were symbols of all the earth's religions.

As the service began, Kay wept a little.

But when the minister said "Join right hands" and Rex stuck out his left, she smiled.

"Opening night jitters," Kay said later to a friend. "But I think we're settling down now and are good for a sixty, seventy-year run. . . ."

"Yes, all brides are happy," another friend of Kay's has said. "But I'd never seen a girl as happy, as ecstatic, as the new Mrs. Harrison."

"Some people tired of her happiness, and began to talk about her behind her back. 'Isn't it a little boring,' they would ask, 'all this gushing about Rex, Rex, Rex . . . And carrying those two bracelets and that brooch he gave her in her purse all the time, even when she's not wearing them—I mean, isn't that all a little bit too much?' "But Kay was oblivious to any of this talk.

"And she continued gushing over her husband, unashamedly."

"I remember the night in November of that year, just after Rex had left the New York company of *Fair Lady* and just before they sailed for England."

"We were at a party."

"Rex was on one side of the room, talking to my husband and a few other people."

"I was alone with Kay on the other side of the room."

"First, I remember, I congratulated her about her fantastic success in *Les Girls*, which had just been released. 'I hear, I said, 'that four studios are hot after you to do another picture.'"

"Kay winked. 'Five studios,' she said."

"And then she shook her head and said, 'But I'm saying no to everything right now. We go to England, Rex does *Fair Lady* there for a while, we take a short vacation and then if there's any picture work to be done we do it together.'"

"No splitting the act?" I asked.

"Not if I've got anything to say about it," Kay told me. "It's too good an act. I don't know what I'd do if it folded, even

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for just a little while. Rex is my life.' "Ah love, I said 'it's wonderful.'"

"And so is security," Kay said. "You see," she went on to say then, "being married to Rex has given me that, security. I've got some roots now. I belong. My friends used to talk about me as an old nut-head before, and I suppose I was, living like a champagne bottle, making big pop and splash-noises all over the place. I'd just had a career and very little else then. No home, sometimes a flat, sometimes a hotel room . . . Well, with Rex it's different now. Oh I suppose I still don't have a home, a real home, not yet at any rate. But I've got roots now. In my husband. I belong now—to a fine man. And I wouldn't give up a bit of him. Not for a minute."

"That was the last time I talked to Kay. A few days later she and Rex sailed on the *Queen Mary* for England."

"Then, shortly after this, I got a letter from Kay telling me that there had been a change in their plans, that she and Rex were going to make *The Reluctant Debutante* in Paris before the London opening of *Fair Lady*. 'See?' she wrote. 'No splitting up the act!'"

"Her next letter came in May, following the opening of the show. In it she wrote: 'Pardon me, but I now own a mink coat, m'dear. Rex surprised me with it last week. I was very naughty. I told my husband I didn't really like fur and that I didn't think I would really need any until I was ancient and prone to all kinds of draughty weather. Rex insisted that I keep it and wear it. Of course I got to adore it in twenty minutes' time and had to take back everything I'd said. And I'm only sorry now that summer's coming and that I'll have to put it in mothballs until we go to Switzerland this fall.' . . ."

They went to Switzerland in late November of 1958, just after Rex left *My Fair Lady* for good.

And it was there, a few days after they arrived, that Kay suffered her first serious attack.

They had spent most of the early part of that day skiing first, and then reading—Kay reading the script of *Once More With Feeling*, a picture she would be making in Paris soon; Rex reading the script of a play he expected to do in New York the following fall.

It was 6:30 p.m. now.

They were dressing for dinner.

Suddenly, Kay moaned and brought her hands up to her stomach.

"Oh my God," she said, the blood draining from her face. "Rex," she called. "Rex!" He came rushing over to her and caught her just as she was about to fall.

"A terrible pain," Kay said, looking up at him. "I don't know why. But it hurts me so much—"

And then she fainted.

Rex carried her and placed her on their bed.

He phoned a doctor.

The doctor, a cancer specialist from nearby Geneva, already alerted to stand by in case of any such emergency, arrived a short time later.

He examined the still-unconscious Kay. He administered an injection.

Then, turning to Rex, he shook his head and he said, "I have done all that there is to be done for now. . . ."

Kay was conscious a short time later.

Rex, seated by the bed, leaned over and smiled at her.

"Do you feel any better?" he asked.

"Yes," Kay said, groggily. "What—what happened to me, Rex? What's wrong with me?"

"You're run down," Rex said, "—very much run down. You need a good rest. You need healthy food." He pointed to a jar of pain-killing pills the doctor had left be-

hind. "And you need those, regularly, every four hours," he said.

"What are they?" Kay asked.

"Vitamins," Rex said.

Kay closed her eyes.

"Will I be all right?" she asked.

"Of course," Rex said.

"It's nothing more than what you tell me, darling?" she asked.

"Nothing more," Rex said.

"If you were anyone else, telling me this, I don't know that I'd believe you," Kay said. "I felt so terrible. I had such pain."

"Believe me," Rex said. "I'm telling you the truth."

"Good," Kay said. "Because I was afraid."

She lay there, her eyes still closed, repeating the phrase.

"I was afraid," she said. ". . . I was so afraid."

"Of what, darling?" Rex asked, finally.

"Of us," Kay said. "That it would all be over for us, that I would die, that I would be alone, far away, without you."

Rex placed his hand on her forehead.

"Am I still a Scatty Katty?" Kay asked.

"Is that what you're thinking?"

"That is exactly what I'm thinking," Rex said. "Now how could you guess . . .?"

Kay suffered two additional attacks after that initial one.

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The first came five months later, in March of 1959. Kay and Rex were in Paris, where Kay was finishing work on *Once More With Feeling*. She was on the set one morning, beginning a rollicking comedy scene with Yul Brynner, her co-star, when the pain hit her. She collapsed and was rushed to the hospital.

That night, Rex announced to reporters that his wife was suffering from "anemia complicated by a liver ailment." He added that she was resting well and that she would be back at work within a week. "Nobody's to worry about her," he said, watching the reporters as they took down his words, knowing that Kay herself would be reading these very words in the evening papers. "She is in very good shape."

"How about rumors that her health will keep her from working for a couple of years?" a reporter asked. "That what she needs is a good long rest."

"Complete nonsense," Rex said. "Kay will rest at our villa in Italy this summer—yes. We've looked forward to an entire summer together with nothing to do but loaf in the sun, swim, fish, dance. But after that, at the end of the summer—"

And though he talked on now about the plans for his and Kay's future, his voice became suddenly hollow-sounding.

Because he knew, from what the doctor had told him just a little while earlier, that by the end of the summer Kay would probably have had another, and final, attack.

"Then, at the end of the summer," he went on, watching the reporters' pencils move across their pads—

The final attack came in Portofino, Italy, on Friday, August 28, of this year.

The next day, after an all-night train ride through northern Italy and France, Rex carried a drug-numbed Kay aboard a Channel steamer for the last part of the trip home.

When the steamer arrived in England late that afternoon, two seamen helped Rex—exhausted himself now with fatigue and worry—carry his wife off the boat and to a waiting car.

The car sped to London and a hospital there.

Kay was placed under the immediate care of three physicians.

Rex then held one of his usual interviews with waiting reporters. "Nothing to flap about," he said, forcing a smile. "Kay's all right. She'll be here for four or five days. Then, in a week or so, we're off to New York."

The days passed.

Kay's condition grew gradually worse.

"Nothing to flap about," Rex said, over and over. "She'll be leaving here soon. Print that in your papers, and in great big capital letters . . .!"

On Sunday night, September 6, Rex sat on a bench outside Kay's room, smoking a cigarette.

The corridor was unusually quiet.

Then, at one point, a nurse came walking over to him.

"Is your wife asleep?" she asked.

"She was a little while ago," Rex said.

"I'll just look in on her," the nurse said, turning and heading for Kay's room.

Less than a minute later, she came rushing back out.

She walked past Rex.

"Miss!" he called out.

The woman didn't turn.

Rex rose. For a moment his legs felt heavy under him, as if they could not move. And then, he began to walk.

He opened the door.

"Kay," he said when he saw her, trying to sit up in her bed, looking wildly about the room, gasping for breath.

"Kay!"

He raced over to the bed and took her in his arms.

She turned to look at him.

Her lips parted, slowly.

She tried desperately to say something.

But she couldn't.

"Shhhh," Rex said, "don't talk, don't even try."

He kissed her.

"Rest now, my darling," he said. "The pain will go. The doctor will come soon and the pain will go."

Kay closed her eyes.

A moment later, her breathing stopped.

"Rest now, my love," Rex said, still holding her in his arms. "Rest . . . rest . . . rest . . ."

It was a few hours after that when Rex, dazed with grief, returned to the apartment where he and Kay had lived.

He headed straight for the room that had been theirs.

He entered the room and was about to close the door when he remembered a voice, way back, that had said to him:

"I never shut doors. It makes things seem so final, so ended."

He removed his hand from the knob.

And, the door still open, he walked to a chair and he sat and he began to cry.

Kay starred in Columbia's ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING.

Fabian in Love

(Continued from page 30)

a few feet away from where they stood, sending a splash of spray smack into their faces.

"Look at me now," Kathy said, wiping the wet from her forehead and her cheeks. "Oh boy, just look at me."

Fabian grinned. "You look awful pretty," he said, his voice suddenly a little husky. "I'll bet," Kathy said.

"You do," Fabian said.

Impulsively then, quickly, he reached for her and took her in his arms and kissed her.

It was a long kiss, a warm kiss.

And it would have been even longer and warmer if another giant wave hadn't decided to come swooping down on them at this moment, nearly knocking them over with its playfulness.

Fabian and Kathy stepped back onto the sand and, holding hands, they looked at one another.

"That was nice," Fabian said, softly.

"Nearly drowned us," Kathy said, "—but it was nice."

And again they kissed.

And again.

And again.

And then, once more, they began to walk.

"Can I see you again, Kathy?" Fabian asked.

"Yes," she said, "of course."

"Tomorrow night?" Fabian asked. Without giving her a chance to catch her breath, he explained, "I know it sounds as if I'm pushing this. But I leave Hollywood day after tomorrow on a tour. And tomorrow's the only night I've got left."

Kathy tried hard to keep the excitement out of her voice.

"Well, that sounds all right then," she said.

She smiled.

And stopped walking.

"That sounds wonderful," she said. . . .

"I saw him first!"

"I was too thrilled to keep the news to myself," Kathy remembers. "After school the next day I met my girlfriends at the luncheonette we always stop at and I told them. They nearly flipped. One of them, in fact, spilled half her Coke. 'Where's he taking you?' they wanted to know. 'What are you going to wear? Do you think he'll bring flowers? What time's he picking you up' . . . 'I don't know, I'm so excited right now, I don't know anything,' I said. 'He's going to call me at five. That's all I know.'"

