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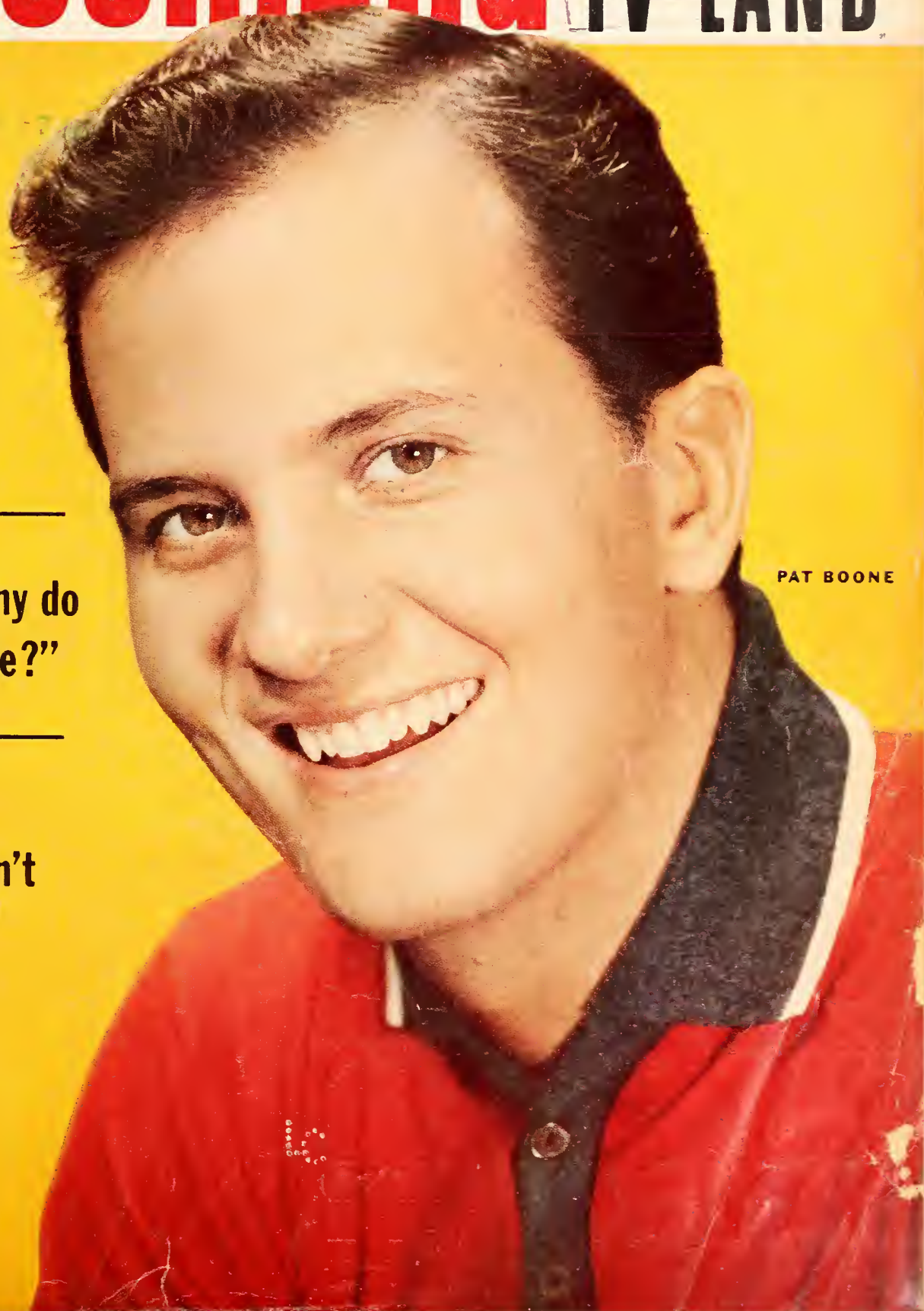
PLUS JUL 9 - 1959

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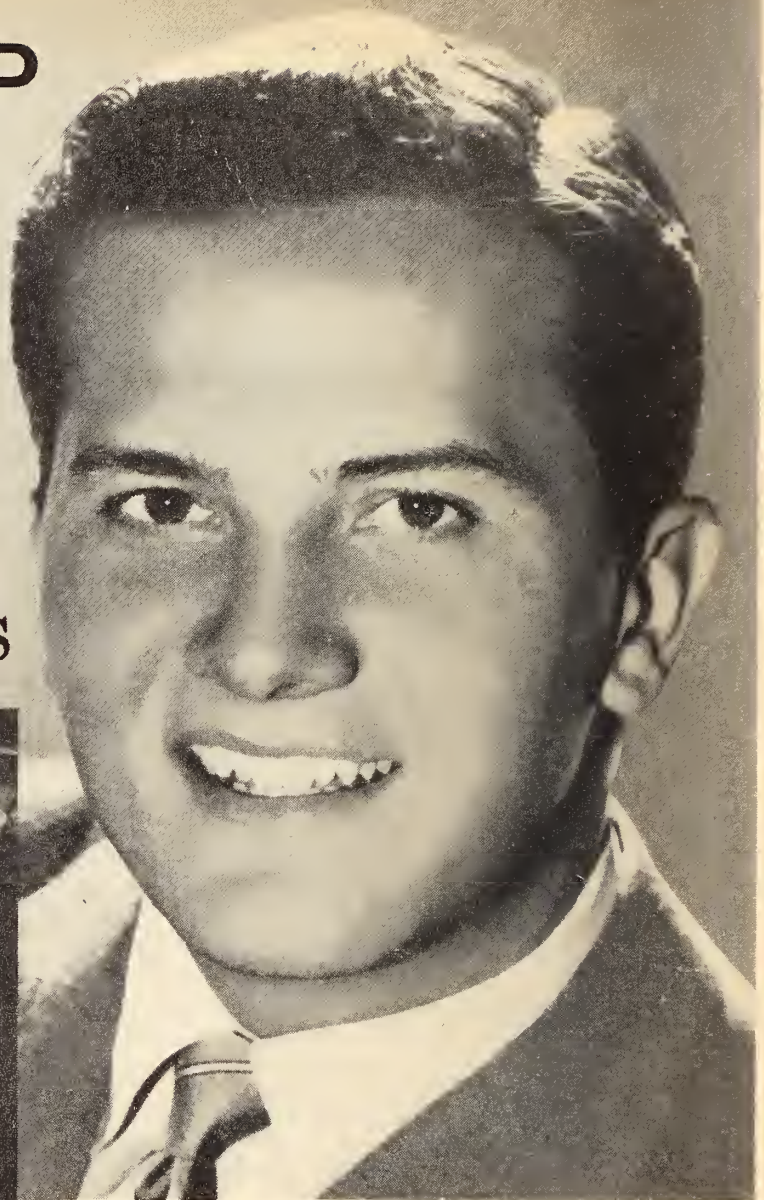


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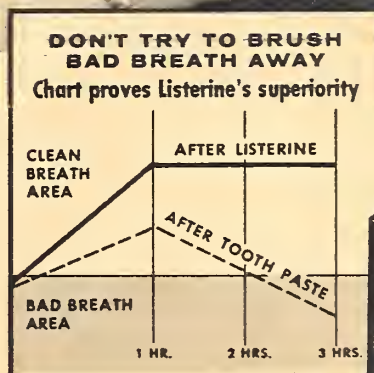
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July, 1959

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ON THE COVER: PAT BOONE, STAR OF ABC-TV'S "THE PAT BOONE SHOW"

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Bright future looms for TV star Chuck Connors
- Rock Hudson annoyed by recent rumors



THIS IS Sheilah Graham reporting from sunny Smogville. . . . Rhonda Fleming and her red hair are rated tops by Guy Madison. And if his interest in Rhonda does not bring back estranged wife Sheilah nothing will.

Kirk Douglas, winner for the third year of The Harvard Lampoon's Worst Actor Award, is threatening to sue them unless they cough up with the trophy. Kirk is a good actor although I thought he went overboard with the dramatics in "The Vikings." . . . Sounds like Cary Grant is leaving Hollywood more or less permanently. He can't take the aforementioned smog. . . . And quite a few stars have moved or are planning to move to the uncontaminated air of Newport, Balboa and Lido Isle. Among the new nautical inhabitants ensconced there are Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman, and June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Rock, by the way, is very annoyed with the printed reports that have him wooing Mrs. Debbie Power, widow of the late Tyrone. He sees her quite a bit, but insists, "Just friendship." This at least is a better rumor than the one I heard

linking him with a recent leading lady. . . . Nice to know that Tyrone Power *did* have a \$100,000 life insurance policy for Debbie. And his last wife will get his profit percentage from "Solomon And Sheba." Unless Linda Christian beats her to the courts. The only wife who isn't expecting any money is Mrs. Ty the First—and she received close to a million dollars from Tyrone during his lifetime.

Robert Horton, of the top-rated "Wagon Train" series, made it the hard way, he told me. "I was under contract to MGM from '52 to '54 making bad B pictures. It took me two years to re-establish myself." Bob has had some dates with Barbara Stanwyck and describes her as "the most enthusiastic person I ever met." . . . William Holden discovered this about Barbara a long time ago, when she accepted the then unknown actor as her vis-a-vis in "Golden Boy." The picture made Bill a star.

Diane Brewster is trying to live down her Samantha role with James Garner in "Maverick." "It was a good way to get started," the green-eyed actress explained to me, "but producers could only see me


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ENJOYING a dance at the Coconut Grove are Craig Stevens and wife Alexis Smith.



PROGRAM of events for a gala fashion show is discussed by Mitzi Gaynor and Pat Egan.



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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

as a river boat minx." Oral Surgeon Jabe Walker sees Diane as his wife. . . . Old-time star Lew Ayres bought the old Shirley Temple house in Brentwood which immediately started talk of his marriage to Joanne Dru.

If you are not a member of The Clan, you just don't belong—according to clan members. Leader is Frank Sinatra, who used to be First Lieutenant to Humphrey Bogart's Rat Pack. Clanners include Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Ernie Kovacs, Jimmy Van Heusen, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Except for Janet, they wear the same clothes, buy the same sports cars and they all have nicknames. How young can we get. . . . Which reminds me, nine-year-old Evelyn. Rudie is in love with 15-year-old Tony Dow of "Leave It To Beaver." "Isn't Tony a bit old for you?" I asked Evelyn. "I like older men," she assured me.

Sophia Loren is getting more sylph-like all the time. The tall, five-foot-eight Amazon now weighs in at 125. Personally, I preferred Sophia somewhat plumper. This way is all features and not enough face. But she is a sweet girl and very popular at Paramount and with the press. . . . Robert Taylor thought he had lived down his "Beautiful Man" title, but when in Africa recently, the natives called him, "The Big White Beautiful Bwana." . . . Marlon Brando a woosome twosome again with Rita Moreno.

After a good start, the British press started picking on Lauren Bacall, which is why she will return to this country to live—but not Hollywood—New York, in the fall. . . . When someone asked Maurice Chevalier if he minded being 70-years-old, Maurice replied, "Not a bit. Especially when you consider the alternative!" . . . Can't wait to read George Sanders memoirs—especially the fat chapter dealing with his marriage to Zsa Zsa

Gabor. George loathes most of the columnists and *that* chapter should be pretty interesting too. George and his new wife, widow of Ronald Colman, will live permanently in Switzerland. This way they get tax relief.

Carroll "Baby Doll" Baker can afford to laugh at the stories stating she was a pain in the neck while filming "But Not For Me" with Clark Gable. Carroll received \$150,000 for the seven weeks stint. . . . It was fun to watch the girls gape at Craig Stevens, who is the teenagers' delight since his "Peter Gunn" series. I remember when Craig was known only as the husband of Alexis Smith. Now Alexis works only occasionally in films and TV, and Craig is a big star. Television can certainly make life topsy-turvy.

Jayne Mansfield is up to her bustline in Pink Pools for Pooped People. She sells 'em. And husband Mickey "Muscle Man" Hargitay is planning a chain of gymnasiums. Meanwhile, Jayne is very unhappy with the giggly roles she's been getting at 20th Century-Fox and is hoping for a non-exclusive deal so she can attempt some drama. . . . Robert Wagner is fattening up via packets of gelatin a day. "I'm a bucket of bones," he told me after his recent dancing picture. I wish I could say the same.

Oscar Levant burned publicly when the Jack Paar Show announced he would guest when Paar returned to California for another two weeks of snaring film names. "I would never appear on that show again," stated Oscar to his own audience. . . . Kim Novak plans to spend half her time in New York, where, "I feel terribly chic," and where Doctor Ernest Wynder happens to live. . . . Don't invite Peter Ustinov and Sam Goldwyn to the same banquet. Sam was furious with Peter when the latter ad libbed that Goldwyn has enriched the screen as much as he had the English language. This crack could be taken two ways, and Sam took it in the worst way. . . . I'm glad that Ingrid Bergman was given custody of

continued on page 68



THAT old charmer, Maurice Chevalier, has himself a dance with starlet Susan Kohner.



EATON Chalkley proudly holds award given to his wife Susan Hayward by foreign press.

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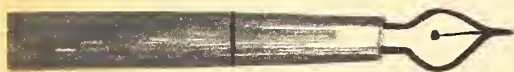
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Pat Boone's advice to teenagers

*Pat gets over 200 letters
a month from teenagers asking
his help with their
problems; here Pat answers
some typical queries*



THE BOONES eloped when they were 19, but Pat doesn't advise early marriages as a general rule.

By **HELEN BOLSTAD**

PANIC FILLED THE 16 year-old girl's letter. It read: "about a year ago I started going with a boy—a boy that some people called wild. Everyone told me what a fool I was and that I was asking to get hurt.

"They were right. I got hurt. But when school started this year, I decided to get him back, no matter what it took. I tried to make him jealous.

I went out with another boy and I let him neck with me. I hoped that by so doing, I could get the first boy back. But I didn't stop there. I became cheap in other ways. I've been drunk and almost got into trouble.

"I finally woke up to what I was doing to myself when I read your book. The problem is I don't know what to do. I want to change, but I'm afraid it is too late. Can you help me?"

This letter was not directed to a social worker, minister, psychiatrist, or to any of the successors to Dorothy Dix. It was sent, instead, to singer Pat Boone, and it was only one of some 200 "problem" letters which had reached his office that week. Pat's brow furrowed as he studied it.

"It's hard to know exactly what to say," he explained. "I don't pretend to have all the answers. I can only try to help her. One part of her question is easy. It's never too late to change. She needs to slow down. In my book I tried to explain how I feel about the dangers of demanding love too fast." He pointed to a paragraph: "We all know that indiscriminate kissing, dancing in the dark, hanging around in cars, late dates at this early stage can lead to trouble. And that you miss a lot of fun that you could have with the nicer

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MARRIAGE to Shirley Foley turned out well—but it wasn't just an accident. Both Pat and Shirley worked hard to make it thus.

PAT BOONE continued

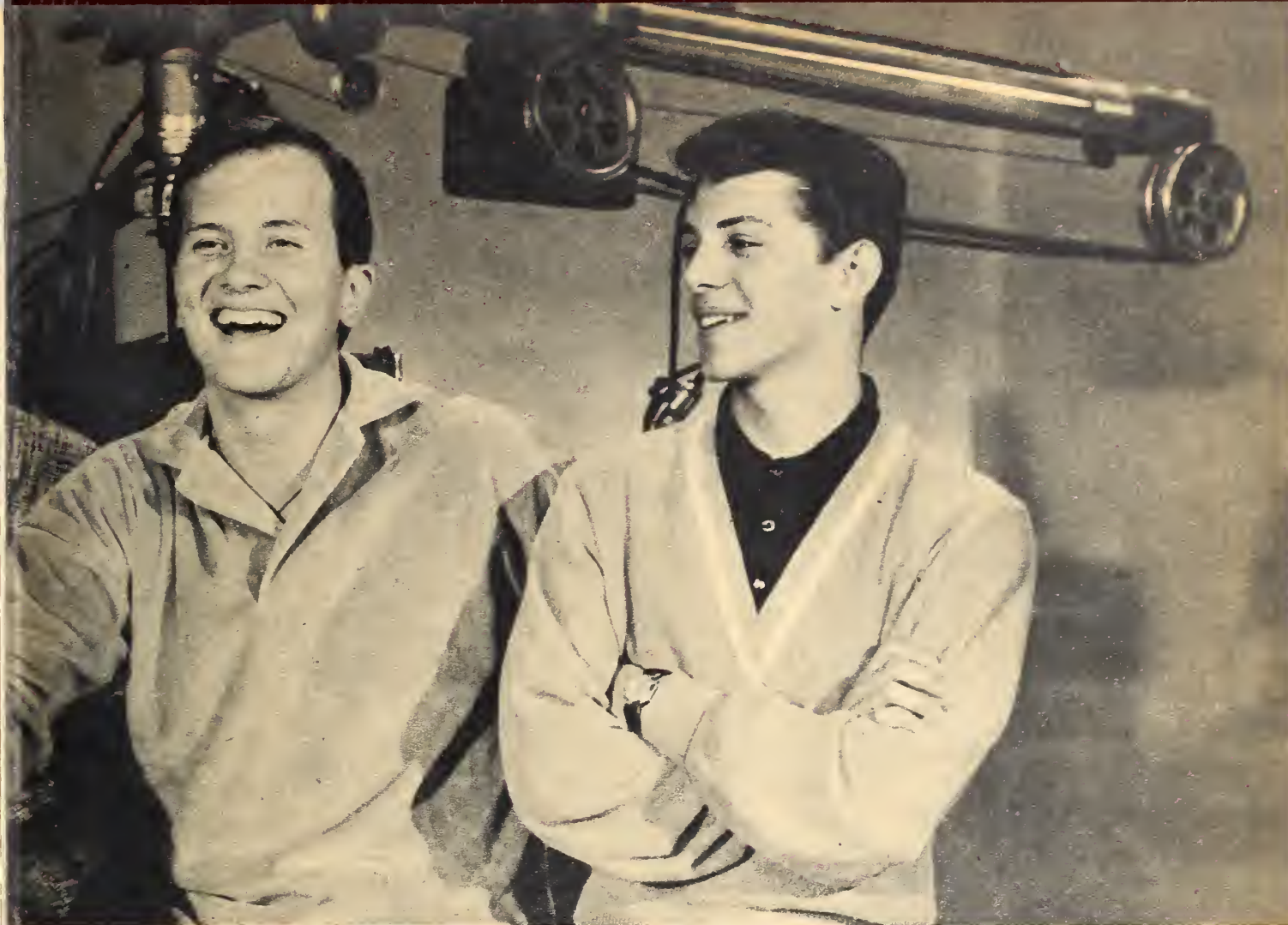
"I've always referred to my own mistakes to show that we're all capable of good and bad—the choice lies within oneself"

play-by-the-rules crowd. There is absolutely no need to rush clumsily into things that will have such beautiful meaning later on."

Pat's book, "Twixt Twelve And Twenty," was written to give a fuller answer to such letters than he can possibly provide in private correspondence. "When the kids ask me for advice I'll often think about a letter for a long time before I try to answer it. If it's a real tough one, I'll pray about it, too. But I'm always aware that I don't know all the facts and that I'm the outsider. All I know for certain is what happened to me. In the book, I tried to tell how I found my own answers."

There is evidence that those personal answers of Pat's have also been useful to others. In many cities, "Twixt Twelve And Twenty," holds the Number One spot on the best seller lists. Because people are buying it and reading it, a new college will open next fall, for Pat has signed over his royalties to one of the educational funds maintained by the Church of Christ of which he's a devout member. They





TO THOSE seeking careers in show business, Pat advises "plain hard work." He and Frankie Avalon both struggled to get on top.

will use the money to staff a new school near Philadelphia.

Additional evidence that the book has been helpful comes in letters which indicate that kids are applying Pat's Do-It-Yourself precepts of character building to their own lives. He cited one which read: "At times I feel my mother and father and sisters like me, but most of the time I don't believe that what my mother tells me would help me. I feel very unsure of myself because every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it. I am usually too scared to do or say anything. I can't get my mind down to my books because I am always thinking about my social life at home or in school.

"I am afraid I will be out of school before I know how to handle myself. One day I am determined to get A's and B's so I can become a physical therapist and the next day I don't care what I get. Also I never know enough to keep quiet and think or do some kind of work. If somebody says anything, jokingly or not, I get mad and my feelings are hurt very easily. I usually go around with a chip on my shoulder and have an inferiority complex."

IT seemed a formidable array of faults, but Pat grinned as he read the last line: "Well, I guess this just about brings most of my problems to a close."

"There's an intelligent girl," said Pat. "All that ails her are the typical teenage symptoms of insecurity, restlessness, inconsistency and indecision. But she already has analyzed her failings. That's the first step toward correcting them. She's really written her own answer herself."

Other letters aren't that easy, even when Pat has a

direct precedent in his own life. An 18-year-old girl wrote him: "I like a certain boy very much and he knows it. He says he loves me, also. I know you and Shirley married at 19, but I'm not sure of ourselves. My boy friend says he is going to move this winter. This means I would not see him for years. I think I should wait. Do you?"

The problem was parallel to that which led to Pat's and Shirley's elopement. Shirley's mother had died and her father, entertainer Red Foley, had announced plans to move from Nashville, Tennessee, to Springfield, Missouri. Recollection of that crisis went into Pat's answer:

"I do appreciate your problem. However, it is always difficult to give advice in situations where one does not know both parties involved. I'm sure you haven't made up your mind whether you really want to spend the rest of your life with this young man. It's a difficult decision to make. Although Shirley and I were married at 19, I do not advise early marriages. We were fortunate and things went our way, but we did struggle for a long time. I advise you to think a good deal about any step you're going to make because it is the most important step in your life. Good luck to you and we'll be praying for you."

Why had Pat changed his position? He was thoughtful as he put the letter down. "I suppose it is because we hurt our parents so deeply. Eloping wasn't the right thing to do. I found out how my mother worried that day. It got later and later, and I still didn't come home. At last I gathered up nerve enough to phone her and say, 'You have a new daughter.' Mama took it just great. All she said was, 'When

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By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHY DIANE VARSI QUIT HOLLYWOOD

JUST ONE MONTH, less four days, past her 21st birthday—on March 19th, 1959, to be exact—Diane Varsi suddenly gave up one of Hollywood's most promising careers and flew away with her baby son Shawn to the serenity of Bennington, Vermont. She had chosen to become a recluse at the age of 21.

"I don't know how I'll make a living in Bennington," she said, "but I'm giving up acting forever. I don't ever plan to return to Hollywood. I have never particularly cared for it."

Then she added, "I have saved a small amount of money from my earnings. When that runs out, I have no idea what I'll do."

The girl who had twice run away from home in her mid-teens, who had twice quit school to further her learning in libraries, was now running away again—this time, perhaps, to complete and utter oblivion.

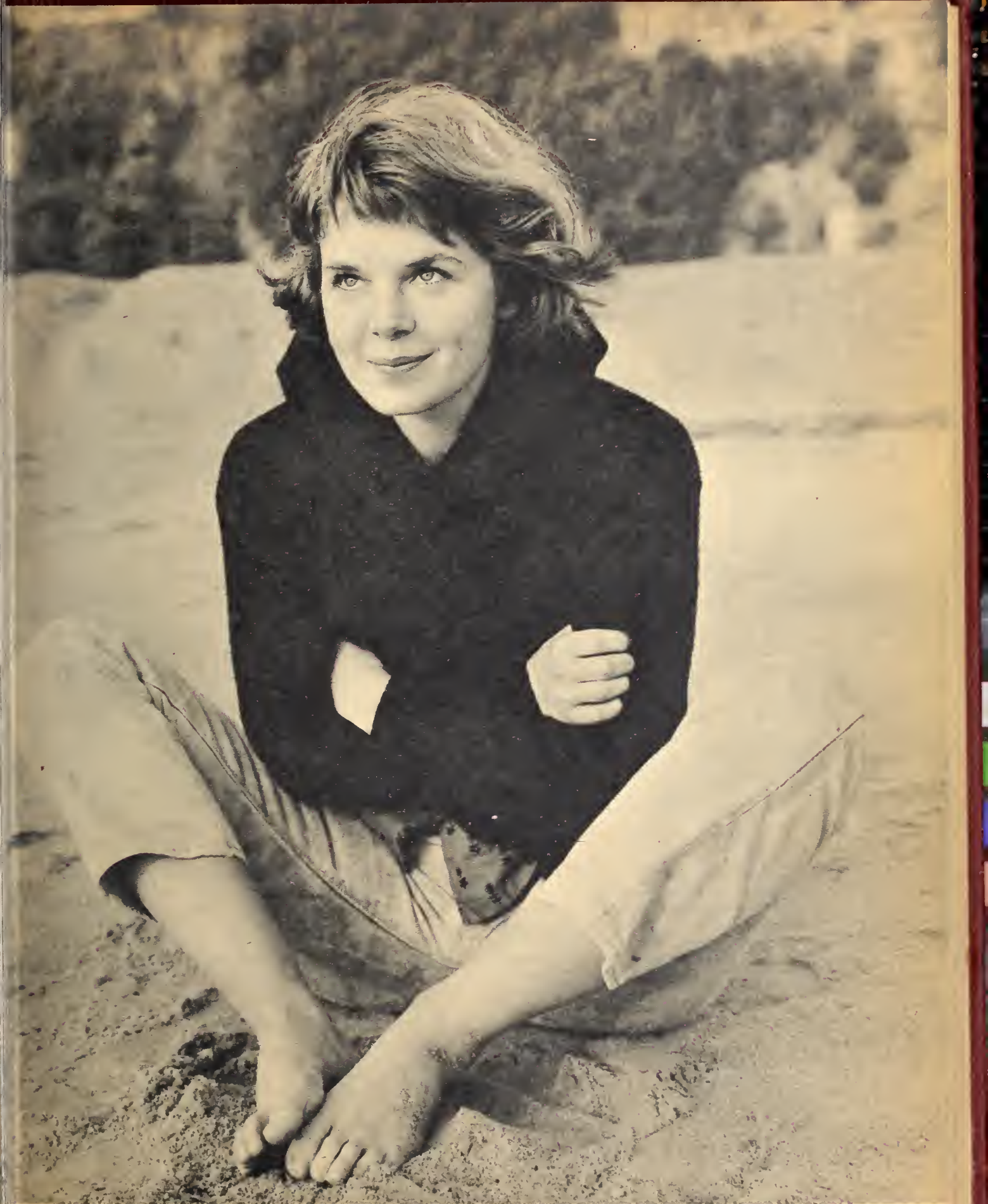
Pale, wan and forlorn-looking, Diane bundled her 2½-year-old son Shawn in her arms and stalked wordlessly, face set, down the long ramp at Los Angeles International Airport to take the plane to what she hoped would be forgetfulness and peace. Clad in a shapeless wool coat; lugging, as always, her huge untidy wicker handbag, she studiously ignored the clamoring horde of newspaper people who yelped a barrage of questions at her. To all those who besieged her so stridently, she had but one comment: "I've already given my reasons for quitting Hollywood. I have nothing further to say."

Flanking her as she walked down her own "last mile" were her ex-husband, James Dickson, and a friend, actress Carol Eastman. At the gate where she was to board the plane, Diane handed little Shawn to Dickson while she rummaged through her cluttered handbag for her tickets. She had neglected, or forgotten, to have her tickets validated at the United Airlines counter, but this was taken care of for her by the gate

*In a gesture as puzzling as
her own confused life,
Diane gave up fame and fortune;
here are the real reasons*

HER SON, Shawn, two-and-a-half, was born to her of a teenage marriage that was quickly annulled.





A REBEL in Hollywood, Diane was impressed with the people of the small Maine town in which she'd worked in "Peyton Place."

photos by Curt Gunther



OFTEN puzzled and dismayed by the torments of growing up, like so many youngsters in ferment, Diane was searching for some truth.

officer. Then she walked stiffly into the plane without turning around to wave goodbye to her companions.

A few hours later, still taut, nervous and harassed, Diane was in San Francisco, where she was born, to visit with relatives and a few old schoolmates. Those who tried to question her were told, "I am definitely through with Hollywood." That night she was on another plane headed for the East—for the bucolic hamlet of Bennington, which she had never even seen before. It was, as some said, "a return to 'Peyton Place,'" the New England village which was the locale of her first starring picture.

Hers was a frightening decision, an abrupt rejection of fortune and fame, and it was bewildering to everyone in Hollywood—except Diane herself. The day before, strange, moody, unpredictable Diane had shocked executives at 20th Century-Fox, where she was under long-term contract, when she informed them that she was leaving pictures "forever." "I don't want to act any more," she said. "Acting is destructive to me. I don't see any reason to be miserable just because other people say I should go on with my career."

For Diane, her action was no sudden impulse. In one of the brief moments when she was willing to talk, she told reporters,

"I've been thinking about this for weeks. It's strictly personal with me. I don't see any reason to explain what I'm doing, so my leaving will go unexplained. However, it is a well-thought-out decision. It has nothing to do with the studio itself."

Then, staring at the heap of clothing and personal possessions piled on the floor of her ramshackle house in Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon, she added, "I don't like some of the ways of Hollywood. But my reasons for leaving go even deeper. It is the performing itself I object to. If I have any talent at all, I will try to find some other outlet for it that will make me less unhappy."

SEEMINGLY forgotten was the memory of her Academy Award nomination for her very first film, "Peyton Place." The girl who, only a short time before, had been a derelict and unknown, now had four big pictures to her credit, including the soon-to-be-released "Compulsion." Producer Jerry Wald had hailed her as "one of the most brilliant natural actresses I have ever known," and had already assigned her to a starring role in his new picture, "Return To Peyton Place." Yet, in a gesture as puzzling as her own confused, embittered life, Diane, at 21, was overnight abandoning everything: fame,

she said was, "I'm searching for simplicity. The simpler I keep my life, the happier I'll be"



LONESOME ever since she could remember, Diane nevertheless built a high wall around her which people found difficult to penetrate.

success, a \$500-a-week salary, the devotion and admiration of her friends—and for what? To make her home in a strange new place because “I do not ever again care to be a part of the picture business.”

The cynical saw Diane's action as a shrewd and calculated publicity stunt. Others believed that Diane had been badly wounded by one-time big star Joan Crawford, who had, in an interview the week before, blasted Diane for her sloppy dressing, and for supposedly appearing at studio meetings barefooted and in blue jeans. Still other gossip had Diane going to Bennington to write a book. Jerry Wald vehemently denied that Diane had ever come into his office—or any office—barefooted. “I have had many meetings with Diane,” Wald declared. “She never appeared in jeans. She couldn't afford extravagant clothes. She wore simple things, but she was always neatly dressed.” And as for Diane's going to Bennington to write a book, this Diane herself said was untrue. “There's nothing to that,” she commented. “My baby and I will live as quietly as possible.”

And beyond the immediate plan “just to live quietly in Vermont and take care of my child,” there was for Diane Varsi, ever the passionate pilgrim, “nothing more to say.”

It is, of course, easy to reason that Diane is solving her problems by running away from them; to call her, once again, “Hollywood's Miss Enigma of all time”; to point to her as a frightfully mixed-up girl, unprepared for the sudden onslaught of success. “She hit a home run in the very first picture she ever made,” one studio friend declared. “That's certainly enough to bewilder anybody.”

SUCH an explanation is as glib as it is incomplete. There are other reasons for Diane's abandoning Hollywood—reasons that go back a long way. What they are are Diane's own secret, but knowing her as I do, I believe I can point to some of them.

When Diane first came on the 20th lot, I met her, talked to her and liked her very much indeed. I have reason to believe that she felt I understood her perhaps a little better than anyone else in Hollywood. In a number of interviews I had with Diane, she discussed, for long hours, her life, her hopes, her fears, her dreams. We laughed together, shared enthusiasms, talked of her poetry and how it helped her to express some of the troubling things inside her. I told her that my son John, only a couple of years older than she, was a struggling poet, too, and I gave her some of his published poems to read. “I

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DAVID NELSON

THE DARING YOUNG MAN

*In his latest film, "The Big Circus," young David
portrays a high-flying trapeze artist*



ATHLETIC prowess helped David master tricks of the aerial artist for his role in movie, "The Big Circus."



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

RELAXING on set, David chats with member of cast (above) and perches on aerial net (right).



END

"I know the most important thing to a woman is her man," says Shirley, but her man works overseas which usually leaves her

ALONE AND LONESOME

By AMY FRANCIS



HUSBAND Steve Parker makes movies in Japan but Shirley insists their marriage is secure.

BLUE-EYED, FRECKLE-FACED ("I've got freckles all over; if they'd spread a little I'd have me a lovely tan") Shirley MacLaine perched on a tiny black lacquered Japanese stool in the center of her living room and talked. "Ever since 'Some Came Running' was released, people come up to congratulate me, saying, 'Isn't it too, too mah-vel-ous your getting to be a star overnight, Deah!' But, like the man said, it takes nights and nights to make it overnight. That's the truth.

"Ever since I was two I've spent hours every day practicing dancing and singing. It seems like only yesterday I was singing 'Flat-Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy,' with my feet turned out at 160 degrees. Actually, I was only three then and it was my first public appearance. My Wrong-Way Corrigan feet were ready-made for ballet. They're what started me dancing. And up until I got so busy recently making movies by day and rehearsing TV musicals by night, I've never stopped practicing and taking dancing and singing lessons."

If it's true that one swallow doesn't make a summer, it's doubly true that one Oscar nomination doesn't make an actress of Shirley MacLaine's calibre. Behind her there are years of heartbreaking effort during which she proved that she's mastered her craft. Today, the rust-haired song and dance girl who turned dramatic actress with nary a drama lesson is the hottest property in Hollywood—a high voltage exciting new star who is strictly big time.

It would be only natural now for Miss MacLaine to take a few swipes at those who ho-hummed her talents during the past years in Hollywood. But all she says is, "I'm glad it didn't happen sooner. Now I know what I'm doing. I actually feel sorry for the young actress who is thrown into a tough role immediately after she arrives in Hollywood. She's had so little time to learn how to learn."

Anyway, Shirley prefers talking about her husband, Steve, and her 2-year-old daughter, Stephanie, who looks remarkably like her mother, or as Shirley says, "as if I'd been dipped in Clorox and someone took my picture."

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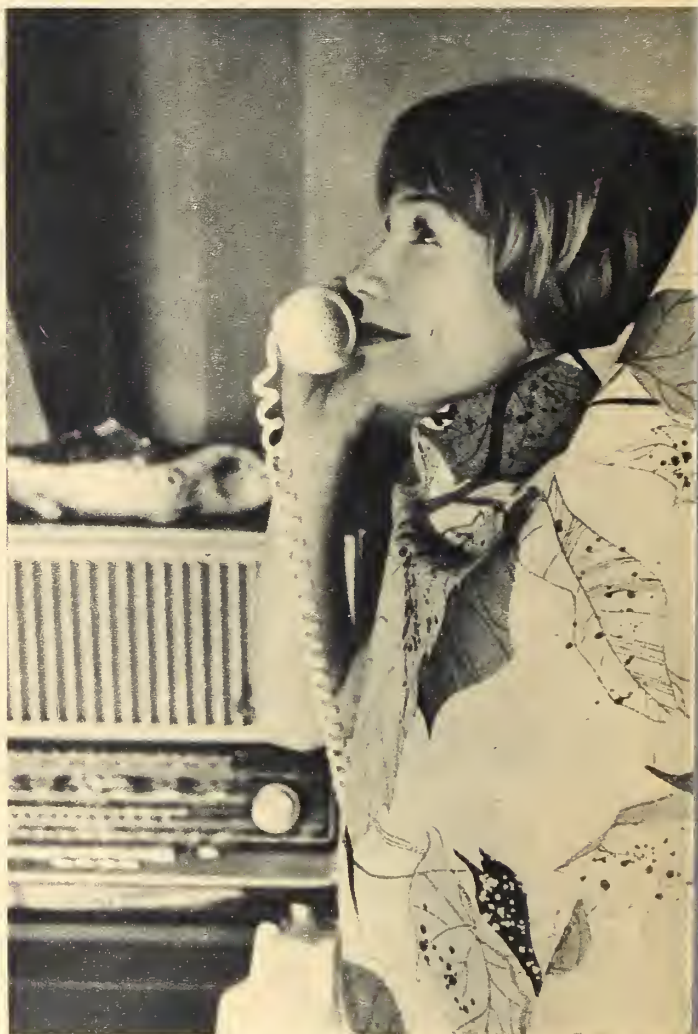


SHIRLEY MACLAINE continued

Though the absence of her husband is painful, Shirley finds consolation in her daughter, Steffi, a miniature of herself



SHIRLEY understands Beatniks, but doesn't "dig" them. "To me the most wonderful thing we possess is the gift of being alive."



CLOWNING is as much a part of Shirley's make-up as freckles.

"Steve and Steffi—they're my real life," Shirley says simply. Yet, during the last two years, Steve has been mainly in Japan producing documentary films while Shirley has been in Hollywood. In many ways, it's a marriage like Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley's which floundered because of career separation, but Shirley believes in her heart that her marriage will survive. "Mixing marriage and career," she says, "is like mixing oil with water, but Steve and I think it is worth working for—a happy and steadfast life together."

"Whenever Steve returns to Tokyo for another long stay, the Hollywood prophets of marriage doom set off the alarm again that we're having trouble," Shirley sighed. "They keep saying we're headed for divorce and I keep yelling my head off, 'No, no, no.' Really, as long as Steve and I know everything is perfectly all right between us, what does it matter how much they gossip?"

What matters is that Shirley and Steve know that their careers—not their hearts—are apart. She's known where her heart belongs ever since a day in early 1954 when, Shirley giggles, "I crossed the street for a ginger ale between the



DAUGHTER Steffi is a small-sized scene stealer who mimics her mother's every expression and gesture. Shirley's now in "Career."

matinee and the night performance of the Broadway musical, 'Me And Juliet,' and I came out with a husband! It was love at first sight for the both of us. I broke my engagement with another fellow immediately."

Steve was handsome, highly intelligent young actor William T. Parker (known to everyone as Steve). Shirley recalls that when she and Steve married that September while she was making "The Trouble With Harry" in Vermont, "there were times when we didn't have enough to buy three carrots, let alone a three-carat diamond. But like most women, Southern ones particularly, I never passed a jewelry store without stopping and looking and wishing. I never told Steve of my hopes and he never promised that someday I would have that three-carat diamond. I guess it was just one of those happy, unspoken agreements that take place between two people who are very much in love."

Today, Shirley has that handsome diamond, the only jewelry she wears. But earlier, in Hollywood, Steve chaffed at his inability to find a release for his talents. As much of an individualist as Shirley, he could never be happy as Mr.

Shirley MacLaine. His heart was in Japan, a country, he felt, with tremendous untapped potentials as a film center. Steve's interest in Japan started when he was a child. His father was in the diplomatic service and it was during this period that young Steve learned the language. A paratrooper in World War II, he landed in Tokyo and was official interpreter for his group. And when he returned to make his career as a producer of documentary films in Japan, Shirley understood, for she knows what the country means to him. He has won a Brussels Film Festival Award for a documentary on geisha girls and recently he brought over Japan's top stars for a brilliant TV hour show.

Completely honest, Shirley does not minimize the thousands of miles which divide her from her husband. It is no madcap, zany character who says with deep pathos: "The only way I can bear it is to behave as though he were coming home to dinner every night. Our baby first saw Daddy when she was nine months old after he'd spent a year in Japan.

"I'm just an old-fashioned girl who believes that a double bed makes for a happy marriage. Yet we're separated, even

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The conquest of Hollywood



EDD found no shortage of struggles on way up in Hollywood. Tenacity kept him going.

A novice from the sidewalks of New York, Edd got the "No Help Wanted" treatment from filmtown but hung on to win fame in "77 Sunset Strip"

By BILL TUSHER

IN THE ENCHANTED city of New York not many moons ago, two star-struck teenage youths hatched a scheme to gain an audience with one of their idols, Kirk Douglas. Meeting a star face to face was their major ambition in life, aside from the audacious dream that gave the first wish such urgency—the dream of being stars someday themselves.

Until Douglas, the dashing emissary of Hollywood nobility, checked in at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, these young men had had very little luck meeting up with visiting royalty from the magic land of sound stages. They avidly followed the newspapers for word of arriving stars and counted themselves fortunate if they got so much as a fleeting glimpse of them.

But such piddling rewards were insufficient for these brash movie enthusiasts. So in a moment of supreme resolve they put their acting potentials to a test. One of them, a sandy-haired, laughing-eyed, soft-spoken six-footer named Edward Byrnes—who had been cutting classes at Haaren High School to bone up on the muse at the Dramatic Workshop and the West Side Neighborhood Playhouse—summarily decided that the time had come to demonstrate how much he had learned about acting during all this bootlegged training.

He sidled into a phone booth and dialed the Sherry Netherlands. He represented himself as a reporter for the *Daily News*, announced he was on his way to interview Douglas, and asked for the actor's room number. A moment later he hung up and rejoined his anxious friend, another adventurous lad named Joe Flynn.

"We're in," Byrnes chortled, and couldn't resist the play on his pal's name. "In like Flynn!"

And so it seemed.

"We got all sharpened up," as Edd Byrnes puts it, "went to the hotel, ran into the elevator hoping we wouldn't be found out, got out on Douglas'

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photos by Gene Trindi, Topix

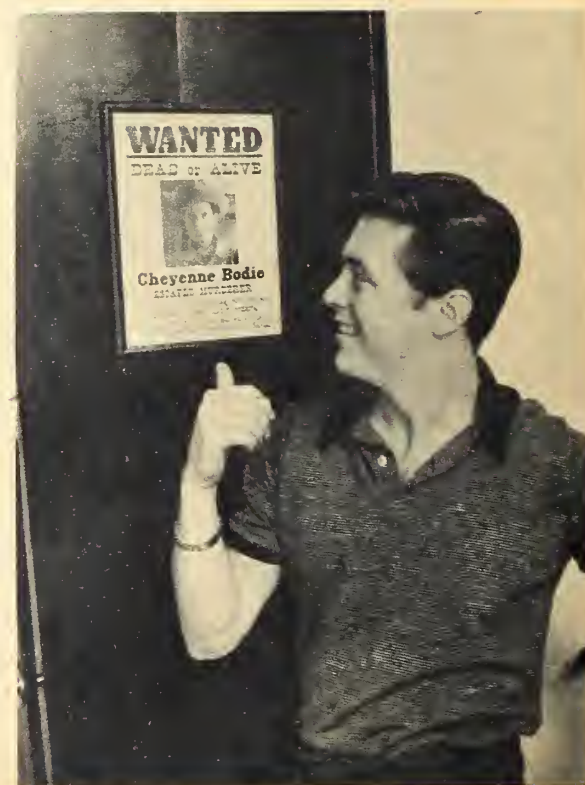
EDD BYRNES continued



POPULAR with girls, Edd now owns a Thunderbird, is enjoying every minute of his hard-won success in television and movies.



BROUGHT up in the same neighborhood as James Cagney, Edd had his sights on Hollywood right from the start.



For all that he is fun-loving and audacious by nature, Edd remains boyish and soft-spoken

floor, located his room, and I boldly knocked on his door.”

Byrnes and his buddy held their breath until someone answered. It was not Douglas, but a well-dressed man who turned out to be Kirk's secretary. They hadn't gotten very far in explaining their mission when Douglas stuck his head out of the shower and asked who it was.

“A couple of fans of yours, Kirk,” his secretary called back.

“Well, tell 'em to come on in,” Douglas yelled good-naturedly.

A moment later Douglas appeared in his robe, and accorded his intrepid fans a real friendly welcome that warmed them to their innards.