"I ordered a soda. I could hardly drink it for the way my hands were trembling and for all the talking at the table. The girls wanted to know all about the day before on the beach—and I told them a little, just a little. Even with that, they swooned. Then one of the girls giggled and asked if she could come over to my house tonight. 'I'll hide upstairs,' she said, 'I'll get in the fireplace, anything just so I can see him when he comes to pick you up!' The others all chimed in, picking out their own hiding places. But I said, 'No ma'am, I saw him first—and he's all mine!'"

"After my soda, I walked home. It would be truer to say I floated home. It was almost four o'clock. In just about an hour he would call. I thought I'd die having to wait that long."

"When I got home my mother called out to me from the kitchen."

"Kathy?"

"Yes," I said.

"Just missed your phone call," Mama said.

I dropped my books on a chair and rushed into the kitchen.

"'Fabian?' I asked. 'Already?'"

"Mama, who was busy starting to prepare for supper, nodded. 'Yes,' she said, not looking up at me, 'and a very pleasant-sounding voice he has, too. Very polite.'"

"'Did he—' I asked, 'did he say what time he was coming over tonight?'"

"Mama cleared her throat."

"He said, dear, that he was terribly sorry, but that something or other came up and that he wouldn't be able to make it. He wanted you to know as early as possible. And he wants you to call him back as soon as you can . . . I jotted the number down. It's out by the phone.'"

"I turned around, and without saying anything, I walked out of the kitchen."

"I never did stop by the phone."

"I went straight to my room."

"And I threw myself on my bed, burying my face in my pillow."

"And though my mind was half numb with disappointment, I tried to tell myself that I shouldn't be disappointed."

"What did you expect?" I thought. 'For him to really come and pick you up tonight? For him to really take you out? For him to really be interested in you?'"

"Who are you, anyway?" I asked myself.

"A little Miss Nobody, that's who. A little Miss Nobody who thought she was Cinderella all of a sudden, who thought she'd been swept off her feet by a handsome and famous prince, who thought that that prince was going to take her to the ball and make her happy forever after!"

"I hated myself for having been so stupid."

Kathy's talk with herself

"Why hadn't I realized, I wondered, that yesterday afternoon—on the beach—had been just another afternoon for him?"

"Why hadn't I realized that even though his kisses had meant so much to me, they'd probably meant very little to him?"

"That I was silly, stupid, ridiculous to think that the secret thoughts I'd had as I lay in bed the night before, just before I fell asleep—about the two of us, going out this night, going out again, going out lots, being together, the two of us, just the two of us—could ever come true."

"Kathy," I said to myself, 'face the facts of life. It's probably better this way. How could you have held on to him, or competed with all the dozens and dozens of beautiful, talented girls he's already met, and going to meet."

"He's a star. He's going to be a bigger one. He's going to be one of the most famous and idolized young men in the whole wide world."

"You're Kathy Kersh. That's all you are. That's all you'll probably ever be . . . And don't you go forgetting it, ever!"

"I don't know how long I continued lying there, how long it was before I heard the phone ring again."

"Mama knocked on my door."

"Kathy," I heard her say, 'it's for you . . . It's Fabian calling you again.'"

"I remember shaking my head and thinking, 'No, I don't want to talk to him. What's there to say, anyway?'"

"But Mama's voice called out again."

"And I remember getting up finally and walking out of the room and to the phone."

"And his voice."

"Kathy?"

"Yes," I said.

"Kathy, I've been waiting for you to call me back," he said. 'I want to explain about tonight.'"

"You don't have to," I said. 'Honest you don't.'"

"The disk-jockey show tonight," he said. 'I didn't know anything about it. My manager just told me this afternoon. It's not the kind of thing I can get out of.'"

"That's all right," I said.

"You do understand?" he asked.

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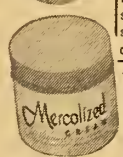
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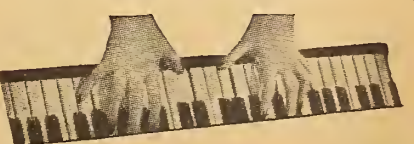
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"I finally spoke. 'Sure,' I said. 'I—'
 "But I couldn't go on."
 "'What's the matter, Kathy?' Fabian asked."
 "Then he asked, 'Why're you crying? Why're you crying?'"

"I could hear him asking that, once more, as my hand went limp all of a sudden and as I put the receiver down. . . ."

Fabian's talk with Kathy

It was a little after ten o'clock that night. The house was quiet.

Kathy's mother and dad were sitting on the front porch.

Kathy was in her room, finishing up some homework she'd started half-heartedly an hour or so before.

She didn't hear the car pull up outside. She didn't know anything about what was happening till her mother poked her head into the room and, smiling, said, "You have a guest, Kathy . . . Fabian's here."

The girl stared at her for a moment. "Yes," her mother said, "he's out on the porch talking to Dad. Aren't you coming out?"

Kathy nodded, but didn't move.

"Kathy!"
 The girl put down the pencil she was holding. She rose, slowly. And she followed her mother outside.

"Hi, Kathy," Fabian said, when he saw her.

"Hello," Kathy said, softly.

There was a long moment of silence. "Well," Mr. Kersh said, "guess it's about time we went inside, don't you think, Mother?"

His wife nodded. "Yes," she said. To Kathy and Fabian she said, "There's some lemonade in the refrigerator, if you should want some."

"Thank you," Fabian said, "but I won't be staying long. I have a six o'clock train to catch tomorrow morning."

"Well, have a nice trip," Mrs. Kersh said, as she and her husband left the porch, "and good night."

"Kathy," Fabian said, as soon as they were alone, "I don't have much time."

"I know, you have to leave on your big tour tomorrow, don't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Fabian. "But before I go, I want to tell you something. I tried to tell you on the phone. You hung up on me. I was going to call back. But then I realized I really wanted to see and tell you."

"I know," Kathy said, "you're very sorry about tonight."

"Yes, I am," said Fabian. "But what happened tonight always happens at my stage of the game. . . . You see, Kathy, I'm really just a beginner. I owe an awful lot to a lot of other people. And when they ask me to do things for them—and for myself—well, I've just got to. Maybe someday it'll be different. I hope so. But for now, this is the way it's got to be."

"I see," Kathy said.

"What I really wanted to say, though," Fabian went on, "was to ask you if you'd drop me a line once in a while, while I'm away, when you have a chance." He handed her a piece of paper he'd been holding. "See?" he said. "I'll be away five weeks, and here are the names of the places I'll be staying, and the dates. I wrote it all down for you. . . ."

"And," he said, "one other thing. I'll be back on a Saturday, exactly five weeks from tomorrow. And I was just wondering if you'd keep that night open for me—so we could go out."

Fabian's promise

He took a deep breath.

"How about it, Kathy?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

"I know," Fabian said, "you're probably thinking to yourself that something else's going to come up that Saturday night, too, just like tonight . . . Isn't that it?"

Kathy shrugged. But she said nothing. "Well, I promise you," Fabian said, "I give you my word that that's one night nothing is going to stop us from being together. *Nothing* . . . Okay?"

Again, Kathy didn't answer.

"Come on," Fabian said. He smiled. "Come on."

He looked at her, and waited.

And when, after a while, he realized that she was not going to speak, he lowered his eyes and turned around and he began to walk away.

"Okay," he heard her say when he was halfway down the steps.

He turned around, quickly.

He could see that she was smiling now, and nodding.

"Okay," he heard her say again.

He rushed over to where she stood.

He put his arms around her.

"I've missed you so much, Kathy, only since yesterday," he said. "Five weeks is going to be a long, long time . . . They say that when you feel like this about someone, that a minute apart is like a century."

He kissed her.

"I don't know what to say," Kathy whispered, after the kiss had ended.

"That you'll write to me?" said Fabian.

"I will," Kathy said.

"That you'll wait for me?"

"I will."

"That—that you feel something for me, too, like I feel for you?"

Kathy hugged him.

"Oh I do," she said. "I do. . . ."

They remained together a few minutes more.

And then Fabian left.

And Kathy walked back into the house, to cry again a little, and then to laugh, and then to go to bed and dream sweet dreams.

END

You can see Fabian in *HOUND DOG MAN* for 20th-Fox.

If At First You Don't Succeed

(Continued from page 47)

in every situation that might occur.

So he dated other girls, even while he dated Kathy. But Kathy won him. She wasn't so much prettier than the other girls. She wasn't so much smarter. But she had one of the greatest weapons for winning any man. She adored the man utterly.

Even during the bitter period when Bing denied he intended to marry her, when he mocked her for buying a wedding dress—at least the *papers* said she had bought herself a wedding dress—her love did not waver. She loved him. She waited.

She became a convert to his religion, which was a faith Dixie Lee Crosby did not accept until the end of her life. Kathy studied his profession by the direct means of keeping up with her own acting. She improved her mind, taking college courses, and most importantly, she kept her own counsel.

The second Mrs. Crosby

Finally, she won, as the whole world knows. Bing came back to her, and she became Mrs. Crosby, the young Mrs. Crosby, the second Mrs. Crosby. It looked perfect, but it wasn't. It was a very rough spot for a girl in her earliest twenties.

Why? It was a set-up, that's why. She and Bing moved into his mansion in Holmby Hills. Mansion is the only word for it—a very French, very elegant, huge, 72 rambling mansion in the ritziest section of

ritzy Holmby Hills. He had lived there with Dixie. He had raised his boys there. Bing Crosby and the new, second Mrs. Crosby moved in. The original Mrs. Crosby, Kate, Bing's mother, had been living there for some time. A real personality. Kate Crosby, a strong woman who adores her son, and who is so feminine she looks about twenty years younger than she really is—which is nearly eighty.

Into this French mansion moved the multi-millionaire Bing Crosby and the little girl from Texas, and around them loomed the four bedrooms that had belonged to Bing's four sons and everywhere there was the memory of tragic Dixie.

This was hardly an idyllic honeymoon atmosphere into which Bing moved his bride, but Kathryn conquered it.

First, she looked after Kate Crosby's happiness. After all, the elder Mrs. Crosby was widowed and lonely. She had long roomed at Bing's but Kathryn moved her into a wing that was adjacent to the master bedroom, and what was subsequently going to be a nursery, too, on the other side of her suite. This suite was just for her own use, where her friends or her other sons and daughters-in-law, and her other grandchildren could come calling on her without going through the rest of the house, if they preferred it that way. She could have her meals when she liked, go to bed or get up as it pleased her.

But also, the wing was immediately ad-

acent to the suite that was Kathy's and Bing's, so that if she wanted their company, there it was.