“Why don't you sit down and make yourselves comfortable, fellows?” he said. “Can I get you a drink?”

The adventurers looked at each other, gulped and nodded. Douglas signalled knowingly to his secretary, who came back a moment later with a couple of high school cocktails—two 7-Ups.

Douglas, far from being irritated at the invasion of his privacy, roared with appreciative laughter when Edd confessed the ruse he had employed to get his room number. He listened without a murmur of deprecation as Byrnes ingenuously blurted out his own consuming ambition to be an actor, and young Edd's excitement rose almost to an unbearable pitch when Douglas told him that he, too, had studied at the Dramatic Workshop.

As his thrilled visitors left, Douglas put his arm around Byrnes and ribbed him:

“Eddie, you don't want to be an actor. When you're an actor,

women chase you all over the place. You get a Cadillac and you want a Jaguar. It's terrible.”

To a great extent, Douglas' facetious prophecy has come to pass. Edd Byrnes has become a budding star as Kookie, the jive-spouting parking lot attendant who oozes youthful sex appeal on ABC-TV's slick whodunit series, “77 Sunset Strip.” The girls are chasing him all over the place. Byrnes got himself a 1955 Thunderbird and wanted a later model, so he traded it in for a 1957 Thunderbird. Only it's not terrible. He loves it—every minute of it.

His pal, Joe Flynn, despaired of the quest for Hollywood's holy grail a long time ago. To begin with, he was already married when he and Byrnes stalked Douglas in his Sherry Netherlands lair, and his wife even then was expectant. He is now expressing his flair for dramatics as a detective on the New York City police force, where charades, like posing as a newspaperman, well may add to his efficiency.

“He had all those responsibilities, so he had to give it up,” Byrnes says solemnly. “In fact, he has another baby now. But we're still good friends.”

BYRNES was not without responsibilities of his own. From early youth he had taken on odd jobs to help support his widowed mother and younger brother and sister. With the same DDT—dogged determination and tenacity—that got him into Kirk Douglas' plush duplex suite, he audaciously thumbed his nose at the overpowering odds against his success, took on Hollywood with \$100 in his jeans, laughed off setbacks that

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AS A KID, Edd used to deliver ice in the summer to earn extra money for his family and to buy fan magazines and movie admissions.



SANDRA DEE ASKS:

"Why do they lie

She's been called "spoiled" and "bored" and other unflattering things; now hear Sandra set the record straight

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IF I WERE a stranger, reading some of the things which have been written about me, I think I'd hate me!"

This was little Sandra Dee, not yet 17, who is learning at too young an age what it is to be a celebrity and what it is to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. She seemed so bitter and so bruised about it all that we suggested, "Let's set the record straight. Suppose you tell us what things have been printed about you that you feel are false or twisted . . . and we'll put them right."

"Well . . ." she took a deep breath. "People have said that I am spoiled and bored. I don't know quite what they mean by being 'spoiled' but how could I possibly be 'bored' when such exciting things have been happening to me?" She thought a moment.

"Do you suppose when they say that I am 'spoiled' that they mean I have had such an easy time getting where I am, that my training was a lot different from that of other girls my age? Well, that's true. I've had some of my growing up in reverse in a lot of ways. I had the older part first and I'm just learning about the younger part. I've never had any real 'young fun' until just recently. But . . . does that make me 'spoiled'?"

A brief explanation is due just here.

Sandra became a model when she was very young and was noticed at a Girl Scouts' fashion show. Her mother and her stepfather (Eugene Douvan) were understandably proud of their beautiful little daughter and they used to take her with them when they went dancing at places like the Waldorf-Astoria. That's how Sandra came to the notice of Harry Conover, who heads one of the big model agencies, and Oleg Cassini, the fashionable couturiere. That's how she became a top-flight model and that's how eventually she was signed for TV and at last for pictures. Her first picture was "The Restless Years" with John Saxon. Then followed another with

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photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



SANDRA'S mother is justifiably proud of her daughter who was a successful teenage fashion model before becoming a movie star.

about me?"





"OVERDRESSED?" asks Sandra. The fact is, she never wears black because it's "too old" and doesn't own even a single sheath dress.

SANDRA DEE continued

John Saxon, "The Reluctant Debutante." Currently, she is appearing in "Imitation Of Life."

So that is how it was that when she was 13 and 14, Sandra was being seen, beautifully dressed and turned out, in New York's most sophisticated spots. But she had never had a date with a boy. That's what she meant by "growing up" . . . and the disillusionment that has come with it. She had never known public criticism in her life. So it hurt when it came.

"Now, how," we asked her, "have you been most misunderstood?"

"I've told you about their saying I was 'spoiled,'" she reminded. "But about being 'bored' . . . that's a terrible thing to say of me. Certainly things have come easily to me. I didn't have to work for them as other girls may have worked. But now I am in pictures and I am thrilled and I know I have to work and work hard. And I like it. It is certainly different from modeling or even TV. It is all so exciting, how could I possibly be 'bored'? I resent their saying that very much."

"Well, what about the things that have been said about your wearing too much make-up for so young a girl? Is that true . . . or false?"

She seethed again . . . and Sandra can do one of the prettiest little seethes you ever saw in your life. She seethes up a storm.

"That is completely untrue," she sputtered. "I have never worn skin make-up in my life unless they put it on me at the studio for some reason. I don't even know how to apply it. I suppose someone saw me coming home from the studio

TOO MUCH make-up? "All I ever wear in private life," Sandra says, "is a touch of lipstick and maybe a teensy bit of mascara."



"How could I possibly be bored when such exciting things have been happening to me lately?"

... I don't always take off my make-up first ... and concluded that that was how I went around to the supermarkets. Well, I don't.

"All I ever wear in my private life is a touch of lipstick and maybe a teensy bit of mascara. My goodness, my mom would have things to say if I tried anything else!"

"Then what about ... ?" we began. But she interrupted.

"I know what you're going to ask. About my being 'over-dressed'? I simply don't know how that started but I've read about it enough! My family, back East, have read about it, too, and it has made them uneasy and unhappy about me. I think even my fans have worried.

"Look. I love clothes. I guess all girls my age do. But I know I have to be careful. Much more careful than other girls as old as I am.

"My mother selects all my clothes and she has strict ideas, believe me. I *never* wear black, even at home, although I adore it and it goes with my complexion. Mom says it is 'too old'. I've never even had a sheath dress, although most of the girls have them and I would like one. I always wear full skirts and blouses in pastel colors ... and a girl can get tired of pastels, you know!

I GO to premieres and big parties sometimes and I *want* to wear 'high style' things. But I'm not allowed to wear them. I like sheer, smooth materials and I love the champagne color which goes with my hair. I love lace and they let me wear that because they say it's 'girlish'. I'm glad there is *something* I like that I am allowed to wear!

"I adore to go to movies ... only I never see the picture

because I always want to see who else is there and what they are wearing. Everyone seems to be older than I am and they always have such lovely clothes.

"One more thing while we are on this subject. I *do* like the custom in Hollywood of wearing pants or jeans for day-time, even to go shopping. We could never do that in the East. But ... whoever thought that I was 'overdressed', do you suppose? I'm so puzzled!"

"Is it true that you are 'lonely', that you have no friends your own age?" I asked her.

"No, it is *not* true," replied Sandra, with emphasis on the not. I simply don't have very much time to date, I've been working so hard. But I *do* date on weekends. That's what most girls in high school do, isn't it?

"I have been out with Sal Mineo and Lindsay Crosby and Johnny Wilder and Kenny Miller ... once or twice with each of them. And some other boys, too.

"That's what I mean about having my 'young fun' now, long after other girls have started. It's been a whole new set of experiences to me to go to movies, to go horseback riding, surf riding, picnicing on the beach, to go to those funny coffee houses. I always had 'grown-up fun' before. Now I'm having 'young fun' and I adore it. I never knew about it before. How can anyone say I am 'bored'? That's another thing that I resent." She brooded a bit.

Sandra and her mother have recently bought a house in Hollywood and were in the process of moving in when we had our chat. Sandra's plans were ecstatic.

"Parties!" she trilled. "I'm going to have so many parties ... if we ever get any furniture in. But even without it we

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LONELY? Sandra, who's currently appearing in "Imitation Of Life," denies that she is, insists that she dates boys on weekends.





"What
I've
never
told
before"



GOLFING on a Sunday afternoon is one of the pleasures Jim shares with daughter, Kimberly, whom he worships.

*Reluctant in the past to discuss his private life,
Jim takes off the wraps for the first time and
talks about his home and marriage*

By JERRY ASHER

BACK IN 1952 when James Bumgarner was discharged from the U. S. Infantry (complete with Purple Heart), this veritable soldier of fortune faced an uncontrollable urge for the first time in his unpredictable life. After 28 nomadic years, the handsome, footloose fellow found himself thinking about home—a permanent home, a wife and kids—a home with permanent roots.

He'd always been a drifter—destination unknown. Now suddenly, his alien thoughts and emotions made him feel like a stranger to himself and he was disturbed. After all, here he was in the heart of Korea and there was no particular person waiting for him back in Norman, Oklahoma. Where could he go and possibly find such a person, he asked himself. And could he mend his ways, he argued inwardly, and readjust his life, if he did happen to find what he was searching for.

"It's quite a leap from a foxhole in Korea—to *this!*" the former infantryman exclaims, as his expressive dark eyes dart from corner to corner of a huge Warners' soundstage. "But it can happen if you learn to take things the way they are and then, through luck and circumstances, it all works out for you in the way it was supposed to be. When your way of life changes, all you have to do is change too."

Ex-infantryman James Bumgarner is today's Jim Garner, who habitually trounces TV Trendex ratings. As ABC's tumbleweed star of the "Maverick" series, he reflects what he feels. He reflects the peace, serenity and quiet composure of a man who has changed and is sharing love with

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TIME spent with Kimberly or his baby, Greta, is treasured by Jim. He's currently starring in Warners' movie "Up Periscope."

his loved ones. On big Jim the results are not only becoming, they're most deserving because he's dedicated his enthusiastic heart to making his marriage number one in importance on his personal poll.

"In 1956 when I met Lois (Clarke) at a Hollywood friend's house," Jim recalls, "I was still drifting around and pretty obscure, as far as pictures were concerned. We were married a month and a half later and my life up to this phase is now a familiar story. What I've never told before, is this:

"Those who knew me fairly well were skeptical. What did Lois and I have in common, they asked. Here I was a big fellow (6 feet, 3 inches tall), crazy about sports and almost too realistic. Lois was petite, they pointed out, she was the indoor type and not too practical. No one stopped to consider that what I lacked she had, and vice versa. So they spoke their piece and now I can speak mine. On the 17th of next August, Lois and I will celebrate our third wedding anniversary and, while I've always been a dreamer, I guess, even I never dreamed these last three years could bring so much happiness. Isn't it ironic that now I'm a homebody, I'm playing a drifter with no home ties!"

When Jim, Lois and her daughter, Kimberly, by a former marriage (Jim worships the 10-year-old and refers to her as—"that little doll!"), started out together, they didn't have money enough for a house and furniture. So they rented a modest walk-up apartment that wasn't too far from the studio. Then they bought a couch, dining room set, bedroom furniture and had every intention of adding things that eventually would fit into their own home.

"The way it's worked out," Jim explains, "we've added very little and are still living in the apartment. There has been little time and no opportunity for anything but hard work. But now we are near to having that home, probably within a year. Needless to say, the prospect is very exciting."

Unlike another box-office star whose studio just furnished his house in lieu of a bonus, Jim Garner has an independent streak that matches his sturdy muscles. He wants nothing for free, he finds a certain satisfaction in earning what he deserves and could never appreciate anything that is given to

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photos by David Sulton, Galaxy

WANTING his children to be normal, Jim discourages any notion that there may be special privileges in having a famous father.



exerts great parental care and concern in raising his daughters, whom he wants to be normal



JIM celebrates his third wedding anniversary on August 17. "I never dreamed these years could bring so much happiness," he says.

KIM NOVAK

CHEZ KIM

*Modest on the outside, elegant
on the inside, Kim's new home is perched atop a
mountain with a view commanding Los Angeles*

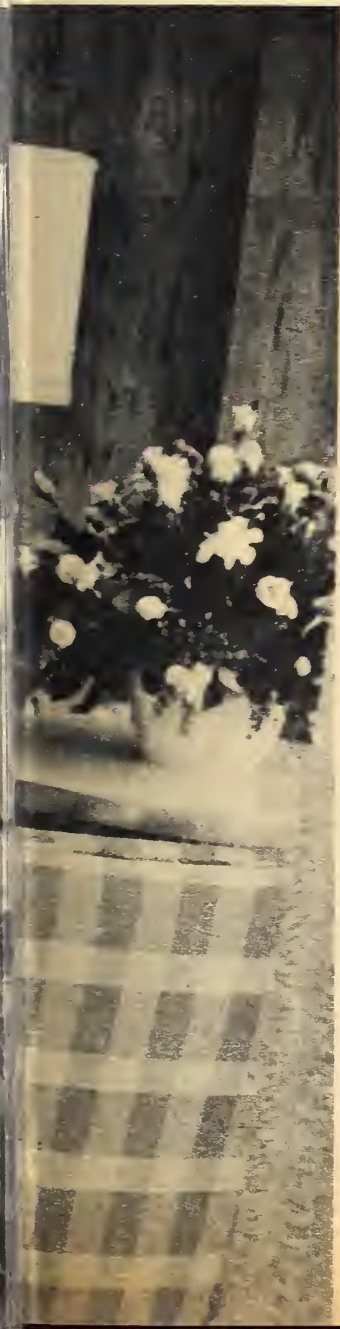




PAINTING above sofa in Kim's living room (at left) is artist's conception of Kim as a child.



DEN is done in purple, Kim's favorite color. Kim is now starring in "Middle Of The Night."



BEDROOM is blue and white. White and brass bed has candelabra at each side of headboard.

END

My brother, Frankie Avalon

By Theresa Avallone

"When he calls a girl for a date he's a riot. 'Little brother, who are you fooling?' I'm tempted to say"

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



MAMA Avallone lets Frankie sample a meatball while his sister Theresa, the author of this story, looks on.

THE FIRST Frankie Avalon fan club started in South Philadelphia on September 18, 1940, the moment that a nurse told my happy father, "It's a boy!"

Its charter members are my father, Nicholas Avallone, my mother, Mary, and me. From the day he was born, we've adored Frankie. I suppose that the only reason he didn't turn into the worst spoiled brat in the neighborhood is that he loves us as much as we love him.

I'm three years older, and although it was my job to keep an eye on him while our parents worked, I never felt that I was his baby sitter. Frankie was too independent for that. He has always been full of both devilry and goodness; a boy who could get into mischief, but who also took responsibility for himself.

His daring sometimes scared us. When he was four years old, a row of new houses was being built back of our home on Hamburger Street. Inventing games, the kids swarmed over the mounds of dirt left by the excavations. They buried Frankie alive. Workmen dug him out a few breaths short of suffocation. My mother had fits, but that didn't stop Frankie. He'd come in from play, scratched and dirty. When we asked what he had been doing, he'd answer, "I climbed a mountain."

Our school, St. Edmund's, was just down the block. Frankie was the champion at thinking up tricks to tease the Sisters. His grades were high, but he never got an A in obedience. Frankie wore a well-traveled path to the office of the Mother Superior. Yet in spite of his mischief, the Sisters liked Frankie. When, years later, that song, "Teacher's Pet," became one of my brother's first hits, there were old friends who said, "You sure knew what you were singing about. Frankie, that was you."

After school, each of us had our home chores. I could count on Frankie to quit his play and turn up on time to do his share. He refused to make beds or wash dishes, but he was no stranger to the vacuum cleaner. Even now, when he's home, he helps tidy up. We call him the ash tray emptier.

As soon as he got his first coaster wagon, Frankie invented his first job. Standing outside the supermarket, he'd put on his brightest smile and offer, "Carry your packages, ma'am?" He earned all his own spending money. Boxing gloves were one of his first purchases. He was the best boxer of his age at his boys' club, and yearned to be a prizefighter when he grew up.

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"In accomplishment Frankie is already an adult, but at



DANCING with a neighborhood girl friend, Frankie's the picture of poise. He now has a weekly radio show on the ABC network.

MUSIC is Frankie's first love, but until he was 10 years old, he was a confirmed music-hater. But a movie changed all that.

There was just one way that he disappointed my father. He absolutely detested music, and in the Avallone family, that came close to being a major crime.

My father, a machinist, had always wanted to be a musician. Dad plays piano and some guitar. Our uncle has a band—Marty Avalon and His Gaytones. Almost every week all the relatives gathered at our house to sing up a storm.

All except Frankie. He made a perfect nuisance of himself whizzing through the living room on his scooter or on roller skates. He'd do anything he could think of to make a noise and break up the singing.

He and my father argued constantly about the piano. I was taking lessons, but Frankie refused. My father coaxed him, saying, "Just try this scale, Frankie. It's easy."

Frankie always backed off. He'd say, "Who wants to learn that sissie stuff? Come on, Dad, put on the gloves and spar a round with me." There wasn't a thing my father could do to make that boy touch a key.

THEN, when he was ten years old, our whole life changed because Frankie saw a movie called "Young Man With A Horn," in which Kirk Douglas starred and Harry James played the trumpet solos.

Frankie came home so excited he could scarcely talk. "You've got to see it, Dad," he insisted. "The music is just the greatest ever."

From Frankie, the music hater, this was surprising, so sur-



home he can still be very much a teenager”

prising my father refused to take him seriously. He just said, “You know I don’t like movies. What else is new?”

But Frankie wouldn’t give up. The next day he stayed through two shows. About the fourth time he went, he persuaded Dad to go with him. The tenth time, he came home and said, “I want a trumpet. I’m going to be a trumpet player.”

We never had any spare dollars at our house, but we did without other things to get Frankie his trumpet. A friend who was taking lessons taught him to play scales. We pinched a few more pennies. Frankie stepped up his grocery delivery business and soon he was having lessons from a teacher that Frankie insisted was the best trumpet player in town. My folks were delighted. Mother, particularly, was glad to see him drop his ambition to become a fighter.

At first, Frankie’s friends, the Sisters at school, were not pleased. They thought Frankie should take his lessons at St. Edmund’s music department. Frankie attended to that little problem. Within three months, he was over there as a volunteer, helping the Sisters teach trumpet to the other students.

Things moved amazingly fast after that. Frankie started a band of his own, made up of older boys. My uncle Marty coached them and made their musical arrangements. They practised in our basement. Soon they were playing weddings and dances, usually for free, but there were enough of what Frankie called “the real good jobs” where some one gave them a few dollars, to pay for his lessons.

To have a picnic on the beach at Atlantic City had always

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FAMILY dinner shows Frankie, mother, father, sister Theresa. Frankie was a whiz on the trumpet before he took up vocalizing

FRANKIE loves to roughhouse with his collie, Dee Dee Dinah, until his mother yells, “Stop before you smash everything in the place.”





Teenage sophisticate

An engaging mixture of worldliness and naivete, maturity and youthful exuberance is Hollywood's newest teen star

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



TUESDAY lives at home with her mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, in Hollywood Hills. She's now in Paramount's "The Five Pennies."

By MARK DAYTON

IN THE LONG, long ago when Tuesday Weld was only 14 years old—little more than a year and a half back, to be precise—she made an exception to a fairly ironclad rule. She disregarded her usual preference for older males, and dated a boy of 15.

She gave it a good try, but it was a foredoomed washout. "He wasn't immature intellectually," Tuesday explains why she was amenable in the first place. "He was a very smart boy."

But he had the curse of his youth—and it was enough to tire Tuesday of his company the first time around.

"He was just immature socially," Tuesday says more in sadness than in censure. "He lacked assurance. I didn't feel secure with him. I couldn't relax. It was almost as if I didn't know whether I should pay or he should pay."

Tuesday Weld—a fresh, twinkling-eyed vision of teenage loveliness, and Hollywood's most talked about new personality—does not often expose herself to such social discomfiture. Her distaste for such a debacle is only one of numerous reasons why the males who people the wondrous world of Tuesday Weld are comparative senior citizens ranging anywhere from their early 20's to mid 30's.

There even was one night she went out with a man of 44, who has snow on the roof, a doubtful fire in the furnace, is scrappily married and unabashedly admits to having five children, the oldest of whom is only four years younger than Tuesday. I am that cad. Of course, there is no reason to be scandalized since I lack the courage of my delusions. Besides, Tuesday went along with the knowledge, if not without the misgivings of her mother, and I squired Tuesday both with the knowledge and consent of my wife, who was disconcertingly convinced that neither she nor Tuesday had anything to fear.

Needless to say—but it might be better to say it anyhow—the evening was entirely platonic, although not therefore dull. I thought it might be entertaining and illuminating to combine my interview of this enchanting teenage sophisti-

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She may be only 15, but the world of adolescence is as far removed from Tuesday as kindergarten is from most teenage girls

cate with a pleasant dinner at one of Hollywood's famed eating places. Lest anyone do Tuesday a disservice and get the notion that she puts herself in the custody of older men before discovering they are absolutely harmless, it should be pointed out that we had met and conversed on several previous occasions, one of them under the appraising eye of her mother.

We made our plans over the phone, and when I suggested dinner at Frank Sinatra's Hollywood stamping grounds, the Villa Capri, Tuesday squealed approval in a captivating regression of teenage exuberance.

"Then I'll meet you at seven," she confirmed the arrangements, "and ask for your table!"

"Right," I said.

"Ohh—how elegant!" she exclaimed.

All through the Italian feast—antipasto, steak and peppers, and *three* desserts—other diners kept staring at our table and muttering about my lovely golden-haired, hazel-eyed

companion, "What's a pretty young chick like her doing with an old geezer like that?"

Tuesday had come to Hollywood after modeling and understudying the two ingenue leads in "Dark At The Top Of The Stairs" on Broadway, a number of attention compelling TV performances, and a nine-day movie shot in the Bronx with Teddy Randazzo under the title of "Rock, Rock, Rock." In less than a year, her impact was beginning to be felt with undeniable effect in the movie colony. She registered a solid hit as Comfort Goodpasture, the sexy teenager in 20th's "Rally Round The Flag, Boys," then played Danny Kaye's polio stricken daughter, in "The Five Pennies" at Paramount, only to be commandeered back to 20th Century-Fox where she was signed to co-star with Dwayne Hickman in the forthcoming TV series, "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis." In addition, she played Rick Nelson's girl friend in two upcoming episodes of "The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet." In what free time she has left, she attends the Hollywood Professional School and finds herself on a dizzy whirl of interviews with independent and studio producers clamorously bidding for her services.

After dinner and a nice, long chat, I dropped her off at the home she shares with her attractive, youthful brunette mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, in Hollywood Hills, overlooking Sunset Strip. Tuesday, a very composed young lady, extended a hand encased in a white knit glove, and said, as if she were Greta Garbo, "Thank you for a lovely evening."

It may be a contradiction in terms to call Tuesday Weld a teenage sophisticate, but that's what she is—a living contradiction in terms. That well may hold the secret to her thoroughly devastating charms. She has managed to attain an effortless, authentic air of worldliness without giving up or apologizing for a frequently pixie set of teenage mannerisms and enthusiasms. Behind the innocent peaches-and-cream doll face is a remarkably perceptive mind that whizzes along at 100 miles an hour.

Her engaging mixture of ingenuousness and sophistry is apparent in almost everything Tuesday does—whether it's her compelling command of the English language, her compulsive food binges and her impulsive diets, her attitude toward stardom, or the way she feels about being interviewed.

People—young or old—who use the word "climactic" correctly are not too often encountered, but Tuesday is one of them. She has an extensive vocabulary that enables her to hold her own with the most articulate of adults. Yet this doesn't prevent her from punctuating her remarks, from time to time, with hilarious malapropisms.

For example, she refers to actor Mark Damon, who is one of her informal language mentors, as "my vocabular friend." Recently, she ate nothing but vegetables for three days and boasted, "I was on a vegetation diet!" She praised Dennis Hopper, a favorite among her older boy friends, for his active mind with the comment, "I think he's got a dilating brain."

She is as captivating in her lapses as she is in her eloquence, because she is not a pretentious conversationalist—although she manages to plumb some mighty deep depths.

"I don't feel that my vocabulary is exceptional at all," she protests with no evidence of compliment-fishing. "I'm always trying to improve it. I have some friends who are very intellectual and so forth, and I try out all my new words on them. If I don't pronounce them correctly, they tell me how to pronounce them. They're good enough friends to tell me."

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TUESDAY'S eating habits are erratic. She may diet for days on end, then do a complete turnabout and devour everything in sight.

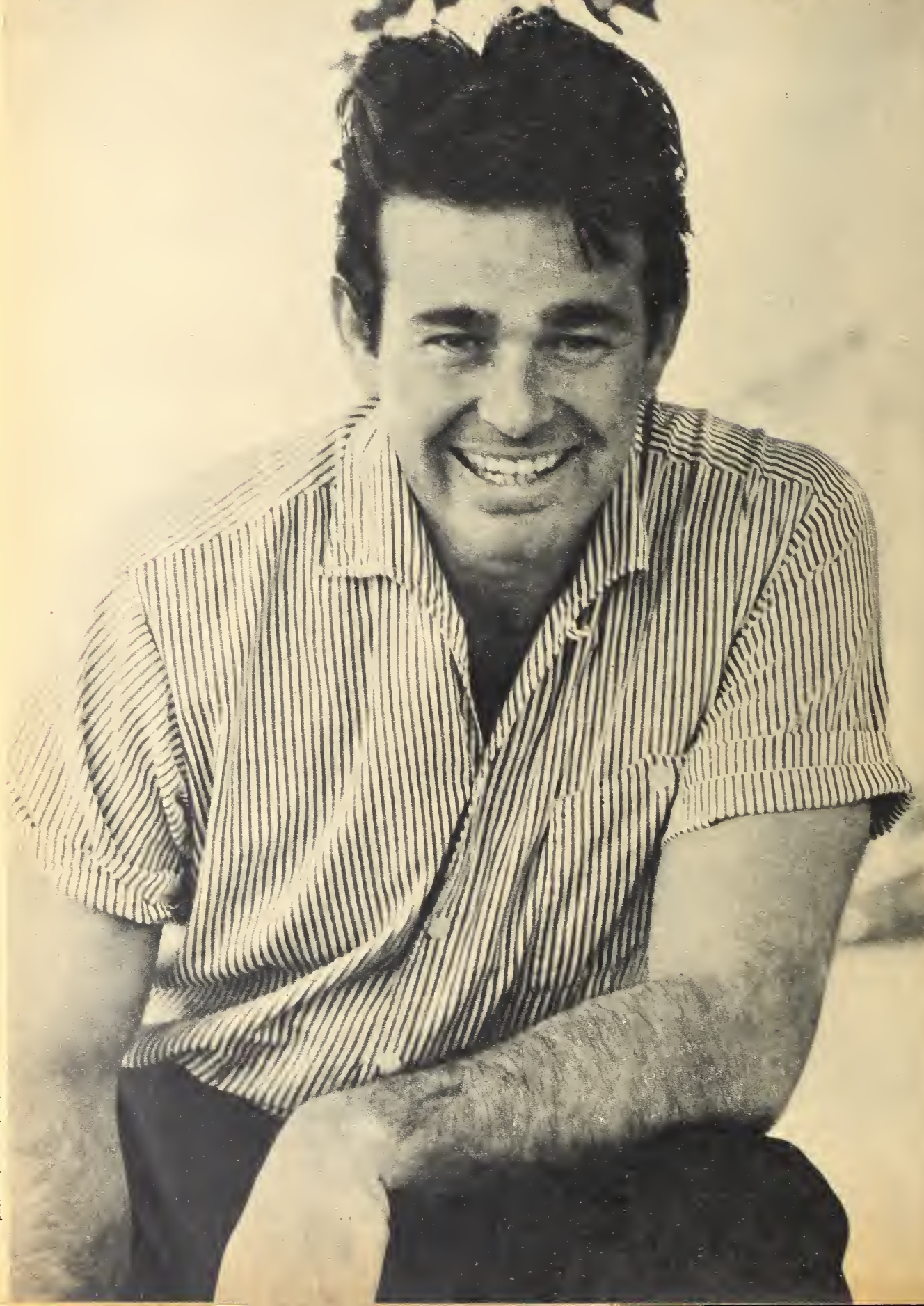


AN AURA of worldliness cannot disguise a frequent pixie set of mannerisms and youthful enthusiasms.



BEHIND the innocent doll face is a remarkable mind that enables her to hold her own with many adults.

photos by Del Hayden, Topix



Two-fisted rebel

Ever since he was a youngster, Stuart Whitman thought he had to fight his way through life; then he learned a lesson that he never forgot

STUART WHITMAN is a man today instead of a number—thanks to some lessons he learned in time.

All his life he had headed towards trouble. It was a life built on the power of fists, of wanting to be an insider and not an outsider, of believing you had to fight for every inch you gained. A life peopled with gangs and bums.

Some of the kids Stuart associated with when he went to high school are in San Quentin now. "And there but for the grace of God I might be," Stuart has said.

It has been a strange life, a tragic life in many ways. But the young star of 20th Century-Fox's "These Thousand Hills" and "The Sound And The Fury" found the right track just in time.

His story goes back to his early childhood when he was taken to the first grade one morning by his mother. His parents were young—his father only 25 and his mother 24. He still recalls that first day in school, the shyness he felt around his teacher, his resentments, his "dukes up" attitude where the kids were concerned.

It was a school in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, N.Y.—and when he walked inside most of the teachers thought to themselves, "Oh, no—not another Whitman." His dad was one of a family of 13 and all had gone to this same school. And each had had to face a challenge similar to that which faced Stuart.

After school, a group of boys calling themselves the Banana Gang lined up to make it tough for any newcomer. The new student could only hope to run past the line so fast that they couldn't catch him. Stuart made it the first day.

But then he decided not to run any more. So on the next day he walked jauntily past the gang, yelled, "Hi, Banana noses!" And he got what he looked for—a fight.

That was the beginning of many fights for Stuart. His parents started moving to so many different places that Stuart never felt he belonged anywhere. His father was studying law but was in the construction business on the side and went where his jobs took him. For Stuart to complete one semester in the same school was amazing.



STUART courted his wife, Patty, in blue jeans and T-shirt though she was a lady.

By JACK HOLLAND

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Since he couldn't belong anywhere, he fought to get on the inside. He adopted a belligerent attitude, such as the one he had when he told everyone that the old train which had sat near his grandmother's house for years, unused, was *his* train. And then he waited for anyone to try to dispute his "ownership" claim.

Being a fighter wasn't new to Stuart because his father was, as Stuart put it, "Always putting his dukes up and showing me how to use my fists."

Actually, the relationship between Stuart and his father in those early days wasn't an ideal one. The young kid made a point of staying clear of his father as much as possible. He even tried to eat dinner before his dad came home because he'd get a whack if his manners weren't all they should be. Consequently, Stuart went into his own shell.

Wherever Stuart moved, and most of the places he lived in in the East, he found gangs. After he had his first fight he decided to have his own outfit called the Fifth St. Gang. He had plenty of buddies to follow him.

"After I finished the first grade I went to live with some friends of my family's in Connecticut," Stuart said. "In summers, my parents sent me to a farm or some camp, and



STUART and Patty eloped in 1952 after she'd become engaged to another. She has since admitted she planned the whole thing.

for a while I lived with my grandmother and several of my cousins. I don't remember being close to anyone at the time, although I did enjoy listening to my older cousin Terry tell us scary stories at nights.

"From the beginning, I was hard to get along with. I had a man-sized temper. I recall once getting mad at my grandfather. He had a furniture store and to get even with him I painted some of the furniture green. Boy! did my dad tan my hide then! I was almost raw!

"I had a crazy attitude then. I got pleasure out of doing something dangerous because then I felt I was closer to living. I used to do risky things—like in the winter taking my sled and riding down the roller coaster. I also used to dive off the pier in winter—without knowing how to swim. After I did this enough I learned how to swim all right, even without lessons.

"To me, school was a waste of time—from the very beginning. I didn't like many subjects except arithmetic and I hated that later. Above all, I loathed spelling. My only school memories are those times when I was called into the principals' offices because I'd been fighting—and facing my mother and father there. After each meeting, my dad belted me good. I was expelled from over half of the schools I attended—and I had gone to 26 of them by the time I was ready for high school."

Stuart's parents recognized that his temper was his biggest problem. They talked to him about it but nothing seemed to do much good. However, his mother can still remember the time he came home and proudly said to her, "Mom, I had a right to lose my temper today but I didn't." The way he bragged about it proved he had moments when he tried to control himself. He didn't lose his temper with his dad, though, because he knew his father would take care of him for that.

Few people touched his life until he spent almost a year in upstate New York. His parents had taken a cottage near a lake—his father was starting a housing development nearby—and there were no conveniences of any kind. Water even had to be carried from the lake to the house.

But there he met two people who brought some warmth into his existence, who made him feel that he mattered. One was a man who was a snake trader and the other was a girl.

"I used to go out in my boat with a shotgun and pop off the heads of turtles and snakes that I could see above the water," Stuart said. "One day this man caught me and gave me quite a lecture. He then told me that each animal had a purpose in life, even the poisonous snakes. He had a boa constrictor, several rattlers and other snakes penned up in his cabin, all of which fascinated me.

THERE were a good many coral snakes in that country, so I'd go out and catch them for him. He sold them and gave me a commission. We had quite a friendship.

"As for the girl—at 14 I fell in love for the first time. She was the daughter of a judge in the town and the only friend I made in school that semester. I thought she was great. But before the romance could really bloom my dad brought me the fatal news—we were moving again and I had to leave her. It almost broke my heart. We wrote to each other for quite a while and then the letters dwindled away."

Before Stuart left this upstate New York town, however, he had his first taste of acting when, as a school activity, he worked two seasons in summer stock. But the bug didn't bite him too hard.

Then his family moved to California—and, of course, his *continued on page 64*

has given me an incentive to get somewhere, a reason in life," claims the "reformed" Stuart



PERCHED on his father's legs is Mike, Stuart's four-year-old son. He has three other children: Tony, 5, Linda, 2, and Scott, 1.

PATTY, Scott, Mike and Stuart make up this foursome at the Whitmans. Stuart's latest film is "The Sound And The Fury."



TRANQUIL pursuits have taken the place of fighting in Stuart's life. Caring for wounded GPs began the change.

Play clothes— plus!



Shorts with a flower—

pants with a sash.

The sun fashions are easier—

but much fancier!

By SUE COLLINS

THE DAYS WHEN you pulled on a plain shirt and a pair of shorts for summer relaxing are definitely over. You still relax, of course, but now you dress up to do it. The big trend in the new play clothes is easy fabrics plus fancy touches. Now you look feminine even while you go fishing, you're pretty on a picnic, and you're high fashion on a hike! This season's crop of vacation clothes offers glamoured-up versions of everything from blue jeans to knitted pullovers. Shorts, slacks, clamdiggers, culottes, tops, play skirts and separates of all kinds have gone feminine. Somehow the contrast between casual clothes that can take more or less rugged outdoor life, and outright furbelows, makes everything more fun! Here are some of the fancy-schmancy touches to look for when you shop for vacation clothes this year: fruits and flowers applied all over the place; embroidery even on tough fabrics; embroidered braid; ruffles in unexpected places; sashes; cape and bertha effects; and big sleeves, especially the new lantern sleeves. The fashions on this page are good examples. Instead of a plain pullover, choose the striped one with the fringe on the bottom (opposite), with a matching fringed sash. Then add an open mesh boater, with a striped hat band. Or choose white sharkskin (upper right) applied in brilliant flowers, and belted with same! Or contrast (lower right) a striped-lined capelet covering your shoulders, with very brief shorts that bare most of your leg! Naturally, perked up as your play clothes may be, you want to relax in them without worrying about wrinkling or whether or not they'll launder. Well, relax all you want. All four fashions shown here are made with easy-care Arnel. They wash like dreams—even in a washing machine!



Flowers where flowers never used to be, on sports clothes meant for action. Arnel sharkskin. Tops, about \$6 each. Shorts, \$7. Skirt, \$7. Hollywood Casuals.

◀ The new dressier look for play in striped, fringed top over pants. Arnel and cotton top, about \$6. Arnel and rayon pants, about \$8. By Campus Casuals.



The little boy pants look, topped off by a feminine capelet with matching striped lining. In Arnel and cotton. By Sportivo. END

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman happy living in N.Y.

★ Dolores Hart having long distance phone romance?

LOVIN' COUPLE—After a year and a half of marriage, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner still qualify as love birds. Nat gave Bob a big, shiny black Jaguar for his birthday, so he wanted to give her an “un-birthday” present. Having presented her with all the big things like minks, a car and jewelry, he decided on another poodle, a little grey one. But now the white one they already had is about to have pups! The Wagners have just bought a big new home in Beverly Hills, complete with tennis court and pool. Their next dream is to do a picture together and well they may since Nat has settled her contract beef with Warner Bros. and now will be able to do a film a year at another studio.

CUT IN—Al Hedison was quite taken with Luciana Paluzzi, the tiny, reddish-blonde, 21-year-old beauty assigned to play opposite him in his new TV series, “Five Fingers.” So he began taking her to lunch in the 20th Century commissary. Then Stephen Boyd began “sitting in” on lunch with them and Steve and Luciana discovered they had met in her native Italy when he was making “Ben-Hur.” Now they're dating.

NO TROUBLE—The rumor-mongers started speculating when Victoria Shaw stayed at a downtown Los Angeles hotel during much of her work in “The Crimson Kimono,” but the explanation is simple and there's no rift with husband Roger Smith. Most of “Kimono” was shot at night in the downtown Japanese section. Victoria would get home in the Valley about 5 a.m. Her two babies would wake up at 6 and there was no sleep for her after that. So finally she went to a hotel. Roger was working days on “77 Sunset Strip” but many evenings visited Victoria on her set.

BUSY DEBBIE—It's work, work, work for Debbie Reynolds who will make five big films this year. A cure for heart-break? Anyway, Debbie has not lost her sense of humor through her travails and really endeared herself to all her co-

workers at 20th Century in “Say One For Me.” At the end of the film, she and co-stars Bing Crosby and Bob Wagner had a party for cast and crew and Debbie had a gag gift with individual note for every person, nearly 100! That took time and effort, and meantime she was finishing that picture and preparing to leave for Spain to do “It Started With A Kiss” with Glenn Ford. Although Debbie said a firm “no” to a quickie Mexican divorce for Eddie, when he first requested it, she later agreed—so Liz and Eddie will probably be wed by the time you read this!

M AND M—Don't be surprised if you read “romance” items about Jo Morrow and Kerwin Mathews in Europe. They'll both be in England although working in different films. Kerwin gave a big going away party for red-haired Jo before he took off for “Ten Years A Counterspy.” Jo finished “The Legend Of Tom Dooley” one day, the next took off for a personal appearance tour for “Gidget,” came back for one week during which she had to have costume fittings and have her hair bleached blonde, then left for five-months' work in Europe and Cuba for “Our Man In Havana,” in which she'll work with Sir Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, Burl Ives, Ernie Kovacs and Sir Ralph Richardson. What a break for Jo!

ROMANTIC—Jack “Maverick” Kelly and May Wynn say they are such “incurable romantics” that they have a “honeymoon a year.” They just celebrated their third anniversary with a trip to Hawaii. Jack says “Hollywood marriages are tough enough without separations” so he has a clause in his Warner contract stipulating he doesn't have to go on any locations where May couldn't go along! May has had several film offers that would have necessitated a separation from Jack and has turned them down.

LONG DISTANCE—Every time we report on John Smith he has a new “romance.” Seems as if he's competing with Hugh O'Brian as the “datingest bachelor



BANQUET at Hollywood's Moulin Rouge is attended by Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher.

in Hollywood.” Currently, he's long-distance-phone-romancing Dolores Hart. They had known each other slightly here. Then John flew to New York when he had a few days off from filming his TV “Cimarron City.” He went to see “The Pleasure Of His Company,” in which Dolores is playing on Broadway, went backstage to see her and they had a couple of dates before he returned. Dolores is tied up in the play until September so John plans to fly back to see her before that.

“BEST FRIEND”—Neither young Millie Perkins nor Dean Stockwell will admit a romance but they are having lots of dates for dinner, movies and rides during the day when they both shoot lots of pictures; they share the candid camera hobby. Millie insists Dean is her “best friend,” which she also said of George Stevens, Jr., when she was dating him. Anyway, Millie showed up unexpectedly at the sneak preview of Dean's “Compulsion” and Dean dittoed at the San Francisco sneak of Millie's “Diary Of Anne Frank,” to the genuine surprise of their studio co-workers.

CHOICE—It isn't every bride who has a choice of twelve homes for her honeymoon house but June Lockhart did. Bridegroom John Lindsey, an architect, was building a dozen houses in a new development near Pasadena and told June to take her pick before their April wedding. He also gave her a new Cad for a wedding present.

TWO ALIKE—And it isn't every bride who has two honeymoon houses, but Raquel Torres has, both identical in floor plan and furnishing, one in Bel Air, one at Malibu. Secretly, she and Jon Hall had been planning their marriage for six months and built the Bel Air house, liked it so much that when they decided to build at the beach they duplicated it exactly! Both are Chinese modern. Jon's busy making his South Seas TV series in Mexico where he's found beaches similar to those in the South Pacific.



ANOTHER steady duo, Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac, also indulge in night life.

HAPPY IN N.Y.—Our New York special agent reports that Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman are so happy in Manhattan that Paul would like to have his leave of absence from films extended to two years. He's already been granted a year for his smash Broadway play, "Sweet Bird Of Youth." Joanne, so proud of Paul's success and waiting for the birth of their baby, "literally radiates happiness," said our private eye.

HEARTBREAKER—Dorothy Provine, the well-stacked brain from University of Washington—she made Phi Beta Kappa—is doing well in the career and romance departments, too. Alan Ladd's older son, Laddie, an agent, had been "practically engaged" to a pretty dental assistant; they planned to marry this summer. But a few weeks ago they went to a party where Laddie met the Provine. He flipped. They've been dating since. End romance for P.D.A. Dorothy literally looms large in "Lou Costello And His 30-Foot Bride" which will probably get a new title since the untimely death of Lou.

LOCATION ROMANCE—It was June rhyming with moon all during the location of "A Summer Place" in Monterey for Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue, a tall, blond and handsome lad. They had met at U-I but never dated until they started working together in the new Warner Bros. film. Sandra and Lin Crosby have been dating too but at the moment she says "I like Troy" On the same location trip, Richard Egan had Patricia along for a "second honeymoon." They were married a year ago and spent their first one in that same area.

LUCKY DAY—A dazzling diamond pin and matching earrings were Marty Melcher's present to Doris Day for her birthday, and for their eighth anniversary he plans to have copied in their new home the sitting-bedroom of her apartment in "Anyway The Wind Blows," because she admires it so much! Furniture

is upholstered in white antique satin, carpet is white, splashes of color are in cushions and paintings. Real gone.

DEVOTED—There's no doubt about Susan Hayward's unwillingness to be separated from her husband Eaton Chalkley. As soon as she finished "Woman Obsessed," she rushed home to Georgia, even though she knew she'd have to return here in two weeks for dubbing and retakes on the film. The Chalkleys are building a new home on their 300 acres near Carrollton, Ga. They don't have to build a swimming pool; they already have a two-acre pond on their property!

SHY GUY?—"Everybody thinks I'm a rebel, a beatnik. Really, I'm shy," Dennis Hopper told Dorothy Johnson on one of their recent dates. Well, we don't know anyone else who thinks he's shy! Dennis has also been dating Tuesday Weld, and Dorothy's other beau is John Gabriel.