That was the first step. The next was Bing's office. He had an office, down on the Strip, about a half a dozen miles away. He'd had it for years, to go over with his brother, Everett, the details of their corporation, which handles everything from inventions to frozen orange juice to record deals. But it was a very officy-office and man-like, and hadn't been changed by so much as a stick of furniture for ages.

Therefore, having made over a couple of the boys' rooms into the wing for Kate, Kathy now made over another bedroom into a home office for her husband. While Bing was on a fishing trip in Alaska, Kathy, as a complete surprise to him had the room furnished. She put in every innovation that has hit offices lately, air-conditioning, sound-conditioning, electric typewriters, hidden lights, soft carpets, wonderful draperies. She said it might be nice for Bing on rainy days, when he didn't want to go out. There were only about four rainy days all last winter in Hollywood—and there were only about six days when Bing didn't prefer to work in his new office at home.

There was, too, the subject of their own bedroom. King-sized beds have now become almost a commonplace, but the Crosby bed was especially ordered and about the only name you can give it—because it is so long, so deep, so wide and so wonderful—is Emperor.

And there, one happy January morning when they had been married a little more than two months, Kathy gave her husband the happiest news any wife can tell her husband. She was pregnant.

That's when Bing and Kathy first began

talking about Mary Frances. They understood now that this new girl baby was the beginning of a new Crosby family, their family.

All during the next nine months they discussed her, Mary Frances. As Kathy's pregnancy advanced, it became Bing's custom when kissing her good night, to pat her protuberant tummy and say, "Good-night, Mary Frances."

So then, in August, 'Mary Frances' was born—but 'she' was Harry. Harry Lillis Crosby II, and don't let anybody fool you that he is really called Tex. He's not. He's Harry. Bing called him Tex once, for a joke, and the papers picked it up, much as they picked up Humphrey Bogart's calling his wife Baby when actually he never called her anything but Betty.

Another pregnancy

Four months after Harry's birth, Kathy was happily pregnant again. They went down to consult Dr. Moss. He said Kathy was in great shape.

Dr. Moss also volunteered a piece of information. Nobody had asked him, but he said, "In 80% of the cases, the second child has the same sex as the first child."

Bing knew. In five of his cases. So this time, he and Kathy did not call the incoming baby 'she.' Actually, they didn't call it 'he' either. Just baby. Or new baby. No sex. No name. No good-night pats to it. Harry had been born in August and the new baby would be born in September, September 12th.

As they waited for their second child, the life of Bing and Kathy became simpler and simpler, the simplicity of two people falling more and more deeply in love. Little Harry had his nursery adjoining their bedroom. It had been, originally, of course, one of the Crosby boys' bedrooms, but now Kathy turned it into a room all cream and gold, with wonderful old marble tops put into the area that would be a baby's bath corner, and with the adjoining adult bathroom turned into a giddy place indeed, full of light and color and mirrors.

It was, of course, a room meant for a girl. Just as the antique cradle Kathy purchased was right for a girl. The cradle was of wood, hand carved in the shape of a swan, and it was more than four hundred years old. For it, Kathy purchased the most feather-light mattress, the most silken sheets in the daintiest pastels, the laciest pillowcases, threaded through with ribbons in pink and blue and white.

With Harry's arrival, all those touches went—but not the cradle. But as the second baby began approaching, Kathy wondered if perhaps she ought not to give up that adorable swan cradle after all. These were the kinds of thoughts she had, usually, after she had waked to give Harry his 2:00 a.m. bottle. She didn't tell Bing. He didn't tell her his thoughts either.

So the months went by. Kathy managed to get *Anatomy of a Murder* in before she showed too much. During that period, she hired a wonderful nurse, Jeannette McGunnigle, in addition to Susie Mae Smith, who has been with Kathryn for a long time. Jeannette, who is just as Scotch as her name sounds, and Jeannette allowed as how, madame, she'd be glad to stay when the new bairn appeared, too.

By mid-summer, Harry was dining with his parents, downstairs in the elegant dining room. He wasn't especially aware of this honor, of course, but he'd lie in the special folding basket his parents had purchased for just these occasions and he'd crow and throw his legs about in a great fashion. The one thing that most delighted him was to have his father sing him a lullaby. His father was delighted to oblige, any old time.

Then it got to be Sept. 12th when the new Crosby baby was due. Kathy had

been having contractions for almost a week, and from her hospital work (she technically has the title of *scrub tec* for that) she knew her time was very near. Only it wasn't quite there. Not on the 12th, or the 13th or even the morning of the fourteenth and that is when she began to get too nervous.

She called Dr. Moss. "Come on over here," he said, "and I will give you a shot to induce labor."

Bing went along with her. It was just noon when they reached the doctor's office. Kathy got her shot. "It should work in an hour or two," said Dr. Moss. "Don't go anywhere where you are too far from the hospital."

Dr. Moss' office is on a section of Hollywood Boulevard where there are many shops of all types. Kathy came down from his office and looked around her smiling. "How about a sandwich?" her adoring husband asked.

Her stomach lurched at the very word. "I couldn't," Kathy said. "Look, darling. You go to a drive-in and eat and I'll walk down to Barker's and shop."

"You're sure you're all right? You're sure you don't need the car?"

"No, no," she said. "I just want to shop. I'll be back in half an hour."

But she wasn't. It was harder to walk than she had thought it would be. The shop was only two short blocks away but it seemed miles. She pushed on, though, and just inside the shop door she saw a sofa, and stretched out comfortably.

She sank down on it and was thankful that no one recognized her. Then her big, dark eyes, for no reason whatsoever, lighted on a wastebasket on sale.

What kind of a wastebasket, what color, what material it was made of, she couldn't have told you. What the Crosby house did not need was wastebaskets. So she ordered six of them, and then she started walking back to the doctor's office. It seemed miles and miles and miles.

When she finally went into Dr. Moss' inner room, she found him and Bing both white-faced. "Do you know you've been gone two hours?" they gasped. "Quick, get in the car and head for that hospital. The baby will come any minute."

The baby didn't though. She never arrived until seven in the evening, and though she weighed almost seven pounds, she didn't look it, she was so very dainty, such a little girl, with a full head of red, red hair. Mary Frances. Mary Frances Crosby, their dream daughter, there at last.

It was almost nine before they let Bing see Kathy and by that time, he had revisited Mary Frances several times and revisited his opinion tremendously. He saw that she wasn't red at all, or not much, no more than a lovely glow. He looked at her tiny hands, balled up into little fists and he saw her baby mouth, sweet as Kathy's, and he thought of the double lullabies he'd now be singing, to his Harry and to his little girl, his daughter, his very first daughter.

Kathy said to him, the first moment he was allowed to see her, "Oh, darling, isn't Mary Frances beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" said Bing. "Is that all? She's much more than beautiful. I swear to you, Kathy, I never saw a baby of her age who was so alert."

"Her what?" gasped Kathy—and then she began to laugh. "Bing, our daughter is just two hours old."

"Nevertheless," said Bing, and then he stopped, while the laughter overcame him, too, and so they laughed in unison and kissed one another, while their tears of pure happiness wet their faces.

Mary Frances?
She just slept.

END

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"We're Glad Johnny Didn't Pick a Glamor Girl"

(Continued from page 49)

Orrico (the famous movie star, Johnny Saxon), was steady-dating Vicki Thal. There was gossip in the newspapers that the two of them had married. But Mama Orrico knew such a thing wasn't true. Surely her son would call and share such wonderful wedding news with them all.

Now he had called to announce he was flying home to Brooklyn with Vicki, the girl they had never met but whose pictures they had looked at over and over again in the movie magazines. "What's she like?" the Orricos all asked each other as they studied her face in the date layouts of the film books. She was different, not like the Hollywood glamor girls. She didn't have the delicate, chiseled features the movie cameramen like, but, then, she wasn't an actress. Yet, wasn't there something about her face, a haunting look in her eyes, something . . . was it kindness?

Once, one of the apartment house neighbors had commented, "Gee, Johnny's girl isn't very pretty, is she? I just saw her in a movie magazine."

Mama Orrico's heart shuddered.

"Do you know her?" Mama Orrico retorted.

The neighbor nodded no.

"Then don't be so hasty with comments about her looks. Meet her first and find out what she's like."

Now, of course, that Johnny was bringing Vicki home, they would all meet her and find out what she was like. And, like all mothers, Mama Orrico wanted her son to find the right girl who would give him her love and look after him, bear his children and make a home for him that was happy and full of life.

Mama Orrico walked into the kitchen to tell the good news to her short, husky husband whose housepainting and contracting business had seen them through a decent life.

"Tony," she said, "Johnny's coming home. Tomorrow. And he's bringing Vicki!"

Then she called her attractive teenage daughters, Dolores and Julie-ann, who were watching television, and she shouted excitedly, "Girls, your brother's coming home, and he's bringing Vicki!"

Both girls rushed to the kitchen.

Preparing the homecoming

"I want you to help me get everything ready tomorrow," Mama Orrico told them. "I want to fix ravioli, and a big turkey, and I'm going to make a big rum cake for dessert. And maybe, tomorrow, after you wake up, you can go to the department store and buy presents for Vicki. I think that would be nice, don't you? Maybe some cologne or a cute bracelet or a nice pair of stockings."

Mama Orrico proceeded to make a big pot of coffee, and the family—mother, father and the two darkhaired daughters—all sat around the yellow chromium-edged kitchen table and talked excitedly in quick sentences about what Johnny's girl would be like. . . .

The next day the Orrico household was in a flurry; it buzzed with the anticipation of Vicki's arrival.

Sweet smells of cooking drifted from the big kitchen. Johnny's eighteen-year-old sister, Dolores, who worked as a dentist's assistant in midtown Manhattan, took the day off and helped sixteen-year-old Julie-ann dust the living room and dining room. Dolores offered to turn over her room to Vicki.

Though there was much to get done 74 through the morning and afternoon, the

day passed slowly until five o'clock arrived. By then everyone had bathed and dressed in neatly pressed finery. Mama Orrico wore a ruffled white organdy apron over her sky-blue silk dress. Grandmother and Grandfather Orrico were dead, but Grandmother Julia Probatore, Mama Orrico's mother, had been invited to the family dinner to meet Vicki.

"I'll bet anything Vicki's nervous," Dolores confided to her mom as they waited on the porch for Johnny and Vicki to arrive from the airport. "I know I would be if I were going to meet my boyfriend's family. Do you realize she's coming into a houseful of total strangers?"

"But every girl, sooner or later, has to face her boyfriend's family," Mama Orrico's voice was comforting.

"A girl's real lucky," Dolores added, "if she marries her childhood sweetheart. Then she knows her boyfriend's family right from the start. . . ."

It was shortly after six o'clock and the sun was shifting to the west of the pale blue sky when the yellow cab pulled up to the curb. Dolores, dressed in a pumpkin-colored shirtwaist dress, bolted to the cab to greet Johnny, and as she ran to the cab, she threw out her arms and sud-

A TV sleuth caught James Garner kissing 10 women in the last 21 episodes filmed for *Maverick*.

So he took this intelligence to Gene Autry, who goes back to the hallowed time when the hero of the sagebrush saved all his kisses for his favorite horse, and Mr. Autry drawled:

"All that mushin' it up in Westerns makes me sick. There'll be none of it in my stable."

*Paul Sann
in the New York Post*

denly, unexpectedly, she found herself embracing Vicki.

"Hi," she managed breathlessly, trying to swallow the lump in her throat. "I'm Dolores and gee, I'm glad to meet you!" Vicki hugged her back. She was wearing a stunning emerald-green silk suit with a matching polka-dot blouse.

Johnny, in a handsome olive-green continental suit, stepped out of the cab and she ran over and embraced him and kissed him on the cheek.

All of a sudden everyone was embracing and kissing, and Mama Orrico found warm, happy tears trickling down her cheeks.

Getting to know you . . .

"Johnny, Johnny," she was saying through her tears, "it's so good to have you home." And, after hugging and kissing Vicki, she took her hand and led her to Dolores' neat bedroom and said, "I know it's a long ride by airplane, all the way from California, and if you want to rest up a little bit, just take off your shoes and lie down for a while."

But Vicki said, "I'm too excited, Mrs. Orrico. I've been counting the hours since yesterday, and I'm looking forward to talking to everyone and getting to know all of you!"

Mama Orrico looked into Vicki's wide, coffee-brown eyes. "We're so glad Johnny's brought you home!" she said, and her eyes started to smart again. Taking Vicki's hand, she led her into the living room and asked her husband to open the gallon of wine for a toast.

Standing there, in the pink and apple-green living room with its beautiful French provincial furniture, lifting the crystal wineglass into the air to welcome Johnny and Vicki to Brooklyn, Mama Orrico recalled the Sunday afternoon, years ago, when Johnny turned sixteen. Grandfather Orrico was alive then, and Grandmother Orrico, too. All the relatives—uncles and aunts and cousins—had come to celebrate Johnny's birthday, and as they lifted the thin-stemmed wine glasses into the air to toast Johnny's golden future, somebody spoke out—wasn't it Aunt Tess?—and said, "And here's to the pretty girl, wherever she is, who someday's going to be Johnny's wife!"

Now, they were toasting again on this early autumn day. And they were toasting to Johnny and the girl who might be Johnny's wife.

She was nice, like Aunt Tess had predicted, and there was something about her that drew her right into your heart. . . .

In the dining room with its massive fruitwood furniture, the table was set with Mama Orrico's finest damask tablecloth, polished silverware, a crystal bowl of sweetheart rosebuds surrounded with trails of glossy ivy.

They had eaten an antipasto that was a meal in itself: prosciutto and vinegar peppers, stuffed celery and pimento. There was Mama Orrico's tempting ravioli, a big roast turkey, glazed browned potatoes, a huge Italian salad, fresh bread, plenty of red wine and the dessert of tangy rum cake.

Grandmother Probatore, her diamond earrings glittering, shook a finger at Vicki. "Don't be ashamed," she said. "Eat! Just like you were in your own home!"

"I'm . . . I'm nervous," Vicki said, her voice throaty and low. "I can't eat too much when I'm nervous."

"Oh," Grandmother Probatore added apologetically. "I just don't want you to be ashamed. I want you to feel like you're one of us."

"I could never feel ashamed," Vicki admitted. "Everybody's been so nice to me!"

There were smiles and more toasts to the future.

A wonderful girl

Johnny's father, at the end of the big meal, patted his wife on the back. "You cooked a wonderful dinner, Mama," he said. He was a quiet man, as a rule, observing, taking in everything around him but seldom commenting on what he saw. So it came as a surprise to everyone when he announced openly, "You're a wonderful girl, Vicki, and I'm proud of my Johnny for bringing you home!"

Mama Orrico dabbed her eyes. Grandmother Probatore said, "Poor girl. Everyone's making such a fuss over her she must feel funny!"

Vicki told them, "No, no. I don't feel funny. It's just that I'm so happy meeting all of you. I've heard so much about you I almost feel I know you all very well. You're all so wonderful, just like Johnny said you'd be. . . ."

Vicki cleared her throat; her voice was faltering and her eyes were glassy. And she bit her lips to hold back the tears.

After dinner, the three girls, Vicki, Dolores and Julie-ann, retired to Dolores' blue and white bedroom to powder their faces and to indulge in a little girl-talk.

There was a snapshot of Dolores on the bleached oak dresser. Dolores was being hugged by her fiance, John San Marco.

"When are you planning to get married?" Vicki asked Dolores.

"Next year, sometime."

"He looks nice. What does he do?"

"He works with his dad in their butcher shop," Dolores answered.

"Maybe we can all double-date some night this week," Vicki suggested. "That's a darling hat you're wearing in the picture. You know, I've always wished I could wear hats!"

"Why can't you?" Julie-ann chimed in. "Oh, I always look so cluttered when I wear a hat. I look top-heavy."

"I wouldn't think so," Dolores said, opening her closet and pulling out a couple of hat boxes from the shelf. "Try this one on," Dolores said, offering Vicki a white pique cloche.

"Hmm," Vicki's voice sounded surprised. "It doesn't look bad." She turned her head from side to side to look at herself in the large mirror on the wall. "You know this is the first hat I've tried on that doesn't make me look like a Christmas tree. Maybe the salesgirls have been trying to sell me the wrong kind!"

Dolores insisted Vicki keep the hat. "Maybe all three of us could go shopping one day in the Fifth Avenue stores," Vicki suggested.

"We'd love it!" Julie-ann replied.

"I thought I'd get tickets for a matinee of *The Music Man*. Would you both like to see it?"

"It's one of the biggest hits on Broadway," Dolores commented. "Everyone who's seen it raves about it."

"Well, that settles it," Vicki said. "We'll go. And the treat's on me!"

One of the family

In a couple of minutes the girls returned to the living room where Pop Orrico played a Renato Carosone album on the hi-fi set, and everyone sat back and listened to the romantic music of Italy.

Johnny was happy to be home. His face beamed now as he sat on the pale green couch holding Vicki's hand while the soft, airy music played.

There was small talk about how Johnny and Vicki met. Grandmother Probatore wanted to know the whole story.

"I was going to college, UCLA," Vicki explained, "and I was working nights in Wil Wright's ice cream parlor, and one night Johnny came in and I could tell he was lonely so I said 'Hi' to him, and we became friends."

"We dated," Johnny added, "but then when she brought me home to meet her mom and dad, I'll never forget how comfortable I felt. They made me feel like I was one of the family. And I was three

thousand miles away from home! So it felt good, real good, to know her folks liked me, and I just couldn't stop seeing them all they were so wonderful." Then his eyes stared into Vicki's, "And . . . well, Vicki was just too nice to give up . . . ever!"

After a while of conversation, Mama Orrico and her daughters tried to retire quietly to the kitchen to do the dishes, but Vicki followed them. "Remember," she said, "you told me I should feel just like I was a part of the family? Well, I want to help clean up!"

"No, you don't!" Mrs. Orrico begged.

"I insist!" Vicki answered.

"No, not tonight, please! Tonight is special. Otherwise, we'll let the dishes go altogether."

But Vicki was insistent, and finally she was permitted to help with the drying. The dishes all done and put away, Mama Orrico took Vicki into her bedroom and said, "I want to give you a little gift," and she gave Vicki a goldfoil-wrapped box containing a lovely slip, trimmed with beige lace from Belgium. "The girls have little gifts for you, too."

Dolores gave Vicki a white silk scarf with lilac embroidery and Julie-ann gave her future sister-in-law a bottle of flower-scented cologne.

"You're all just too wonderful to me," Vicki said. "How . . . how can I ever repay all your hospitality?"

One by one she hugged them all. Then they walked into the living room and Vicki stood in the center of it, an expression of thanks and love and goodness on her face. That was the wonderful thing about her. She was just herself, a plain and simple person. She didn't pose, and there was none of the la-de-dah starlet stuff all the Orricos were afraid might attract Johnny in Hollywood.

That night, after everyone had gone to sleep, Mama Orrico tossed in her double bed. Her husband was snoring; he had fallen asleep so quickly. The wine had probably gone to his head. As she lay there, looking out the window at the full harvest moon, she sighed and repeated her thankfulness to God.

Thank You, Dear Lord, for giving our Johnny such a good girl! **END**

John's in United Artists' CRY TOUGH and THE UNFORGIVEN and Buena Vista's THE BIG FISHERMAN.

The Blue Angel

(Continued from page 39)

was broken. "I love you, Ed," she said. "You are the only one I love. You are the only one I ever loved. What are we going to do?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't know, May. I love you too. I want to try again. But I want to be sure you do too. We love each other but there has been so much *aloneness* in our marriage. I must finish school. You know that. I cannot accept the position of being the son of a millionaire—who does nothing more with his life than follow his wife about from country to country while she makes pictures and is admired and applauded. You couldn't respect me for that.

"And I can't ask you to stay at Stanford with me. It would be so unfair. The whole world is talking about you now. If you remained here in Palo Alto and didn't make another film for two years—do you think you would be happy?"

"I don't think I can be unhappier than I have been since we separated," she an-

swered. "I didn't want to do another picture. I didn't want to do anything except come down here to you. The studio doesn't know where I am. No one does—and I don't care."

The boy no longer struggled with himself. He drew his wife into his arms and kissed her hard, and kissed her long. And the wind and the sea became silent.

Later that evening they came to a decision. The decision of *not* coming to a decision. The problems they had would not go away. Wishing couldn't make them go away. Working at them would not make them go away. Maybe time would. They would remain 'separated' but they would be together. Through their separation they would gain the long courtship they had never had. It was a unique arrangement. But there was never anything commonplace between May Britt and her husband from the very first evening they met. . . .

The man May preferred . . .

May was fancy free that January of 1958. She had been in Hollywood about a year but the run-of-the-wolf pack couldn't get near her. Young men bored her. Young men who were actors bored her even more. She had had one date with Bob

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Bob Martin
Station WABY
Albany, N. Y.

The Nation's Top Disc Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. He's only sixteen years old and is known to the record-buying public by his first name. His first release was a dud, but a recording of Turn Me Loose brought him the recognition he deserved. His nickname is Tiger.

2. This lovely red-haired movie actress makes her singing debut on MGM Records with two

songs from The Big Circus. Nearer to Heaven is a ballad while the title tune The Big Circus is a carousel-type song.