BACHELOR DIGS—Barry Coe has been looking for a house to rent which led chums to conjecture "Is he about to marry Judi Meredith?" We guess "no". Barry has the craziest collection of hi-fi equipment and like most stereophonic buffs he likes to use it at full volume. His apartment neighbors are not too enchanted with this!

GIVE HER TIME—Carol Lynley was brought from Broadway to recreate her role in "Blue Denim." The film was delayed and it was thought she had matured too much so she was cast in "Holiday For Lovers" opposite Gary Crosby. But now, after all, she will do "Denim." Meantime, she hasn't had time for dates and also says, "I don't know anyone!" She's so cute, this won't last. Carol and her mother have rented a house here and she's very happy. She grew up in New York apartments and now at 17 she's living in a house for the very first time.



LOVELY Donna Reed and husband, producer Tony Owen, take in a Hollywood opening.

BAUBLES—Jill St. John, also in "Holiday," was told not to wear any of her personal jewelry in the film because it's "too expensive" for the girl she's portraying. She owns some lovely pieces, presents from Lance Reventlow. But she has managed to wear one thing he gave her—a narrow, inconspicuous gold identification bracelet engraved with his name. His mother, Barbara Hutton, gave it to the young millionaire when he was a boy and he recently presented it to Jill.

SHORT SHOTS—Linda Cristal and Bob Champion part Dana Wynter studying Russian at the local Berlitz school because she's going to Moscow with attorney husband Greg Bautzer Leslie Caron and Peter Hall, who never had time for a real honeymoon, are having one now—three weeks in Italy. They left the children home! . . . Diane Baker's "real boy friend" just went into the Army and she says she'll wait two years for him. But she's having lunch dates with Ron Ely and John Gabriel. . . . Connie Stevens has been signed by Warners for TV, features and records. She's just cut a duo platter with Edd Byrnes and they've also been dating. But Connie also sees Jimmy Boyd and Lin Crosby and her favorite beau is young actor Gary Clarke While Jack Lemmon was on a vacation tour of Europe with his father, best girl Felicia Farr bought a dazzling Don Loper wardrobe. Trousseau, maybe? . . . Ernie Borgnine gave Katy Jurado a big diamond to make the engagement official. They'll wed in September Dinah Shore and George Montgomery celebrate their sixteenth anniversary with a trip to Europe this summer So Anna Kashfi finally filed for divorce from Marlon Brando and her settlement may amount to a million bucks, depending on the profits of his next picture, "Orpheus Descending." In Greek mythology, Orpheus was quite a musician and that settlement would be music to anybody's ears! **END**



ON THE stork's list for November are Ty Hardin and his pretty wife, Andra Martin.



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, NBC-TV star

A THRUSH of rather brilliant plumage, **Carmen McRae** does her bit for the cause of ornithology with her new Decca titled, "Birds Of A Feather." Carmen's caught herself a flock of fine-feathered friends, including "Skylark," "Flamingo" and "Baltimore Oriole." Miss McRae flies high on this one with an outstanding assist from Ralph Burns and his orchestra. . . . **Buddy Knox**, one-half of the Roulette money-making team of Knox and Bowen, stays right in the heavy-coin groove with his newest release. The lead side is a melancholy etching, "I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself," that should keep the record dealers happy. The flip side is the up half of his manic depressive biscuit, keeping up a rocking two-and-a-half minutes that should sweep away the gloom and doom engendered by the other side. "To Be With You" is its name and romance is its game. . . . **Joni James'** association with the late composer-singer Hank Williams goes back to Joni's fabulously successful rendering of Hank's "Your Cheatin' Heart." Hank was undoubtedly the king of popularized country and western music. Here, in an M-G-M album, "Joni James Sings Songs By Hank Williams," the reasons become very apparent. In addition to "Cheatin' Heart," the LP contains such Williams classics as "Cold Cold Heart," "Hey, Good Lookin'" and "Jamhalaya". . . . With the movie version of "Porgy And Bess" coming out, there no doubt will be a lot of covering records. But we'll settle for **Pearl Bailey's** Roulette album, "Pearl Bailey Sings Porgy and Bess and Other Gershwin Melodies." "Bess You Is My Women," "Summertime," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "A Foggy Day" and "Someone To Watch Over Me" are the tunes included.

One of the most superfluous hits of information we've uncovered recently is the fact that **Marilyn Monroe** can sing. Her new United Artists recording taken from the soundtrack of "Some Like It Hot," demonstrates that, sight unseen,

Marilyn can still make an impression. Through the torchy ballad "I'm Through With Love" and the up-beat "I Wanna Be Loved By You," Mrs. Miller conducts herself in a manner befitting a top-notch vocalist. . . . A Columbia album of dance music by **Les Elgart** and his orchestra titled "Les Elgart On Tour" is a fine sample slice of one of America's leading orchestra's dedicated to the proposition of getting people to trip the light fantastic. The Elgart touch is a light, deft one; the music is crisp, fairly uncomplicated and, as we mentioned before, super-danceable. . . . **Jerri Adams**, the good-looking Columbia chirper, has a winning twosome going for her. The top side, "Who Needs You," is a sprightly thing replete with a heat; the flip side's a quieter hallad, "Play For Keeps," a number which gets to the heart of an affair of the heart. . . . The **Kings-ton Trio**, via its latest Capitol etching, is keeping its fans blissful. The coupling consists of "Tiajuana Jail" and "Oh Cindy," a pair of folk hallads that should have an immediate reirth of popularity. If these boys aren't careful, you soon won't be able to tell the folk songs from the pops on the best-seller lists.

Everyone's invited to Roulette Records' "Rock-n-Roll Record Hop," an LP funfest. On hand for the festivities are **Frankie Lymon** doing his famous "Why Do Fools Fall In Love," **The Cleftones**, **The Playmates**, **The Heartbeats**, **The Valentines** and **The Crows**, which is a full-house of musical activity. . . . In a good-looking, two-LP Coral album, **Neal Hefti** and his orchestra play "The Hollywood Song Book," a collection of the past 24 Academy Award-Winning songs. The album kicks off with 1934's "The Continental" from "The Gay Divorcee" and works its way through the years to 1957's "All The Way" from "The Joker Is Wild." The liner notes are by columnist Sidney Skolsky and give some inside info on each of the selections. . . . **Paul Anka** can play Anka-man on my singin' team

anytime. His new ABC-Paramount release is first-string all the way. The initial half is a mover, "Late Last Night"; second half, "I Miss You So," is slower-tempo'd but loaded with class. . . . **Pat Boone's** hack in the singles spotlight. The dashing young knight mounted on white hucks has a new Dot record which contains a wild thing titled "Wang Dang Taffy Apple Tango"—a humorous harpoon aimed at today's cha-cha trends. The reverse offering, "For A Penny," is a typical Boone hallad that comes off smooth as a double scoop ice cream soda.

Singers and trumpet players come and go hut **Louis Armstrong** seems to go on forever. In his latest Decca album, "Satchmo In Style," Louis teams up with the Gordon Jenkins orchestra and voices in an assortment of some of his later works. It doesn't matter whether he's working with a small outfit or a lush string setup such as Jenkins'; Satchmo always makes himself and the listener at home. Louis' hitting trumpet and gravel voice are as wonderful as ever on numbers like "Blue-herry Hill," "Chloe" and "The Whiffenpoof Song." . . . **Tony Bennett**, the big man with the big voice, combines a standard with what could very easily turn into a standard with this performance. The Columbia pairing has the evergreen, "It's So Peaceful In The Country," hacked by "Being True To One Another," a fine new hallad which has all the earmarks of staying around a long, long time. . . . **Andre Previn**, who with the aid of a rhythm section has done right by a number of shows over the past several years—"My Fair Lady," "Li'L Abner," "Pal Joey" and "Gigi", now turns his attention to the works of a top Broadway composer, Vernon Duke. Playing solo piano, Andre does a brilliant job on Duke's "What Is There To Say?" "Cahin In The Sky" and "April In Paris," among others. It's all in a Contemporary album titled, reasonably enough, "Andre Previn Plays Songs By Vernon Duke." . . . **The Platters** are liable to pick up all the marbles again with their Mercury coupling, "Enchanted" and "The Sound And The Fury"; the latter is the title song from the movie while the former is a hallad of the genre that the Platters are currently *tres* hot with. It could very well be another "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" which would put the Platters in another tax bracket for sure. . . . Coral Records has undertaken an ambitious project, "The Jazz Story," a three-LP, boxed album with narration by **Steve Allen**, covering 40 years of jazz and taking in a raft of important jazz figures from **Jelly-Roll Morton** to **Errol Garner** and from **King Oliver** to **Art Farmer**. It's a painless two-hour history course. . . . A fresh new voice and a couple of still-fresh old songs make a winning combination on a hot-off-the-presses Mercury single. **Frank D'Rone**, a fine young singer on his way to the top, tees off on "Fascinatin' Rhythm" and "Yesterday."

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Alias Jesse James

ONLY AN insurance salesman like Bob Hope would sell a \$100,000 paid up insurance policy to a westerner, T. J. James, visiting New York City for a day. And this James, played by steely-eyed Wendell Corey, is none other than Jesse, who names "loved one" Rhonda Fleming beneficiary but intends to collect the money himself. Once the horrible mistake is discovered, Hope must find James and buy back the policy or his company will go bankrupt. The resulting trek out west is a gaudy Technicolor circus of racy and incompetence, but on Hope at sort of thing fits like buckskin patches. Fortunately, in a surprise finish that includes getting Rhonda and the policy, more than one sharpshooter had headed west. Strictly for laughs, this depends heavily on Hope's curled-lip brand humor. (United Artists.)

Pork Chop Hill

IT'S ONE thing to fight in a battle knowing exactly why you are willing to die; reason always makes sacrifice easier. But Army Lieutenant Gregory Peck has nothing but the order to take and hold a worthless Korean hill from the Communist Chinese. The explanation to why he and his men face certain death doesn't come

easy, especially with truce at Panmunjon only hours away. Against incredible odds, Peck and his men proceed to carry out orders in the bloody, costly "mop-up operation." To the Communists, human life is dirt cheap, therefore, it's up to us, who hold life so dearly, to show we're not afraid to pay the price in a vicious chess game of nerves and "cold" war. Based on fact, this tremendously moving account of men in battle is reenforced by some high-power acting from Harry Guardino, Rip Torn and George Shibata. As this points out, heroes don't rate monuments nowadays, their glory, if they live to feel it, is just in knowing that they did what they were supposed to. (United Artists.)

Count Your Blessings

IT TOOK centuries for the French to develop their philosophy on love and marriage, so it's small wonder Englishwoman Deborah Kerr has some adjustments to make after she marries French nobleman Rossano Brazzi. Actually, she has little time to know her husband. After a honeymoon of three days, following an equally brief courtship, Brazzi dashes off to war leaving Deborah pregnant and pensive. It isn't before the baby grows into a fine lad of 9 that Brazzi returns from various wars. Judging from his accumulation of female interests, not all the battles



MEETING the famous outlaw inspires Bob Hope to emulate him in "Alias Jesse James."

were military skirmishes. One of the fancier souvenirs was brought back from Indo-China and set up in an extravagant flat in Paris. As soon as Deborah gets whiff of Mistress Mary, she retreats willy-nilly to England, Daddy, and a sterner moral code. While uncle-in-law Maurice Chevalier tries to bring about a reconciliation, Deborah and Brazzi's child figures if he can keep his parents apart, neither will spare any expense to win over his affections. Enjoyable Technicolor soufflé, with a highly improbable ending, that gives Deborah a chance to showcase a very definite talent for comedy. (MGM.)

The Nun's Story

AS A BOOK, this reached the best-seller lists. As a movie this has gentleness and grace, with Audrey Hepburn playing the nun who discovers more is demanded of her than purity, goodness and self-sacrifice. Trained as a nurse in tropical medicine, by the church, Audrey skirts the rules by placing human life and feelings above convent law. Once in the Belgian Congo, where she's assigned to Doctor Peter Finch's operating room, she tries to forget the sharp, but true, observa-

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CONTRITE Rossano Brazzi tries to calm wife Deborah Kerr in "Count Your Blessings."



STORY of the grim last battle of Korean War, "Pork Chop Hill" stars Gregory Peck.



AS NUN and nurse, Audrey Hepburn finds life very demanding in "The Nun's Story."

Why Diane Varsi Quit Hollywood

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like the way he writes," Diane told me later. "I think I would enjoy meeting him some time."

This was a bond between us, and I promised her that the next time John came home from college, I would invite her over for an evening at our house. When she talked of her favorite writers—Rilke, Herman Hesse, Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot and e. e. cummings—I understood, because my son was devoted to them, too. She and John were both painfully young; they were, like so many youngsters in ferment, rebellious, searching for some truth, often puzzled and dismayed by the pains and torments of growing up. But Diane was not—or so I was sure—a "beatnik" or even a member of the so-called beat generation. Her values were different; her aims were more lofty. She was uncertain but not afraid; often depressed but not despondent; and she was aware, as she once said, "that everybody has kind of a rough time growing up."

"There's so much to life, even the negative side," she went on, with her sweet smile. "Some people see only the ugly things. Even they have much to live for. Just living. I don't know where I'm going, I'm just going. I never knew where I was going, even when I was 15, I didn't know. But it's good to live."

Of course, it was no secret to those close to Diane that she was still visiting an analyst, spending huge chunks of her not-too-big salary every week. I knew, too, that she was under regular treatment by a skin specialist, who was helping her clear up the acne she had suffered from her early teens because of her problems, her irregular hours, the lack of proper food and sleep. It was known, also, that though she had finally divorced her second husband, James Dickson ("He criticized me until I had a nervous breakdown"), she was still seeing him now and then. This was part of Diane, the girl who followed no pattern.

IF SHE was off-beat and a rebel, she was a wonderfully likable one. One day I met her carrying a toy music box under her arm and playing with a bright red yo-yo. A friendly photographer had given them to her as presents, saying "I wish these were diamonds." Another time, not long afterwards, I encountered her outside the 20th Administration Building, when she was climbing into the light blue Ford pickup she was driving then. It was a loan from Tab Hunter, whom she didn't even know. The battered pickup had been turned over to her by Dick Clayton, who was her agent as well as Tab's. I asked her what had happened to her little Volkswagen. "I let somebody borrow it," said Diane, wryly, "and it got wrecked. So I'm getting along with this, until my car is repaired."

But most of all, when I heard about her sudden break with Hollywood, I remembered some significant things she had said, and a little two-line "poem" she wrote which summed up, in a phrase, all that was troubling her.

A week or so after she returned from the verdant, small-town Maine location where she had worked in "Peyton Place," Diane said, "I really fell in love with those people. They were so *real*." She has never forgotten that town: the village square, the 150-year-old church with its white pointed steeple, the quietness at night and the wind that murmured through the leafy oaks and maples, the emerald lawns, the picket fences, the lonely, haunting wail of a train hurrying through the dusk. Somehow, to Diane, this meant peace—a peace that she could never seem to find in Hollywood (or, before that, in San Francisco). It was a peace that she believed would finally be hers in the lovely, green-hilled college town of Bennington, a little place of some 12,000 people, near the Massachusetts-New York State line.

THIS was all part of that "simplicity" she was seeking—a simplicity that even she could not define. She could only say, "I must find it, before I can ever truly learn to accept the responsibility of my own humanity."

And then there was the third thing—the little poem that many laughed at and few understood. It was less a poem than a cry from the heart, and there were only two lines, like this:

*Go away and don't bother me,
Can't you see I'm lonesome?*

She had, it seems, *always* been lonesome, ever since she could remember.

Diane Varsi is not the first brilliant, promising actress to forsake Hollywood in mid-career, but she is probably the only one who quit deliberately at 21. The great Garbo was well along in years when she sighed, "I think I go home." Mysterious Jean Arthur was reputedly nearing 40. Gene Tierney, hopelessly in love with playboy Aly Khan and nearing an emotional breakdown, was 34 or 35. June Haver went into a convent in her late 20's. (She came back within six months, later to marry Fred MacMurray.) There were others too who had fine talent and were doing well careerwise when they suddenly, and apparently, for no reason, quit Hollywood.

All these unhappy stars had, seemingly, grave problems. But Diane Varsi's infancy and childhood were more bitter than aloes—so cruel, so tortured that one wonders how she escaped insanity. Her parents were both ill, emotionally disturbed, unable to cope with the world or even their children. (Diane has a sister, Gail, two years younger than herself.) At three, Diane was running down the

streets of San Mateo to her grandmother's, begging to be taken care of. At four, she was placed in a Salt Lake City convent, the youngest, smallest child there, where she had to live alone. When she was seven, she fought with her mother over some new shoes she thought Mrs. Varsi had hidden. Her mother slashed back at her, "Diane, if you keep on like this, you will have a face that is forever *ugly*."

"I could never cry, even as a kid," Diane once said. "People ask me, 'How can you seem so calm?' All the time I'm screaming inside. I'm unable to show emotion. I can't release it. It just stays within me until it finally explodes."

"I think this all goes back to the day when I saw my father and mother cracking up. I looked at them and I was aware of what was happening. After that, whenever my father yelled at me, I knew he was frightened. And I refused to cry or yell back. I'd go back to my room and play the radio real loud, or I'd 'run away' up a tree."

School was another horror. She had virtually no companions. Schoolmates called her "a tramp" and avoided her. Once she ran away to Canada and got a job as a waitress. The police hauled her back. She ran away again, only to have the police after her once more. She was afraid to love anything or anybody. Her grandfather, on whom she relied, petulantly ordered Diane and her mother out of his house. Her parents got a divorce. She ditched school at least two months every year, often turned in blank examination papers, failed in all her studies. She finally quit high school when she was a junior.

SHE wanted to simplify her life—or so she thought—but what she did, subconsciously, was to de-humanize herself. Said Diane, "I took a big pair of shears and I cut my hair to about an inch long all over my head. I never wore make-up. I was studying yoga and I meditated a lot. I was so quiet, I was spooky."

She picked apples, worked as a waitress, packed candles in a San Mateo candle factory. Then one morning when she was about 16, she told her mother, "I'm going out for a walk. I'm going to walk and walk and walk. And I may not come back. I'm going on a kind of religious pilgrimage."

What she did, of course, was to hitchhike to Hollywood with another girl—a girl she barely knew. She had less than \$50. She thought she could become a folk singer, singing her own songs. She danced for a week with Perez Prado's Cuban band, then was back to starving again. Her clothes were one pair of blue jeans and one sweatshirt. She shared a room with a stranger in a cheap Hollywood rooming house. There were times when she would have gone hungry except for an infrequent hamburger or cup of coffee that she got, quite literally, from "pickups"—sympathetic students she encountered on Hollywood Boulevard. Her



ON RECENT visit to amusement area there was little indication of Diane's unhappiness.

face broke out, her teeth hurt. In desperation, she married a boy she hardly knew, had the marriage annulled not long afterwards—and then discovered she was going to have a child. She soon met another man, James Dickson, and married him. Her grandfather Varsi relented enough to lend her money so she could attend Jeff Corey's drama school. She had her baby in the middle of the course, went back to her studies and was eventually taken to see Director Mark Robson, at 20th, who needed an Allison for "Peyton Place." She got the part, was given a contract and was hailed by studio brass as "the freshest, most exciting new talent we've ever seen."

She won an Academy nomination and overnight became movietown's most intriguing and baffling new personality. She was, as someone called her, "a fawn on a hot tin roof" who hid herself from everyone, put up a high wall around her life, was tagged "the girl who is at war with herself." And all Diane could say, when people asked her why she was such a hermit, was,

"I'm searching for simplicity. The simpler I keep my life, the happier I'll be."

She was then a few months short of 20. There are those who hold that Diane Varsi is still afraid, still fearful that if she grows to love anything deeply, it will be taken away from her, as her toys were when she was a child. I do not think this is so. I cannot take seriously, either, the report that had her saying recently, when she was assigned a role in a TV film, "The girl I play has a death wish, and that's why I want the part." This isn't the Diane her friends know—the girl who is respected and admired. Nor is it true that she was disgruntled because she did not get the full star treatment at 20th until she won her Oscar nomination for

"Peyton Place." These are interesting surmises, but they do not sound like the real Diane Varsi.

Diane did recently refuse a loanout to Warner Bros. for a role in "The Young Philadelphian," opposite Paul Newman, and was then placed on suspension. Her reasons were sound to her; she felt the role was not suitable. The suspension was lifted when she did "The Dingaling Girl" on TV for "Playhouse 90"—a part that, curiously enough, virtually foreshadowed her departure from Hollywood. In the TV show, Diane portrayed the talented mother of two youngsters, wife of a small cafe owner, who is catapulted into movie fame against her will. She reputedly received \$10,000 for the play, then, almost immediately, was put on "layoff" by her studio. This meant, according to the terms of her contract, that she was taken off salary for a period of 13 weeks.

Contract or no, the situation did not add to her comfort. She told her studio that she would see no one until she was being paid again, and refused even to come on the lot. It was not an unreasonable attitude; many stars I know follow this same policy when they are off salary. Certainly, according to Diane's statement later, she was even then contemplating leaving Hollywood. I do not believe it was a question of money, nor do I feel that she thought she was being treated unfairly. It seems to me that once again she had reached that point where she needed "to find the answer to why she was alive." As her one-time drama coach, Jeff Corey, said, "Diane is complicated, but she's a lot less complicated now than when I first met her. She's deeply talented and bright—but everything happened to her before she expected it to happen. It isn't the first time Hollywood has confused a girl."

ONCE, I remember, Diane told me, "Los Angeles is so big, it builds fear in you." That was the day when she was saying, "Simplicity is what I'm looking for. When I find it, I will find myself." There was something almost like anger in her voice when she said, over and over, "I don't want to be a star, and I don't want to be a glamour girl. I hate being on display. I don't have to do *anything*—acting or anything. I just want to work quietly, as well as I know how."

She got up from where she was sitting—we were in a studio executive's office—and walked over to the other side of the room, where the wall was covered with photographs of 20th contract players. "I have a great resistance to glamour," she said. "I don't see one girl here who looks any the better for lipstick and make-up."

Childish and unreasonable? Perhaps. But she believed it, believed it with all her heart. It was how she felt about herself, *then*. "Right now," she cried with passion, "I hate ticking clocks. Tomorrow I may *love* ticking clocks. I grow, I change, and I may be something altogether different six months from now.

Life isn't like nibbling at a box of chocolates. There are things one simply must do; it's the *doing* that counts. The result is not important."

And so, when I watched Diane climb aboard that plane for San Francisco and the East, little Shawn in her arms, I recalled all the things she had ever told me. I remembered her saying, "I'll never be really happy. I can be a very angry person at times, a violent person. I went into a bookstore the other day, and I saw a book there that infuriated me. It was one of those lurid, horrible things published to sensationalize and profit by juvenile delinquency. It made me ill with its injustice and unfairness. I wanted to tear and rip that book to pieces."

That fury, that hatred of anything dishonest, may have been part of what triggered Diane Varsi, at 21, into forsaking pictures forever. "Movies should be honest," she once said. "Sometimes you see nothing but compromise, compromise. And there is so much insecurity here. It really baffles me."

RIGHT or wrong, Diane had to make her decision her way. Hers was the choice, and hers will be the consequences. She may stumble badly, or face disillusionment, even in peaceful Vermont. There is forever and forever a storm inside Diane, though she looks outwardly calm enough. Once having thought her problem through, she had to leave Hollywood, no matter what it cost her. Bennington—or some other small town—may help her think straight, get acquainted with herself, give her the solitude and the understanding she has long sought.

According to Harold Griffin, village president of Bennington, the townspeople there were excited and thrilled "at having a real movie actress settle in our town." "I have no doubt she can find work here," said Mr. Griffin. "She can also find peace in our community. We have plenty of that. There are a great many people who come here to Bennington to live in peace and quiet."

But just how long Diane will *remain* a recluse is still another story. Her studio has given her a formal and indefinite leave of absence. "We want her to come back; we hope she comes back," said a studio official. "After all, her contract still has almost five years to run."

Like a number of her friends, I believe Diane will return eventually. Poet Edwin Arlington Robinson once said, "When a woman is left too much alone, sooner or later she begins to think, and no man knows what then she may discover." In Diane's case, she will probably discover herself—the Diane Varsi who needn't ever again feel poor, or brave, or even afraid. When that storm inside her is gone, she can say once more, as she said in her troubled teens.

"I am God's child, and He will not hurt me. I don't have to run away. I haven't done anything. *I don't ever have to run again!*"

END

Alone And Lonesome

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though I know that the most important thing to a woman is her man. And when work or a war or anything thrusts a wife and husband apart, it's not easy. But then, there's nothing about life that is entirely simplified. Steve's affinity with the Orient is an obstacle but a marriage is something that you have to keep working for—and working out, no matter what the problem."

Shirley, for all her youthful 25 years, is a woman of living and loving and deep understanding. "I know," she says, "that there are wives who just simply couldn't be apart from their husbands. It just so happens that I love to spend a great deal of my time alone. I never try to dress or act the part of a movie star; I conform only when it's fun. I don't think hats are fun so I don't own one. And I hate to give parties. I only do it because I have to . . . and then I can't wait until everyone goes home. So, I guess I'm cut out for the solitary life. I listen a lot to music and I read like crazy. When I discovered I didn't know too much except for baseball (I was a whiz on the otherwise all-male junior high team) and dancing, I began to devour the encyclopedia from cover to cover. I'm up to 'Y' now," Shirley declared proudly. The reading is generally done in front of the fireplace, and it's always in action, even if Shirley has to open all the windows and doors. When Steve's home, he reads to her, for Shirley's generally bespectacled blue eyes are weak.

READING is fine but the talented actress' greatest joy is a startling and gifted miniature of herself, baby Stephanie, or Sachie, as she is called. At 2½-years-old, red-haired Sachie is a small-sized scene stealer who merrily mimics mama's every impish expression or gesture. When that happens Shirley's eyes light up like a neon sign. "Little Sachie," says her big double, Shirley, "is a real ham." In their daily play Sachie learns by imitating and Shirley admits she is always learning to act by imitating, too. And no matter how busy Shirley is (her Paramount co-workers call her Chain-Gang Shirley), this devoted mother manages to play with her daughter every day. Sachie goes to nursery school and is on a 9 to 9 schedule so Shirley can be with her after the day's work.

"Sachie is a born mimic," declares mama Shirley, "and I'd be happy to have her become an actress. But not yet." Since the amazingly gifted tyke appeared with her mugging mother on a national magazine cover, Shirley has received 1,500 letters and Sachie has received two TV offers. "When I put the phone down," Shirley giggles, "I gloated over the offers for ten full minutes. I think I was more thrilled than over getting my own Oscar nomination. As you can see, Sachie and I are very good friends and see eye to

eye on most things. But she really has got to stop beating up all the little boys she meets." And after the unpleasantness of having her tummy pumped out when she ate some pills she found on Shirley's night table, Sachie won't try that again. But she still tears up her dolls and feeds them and her lunch to her Boxer, Caesar.

Sachie, Caesar and Shirley all like the imposing Japanese-modern glass and stucco house they've recently acquired in the elegant Royal Oaks section of the San Fernando Valley, even if they have no swimming pool like all the neighbors. Shirley, an inveterate furniture-mover-arounder, is busy finding space for the Oriental treasures Steve sends. "I'm very domestic," she explains, "though I can dance better than I can cook. This is the first home we've owned, and I picked it because it's in a neighborhood with lots of kids. I love children and I intend to have four of my own." Shirley looked through the wall of glass into the beautiful Japanese garden with the two-ton antique stone lantern Steve had shipped home, and she said simply: "Children are the hope of the world."

Though she loves the new house, she'd still prefer living in Japan. She's been there twice and can't wait to return. "The Oriental way of life is appealing because it's so simple. The people take time out to enjoy little things, get down to basics. You won't find many ulcers in Japan." And she gets mad when people raise their eyes at the Oriental custom of eating raw fish. "What do you call herring or lox on bagel or that fancy sturgeon?" she asks them, pointing out that her market on the Boulevard sells pickled octopus.

Shirley's own eating habits are strictly nonconformist, too. Like many people who live alone she forgets to eat and sees nothing odd in broiling herself a steak for dinner at 2 a.m. If she's very hungry and eats a big dinner, she'll run around the block until she feels better. And when she works intensively for three or four days on dancing routines for a big TV show, she'll live on hot fudge sundaes, explaining, "They give me the energy that I need."

NOR can she go to sleep like other people. Exercise has become a way of life after all these years of dancing. So she goes through a violent routine every morning and night. She's also a tremendously hard worker who thrives on a nightmare of split-second engagements. But recently while making "Ask Any Girl," rehearsing for a big TV show, and getting ready to go into her latest picture, "Career," Shirley was beat to the knees. Her doctor put her in a hospital but she stayed only one day. Sometimes the Live-liest Art can be the Deadliest.

But Shirley, who believes one must live life to capacity, takes her "hot property"



SHIRLEY admits that being apart from Steve isn't easy but insists "nothing about life is."

status coolly. "I die when I'm not busy," she says. "Work is my recreation; I have no hobbies though I can play violin, piano, flute, trombone and I'm a whip on the castanets. ("So I make a little noise.")

Just what kind of person is Shirley MacLaine? Pixie, little girl, lost gamin? Madcap or sprite? None of these tags conveys the many-sided individualist whose behavior often confuses Hollywood. Though she doesn't drink, one moment she is the life of the party—brash, frank, uninhibited, always "on stage"; the next, she is silent and withdrawn. "I'm a self-intoxicator," she has said. "I don't need a drink to be the drunkest at a party. But I run down. When I'm quiet I'm recharging my batteries."

She's also a born worrier, says a co-worker. "Shirley gives the impression of being in a constant state of thinking about something else. She's never sure just where she is or why she's there, and she worries about where she's supposed to be next. She does it all so charmingly, being possessed of the kind of little girl appeal rarely associated with professional dancers. It's the same kind of appeal Marilyn Monroe has and Shirley displayed it to marvelous advantage in 'Some Came Running.' You want to take her on your lap and assure her that everything will be all right.

"Shirley says she's so thrifty she will snap up any bargain. She once told me she started the 'sack' look in Hollywood because she bought a dress at half-price, reduced because the belt was missing. Yet she once forfeited more than a thousand dollars in rent by moving out on a lease, saying the place depressed her. That was a couple of years ago when she wasn't making the money she is now.

"Clothes mean nothing to her. She'll appear late and breathless for a luncheon date wearing a rumpled cotton blouse, unpressed slacks and a sweater designed for

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The Conquest Of Hollywood

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would have—and have—discouraged lesser dreamers, and he finally ended up in the promised land of stardom as one of the personable male triumvirate headlined in “77 Sunset Strip”—the other two dreamboats being Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Roger Smith.

The first thing Byrnes learned, once he made up his mind to be a movie star, was to rise above the skepticism of his peers. Once he learned this, disappointments and rejections that stopped others dead in their tracks bounced off him like bullets pop off Superman’s sweater. And nowhere did he encounter more skepticism than in his own home.

“My family was not too happy about the idea,” he says. “My mother wanted me to go to college to become a doctor. I guess because my father’s father was a doctor. The idea of my acting seemed crazy to them. They had never known anyone who’d been an actor. They thought it was impossible, ridiculous, that I was reaching for the moon.”

His mother may not have shared his boyish optimism, but she unwittingly furnished him with the credo that was to keep firing his courage when the going got roughest. Upon Edd’s graduation from Haaren High, his mother inscribed in his year book the following:

“Don’t wait for your ship to come in. Row out and meet it.”

Edd chose the brave words over the maternal misgivings. And before long his ambition was being taken more seriously.

“Eventually,” he recalls, “after I got a few bit parts on TV, and the neighbors came in and made a fuss about it, my family kind of enjoyed this, and began to think maybe I wasn’t crazy after all.”

Even when he hired out as an apprentice with the Litchfield Summer Theatre in Connecticut, his sights were set on Hollywood. Instead of waiting for his first acting break in Litchfield, he waited until he saved enough money to head for the land of minks and Thunderbirds.

“If that’s what you really want, son,” his still uncertain mother bade him tearful farewell, “I wish you luck.”

Edd was impatient to go out and meet his ship. It didn’t seem practical to attempt the voyage in a rowboat, so he set forth in his vintage Oldsmobile convertible. He was in such haste that he made the trans-continental trip in four days.

“My wardrobe consisted of a couple of sports jackets and a suit or two,” he recounts with a grin. “To keep expenses down, I slept and ate in the car. I’d buy a quart of milk, some cold cuts and a loaf of bread, and make sandwiches in the car. I’d pick up a hitchhiker once in a while so I wouldn’t get too lonely.”

There was no one waiting for Edd with open arms when he sputtered into Hollywood. He had no letters of recommendation, no telephone numbers, no addresses,

just \$100 and an inexhaustible supply of youthful audacity.

“Every actor has it rough on the way up.” He is unperturbed about it. “I often thought how nice it must be when an actor doesn’t have to struggle, but it probably makes him a much better actor in the end.”

To be sure, Edd found no shortage of struggles. Agents kept dropping him as if he were contaminated. He ran out of strategy. He ran out of money. He ran out of gas. In fact, he ran out of everything but hope—and DDT.

I SHARED a \$50 a month apartment with Jim Brady, a New York actor I met out here.” He suffers no pain when he describes those lean but dauntless days. “We shared expenses, did our cooking at home, and we’d crash a lot of parties and free load. I remember crashing Zsa Zsa Gabor’s party for Porfirio Rubirosa at her home in Bel Air. Everyone there was dressed in tuxedos, we came in blue suits and ties. Zsa Zsa spotted us and asked who’d invited us.”

Edd’s charming audacity won again.

“No one really,” he smiled with disarming candor. “We crashed.”

“How sweet!” Zsa Zsa chirped. “Well, come on dollkins, I’ll introduce you to ze other guests.”

Byrnes remembers the incident fondly.

“She was very sweet,” he says warmly. “We had a terrific time.”

He had a less terrific time trying to crash the studios. He sweet-talked a succession of agents into handling him, but he couldn’t sweet-talk them out of dropping him. Even to get them to represent him in the first place he had to call on the very same resourcefulness that he had

displayed in order to meet Kirk Douglas.

“I wrote a lot of phony credits on the back of my pictures,” he confesses with a Huckleberry Finn twinkle. “I put down that I’d acted in New York on ‘Studio One,’ ‘The Robert Montgomery Theatre,’ and I told ‘em I was in a number of Broadway shows.”

But one agent after another gave him up as a hopeless case, and tried to make him realize he was spending himself on an impossible quest.

“They told me I wasn’t contract material,” he recalls the rebuffs with no discernible gloating. “That things were rough, that there were thousands of guys like me in town, and that the smartest thing I could do was to forget I ever wanted to act.”

Discouraged Byrnes was, but defeated he was not.

“You’ll be sorry,” was his cheerful rejoinder. “You just wait. You’re making a great mistake.”

He had worked his charm on a number of other agents, and for every hundred steps backward he’d manage to take a step forward. He’d come up with a small part in a TV film or a bit in a movie this way—his first was as Tony Perkins’ buddy in “Fear Strikes Out”—but these parts were too occasional, and his agents kept shopping for more promising meal tickets. Byrnes, meanwhile, was as undaunted as he was unwanted.

“I figured,” he says blandly, “they didn’t know me and what I could do, so why should I take their word. This only made me madder and more determined.”

His \$100 lasted him a month. But on the theory that he wanted to be home to answer the door when opportunity knocked, he did not consider taking non-acting jobs.

“I was most discouraged when I didn’t have any money,” he ponders his unre-

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IN NO hurry to marry, Edd feels he has a long way to go before he gives up bachelorhood.

THE CONQUEST OF HOLLYWOOD

continued

mitting uphill stage. "I used to go around to gas stations after they closed. I'd go from one gas station to another, pouring what little gas was left in the hose, maybe a quarter of a pint, into my own tank so I'd have enough gas to visit the studios the next day."

His fantastic reserves of DDT, plus his pleasant acceptance of adversity, kept him afloat on Hollywood's choppy seas for a year. He existed on threadbare rations of bits on TV shows, including one memorable performance on Lux.

"I was in it," he recalls, "with another guy no one had heard of—Guy Williams, who's now the star of 'Zorro.' He had a much fatter part than I. He had two lines: I had one."

EDD's crucial break came when his agent sent him to Warner Bros. to read for a part in one of the "Cheyenne" films with Clint Walker.

"Art Silver, the producer, said he knew I could do the part I came to try out for, but that there was a better one coming up the next week," Byrnes smiles. "I thought I was getting the brush-off, but I read the part anyway for William Orr, who heads the Warner TV setup, and for the director, and I got it."

Unwittingly, Edd's big opportunity raised the already familiar and venerated image of Jimmy Cagney, the boy who had roamed the same Manhattan streets as he a generation before.

"I played the part of a killer," Byrnes explains. "It was a Western remake of 'Angels With Dirty Faces.' I did the part that James Cagney played in the movie. He went to the electric chair. I went to the gallows."

It was just the chance, to pounce on the obvious pun, that Byrnes had been dying for. His performance won him a term contract and another juicy killer part in "Girl On The Run," the pilot film of the then projected "77 Sunset Strip" series. Byrnes scored so well that he was written in as one of the regular stars. Meantime, he saw service in three Warner Bros. feature pictures—as Natalie Wood's adolescent boy friend in "Marjorie Morningstar," as one of the intrepid gladiators in "Darby's Rangers," and as the pharmacist's mate in the submarine suspenser, "Up Periscope."

Edd Byrnes no longer has any trouble getting up the rent. He now shares with another buddy a more opulent two-story home in the Hollywood Hills, and he no longer has an agent problem. He is handled by William Morris, second only to MCA in the Hollywood empire.

"After really meeting a movie star—Douglas was the first one I'd actually met—I was convinced that this was the life for me," Byrnes relates. But the bug had bitten him much earlier, and the virus proved recurrent.

"Cagney was part of it, I'm sure," he

affirms. "He lived on East 78th Street, the same street I did. He grew up between First and Second Avenues. I grew up between Second and Third Avenues. All of us kids were always talking about Cagney. He was kind of a neighborhood hero. And I used to read all the fan magazines. I knew how everyone got into pictures and how they grew up. I used to see two or three movies a day in the summer when there was no school."

Since Edd's allowance wasn't extravagant, he worked on an ice truck during the summer to earn extra money—not only for his family, which needed it, but so that he could pay movie admission.

"I'd walk up five flights of stairs delivering ice," he thinks back with wry amusement. "The sweat would be pouring down me, and people would tell me how lucky I was to have such a nice cool job on an ice truck in the summer."

Even now it is difficult for Edd to pinpoint just when the decision to become an actor finally jelled—when he was a kid movie fan, when he participated in the annual musical staged by the New York Turn Verein where he worked out as a tumbler and gymnast, or as a result of his first disappointment in love.

"I guess I first became seriously interested in acting when the Turn Verein put on those plays," he says. "I remember in the finale I was supposed to take part in the re-enactment of the Iwo Jima flag raising. We all had Marine uniforms on, and I decided to be realistic. I got the other guys to come with me, and we ran dirt over our uniforms and spread burnt cork over our faces. We were a mess. The director came in, and he was fit to be tied. He made us all take a shower and shake the dust off our uniforms. He wanted us to go out there very clean and put up the flag."

IF the Turn Verein provided Edd with a frustrating introduction to acting, it also provided him with an equally frustrating introduction to love, and thereby further provided him with an unexpected impetus to pursue an acting career. The girl in question attended the Turn Verein because, being a ballet dancer, she too was interested in gymnastics.

"I had dated before, but never steady," Edd still speaks wistfully of the romance. "She was very lovely. I'd seen her around, but I never had the nerve to ask her out. But every Sunday afternoon the boys and girls would have joint classes, and one Sunday her brother, who was a friend of mine, introduced me. It was love at first sight."

It was almost a year before a nasty old serpent crawled into their Eden.

"We were a hot item for nine months," Edd grins sheepishly. "Then we had a lovers' quarrel. That was five years ago, but I've gotten over it. It took me about a year. I was very depressed in the beginning. But I gradually began being myself again, and going out more. A year later she was having a romance with an-

other guy and broke up with him, and called me and wanted to get back together again. But it was too late. I'd gotten completely over it. I'd decided to become an actor."

Edd says it like Charles Boyer renouncing Hedy Lamarr to join the Foreign Legion.

Cured though he is of that early amour, Byrnes, now an ancient and confirmed bachelor of 25, still cherishes the memory of it.

"That was my first and last love," he acknowledges. "I haven't had any love affair since. That was puppy love, a teenage romance. But what's that saying?"

He finds the saying nicely without any prompting at all:

"You get over your first love, but you never forget your first love!"

There is no indication of who said it first, but Edd Byrnes gives it a good reading. He says it with feeling.

If he is not marriage-minded today, it is not because his first love spoiled him for all others, but because he has a long way to go before he loses his taste for the joys of bachelorhood. Whatever his marital disinclination, there is very little doubt that he generates a heavy sex-appeal fallout—on and off the parlor picture box.

IN his associations with girls, as in his approach to life, Byrnes is fun-loving and laughing-eyed, and boyish and soft-spoken for all his assurance. They find him audacious but not overbearing, brash but not a boor. Perhaps one reason for his sex-appeal is that he is daring enough to expect his girls to be feminine rather than competitive. He spells out this all but extinct attitude when he explains why he's in no hurry to get married.

"First of all," he points out with a sigh of relief, "I haven't met the right girl. Second, I'm not financially set yet. I still have a responsibility to my family. And fourth, I've never been tempted. I have to get more advanced in my career, and I have to have a lot more fun before I think of getting married. Maybe I'll be ready when I'm 30."

It would seem clear that any girl interested in currying favor—let alone matrimony—with Edd must be willing to pamper him.

"I like a girl that likes to smile," he smiles, meeting her on his own hypothetical terms. "She'd have to have a great sense of humor and understand my work. She'd have to share my interest in health foods, too. I'm such a bug on it. It's no fun to eat health foods alone. She'd have to sleep late. If she'd get out of bed in the morning and squeeze me my orange juice, that would be the end. If she's a good back rubber that would be in her favor, too. I love to have my back rubbed. Lower, honey, lower. She must have good manners. She would have to know how to entertain and be a good hostess if I threw a party."

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"What I've Never Told Before"

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him as a gesture of something or other.

"I guess it's just part of my whole way of life," is his typical reaction. "So far I've been very fortunate and never had to ask a favor of anyone and feel indebted, as a result. The whole truth is, if I can possibly swing it, I'll pay cash for everything I buy, or build. The things I live with I want to own and it's as simple as that. I think we'll remain in the valley, it's closer to the studio in the heavy traffic and a great place for kids to find space for stretching their legs."

As the time for owning their own home becomes closer to reality, the Garners get a terrific kick out of discussing their pet project. They've drawn up tentative floor plans during quiet evenings when the children (little Greta celebrated her first birthday last January) are asleep. During spare moments, Lois thumbs through magazines depicting the domestic scene and clips illustrations she thinks Jim will like. His inimitable contributions are best described in his own words.

"I want to live the way I used to think all movie stars live. You know—bedrooms with gold door knobs, hot and cold running butlers, guest houses, tennis courts, sunken pools, projection rooms, stables—and wall-to-wall money!"

It's that last phrase that betrays Jim's irresistible urge to kid things that have a basis of truth. His quick smile un masks his deadpan humor while he proceeds to qualify himself.

"Confidentially, I never was a fan, although I always enjoyed going to the movies and reading the movie magazines. Some of those stories about Hollywood stars dining off mink table cloths and filling their swimming pools with pink champagne were real gassers. I suppose some of them did come close to the truth, but when you read about great moneymakers of yesterday being broke, it makes you stop and think. No, I'd never want to put myself in such a spot.