3. His name is a color, and it has money in it. His life story was just filmed, starring Danny Kaye. He played one of the greatest horns ever heard.



Jay Michael
Channel 4,
WTAE-TV
Radio-WCAE
Pittsburgh, Pa

4. He can't read a note of music, but his recordings feature beautiful, lush arrangements. Two of his albums are Music for Lovers Only and Music to Change Her Mind. He is best known for comedy roles on TV.

5. His second name is divided in two and each has only three letters. A teenager from Cleveland, he was discovered by Ray Anthony. His hair is always neatly trimmed, he dresses in league fashion, and he sings Rock 'n' Roll.

6. This is the third year in a row that the record industry voted him The Most-Programmed Male Vocalist. Two of his albums are titled Come Fly With Me and Only the Lonely.

7. Born in Philadelphia on September 18, 1941, this boy's first introduction to music was a trumpet. When he cut his first record, Cupid, it flopped. Then he cut songs like A Boy Without a Girl, Bobby Socks to Stockings and Venus.



Ed Meath
Station WHEC
Rochester, N. Y.



Joe Martin,
Station WOW,
Omaha, Neb.



Frank Ward
Station WFAI
Cincinnati, Ohio

7. Frankie Avalon
6. Frank Sinatra
5. Gary Von Hagen
4. Jackie Gleason
3. Red Nichols
2. Rhonda Fleming
1. Fabian

Evans. She didn't even have one date with Marlon Brando, her co-star in *The Young Lions*, whom she thought was "kind but not very sexy."

She preferred older men—she liked their soigne savvy. She dated the Earl of Suffolk and she dated a publisher named Bob Peterson and a Spanish banker named Antonio Munoz.

She also dated George Gregson, a distinguished widower who was a millionaire socialite involved in large real estate operations.

She dated George quite a bit in January of 1958—and when toward the end of the month, he invited her to a small dinner party he was giving in honor of his son Edward who was returning from Panama, May who usually said no to most party invitations said yes to this one.

Some friends have felt that George particularly wanted May at the party so his son could look her over as a 'prospective' stepmother. Ed had been only three months old when his own mother died. George seated his son on May's right that night to give the two a chance to become acquainted.

They became very well acquainted during the soup course.

By the time dessert was served things had taken an unexpected turn.

Love at first sight? May didn't know. All she knew was that she was interested. Very very much interested in this boy. And her interest wasn't a bit motherly. The fact that he was just nineteen—three years her junior—seemed inconsequential.

This is the most enchanted evening I've ever had, she thought. He is the most wonderful, most handsome man. I thought I could never be interested in anyone who is under twenty-five. But now, I've met a boy who loves the things I love, who enjoys the things I enjoy.

And even George Gregson, watching his son dancing with the woman he had thought he might want as a wife, had to admit that it was those two who looked so right together. The 6'4" boy with the wide shoulders and the crooked grin, and the freckled face, lissome blonde in pink chiffon.

And the father realized that while he had felt fond of May, protective of her, proud of her, it would be wrong to think of marriage with a girl young enough to be his daughter. And he felt glad that these two young people seemed to respond to each other so beautifully.

Discovering each other

Ed took May home that night. Two nights later they were having dinner together by candle-light at the Villa Nova on the famous Sunset Strip—and holding hands and laughing.

"Tell me about you," Ed asked that night. "Tell me all about you."

"No," she said. "I shall be mysterious like Garbo. An enigma. A femme fatale. My desires shall lead men to ruin."

"Such as," he laughed.

"Such as—" she replied, her eyes dancing in the reflection of the candle-light, "I desire a big house with six children, with kids screaming everywhere and all eating at a big table together. That would drive any man to ruin, yes?"

She was only partly joking. The house, the husband, the six children—they were all in her scheme of tomorrow. And they fitted into his.

But he wanted to know more. He wanted to know the strange twists and turns that fate took to bring this fascinating creature into his life. What had brought her to America, was she married before, what were her parents like, her home in Sweden?

Under his gentle prodding, the usually

reticent girl told him everything. "No," she said, "I've never been married and I've never had any scandal. Life was very simple in Lidingo where I was born. My father was a post-office employee, my mother was a housewife. No one in my family ever acted. I didn't want to become an actress. If I ever wanted to become anything it was to be a professional photographer. How do actresses get a break? With me it was one-third luck, one-third talent, and one-third the type I am."

May spoke of her commonplace childhood—one marred by no great shocks or heartbreak—other than memories of puppyless Christmases. Funny how that stood out. Each Christmas for years she had hoped for a puppy. And each Christmas she was disappointed. Her father, she recalled, was a kind man but strict. He felt that dogs were only for boys. And May spoke a lot about the sea that night; about the way she used to sail with her family and friends among the islands that dot the sea near Stockholm.

So the next day Ed invited her to go sailing. And there was a stowaway aboard to join them: the cutest, most precious puppy May had ever seen.

"Merry Christmas, darling," Ed said.

There were many dates. As many as could be crowded into three, full happy weeks. They went horseback riding together. They went to Malibu together and lolled on the beach. They talked about movies and the theater and May was amazed how whenever she asked him a question—any question—he always knew the answer.

At the end of three weeks—he asked her a question. And she said yes.

On February 22, 1958, May and Ed were married. At 1:45 p.m. in a little house off a hot crooked street in Tijuana, Mexico. They could have had the most lavish society wedding ever held in Bel-Air. But they couldn't bear to wait that long.

They returned from Tijuana and found that in the excitement they had overlooked one minor problem. They had no place to live.

They didn't want to set up housekeeping in Ed's father's house—so they went house-hunting on that first day home from the honeymoon. They house-hunted all evening—and in desperation at midnight rented a little house way up in the Canyon.

They moved in immediately.

The first night it rained. And they woke up drenched to discover the roof leaked.

The second day it rained even harder and they couldn't even get down into the city. But it was their first house and every day was a new adventure.

May's philosophy

May told a friend: "When two people marry after a courtship of three weeks, how much there is to discover. In our case each discovery is fun. I don't believe in people going together for years and waiting and waiting to make sure they want to get married. If they are not sure, how can they ever be sure? And by the time they are sure, all the adventure and happiness will be drained from them."

Every day was an adventure in that little house in the Canyon. And every day there were new plans to be made. Important things to talk about.

For one thing, there was the business of Ed's future. Before he met May he thought he wanted to become an actor. He had had a small part in *The Naked and The Dead* and it was fun. He had plenty of money and no responsibilities and all the time in the world. Now he wasn't quite sure. The fact that May was already on her way to becoming a big star by virtue of her performances in *The Young Lions* and *The Hunters* was partially responsible for

his thinking. He had seen too many examples of career conflicts among his friends. He was aware of the dangers of becoming 'Mr. May Britt.' "If you do not want to have a career in films because of my career . . . well . . . then I give it up," May insisted. "It is not that important to me. I give it up until you decide what you want to do."

A few weeks later 20th told her to report to the studio for work on a new film and she said no.

That's all. Just no. She wasn't scared. She was put on suspension and she still wasn't scared. She didn't need Hollywood. She had Ed.

She and Ed kept on making plans.

Her plans included a trip to Sweden to visit her parents and introduce them to her groom. It was an exciting prospect—another adventure to be shared.

They had their passports ready and plane and ship reservations booked, and back in Sweden her family was making gala preparations to welcome their daughter and new son-in-law.

Then one day a few weeks before they were to leave, Ed came home—troubled.

May knew that look by now.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked. "Why do you look so sad?"

"I got an offer of a job in a picture today," Ed replied. "A good part. I know I said I wanted to give up acting—but it is

Stanford had a great pre-law course and it was a little less than five hundred miles away from Los Angeles. A couple of hours by plane.

May was equally enthusiastic. Palo Alto was by the sea. When Ed was free from classes they would be able to do all the things they loved to do together—go swimming and water-skiing and sailing. He would start classes in the fall of '58.

They flew up to Palo Alto and began looking for houses. They had just about decided upon one when Ed received a letter from the government. He had to serve with the Air National Guard for two months—in San Antonio, Texas. Beginning the fall term at college was now out of the question.

In late October, a few weeks before Ed was to leave for Texas, May was sent to New York to make publicity appearances for *The Hunters*. Ed came along. They planned on going directly from New York to Texas . . . together.

Then it was decided that May would not go to Texas after all. She would be in the way. She would be lucky if she was able to see her husband for an hour a day. It would be difficult for her, she felt, to make friends with the wives of the other airmen. She was still very shy with strangers. She was still confused by the English language.

She decided to stay in New York and resume the photography courses that were interrupted seven years before, when Carlo Ponti discovered her in a retouching studio and decided to turn her into a movie star.

There was another period of 'aloneness.' And of boredom.

With Ed she had never been bored. He kept her laughing from morning to late in the evening. They were so vitally interested in one another.

She liked New York. It "was filled with excitement, traffic and all that"—but she still was bored.

Her career was at a standstill.

The studio had taken her off suspension when she agreed to make those personal appearances, but she had no idea of what was going to happen next. She had heard rumors that she was 'up' for *The Blue Angel*. Then she heard that Marilyn Monroe was set for the part opposite Curt Jurgens and if it came to a choice between Marilyn and herself she knew where the decision would fall.

For two months she was miserable as she waited for Ed to return from service.

Finally in January of 1959 he was home again. He enrolled at Stanford. They rented their little cottage by the sea. She settled down to a career of being a housewife. She had one whole week of fixing breakfasts, and watching Ed do his homework and seeing that his books were in order—before the studio notified her to return at once for wardrobe and make-up tests. It was she, not Marilyn Monroe, who was to recreate the immortal Marlene Dietrich role of Lola-Lola in *The Blue Angel*.

So, it was good-bye to Palo Alto—except for week ends.

Apart again

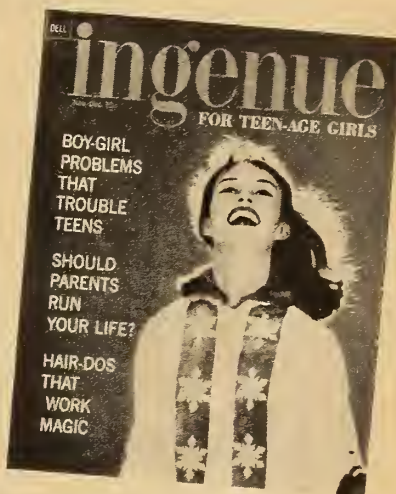
Ed's grandparents insisted she move into their large luxurious mansion in Bel-Air while she was filming the picture. She had tennis courts at her disposal, swimming pools, maids to take care of her every need.

But she didn't have Ed—except on the telephone once an evening and on week ends—and the strain began to show.

Sometimes he'd come to Hollywood during his week ends—but even when he did the magic didn't seem to be quite the same. Her mind was on her role. It wasn't easy. Aside from the pressure which came from knowing that everyone in the world would make comparisons between her and Dietrich; aside from the necessity of "having

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Zsa Zsa Gabor was booked to star at a show in Chicago. The management agreed to supply hotel accommodations for her, a suite at the Ambassador East. "Oh, no. I want to stay at the Conrad Hilton Hotel," said Zsa Zsa. "I am always loyal to my ex-husbands."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

still in my system. Maybe—if I did one more role I'd get over it. I don't know. But I told my agent to turn it down. I told him I was going to be in Europe and I couldn't accept it."

"No, no," said May. "You must call your agent and tell him otherwise. If this is still in your system you must get it out—otherwise you—we will not be happy. You must do what you want to do. In the same way that I must do what I want to do."

"But our plans. Your family's plans. They haven't seen you for years—they will be heartbroken. I will take the picture, May, if you want me to, but you must promise me that you will go ahead with things as we planned them. That you will see your family and make them happy. Maybe I can join you later. Or we can go next summer together. But you've had your heart set on this trip for months. I want you to have it."

The first of the many periods of 'aloneness' that were to follow had begun.

May returned to Sweden; to the love and hospitality of her family, to places remembered and cherished. Relatives made a fuss over her. The Swedish press made a fuss over her. But everything seemed terribly empty and lonely. She wanted this trip to show her native country to her husband. Without him—it was nothing.

She rushed home.

He finished the picture—and with it his acting career. It was out of his system.

Alone . . . and bored

When he was younger his family had always discussed the possibilities of his embarking upon a law career. He had resisted the idea because of his interest in acting. He now discussed it seriously with his father.

to think about sex from morning to night in order to play Lola Lola—which is not my usual custom," there was the added burden of learning to sing. Tone-deaf, May spent three torturous weeks trying to lick the problem of putting over *Falling in Love Again*. She knew the total effect of her entire performance hinged on this number.

Maybe it would have been less of a strain if Ed were able to comfort and encourage her during the times he was around. But he had his own problems. He had two years' work to make up in order to catch up with other guys his age. At twenty-one he was mature beyond his years. Competing with kids of eighteen made him feel uncomfortable.

The fact that he was married to a glamorous movie star didn't help matters.

One week end when May came up to Stanford one of the students teased her about her bike riding. Said it was an affectation to make her appear down to earth. May who could blow up in a second—blew up. By the time she cooled down ten minutes later she had made a five-hundred-dollar bet that she could ride the nearly five hundred miles back to Los Angeles—and like it.

She won the bet and returned to Los Angeles a pretty exhausted girl.

But summer was coming again.

And summer meant another trip to Sweden. This time with Ed. This time they would have the honeymoon together which she had had alone the year before. This time there would be no movies and no complications.

She realized there was a strain in her marriage. But she thought: *We are still*

young. We can still have fun together. I more than love him. I like him. It is horrible when a woman falls in love with a man she doesn't like. I am so glad I like the man I love. Everything will be all right. Summer is coming again.

In late spring he told her.

"May, I've decided to stay on at Stanford and take summer courses. It will make up for the term I lost when I went into the Service. It is important to me."

Maybe it was because she was tired. Maybe it was because she couldn't take another disappointment at that moment. Maybe it was because she was afraid of loneliness again, but May—for the first time—blew up before her husband.

For the first time she referred to his youth.

For the first time she wondered if she wouldn't have been better off after all to have kept going with older men, and perhaps married one. An older man is settled. An older man has a responsibility to his wife. A teenager is a teenager no matter how mature he may seem.

An hour later she was sorry. She knew she was wrong—but the words were out.

Things grew worse.

There was talk of a separation.

Bittersweet decision

Finally a separation was announced. "Our marriage got bogged down by our being apart too much."

For two weeks May saw no one.

Her studio wired her to report immediately for work on *Seven Thieves*. She wired the studio she was not going to do the picture.

Then she disappeared. Vanished.

But reports eventually began to filter down from Palo Alto about the girl with the long yellow hair and catlike walk and the tall dark grave-faced boy with whom she was constantly seen.

Reports about the way the two could be seen swimming together and sailing together and talking very very seriously together.

It looked as though a quiet reconciliation was taking place. And everybody was happy.

Then from their vacuum of silence came another announcement. A sad one. May filed a petition for divorce. The charge was the usual meaningless one—"cruelty."

That's all.

What really happened?

This.

During the weeks of their second courtship May and Ed had to face the saddest of facts.

Yes, they still loved each other.

Yes, the moments of carefreeness that they shared were still wonderful ones. But they were temporary ones that had to end with the first chill winds of autumn. Theirs was a summer romance and a summer marriage. Ed had to return to school. Ed had to find a future somewhere, a life, a goal. May had reached hers.

When she first married Ed, she said that "maturity is not a matter of the calendar. It is the matter of the heart."

She learned that this was not so.

May stars in *THE BLUE ANGEL* for 20th. **END**

Jerry Lewis' Advice To The Lovelorn

(Continued from page 55)

rather sheltered life . . . I was sixteen before my mother let me look at the clothesline of the Y.W.C.A.

Q. My boyfriend likes my hair the way I wear it now, long. I would prefer one of those crazy short hair cuts. Should I sneak out and get one? I.L., Washington, D.C.

A. Sure. Your boyfriend will find it real romantic running his fingers through your crew cut.

Q. I'm the only girl in my class with braces on my teeth and I have to take a lot of ribbing. What can I do about it? F.C., Putney, Vt.

A. Don't mind the ribbing, but be careful not to kiss a boy with braces . . . it'll take the auto club to separate you.

Q. How can I make my girlfriend jealous? S.M., Houston, Texas.

A. Wear the same dresses she does.

Q. How far should a girl go to make herself attractive? N.A., Hubert, N.C.

A. To the nearest cosmetic counter.

Q. I like Adam J., but I don't have the faintest idea if he likes me. How can I tell? S.R., Jamestown, N.Y.

A. Ask him to take you to a drive-in movie . . . you'll find out.

Advice to the married

Q. Should a girl know how to cook before she gets married? L.St.C., Madison, Wis.

A. My wife couldn't cook before she was married. Now she makes food that melts in your mouth . . . if you're crazy enough to put it there.

Q. What's the best way to get along with in-laws? I seem to have nothing but trouble with mine. W.W., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Invite them to dinner twice a week—at somebody else's house.

Q. My second husband, to whom I've

been married nine years, is about to leave me for another girl. I know who she is. What should I do? P.N., Roanoke, Va.

A. Your husband has to be taught a lesson . . . hide his bowling shoes.

Q. Do you have any rules for a happy marriage? F.W., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. Yes, never see each other.

Q. My husband and I have been married seven years, and we've been fighting for six. Should we get a divorce? P.P., Perth, N.D.

A. No, maybe after a while the fights will get to be fun.

Q. How would you impress your girl's mother? F.V., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A. Tell her mother that she looks young enough to be your girl's sister. Unless, of course, she looks like your girl's brother.

Q. Is there a way to get rid of the 'little brother'? M.M., Boston, Mass.

A. Some people find this problem a little touchy. Like being touched for a dime. Personally, to get rid of the little brother, I prefer tact. If that doesn't work, try poison.

Q. What's the best way to criticize a girl? R.T., Kingstill, S.C.

A. Never tell her that her seams are crooked because she may not be wearing stockings.

Q. Can you suggest a way to pay a girl compliments? And should you? M.V.D., New York City.

A. This is a must. Compliments should be paid. If you owe compliments something, pay him.

Q. Is it better to be the manly type, or should you be smooth? K.L., Bronx, N.Y.

A. Be smooth. To be real smooth we suggest you use sandpaper. Just write in and we'll send you a year's supply of sand. You'll have to supply your own paper.

Q. My girl friend and I go shopping together every Saturday. Whenever she sees one of her male friends, she promptly follows him, and drags me along. She seldom goes right up to him—just sort of stays twenty feet behind—till he notices her and feels obliged to buy her a coke or malt or something. I always get terribly embarrassed about it. Is that wrong? N.W., Bangor, Maine.

A. Yes, if he doesn't buy you anything.

Q. Can you tell what a girl will be like in twenty years by looking at her mother? I've got a beautiful girl—but her mother—brrr! E.S., Detroit, Mich.

A. It could be worse. In twenty years she could look like her father, moustache and all.

Jerry'll help out

Q. I have a big crush on a movie star. Are they really as nice as they're supposed to be? J.S., Owensboro, Ky.

A. I am.

Q. I have a girlfriend who is very beautiful, very intelligent, very good at everything—in fact, whatever I do, she can do better. That annoys me. Should I stop seeing her? F.L., San Diego, Cal.

A. Yes, and give me her phone number.

Q. I don't have a very good figure. To be honest, I'm fat. Can you recommend a reducing diet? R.V., Ripley, Miss.

A. Yes, potatoes. Cut them out three times a day.

Q. My daughter is barely seventeen, and not very popular with boys. I'm afraid she'll never get one to marry her. Can I do anything to help her? C.O., Kansas City, Kan.

A. Yes, on her seventeenth birthday, buy her an eighteen-year-old boy.

Q. Is fifteen too young to be kissed by a boy? S.R., Lexington, Ky.

A. Not if you're married.

Q. I have a girl friend who always complains about what I'm doing. I just can't please her. What do you think I ought to do? T.E., Jacksonville, Fla.

A. My advice is cry yourself to sleep.
Q. I've been dating a good looking, wonderful boy—who has the most atrocious manners. He eats like a caveman. You should see him mutilate a steak! Should I tell him, or just keep quiet about it? F.M., Albany, N.Y.

A. I'd tell him and not worry about his answering back. It's very difficult to talk through a fork.

Q. Do you believe good manners are really so important? V.T., South Bend, Ind.

A. Good manners are very important . . . like when you take your girl to a poolroom, let her shoot first.

Q. Can a fellow be too honest? I mean, if he doesn't like what his girl wears, or what she does, or whatever the case may be? T.R., Boise, Idaho.

A. Not too honest. Sometimes a little white lie doesn't hurt. On occasions I lie in technicolor.

Q. My boyfriend likes rock 'n' roll and I prefer classical music. He loves to go skating, I prefer to dance. We seem to be opposites all the way down the line. Is there any hope for us? F.L., Providence, R.I.

A. Yes, but not with each other.

Vanity

Q. My boy friend is terribly conceited. Is there any way to cure him? J.S., Albuquerque, N.M.

Ann Sothern is trying to discourage her daughter, Tish, from becoming an actress. The other day Ann gave her a long lecture about how tough show business is. Tish listened politely until Ann Sothern had finished, and then said, "But Mother, it's hard to believe, listening to you tell it in the living room of a \$125,000 house."