LOIS and I hope to get to the place where we won't want for anything—anything within reason, I mean. But luxuries aren't necessary, unless having a yard where I can practice golf is a luxury. I just want a place where I can play with the kids, a pool to jump in, which is healthy for them and that's about it. Somehow I can't imagine paying half a million dollars for a home and mortgaging one's soul to it. Maybe I'm crazy, but a clear conscience and a good night's sleep appeal to me much more.

"People do it, but I can't imagine paying out a fabulous sum for a decorator to come in and take over. After paying through the nose to get everything perfect—it turns out 'perfect' for everyone except those who have to live with it. Lois and I did discuss this for a fast five minutes and that settled the subject. She has ex-

cellent taste and, knowing me as she does, I'll leave it up to her to exercise her own judgment. This way I know our home will be livable and right for us.

"When you stop and think that I'm away working most of the time, Lois and the children are actually the ones who will enjoy the greatest benefits from the house. Therefore, it's very important that they are happy in their surroundings and as long as the place is clean and neat, that's good enough for me. That's all I want and it wouldn't bother me if Lois decided to decorate in Early Livery Stable! You know, I've lived in some pretty crummy places during my travels, so I'm not hard to please."

Loving kids the way he always has, it follows that Jim Garner exerts great parental care and concern in raising his daughters. He wants them to grow up being nice, normal and natural, and he discourages the slightest indication that there are special privileges in having a famous father.

"Of course, Greta is too young to know I'm an actor," laughs Jim, "but Kimberly has been exposed to it and about every three months she announces she wants to become another Judy Garland. To get the best results, I play it straight. When my alarm goes off at 6 a.m. I awaken Kimberly and bring her to the set. She has to sit there very quietly and watch. At first, she's all eyes and very thrilled. By eleven she's had it and can't wait to go to lunch.

"After lunch, when she's been revitalized, Kimberly's enthusiasm returns again and then comes more sitting and more watching. By four, a very tired and bored little girl is ready to go home, but we seldom get there before seven. By this time the glamour is gone. She sees me when I come home at the end of each day and how beat I am. I kick off my shoes and she hangs up my clothes and this is like a ritual. As time goes by, she cares less about becoming an actress!"

Maybe Kimberly will never see her name in lights, but she should have an Oscar for her performance with the sand pile set. Jim gets a big boot out of it and in that warm, understanding way of his, he lets her get away with it.

"Kimberly's at that age where she is impressed with everything I do," he nods knowingly, "but she covers up by pretending to be blase and couldn't care less. One morning recently, she casually told me about some boy in the neighborhood who was getting in her hair. He kept pestering her for my autograph and she acted as if the whole thing was way beneath her. Of course, she was secretly pleased and finally when I sort of suggested that she give the kid the autograph to get him off her neck, there was a big sigh of satisfaction!"

After a long, tiring day at the studio, Jim rarely watches television and he's



SUNDAY morning Jim plays golf, loafs the rest of the day. Monday he's Maverick again.

only seen about half of his own shows. But like the man says—"After all, I DO know the plot!" However, Lois, Kimberly and her little friends are great "Maverick" fans and after Sunday night viewing, there are lively discussions in the Garner living room. Lois has a quick mind and insists that people in real life wouldn't behave the way they did in a certain scene. Jim allows as how they would and they go 'round and 'round in friendly fashion. Sometimes he wins and sometimes he loses, but the kids lay it right on the line.

"They tell me what they like and don't like," laughs Jim, "and they're very definite about it. Usually, they don't know *why* they have certain reactions, but I still listen to those kids because they are great critics. They're unbiased in their opinions and you'd be surprised how much I've learned from them about my work."

Although Jim's away many weekends doing benefits and making personal appearances, when he's in town, Saturday is his big day at home.

"It's everyone's turn to wait on me," he beams, "and I take it big! If there's a ball game I watch it on TV, unless it interferes with playing with the baby. Kimberly usually goes off to a movie in the afternoon, Lois goes shopping and I work terribly hard at loafing. To give Lois time off from cooking, sometimes we jump in the car and go to some nearby place for an early dinner. On Sunday morning I play golf or tennis. When Kimberly follows me around the course, we take along hot dogs and Cokes and have a picnic lunch. Then I get caught up on my loafing for the rest of the day and get up bright and early on Monday morning for another week's work.

"There aren't many odd jobs for a man

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My Brother, Frankie Avalon

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been one of our real big treats. Mother would pack a lunch and we would stay all day. Times when we were particularly flush, we'd see a show at the Steel Pier. To us, that was the most glamorous ever, so naturally that's where Frankie decided he wanted to work during the summer that he was 11.

He got the job, but unfortunately, there was no money attached. Our Aunt Angie—Mrs. Leo DiSteffano—came to the rescue by inviting Frankie to stay at her house. Our grandmother, Rose Avallone, went along. She said it was to keep an eye on Frankie. Since he's the apple of her eye, I think it was to have all that time with her much beloved grandson.

They billed him as "The Boy Wizard With A Horn," and played five shows a day. Frankie, simultaneously, also wanted to be the boy wizard on the diving board. He'd be out of wind when he returned to the platform. My father fussed at him, saying, "Frankie, you can't do both." Frankie went right on winning swimming contests and playing trumpet.

BACK home that fall, he made the rounds of radio and television shows. Paul Whiteman's "Teen Club" was then on the air from Philadelphia. We both tried out for it. I sang just well enough to get into the big chorus, but Frankie quickly became a big prize-winning star. We're still using the refrigerator and record player he brought home from that show.

Neither of us will ever forget the day that Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman invited the crowd of kids to their home at Rosemount, New Jersey. We had never before seen a big estate with a swimming pool. Frankie spoke of that pool again, just the other day. He was talking to Mother about the kind of house he wants. We now live in one of the new row houses near the Navy Yard. Mother said, "This is a nice house. Why don't you plan to settle down right here?"

Frankie looked out the back window at the small back yard. "There's no room for a swimming pool. I want one just like Paul Whiteman's."

Frankie was a busy young star during those years. He cut a record, "Trumpet Sorrento," for RCA-Victor's "X" label. It then sold just enough copies to pay for the recording session. Now it is a collector's item. He played the Jackie Gleason show, the Garry Moore show and many others.

To keep a record of Frankie's performances, we got a disc recording machine, but I remember several times it was never put to use. My father got too excited to remember to turn it on. My mother was even worse. She'd be so nervous she actually couldn't see or hear. When friends came in or called up after a program, her first question always was, "How did he do?"

Frankie himself was so calm, so grown up, that it took a disappointment to make us realize he was still a very young boy. His prize for one show was supposed to be a year's supply of ice cream. He promised all his friends a share. Day after day, he ran in from school shouting, "Did the ice cream come yet?" When months passed, Frankie at last gave up. "A year's supply of ice cream!" he said indignantly. "They didn't send me so much as a Dixie cup."

Then, suddenly, it was all over. Frankie, at 13, had worked himself out of business. He had guest-starred on most of the big programs and he was still too young to play night clubs.

Then Frankie got his idea for a teenage night club. He said to Dad, "We'll serve soft drinks and sandwiches and have a big dance floor."

Dad said, "I think you've got something there," and called Uncle Marty.

Thinking back over it, I can wonder how an entire family could be willing to drop everything and venture out on a very risky enterprise focused on a 13-year-old. Actually, we never thought of it that way. Frankie wanted it and we all believed in Frankie. Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, who now head Chancellor Records, also joined in.

The story of those dry night clubs could be a book in itself. The first, The Frat, grew too small; the second, The Embassy, burned down one winter night when the over-heated chimney exploded. The third, the Starlight Ballroom, was opened when there were just too many dance halls in South Philadelphia and not enough dancers to go around.

But they were fun while they lasted. Mother and Dad ran the commissary; I was a waitress. Bob, Pete and my Uncle Marty worked on management and entertainment. Frankie headed the band and dreamed up skits. Many of the top recording artists made guests appearances to plug their new records.

We were all sorry when the end came, but it actually marked the beginning of one of the most pleasant periods in our family life.

Frankie still had a hand, but he had more free time than he had had in years. Often, we'd just stay home in the evenings and enjoy being together. We had a million family jokes—those little things that never seem humorous to an outsider—but we could laugh, steady, from the moment we sat down to dinner until it was time to go to bed. My brother thinks my father is the funniest man alive, and when Frankie starts clowning, my father thinks Frankie is pretty funny, too. Together, they keep my mother and me in stitches.

And tease? All kid brothers tease, but Frankie is an expert. When I had a big date, like a prom, Frankie was under-



WHEN Frankie isn't on tour he spends as much time as possible home with his family.

foot, mimicking the way I fixed my hair, doing imitations of the boy who had asked me. He also gave advice. My mother and I had discussed late hours. She trusted me and let me set my own getting home time. But not Frankie. He'd shout out, "Now be sure you're home by 12 o'clock." Honestly, I could have clobbered him.

Never in a million years could I get even with Frankie in teasing, but I had my innings when he went to his first prom. A neighborhood girl invited him. Frankie pretended to be oh, so cool, but he had to have a new suit, and I'm sure he combed his hair a hundred times before he left the house. On that night, I was the one who imitated Frankie.

Frankie was still in South Philadelphia High School when our old friends, Bob and Pete, started Chancellor Records. About their only capital was their ambition and their talent for writing and arranging music. Bob often did his worrying and hoping at our house. His one refrain was, "Now if we could only find a real teenage idol . . ."

Eager to help, Frankie turned volunteer talent scout. If a boy could croak three notes and had less than three left feet, Frankie insisted that Bob and Pete audition him. Again and again, they had to shake their heads and say, "That isn't the guy, Frankie."

FRANKIE was playing trumpet with Rocco And His Saints one night when Bob and Pete stopped in. When they finished a set, Frankie came down to talk to them. Both were excited.

Pete said, "Frankie, can you sing?" "Sure," said my brother. "Why?"

Bob said, "We've been searching so far, so hard that we couldn't see what was right in front of us. Frankie, you're our teenage idol."

Frankie cut his first record, "Cupid," the week that he graduated. It created more interest than anyone expected. They released his second, "Teacher's Pet," on his birthday, September 18, and Bob and Frankie took off on a disc jockey tour.

This was the first time that Frankie

had ever been away from home for an extended time. Suddenly, the house was quiet. Too quiet. Nothing seemed fun, anymore. It hit Dad worst. Every evening, he took out the whole stack of Frankie's show recordings and played them over and over. Today, they're so worn out it is hard to listen to them.

Happy as we are over Frankie's success, we still miss him when he's on tour. So we always celebrate whenever he returns to Philadelphia.

For me, the most momentous of these celebrations was Chancellor Records' anniversary party last year, for there I met a friend of Bob's, Thomas Belfiore.

Tommy, who had recently returned from Army duty in Korea, is the traditional tall, dark and handsome young man. His dancing first caught my attention. He had been a teacher at the Fred Astaire studio. His charm captivated me. We hadn't had very many dates before we began to make serious plans.

We thought we were keeping them real secret until a night when my mother suggested to Frankie, "Tommy doesn't have a picture of you. Wouldn't you like to give him one?"

Frankie autographed it with a flourish. "To my future brother-in-law."

I read it and shook. Tommy saw it, did a double take, said "thanks," and put it away. I breathed again.

But when I got Frankie alone, I let him have it. "What are you trying to do, scare Tommy away?" I demanded.

Frankie just grinned. "I don't think you have to worry."

Not long after that, Tommy and I told our folks, went to see our priest and set the date for May 8. Frankie was out on the road so we phoned him the news. His response was, "May I be best man?"

His next reaction was intensely practical. Frankie and Bob had found an ideal ballroom location near Scranton. He came to Tommy to say, "Will you manage it for me?"

The Frankie Avalon ballroom opened on Easter Sunday, and by the time you read this, Frankie will have played his big role as best man at our wedding.

When will Tommy be able to return the compliment? When will Frankie follow us down the aisle?

You never can tell. Because Frankie has

achieved so many ambitions in such a short time, it is difficult to realize that he won't be 19 until September.

Sometimes he seems so grown up. I remember the day that he received word that his friends, Buddy Holly, The Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens had been killed in that plane crash in Iowa. Frankie was home, beat-out tired. He had a cold and he needed to rest. But when Mr. Irving Feld phoned to ask him to headline the remaining dates of that tour, Frankie left at once. "It's the least I can do," he said. "Had I been the one to crash, they would have filled in for me."

Then there was the night that Connie Francis came to dinner. Over plates of my mother's delicious spaghetti, they laughed as they remembered how they went to their first movie premiere. Each had a record in the charts, but the crowd outside the theatre was made up of motion picture fans. When the announcer boomed into the mike, "Miss Connie Francis and Mr. Frankie Avalon," there was no applause. Connie said, "I was all set to take bows but no one had the slightest idea who we were. I could have cried, I was that disappointed."

That was only a year ago. Since then, Frankie has had the Number One tune in "Venus." Connie, too, has had a succession of hits. They both have network programs. Connie is the featured girl vocalist on the Jimmie Rodgers show on NBC-TV and Frankie just began his own Saturday night radio program on ABC.

In accomplishment, Frankie is adult, but when he's home, he can still be very much the teenager. He roughhouses with his collie, Dee Dee Dinah, until my mother yells at him, "Stop it before you smash everything in the place."

And when he calls a girl for a date, he's just a riot. Real confidential, he'll say, "Just because it's you, I'd like to sneak away from the fans tonight. Let's go to a drive-in and park away over in the corner where it's real dark . . ."

He's so smooth I'm tempted to say, "Little brother, who are you fooling? Are you sure it's because of the fans? I know the signs. One of these days, you're going to fall in love. And when you do, Little Brother, I hope she's just as good and true as you. For, my dear brother Frankie, you're the very best." **END**

"I used to like to shop for clothes," she said. "Now I like to shop for food and furniture. We haven't any rugs yet but I want white ones. And lots of pale blue in my own room."

"We have four bedrooms here and four baths and a wonderful pool. I can't wait to have all our relatives out from the East. We are going to have guests all the time as soon as we're settled."

"It is true," she went on, "that I don't have many girl friends. But I have one very good one in New York . . . she's a model . . . and she will be coming out to see me."

"How about you and John Saxon?" we inquired. "One of the columns reported that you two were 'an item'."

"That's not true, either," she said, rather crossly. "At least, it isn't true if 'an item' means what I think it does."

"In the first place, John wouldn't be interested in me romantically. He'd think I was much too young and I guess I am. But we are very good friends and he has been awfully nice to me . . . sort of like an older brother or a cousin."

"Anyhow, I don't feel romantic about any of the boys I know and I am sure they don't feel that way about me. I like boys to have fun with, sort of comfortable people, if you know what I mean."

"As I told you, I simply never had a chance to have young friends before and this is a wonderful experience for me."

"Is it true that you 'disapprove' of rock 'n' roll music?"

"Good gracious, no! Who would I be to 'disapprove' of anything like that? I even like it a little bit but I can't take too much of it at a time. It makes me nervous, somehow. Just as I like Ricky Nelson very much indeed . . . but I just can't like too much of his music. I can't help it!

"But please," she pleaded, widening those lovely eyes, "don't let people think I am spoiled and bored and just an all 'round brat, as they might think from things that have been said about me."

"I am happy. And grateful. I have everything I want. Money, early success and the chance to work for a new career. I know I'm just plain lucky. I didn't deserve all this and I didn't have to work for it. I just happened to be in the right places at the right times. That doesn't happen to many people. But now I AM working and trying to deserve it all."

"That's why it hurts me when I read things about myself that make me think, 'If I read this and didn't know the girl, I'd hate her!'"

"Will you try to put it right?"

Well, we don't think it is all as bad as Sandra imagines. No one who knows her at all could possibly "hate" her. She is too sweet and too genuine. But she is also too young to be able to take unwarranted criticism and misunderstanding in professional stride. No wonder it hurts!

We sincerely hope that we have comforted Sandra somewhat and put the record a little straighter. **END**

"Why Do They Lie About Me?"

continued from page 31

can have 'pillow talk parties' . . . you know . . . everyone brings his or her own pillow to sit on. We'll have music and games and I can cook. I love to cook.

"Right now we have some dishes and a couple of little chairs and some TV tables. And kitchen things."

"Mom had a big laugh at me when she sent me to buy some sheets and pillow cases and I came home with a gold

coffee pot, an electric one. But it was SO pretty . . . Mom had to go out and buy the bed things we needed.

"I cook every night at home. I get all the magazines with recipes in them and try out everything. Then I cook for our parties . . . after trying out the recipes on us."

She skittered onto another subject, as is her way.

Two-Fisted Rebel

continued from page 48

first move was to get himself into a fight.

He had two cousins who had the largest pet shop in Southern California, but next to them was a nursery—and two Japanese kids. Immediately, they decided they didn't like Stuart and he finally had to take them on. Up to then, his cousins had paid little attention to him, but when he beat up his challengers they accepted him. So for a while he felt he really belonged here.

As time went on Stuart got in with bad crowds. The fights became even more frequent. He enrolled in Venice High School—and this was when he probably hit his lowest mark. He was part of a gang of rebels—without a cause—who were aching for trouble. One night they found it.

"We'd been waiting for a gang from St. Monica's school—there were about 13 in their crowd. This evening they trapped us on the Venice Pier and when the fight was over they left us in a heap. I had two ribs broken, some guys had noses busted, and it was pretty gory. Not like the violent fights I'd had or seen on the East Side in New York but it was bad enough.

"I can still remember how mad I was that I'd been beaten. As a rule I won my fights."

Stuart's reputation as a trouble-maker became known to all the schools. Parents of other kids were even advised to keep their children away from him. So he continued to live on the outside and alone. He went to no one with his problems. He fought them out by himself.

"I can remember, though, thinking so many times, 'I'll never grow up to be a man, I'll always be a child,'" Stuart said. "I thought a child's life was for always and I wanted to grow up and get off on my own. To be on my own meant simply to stop moving, to settle down some place.

"By the time I went to Hollywood High School I was really a rebel. Nothing mattered to me. I was ripe for real trouble. And the only thing that saved me was discovering an outlet for my energy in football. Soon, and luckily, I dropped the gang and spent practically all my time in sports.

"Not that my fighting stopped. It didn't. I never got through a complete game because I was always being thrown out for fighting some guy on the other team. But here at least I found real competition, something with a purpose.

"When I went to Junior College later I continued to play football and baseball and I was working for a football scholarship at UCLA but a knee injury ended my playing days."

Stuart made the biggest move in his life when he enlisted, along with five other buddies, in the Army, determined, as he said, "to get it over with."

His attitude was anything but ideal. He disliked the discipline, the orders, the officers, anything and everything. And he managed to get into a fight the first day he was at camp.

He took on a buddy who had come to the camp with him and was, naturally, immediately disciplined. Then he got into a fight while he was standing in line waiting for his clothes to be issued. It began as a gag, but before long he and his pals took on the quartermaster's office, ripped down the plyboard wall in the place, and had a merry time.

"The Army took care of us fast after that," Stuart said. "For the next five days we had to walk around the camp nude. But that still didn't feaze me. One day, a kid in our platoon literally crawled into our barracks. Some other guys had beaten him up terribly. We finally located these mugs in a beer parlor and beat the tar out of them. The MP's arrived. We got a couple of days on bread and water for that episode.

After his basic training, Stuart met Joe Andere, a fight champ, who was in charge of the gym at camp. He volunteered to help Andere with the Thursday night fights. Andere recognized Stuart's ability with gym equipment and with the gloves and made him his assistant. From then on, Stuart fought up and down the coast—but this time in a ring and for a reason.

But then came the big step—the real turning point.

STUART was appointed physical director at a veterans' hospital. It was his responsibility to give exercises to the bed patients with special emphasis on the paraplegic cases.

"Here I faced reality for the first time," Stuart said quietly. "It was the blind patients, whose faces had been shot away, who taught me so much—patience, compassion for my fellow man, and the futility of slugging my way through life. Some of these guys had been there in the same bed for four years. They had gone through countless hours of agony as new faces were built for them, but they didn't complain. Right away I was interested in them and wanted to help them as much as I could. Fighting left my mind at once."

When Stuart left the Army he was a different person. He had learned to get in on the inside by means other than fists—and he knew then that his fists had only kept him on the outside. He decided to take up acting and, after a while, got a part in a little theatre play. It was then that he and his dad finally established a better relationship.

"It was seeing me in the play and realizing that I might have some talent, that I wasn't just a bum as he had thought, that made my dad feel differ-



REFORMED Stuart is teaching his kids not to fight their way through with their fists.

ently towards me," Stuart explained. "He was even further convinced that I had changed when I fell in love with and married Patty. She was a good girl and I guess he thought I'd wind up with a no-good.

"Frankly, I don't know how Patty and I ever got together, because I was the kind of guy who went around in a hot rod, who wore jeans and a T-shirt, while she came from a wealthy family and had been to a fine school. My manners weren't anything to write home about either. The only time I dressed up for a date with her was when I'd take her to a jam session.

"Most of our time was spent at the beach and we dated only in the summers for a couple of years until I decided I wanted to go on seeing her that fall. Just a few weeks later I asked her to marry me. She had become engaged but this was changed when we suddenly eloped. She has since said she planned the whole thing, and the reason she liked me was because we were so different."

After a rough first year spent in adjusting, Stuart and Patty settled down to build a happy marriage. That marriage has made a big difference in his life.

"My temper hardly ever flares up any more," he said. "And being married has helped me keep my feet on the ground. It has given me an incentive to get somewhere in life. It's good to be responsible for someone besides yourself."

When Stuart and Patty married, he was working with his father in the construction business, running a bulldozer. He was also getting a few parts in pictures. He hadn't realized how much he had grown as a person until, as the result of being seen in a play, he was signed by a studio. The first thing they wanted to do was change his first name to Kip.

"This burned me up and I got even madder when they started plucking my eyebrows and teaching me how to walk," Stuart said with a trace of disgust. "I insisted I wanted to keep my own name but they won out. I don't know how I managed not to lose my temper and

what prevented me from blowing the chance. Later, I was signed at Universal-International and they wanted to change both my names but by now I took my stand and said Stuart Whitman was it."

He came to the attention of 20th Century-Fox after being seen in "Johnny Trouble" and many TV shows. He is now one of their hottest properties.

Stuart is today teaching his youngsters—all four of them—Tony, 5, Mike, 4, Linda, 2, and Scott, 1—to take care of themselves but he never wants them to fight their way through with their fists.

"Unless you want to be a pug," he said solemnly, "fists aren't the answer. Believe me, I know."

Stuart has found his place, his roots. His past is a firm lesson to him. He's not proud of what he's done but he chose to grow up the hard and dangerous way.

Oh, he still fights. I remember once doing a small part in a "Have Gun, Will Travel" TV show in which Stuart was playing the lead. In it he had a hum-dinger of a set-to with Richard Boone. They made a complete mess of a barn. Later he said, beaming, "I love to do fights in pictures!"

But there was a big difference—he gets paid for fighting now. **END**

The Conquest Of Hollywood

continued from page 60

Edd would add one more requirement. "Above all," he smiles winningly, "she must love me, and I must love her."

Pending materialization of this dream girl, Edd has a high time playing the field. He has a wide and impressive circle of distaff pals, some not in the picture business, others very much in it—like Venetia Stevenson, Connie Stevens, Cathy Crosby, et al.

"I'm not shy anymore," he owns up, nevertheless unable to hold back a blush.

And the blush is a telltale clue to his appealing personality. Behind Edd Byrnes' pleasantly audacious facade lives a young man who is scrupulous to make honest evaluations of himself, and who is careful not to confuse hope with achievement, or to mistake opportunity as an excuse for mediocrity.

It has been a year since he signed with Warner Bros. His popularity multiplies with each succeeding episode of "77 Sunset Strip." Yet for all his deceptive veneer of self-assurance, Edd Byrnes betrays an innate modesty. He still hasn't had the nerve to look up Kirk Douglas and remind him of that fateful visit at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel.

"I'm not well-known enough yet," he modestly insists.

On that basis, this pleasant reunion would not seem too far off. Edd Byrnes seems nicely on his way to becoming well-known enough. **END**



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Pat Boone's Advice To Teenagers

continued from page 13

are the two of you coming home? But it would have been much better for everyone if we had talked things over and reached a family decision."

Another idea also haunts Pat. "We were so lucky. When I think of what could have happened if either of us had gotten sick . . . if I hadn't been able to work . . . We took such an awful risk . . ."

It was characteristic of Pat that he had nothing to say about how hard he tried to diminish that risk, how he worked a full time job at a radio station, went to college and continued to enter talent contests, striving for that big break which would turn him into a capable breadwinner for his family. It was no accident that the marriage turned out as well as it did. Both Pat and Shirley have worked to make it so.

How he feels about it today was reflected in his answer to another letter. A girl, with typical teenage dramatization of even a remote circumstance, wrote that she had fainted when some one told her that Pat and Shirley had filed for divorce. Pat dictated his answer to that one in a matter of minutes: "I was very distressed to hear about the rumor that my wonderful wife Shirley and I were 'breaking up.' If you know me, you will not believe such ridiculous rumors. I consider myself one of the luckiest men in the world to be married to the most wonderful girl in the world."

HE was sympathetic, however, when a 13-year-old girl confided, "I am faced with one of the worst problems of my life. My mother and father quarrel, not once in a while, but often, too often. They argue all the time about trivial things and I am sure this will end in a divorce. If this happens, it will ruin my brother's life and mine. What can I do? I am broken-hearted and have no one to turn to except, perhaps, you. Would you help me?"

Pat wrote: "I am deeply sorry and I wish I could help you, but a problem like this is difficult for an outsider to solve. We all have problems and I have always found that a good close friend or minister who knows you and your family can greatly help. I hope that with time and prayer your family may once again be filled with happiness and joy. We will be praying for you."

He had very concrete suggestions for a girl who wrote that she had been out of school for two years and was finding it difficult to work during the day and attend classes at night.

This was the Pat who well knew what it was like to go to school at odd hours. "It is difficult to get back to studying when you have been away from it for two years. It is also especially difficult to attend night schools when one is working during the day. Sometimes one's mind does not work as well in the evening as it does during the day. I'm sure you have a fine



PAT admits he and Shirley took an awful risk. "Eloping wasn't the right thing to do."

mind and with a little more effort you will find your study habits improving. There are also schools which give advice concerning note taking and studying problems. You might ask your teacher about this. I admire you for continuing in school. I'm sure you will do very well."

Hardest of all to answer are those letters from young people who want Pat to help them get a start in show business. Some do not want to understand that he is neither a coach nor a booking agent and that it is impossible for him to give them the direct assistance which so many of them request.

To them he must write: "I know how difficult it seems to get started in a career and wish there were some really concrete advice I could give you. The most important is, of course, just plain hard work. The experience which is so necessary to you might well be gotten if you do your best to sing for a lot of community affairs as I did. It's really valuable toward building that self-confidence you need."

Because of Pat's own appearances as a guest preacher for Church of Christ congregations and his often re-affirmed statements of faith in God, it is natural that many teenagers turn to him when they begin searching, intellectually and emotionally, for a guiding faith of their own. While he staunchly cites the reasons why the Church of Christ is the church for him, he believes that the choice of churches must be individual. To one boy he wrote:

"I have never been in a position where I would tell someone which way to turn toward the many religions. I have great respect for those who wholeheartedly believe their respective faiths."

His feeling toward those who believe they have a religious calling was best expressed in a letter which he wrote to a young English girl who was upset be-

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...use her family didn't understand her desire to become a missionary. To her, Pat wrote:

"When the call of God is firmly written in your heart, nothing will ever erase it. For the present, then, my advice is to listen to the good counsel of your parents. You are still young now, but when you are older and if you still have the desire to be a missionary, I feel that some door will open by which your parents will fully understand what all this work actually means to you."

PAT believes in using what he calls a "road map" toward maturity which comes from the Bible. As a test of how far he had advanced toward that maturity, he recommends that teenagers make up a personal check list with the headings: Spiritual, Social, Mental, Physical, Work, and Financial. To set goals and reach them in all fields leads to happiness, he believes. He is also the first to say that he is far from having reached those which he has set for himself.

Others, however, do not always understand this, and because they do not, Pat has had to pay the price for being a youthful pundit. At the time his book was published, he gave an interview in which he casually mentioned some of his own imperfections. At the age of 14, he had been briefly involved in a flurry of shoplifting. His gang had thought it smart to snatch merchandise from stores. He also had to find out by experience whether he wanted to smoke and drink.

In the ensuing headlines, Pat discovered that for a human, a halo is never a comfortable headgear. Too many persons lost sight of the fact that Pat had never made any pretensions of wearing a halo and that he had long ago rectified his early errors. Conscience-stricken within days, he had worked to pay the merchants for the goods he had taken. Believing in physical fitness, he had also, within a brief time, decided that smoking and drinking were not for him.

Indignant because the incidents had been sensationalized and that some of his fans had been deeply hurt because of this, Pat issued a statement:

"One of the most important goals of my life has been, and is, to help young people in every way I can. In recent interviews I have voluntarily revealed the mistakes I made as a 14-year-old. I have not done this to condone or excuse these mistakes, but in the sincere hope that the knowledge of my past experiences would prevent the same kind of mistakes on the part of teenagers today.

"I have also hoped that young people would profit from the many fortunate, happy experiences and advantages that I had as a teenager and since. In my work with young people as a scout leader, Sunday School teacher and occasional preacher, I have always referred to my own mistakes to illustrate that we are all capable of good and had and that the choice lies within oneself."

END



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Coming Attractions

continued from page 55

tions Finch makes. After a siege of ill health, during which Finch takes over, she's sent back to Belgium. Here, Audrey's real trial has yet to come. As the Nazis take over her country, she finds it difficult to abstain from helping the resistance fighters. When her father, Dean Jagger, is machine-gunned to death, hatred for the Nazis fills her heart. Because of this inability to subdue personal feelings, her life as a nun must come to an end. This is an unusual, but exceptional, Technicolor portrait of a young woman who chose a difficult life, but who had the courage to admit failure. (Warner Bros.)

The Wild And The Innocent

TRAPPER Audie Murphy descends on civilization with a mess of beaver skins, and little idea, indeed, of what lies in store for him. En route, he picks up waif Sandra Dee and honorably promises her no-account pa that he'll look after her. Let's face it, what trouble can a messy, grubby chit like Sandra get into? Hah! And again: Hah! Gilbert Roland is not as naive. As sheriff and dance-hall operator, he sets Sandra up as one of the girls. A co-worker, to use the term loosely, of Sandra's is Joanne Dru, the woman of the night who makes Audie see the light.

Unfortunately, this romance tows in dangerous waters and Roland's gunsight. Using the flip approach, and color, the doesn't make too much of an effort to be anything more than a fair-to-middlin' Western. (Universal-International.)

Shake Hands With The Devil

DURING the final days of Ireland's fight for independence from English rule, James Cagney, a surgeon, and one of the revolution's leaders, recruits American medical student Don Murray into the ranks. Murray's interest in the fight is not so much sympathy to the cause, as having personally suffered at the hands of a British officer. As the killings and reprisals careen onward, Murray begins to see Cagney in a new light. Somewhere along the line, the patriot became the man obsessed by violence. Should the truce Michael Redgrave wants ever be brought about, Cagney would be an empty man without purpose or direction. Sensing this, Murray also realizes the extreme danger hostage Lady Dana Wynter is in. Her death can keep the flames burning brightly. A fascinating thriller with a splendid cast, including Glynis Johns, that seems right at home in the murky turbulence of the Irish Rebellion. (United Artists.)

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

the three Rossellini children by both the Paris and Rome courts. Roberto may love his offspring but his publicity from India during the time of their marriage certainly didn't make him a model father. And Ingrid has been a devoted mother to the three small children.

Glenn Ford's top rating at the box-office proves you don't have to have conventional good looks to be a big star. Glenn has never believed himself good-looking—especially after he first arrived in Hollywood and a movie executive told him, "You're not exactly pretty, are you?" At the beginning they used "corrective make-up" on Glenn's rugged face. He won't let them touch it now. . . . Add incidental intelligence. . . . Orson Welles has his noses baked in batches because he wears a different type of nose for every picture. Sir Laurence Olivier is another actor who likes a different schnozz for different pictures. For "Spartacus," Sir Larry has a fine Roman job. . . . No one has dared ask the English actor, by the way, about the status of his marriage with Vivien Leigh. They haven't seen each other for some time. And even before Sir Laurence came to the United States, he lived apart in the home of a London chum.

Ava Gardner has a dimple where she had a slight scar after she was kicked in the face by a bull a year and a half ago. No one has ever confirmed plastic surgery. And Ava isn't the kind of person to keep this sort of thing secret if it actually happened. The last fight with boy friend Walter Chiari took place in Australia and it seems to be the final fight. But again, with Ava you never know. . . . Lana Turner's fight with Otto Preminger over the wardrobe for "Anatomy Of A Murder," was a pity because the role Lana gave up for the dress, is very good. "She wanted glamour designer Jean Louis to make the dress," Otto told me, "but the part didn't call for it. I never allow my stars to tell me what they will wear."

Bob Hope didn't look well on his last television show, and he must listen to his doctors and take life and work easier. At the moment, Bob has two pictures planned for the summer and fall. . . . No one knew it, but Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz had quite an argument before she took off for a month in New York. Lucy is smart. When the arguments come, as they come in every marriage, she just takes off until Desi cools down. She loves him and I doubt whether they would ever separate.

ermanently. But of course there is always that last quarrel.

Gale Storm is 50% of one of the happiest marriages in our town. The secret could be that husband Lee Bonnell is in a completely different business—he sells life insurance. As Ronald Reagan said to her the other day, "It's almost impossible for husband and wife to be happy when both are in the business of acting." . . . The movie-makers are heating a path to the doorstep of handsome Chuck Connors, a big hit in "The Rifleman" series. The trouble is, Chuck is now so busy with television he can't find time to make the movies he would rather do.

Jayne Meadows will get a series of her own, while hubby Steve Allen does his weekly show from Hollywood. They bought a beautiful home in the valley. I hope the day will never come when Hollywood will be known only for television. But it wouldn't surprise me. Last week for instance, there were 17 movies being made here, and 70 telefilms. . . . David Liven tells the story that when he first sold the late movie mogul, Louis B. Mayer, that he was planning to do television, L.B. yelled, "I'll break you and everyone else who deserts to the enemy." Now every studio has deserted to the enemy in every shape and form. **END**

Alone and Lonesome

continued from page 58

the captain of the crew on a cold day. Someone said her idea of a party dress was anything out of the bargain basement. Size doesn't matter. If she likes it, she'll wear it. When she heard that the 35 changes in fancy wardrobe she wore in 'Ask Any Girl' would be awarded as prizes in a contest to help exploit the film, Shirley whispered to me: "You know, I think I'll even enter that contest."

Shirley's hair is as nonconformist as her clothes. "Do you go through the wind tunnel at Lockheed to get it mussed?" someone asked Shirley. "Oh, I never comb it," she giggled. "I like it floppy; it's easier to handle. I cut it myself. And I get ready to whack away when Sachie can't see me, or I her, otherwise she gets me confused with the sheep dog. My hair is never even in the back because I don't use a mirror and I never know where I hit."

But when the conversation turns to the Beatnik philosophy of life, Shirley Macaine can hit out with words of wisdom. "I understand Beatniks," she said, "but don't dig them. To me, the most wonderful thing in the world is the gift of being alive, and the important thing is how much you do with what you've got. Those who do nothing have missed the whole point of life. They've given up. This is the easiest thing and there are a lot of people who do that. It's simply self-indulgence and I don't dig that." **END**



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"What I've Never Told Before"

continued from page 61

around an apartment, but I wouldn't do them anyway. Not when I can pay! I can remember when I had to mow lawns for a living, so why not give the odd jobs to some kid who needs the money. I never liked doing odd jobs, or stuck to any job that I didn't like. Maybe it all boils down to one simple truth—I'm lazy!"

Despite his genuine affability, no actor can achieve Jim Garner's lofty position and escape misunderstanding and criticism. Fortunately for him, he has a philosophical approach to life. He rarely loses his sense of humor and, unlike most actors, he possesses the rare ability to be objective about other people. For the record, here is exactly what he thinks and feels about the issues at hand.

"It's conceded that I refuse to give interviews, or pose for publicity pictures with my family. Yet I give dozens of interviews a year and never refuse to answer dignified questions on adult subjects. The publicity files are filled with thousands of clippings that show me with my family at various public places. So it all boils down to one contention—my refusing to allow an endless string of photographers into my home.

"Now I know it's part of their job and I understand their problem. But I understand my problem, too, and having precious little time to be with my family, they come first. You can't say yes to one photographer and not include all the others. Lois and I have gone into this thoroughly and she agrees that an actor does have his rights of privacy when he gets within his four walls. This includes his response to fans who mean so well, but aren't aware of the steady studio grind

and how much it takes out of an actor.

"Take our mail man, for example. He's a most likable fellow, but one Sunday he brought over his entire family to meet me. I hadn't said more than a dozen words to Lois all week. Another time our new nurse let in five teenage girls. I was out of town, so they insisted on seeing Lois who was sick in bed. Finally, they asked for Kimberly, but she was at a friend's house. I've heard that nearby motels give our address to out-of-town guests and sometimes they ring our bell at six in the morning. They're all nice people, but it isn't right to disturb a household in this manner. So I just have to be firm and do the best I can. Out in public, however, the situation is reversed.

"When we're out for dinner, people come up to the table and tell me how much they like 'Maverick.' They bring over their friends, they ask for autographs and take snapshots. All this is quite in order, but a little rough on a wife who looks forward to dining out all week and has to sit there while her food gets cold. Lois understandably resented it until I pointed out that it means so much to these people. Now she can accept the situation graciously, because she realizes how much the fans enjoy themselves."

Once they get back in their home again, the Jim Garners close the door and resume their own private life. It's the only time they have to discuss the kids, check over bills, settle little family problems and plan for the future. But once back on the street again, thus exposed they expect to belong to the public in a sense and will always accept what comes along and accept it wholeheartedly. **END**

Teenage Sophisticate

continued from page 44

Love of language appears to be one of the planks of her seemingly joyous rapport with brainy friends like Mark Damon, but she insists they never send her notes in consequence of her interest in mastering new words.

"I never even heard of notes!" she laughs. "I don't get notes. I get novels. I think they send them to me either because it's something they want me to read and talk about, because it's something they found exhilarating in some form, or because they're just telling me I'm illiterate and should read more."

It would be merely window dressing, however, if the use of polysyllabic words was the only thing that distinguished Tuesday's speech. She expresses herself with spontaneity and picturesque originality, as well. She asked what I did with my note books, and I replied, lacking greater wit, that I auction them off.

"I just thought of something!" Tuesday blurted out. "I mean—the brain being an ink blot! I was thinking of the paper, the pen and the mind. The brain would be the ink blot that would absorb all the written things. So when you're auctioning off your note books, you might be auctioning off your brain!"

Tuesday constantly has brainstorming like that. Earlier that day, she had taken a psychology test at Hollywood Professional School. The examination consisted of a series of questions in which the students were asked to check their preferences in imaginary situations involving teenage behavior under a wide variety of circumstances. Only two possibilities were offered in each situation. As Tuesday went through the test, she had the feeling that there could be a third or fourth possibility not outlined. She refused, therefore, to check any of the

tions. Instead, she wrote at the hot- of the paper:

None of the choices is very choice." Tuesday, on the other hand, is quite ce—and sometimes choosy—about t she eats. She diets and feasts with al enthusiasm. She may go for days end without looking anything nour- ing in the face—or she may do a com- e turnabout, devouring knishes and ching bagels and cream cheese at enblatt's Delicatessen on Sunset Strip, orging herself on an exotic ten-course ese meal at George Lim's Kowloon. I could die!" she exclaimed when she me at the Villa Capri. "I've been a candy binge all week. I was on a for a week—one week! I ate nothing hard boiled eggs, lettuce and celery, that kind of junk. But I've gone I really shot my bolt this week. I t to dinner last night, and started off olives and Hershey bars, cheese, a pot of spaghetti and three ice cream aes. After I've dieted a good length time—a week is a good length of —I always go off like that. I couldn't nto anything this morning. I tried on dresses. That makes me think maybe ough to start dieting again. I keep ng tomorrow. It's beginning to be a ase with me."

Meanwhile, she eats indiscriminate ounts of banana cream pie and cherry s, tops off her steak and pepper din- with spumoni, rum cake and cheese —and puts saccharine in her coffee! far as any onlooker is able to per- ce, none of it goes to fat. It all goes eauty.

s frivolous as Tuesday may be about food crazes, she is quite solemn about career. Although her professional life otatable for its absence of rejection, distrusts her good fortune with the ancholy of someone nurtured on de- . Even when Tuesday expresses a ant optimism, she takes care to break possible fall with a compulsive net pessimism.

"I'm not a star, but I will be," she les with more conviction than she s. "Some year I will be."

he looks at her new-found recognition a profoundly jaundiced eye that re- a degree of introspection one dldn't expect in a young girl so gener- y endowed with good looks, talent and ortunity.

"I'm a defeatist," she concedes with hrug of her shoulders, ignoring the at if this be true she has gone very ery quickly on defeatism. "Actually ew York, I had a great desire just to oticed. Now that I'm beginning to be eed, I'm beginning to think it won't I just keep thinking it's pure luck. o, I thrive on misery." She says it a Mona Lisa smile. "That's another g. I must have misery. That's been ver since I was born."

Tuesday hungers for acceptance and etion—and questions them when they offered. Since coming to Hollywood,

she is less easily convinced than ever that she is appreciated for her own qualities— rather than as a status-symbol which her success in pictures seems to have made her. Even her affirmations bespeak this touching fear.

"I went to a party over the weekend," the experience seemed to leave her happy and incredulous. "I didn't know anyone there, and no one knew me. I wasn't dressed up. And everyone liked me! That meant a lot to me. I'm always testing."

Asked who she thinks she's really test- ing, she quickly nods, "Myself." Then she adds, "But I find myself testing acquaint- ances, not friends. You don't test friends. If I think I've found someone who might be a friend, who maybe I could trust, I won't test them. I won't play games— because life is too short."

She acknowledges that this is a fairly recent acquired wisdom.

"Like with a boy friend," she illus- trates pensively. "I used to play games. I'd think he'd like me better if I did this. if I didn't see him too often, things like that. Those are such games. I feel that two friends should be able to let down the barriers. Selfishness is really what it is—because you don't want to get hurt, so you go back into the world of games. And it's not just playing games with boys. but with life—just playing games, de- ceiving for the sake of an impression, you know. It's better to tell the truth. It takes a long time so you can get to the point where you can say what you feel. I'd rather lose a friend by telling the truth than by telling a lie."

Truth, of course, is many things to many people. To Tuesday Weld, the truth is that all that is apparent, espe- cially in the guise of friendship, is usually a good deal less than all there is.

"Getting recognition hasn't made any difference," she admits despairingly. "In fact, it even makes more of a limitation on a lot of things. You become more sus- picious of people. It's like the night before you do a TV show you've got one friend who will see you just to talk with you. Then the night after you do a TV show, you've got 50 friends you never even knew about. That makes you lonelier than ever. You're lucky if you can have one real friend. Let's face it. It's funny when you think about it. You suffer so much because you don't have attention, because you're always being shoved in the back- ground. Then when you get it, you don't trust it."

It was, as a result, quite a while be- fore Tuesday was able to overcome her suspicion of the press. Somehow she felt as if their sudden interest, too, was an act of opportunism. In the heginning, she rebelled against publicity, and only lately has she come tentatively to terms with this fact of Hollywood life.

"I like interviews—some of them," she says jauntily now. "It's almost like going to an analyst, and there's no fee! You even get a dinner!"

continued on page 72

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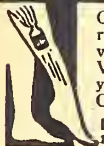
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TEENAGE SOPHISTICATE

continued

Happily, moods come and go with Tuesday, and she has many enthusiasms to compensate for her apprehensions. Not all of them—like her vacillating addiction to Sunset Strip coffee houses—are permanent enthusiasms, however.

"I used to like coffee houses," she told me one week, brushing it off like a passing phase. "I don't any more because I have other interests. You get into a pattern. It becomes a waste of time. In Hollywood, I found they were the only places where people met in the evenings. You could always find people and friends there. But after a while I got bored just sitting around for hours."

A week later, cheerfully exercising her feminine prerogatives, Tuesday was singing a different tune.

"I like them again," she chuckled. "I know I said I was tired of them. I don't know. I guess going in and seeing the same people and being seen in the same places constantly—it seemed sort of worthless. It lost all its fun. I guess I just missed them, though. Maybe I'm going back to find out if it's still worthless."

"I don't really think there is any beat generation," she says airily. "I think the whole thing is exaggerated. I think the people who are beat are beat only because of the way they dress and because they go to coffee houses and read poetry to music and beat bongo drums. You can do that in your own house. I don't consider myself a beatnik, but very often I go around in sneakers, jeans and a dirty shirt. I think it's the neglected younger set. It's done just to get attention."

She will concede only that extreme cases of non-conformity might qualify

some of the cats as bonafide beatniks

"I think you're really beatnik only that's all you ever do," she shrugs. "If you never change your outfit, if you never do anything on makeup, if you never do anything that's ever done by anyone else. I think it's very narrowing to a person. It tends to make you small minded, tight, one dimensional. One dimensional—yes, that's it!"

Despite her preference for older men Tuesday is not taken in by such subtleties as the beards sprouted by the most hirsute beatniks.

"I've never dated anyone with a beard," she shudders. "If it was someone like George Bernard Shaw I would, though. He'd have to be so fascinating I could resist him. I'd overlook the beard. I'm generally speaking, I think beards are dirty looking."

The more she thinks about it, the more amusing she finds the subject.

"Young fellows with beards," she laughs at the image. "I think it's a little fully funny. I've talked with a few of them. I didn't even hear them. I was fixed on the beard, watching it move while the mouth moved. It's awfully strange."

Bearded beatniks, coffee houses, bearded friends twice her age and more, honor citizenship in a world where no other minors are allowed, misery and exaltation, intellectual maturity and teenage exuberance—these all are elements in the whirlwind life of Tuesday Weld.

She may be only 15, verging on 16, but the world of adolescence is as if removed from her as kindergarten is from most teenagers. Signs that darkly exhort against trespassing by anyone under 18 may stop other 15-year-olds in trembling tracks, but they hold no terror for her. Tuesday Weld lives in a wondrous world of her own.

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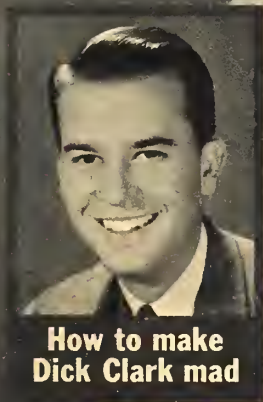
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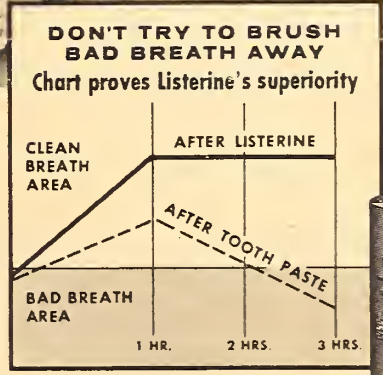
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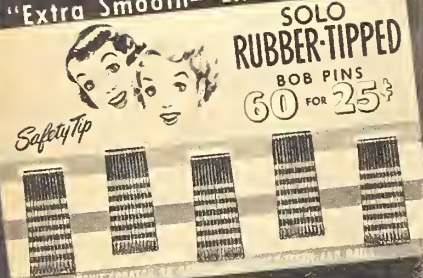
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Volume 61, No. 2
September, 1959

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UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL FILM, "PILLOW TALK"

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Parachute jumping new hobby for David Nelson
- Edd Byrnes to have his own TV show?



THIS IS Sheilah Graham, your roving reporter with news of Hollywood, New York, London, Paris and Rome. . . . Jerry Lewis, on the verge of adopting a girl to complement his four boys, will wait until October to see if the next bundle dropped by the stork is feminine gender. . . . Jerry can't understand why ex-partner Dean Martin keeps sniping at him. Dean's still mad. Jerry says he isn't. . . . They do say that Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" is a beautiful Western. Marlon's big problem was to reduce his six-hour film to two-something. Latest lady on the Brando arm, outspoken English actress Joan Collins. They met for the first time on a double date with Brando and Rita Moreno. Moral: never bring along a beautiful rival.

Met 17-year-old recording sensation Paul Anka while I played a nun in Metro's "Girls' Town"—he was the leading lad—and as Kookie's girl friends would say, he's the utmost. . . . Starlet Gigi Perreau thought so too. . . . As for Kookie, Edd Byrnes, he may have his own show come Fall. . . . John Wayne was in a big fix with 20th Century-Fox when they postponed "The Alaskans," because, as John

puts it, "Come hell or high water, start 'The Alamo' in Texas, September 7th." Wayne's deal with 20th gives him ten million dollars over the next five years—the payments are spread over his life. And you don't monkey around with a deal like that.

Anita Ekberg's once-upon-a-time one and-only, Anthony Steel, has been dating ex-Ambassador Lewis Douglas's eldest unmarried daughter, the charmin' Sharma Douglas. . . . While Anita, as of going to press, was the light in Walter Chiari's flashing orbs. . . . And as for Chiari's ex-love, Ava Gardner, when last heard from she had by-passed romance for the somber pursuit of *The Meaning Of Life*.

Natalie Wood is five-feet-two and weighs 95 pounds, but she does a man's work on the 48-foot yacht she owns with Robert Wagner. The boat sleeps eight. "But we are the only crew," husband Robert Wagner told me, adding, "With a crew you can't have fun." The new boat is big enough for a double bed, electric refrigeration, hot water and a flying top for fishing. . . . Ernie Borgnine listens more to Katy Jurado than to his manager. And in fairness to Katy, she

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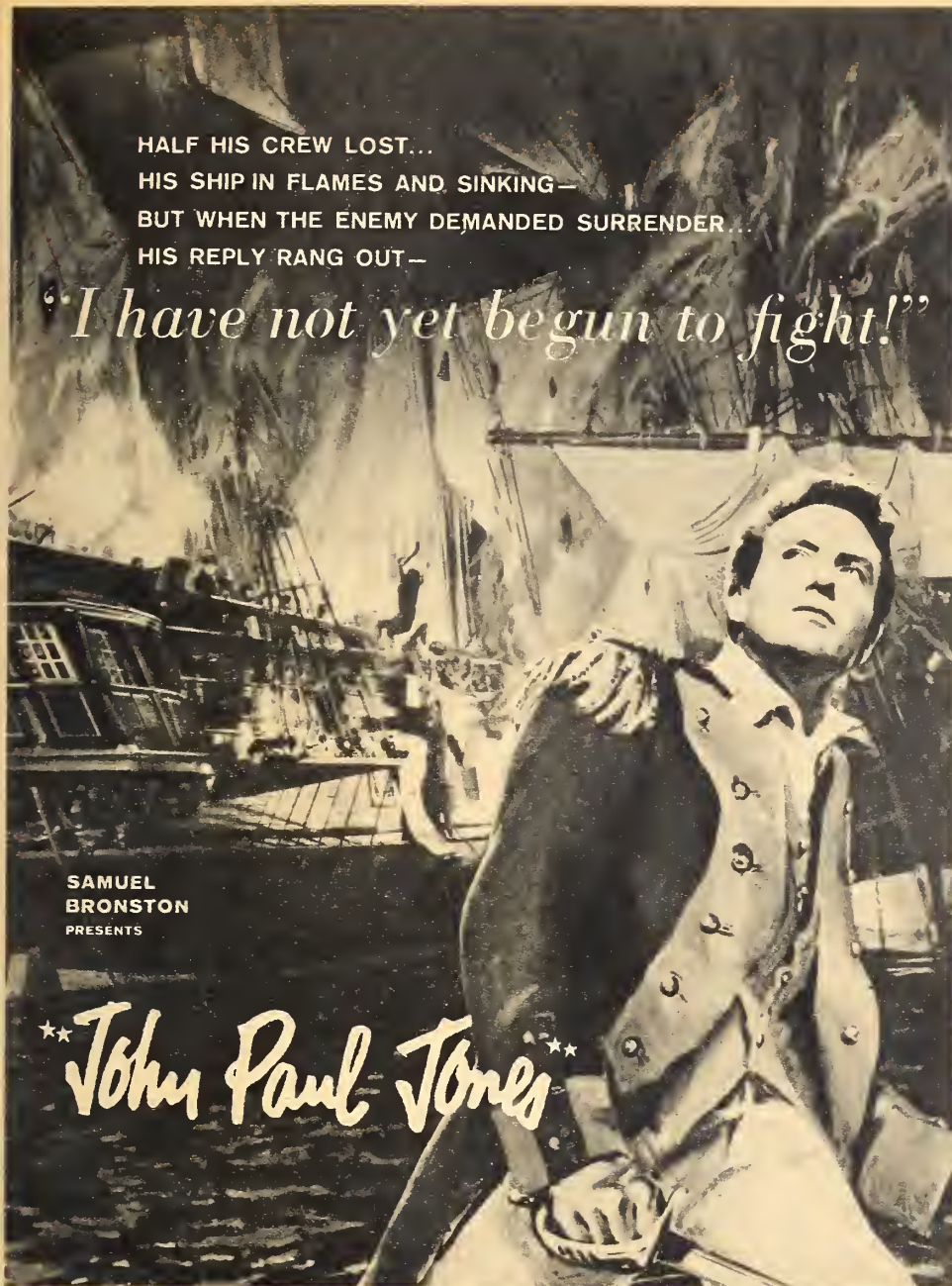
JOHN Wayne's tall yarn brings smiles to Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner at party.



HAVING a good time at gala benefit dinner are Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher

HALF HIS CREW LOST...
 HIS SHIP IN FLAMES AND SINKING—
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CAREY
 as Patrick Henry



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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

as good at business as Robert Cummings's wife, Mary, who handles everything for her husband.

Petite Gina Lollobrigida has 100% approval of all photographs in or out of her films. She describes her house near Rome as "a little Versailles." Gina made lots of friends here with her great friendliness while filming "Never So Few" with Frank Sinatra. . . . And talking of Frankie, his kiss and make up with Sammy Davis, Jr., is the first time, to my knowledge, he has forgiven a fancied or real wrong. . . . Incidentally, Frankie boy installed an honest to goodness salt water pool on the grounds of his Beverly mansion. Salt is good for his sinus.

It will be a long time before Ginger Rogers forgives the age-conscious British who screamed she was 47 in every story during her recent visit to London. They should all look as good as Ginger at 47—or Lana Turner at 40—or Marlene Dietrich at 55. . . .

Motorcycle demon David Nelson will next take up parachute jumping. . . . And talking of the sons of famous fathers and brothers, Gary Crosby showed more tact than his old man when he refused to reply to Bing's blast about what a bad job he has done as a father. It really wasn't fair to the Crosby sons to make such a statement. It's been tough for them to get out from Bing's shadow. . . . Sad thought—that Bob Hope will never again go dashing all over America and the world.

Arlene Dahl explained her reconciliation with Fernando Lamas—"Twas as much for the sake of our son Lorenzo, as for ourselves." If there's a chance, it should be taken. . . . According to a library survey, passed on to me by producer Jerry Wald, the subjects most favored by book readers, are, in this order, Survival, Security, Sex. There should be



BACK HOME after cross-country flight, Don Murray, Hope Lange and son leave plane.



LOOKING more attractive than ever, June Allyson arrives at theatre with Dick Powell.

room for Selfless Love. . . . Sal Mineo is writing his autobiography. I hope it doesn't take as long as Errol Flynn's which started more than a year ago and is still unfinished.

Oh the gorgeous trousseau that Elizabeth Taylor took with her to London! Her favorite nightie—and mine—a white satin figure hugger, trimmed with black lace. . . . Talking of ladies undergarments, Cesar Romero is now in the dress business and none of the buyers can resist him when he comes a-calling with his little black bag of samples.

Now I've seen everything. Liberace with a crew cut. Mama mia. . . . And while we're with Mama, their big quarrel was over his fight with brother George. The smiling pianist has made up with Ma, but there is still coolness between the brothers. . . . Italy's Anna Magnani takes her work so seriously that she will give no interviews during rehearsals or filming. The same is true of Sir Laurence Olivier—but he rarely talks at all to the press for publication.



AMONG celebrities on hand for Hollywood opening are Red Buttons and wife Helayne.



BEFORE leaving on European trip, George Montgomery and Dinah Shore attend party

Noel Coward's explanation as to why his play, "Look After Lulu," folded on Broadway—"No one," said Noel with amazing honesty, "went to see it." We could use him here after the preview of a bad picture when everyone is gushing to the producer, "It was wonderful." . . .

Alec Guinness was first choice to play the Peter Ustinov role in Kirk Douglas' "Spartacus." It remains to be seen whether he was right in his refusal. It's hard to know when to say yes. Cary Grant and Charles Laughton turned down the Guinness role in "Bridge On The River Kwai." . . . And it was because George Raft refused to do "The Maltese Falcon" for the then unknown director, John Huston, that a new star was born in Humphrey Bogart.

When Marlon Brando read that the high salaries of stars were responsible for damaging the movie industry, he explained, "I thought it was television destroying us." Marlon believes in high wages for all. . . . On the subject of money, a quote from James Garner: "I've never made much, but my wife and children are in good health, we eat well and we're comfortable."

There is only one man to my mind who should play the lead in the movie version of "Exodus"—Burt Lancaster. I kept seeing Burt's face all the while I read the best-seller. . . . John O'Hara asking price for the movie rights of his first best-seller, "Appointment In Samarra"—one cool million dollars. Wow! . . . Suzy Parker is a new girl since she came into the open and admitted she was wed to Pierre de la Salle, who spent a lot of time with Suzy in Hollywood while she filmed "The Best Of Everything." . . . Fred Astaire's daughter, Ava, hopes to catch up with John Rees-Parker at Oxford University this summer in Europe. They met while Ava was a student at Marlborough and Rees-Parker attended the Harvard School here. . . . The nine Emmys for Fred's TV show were all deserved in my opinion. But it was li

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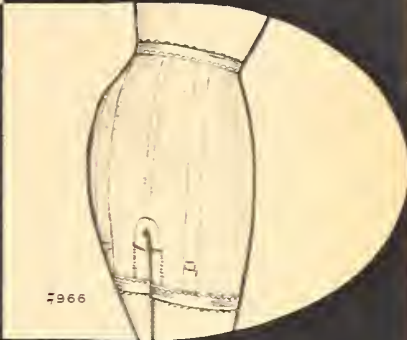
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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

John Paul Jones

IT WOULD do the motion picture industry credit if producers were to discover the tremendous possibilities of American history as a source for story material. This travels in that direction but, unfortunately, the filmed biography of America's greatest naval hero and founder of the Navy's traditions, John Paul Jones, resembles an overlong documentary, with Robert Stack playing Jones with wooden sympathy. Starting at the age of 12 when he left Scotland and went to sea, Jones' life, until his death at 45, was steeped in adventure. From the moment he assumed command of his first ship, Jones was faced with political opposition. The country was new, and the men who ran it very often inexperienced. Nor did his love life fare much better. Bowing to parental demand, Erin O'Brien ended their romance when she became engaged to Macdonald Carey (Patrick Henry). Then, during a mission to France, Marisa Pavan proved to be of royal blood, making marriage to a commoner impossible. No expense was spared in telling of one of our nation's greatest heroes—an incredible fact when you consider how many amateurish scenes were permitted to mar this story of a brilliant naval career and an extremely courageous man. (Warner Bros.)



PARENTAL pressure forces Erin O'Brien to give up Bob Stack in "John Paul Jones."

For The First Time

IT figures that Mario Lanza should be playing a tenor who paddles about in hot water until some soul-shattering experience heaves him back on high ground. Scheduled to sing at the Vienna Opera House, Lanza, the pixie, keeps the audience, including Zsa Zsa Gabor, waiting while he entertains the peasants who were unable to get seats. The rich customers are so furious, Lanza's manager Kurt Kasznar, suggests the tempestuous tenor disappear for the nonce to some remote section of Capri. While atoning for his naughtiness, he meets young Johanna Von Koszian, beautiful, aristocratic and deaf. It's the magic combination that propels Lanza to noble deeds. Photographed all over Europe in Technicolor and Technicolor, this is much easier to take musically than dramatically. (MGM)

Middle Of The Night

OFTEN when a stage play gets a Hollywood treatment, much is lost in the shuffle of translation. One striking exception is this superbly acted drama about an aging widower, Fredric March, who wants to forget the chill spectre of death and loneliness through the warmth of Kim Novak. Her needs are almost as acute. A model working for dress ma-



ROMANCE is stormy for Fredric March and Kim Novak in "Middle Of The Night."

facturer March, Kim's attitude toward men has been distorted by a past marriage based on biological attraction. As the romance between this ill-matched pair begins to gain momentum, each alternates from flights into happiness to agonizing soul-searching. Adding to their misery is family pressure from both sides. Finally, in an effort to end her uncertainty, Kim takes drastic action. . . . Certainly not the thing to do, considering the turmoil churning in March. Through all of this, March is magnificent, human and believable in his frailties and strength, and because of him, the final moments are a rich experience. This has great dignity and purpose, with none of the needless groveling in emotional dregs which much too often is passed off as drama these days. (Columbia.)

Ask Any Girl

ONLY something with the speed of a Grand Prix entry could keep up with this racy Metrocolor confection that stars Shirley MacLaine and David Niven. Because of the perils of keeping the wolf from the door, both financially and physically, Shirley wants to get married. She gets all sorts of offers, but nary a one that will ring the wedding bell. Wealthy playboy Rod Taylor offers weekend diversissements which bode no girl good. Gig Young, a partner with older brother Niven in a market research agency, has other plans for Shirley. Connoisseur of women, Young has a stable of fillies each suited to his whim of the moment. Shirley is the bland diet he uses to taper off from this exotic fare. In desperation, Shirley turns to Niven who agrees to help her hook Young. Niven will personally research all of Young's tidbits, find out their various specialties and pass on this intelligence to Shirley, who in turn will incorporate all into one prize package. Powerless against such potent tactics, Young is about to succumb, when Shirley makes an interesting and fairly obvious discovery. Very funny and very ribald comedy concerned with sex, and the bubbling versatility of Shirley. (MGM.)

Blue Denim

IT doesn't wear as well as the title implies. Based on the Broadway play, this is the sort of thing best left to its original presentation where it may be watched in proper prospective, not at a Saturday matinee with a bunch of kids to make of it what they may. Briefly, this deals with two very young people, Brandon DeWilde and Carol Lynley, and their discovery of sex. The reasons for this plunge into premature ecstasy are given as loneliness, not being understood by parents Macdonald Carey and Marsha Hunt, and just being spectators to a torrid necking session. Three months later, with the help of a school encyclopedia, Carol discovers she's pregnant. Again the

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Jim Garners celebrate anniversary with new home

★ Debbie Reynolds denying romance rumors

RICK'S PLANS—It's possible Ricky Nelson won't take his planned trip to Spain this Summer. He had wanted to see bull fights there but, just between us, his interest in bull fighting is waning. It's definite he is heading in the opposite direction to star in Hawaii's first State Fair. Parents Ozzie and Harriet, brother David go along, too, strictly as vacationers. This will be the first time they'll see Rick perform on a personal appearance; they've deliberately skipped this before so he wouldn't have the strain of "family in the audience." Surely Rick and Dave will go for the outrigger and surfboard sports—and the pretty girls on the beach at Waikiki! At home, David has been dating singer Connie Stevens and cute blonde TV actress Carol Byron. Rick has been very mysterious about a French chorus cutie he likes in Las Vegas but we know he's been up to see her a couple of times!

ABOUT KOOKIE—Since the record "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" zoomed to popularity, both Edd Byrnes

and Connie Stevens, who cut the biscuit, have needed extra help answering fan mail. And Edd doesn't know what to do with all the combs his fans send him! Lots of Connie's mail says "You shouldn't date anyone but Kookie." Why not? Edd does not steady-date anyone; he plays the field. He's also been busy as Clint Walker's pal in the feature "Yellowstone Kelly," so you fans who think he's "the ginchiest" will be seeing him on the Big Screen soon.

YOUNG LOVE—Johnny Crawford, Chuck Connors' son in "Rifleman," has decided Janet Lennon of the Lennon Sisters is "cooler than cool, more than the most." But his love isn't reciprocated and he's pining away. Johnny, you see, is 13 and Janet is a giggly 12 who still thinks "boys are silly." That won't last!

SAL SHARP—You Sal Mineo fans will be interested to know that your boy who used to go for the beat-up-slacks-and-sweater look has become one of the smoothest dressers in town. He's going for well-pressed slacks with expensive sports



JUST having some fun says Debbie Reynolds of her dates with Bob Neal, here in Gotham.

coats and shirts plus scarfs, in the Cary Grant manner! Sal takes plenty of ribbing from co-stars Barry Coe and Gary Crosby of "A Private's Affair" for this but it doesn't bother him. He's been lunching a lot with Terry Moore, his vis-a-vis in "Affair," and dating Marianne Gaba.

BLOW UP—Barry Coe and Judi Meredith who were closer'n this had a big blow up but we expect they'll patch up their romance again. In a scene for the recent "But Not For Me," Clark Gable had to show Barry how to kiss Carroll Baker, according to script. So when Barry had a love scene in "Affair" with Christine Carere, he got a still photo of the clinch. sent it to Gable with a note, "Is this okay?" Christine, by the way, confides she writes a letter every day, even if she says merely "I love you" to her husband Philippe Nicaud who is working in Paris while she's here. He writes daily, too.

DETROIT DATE—Cindy Robbins, the sexy little blonde who does so well with Rock Hudson in "This Earth Is Mine," has
continued on page 53



YOUNG starlet Cindy Robbins at premiere with Bob Horton of "Wagon Train" series.




PRETTY Annette Funicello and date Kenny Miller are a part of a first-night audience.



WELCOMING Guy Madison back home again are wife Sheila, daughters Erin and Bridget.

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By L. EMMETT
HOLT, JR., M.D.



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WHY Rock Hudson MAY NEVER REMARRY

Always unsure of himself, Rock waited

until he was 30 before marrying; today

he may not wish to risk failure again

SOME FEW years ago—this was before he married Phyllis Gates—Rock Hudson got a phone call one evening from a bouncy young starlet who asked him to escort her to a forthcoming Hollywood party. Rock agreed to go. The affair was a lavish, black tie production, given at Ciro's for an immensely powerful studio tycoon, and virtually everyone of any importance in Filmtown was vying to attend. The starlet who called Rock was only a minor figure as an actress, but she was also as avid and eager a headline-hunter as the town has known. After the party she beamed with satisfaction; she had successfully snared Hollywood's handsomest, most eligible and fastest-rising young male star to be with her when she made her calculated entrance at the party.

"The reason I asked Rock," she boasted to some studio friends, "was because he's so big and I'm so tiny, and his dark evening clothes, next to the gold lamé dress I wore, made me look divine. Yes," she went on gleefully. "I was smart to go with Rock."

"You picked an awfully nice man," commented one of her listeners. "I bet you had fun."

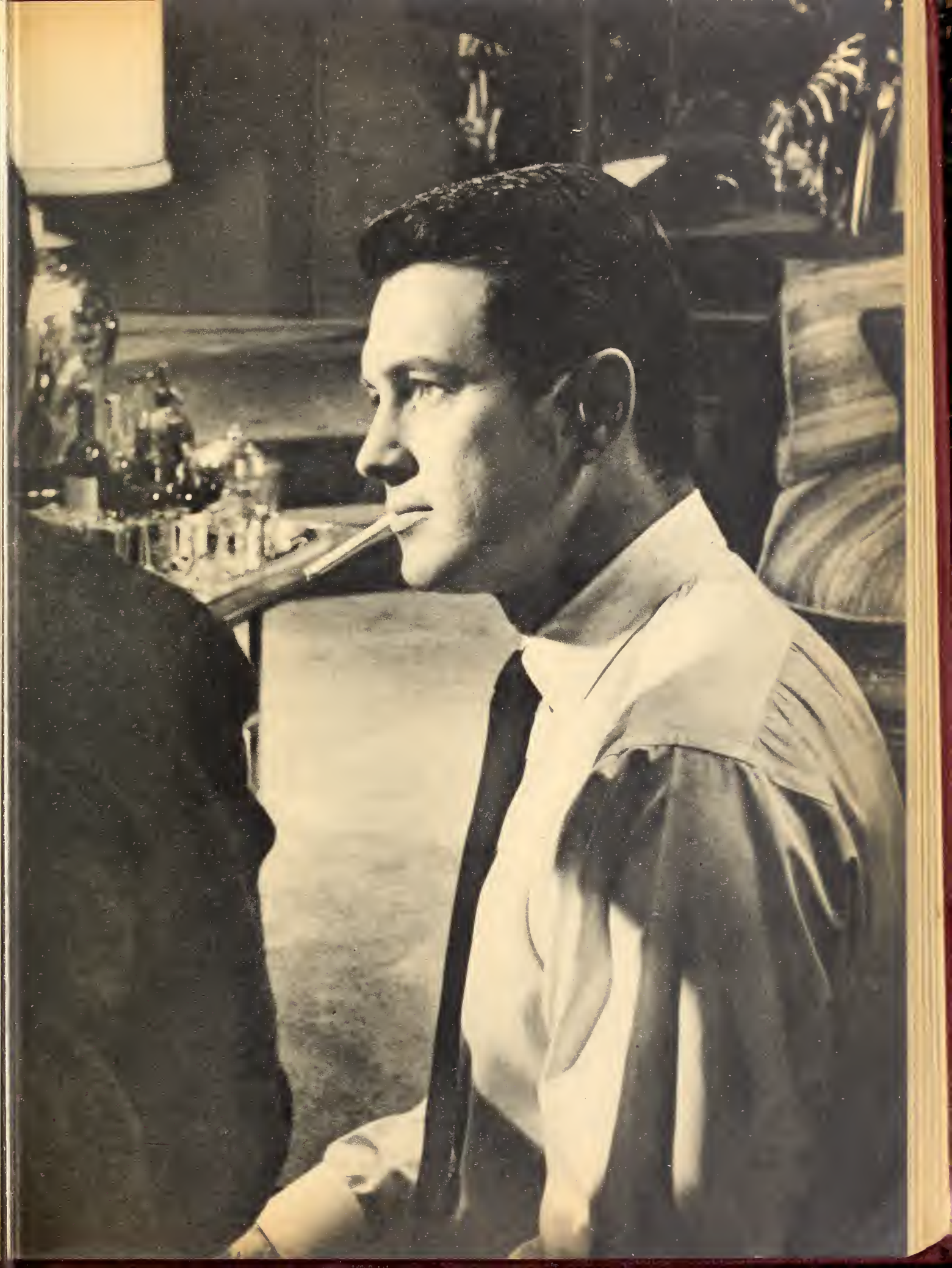
The starlet, whose thoughts were already on her next conquest, shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I didn't see very much of Rock at the party," she said. "The photographers kept me so busy."

Rock Hudson is almost always easy-going, gentle and reluctant to hurt anyone, but he must have been aware that he had been used. It is not on record that he ever escorted the ambitious young starlet to another public affair. His private emotions, however, were an altogether different matter. The memory of that party, for a man who dislikes social affairs anyway, was not easily erased.

For Rock, as his intimates know, hates being used for selfish purposes—a perfectly normal reaction in a decent man who despises any thought of trading on a friendship. He has an almost desperate fear of being maneuvered into an unfair position by feminine wiles. But most of all, he resents being possessed or "owned" by women too forceful or too domineering. It was probably this stubborn trait in him that made him once say, "I will never marry an actress."

Beset by such misgivings, it may be a long, long time before Rock Hudson marries again—if

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photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

AFFECTIONATE hug is given to Julia Mead by Rock on the set of "Pillow Talk," a Universal production which co-stars Doris Day.

Everybody who knows Rock is sure that, given the right woman, he would make a happy marriage

ever. "I made mistakes," he said at the time of his separation from Phyllis Gates, "but the fault wasn't *all* on my side." Even today, Rock refuses to talk about his marriage, nor will he answer questions about his marital plans for the future. When he wants to, he is the undefeated champion at keeping his lips clamped. "Anyway," he said, "they all try to marry me off. I just hulk at talking about it any more."

Married life for the Hudsons was not "just one long, wonderful, sentimental journey," as an ecstatic woman writer cooed; it was, in some ways, a leap into a dark unknown for Hudson. His marriage was planned in such secrecy that Rock did not even confide in his mother. The story is that Rock's mother phoned him one evening and invited him over to her house for dinner.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Rock said, "but I won't be able to make it."

"Are you busy?" Mrs. Oleson asked.

"Well, the truth is," said her son, "I'm getting married."

Such reluctance to talk of his plans might have meant that Rock feared, from the beginning, that the marriage might not last. Rock has always vehemently denied that Henry Willson, his long-time agent, engineered the marriage, just as Willson himself has disavowed any major role in Rock's romance. But Willson, when pressed, told a writer, "Well, I think Rock needed a home. I felt he needed a Mrs. Hudson."

Later, after he and Phyllis separated, Rock reputedly indicated to an intimate that "he had married too late, that he had missed all the youthful, exciting years of married life, and he was so 'settled' that it wasn't easy for him to adjust." Rock was just a few weeks short of his 30th birthday when he

ABSORBED in his career during his 20's, Rock may have waited a little too long to make the transition to marriage successfully.



THE SHADOW of his mother's own two divorces and his father's leaving home when Rock was a boy has always hovered over him.



took a wife—apparently, in his own viewpoint, an old, settled, no-stars-in-his-eyes man too rigidly attached to the freedoms of bachelor life to make the transition from bachelor to husband successfully. It is an uncertainty that many single men feel, but Rock may have felt the uneasiness more keenly.

Not that Rock didn't try with all his will to be a good husband. Rock's boyhood chum, Jim Matteoni, who was his best man at his wedding, has said, "When Roy (Rock's real name, as most people know, is Roy Fitzgerald) came back to Chicago in March, 1955, I suddenly knew that, for the first time, he was willing to get married. Before, he hadn't wanted to commit himself because it seemed such an irrevocable step. Now, I got the impression that he thought he could make it with Phyllis."

As Rock himself has said, in one of his rare moments of self-revelation, "I like being married—especially in winter when the days are short, when it grows dark early and there are lights in the house, coffee on the stove, a big log burning in the fireplace and steps to walk up the hill."

It is the sentiment of a man to whom marriage has a real deep meaning.

Yet Rock hesitated during most of his early twenties to

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WHEN YOU'RE ALONE

*Neither cables nor phone calls
can fill the emptiness in
Christine's heart while she and her French
husband are parted by their careers*

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



ALL ALONE in her Hollywood apartment, Christine does not date other men, goes out only in a group and then with close friends.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHEN Christine Carere's father left home and family some years ago, her mother used to rock her unhappy little daughter in her arms and whisper, bravely, "Do not worry, *ma petite*; we women will get along by ourselves, won't we?" Only three then, Christine was still much too young to understand that a woman alone—a wife without her man—is no more than half a woman.

But she understands it now, when her beloved Philippe, her *own* husband, is far away in Paris, 6000 miles from Hollywood. And instead of the comforting touch of a familiar hand, there are only the empty nights in slow parade, and an aching loneliness that not even cables and daily letters and the trans-Atlantic phone can take away.

For Christine, luckily, it is only a temporary separation. Husband Philippe Nicaud, a big French stage star, works at the Theatre de la Madeleine in Paris, while she faces the cameras in Hollywood. Christine can say, each evening when she comes home from "A Private's Affair," the picture she is making at 20th Century-Fox, "Philippe, my love, we are one day closer to each other, *n'est ce pas?*" But it is hardly the same as being together—not when you have been married for so few months; less than two years, really—and when you have been so much apart from each other.

One can, of course, send off a cable to Paris, or even phone, but, as Christine has learned, each time you do, a small piece of your heart seems chipped away, and it takes days of emptiness to recover. "It is so costly to phone, in more ways than one," says Christine, wistfully. "Philippe's play, 'Reclining Figure,' is a big hit in Paris, and he cannot come over to be with me now. Fortunately, my mother looks after him, and even cooks the things he likes. They are warm friends, and they can talk about me, which is good. And I must not feel too sad; I tell myself to make the best of things. We are not going separate ways; we are building for our future. Yet we are very much

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in love, and it is not easy to be lonely and separated."

If she did not know that Philippe is constantly thinking of her, as she is of him, her life in Hollywood—despite many kindnesses—would be bleak indeed. "On Academy Award night," Christine said, "I went to the theatre with some friends. Just before I left my apartment, I received a cable from Philippe. 'Good evening,' he said. 'This is from your own Oscar.' And on Philippe's opening night of his new play, since I could not be there to wish him well in person, I cabled two dozen red roses. It was probably the first time in his life a woman had sent him flowers—he is, of course, a very charming and attractive man—but I thought it would be a good idea and very appropriate for, how do you say? the man who has everything."

Theirs has been a marriage of many interruptions. After the wedding ceremony at Notre Dame Auteuil, Christine and Philippe had only five days together before she had to leave for Hollywood and "A Certain Smile," her first American picture. Even then, Philippe had to rush back to the theatre on his wedding night. Nor was it possible for him to see his bride off at the airport when she left Paris. "He tried to telephone me from the theatre," says Christine, "but they would not hold the plane."

There was a honeymoon in Venice, finally, once Christine

had finished her picture; but, after a month or so, she was back again in Hollywood for "Mardi Gras." After that, Paris once more, in the new apartment she and Philippe were furnishing in Montparnasse; happy weeks together, knowing that she was to bear Philippe's child; and then the tragedy of losing her baby, and Hollywood again, for her third picture for 20th Century-Fox.

"All we have had, really, are a few brief months together," Christine said. "I was the loneliest bride in Hollywood. My first Christmas, I tried to reach Philippe on the phone, but the lines were all busy and I never did talk to him. I felt so lonely and so bad. I was with friends, and I wanted to go to Midnight Mass. But they told me the church did not have Midnight Mass, so we didn't go."

For a French girl who, up until a year or so ago, did not know a word of English, Christine has made astonishing strides in her second language. She has had studio assistance, of course, but she could have had a different kind of help—if she liked. Tiny, with a sexy body and huge dark eyes, Christine is only about 5 feet 2, or, as she says, "I stand one metre and 58 centimetres tall." She gives the appearance of being a teenager, an utter innocent.

"But," one of her co-stars, Brad Dillman, commented, "underneath the innocent, there is Christine the voluptuary."

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PORTRAIT of her husband, stage star Philippe Nicaud, is held aloft by Christine. They've had only a few brief months together.



come, I will give up my career if I have to"



CHRISTINE'S philosophy is to make the best of things until she can be with her husband. "You cannot permit sadness," she says.



ONCE her picture for Twentieth Century, "A Private's Affair," is completed, Christine rushes off for Paris and her Philippe.

VICTORIA SHAW AND ROGER SMITH

Meet the Smiths



That nice young couple next door are the Roger Smiths who, when not emoting before TV or movie cameras, are busy raising a couple of kids

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



GREEN thumb is demonstrated by Roger on porch of his California ranch home (above). Later, the star of ABC-TV's "77 Sunset Strip" tries out a card trick (below).

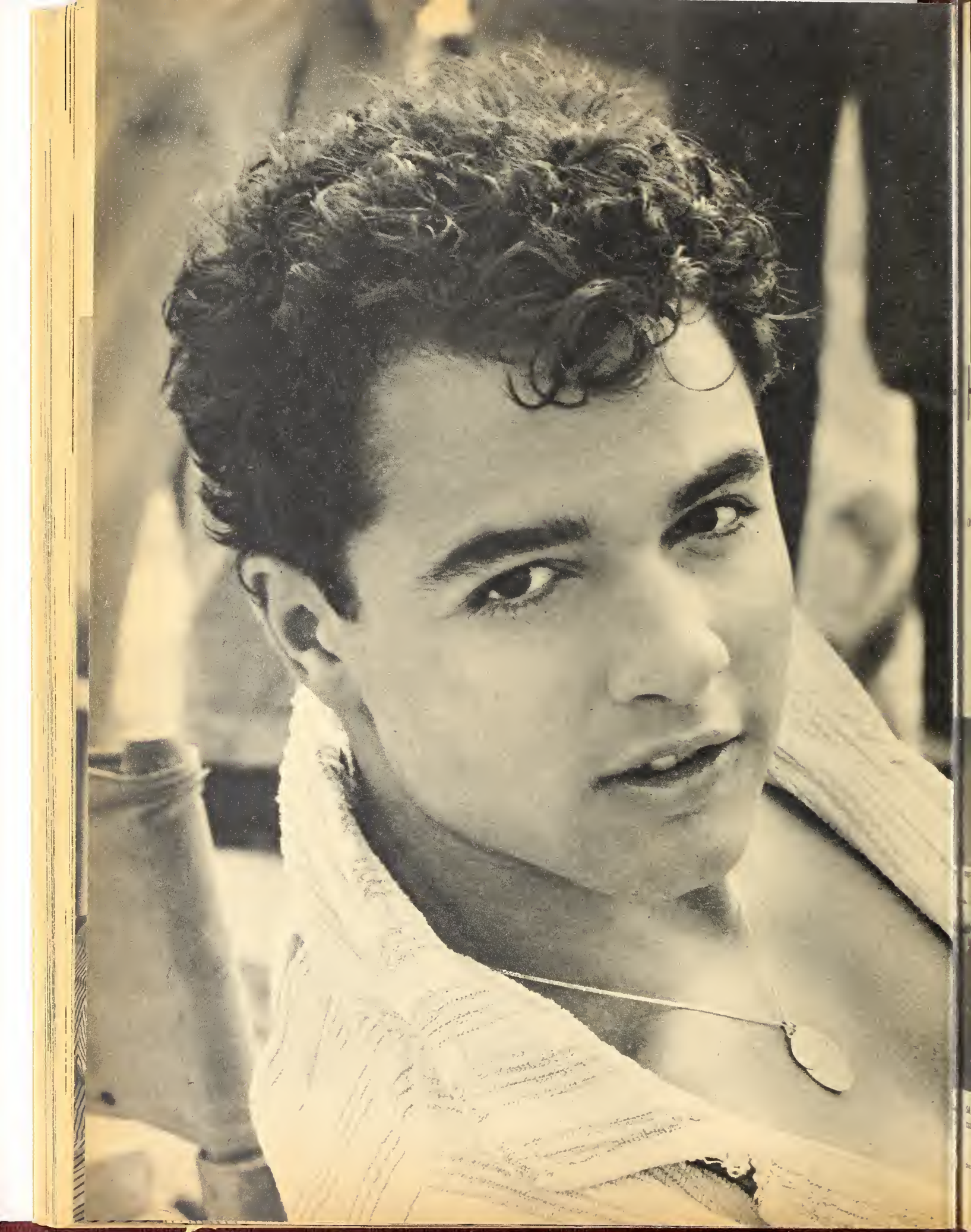


ROGER plays both the saxophone and guitar, but to judge from Vickie's expression, he could stand just a little more practice.



END

MR. AND MRS. Smith are the proud parents of a daughter, Tracey, 2, and a baby son, Jordan.



By SAL MINEO

Help me find a wife"

Sal's not interested in marrying an actress; he'd like to meet a girl outside movies who'll like him just for himself. He'll welcome suggestions

IT'S NOT easy for an actor to find a wife. In fact, it's almost impossible!

I don't mean it's hard to get married. Actors do it every week. The trouble is—they get divorced just as frequently, and that's what I don't want to happen to me. But that's precisely what would happen if I married an actress. I can tell that by my experiences with them already . . .

The other day, for instance, I was having dinner with an exciting brunette whose name is well known. We'd been out together quite a lot, and always had a good time, but we'd never had any serious discussions. There was no need for it. However, this time there was.

I'd had a difficult day at the studio. Some problems arose about my next picture, "A Private's Affair," as well as with my forthcoming trip to Australia. And I felt like talking about it. But every time I broached the subject, she had something more urgent on her mind about *her* career.

I could neither blame her nor hold it against her. If she wants to get ahead as an actress, she has to give the profession her all. It's that tough, that competitive, that time-consuming.

I don't mind as long as we are just dating. It's a different story when marriage gets into the picture.

Nor was this girl the exception.

About nine months ago, I had a big crush on another actress. We didn't get engaged—but we had reached the point where we discussed marriage in general.

She was all in favor of it, except for one condition: no children while she tried to get more fully established.

So why get married in the first place?

There was some such drawback with every actress I ever dated. One girl was so set on her appearance, because she "just had to make a good impression in

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SAL believes actresses are too wrapped up in their careers to make good wives. Trouble is, he has so little time to meet others.



THOUGH Sal might marry over his parents' objections, he would much prefer that the girl of his choice meet with their approval.



PRACTICE on the drums is for Sal's next movie, "The Gene Krupa Story." He relaxes playing symphonic music on his hi-fi (below).



"I am looking for a wife and if you are the girl, please write me about yourself," Sal pleads

public," that she hardly ever took her eyes off the mirror. Another one had but one interest outside her career: gossip. Still another would have made a perfect marriage partner if she hadn't been so obsessed with making every minute of her life count for her career. We never went to a party together unless she knew we'd meet a producer, director, newsman, or someone else who would be of value. What I liked best about her was her unfailing honesty. One evening I asked her, "Why do you even waste time going out with me?"

"Because I like you," she replied to my delight.

"But what are you getting out of it—professionally?"

She smiled, teasingly. "Haven't you read the columns today?"

"About the two of us having dinner together at the Scandia last night?"

There's your answer, Sal . . .

IT didn't mean she was going out with me just for that reason. But like everything and everyone else, every date with me had to count in some way.

I couldn't see a marriage based on that sort of relationship, either.

I also feel a girl who is not in show business will make a better wife because she doesn't expect so much from a fellow. To most actresses, a premiere, a party at Chasen's or Rom-anoff's, a mink coat or a T-Bird is not terribly exciting. If

she's pretty and successful, she'll probably have had her fill of those before I ever meet her.

How different was the Brooklyn girl I took to a premiere a few months ago.

When I picked her up at the tenement house where she lived, she suddenly became a Cinderella. Not just her parents but all her relatives nervously helped her get ready, and get a look at me, I suppose. She wore some sort of dyed rabbit coat which meant more to her than a mink to most actresses. And she was bubbling over with excitement from the moment I helped her into the rented, chauffeur-driven Cadillac, through the premiere, and the supper at the Copacabana afterwards. It was catching and intoxicating. I don't know when I had a better time.

The trouble is—it's so hard for me to meet girls like that, outside the movie industry.

During the past twelve months, the longest I ever stayed in one place was three months, and most of that time was taken up with work.

Much of my time is spent on personal appearance tours, and that hardly provides time to find out a girl's name.

Two years ago, I went to Miami. I met a delightful redhead and we got acquainted at least well enough to exchange addresses and promised to write one another.