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

A. Tell him he'll get chapped lips from kissing mirrors.

Q. I know you don't have this problem, but—oh brother! I'm only five feet five and all the girls I know are taller, at least in high-heeled shoes. Should I wear elevated shoes? C.F., Watertown, New York.

A. Just change shoes with your girl.

Q. Three years ago I eloped with my husband. My parents have never forgiven me, or my husband. How can I get back into their good graces? G.W., Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Just return the ladder.

Q. My future father-in-law wants to know if we prefer a formal wedding or a down payment on a house. He can't afford to give us both. What would you take? P.M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. A richer father-in-law.

Q. I have ten dollars and three girl friends. Should I give each a small gift or Christmas, or one a big one, and forget about the others? Y.O., Elmira, N.Y.

A. I got my own troubles.

Q. Do you believe in nicknames? For girls, I mean. T.J., Charlotte, N.C.

A. Try sweetums or lamby pie . . . after you're married try hey you.

Q. My wife is always late—she seldom has breakfast ready in the morning, is never ready in time when we go out at night. Isn't there any way I can make her change? E.M., Lawrence, S.D.

A. Sure. But there are three things you not to do . . . don't have your meals at home . . . don't go out with her . . . and have a good lawyer!

Q. I am eight years old and I walk to school with Mary Jane. She wants me to carry her books. I say to her, "Phooey,

carry your own books." Now she's mad at me and won't let me walk her to school. Who's right? D.M., Ft. Worth, Texas.

A. Forget her. Ask her to return your skate key and dehydrated lizard.

Q. I was brought up by very strict parents, who believe dancing is a sin. Now that I'm in college, I find that all the coeds dance. I see nothing wrong with it, do you? W.B., Richmond, Va.

A. Lots of parents think boys and girls should be two feet apart when they dance. It's rather difficult to dance cheek to cheek and be two feet apart . . . unless you have the mumps.

Q. How do you overcome shyness? M.O.W., Honolulu, Hawaii.

A. Join a club that's fun . . . like bird-watchers or stamp collectors.

No concentration

Q. I'm twenty-five, and still fall in and out of love with a new fellow practically every week. By now I should be able to concentrate on just one. What's wrong with me? H.H., Eugene, Ore.

A. Nothing. Why don't you open a used men's lot?

Q. Do you believe in love at first sight? T.F., Woodward, Ohio.

A. Yes, if she's Jayne Mansfield.

Q. Is a girl a prude if she won't permit petting? If so, what do fellows think of prudes? T.C., New York City.

A. Most fellows like prudes if they don't have pits.

Q. When I go to parties, I'm always afraid I'll say the wrong thing. Consequently, I say very little of anything. But I would like to participate in the conversation. But how? D.B., North Platte, Neb.

A. Say anything. You might say, "I think the cat is caught in the record changer."

Q. Do you believe in telling the truth to a girl? F.R., Scranton, Pa.

A. Yes, when you can't think of a convincing lie.

Q. My friend has a terrible habit: he always wangles himself out of taking me out for dinner. But every time he comes to my house, he practically cleans out the refrigerator! I like him just fine—but I can't afford this much longer. What can a girl do? F.F., Las Vegas, Nevada.

A. Clean it out before he gets there.

Q. Every time I take my girl out, she heads straight for a furniture store or makes me look at houses. I don't want to get married! Is there a way out? G.W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. Yes, through the front door.

Q. I'm engaged to an army sergeant who is stationed in Germany. He's been away so long that I became lonesome, and dated other fellows from time to time. My fiance found out about it, and now he's mad at me. Do you honestly think he never dates one of those German frauleins? C.A., New Orleans, La.

A. I don't know, but I'll say yes just to worry you.

Q. How can I meet the man of my dreams? F.R., Seattle, Wash.

A. Dream about a friend you have in common and let her introduce you in your next dream.

Q. How can I meet the girl of my dreams? L.T., Hancock, Mich.

A. The same as above, but get to bed earlier.

Q. I'm only fourteen and engaged to be married to a fellow who is twenty-one. My dad says my fiance is old enough, but I'm too young to get married. Do you agree? E.R., San Francisco, Calif.

A. Why don't you break a Chinese fortune cookie and see what that says—unless your fiance isn't Chinese.

See Jerry in Paramount's CINDERELLA and VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET. END

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The Patient Lovers

(Continued from page 43)

Their love story began in unhappiness, loneliness, and fear. Maybe it had to. Otherwise it might never have begun at all; certainly it would never have grown so swiftly.

Jimmy Darren had good reason to be unhappy. Only a few days before he met Evy, his wife, Gloria, had left him, had taken their little son back to Philadelphia and left Jim alone in the Hollywood house that had never been a real home to either of them. A lot of stories were written afterwards about how the marriage had been shaky for months, how Gloria had wanted an every-day sort of husband who could leave his work at five and come home to an ordinary evening, an ordinary life. The writers explained in detail how this was impossible for Jimmy, who was struggling with the demands of a new career and an exciting new world. They talked about the quarrels and the stormy scenes that always ended with Jimmy storming out of the house to drive furiously through the winding canyon roads till his hot temper cooled off and he could go home again. But what the stories didn't say was that only a week before the break-up, Jimmy was still telling reporters that his marriage was as wonderful and shiny and perfect as ever—telling them that, and praying that it was the truth.

When the end finally came, it was almost as much a surprise to Gloria and to Jimmy as to the rest of the world. One day they had a marriage—troubled and uncertain, but still a marriage. The next day they had nothing, and Jimmy roamed restlessly through the empty house, asking himself over and over what went wrong, what he should have done.

He was still terribly depressed and lonely days later when his friends urged him to try to forget his troubles with work; to take the acting classes Columbia was offering for its young stars. "You're the hottest property on the lot," they told Jimmy. "You owe it to yourself and your studio to buckle down to business."

So he went to class.

They meet . . .

Evy Norlund went that day, too. She was as lonely and as frightened as Jimmy Darren, she felt as deserted and lost as he did—but for different reasons. She had only been in America for a few months; she had come six thousand miles from her home in Denmark as a finalist for the Miss Universe contest, and she had come all that way just to lose! But it wasn't losing that Evy minded; after all, she had gained a contract at Columbia Pictures—she was going, they told her, to be a big star.

But Evy Norlund was lonesome. When she and the other finalists had arrived in Hollywood, they were surrounded by people—reporters, photographers, contest officials—and most of all, chaperones. Oh, how those chaperones hovered around the pretty, bewildered girls. Oh, how they loaded them down with do's and don'ts—mainly don'ts.

"Don't talk to strange men. They're wolves."

"Don't accept any dates. Hollywood men aren't like the boys you're used to."

"Don't trust anyone but us. This is a crazy town; you'll just get into trouble."

"Stick together, girls—don't have anything to do with strangers."

A group of American girls might have laughed in their faces. But these girls were strangers, far from home. They didn't speak much English, and all they knew

about Hollywood was what they had read—mostly scandal and half-truths. So they believed what they were told. Anyway, while the contest was on, they were too busy for men and too friendly with each other to be lonesome. They had fun.

But now the contest was over, and so was the fun. Some of the girls had gone home, others on tours of the country. The chaperones had left—but their warnings stayed behind.

"Don't trust anyone. Don't talk to strangers, especially men."

Poor Evy Norlund, left alone with her contract, moved into the chaste, old-fashioned Studio Club, and paced her room miserably between studio appointments, wondering what to do with herself. There was no one she could talk to—everyone was a stranger to her now.

She was sure of only one thing. She wanted to succeed in movies. Someone at Columbia told her about the acting class. She had never been on a stage in her life, except as a model or in a contest. So she enrolled, too.

And it was there that they met, in the middle of a studio acting class; there that the spark caught.

Thinking of Jimmy

The teacher took her around to introduce her to everyone. She made the rounds smiling shyly and shaking hands, as Europeans always do when introduced.

Modern Screen offers its profound apologies to Mr. Cary Grant, and to our readers, for having printed what Mr. Grant has been kind enough to inform us were erroneous details in regard to his meeting with Miss Kim Novak at the Cannes Film Festival, which meeting was discussed in an article entitled "Heartbreak on the Riviera" appearing in the September 1959 issue of Modern Screen.

And finally the instructor said, "Evy—this is Jimmy Darren," and she found herself staring into a pair of wide, troubled brown eyes.

Of course, she knew who he was; everyone on the Columbia lot expected great things of him. That was why, instead of just shaking hands quickly and moving on, she found herself thinking, *He doesn't look conceited—he doesn't even look happy—I wonder why. . .*

Jimmy, on his part, was looking down at a tall, slender blonde with the prettiest face and the most wary eyes he had ever seen.

Maybe it was because he was lonely for the touch of a woman's hand, for the feel of the caresses that seemed gone forever now, that Evy's hand in his felt so warm, and good, and right. Or maybe he just forgot he was holding it. Anyway, to quote a fellow who was there, "They just stayed like that, looking sort of numb and holding hands, until someone started to laugh. Then they both let go and started to blush. I guess everyone in the room knew even before they did that they were going to fall in love."

All through class, Jimmy thought about Evy. Not about love, or anything like that—nothing was further from his mind. All he knew was that for a moment, while he held her hand, the lump of ice around his heart melted a little, he had felt almost good for the first time in days and days. He wanted very much to talk to her. Only he didn't know how to go about it. It was years since he had asked a girl out—all the way through high school there'd been only Gloria, and then they were married. He didn't know how to go about it.

But he knew he had to try.

So after class, a little awkwardly, he made his way to her, and began to talk. He didn't know what else to say, so he told her he had a new Porsche.

"You know, the German car."

"Yes," Evy said in her gentle voice. "Many persons in Copenhagen, they have Porsches."

"It that so?" Jimmy said. "Isn't that interesting?"

They were outside the classroom by then, and he was at a loss again. So he blurted out, "Look—that's my car—the Porsche—over there. I could take you for a drive in it. I can take you home. Or we could go first for something to eat—"

He stopped, with his heart pounding as if he were just a fresh kid, and waited for Evy to say something. But she was just as baffled as he was. She wanted to go—she was so lonely, and this was such a nice, sweet-seeming boy—but she didn't dare. She hardly knew him, and he was good-looking and an actor—everything she had been warned against. Finally she shook her head. "No," she said, hesitantly.

"Then tomorrow?" Jimmy Darren asked. "Tomorrow afternoon—?"

Evy looked again into the warm brown eyes questioning her so anxiously. She thought: *a boy who wants to take me out in broad daylight can't be a wolf. If he still wants me to say yes tomorrow, then I will know it's all right.*

"Maybe tomorrow, Jimmy," she said at last. "Maybe."