Unfortunately, I'm a pretty poor correspondent, but I did

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BROTHER Mike shares a snack with Sal in their Hollywood home. Sal's new movie, "A Private's Affair," co-stars Christine Carere.





Unhappy Rebel

Embittered by the price she has paid for being a star, Kim is desperately striving to assert her independence as a woman

By NORA LEWIS

KIM NOVAK is one of the world's authentic beauties. In 1953, she made \$75 a week as an unknown film novice; today as a star she earns \$3000 a week. Five years ago she paid \$20 a week for room and board; today she is the mistress of a \$90,000 Bel-Air hilltop home given to her as a bonus by her studio. As a young girl she wore her sister's hand-me-downs. Recently, when she returned from a long stay in New York, Columbia Pictures had to send a special truck to the airport to pick up all of her luggage. As a shy, insecure youngster Kim confesses she chased after boys; today she has a dozen wealthy, eligible men here and abroad in love with her.

Despite all this, her close friends sense a tragedy in the making—another story of a star who has everything—and nothing. To hear Kim tell it, success sits uneasily on her head.

Her hauntingly lovely eyes cloud over as she sighs: "The people at my studio call me 'The Crier.' And I do cry a lot. I cry in frustration. Why don't they let me be *me*? Then the tears would dry up. But as it is now I feel like a piece of baggage. There's only one difference: they don't put labels on me."

The tearful fluorescent blonde and her studio have long been at sword's point. Until a month ago (when Columbia apparently decided it was getting nowhere in the uneven duel), Muriel Roberts, a studio publicist, was Kim's constant companion, ready to intervene the moment a reporter's questions took a personal turn. At the height of the screaming headlines last summer over Kim's romance with Rafael Trujillo, Jr., it was Miss Roberts and two shifts of publicity people who were installed in Kim's home to guard her around the clock. The studio sent to Chicago for the rebellious star's mother to aid in its campaign to hush the romance. It was also whispered that Kim was called on the studio carpet and issued a blistering set of instructions: 1. she was not to see Trujillo again; 2. not to talk to reporters; 3. not to keep the \$8500 Mercedes Benz car Trujillo had given her; 4. leave immediately for virtual seclusion with her studio chaperone in New York.

"No wonder Kim Novak feels like a piece of baggage," remarked a close friend. "She's

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KIM IS currently starring in the Columbia film of the Broadway stage hit, "Middle Of The Night."

KIM NOVAK continued



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

SUCCESS lies uneasily on Kim's head. It's given her an opulent home, but it has put restrictions on her freedom she resents.

Pressures of being a full-time movie goddess consume Kim and she knows little inner peace

been manipulated like a puppet on a string—a very valuable puppet, to be sure, but still an inanimate object. Kim is merely another in the long list of screen goddesses who, in gaining star status, has been asked to give up her friends, the right to choose her clothes, her living arrangements, what kind of car to drive, what night spots to pass up, even the type of man with whom to fall in love.”

As Kim, with fire in her eyes, explained, “The studio has been like a parent to me but some day every person has to stand on his own two feet. It’s like a teenage girl who starts to choose a dress and her mother says, ‘Oh, no, dear, that wouldn’t look good on you.’ The mother and the studio mean well but a girl must start making her own decisions. A lot of the bad publicity I’ve received in the past has been the result of someone else’s doing. Now I’m going to answer the questions myself. I may make some mistakes but they will be my mistakes.”

Hollywood’s glamour goddesses have always chafed at the price they must pay for stardom. At first a docile-seeming Kim accepted her lot in mournful resignation. Later, there was less of the plaintive childlike whimper and more of the prima donna’s war whoop. And always she has accompanied her rebellion with floods of tears.

EARLY in her career’s “docile” days, a co-worker revealed “Kim was told to move from her modest apartment to the Studio Club, a tightly supervised establishment for aspiring young actresses, on orders of the late studio boss Harry Cohn. Once for three months she was ordered to move into her studio dressing room, and never told why. For nearly three years, Harry Cohn allegedly called her every night to check on her whereabouts.

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LOVELY Kim takes acting lessons as often as she can. “I want to be a good actress, not merely a beautiful woman,” she insists.

HAUNTING eyes, wonderful cheekbones, a beautiful face that is coupled with a delectable figure have made Kim a famous star.







DATE at Whispering Waters Hotel in Palm Springs is Patti O'Quinn, a pretty miss, no mistaking that.

Hugh O'Brian says:

"I GOOFED!"

Hugh doesn't make mistakes often, but when he does, they're beauts; here are some real-life boners that Hugh would like to forget

By VI SWISHER

THEY HAD BEEN to a beautiful church wedding, and now Hugh O'Brian was driving his date to the home of the bride's parents for the big reception that followed.

When they reached the handsome house and went in, Hugh nodded a greeting to a couple of acquaintances among the milling guests. He introduced his date to a friend who came up to chat. Then the three of them went over to the bar and had a long drink—and a short conversation.

"Where are Bob and Jean?" Hugh asked, glancing around the crowded room.

His friend looked blank. "Who are Bob and Jean?" he countered.

"The newlyweds, you dope!"

"What newlyweds?"

Suddenly Hugh got that sick, sinking feeling that comes over you like a wave at certain uncertain moments.

He looked around again and realized that though there were a number of familiar faces present, the bodies that went with them weren't exactly clothed in what you could call church-going attire. Too many bare-back cocktail dresses. And not enough hats. Only three, counting his date's. Besides—no champagne.

Just then Hugh's friend grabbed a passing stranger by the arm.

"This is your host," he said, making the introductions.

Hugh gulped a greeting and added, trying to hide his embarrassment, "But

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HUGH O'BRIAN continued



Hugh is the first to admit it when he does make a blooper, refusing to pass the buck to anyone

isn't this address ninety-eleven thirty-twelve Hillock Road?"

"Oh, no," answered the stranger-host. "This is ninety-eleven thirty-twelve Hillock Drive! Hillock Road is up at the end of the block. It circles around the mountain before joining the Drive again, right where it started."

Hugh, who recounted the wacky tale of woe in his dressing room at Desilu Studios where he was making a Playhouse 90 film called, "Chain Of Command," shrugged resignedly.

"I goofed," he grinned. "Just plain goofed. But it turned out all right. My date and I drove up the hill and around the mountain to the wedding reception. We toasted Bob and Jean in champagne, and went back to finish up the evening at the other party—this time as properly, if accidentally, invited guests."

Despite this incident—and others—Hugh is the least likely candidate in town for goofs.

He's a demon about details . . . never forgets to wind his watch . . . keeps birthday lists . . . remembers anniversaries . . . writes thank-you notes . . . and pays his bills—on time.

HE isn't sure what started him off on this business of being so thoughtful and thorough, living his life with a place for everything and everything in its place.

"I guess—" he hesitated a moment, like a man on the point of making an embarrassing admission, "—I guess I must have a compulsion about wanting to do the right thing." He thought that over while he fiddled with some new pipes on his dressing table, and added, "Well, maybe it's better than having a compulsion to do wrong!"

No argument there. But even with his good intentions, every once in a while Hugh goofs. When he does, he refuses

to dodge behind the due-to-circumstances-beyond-our-control gambit, and admits he pulled a boner. He doesn't pass the buck, though he easily could, now that he has to delegate some of the details to his associates because he has so many things going since his ABC-TV "Wyatt Earp" success.

And he never makes the same mistake twice. No encores for O'Brian in the blooper department.

"Wouldn't you say once is enough for a booboo like this?" he asked. "It happened a while back when I was feeling my way along, trying to get something solid behind my characterization in 'Wyatt Earp.' I wanted it to be real and human, but I wanted it to be 'good theatre,' too. A director friend of mine let me use him as a sounding board, and he spent a lot of time listening to my problems.

"To thank him for his kindness I sent him a gift—a case of the best bourbon I could buy. Next day I discovered that he had just gone into Alcoholics Anonymous!"

Hugh thinks a minor goof can be worse than the major variety, especially when it involves someone of the opposite sex. A few years ago he had a bad time of it with a girl he'd been squiring around for a couple of months and who had begun to feel she had a secure place in his little black book. She confidently believed her name was inscribed there in indelible ink.

"I took her to a New Year's party," he remembered out loud. "By the time we arrived, everybody was already seated at our table for fourteen in the hotel ballroom. Most of the guys were bachelors who were there with their girl friends. As I recall it, there were only two married couples. That meant I had a lot of names to remember in introducing my date who had never met any of them.

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A CHAT with Patti O'Quinn (left) finishes off afternoon in the pool for star of "Wyatt Earp."

PATTI might just be laughing at one of Hugh's goofs—such as the time he forgot his date's name.



THE CHARM of O'Quinn is not lost on O'Brian as the two enjoy a coffee break at the Whispering Waters resort.

Thursday's Child

Nicknamed Tuesday though born on Thursday, Miss Susan Ker Weld is a 15-year-old combination of sex and sophistication that has nothing to do with adolescence

photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



PENSIVE pose is struck by Tuesday on the Paramount lot where she played daughter of Danny Kaye in "The Five Pennies."

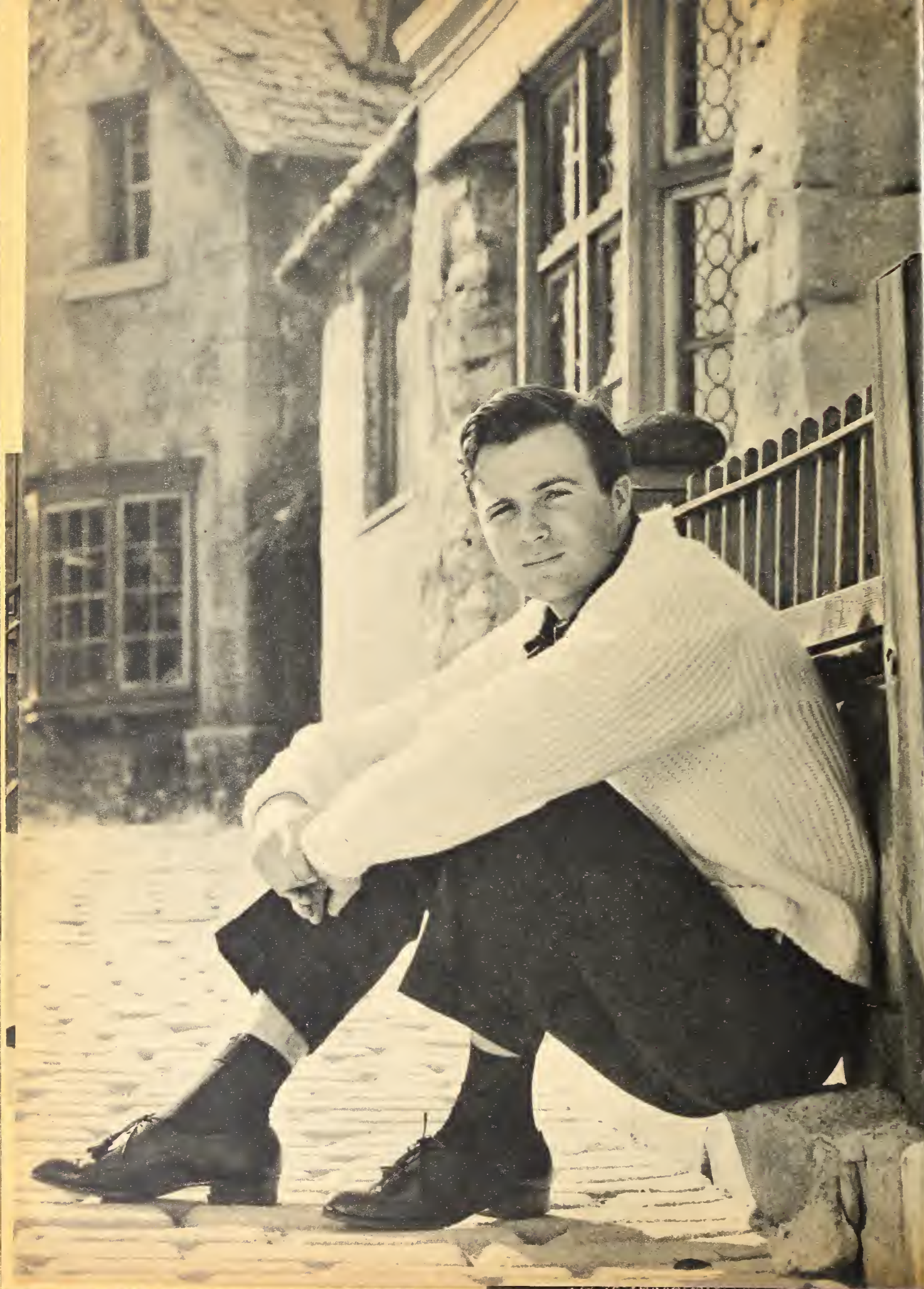
TUESDAY is a normal teenager in at least one respect—she can't resist asking a star, in this case Cornel Wilde, for an autograph.





HOLDING pet Angora cat, Tuesday has good reason to be happy: she's in new TV series, "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis."

END



This virile-looking six-footer with the million

dollar grin is the newest idol of the ponytail set;

he's the movies'

Mr. Handsome

By MAXINE BLOCK

IT SEEMED that every pair of female eyes was turned in the general direction of the most handsome man in the huge dining room of 20th Century-Fox. Nonchalantly, 20th's "most handsome fella" lunched on a turkey, ham and swiss cheese sandwich. The question of dessert arose. Barry was undecided. First he said, "None for me, thank you," then, after a slight deliberation, he smiled up at the waitress, "A half-scoop of chocolate mint ice cream," and finally, as she turned to leave, "Better make that a whole *big* scoop."

While this handsome new star with the changeable grey-green eyes may not know his mind about dessert ("Some days food bores me"), he does offer his opinions on love, marriage and career with the most complete honesty. He speaks the truth as he feels it—a refreshing change from the all-sweetness-and-light pronouncements of a good many young actors anxious to make a favorable impression on reporters.

"Of course, I hope to marry," he replied to my question. "But when? To whom? That I don't know yet. And I hope I won't find out for a few more years. Right now, I'm busy 24 hours a day learning to act, following all the sports I enjoy, puttering around with all the hobbies that fascinate me.

"Anyway, I'm a pretty selfish guy," he said gravely. "I have my own apartment; I do exactly as I please; I come and go when I want. If I suddenly get a yen to go skiing up at Mammouth or Arrowhead—I pack my gear and go. If I want to spend a disproportionate amount of my income on practically every kind of sports equipment you can imagine, there is no one to stop me. I'm the last of the big little spenders when it comes to sports stuff." Barry's great big boyish grin lit up his tanned, athlete's face.

"Sometimes I think I'm *too* selfish—too bound up with my own welfare to make a good husband.

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BEST GIRL Judi Meredith agrees with Venetia Stevenson that Barry "makes a girl feel like a queen." Barry's mum on marriage.

"Things like this," he continued in explanation of his so-called selfishness. "Some time ago, an old school friend from up north wrote he was coming to town. So, I invited him to share my apartment. He did. For some three months. I like the guy; we got on great. But, I'm telling you, I never was so glad to see anyone leave. He wasn't any bother; it was just that I wanted my place completely to myself." With a lazy, ingratiating smile, Barry put the question up to me: "Wouldn't you say I'm a pretty selfish and unsharing guy—hardly ready for the give and take of marriage?"

This reporter wouldn't say that, pointing out merely that there is a world of difference between a long-staying house guest and a permanent-staying wife.

Barry went on to explore the subject of children as a vital ingredient in marriage. He likes kids—he *thinks*. "But after spending a day with six active little monsters, aged two to seven, I just don't know," he says. "They're the youngsters of my twin sisters, Gayle and Beverly, and baby-sitting with them wears me to a frazzle. When they're older I can take them fishing and swimming but right now I just marvel at the patience of my sisters and brothers-in-law. And Gayle and Beverly married early—17 and 19—yet they have a mature sense of responsibility. Me? I don't know . . ."

Again, Barry neglects to consider the difference between someone else's kids—and one's own. But he is giving serious thought to the underlying problems of show business marriage. Barry feels that the real reason why actors frequently get all fouled up in this love and marriage business is that real love demands that you *give* of yourself. Actors don't have a five-day, eight-hour job like salesmen but are com-

pletely tied up to a very demanding career. "And let's face it," says highly intelligent Barry, "most of us actors are too interested in ourselves to give."

In the studio dining room with its full complement of good-looking young actors, Barry's boldly handsome good looks and virile physique continued to draw feminine eyes. The well-muscled, six-foot-one Mr. B. weighs in at 175. His fine skin gently tanned by the sun, summer and winter, his classically pure features and determined jaw are set off by a million-dollar boyish grin. So it's easy to understand that Barry has quickly become the answer to the collective prayers of the ponytail set and those considerably older; that he is considered the best-looking young man under contract to any studio. Casually, he establishes an instinctive and highly flattering rapport with a woman interviewer, appearing as genuinely interested in her activities as she is in his. He is equally interested in his co-workers, it appeared, friendly and obviously well-liked, and on a first name basis with an unusually large group.

"**H**E HAS enough charm to stop a Black Widow spider before she strikes," declared a young actress who has appeared with him. But if Barry were just a smiling surface personality Joe like so many you meet in this town, he could be dismissed easily. Instead, he combines the "pretty boy" handle with acting talent, sensitivity and intelligence. And it is these qualities, demonstrated first in "Peyton Place," that have brought him a growing respect by the studio brass despite the terrific competition he has had from other young profiles right on his home lot.



says Barry, but what girl wouldn't risk it?

"What I noticed about Barry first of all," a studio co-worker commented, "is that he always comes to the studio neatly groomed, his dark brown hair meticulously combed. In a time when many young actors follow the Beatnik trend of showing up here in rumpled sweat shirts and mussed hair, it's gratifying to see an actor who values personal appearance."

Barry is surprised that anyone would comment on his studio attire—dark suit or slacks and bulky sweater, plain white shirt and sparkling Italian shoes. "I believe," he says, "that acting is a business, like any other, and I wouldn't go to a business office looking like a hobo. A guy owes it to the people who work with him or to his school to be well-roomed. And to his date, too."

He recalled that when he was making "The Bravados," he had to let his hair grow long and keep a three-day beard for his role. As soon as he could, he invited his pals to a hearing party at the studio barber shop and served them beer and pretzels. "I was so sick of that excess hair and beard which was wrecking my dating schedule. Nor is it fair to a date whose gone to the trouble of getting all gussied up to fall on her looking somewhat like an unmade bed."

Barry admits that he's tidy around his apartment, too. Naturally when he's in a hurry he sometimes leaves clothes and sports gear around for a bit. But as soon as he can he takes time out to get his apartment shipshape. "Makes for more relaxed living," is the way he puts it.

From babyhood on, Barry himself has never stayed put very long. He was born in Los Angeles on November 26, 1934 (shortly after his mother, the late Jean Shea Heacock, attended a movie premiere), and his father was the late

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BARRY doubts whether he'd make good husband material. "Most of us actors are too interested in ourselves to give," he asserts.

SPORTS-minded Barry is fond of skiing, hunting and swimming. He's in "But Not For Me," with Clark Gable and Carroll Baker.



CAMERA bug, Barry has extensive equipment at home including the photo enlarger shown at left.



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

*What happens when a "dedicated" actress
has a baby? In Joanne's case, she proved
beyond a shadow of a doubt that she's a*

Wife and mother first

By HELEN HENDRICKS

A FLUSHED, happy but fatigued Paul Newman rose to his feet, champagne glass in hand, in his crowded dressing room backstage at Broadway's Martin Beck Theatre after the opening performance of his hit play, "Sweet Bird Of Youth." He toasted his expectant wife, Joanne Woodward: "To my wife, who did me the courtesy of not going to the hospital tonight!"

Nor later did Joanne have her baby the night she was asked to play hostess to a gathering of show folk at a brilliant champagne party for her latest film, "The Sound And The Fury." But a week after, on Wednesday, April 8th, Joanne presented Paul with a beautiful, healthy baby girl. And grinned Joanne, "I did Paul the *additional* courtesy of having Elinor Theresa at 8 a.m. so he wouldn't miss the Wednesday matinee! He wanted a girl to be named for my mother and his, and like a docile wife, I gave him just what he wanted."

Well-organized Joanne even managed to feel the warning birth pang well after midnight so that Paul could finish his evening performance before whisking her to Mt. Sinai Hospital. "For months," she confessed, "I could see myself having the baby in a taxi hopelessly snarled during the dinner rush on Fifth Avenue."

Just before last Christmas, Joanne and Paul bid Hollywood goodbye for a year in Manhattan while Paul appears in the highly successful Tennessee Williams play. As Joanne explained at the time, "I married Paul to be with him. And I never could see much point, when two actors get married, that they should stay on opposite sides of the country because one is interested in the theatre primarily and the other in motion picture making. I know many acting couples do this but to me it sort of negates the whole point of being married."

"I never want to be apart from Paul for any length of time. When he went to New York to discuss the play while I was finishing

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MR. AND MRS. Paul Newman looked mighty unhappy the day they moved into their New York apartment.





W. SANDERSON CO.

What makes FABIAN fabulous



HOME life is precious to Fabian, here lending his mother a helping hand with spaghetti dinner.

Without any musical background or training, this 16-year-old zoomed to the top of the record world; his outstanding asset—magnetism

By HELEN BOLSTAD

JUST SUPPOSE that you are 14 years old, crazy about football, a little worried because you have just flunked music and, at the moment, you're out in the street in front of your house, energetically pegging passes at your best pal.

A strange man walks up to you and says, "You're a remarkably handsome kid. I'd like to make you a top recording star, a real teenage idol." What would you do?

And while you're supposing, put yourself in the place of the father of such a boy. Suppose, too, that for 15 years you have been a big city policeman and have a deeply furrowed knowledge of all the artful dodges which unscrupulous persons can use to entice teenagers into trouble or dupe their parents into parting with their life savings. Suppose your son runs in to shout, "Dad, there's a man out here talking crazy!" Again, what would you do?

It sounds like the opening gambit of a confidence game, doesn't it?

It is, instead, the literal description of the start of one of the most unusual careers in show business, a career that experts said couldn't be created.

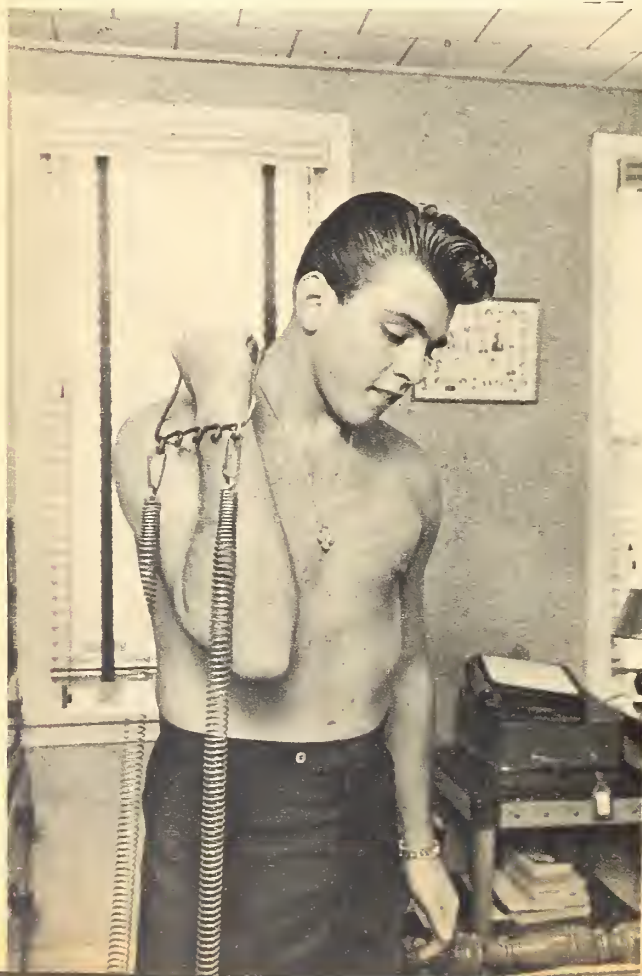
Today when that "strange young man," Bob Marcucci of Chancellor Records, Philadelphia, speaks of the day when he discovered Fabian, he says, "I wouldn't have blamed his family if they had had me thrown in the clink. But Peter DeAngelis and I had just started Chancellor and we needed young artists. I looked at Fabian and I had a hunch. It was so strong a hunch that I had to act on it. It was lucky for me that instead of getting mad, Fabian's father, Domenic Forte, took the trouble to ask questions."

Says Domenic Forte, "Maybe it didn't sound quite so crazy to me as it might have to another father living somewhere else. This is South Philadelphia . . ."

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FABIAN'S features remind some of models used in Renaissance paintings. Below, he works out with exerciser to keep in shape.



FABIAN continued

His rare good look

To people in the music business, there is magic in the name. South Philadelphia is a cradle for stars. No one quite knows why. Drive through this clannish city-within-a-city and you will see little that is inspiring. You find mile after mile of narrow, two-story row houses. Most of them are the tidy homes of respectable second-generation Italians with some Jewish families intermingled. Many of the interiors are attractively modernized, but the facades of the houses remain drab. Only a few trees break the monotony of the endless streets. Yet as Bob Marcucci points out, "You can stand on that corner of Eleventh Street where Fabian lives and throw a rock and hit Mario Lanza's house, Eddie Fisher's house, James Darren's house and I can't name how many others. Frankie Avalon lives just a short distance away and South High School is full of kids who have cut records."

Fabian was one of the few South High kids who never expected to cut one. He didn't even care about trekking across town to the WFIL studios to dance at Dick Clark's "American Bandstand." He says, "It took too much time away from football practice. I was trying to get good enough so that I could make the team." For the future, his ambition was to become an engineer.

His parents, Domenic and Josephine Forte, approved. Ever since Fabian was born on February 6, 1943, they had shaped their own lives to assure a good future for him and his younger brothers, Robert and Thomas. Domenic pounded a beat as a police patrolman until two years ago when a serious heart attack compelled him to take a leave of absence from the force. Josephine was so devoted and protective a mother that she would not even permit her sister to baby-sit with the children. She either took them with her wherever she went or she stayed home.

In a close-knit, loving family, anything which affects one affects them all. When Bob Marcucci said to Fabian, "I want to make you a recording star," Domenic Forte's immediate concern was to find out about Bob Marcucci. What kind of a man was he?

His very first information was reassuring. His neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmieri, told him, "Bob's a grand guy. He was our best man. We've known him all our lives . . ."

THE story they told about him was a triumph of determination. Those two South Philadelphia high school boys, Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, weren't much older than Fabian when they decided they were going to write music. They persisted through years of discouragement and gained their first real foothold in show business when they joined with the Avalone family in managing a series of teenagers' night clubs as a showcase for the talents of Frankie Avalon who had already scored nationally as a juvenile trumpet virtuoso. They discovered, too, that Frankie also had a voice and coached him to record top hits.

Could they do the same with Fabian?

Domenic Forte doubted it. "Why Fabian?" he asked. "He has never sung a note. In fact, we're probably the only non-musical family of Italian descent in South Philadelphia."

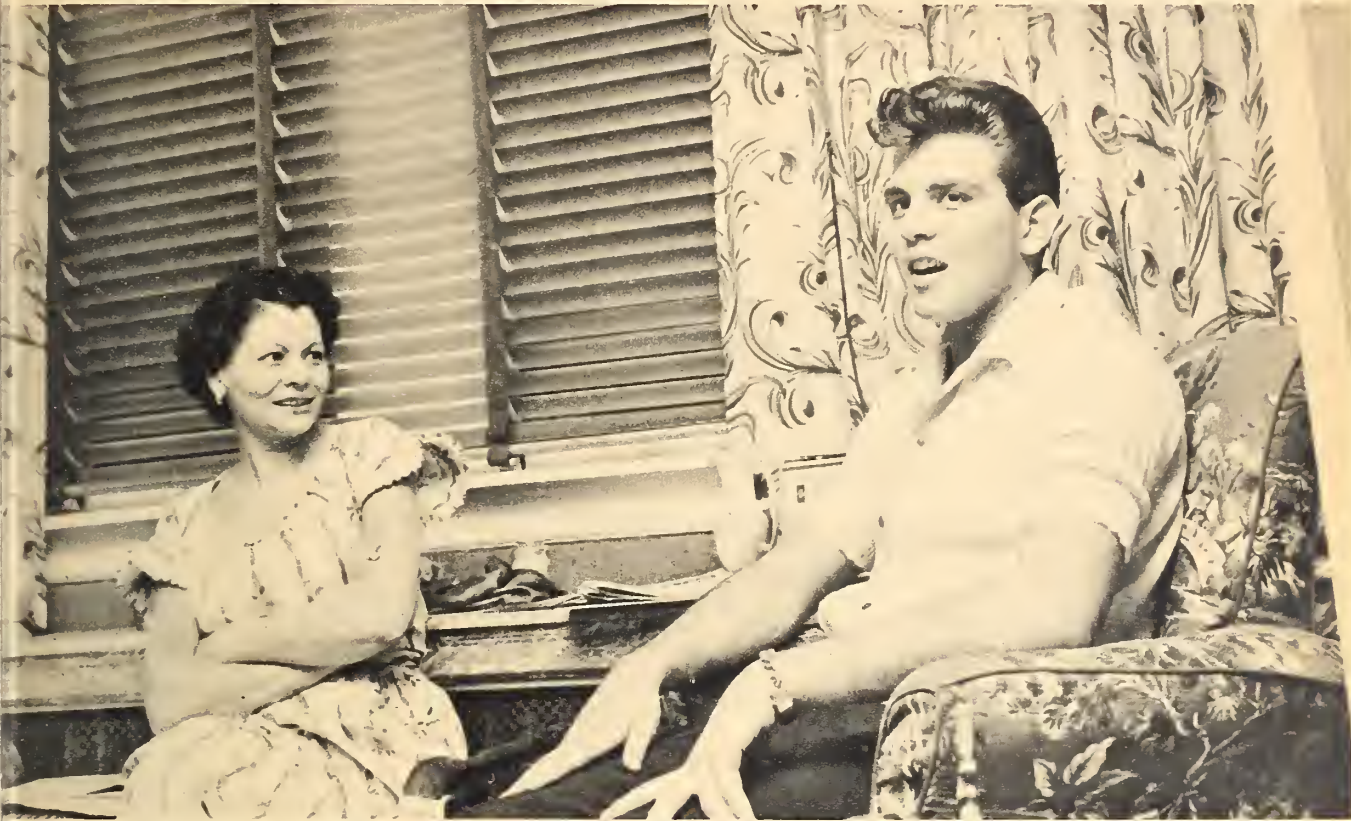
Bob answered with another question. "Have you ever really looked at him?"

Fond as he was of his son, Domenic Forte was not impressed. Handsome features are, for them, too usual a family characteristic to cause comment. The Fortes come from the northern part of Italy, a district where many of the Renaissance artists found their best models. You'll find similar faces in the old masterpieces.

Bob persisted. "There's something about him . . . Maybe

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caught the attention of teenagers almost immediately, caused near riots in several U.S. towns



MRS. FORTE laid down the law: Fabian could pursue a career as a singer provided he also maintained his grades in high school.

photos by Al Wertheimer, Topix



River Boat Gal

Brought up on a Mississippi showboat, Kathy is a thoroughly unconventional young lady who knows what she likes about everything

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"I AM SICK and *tired* of all those stories in the magazines which say that I am lonely and unhappy, living alone. It simply is not true. I spend my time being happy and thinking about being happy. I'd be a lot happier if people would stop prying this way!"

This was Kathy Nolan, the "Kate" of "The Real McCoys" and she seemed downright truculent on the happiness bit. "I *am* happy!" she reiterated, and although we tried not to peek, we could have sworn that she bit her lip over that statement. She went on, "My father is here for a couple of weeks . . . he is a veteran actor, you know . . . and we are having a wonderful time. We have so much to reminisce about. It was my dad, you know, who taught me to have a mind of my own!"

And a mind of her own she has, this petite, bronze-haired girl, as Hollywood and TV have been finding out.

From her background you might think that she was a character out of an Edna Ferber novel. This is because of her beginnings on a Mississippi River showboat . . . and I'll bet you have never met a girl who grew up on one. But Kathy did. Her father owned it (The Golden Rod) and Kathy was carried before the showboat audience at the tender age of 13 months. She stayed with it, progressing from character to character until she was a lovely leading lady at 16. Tutors kept up her education through these years. After that she went ashore and to various schools.

"You see, I got to know a great many people but never to know anyone very well. So I had to learn to cope with them, to accept them and to make them accept me. I had to learn to *deal* with them."

A firm little chin indicated that when she

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KATHY likes to cook but seldom goes by the book. She prefers to experiment with her own concoctions.



"I shall have a home soon," Kathy says, "and I shall have dog and a garden and birds—the things I haven't had all my life

said "deal" she meant "deal" on her own terms. Kathy is not a girl to compromise.

What she had to "deal with," of course, was that she seemed "different" to the other teenagers in her schools. A girl who had grown up on a river boat! And teenagers can be pretty cruel to anyone who is "different." But Kathy wound up as cheerleader at St. Louis High School and she also wrote for the school paper. "I had to make them see that my life was glamorous instead of 'queer'," she says. Which, of course, it was. But Kathy was on her way. She had learned to "cope" and she had learned to be a person.

"I had learned to be aggressive," she reflects. "Otherwise I'd have been just a blank. And I had no intention of being a blank!"

"After that," she said, "I went to New York to stay with my sister and go on with my career."

Kathy, you see, never had any doubts about her career. She *knew*. But despite the determined little chin and her lifelong experience in show business, she had many of the vicissitudes other ambitious girls have experienced there . . . the stint as a salesgirl in a small shop, the period as a waitress, the time she spent as an usherette at the Palace when Judy Garland was electrifying that venerable theatre. But Kathy doesn't daunt easily and she knew her abilities. "I'll *make* them accept me,"

she said, as she had before when a school girl. And they did.

Presently there were small parts on radio and TV and then the role of the sister in the ABC-TV series, "Jamie," with Brandon de Wilde. And then . . . her dreams beginning to come true . . . the role of "Wendy" with Mary Martin in "Peter Pan" on Broadway, no less. She fitted happily into that charming production during its two-year run and then played the same role in the two TV productions. Kathy was set. And not at all surprised, we might add! She *knew*.

And then to the West Coast where she assumed the role of "Kate" in "The Real McCoys." A bit different from "Wendy" but satisfying.

"I always have a course plotted ahead," she confided. But I shan't tell you right now about what I plan next in my career, although it is definite. What I am doing right now has to do with my personal life. I am furnishing an apartment and planning to buy a house."

She wasn't about to compromise on either of these projects either, although there were any number of people standing by, offering her advice about "periods," "themes" and so on.

"I know what I want," said Kathy. "I want antiques and I want to shop for them, myself. I am an old-fashioned girl, I guess, and these things mean something to me. Perhaps the roots I never really had growing up on a river boat."





HER apartment is being furnished mainly with antiques. "I want things around me that give me thoughts."



SHE LIKES men who will fight with her a little bit. "A man has to stand up for his opinions," Kathy explains.

So she haunted the dusty, cobwebby shops which abound in these parts, picking up the things which would "mean something to her," selecting a table here, an old chair there. often astounding the proprietors of these dust-bins with her knowledge of what was good and what was not. "Things have to have character," she said. "I can tell. I want things around me that give me *thoughts*."

So she bought a conglomeration (her own term) of things which gave her thoughts. An old-fashioned brass bed of which she is particularly fond, a Queen Anne table, a Directoire divan, some pieces in cherry and mahogany, shutter doors and white wall-to-wall carpeting.

"I have used a lot of lavender (it's a happy color) and green (it seems to go with success) and gold, just because it seems to have joy in it. I wear some of these colors, too, as I'll tell you later.

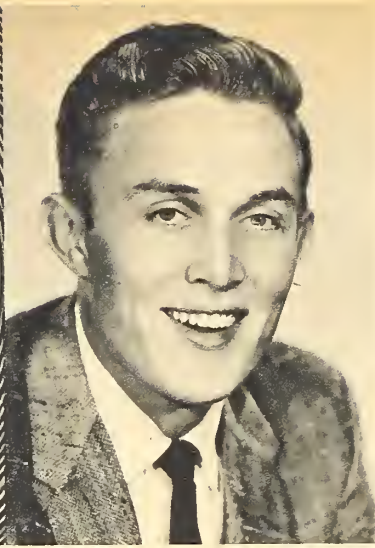
"About the house for which I am shopping . . . it will be old, it will have been lived-in and loved and when I see it there won't be any doubt. I shall just say, 'Kathy, this is your home.' I know it. No one is going to tell me or advise me."

SHE likes to go to parties . . . sometimes. But guess what she likes much better. She likes to baby-sit! And she does it consistently for such people as Budd Schulberg, Rita Hayworth, Kathy's own doctor . . . oh, various people. And if she can't find enough friends to baby sit *for*, she sometimes borrows children from an orphanage. This is true. The girl really does this.

"I just like to have babies around me," she says, simply. "I'd like to have ten of them of my own. some day."

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Reviews of new discs by JIMMY DEAN, CBS-TV star

THOSE three young comrades in song. **The Playmates**, are having themselves a ball on their latest Roulette LP, "Cuttin' Capers." The Playmates made their mark with "Jo-Ann" and "Beep Beep" and are back at their favorite beat, scoring with numbers such as "The Thing-A-Ma-Jig," "Women Drivers" and "Bag Of Sand." There are nine other numbers cut from the same slice of musical life. . . . **Rosemary Clooney** is at home with a 100-piece orchestra, vocal group, jazz ensemble, or with a simple Hammond organ background. The latter is what's supplied on Rosie's latest album, "Swing Around Rosie," on the Coral label and very good. Rosemary and the **Buddy Cole Trio** establish close rapport on a number of not-so-familiar evergreens—"Goody Goody," "Moonlight Mississippi" and "Sing You Sinners". . . . **Debbie Reynolds'** Dot recording of two class ballads, "I Can't Love You Anymore" and "Love Is A Simple Thing" is a two-fold demonstration of what makes Debbie big, big, big at the box-office. . . . Some of the wildest sounds heard in these parts in a long, long time are created by the fertile brain of **Esquivel** and are translated by his orchestra into sound spectaculars in a new Victor album, "Exploring New Sounds in Hi-Fi." We are willing to risk a small wager that you have never, and we mean never, heard "familiar" tunes such as "My Blue Heaven," "All Of Me" and "Lazy Bones" transformed into such unfamiliar offerings.

Frankie Avalon has gone further in a shorter space of time than any singer within memory. His Chancellor waxing features a big ballad, "A Boy Without A Girl." The flip side, "Bobby Sox To Stockings," is targetted on the teenage set and is right on the mark. . . . **Tony Bennett** plus **Count Basie** add up to plenty of swingin' things in the Roulette LP "Basie-Bennett." Tony and the Basie Orchestra are strictly compatible as they shoot some adrenalin into the well-weathered hides of such oldies as "Jeepers Creepers," "Chi-

cago" and "Strike Up The Band" . . . Latest in a growing list of **Mitch Miller** Sing-Along records and probably the best one to-date is "Folk Song Sing-Along With Mitch." Coming complete with tear-out song sheets, the Columbia album is the record industry's answer to the movies' bouncing ball. It's perfect to thaw out a party. . . . **Tommy Edwards** has another big one going for him on the M-G-M label. It follows the ballad formula that has been so successful for Tommy in the past, pairing a new ballad, "It's Only The Good Times," with a grand old standard, "My Melancholy Baby." Either side is worth the price of the "45".

Peggy Lee has things going at a "Fever" pitch on her new Capitol etching. "Hallelujah, I Love Him So" has enough of the flavor of Peggy's famous "Fever" recording to give it a good chance of hitting it big. It's backed up with a pleasant ballad, "I'm Lookin' Out The Window," but "Hallelujah" is the side that will get the plays. . . . It had to happen, so, naturally, it did. **Mundell Lowe**, a fine jazz guitarist, and a group of equally fine sidemen have put out a Camden LP labelled, "TV Action Jazz." Name your favorite private eye, his theme music is represented in this album—"Peter Gunn," "77 Sunset Strip," "Mike Hammer"—music for the super sleuth makes super jazz for Mr. Lowe and crew. . . . We don't know for sure but we're reasonably certain that the **Mickey Mozart Quintet** bears no relation, either lineal, musical or what have you to Wolfgang. We do know, however, that their Roulette "45" of "Little Dipper" and "Mexican Hop" is mucho kicks. . . . **Quincy Jones**, who's done some fine arranging for the Count Basie band, has his own aggregation these days, and if its new Mercury recording is any indication of what to expect from the Jones group in the future, the prospects are bright indeed for a resounding success. Quincy's dual offering, "Marchin' The Blues" and "Choo Choo

Ch' Boogie," has a strong beat and a sound. . . . That "Volare" man is again. In response to popular demand **Domenico Modugno** has put out an Decca LP titled, appropriately enough, "Encore." The numbers are almost composed by Domenico and are in Italian but they still have that international appeal that transcends language barriers. All we can say is "Bravo."

Jimmie Rodgers, Roulette's **Count Basie** (Record) Boy, has another two-part LP to success. The not-so-secret ingredients are Jimmie's million-dollar vocal range and the back-to-back etching of a fine ballad, "Wonderful You," and the tempo, "Ring-A-Ling-A-Lario." Take your pick; the beats vary but the quality remains Grade "A". . . . One of the unusual recordings we've heard in a while is the Carlton LP of the original music from the Broadway stage "Rashomon." Although the themes are completely Oriental, composer-conductor **Laurence Rosenthal** has used a variety of instruments to achieve his effects, including an African antelope horn, Turkish cymbals and a South American friction drum—all legitimate means to an end, and, we feel, successful end. . . . Put **Fitzgerald** within singing distance of songs like "Stairway To The Stars" and "I'm Through With Love" and you'll see the makings of a fabulous "45." That's just what Verve did and that's just what they got. Ella is the undisputed queen of female vocalists so we've come to expect wonderful sounds from her, but this disc is about as close to perfection as we're liable to hear. . . . After the fantastic success **Brook Benton** had with his ballad "It's Just A Matter Of Time," it was a matter of time before Brook pressed his first album. The Mercury LP contains a "Time" ballad plus eleven standards including "The Nearness Of You," "When I Fall In Love" and "I'll String A With You." As you can see the mood is strictly romantic, to which we have objections whatsoever. . . . **Connie Francis** has developed a knack with a song that seems to turn average material into a seller fodder. Her new M-G-M couplet of "Frankie" and "Lipstick On Your Lip" transforms two-not-too-unusual tunes into red-hot rockin' items. . . . **Torrey Leontetti**, who never had it so good, is turning out some sparkling vocals a mile on the crest of a huge popular wave. His Victor recording of "Sing Better Than Wrong" and "The Year Our Love" is soft-sell singing at its best. Tommy's off and winging into the ranks of today's balladeers. . . . The next splash on the current musical scene is being made by a 16-year-old Italian boy from South Philadelphia who carries the single moniker of **Fabian**. Fabian's new Chancellor album, "Hold That Tiger" promises to be a tiger over the record counters with a big rockin' beat run throughout. It's an important new album for an important new singer.

Hollywood Love Life

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touring for the film's openings. *Be she left she'd been dating Robert on Train*" Horton a lot. Then he on a rodeo tour. They think they'll Detroit at the same time and plan reunion. Anyway, they're hoping!

WILDERED DE WILDE—Brandon Wilde had been going steady with the Trompeter, a 15-year-old model in New York before he came back to Hollywood for "Blue Denim." But working day opposite Carol Lynley sparked spark and these 17-year-olds became intertwined in each other. They lunched, went to the beach and movies, to Disneyland and Marineland together. One day she "went domestic" and cooked lunch in her dressing room: hamburgers on a hot-plate! Brandon felt guilty about the whole bit, wrote his Bonnie he dating Carol. He had an uneasy five until he had a letter from Bonnie saying "I understand. So now I'll date boys until you return." In typical fashion, Brandon wasn't happy about last sentence!

TE-GO-ROUND—Sandra Dee isn't as big as Lindsay Crosby any more, says she "older men" and isn't steady dating! graduated from studio high school. received her diploma from Los Angeles University High with the regular class. . . . Lin Crosby, betimes, has re-dated June Blair who's best beau been Dick Sargent: Did you know is that rarity, a natural redhead? In her chums called her "Red." But gone ash blonde for "Best Of Everything" . . . Bob Evans, who plays a real in "Best," has "discovered" Stella Mens. that Jean Harlow-ish platinum de who has a role in "Blue Angel."

RE "BLUE" NEWS—That very chic girl who's been watching the scenes between Curt Jurgens and Britt on the "Blue Angel" set is the bride Simone. She was one of the famous fashion models in Paris. asked her husband not to visit the when she sang "Falling In Love in," which Marlene Dietrich made famous. "I'm no singer," says May. But her voice you'll hear—no dub-in.

VE STORY—It reads like fiction it's true, the love story of Glenn Bennett and his wife. They married young, took a job as a gas station attendant to finance her way through UCLA. Then she took a job teaching in a high school near Los Angeles so he could quit work and try to get established as an actor. Glenn finally made the grade, was signed by Columbia a few months ago, has made the "Crimson Kimono." "Man On A Tightrope" and now goes into "The Mountain Man" with James Stewart. The Corbets

expect their first baby soon so Mrs. C. will stop teaching and let Glenn be the breadwinner again. Watch this lad go!

DENIALS—Debbie Reynolds admits she's had dates with Texas oil man Bob Neal, but they're not real dates, says she. "I knew Bob even before I was married, he's an old friend. Besides, I'm too busy for romance," she adds. . . .

BUSY GIRL—Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis once again are co-starring, this time in the comedy, "Who Was That Lady?" Janet will portray Tony's wife and their friend Dean Martin will be seen as Curtis's best friend. Very chummy. In real life, Mrs. Curtis has been busy preparing for the wedding reception she and Tony gave at their home for friends Barbara Rush and publicist Warren Cowan. To make with the music at the gala party they had Shelly Mann and Hank Mancini.

HAPPY COUPLES—After Bob Wagner finished "Say One For Me," he and wife Natalie Wood took off for a cruise on their boat to Acapulco before she had to report for work co-starring with James Garner in "Cash McCall." Bob has renamed the boat *Natalie*. It formerly was "My Other Lady." . . . Jim and Lois Garner celebrate their third anniversary in August by moving into their newly purchased home in Bel Air. They've been apartment dwellers.

BABY TALK—John Wayne, already a grandfather, is very happy that his wife Pilar is expecting another baby. Their daughter Aissa is now 3. So Duke joins Bing Crosby in the granddad department: Mrs. C. also expects their second baby. . . . Jeff and Dusty Hunter named their son Henry Herman McKinnies II, recognizing Jeff's legal name.

SPLITS—It was a real shock to Glenn Ford fans when wife Eleanor Powell filed for divorce after 16 years of marriage. . . . Ditto when Cliff and Cynthia Robertson separated only three months after the birth of their baby. Cliff immediately departed for Europe to make a film. . . . After several split-ups, Dick Long and Mara Corday have once again reconciled; to celebrate, they are redecorating their house. Hope this time it works! Dick has the lead in "Bourbon Street Beat," a new hour-long TV show you'll be seeing this Fall. . . . Mickey Rooney was divorced by his fourth wife, Elaine Mahnken, promptly announced he'd already wed Barbara Ann Thomason via a Mexican divorce.

MAGGIE A BRIDE—Seems like just yesterday that Margaret O'Brien was tugging at our heartstrings portraying sad little waifs. Now she's 22, a grown-up actress and will be married August 8 to Robert Allen, an art student, in a big church wedding. Anna Maria Alberghetti, who recently cancelled her plans to wed Buddy Bregman, will be a bridesmaid.

SHORT SHOTS—Ray Danton is summer-stocking "Bells Are Ringing" in New Jersey and wife Julie Adams has been offered "Streetcar Named Desire" at the Westport, Conn., strawhat theatre. She'll take it if it will coincide with Ray's Jersey dates. . . . Hugh O'Brien went from Paris and dates there with Ariana Ellers to French Equatorial Africa to wind up his vacation before starting his new season's "Wyatt Earp" . . . Gordon and Sheila MacRae, both teenagers when they married, celebrate their 18th wedding anniversary. . . . Suzy Parker, back here for the first time since her near-fatal accident—and pretty as ever—has her French husband, Pierre de la Salle, with her while she makes "Best Of Everything." Pierre has an assignment from Paris "Match" for a big, big story on big, big Los Angeles that will require many weeks of research. Suzy is happy about the whole deal. **END**



AFTER attending premiere, Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe top off evening with supper.



FRANK Sinatra and Martha Hyer are among Hollywood celebs at a glittering first-night

Why Rock May Never Remarry

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choose a wife and settle down. There were career problems, of course. During Rock's first years in Hollywood he was far from being the big star and the big money-maker he is now. Understandably, he did not wish to burden a wife with the problems and pressures of a young man trying to carve out his future. Urged to set a date when he might *possibly* marry, Rock said, carelessly, "Oh, maybe when I'm 30." He thought that this arbitrary figure—30 seemed so very far away—would keep the persistent and the curious out of his private life.

THERE were girls around—beautiful girls—but Rock just couldn't make up his mind. "It seemed almost as though he were fearful of taking the final step," said one acquaintance. "His picture career, for the first time in his easy-going, unplanned life, gave him something to be really happy about. Marriage might take this new-found happiness away."

He dated, among others, script girl Betty Abbott, actresses Terry Moore, Piper Laurie, Vera-Ellen and Lori Nelson, and at one time his great enthusiasm was for the exotic, very sophisticated and older Gene Tierney. But he wasn't too serious about any of them. Piper Laurie said of him, "Rock just likes to laugh and live it up—everything's for fun with him." When a columnist asked Rock what he looked for in a girl, his answer was, "A good time."

"What's wrong with that?" he wanted to know. "I go for girls who like to laugh. I like girls who tackle my steaks and salads with hearty appetites. I find that's the way they invariably tackle life—with gusto."

Some of his purported romances, admittedly, were pure publicity—or at least they started that way. Said one reporter, "The Vera-Ellen romance was studio-inspired in the beginning, then became more serious, until finally neither could decide whose career was to be more important in the marriage. Vera-Ellen didn't want to give up her career, and Rock was just starting. They decided they'd better wait."

Rock has said, "Vera-Ellen and I were engaged, but never set the date publicly. We planned to elope without telling a soul. But I didn't marry her because I couldn't make up my mind. Why get involved in something of which you're not really sure?"

Another version of the incident is that Vera-Ellen felt she needed a man she could lean on, and Rock was too absorbed in building his own career. "So," said a friend, "she called it off."

Later, Rock began spending a lot of time with script girl Betty Abbott. He had met her on the set of "Bright Victory," and the two became warm friends almost at once. Betty was good for him,

and Rock was fiercely loyal. Once, when a big studio executive's wife phoned Rock and asked him to escort her to a premiere, Hudson explained he couldn't go; he had a date with Betty. The executive's wife was furious. "Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you'd rather go out with a script girl than with me?"

It was not a happy experience for Rock, and made him feel, even more bitterly, that he could never cope with the possessiveness of Hollywood women. Betty, on the other hand, made no demands on him. She and Rock had fun together, and he even admitted that his mother liked her. But in the end, Rock became uncertain again. He and Miss Abbott broke up because, as he told one friend, "Betty seems to analyze things too much."

Did Rock put his career ahead of matrimony? Or was he, simply, too unsure of himself to attempt so serious a step as marriage? To his fans who were urging him to get married or explain why not—an intrusion into Rock's private life that was surely unwarranted—Rock could only say, "I'm too busy even to get a haircut. I wouldn't have time for a wife."

There had been, of course, the tragedy of his mother's own two divorces, and his misery as a child when his father left home, never to return. An only child, a shy, almost too-handsome lad with long, dark curls, Rock was undoubtedly left with scars after his parents separated. For years, said friends, Rock felt a sense of personal guilt because his father, with whom he was very close, deserted him and his mother.

AS a boy in Winnetka, Illinois, he was in and out of jobs which never lasted more than a few days. "I worked just long enough to put a buck and a half in my pocket," he said. "If I had three or four dollars a week to spend, I was happy."

In Hollywood, he was shy, uncertain—"the most unlikely guy in the world to be a movie star." He had no faith in himself; he was frightened of people—scared that he would never quite know what to say. There were times, in his early career at Universal, when Rock would sneak into the commissary, slouching, hoping his 6 feet 5 wouldn't be noticed. "And every time I heard a grip laugh on the set," said Rock, "I was sure he was laughing at me."

One of Rock's directors said of him, "Rock is just a big kick-the-dirt hoy, a bashful lover. He's best when he grins." And Rock himself has said, "I like to play love scenes, but I confess I find them terribly difficult. I'm always ploughing in and smashing up their makeup."

But there was a greater fear—a fear of never being quite good enough. He had always felt plain-looking and unattractive ("My eyes are just a shoe-polish brown," he has said), and as a

hoy, when he dreamed of becoming actor, a part of him kept saying, "a movie star? Listen, stupid; don't be a fool of yourself."

Stardom came, but sometimes late. At night he couldn't sleep. He *looked* rough and invulnerable, but he was probably one of the least tough and invulnerable people in Hollywood. He could never really believe that he was an actor. "Actually," he said once, "I can't do any real acting. I just stand in front of the camera and smile." A photographer said of him, "In shooting pictures of Rock, the only thing you have to worry about is his smile. He has the corniest grin in the world." And he was almost always on edge and unsure of himself. Sheer nervousness made him a nail biter. "I still get nervous when I read the script of a new picture," he confesses. "Sometimes I can't even eat dinner the night before I have to go on the set. I'm always a nervous wreck, knowing how much responsibility I have on my shoulders. So I chew my nails."

WITH such fears besetting him, was it surprising, then, that the unconfronted Rock hesitated so long before committing himself to marriage? Yet when he posed to Phyllis, most of his doubts, presumably, had vanished. Phyllis was shy and retiring, too; she was just a few years older than Rock's age (not 26, as some said), and in a number of ways, she reminded him of his mother. After he and Phyllis eloped on November 9, 1955, Rock said, "I waited until I was almost 30 before I married because I wanted to be absolutely sure I had the right girl. Today I know I have her."

All Rock wanted then was to live his wife like any other young couple to have "a houseful of children to make our life complete." He was called only male star with one wife, one house, and no pool. "A friend, telling of Rock's first days with Phyllis, recalled the Rock got home from a tough session at the studio and found Phyllis huddled with big news: "I had the most exciting time," she told her husband. "I watched Gregory Peck making a picture, and it was everything I thought he would be only better."

Rock listened to his wife in silence, strolled around the living room in slouching feet, as always, flipped on the TV. "The next day," said the friend, "I left his own picture and walked over to get a look at Peck for himself. He was so good to see what Peck had that made him so irresistible to women. 'I hoped more that if I watched Greg long enough,' said Rock, 'some of it would rub off on me.' That's the kind of insecure guy he is."

Yet only a few months later, Rock and Phyllis were already at odds. On their rare appearances at parties, they sat together in silence, with nothing to say to each other. After a series of unpleasant rumors, they separated and then divorced. Rock would only say, "I'd rather not discuss the

tion. It is of extremely delicate and intimate nature. There are no other persons involved, so I believe it would be pointless to say more."

At the divorce hearing, however, Rock's life was not so reticent. "My husband was sullen, refused to dress up and balked at taking me out," said Phyllis. "He wouldn't talk to me for days, sometimes for weeks. When I asked him why he stayed out all night, he told me it was none of my business."

The divorce was granted with a very substantial settlement for Phyllis: \$130,000 in cash, a \$35,000 house and \$8,000 for a lawyer. Perhaps this made up to Phyllis for the things Rock hadn't given her, but for the super-thrifty Rock, the settlement was a financial shock that left him angry, hurt and bitter.

Though Phyllis and Rock had liked to hang together—or so their friends said or sit comfortably at home with their noses off, the hi-fi blasting the neighborhood with sound, this, obviously, had never been enough. Seemingly, they had never really had too much in common. Rock could be moody, aching with a strange need to be alone. He hated it when Phyllis wept; it was a special kind of torment he couldn't fight, so he would just disappear.

Yet, moody as Rock often is, he can be a charming companion when he feels like it. "I laugh at things that don't make other people as funny," he once said. "Not only that, I dwell on them, and two days later I'll burst out laughing. I'm impulsive; I leap before I look. I enjoy things more if they're the spur-of-the-moment. Anyway, I have no desire to be like Rock Hudson 24 hours a day. I just want to be myself."

Intimates know that Rock can be a great tease or perpetrator of practical jokes. There was the time when Rock, just after he made "Son Of Cochise," fractured a bone in his shoulder while water skiing. He was taken to the hospital, where a nurse did her best to make him comfortable. She knew that he had to sign some important papers, so she worked on his right hand, adjusting the bandages so Rock could hold a pen. "There," she said, "now you can sign those papers."

"Sorry," said Rock, with a deadpan expression, "I'm lefthanded."

Outwardly calm and seemingly placid (I can be dying inside, but my discomfort doesn't show"), Rock's anger flares when he feels that he has been unfairly treated. He raged at a certain magazine writer who called him "a manufactured star, the creation of his agent," and "so imperturbable that his mother never saw him get annoyed about anything." "I hate such lies," Rock said. "And as for my being imperturbable, the other day I got mad I pulled the telephone from the wall, wires and all."

The Rock Hudson who has been called "a handsome giant of a mechanical man" is in truth, anything but unfeeling. When

you cut him, he bleeds—bleeds very much indeed. He is often a forlorn man; he knows that "a bachelor's life is very, very lonely." He longs for companionship, insists that "it's not true that I'll never marry again."

"I am not at all bitter or disillusioned about marriage, or my future personal happiness," he told one friend. "I'm just getting fed up with all these questions about it. I'm tired of talking and thinking about me. I'd like to think of something else for a change."

Recent magazine stories have coupled Rock's name with one Cindy Robbins, a minor bit player in Rock's new picture, "Pillow Talk." "The story," say Rock's friends, "was a complete and utter fabrication." More serious was Rock's admitted interest in Debbie Power, the late Tyrone Power's widow.

Rock, Ty and Debbie saw a lot of each other after Rock's divorce. Ty and his third wife invited the lonely star to join



MOODY as he is, Rock can be charming if he wants to, as here on set with Julia Meade.

them on their yacht, *The Black Swan*, and together the three friends spent joyous weekends sailing off the coast of California. Rock envied Ty for a wife who was fun, as Debbie was—a woman who listened when her husband talked, who had views of her own, who knew how to share laughter with the man she loved.

Debbie Power was tall, dark and beautiful—a girl from the South who was both feminine and a man's woman. And when Ty Power died so suddenly in Spain, it was Rock who helped console her.

Somehow, Rock didn't seem to care when gossip told of his being seen with Debbie Power, the girl who was even then carrying her late husband's child. Some people were bewildered and even shocked. But Rock bravely ignored the talk.

Neighbors were aware that Rock's convertible was often parked in front of Debbie Power's apartment. There were times, too, when she visited Rock at his secluded Malibu Beach house, some miles

north of Santa Monica. Rock cooked his special steaks for her, or invited his mother over to help whip up a dinner. Many times Rock and Debbie walked along the sandy, lonely beach—Debbie chatting, while Rock, always the good listener, smiled and understood.

Said one intimate, "Since Debbie came into Rock's life, he seems to have become more of a hermit than ever. He spends much of his free time with her at the beach, or used to, and later, on his rented power cruiser. Whether or not this friendship will end in marriage, I can't say. But if I were a betting man, I'd bet it will. I think Debbie Power would be very good for Rock."

Perhaps Ty Power's beautiful widow has brought the lonely, moody, uncertain Rock some new-found and longed-for happiness. Perhaps another marriage is in his thoughts. But there are those who wonder if Rock believes he has improved as husband material since the day he eloped with Phyllis Gates. Rock is pushing 34—a most youthful and vigorous age—but is he saying to himself, "There's no such thing as love, or if there is, it's come too late for me."

Fellow actors who sometimes see Rock at one of his favorite hideaways, the Beverly Hills Health Club, say that he seems to keep almost forbiddingly to himself. He rarely joins the friendly volley ball games, the joking and laughter around the pool, the show business gossip in the locker room. "He strikes you as such a lonely man," said one young actor. "He never smiles, rarely chats with anyone. He just takes his workout or sits in the steam room, seemingly withdrawn. You feel a little sorry for a fellow so untalkative and aloof, especially in a gregarious atmosphere like this gym."

Rock, of course, may prefer it this way. "Some people are automatically masters of every situation," he once said. "I'm not. When I'm working, I worry about my work, and when I'm inactive, I worry about not working."

Such concentration leaves scant room for a wife.

If marriage, for Rock, is once more on his mind, he is the last person in the world to discuss it now—even with his own family. "Maybe he's thinking of marriage, maybe he isn't," said a studio friend. "None of us know, and none of us would ask him. But it took him years to decide to get married the first time; it may take him more years to make up his mind again."

"On the other hand, Rock has said that he'll re-marry, and Debbie Power may well be his next wife. There are quite a few of us who think it's in the cards. Everybody who knows and likes Rock, and virtually everyone does, is sure that, given the right woman, he'd make a happy marriage. His friends think so, and probably even Debbie is convinced. Now, all Rock has to do is convince himself. Once he does that, you can start smelling those orange blossoms." **END**

Mr. Handsome

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Francis E. Heacock, an Associated Press newspaper writer, well-known to the veteran Hollywood press corps. When Barry was a toddler, the family, including his twin sisters, five years older, moved to San Francisco.

Later, they returned to Hollywood and Barry's dad became a press agent in the publicity department at Warner Bros. "My father," Barry says, "was Errol Flynn's press agent and I remember him and 'Big Boy' Williams as Dad's friends who, with other actors and actresses, used to visit our ranch 'Hilltop' in Sunland, on the outskirts of the city. And I have fond memories of my first Shetland pony given to me by Mr. Williams. One night, after a particularly trying day doing publicity for Errol Flynn and other actors, my father came home, looked sternly at me and said to my mother: 'Remind me when Barry grows up—there is one thing I particularly *don't* want him to be—and that's an actor!'"

Barry was six then, and completely uninterested in acting, although he soon showed a strong inclination for money-making. A year later, after a move to Honolulu, the handsome bright-eyed youngster decided to augment his allowance (the shops held such enticing things) by going into business. He collected the coconuts from under the trees behind a nearby hotel and started a brisk business selling them to tourists in front of the place. That is, until his mother learned about it and put a fast stop to Barry's venture in high finance.

In 1941, Barry's father was killed in an automobile accident and Mrs. Heacock, grief-stricken, moved her little family to faraway Hawaii. "As a kid," Barry says candidly, "I was pretty scatterbrained and a handful for my mother. With three females I felt the need of male companionship and I urged Mother to adopt a brother for me. She thought of it for a while, but then she remarried and I had male companionship." Barry's stepfather (who adopted him and gave him his name) is Joseph S. Coe, an engineer whose work kept the family on romantic moves from country to country as he worked on government projects.

GRADE school for Barry meant hopscotching around from such unlikely places as Honolulu, Hawaii, to Edmonton, Canada, then to Los Alamos, New Mexico and Miami, Florida. Another youngster might have felt rootless and unhappy kept on the move like that. But to Barry it meant a chance to make new friends, learn how to adapt himself to new conditions and to become an outgoing, friendly, and poised young man. During summer vacations the resourceful lad had an unusual variety of jobs, including working on a ski lift, selling soft drinks at a mountain resort, as a time-

keeper at an airplane plant, selling in a sports shop and working as a gas station attendant—all before he was 20.

"In junior and senior high school," Barry explains smilingly, "I had little on my mind except becoming the campus athlete." And to prove it, he won letters in the rough competition of ice hockey three years in a row at Edmonton, Canada, and in New Mexico. At Los Alamos High School, Barry was a football letterman halfback but, at 17, his dreams of becoming a big college campus football hero were crushed when his knee was injured in a game. It put an end to that kind of competitive sport but Barry can and still does ski. And for it he's won three ribbons—two firsts and a second—in skiing competitions that take place at Lake Arrowhead.

One day, when he was a junior at Los Alamos High, the drama coach stopped the tall, handsome athlete and asked if he would try out for the lead in "You Can't Take It With You." As Barry tells it, "Acting had always buzzed around in my head but athletics was my first love. Anyway, I decided to try out for the play because my knee was banged up and I got the lead. As Tony, the romantic young lover, I wasn't very good. In fact, I was a complete flop. I knew it even before the school paper's critic said I'd smelled up the stage."

Barry wasn't merely telling this doleful tale so one could parry it with, "Oh, I bet you were wonderful." He's too honest for that. It was apparent that he was relating something that had obviously hurt him at the time and still did in recollection. "Even though," he continued, "my father, from his long experience, hoped I wouldn't become an actor, I had been considering it as a career until that flop. Then I knew I didn't have the necessary talent and I put it out of my mind. My twin sisters had been dancing teachers and exhibition water skiers and I'd hoped for something in the entertainment world too."

When time for college approached, Barry's stepfather was stationed in Thailand building bridges and roads for the emperor. (Currently, Mr. Coe is in the South Pacific with the Atomic Energy Commission.) Thailand didn't seem a likely place for college so Mrs. Coe settled in Los Angeles and Barry enrolled at the University of Southern California where he was aiming at a degree in Business Administration in 1954.

The first three years of college for the handsome young man were years of searching, of trying to find out what he was best suited for. They weren't years of aimless drifting, for Barry isn't a shirker, but they were a time of indecision. As he puts it: "My major was business administration but I wasn't happy with the choice:



FAVORITE date Judi Meredith is escorted by Barry Coe to a gala party at Romanoff

I merely selected it because I thought I could prepare me for a variety of career. I was never sure, in college, of just what I wanted to do and I wandered around in a daze, scholastically speaking. I had no plans whatsoever; no career really appealed to me."

And then a flip of a coin changed his life completely!

The time was Easter vacation of Barry's junior year. Some 30 of his Beta Theta Pi fraternity brothers planned to spend the free time at Palm Springs. Barry planned to join them until he heard that the snow on the mountains was prime for skiing, his great love. Snow or desert? Barry flipped a coin. And joined his fraternity brothers. While they were fooling around the pool at the exclusive Shadow Mountain Club a man came over and told Barry, "I'm a Hollywood actor's agent. I think you have a very good future in motion pictures."

Says Barry: "The guys were playing practical jokes all day. I laughed because I thought this was merely another joke—and a mighty good one arranged by my campus buddies."

It wasn't. Agent Dick Clayton was serious, even after Barry explained what he had been in his first high school play. Clayton suggested drama study and Barry returned to school determined to give acting an honest try that summer. Completely self-disciplined as a good athlete must be, Barry applied himself to the craft of acting with coach Estel Harmon and then with the late Michael Chekhov, Marilyn Monroe's coach.

AS soon as I began to study acting," Barry explains, "everything suddenly clicked into place and I knew where I was going. I feel that acting is my life, and my prime ambition is to become a good actor." Not long after that, Barry and his agent began making the wearying studio rounds. Finally, at 20th Century-Fox studio executives showed interest. After intensive work with Helena Sorrell, 20th

at coach, Barry passed his screen test and was signed to a seven-year contract. It was four years ago, yet Barry, intent on being a real good actor, feels he needs a great deal more study to develop technique.

Careerwise, Barry has grown steadily, slowly. A handful of small parts finally brought him the role opposite John Moore in "Peyton Place" which shot him to stardom overnight. It seemed that Barry's magnetic hazel-green eyes held a magic for every female and, shortly thereafter, an avalanche of fan letters began to pour into the studio. And today, after starring in "Under Jets" and "The Bravados" he's considered one of the hottest young stars on the lot, and completely ready for his next role on loanout from 20th Century-Fox to Paramount in "But Not For Me" co-starring with Clark Gable, Carroll Baker and Lilli Palmer.

STRANGELY enough, the "Peyton Place" role which brought him attention, isn't the type he hopes to do. For Barry is a rugged outdoorsman and he hopes to act in rugged adventure films like his favorite stars—John Wayne and Clark Gable. "I don't want to stay far away from pretty boys, romantic drawing room stuff; what I hope to play is he-man roles in fast, exciting pictures," explains this husky young actor whose happiest moments are spent skiing in the wild Sierras or at water sports on the Pacific ocean.

A perfectionist, Barry is well aware of the work that goes into a seemingly effortless acting style. He attends a drama workshop, watches fine actors work, is an insatiable question-asker who listens respectfully to the views of directors and established stars and then evaluates what he hears.

"When I got my first good part I was really filled with butterflies," Barry recalls. "My best friend, Bob Wagner, knew I wouldn't sleep the night before I was to get it. Like the good guy he is, he came to my apartment and talked it out with me. It really helped . . . And the day on 'But Not For Me' was murder. Couldn't sleep a wink the night before. Gable was wonderful to me, helped me over that first-day nervousness. He is a Broadway producer who shows me how to kiss Carroll Baker. Wow! That's nice work. And they pay you for it! I think this is the best role I've had so far."

He believes, too, that as things have worked out, his father would agree that acting really is the career for him. But Barry's voice becomes grave as he tells of his beloved mother who tragically passed away only two months before he landed his star-making "Peyton Place."

In a town where it is almost a cult to rise early and often, the extremely capable young actor has adroitly managed to retain his single status. Nevertheless, Barry maintains he is looking forward to marriage. But while marking time he is concentrating on acting, explaining,

"I'm giving the subject plenty of attention and leading a full social life. There has never been a better invention than women. I've thought so ever since I was an old kindergarten alumnus of six." And to prove it, Barry has dated such charmers as Lili Gentle, Barbara Eden, Nina Shipman, Pat Mitchell, June Blair, Connie Stevens. Barry met the little Southerner, Lili Gentle, at the studio, and introduced her to the Boss' son, Dick Zanuck, whom she married. ("I take credit as the matchmaker," says Barry proudly.)

For a while, the screen's "Mr. Handsome" and Venetia Stevenson (the most stunning couple in town) seemed to be a forest fire romance. But it cooled, possibly because neither was ready for marriage. But before that happened, the ethereal blonde told a reporter: "Barry makes a girl feel like a queen. It's different and exciting. He's that rare Hollywood male who's always neatly dressed and who likes to put on a black tie when he knows a girl plans evening dress. This is very pleasant in a town which can get too casual in dating habits. Barry has excellent manners; sends flowers and candy, and gives his dates those little attentions every girl loves."

Evidently, starlet Judi Meredith, who was so charming in "Summer Love," feels the same way about her dates with Barry. Tiny, gay, talented Judi comes from Portland, Oregon; was a top professional figure skater with the "Ice Follies" at 15, toured the country and Canada for the next two years and then had to spend a year in bed after she fell through a window and broke her back. With skating impossible as a career, Judi next turned to acting, studying at the famed Pasadena Playhouse, graduating from there to TV and then into the movies.

SINCE Judi is very fond of the outdoors and very sports-minded (There's not a girl in town who can stand on water skis the way Judi can," says Barry extravagantly) both of them have much in common—including motion-picture careers. So when Judi and Barry recently ordered matching surf boards, the I-Love-A-Romance Columnists began sniffing the fragrance of orange blossoms and hearing the far-off strains of Lohengrin. But Barry and Judi remained silent. He did admit, though, that he likes the idea of going steady. "That way," he says, "you don't have to wine and dine a new gal each time and go through all the preliminaries of getting acquainted."

And as to what pleases him in girls, he says, "I like a girl who is feminine, spirited, natural, full of honest enthusiasms, one who knows it isn't necessary to put on a big show to attract attention. She needn't be a raving beauty but she must be carefully groomed. And she must like the outdoors, and sports . . . Sure, the face and chassis of a girl are the first things to attract a man (with me, it's the figure and the manner of dress). Red is my favorite color, so I'm more apt to see

a girl with a good-looking figure in a red dress quicker than one all dolled up in a green dress."

Favorite dates include drives to Lake Arrowhead in his sporty Thunderbird. "It's a beautiful spot," says Barry appreciatively. "I lived there one summer as a kid, and I hope some day to build a little cabin there, with a tin roof so I can hear the drops popping down while I'm snug in bed. I like picnics there or on the beach where we broil steaks, and dinner dates in Chinese restaurants where I get my fill of pressed duck, Mandarin duck and almond chicken. Dancing doesn't appeal to me too much and night clubs even less. When I'm working on a picture it's not fair to the studio to stay out late at night."

BARRY lives in a one-bedroom apartment in Westwood which he decorated himself—in lots of red and black, impressive large pieces of furniture in maple, modern black African sculpture on the walls, skis in one corner and a tape recorder on the maple desk. A conscientious worker, Barry records his lines and listens to them on the playback. "I study the parts of the other actors, too," he says, "and in that way learn more about my own part." Spare time is devoted to inventing. So far he's devised a ski-toe gripper and a novel Christmas tree ornament, both of which he is having patented. And he has built his own hi-fi system, a really complicated affair with numerous speakers in living room, bedroom and bathroom. The intricacies of such work pleases his inventive mind and he even attached a clock to his set which automatically turns on his sound system every morning, routing him out of bed with songs by Johnny Mathis, Billy Eckstine and Jackie Gleason albums. When Barry heard about "sleep teaching" he experimented with a small speaker placed under his pillow to help him learn his movie scripts!

As an athlete he keeps in top physical condition all year by arising at six and pedalling his German-built racing bike up and down the Westwood hills before reporting to the studio. Currently he's on a health food kick, suggested by his good friend Jeff Hunter, and he supplements his normal diet with wheat germ, yogurt, powdered soy milk, blackstrap molasses, alfalfa and kelp—which he whips up in a blender and downs manfully without batting an eye.

Beside skiing, skin-diving, surfing and water-skiing, Barry loves to fish and go camping, plays golf, goes in for photography, oil painting and even finds time for occasional sessions at the bullfights in nearby Tijuana, Mexico, where he is especially thrilled by the marvelous music which accompanies the stirring entrance of the matadors into the ring.

With all this—and a demanding full-time career—just when is the screen's handsomest man going to find time for marriage? Nobody knows. Not even Barry Coe. Or Judi Meredith.

END

When You're Alone

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"She eats you up with her eyes, and you want to eat her up," said Rossano Brazzi, another co-star.

On the set of "Mardi Gras," one day, young Gary Crosby remarked, in mock sorrow, "Man, it was a black day when I found out that Christine is happily married to a nice guy." Such is the reaction this electrifying import from France arouses in almost all men.

Jeffrey Hunter, too, is remembered for his comments on the indisputable sex appeal of little Miss Carere. Jeff was playing himself in a walk-on scene with Christine in "Mardi Gras"—a sequence laid in a Hollywood studio where Christine, in a revealing costume, had to stop and chat briefly with him.

"What do I do after she leaves?" Jeff asked Director Edmund Goulding.

"Well, what would you naturally do?" Goulding countered.

"What would I do?" breathed Hunter, eyeing the shapely Miss Carere. "I'd turn right around and follow her!"

It is all a very normal male reaction, naturally, and means nothing beyond simple admiration for a very lovely feminine creature. But Hollywood is filled with other handsome gallants who would love to console Christine in her loneliness—if she were interested. She isn't.

Christine is honest enough to say, "I do not have any dates in Hollywood. I do not invite them. I cannot trust myself in my loneliness, so when I do go out, it is only in a group, with close friends."

SHE lives in a Hollywood apartment, alone, but often spends an evening visiting two of her cousins, who live nearby. "I have met lots of American men at my cousins' home," she smiled. "I find them very honest and friendly. In France, it is difficult to have a simple friendship with a man. But in America, the women have more equality. The girls are pleasant, too. However, no French girl can be pals with a man, as your girls are here. That would be impossible."

Miss Carere recalls the time when she once wrote her husband, teasingly, "These Americans I meet here are very attractive. Big, tall, friendly—eager to be kind to a lonely little French girl." Philippe, understandably, was livid. "He was," Christine gurgled, "like you say here, hot under the neckhand. Right away he wanted to know if there was another man in my life. He was ready to rush over here."

When she comes home from the studio, driving herself in her Chevrolet convertible ("It was Philippe's gift to me," she says), she freshens up, then goes out to eat, usually alone. She does not enjoy cooking for herself. Strangely, she can no longer eat French food—not when she is in Hollywood, anyway. "I love American dishes," she admitted. "I am used to them—things like cottage cheese and fruit

salad. If I do happen to dine in a French restaurant, my poor stomach is upset for days. Of course, when I am real blue or depressed, or terribly lonely, as I often am, I carry myself over to the Hamhurger Hamlet, on the Sunset Strip, and have a big hamburger. I love that."

She takes all her meals out because she becomes too melancholy when she tries to prepare her own dinner. As she says, "I cannot afford to invite depressions. Nor must I allow myself to be a little girl any longer, attached to the petticoat of my mother. Since Philippe is not here, I have learned that I must be independent—make decisions on my own. Suddenly you are aware that you are alone, but you cannot permit sadness. You must make the very best of things. It is like—what are the words?—putting on your armor."

Every evening Christine sits down to write a letter to Philippe—"not long love letters, that is not necessary," she says, "but just chatty letters, such as Philippe writes to me. Only it is not good to write when I am too blue or depressed. Then the best thing for me is to go to a movie, until I have recovered my spirits."

But, as Christine sighed, it is harder now to be away from her husband than ever before. There is the memory of the baby she lost—a sadness not easy to overcome. "But my doctor tells me we can have more children, many more, and Philippe and I want to start a family again very, very soon." She remembers the apartment she left behind in Paris—the apartment which took so long to find, "we almost could not get married," and the fun she and Philippe had decorating it, little by little and piece by piece, with the English antiques Christine prizes so very much.

The apartment is on the ninth floor of a 30-year-old building, overlooking Montparnasse, the Left Bank, the blue-grey Seine alive with barges and sight-seeing boats, all the ancient bridges lit at night, and the glow of the magic city. "It is practically a new building, for Paris," said Christine, "and we have what would be the pent-house, with two terraces. There is still much to be done there, more things to be bought, but Philippe says he will do nothing to the place until I return. He wants me to have the joy of finishing our home. He has so much patience."

Like the cherished home she left behind, other memories crowd in on Christine—all the things about Philippe she remembers. Christine had already made a number of pictures in France when she met Nicaud (she has been acting since the age of 15), but her first reaction to the very popular M. Nicaud, as she told a friend, was, "Here is a man who is very happy with himself. You know how I feel about this type."

Christine had no choice about meeting Philippe; they were cast together in a



ALTHOUGH she can cook, Christine takes her meals out. Eating alone depresses her.

picture. "The first few days we worked opposite each other," she recalled, "I decided I disliked him. He was too helpful to me. I did not want his help."

But Philippe, sensing Christine's late antagonism, decided on a different approach. He invited her to lunch. He told Christine, with a smile, that he didn't expect her to fall in love with him for the sake of the picture, but if she were good an actress as he thought she was, she could at least pretend—in front of the camera. "After all," as Philippe said, "we are playing two young people who are very much in love."

From that moment, Miss Carere's attitude changed. There was no more coolness. "I liked Philippe's frankness," said Christine. "Another actor would have had so much ego, he would have set out to pretend, offscreen, that I was irresistible. He would have flattered me, courted me, been very romantic—to prove to himself that he was irresistible. But Philippe was honest with me, and this I liked better."

The two did not stop seeing each other when the picture was finished. Christine had never known a man quite so honest—nor one with whom she could be so much herself. "Very early," she said, "we learned that each of us had only had the illusion of being in love with someone else. And neither of us had any desire to fall in love again for a long, long

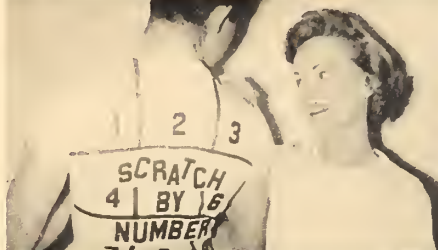
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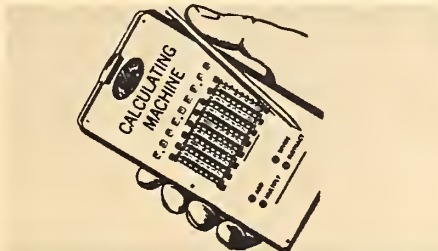
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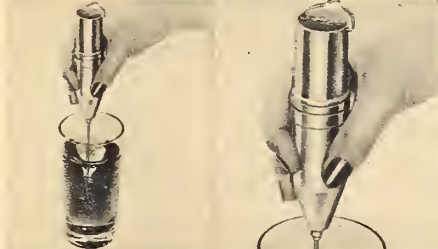
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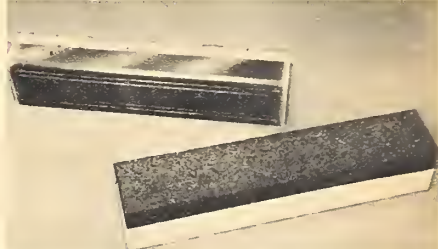
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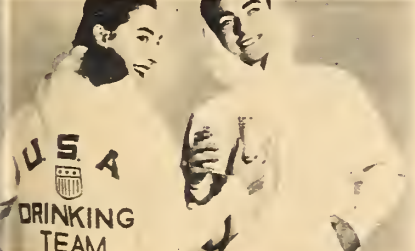
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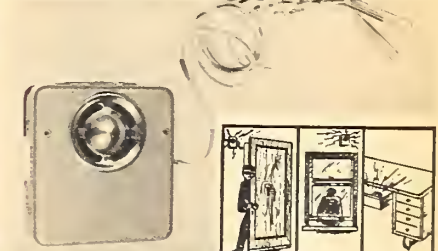
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When You're Alone

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time. But Philippe enjoyed being with me as I enjoyed being with him. And one night, in our favorite little histro on the Left Bank, we knew we had fallen in love. We knew, both at the same time, with no words said."

They were married November 4, 1957, in a civil ceremony, and then in the church the following day. All of Philippe's family was there, and Christine's, too. She wore a Dior gown of form-fitting white satin, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. There was a brief reception at a nearby inn, but no honeymoon; Philippe was working and had to be at the theatre for his play. And Christine had to leave for Hollywood almost immediately.

LATER, of course—some four long months later—she did get back to Paris when the studio sent her there for the location filming of "A Certain Smile." She stepped off the plane at Orly Airport into the arms of her waiting husband.

A friend who was there said, "When Christine and Philippe drove back to Paris from the airport, they were so engrossed—understandably so—in each other, that Philippe forgot the first rule of careful driving. He was using only one arm. The traffic cop who hailed them to a stop for 'dangerous driving' was visibly touched by the story of their reunion. But not even French gallantry could overcome French regulations, and Philippe was handed a ticket. 'But,' he said, 'it was worth it.'"

During the days that followed, Philippe was on hand with his movie camera while the movie troupe was shooting exteriors on the Paris streets. But he wasn't interested in photographing just any scene in the picture. He was right there clicking away whenever Christine had any love scenes with Rossano Brazzi. "I might learn something," he teased his new bride. "After all, Brazzi is supposed to be an expert on the subject."

Christine and Philippe had their honeymoon in Venice, finally, then she came back to Hollywood for "Mardi Gras," and Philippe joined her here for a few weeks. Like his wife, he admired and enjoyed California, and like her, he said, "We may have to be separated right now, but we are both building for a wonderful future. We have two homes, six thousand miles apart. I am enchanted by California, just as Christine is. We hope we will be working in both countries at the same time from now on."

It was Philippe who urged Christine to sign her 20th Century-Fox contract, though he was aware that it might mean much loneliness for the two of them. "Sign it," he said, "and we will be married right away. And what will happen after that, will happen." Like any French girl, she happily deferred to her husband.

"I give in to him always," said Christine. "I do not want him to be like a little dog, wagging his tail after me. A woman must let her husband know he is boss. I want Philippe to feel that he is master. I always go to him when I have a problem. Even if I know how to solve the problem, I go to him. I would not have come to America to work without his wanting me to. I would not do anything without his approval. And when our children come, I will give up my career, if I have to."

"The divorce of my parents hurt me terribly. I never had a father whom I knew, and I missed that. I hope that I can give my children the security and the closeness that I did not know when I was small. All this is tremendously important to me—and to my husband, too."

There have been moments for Christine when the separation from her husband and the loneliness, were almost too much for her. Not long after she arrived in Hollywood, her studio was in an uproar when they discovered that Christine had checked out of her hotel and left no forwarding address. The studio executives were afraid that their new importation had planed back to Paris, since they were aware that Christine was unhappy. They knew she had been weeping bitterly over not being allowed to rejoin Philippe in France until after the sneak preview of "A Certain Smile."

But Christine had not really gone a.w.o.l.; she had merely moved in with a girl friend. So all Christine got was a paternal lecture, and a kindly admonition always to notify the studio whenever, in the future, she changed her address.

In many ways, it has been fortunate for Christine that she has made friends so readily in Hollywood—or that people have made friends with her. From the beginning, it has helped to alleviate her feeling of aloneness and homesickness in a strange new world. "Before I came to Hollywood," Christine said, "I had heard that American women were, not cold exactly, but perhaps a little stand-offish. But what surprised me was the great warm friendship of women to strangers like me. My first night in town, when I did not know English even, a lady in the apartment across the way called and said I must come over to the party she was having. I understood nothing that she was saying, only the friendliness and warmth of her smile."

"Later, when I was working, my neighbors offered to take me to the laundromat, to show me how to get to the studio, to drive me to the supermarket. In the evenings they would say, 'Come, watch the television with us, or join us for the movies.' They knew I was lonely without my husband, and how unhappy I was. In France, we have nice neighbors, too, but we do not make friends so quick. So you see why I say, I cherish you Americans. I

love you and thank you, and I want to bring my husband back to know you and be grateful to you, as I, the newcomer to America, was."

The honesty that Christine admires so much in Philippe is part of her own character, too. "I do not fool myself," she said. "It is a real work to make marriage last. Marriage is not simple; we must learn to accept many things. For example, when Philippe and I come together again after months of separation, we discover many little defects in each other that we had forgotten. We are not perfect, no, and small irritations can sometimes become overwhelming. But Philippe is very, very understanding; he is not only the most romantic man I have ever met, but also the most honest. And I am fortunate that I myself am not a mixed-up girl. Thank God for that. I would be crazy now if I were mixed-up.

"So I think I am very lucky, because for happiness to endure and romance to withstand all the difficulties of life, love and honesty must always go hand-in-hand. Temporarily, Philippe and I must be—how do you say it?—commuters in our marriage. But it will not forever be that way. We married to be together. We will be together, with our children and our family. I have, for me, the most ideal man in my life—my husband. And my love will not always be so far away. This I believe with all my heart." **END**

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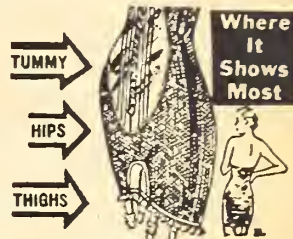
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Coming Attractions

continued on page 11

families are too busy, and this time the youngsters almost tumble off into disaster. As Brandon's confidant, Warren Berlinger is the pseudo-sophisticate who helps stir up the troubled channels of adolescence. (20th Century-Fox.)