All right in the daylight

And the next afternoon after class, she let Jimmy lead her to the shiny black Porsche and help her in. She sat at his side as he drove along the curving miles of Sunset Boulevard, past the mountains and the wooded canyons—and then suddenly she gasped. The Pacific Ocean stretched out before them, blue and shining under the late afternoon sun.

"I had never seen it before," she told Jimmy, hunting for the right words in a strange language. "Oh, thank you."

After that, they were not afraid any more. Jimmy drove slowly along the silver ribbon of highway that edges the beach, and Evy looked her fill, and laughed and talked. After a while Jimmy began to talk, too. It was like an orgy of chatter after the long silent days they had both been through. They talked about everything. Evy told Jimmy about her home outside Copenhagen, about her three sisters, her two brothers—and her loneliness for them all. She told him about the times she had been to Paris and other great cities of Europe—but always with a group of friends or other models, never alone. She told him how frightened she had been of him, and when the sun finally went down, he laughed and asked:

"Are you too scared to go to dinner with me—now that it's dark?"

Without hesitation, Evy put her hand in his. "I'm not scared at all, any more."

And Jimmy felt the cold inside him melt away again.

That was how it began. Ordinarily, the boy might have said to the girl, "We must do this again, next week." And she would have said, "Yes, I'm busy the rest of this week." But Evy and Jimmy could not play games. They had told each other too many truths too fast, they had come so close so soon. And they needed each other to drive away loneliness—they had no one else.

So when Jimmy dropped her at the Studio Club that night, they knew, without needing to say, that they would be together again tomorrow—and the next day—and every day, unless something went wrong.

But nothing went wrong, and at the

end of two weeks—two short weeks—they knew they were in love.

That was when the real fear began. That was when Jimmy Darren cried out, "I don't want to be in love with you!" and Evy Norlund said, "I know." Because it was too sudden, too fast, too deep. To Jimmy it seemed almost shameful that two weeks after his marriage ended he could be thinking of a new love; to Evy it seemed that he might be only what Americans called 'the rebound'—and that her own need for him might be the product of her loneliness and not her love.

And both of them were terribly afraid of making a mistake.

"We could stop seeing each other—" Jimmy said at last.

But that was impossible.

The patient lovers

"There is only one thing to do," Evy decided. "We will be patient. We will go slowly—very slowly. We will wait and wait till we are not lonely any more, and then, if we still want each other—"

"Oh, Evy," Jimmy said, "I hope we will!" They sat in silence for a while. Then Jimmy said, with an odd smile, "You know—it's a good thing a divorce takes so long—isn't it? Otherwise—"

"Otherwise?"

"We might forget to be patient."

A few days later, Jimmy's wife, Gloria, came back from Philadelphia, and moved back into the house in the hills. Jimmy took an apartment in town. Not having to drive so long to get home meant he could spend more time with Evy, but still, he worried about how she would feel about Gloria's return. He explained it to her very honestly:

"You see, she's come back for my sake. Her home and her family are in Philadelphia, and that's where her heart is

now. But she came back to Hollywood anyway so that little Jimmy and I could see each other often—she says she doesn't want us to grow apart."

To his relief, Evy nodded, understanding. "She must be a wonderful person, your Gloria," she said. "She must have a loving heart."

Jimmy's own heart lifted a mile. "And wait till you see my son, Evy," he said. "Wait till you meet my boy. You'll be wild about him. And he'll love you, too, right away, just wait—"

"Slowly," Evy reminded him gently. "Remember—slowly."

But the very next week end she went with him and waited in the car while he picked up his son. Then they drove out to the San Fernando Valley where Jimmy's business manager, John Gross, owns a house and a swimming pool. Evy changed into a sleek black bathing suit, but she didn't spend the day sitting on a chair, admiring herself. She and Jimmy, Jr. leaped right into the pool and floundered about, splashing and giggling.

"Hey!" Jimmy called from the edge. "My kid swims better than you do! I thought all Scandinavian girls were such big athletes!"

"All but one!" Evy called back.

Later, they changed again, and took the child out for dinner.

After a while, it became the pattern of their week ends—the Saturday swim at John's house, and then on Sunday another day with his boy, picnicking or driving, or going to the beach.

Jimmy had been right: like his father, Jimmy, Jr. loved Evy from the start.

The weather slowly grew too cold for swimming. By Christmas time Evy was desperately homesick for the cold crisp streets of Copenhagen, and for her family. She and Jimmy decided it would be

good for them, too, to be apart for a while. The day she left, he drove her to the airport and waited at the gate while her plane took off. On the way back to his car, a reporter caught up to him. "What's with you and Evy Norlund?" he wanted to know.

For a moment, Jimmy considered the old stand-by: "We're just good friends." Then he made up his mind. "I don't know what's going to happen," he said honestly. "It's too soon to tell. I don't even have my divorce yet—and it's all happened so fast. We're trying to wait and see. Please—don't make it harder for us."

The reporter understood. (So did most of the other interviewers who questioned Jimmy then, and later. No one could help respecting his honesty, and his fears. He and Evy were mentioned together, but no one tried to pry.)

Lonely Christmas

With Evy gone, Hollywood seemed empty to Jimmy. The movie capital bursts with parties, dances and impromptu get-togethers at Christmas, but Jimmy turned all his invitations down. When he wasn't with his son, he stayed in his little Los Feliz apartment alone, feeling miserable. He tried to spend the time as he knew he should, going over all the pros and cons of their love, testing himself, seeing if he could do without her. But by the end of only the first ten days of Evy's three-week trip, he knew the answer.

He loved her, and he needed her.

On New Year's Eve, he couldn't stand it any longer. He put a trans-Atlantic call through to Denmark. He was going to tell her that he couldn't wait any longer, that he knew now for sure that their love was real, but at the last moment, when he heard her voice on the phone, he decided not to say so. It wouldn't be fair

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE FABIAN:

- ☐ 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 MUNRO:

- ☐ 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

3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 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

4. I LIKE EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.:

- ☐ 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

5. I LIKE MAY BRITT:

- ☐ 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 EVY NORLUND:

- ☐ 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 JAMES DARREN:

- ☐ 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

to Evy, who was supposed to be working it out for herself. So all he said was, "I miss you so much, baby. I want to be with you—right now." But he couldn't help it if his heart was in his voice.

The next day a wire arrived from Copenhagen. I WILL BE LANDING AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT THIS AFTERNOON. MEET ME, DARLING. LOVE, EVY.

She had heard everything that he had not said—and her own heart had answered: "I know now, too."

Since then, they've been inseparable. Everyone in Hollywood has seen them walking, talking, holding hands, smiling at each other with new sureness, and great love. All their friends have laughed over Jimmy's attempts to learn Danish, and over Evy's accounts of his trans-Atlantic phone conversations with Mrs. Norlund, Evy's mother, in Denmark.

"Jimmy says to my mother, 'Hello, Anita,' and then he talks, talks, in Danish to her. The phone bill goes up and up. Then I get on. My mother says to me, 'Evy, he sounds so nice, but I don't understand a word he says!'"

Often, they double-date with Johnny Saxon and Vicki Thal. One Saturday night they went with them to the Aware Inn, a charming little restaurant that Johnny had discovered, where health foods are served, and afterward to the Via Venita, one of the Sunset Strip coffee houses. Later, they sat in the dim light of John's living room, dreaming while records played. Suddenly Evy doubled up with a cramp. "Take me home, Jimmy," she begged. White-faced and frightened, Jimmy drove her back to the Studio Club. "Are you sure I should leave you?" he kept asking. But men are not allowed anywhere in the club except the parlors—still worried, he had to let her go.

At six o'clock that morning, his phone rang. It was Evy. The pains were terrible; she couldn't stop crying. "Wait for me," Jimmy ordered. Then he dashed out of the house. It seemed to take forever until he had collected Evy and driven her to the home of his doctor. A surgeon was called in hastily. When the doctors came out of consultation, they found Jimmy waiting. "Drive her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital—fast," they told him. "Emergency appendectomy."

He drove with one hand on the wheel, the other holding Evy's cold fingers. "It will be all right," he kept saying. "Don't be frightened. You'll be all right." Until at last, through her own fright, Evy laughed. "Yes," she agreed, "I will be fine. But will you survive?"

The test

For a while, Jimmy didn't know the answer. He stayed, shaking, in the waiting room at the hospital while nurses prepared Evy for surgery—then he caught a glimpse of her being wheeled to the elevators. He tried to read a magazine, but his eyes just wouldn't focus. When it seemed a year had gone by, he walked out of the waiting room. Somehow he found his way to the operating floor. He pushed open the door of a room and saw under the bright lights a cluster of men in white gowns.

"I didn't know what was going on. I felt my head banging against the door jam—I guess I was close to fainting. Then a doctor saw me and said, 'What are you doing here? You have no right in here. You're contaminating the operating room.' Then the surgeon I had met before saw me. He smiled. He said, 'Let him stay. He's worried about his girl. She'll be all right. We're almost through now!'"

They let him stay. When the nurses

wheeled Evy back to her room, Jimmy walked alongside. He sat beside her bed all night, waiting for her to open her eyes. Toward morning she did.

Even through the anesthetic, she smiled. "I knew you'd be here," she said. "Always, Evy," he said softly. "Always and always."

And on the day that Evy walked out of the hospital, well at last, it was the low black Porsche that had brought them together that drove her home.

Both of them knew then that the waiting was over, that the tests had been successfully passed. Both of them knew that from now on, with Jimmy's divorce finally complete, there would never be again a need for a phone call to summon Jimmy to help his girl in trouble—

From now on he'd be there always—and she would be his wife.

Oh, there are a few more things to be cleared away—Jimmy's next two movies, *All The Young Men* and *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, are to be finished before the wedding, to make time for the long European honeymoon, the trip to Copenhagen, the sightseeing that they both want. There are the friends and family to be notified officially, the wedding plans to be made. But all those can be taken care of before the first of the year—all those are little things, involving just a little time.

The important thing is that the long wait is over, and with it the fears and the loneliness that brought Evy Norlund and Jimmy Darren together—and then held them apart. All that is behind them now.

The future belongs to the patient lovers.

END

Jimmy's pictures include *ALL THE YOUNG MEN*, *GENE KRUPA STORY*, *LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH*—all for Columbia. Evy's in Columbia's *THE FLYING FOUNTAIN*.

8. I LIKED KAY KENDALL:

- ☐ 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 REX HARRISON:

- ☐ 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

9. I LIKE KATHY GRANT:

- ☐ 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 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 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

10. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:

- ☐ 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 MARIANNE GABA:

- ☐ 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 JERRY LEWIS:

- ☐ 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. The stars I most want to read about are:

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

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

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