Embezzled Heaven

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Hugh O'Brian Says: "I Goofed!"

continued from page 35

"When we came up to the table I got a good grip on myself, took a deep breath and without a bobble ticked off the names of every one of those twelve other people sitting around the table. Then I gestured triumphantly toward my date and added with a flourish, 'I'd like to have you meet — — —' "

"I went blank. For the life of me, I couldn't remember her name!

"She didn't help me either. Just let me stand there squirming in the expectant silence. Every nerve in my body started jumping in different directions.

"After an eternity—or maybe it was seven seconds—one of the men in our party recognized the girl and hissed her name in a stage whisper. I repeated it the way a kid recites the date Columbus discovered America and then I practically shivered down into my chair.

"By the time the bells rang out at midnight she had forgiven me enough to exchange the traditional kiss. A pure formality. No enthusiasm at all. As I look back on it now, I'd say this wasn't the most exciting New Year's Eve I've ever had," he smiled ruefully.

If there is one place anybody can goof, it's on a trip abroad. Hugh darn near came back from his European venture this past winter without a hitch to report—until the last minute.

Everything went like clockwork, and on the final lap of the jaunt he raced over the road from Naples to Rome, pulling in at the airport with a great screeching of breaks ten minutes before take-off time. He heaved a sigh of relief and cast his eyes heavenward just as his plane rose into the wide blue yonder.

"What gives!" he groaned, watching the airborne monster fade into a speck.

The airport officials started doing an agitated little dance of apology around him. "We didn't think you were coming, Signor O'Breeyahn. We knew you were in Naples and decided you weren't coming back to catch your flight, so we dispatched the plane ahead of schedule as soon as all the other passengers were aboard," said the Roman spokesman.

Hugh calmed the men down with a soothing reassurance he was far from feeling himself. After all, he was due back in Hollywood the following day. But he managed somehow to maneuver passage on a Polar flight that happily gave him a four-hour lay-over in Copenhagen. He had always wanted to see the Danish capital anyway and now he intends to go back for a more leisurely visit.

"We also stopped at Winnipeg, where I'm going to make a personal appearance later this year," he said, "and that gave me a chance to get some details out of the way in connection with the tour.

"Altogether this was a 'good goof' because I had a berth on the Polar flight, which I wouldn't have had on the one I'd

missed by being early—but not early enough. After 14 hours of comfortable sleep, I landed in Los Angeles a few minutes before noon and was on my rehearsal stage promptly at one o'clock. How's that for turning an upset schedule into perfect timing?"

Efficient as he is at juggling accident into neatly coordinated advantages, even Hugh can't trick the clock into cooperating for perfect timing when the calendar is against him. That's one situation most likely to prove that charm is the only asset worth having in a tight pinch.

"I found this out just a couple of weeks ago," he said. "A very dear friend of mine was interested in a story property with me and we'd had quite a few discussions about it. But there were still some problems to be ironed out before we committed ourselves to a deal.

THIS friend and his wife had invited me to a sit-down dinner at their house, and when I got an idea that I thought would give us the solution to one of our story problems, I made a note to talk it over with him that evening. But then I changed my mind and decided he'd probably be too busy with his duties as host to go off in a corner for a business huddle with me. So I called him up instead.

"His wife answered the phone in a sort of cool, 'raised eyebrow' voice when I said my usual, 'Hi, this is Hugh.' She immediately put my pal on the phone and I went right into my idea, saying what I had figured out regarding the deal. When I finished he made no comment. There was only this long, deflating silence. Finally, I filled it with a lame, 'Well, see you this evening.'

"Oh, yes?" he answered in a way that made it sound like 'oh, yeah!'

"By that time I was stuttering and spluttering and getting just a little bit sore. 'Yes. This evening... tonight... at your dinner party.'

"Well, never mind about that," he snapped. 'Our party was *last* night!'

It's a tribute to the famous O'Brian charm that Hugh was promptly forgiven and the couple remain among his very dearest friends.

Maybe you think that next to the nightmare where you dream you're walking in on a party naked as a plucked chicken, is the horrible reality of strolling casually onto the scene of a formal occasion dressed in faded denims. Hugh says there is one thing worse—and he did it.

"I had been asked to a party at the home of some new friends who suggested that I bring a girl," he recounted. "I invited a girl I'd never dated before, and I sent her a spectacular white orchid corsage to start things off right. She looked quite lovely, dressed to the teeth, with me backing her up in my very best dinner jacket.

At seven o'clock we made our grand
 ance. Too grand. We stood frozen in
 doorway of the patio where we found
 guests gathered. Everyone was either
 he swimming pool or sprawling com-
 ably around it. Not a single one of
 other girls had on anything more
 al than a bathing suit. And the only
 there in a jacket was the hatter.
 I did my best to make a quick re-
 ery and muttered some silly excuse for
 formal clothes. One of those hollow
 ks about having just come from an
 r party—a black tie affair.

My date gave me no support. With a
 bination of chilling sarcasm and a
 t of heat that wilted my collar, she
 arked, 'Yes, a black tie affair. And
 know how those are—always over by
 n o'clock!'

We might have salvaged the evening
 ehow, if the main course at dinner
 n't been hot dogs. And my date hadn't
 ped mustard down the front of her
 dress and the handle of her paper
 hadn't collapsed so that she splashed
 ding coffee across her bosom at the
 'sip and she hadn't broken the spike
 of her shoe when it got caught be-
 en the rustic stones of the grass-
 red patio.

Who'm I kidding? That evening was
 nd salvaging the minute my date
 sed to share the not-too-heavy burden
 ay embarrassment and go along with
 silly but harmless little gag about
 ng come directly from a formal affair
 he patio party.

Sharing is a very important thing to
 Hugh went on. "I once goofed in
 looking the importance of sharing.
 I've never forgotten it.

It was when I was a landscape gar-
 der—that's fancy for pushing a lawn
 ver, in my case. I almost used to earn
 ying that way while I was working
 studying at a little theatre at night.
 To pad out my earnings, I rented a
 e trailer and ran an ad offering the
 tional service of hauling garden rub-
 to the dump—for a reasonable fee.
 at with all the pruning and trimming



INOR goof is sometimes worse than a big
 says Hugh who knows from experience.

going on in California gardens almost
 constantly, I did pretty well with it.

"One day, on a late afternoon trip to
 the city dump, I ran into a family of
 coyotes, those little prairie wolves that
 live in the hills around here and howl
 against civilization in the dead of night.

"I thought it would be cute to have
 a coyote as a pet, so I captured a baby
 one and tried to train and treat it like a
 dog. But I goofed.

"He never forgot he was a wild coyote
 and not a pet pup. When I brought him
 his meals he acted as though we were
 rivals for the food. He figured if he ate
 me first, I couldn't get away with his
 dinner. So I had to tie him up to feed
 him, which made for a pretty unfriendly
 relationship between us.

"When I took him out in my car, I had
 to keep him chained tight. Even so, gas
 station attendants used to make me fill
 my own tank because they were afraid to
 come within fighting range of my 'pet.'

"That coyote simply didn't want to
 share anything with me, and I couldn't
 share him with anyone else. We were
 both lonely and I finally took him back
 to the dump and let him go loose to run
 wild in the hills where he belonged.

"But I'd learned my lesson. The real
 value of a pet, like the real value of
 books, music, paintings, sports—any hobby
 —is in sharing it with others."

No matter how far he's come since his
 lawn mower-pushing days, every once in
 a while Hugh still has a hankering to get
 out and dig in the garden. But following
 an experience he went through in his
 early Earp era, he has kept the urge
 severely under control.

"I had rented a nice house in Benedict
 Canyon, with a fine garden. Bushes . . .
 flowers . . . trees . . . lawns." Hugh
 sketched in the lush landscaping with a
 few eloquent gestures. "For a while I
 think I got my greatest pleasure out of
 knowing I didn't have to manicure that
 big, beautiful garden.

"But one day the old pro in me surged
 up. I decided the gardener who came with
 the place wasn't on the ball. I thought
 he had let the wild roses especially get
 way out of hand. I got some tools together
 and I spent most of that weekend cutting
 and clipping, tearing out the woody under-
 brush and getting rid of plants that
 weren't flourishing. That rose garden was
 trimmed within an inch of its life by the
 time I got through with it.

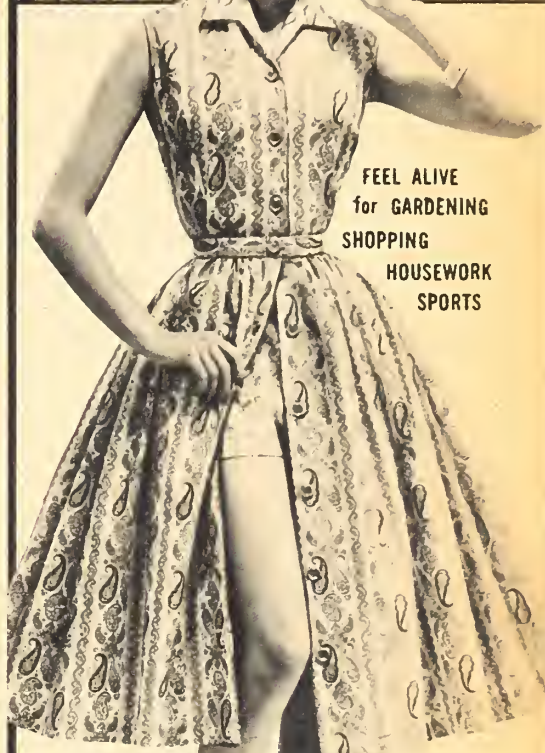
"The following week I had my landlord
 over to dinner, and while we were having
 cocktails I walked him out to the rose
 garden so he could see what a treasure
 of a tenant he had in me.

"He took one horrified look at the rose
 garden and gave it to me straight: I had
 carefully removed his rarest plants. Torn
 out his choicest specimens.

"Today, thanks to me—the great ex-
 gardener—somewhere buried deep down,
 in a Los Angeles dump, lies the finest
 collection of prize roses of any dump
 heap in history!" **END**

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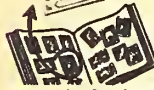


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River Boat Gal

continued from page 51

This may give a little pause to some of the eager gentlemen who are standing in line to date her. TEN, she said. And we think she meant it.

She likes to date men "who will fight with me a little bit. You see, I like leaders, not followers, and a man has to stand up for his opinions. Nick Adams and I have had some splendid times fighting and we both enjoy it very much."

She saw a good deal of Singer Andy Williams when he was on the Coast recently and she finds him a good man in an argument, too. She added, "Andy has a warm, wonderful quality. He knows about people . . . and that is so important. And he *cares* about people . . . which is still more important . . ."

She went on, "I also go out frequently with an insurance man, a grocer and a wonderful poet," she said. "And others. I am interested in all kinds of people."

The potential father to those ten babies? She feels about him much as she feels about the home for which she is diligently searching.

"When I see him, I am sure I shall know," she says, definitely. "I just hope that he will agree with me."

We rather anticipate that he will. Kathy is a pretty choice little dish and with that determined chin of hers. . . well, a man might find it difficult to elude her, even if he wanted to. Which seems definitely unlikely.

She thinks she would like a job in which she could help to plot and run other people's lives. "An agent, perhaps, or a manager or a press representative. I am always sure that I know better than other people what is good for them, although they don't always agree with me. I'd like to manage other people's lives."

(There's another thing for those suitors to think about!)

You wouldn't expect this managerial streak in a girl who looks so feminine and who talks in such a soft, gentle voice. But she said it, herself. "People don't organize themselves," she pronounced.

"I read with a new little actress at Desilu yesterday and she was awfully good. I mean, she read well. But she really won't get anywhere until she organizes her life. She must set aside portions of it, the major part for her career, of course . . . all the study and effort that goes toward that. But she must also have time for fun and for romance, for experiences. She has to grow, you see.

"Oh, I wish I could manage other people's lives!"

She is as independent about her house-keeping and her entertaining as she is about everything else.

"I have a sort of half apartment on a Hollywood hill," she says. "I have a cleaning woman and a gardener but I don't clean or garden. I *will* garden, of course, when I get my own house. I'm

going to have such interesting plants especially the ones that people tell 'won't grow' in Southern California. I've to experiment with those."

Kathy, you may have gathered, encounters obstacles, even horticultural ones.

She likes to entertain in small groups. "I don't have much furniture," she says cheerfully, "so mostly people have to sit on the floor. "But if they really want to come to see me, they don't mind. If I do mind they are quite free to stay away."

She likes to cook and here, too, she is not to be bound by any cookbooks or recipes or advice.

"I experiment and I don't mind telling you that I have done some rather wonderful things with seafoods and noodles with pork and rice. Did you know you can make a wonderful casserole with a base of cottage cheese? I have found out lovely things to do with herbs and spices . . . but no one told me. I tried them out, myself. I don't *want* to be told anything, it is perfectly apparent. When you say this girl has a mind of her own you are uttering a colossal understatement.

Take clothes. Most Hollywood love to take advice from their studios and to subscribe to expensive designers. Not Kathy. "Clothes?" she asks, happily. "I don't have a 'designer.' I have a dress maker design my own things. I lie down and he cuts around me. I had one dress in satin coat for a premiere recently. The dress was velvet . . . I had to be so into it at the last moment. It was really very successful.

"I like cosmic colors . . . avocado purple (purple, I told you before, is a spiritual color). I like the cola colors for rehearsals. And gold, of course. Lots of happy, happy gold.

"I will not be caught dead in jeans. I'm no comic strip character. But I like raw silks and heavy satins and brocades. I enjoy Don Loper tailored suits, although I don't get to wear them very often." Here Kathy seemed a bit wistful about



KATHY, here with Jack Haley, Jr., is a determined girl who knows what she wants.

ctions. "But," she added, firmly, "I not interested in furs. They seem so ntentious, so extraneous. I just don't them. Or jewels. I don't own any I don't want any . . . yet.

love hats and I wear silly ones . . . ve a fireman's hat and a bowler, a rman's hat and some sort of helmet. ear them all. I put veils on some of n, flowers on others . . . but I wear a. Some people say, 'Isn't Kathy cute?' ers say, 'Isn't she eccentric?' But they something. Me, I like my hats, no er what anyone says."

is for those "cosmic colors" to have nd her, to wear and so on. Kathy is us about those. "Colors and fabrics affect you," she insists. "You must k about these things."

is for the career on which she has t her entire life . . . "I'm not sure it's

all it's cracked up to be," she concludes.

"I have spent my entire life at it, have sacrificed my girlhood to it, my young womanhood to it. I didn't have a normal childhood, or a normal school life. I shall have a home soon . . . and I shall have a dog and a garden and birds. All the things I haven't had all my life.

"I'll indulge in some photography . . . I'm rather good at that. I don't like to do things at which I am not good. That's my ego, I guess, and that's probably why I don't care for many sports. I can't excel in them so I can't enjoy them.

"But I am happy and I intend to go on working at being happy. You can, you know, if you make up your mind to it!"

You must admit that Kathy is a charmingly frank (as well as frankly charming) little person . . . and also that she has a mind of her own! **END**

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

to offer to give one back when was criticized as the winner of The Actor Award.

hen new actress Claire Kelly was ed back to Metro for added scenes in "Johnny Eager" TV pilot, she wired from Florida, "Can't come, I'm in with sunburn." Then Metro burned. Prices get higher and higher. There's Wayne's \$750,000 for "The Horse iers." . . . Elizabeth Taylor's \$500,- for "Suddenly Last Summer." And Lancaster gets one million dollars icture. He's too expensive to hire him- for his own company, says Burt. . . . with everyone getting so much, it's to know that Rita Hayworth's parrot paid \$500 a week to work in "They e To Cordura." . . . Victor Mature's time girl friend, Joy Urwick, was in rywood while he filmed "The Big Cir- and in Rome during his "Hannibal" e. So when are they going to an- ace the marriage?

was a big surprise to me, by the way, a Nick Adams, always the friend, r the groom, finally took unto him- a bride last May. Some of Nicky's eds: Natalie Wood, Kathy Nolan, and men friends—Jimmy Dean and Elvis ley. . . . Elvis will be returning to a oping contract with Hal Wallis, 20th ury-Fox and various other assorted os when he gets out of the Army, h momentous event takes place early year. . . . What I didn't know until art Granger stated recently—that he Mike Wilding are no longer friends.

break-up came when he tried to n up Mike's marriage with E. Taylor. ways did say, the man in the middle squished.

ebbie Reynolds dating millionaire Bob , the mostest. . . . Robert Young, star "Father Knows Best," will be a grandpa

in December. Bob has a great personal story to tell, but I wonder if he ever will. . . . Producer Aaron Spelling wanted to know what wife Carolyn Jones would look like when she was an old lady, so he wrote a special TV segment for her, in the "Portrait" series. Do you want to know what you will look like when you're 70? I know I don't.

Art Linkletter's new book is titled, "The Secret World Of Kids," or "How To Enjoy Children In Spite Of Them." . . . And Dan Duryea feels like a failure because he hasn't made a TV pilot in seven years. He'll be back in a new series. . . . Ditto Robert Taylor who is taking the TV series plunge. . . . The Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell fireworks may turn out to be a damp squib. Eleanor was angry but has cooled down. . . . I knew if Pier Angeli and Vic Damone would go off somewhere by themselves they'd iron out their difficulties. Now let's hope they'll be very happy. . . . Jane Wyman dyed her grey locks and immediately looked ten years younger. No woman should look older than she feels.

Ann Sothorn gets an A-plus for being a smart mother. When 16-year-old daughter Patricia wanted a car for her birthday, Mama made her work for it—as a model for ace photographer Johnny Engstead every Saturday and after school. . . . Frank Sinatra told a local reporter for a London newspaper, "I've nothing to say to the British press, I've turned the other cheek too often." . . . Princess Grace Kelly is adding to the new look of Monaco with new modern office buildings and homes. The lucky lady is spending the summer in the beautiful California-style house high in the hills above Monte Carlo, built for her by Prince Rainier at a cost of \$100,000. Would cost three times as much here in Hollywood. **END**

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"Help Me Find A Wife"

continued from page 27

call her on the phone from time to time.

A few weeks ago I knew I was going back to Miami, and gave her plenty of advance notice about my arrival. I could hardly wait to get off the plane when it landed in Florida.

So how much time did we have together? One hour and forty-five minutes!

For all I know, years might go by before I get back to Miami again.

I became interested in another girl who was not in show business, and lived in California. This time, I had three weeks with her. We saw each other every day. I hated to have to go back to New York when my picture was finished. But I was convinced this romance would continue once I had a chance to get back.

I got it six months later. When I called her, the telephone operator told me she had a new number. I finally reached her and asked her out for dinner. She seemed delighted to join me.

We had a wonderful evening together, and when I told her how much I wanted to see her the following night, she told me we'd have to wait a whole week before we could get together again. Seeing my disappointed expression she willingly explained she'd gotten married three months after I left, and her husband worked but one night a week! That was the end of that romance.

NATURALLY, being an actor I am more sensitive about how girls feel about me. In this respect I'm sure I'm no different from anyone in this business. We all like to think we're loved for ourselves, and not just because our names happen to appear on theatre marquees.

But how can we ever be sure?

It's almost impossible in the cities where I spend most of my time—New York and Los Angeles. Even the girls who are not in show business are often affected by the kind of life we live . . .

I remember one girl I dated who said she didn't care whether my name was Sal Mineo or Joe Blowitz, whether I was an actor or a Fuller Brush salesman.

Although we used to go to quaint, out-of-the-way restaurants, invariably some columnist would mention where we'd been. The mystery didn't clear up until a newsman, who also happened to be a close friend of mine, cornered me one day, and kiddingly asked if I had hired the girl as a publicist.

"Why do you say that?" I called out in surprise.

"Because she keeps calling me every few days to let me know what you are doing . . ."

When I confronted her with that bit of information, she readily admitted it—and the fun she got out of having her friends read about us!

I've even resorted to using aliases when I meet girls for the first time, but so far

have been successful in hiding my identity only once—and then the girl turned out to have such a crush on Earl Holliman that she couldn't talk about anything but the whole time I was with her!

Naturally I can't go around putting on dark glasses and playing games like a school boy if I seriously want to find a wife. Yet I can't seem to be able to do anyone any other way, either, which is why I make my situation somewhat hopeful.

That's the reason I'm asking you for your help.

Maybe you know of a girl, or maybe you are the girl who doesn't want a career, who is not too awed by the kind of life she'll be leading yet is wise enough to understand that I have to be gone for long periods of time, who won't get jealous when I make love on the phone or become upset when I come home from work too tired to talk.

I want more than that. I want my wife to share my religion, to want a big family, to be sincere and a good sport. I want her to be pretty, although I don't care for the conventional type of beauty. It doesn't matter to me whether her hair is blonde or brunette, dyed or natural, whether she has blue eyes or brown eyes or grey eyes. I'd like her to have a good figure but she doesn't have to be in the top America class. And I want her to be liked by my family.

So far I have taken only one girl to meet them—and they haven't been covered from the shock yet!

She was a beautiful, voluptuous blonde who filled a bathing suit so provocatively that my brother hardly took his eyes off her all the while she was there.

But I don't think she said more than ten words all afternoon. Mom would comment. She never does. But the next day Dad shook his head I knew he would have cared to have her become a member of the family.

I don't mean to say that if I really loved a girl I wouldn't marry her despite my parents' objections. On the other hand, we've always been such a close family that I would think it over a lot more carefully than if they approved.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't want to rush into marriage. There are a number of advantages to being single. (I'm a number!) But I am looking for a girl, and if you know of a girl or if you are the girl, please write me about you or whoever you have in mind, in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

I'm not going to drop everything to you and propose.

But if I think there's a chance that something may come of it, I will certainly answer you, and who knows, maybe we can establish a friendship which some day will develop into more than that.

I would like that very much.

Unhappy Rebel

continued from page 31

And then Kim began to feel her oats. She was no longer the frightened, half-mad child that Columbia had molded to a movie star during five painful years. She was no longer hampered by the shadow of Kim Novak, Movie Star. Told by the studio she could not see Trujillo (married and the father of six children) in person, an emancipated Kim evaded her studio guards and met Ramfis (her pet name for him) at Don Loper's exclusive men's shop where he bought her a farewell gift—\$1700 worth of clothes in her favorite lavender shade to go with the lavish quantities of jewelry he'd already given her. And when Ramfis left town Kim defied the studio by meeting him in his private limousine way car for a tender, 30-minute farewell . . . One thing Kim has learned is to say 'I won't!' She can set her beautiful face in a blank Slavic expression and say 'I won't!' with more conviction than anyone in Hollywood."

Earlier, Kim seethed inside but remained outwardly silent while Harry Cohn proudly informed her many times that she was not born—but made, invented by the studio. "If you want to bring me your own or your aunt, I'll do the same for you," he said. And he proceeded to outline the fantastic amount of effort necessary to turn a small-time, overweight, average model, utterly lacking in acting experience, into a Hollywood movie star. Kim's teeth were leveled, straightened and whitened by experts; a rigid diet and daily exercise in a gym took off 15 pounds; her hair (shrewdly judged her trademark) was bleached and shaped to frame her head in a fluffy corona of lavender-tinted silver platinum. Acting, singing, dancing, body control, dancing lessons, university extension courses (partly at her own expense) filled her days.

Kim herself explained how she felt about this studio "treatment." "Sometimes," she said, "I wonder how I ever got through it. But there is one thing I'd like to make clear. It wasn't just Mr. Cohn who made me a star. I respected him tremendously even though he was an egomaniac, emotional man. He'd heat down my ego and make me cry in frustration. When he'd say, 'Tell me, why are you acting?' And then he himself would answer and tell me why."

"I'll grant that Mr. Cohn made my already blonde hair a little blonder and made me up a hit and gave me opportunities and things like that, but I don't remember people saying that it was he who made me what I am today. I think I had more than a little something to do with it. After all, you can't make a star out of somebody just because you say you're going to. The person has to have something to start with."

Harry Wald, who was a producer at Columbia when Kim started her build-up,

told this reporter that he agreed with Kim's views. "It's absolutely nonsense for a movie executive to say he can manufacture a star. There's no Univac or Geiger counter that can point out star material. Cohn gave the same build-up, the same opportunities to 50 girls and came up with only two stars—Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth. Kim had something—fantastic eyes, wonderful Slavic cheekbones, a melancholy little-girl quality coupled with a hauntingly beautiful face and a delectable figure. And that made her a star."

"Webster defines a star as a self-illuminating body. That's what Kim has. Still, she was terrified by those who called her 'a dumb, no-talent blonde,' by those who told her, 'Listen, kid, if you don't do so and so, you're out! You've got no acting ability—only a pretty face. We can buy hundreds of pretty faces. Who needs you? You owe everything to our genius.' No wonder the poor kid was crying all the time. She was up against the Hollywood System. Overnight, she found herself a star, a member of royalty, with fantastic demands made upon her. Unfortunately, we have no basic training for movie royalty. Some run away like Ava Gardner, Marilyn Monroe, Diane Varsi. Some stay and cry like Kim Novak."

Stardom thrust so heavy a weight of pressures on Kim that she's become afflicted with chronic unhappiness. "They put you up there at the top," she explained in her low, husky voice, "playing opposite top stars like Fredric March, Frank Sinatra or the late Ty Power and leave you on your own. I'm taking acting lessons as often as I can. I really want to be an actress, not merely a beautiful woman. By some lucky fluke I was good in my first picture and got wonderful reviews. I was petrified that never again could I live up to it. And I felt it couldn't happen again. Today, I'm worried because I didn't enjoy it on the way up and now maybe I'm on the way down."

Kim begins the first day's shooting on each picture with panicky hysterics, suffers from hives and nausea, chews on her nails and sometimes develops a nervous tic in her lips from pure terror—a difficulty which often makes it necessary to reshoot the first several days' work. Emotional tension causes her to overeat and she adds poundage on thighs and hips—unwelcome weight which must come off as the picture progresses.

An actress who's appeared with Kim said, "The frightening job of being a full-time movie queen consumes her and she knows little inner peace. Her only confidence is her face. Repeatedly, she holds up shooting by stopping to examine her face in a little hand mirror which she carries in her bodice. Her greatest dread in life is the appearance of the first

continued on page 68

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UNHAPPY REBEL

continued

wrinkle, the first gray hair. "How many more years will I be able to work?" she asks. "Then what?"

Kim has been disturbed, too, by her parents' dislike for acting as a profession for their daughter. "I never could see that sort of business," plump Mrs. Novak told a reporter in Chicago. "I still can't." And tight-lipped Joe Novak, a railroad clerk says, "It's all well and good that she's at her best right now, but imagine, say five or ten years from now. What'll it be then? I would just as soon have her living here in Chicago and married to a truck driver. Kim is good to us, but sometimes I don't understand her. Take the last time I visited her in her new house. Most of the time she was on the telephone or talking to her interior decorator about a new fireplace. I took some pictures of the house and played with her Siamese cat. Finally, I just left. I didn't want to bother her too much. She works terribly hard and she has such a lot on her mind. I wish she'd come back to Chicago and get married so we can see her and maybe play with the grandchildren. I know she's got a good job out there, but she can get a good job here in Chicago, too."

BUT Mr. Novak is not reckoning with his daughter's overpowering ambition—she's already had a niche built in her new den for a future Oscar—nor with the fanatic discipline with which she attacks her work. A stickler for self-improvement, Kim has amazed those who have watched her progress. "I'm taking acting lessons as often as I find the time, and I work with my coach on the set constantly," she confided. "My mother never taught me to run faster and faster and try harder and harder with each small success no more than a challenge to the next effort. Mother just wanted me to be happy. But I can't. I'm constituted differently. I've always got to top myself or I'll drown. The bigger a success is, the more worries it brings."

Though Kim has been assured that she's done her best acting so far in her newest film, "Middle Of The Night," co-starring with one of the nation's most distinguished actors, Fredric March, the sad-eyed actress refuses to believe it. Delbert Mann, the director, picked Kim over such candidates as Jean Simmons, Hope Lange and Eva Marie Saint, and he says he is not sorry. "Kim can act," he declared. "She's warm and friendly, and needs only to be given a fair chance."

In her dealings with the press over both her flamboyant love affairs and friendships with men, Kim feels definitely that she hasn't been given a fair chance. After headlines of her affair with the "unattached" son of the Dominican dictator, photos of his wife and six children back home, hints of her friendship with entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., dates with married director Richard Quine, and interest

in a married co-star, Kim burst into her familiar flood of tears. "I'm fed up here with all this," she cried, "just fed up. I'm so tired I could just about die because I haven't been able to sleep. Last night I woke up crying and that's the way it's been so many nights after all those crazy rumors about me started. Reports are always rooting for the underdog on the way up, but they pick on and try to destroy someone who has already arrived. Nothing is private. You'd be amazed at the questions inquisitive reporters have dared to ask me and my parents."

And Kim was just as annoyed at her studio's big brass for their attitude toward the men she dated. "It would seem," said a studio insider, "that Kim deliberately chooses men her studio disapproves of. Possibly it's a weapon Kim uses in rebellion against the restrictions placed on her freedom. I don't believe there is anything to all these so-called romances. Kim is tremendously dependent girl, filled with grave doubts about her acting ability, a full-time star who still carries with her a bag of frustrations, fears, self-doubts and anxieties. By nature and the tremendous pressures put upon her, Kim is melancholy, troubled; she rarely smiles, seldom laughs—but when she does, like a child she's the loudest laughter in the room."

With no effect at all, Kim generates a kind of sex appeal that is strangely rare in a town where sex is a major product. She moves in a kind of rapt trance which fairly oozes sex. All this is or was not locked on her long list of suitors—Mac Krim, Mario Bandini, Aly Khan, Dr. Ernest Wynder, Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Joe Chandler, Bob Evans, General Trujillo, "Baby" Pignatari and Cary Grant.

Kim simply and honestly volunteers: "I like men. What I want most out of life is to love and be loved. Since I can't find everything I want in one man, I go on with many men. Each man I go with fills a different need in me. Until I marry I'll view variety as the spice of life."

Kim sighed, and continued. "If only I knew what would make me happy! The trouble is that I want the kind of love that probably doesn't exist. Perhaps that's one of the reasons I put off marriage. I keep thinking of that whole world of men who haven't yet come into my life."

When Kim sailed for France to attend the Cannes Film Festival she admitted that she hoped to forget career worries and have herself a ball. And this she most certainly did.

It's the opinion of a Beverly Hills psychiatrist that "this is a girl who is still swimming in a lavender whirlpool. At the moment she is still too immature, unconsciously too much in love with herself to marry anybody."

Kim's father has predicted that she will marry in about four years when she's 33. But Kim herself gives her best Mona Lisa smile and says, "One never knows. I don't make any predictions about the future. I do I go back and review the past. I live only for the moment."

What Makes Fabian Fabulous

continued from page 46

sounds silly to call it magnetism, but can't think of another word. He attracts people. That's a rare quality. It can't be taught. But we should be able to teach him singing. Will you let us try?"

That called for a family conference. Fabian talked to Frankie Avalon and came up with the opinion, "It might be . . ." His father said, "If you have good luck, you might earn enough for college tuition . . ." His mother had the deciding vote, "It's all right if it doesn't interfere with your school work."

Fabian cut his first session under most unusual circumstances. Peter DeAngelis sat in front of him, playing guitar and directing. Boh Marcucci keyed his phrases by standing beside him and singing into his ear. Frankie Avalon was there to give encouragement.

They released the resulting record. "I'm a Man," backed with "Shivers," accompanied by the announcement that Fabian was Frankie Avalon's personal protégé and called him "the newest recording sensation."

It was quite a billing for a 15-year-old to live up to and there were plenty of people who questioned his ability to do it.

They said, "Marcucci could turn Frankie Avalon into a singer. He's been an entertainer all his life. He wants to be on stage." They shook their heads, at this new kid's something else in him. Sure, he's handsome, but he's never even been in a high school play." Fabian's first test came on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand." Self-conscious though he was, that quality which Bob Dylan called "magnetism" carried. The girl shrieks in the studio were echoed by silent letters which asked, "Who is he? When will we see him again?"

His next challenge came when he went out on a tour of recording stars. No one in the company was newer than Fabian. Many were stage veterans, skilled at holding the attention of the crowd. How could he stand up against them?

Fabian supplied the answer. "I watched Tom and I learned. I was like going to school twice, because I had to carry my books with me and study everywhere I went. I might forget my shirts and shoes in dressing rooms, but I didn't dare forget my books. The folks had laid down the law. If my grades slipped, I was through." He drew applause, but he was still a kid with only one record to his credit. His second carried a prophetic title, "I'm a Man."

When they heard it, there again were people who asked, "Can he prove it?" It was still their opinion that he was only a manufactured artist . . . A star whose freedom existed only in the imagination of Bob Marcucci.

The kids who watch and listen to "American Bandstand" thought differently. In their poll, some eight million voted

Fabian "Most Promising Male Vocalist of '58". A silver record attesting to this was awarded to him at Hershey, Pa., on his 16th birthday, February 6, 1959.

The cast of the tour—Clyde McPhatter, The Platters, The Crests, Duane Eddy, the Kalin Twins and the others—staged a surprise party. Fabian's eyes shine as he tells about it. "It was great."

A surprise of a different sort awaited him a few days later at Elmira, New York. "I'm a Man" was rising in the charts. Disc jockeys playing the record also had things to say about his remarkable good looks and the excitement he created everywhere he went. "Girls swoon," they said. "In Detroit, it took 13 cops to hold back the crowd."

It was altogether too much for a certain rowdy element in the town. Unsuspecting, Fabian went out on stage, concerned only with doing a good performance. "Even then, I wasn't too sure of myself," he explains.

He had only started his first number when a barrage of eggs were hurled at him. Instinctively, he dodged. Dumbfounded, he watched them break and splash in yellow puddles on the stage. For the well-hrought up, well-protected boy from the pleasant home, this was incredible. Gammely, he tried to continue. "It wasn't nerve," he explains. "I just couldn't quite believe they were throwing things at me."

Disc jockey Bill Gregory of WNBC, who was staging the show, rushed to his rescue, pleading for courtesy. Fabian tried his number again.

Through the air sailed another egg. It missed Fabian but struck a news photographer. Thoughtless for himself, Fabian rushed to the man's side. "Are you hurt?" he demanded. "I'm so sorry, sir."

That "sir" really won the photographer. "Here the kid was being bombed with eggs, but all he thought of was me, and he still remembered to say 'sir.'" the photog reported. "I'm ready to join up with the gang who call this kid fabulous."

Although police charged in and took two boys into custody, there were those who urged Fabian to drop out of the second show. "You've got some jealous boys out there," they argued. "It just isn't safe."

Fabian grinned. "It's no worse than playing football and getting tackled." Right then a kid had turned pro and his courage held the crowd. At the second show there was no disturbance.

An even more trying ordeal awaited him at Jersey City. His third record, "Turn Me Loose," was out, a trip to Florida with the Dick Clark crew had brought successive days of television appearances. When, on his return to Philadelphia, the owner of a chain of doughnut shops asked Fabian to hold an autographing party at a new one that was being opened, they expected quite a crowd.

continued on page 70



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WHAT MAKES FABIAN FABULOUS

continued

But they didn't expect pandemonium. Only the regularly assigned staff of police officers were on hand when the area began filling up at 5 p.m. Fabian wasn't due until 7:30. By seven, reserves had been called in and they roped off the streets. They were worried that the jostling crowd would smash in plate glass windows and that people would be injured. By 7:30 when the unsuspecting Fabian turned up right on schedule, firemen had augmented the police force. They played streams of water along the street to hold back the throng. More than a few adults as well as kids got wet feet.

Fabian got worse than that. As he and his party tried to force their way through to the doughnut shop, a fireman got mad. "Get out of here," he shouted. "We've told you to stay back. Fabian thinks you teenagers are all a bunch of bums . . ."

"But I am Fabian," the lad protested. "Who're you kidding?" shouted the fireman and turned the stream of water into his face. Drenched, Fabian took refuge in the restroom of a bus station until police arrived and cleared his way.

Today, even those who were the most skeptical about a "manufactured star" are ready to concede that Bob Marcucci had an extra sensory perception type of foresight when he billed the boy as "The Fabulous Fabian." He's no candidate for the Metropolitan Opera, but he can sing a song in a way that people like to hear. Out of three records, he's had two hits. From venturing out on stage as a somewhat shaky nobody, he has emerged as a top box-office draw. His first film is upcoming. He has that mystic gift for direct communication with his audience.

For a 16-year-old, it is a remarkable record of achievement, but the one who seems least impressed by it is Fabian

himself. "A guy doesn't get a chance get the big head with this gang around he explains.

"The gang" are his father and brothers, Robert, 13, and Thomas. They all rib him unmercifully. His father version of the doughnut shop incident "They say Fabian ran out of there with a dozen doughnuts under his arm and the guy is still looking for him, want to get paid."

"Yeah," says Bob. "That's Fabian. sure likes to eat. At school, his favorite subject is lunch."

Tommy, being at the action-packed keeps his older brother on guard. Fab says, "I gotta watch myself when I go through a door. Bobby is like as not shoot me in the face with a water pistol."

Their mother hovers fondly over of them. "The only thing I don't like about this is that Fabian so often is away from home."

Fabian flings an arm around her and hugs her. "Mom gets the worst of it. When I came back from the trip to Florida with Dick Clark, she had 16 shirts to wash."

Home life is precious to Fabian. He uses his record royalties to buy a new and larger house. Mrs. Forte did not want to leave the old neighborhood, but Fabian insisted.

"There's only one thing wrong with the place," he explains. "Too many people know how to find it. Mom invites all them in to visit. Now that I'm gone so much, I count the hours that I can spend with my family. If we're going to have any fun together, we've got to get off ourselves. I'm not going to tell anybody where the new house is."

It is a valiant prediction, but one which has little chance of being fulfilled. All of the Fortes are the kind of people who make many friends and the work already has shown very definite signs of building a well-worn path to the door of the fabulous Fabian.

Wife And Mother First

continued from page 42

'Fury,' I never suffered so miserably in my life. The only thing that gave me pleasure was that Paul found us this divine apartment. He charmed it away from its owner; how he did that, I wouldn't know. But once he makes up his mind, he's the charm boy of the world."

The comfortable, two-bedroom duplex garden apartment is a remodeled old brownstone just off fashionable lower Fifth Avenue is so exactly right for the Newmans that they may buy the house, enlarging their quarters to include the additional apartment. Paul spent practically a month's rent describing it to Joanne by long-distance phone. And he spent hours photographing the rooms from every possible angle—and then decided he wouldn't send her the pictures! "I want Joanne to have the surprise and

pleasure of discovering the place herself.

When Joanne announced in Hollywood that they were moving to Greenwich Village for a year, there were horrified cries of "You can't bring a baby up in the Village. Why not a nice house with green grass in Connecticut or Long Island?"

"No suburbs for us," said Joanne crisply. "The heart of Manhattan is good enough. I've had a love affair with it since the first day I saw New York. I was raised in the country and I've had it. The baby and I can both do without grass." There is, however, a tiny patch of grass in the backyard garden of the apartment and even a fish pool, a real rarity in Manhattan. "I'll be able to sun the baby there," Joanne confided, "and wheel her (there I already know it'll be a girl) in near Washington Square, too."

Joanne has been doing just that. And young mothers and nursemaids in the land wonder why the blonde, sea-green-haired Joanne looks vaguely familiar as she is in discussions on the best diaper and when to add egg and orange juice to the infant diet.

While the stork was circling around for landing, she completed a course in rural childbirth and she continued with extension college courses at New York University, only a few hlocks from their home. Day school would have been simple but Joanne chose night classes because she wanted to be with her husband during the day and to meet him after his evening performance at their favorite restaurant, "The poor man's Sardi's"). For the supper before bedtime.

She also loved the forays up and down Central Avenue searching for Early American antiques for the apartment. Joanne has fine old pieces of furniture; she says, "When I was getting started on the scene in New York I ate leftovers for months but I went wild over antiques." And baby Elinor's nursery has its share of antiques, too. "My mother sent me the oak high chair of my grandfather's which my brother and I both used as babies. In Southern families these things generally passed down from generation to generation and I love the idea. My mother also sent Paul's own baby cradle and baby Nell is very comfortable in it." (Already the Newmans have renamed "Elinor" to Nell, which was Joanne's grandmother's name.)

What will motherhood do to Joanne? For one thing, it hasn't dulled her sharp and much-admired sense of humor. As Joanne showed off the new baby to a friend, she grinned. "Not bad for a first baby?" And when she air-expressed a series of shots of the baby out to the Coast, Joanne captioned them "The Three Faces of Elinor."

For another thing, motherhood will not take away Joanne's desire to work in her profession. It's true that the brilliant singing star has declared, upon occasions, that she feels like giving up her career and just being Mrs. Paul Newman and raising more babies. "I want to have four children and raise them to be happy and healthy enough physically and mentally they never have any need to go to an analyst," she once remarked.

But Producer Jerry Wald, for whom she dedicated actress starred in three pictures, doesn't believe Joanne can live without work. "There is a kind of inanity which devils her at times," he declares. "And when a picture is wrapped up she is ready to swear on a heap of Leon Hibbles that she will never work again—there just won't be a role that I can do." She threatens to take up sign painting, become a child psychologist, or act a course in make-up at Elizabeth Arden's so she'll have work to do.

"In one of her moods, before she left Hollywood," Wald explained, "Joanne declared she was going to become a house-

wife and mother her new baby—that she was 'through with work and pictures for at least a year.' Not long ago I phoned her in New York and asked her how she was. 'Terrible,' she said. 'The baby's kicking, and so am I. I'm not working.' Then we talked about 'The Sound And The Fury,' and I remarked I was thinking of a change in the picture. Joanne started screaming. 'Calm down,' I said, 'calm down. I haven't done it yet; I was just thinking about it.'

"That Woodward," grinned Wald. "If her baby is anything like her, it's just got to be born fighting!"

At the moment little Nell is just cooing, eating and sleeping. But long before she was born, her mother was already declaring that her baby will live a life wholly subordinated to its mother. "I don't see why," Joanne declared with great conviction. "once the baby arrives, parents must change their whole way of living. I've already decided that my baby will have to adjust to me; after all, I was here first!"

Yet the only "adjusting" little Elinor Theresa has had to do so far is to have her schedule arranged so that she sleeps late in the morning (as her parents do) and is awake at dinner before Paul goes to the theatre. The baby has tremendous meaning for both Paul and Joanne and they plan to spend as much time with her as possible.

"We want her to grow up as a complete individual, to have an identity of her own, just as Paul and I are striving to achieve that," says Joanne. "Mainly we want her to feel secure."

To achieve that Joanne is nursing the baby and is taking care of her. But she realizes that a housekeeper is essential for the hours when Joanne cannot be home and long before the baby came Joanne spent days searching for this jewel of a domestic. At the time she said, "I have no intention of turning the baby over to a nurse who will issue orders to Paul and me about what hours we can play with our child or who will get palsy-walsy with us in the living room. I'm hunting for a housekeeper-nurse who'll be so busy around the apartment she won't consider the baby her exclusive property."

While Joanne was awaiting her baby, Hollywood sent tempting scripts for her to consider. But the determined young actress turned them all down when she found they would mean a separation from Paul and the baby. "No part," she said, "no matter how wonderful, would ever tempt me to give up the privilege of being with Nell during the very first year of her life. But when I heard that Tennessee Williams' 'Orpheus Descending' would be made completely in New York, and with Marlon Brando co-starring, I agreed to do it during the summer months."

So it looks as if the amazingly energetic blonde star will have a full year away from Hollywood. "I'm an actress, but I'm a wife and mother first," she declared. "I

continued on page 72

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WIFE AND MOTHER FIRST

continued

feel very strongly about my marriage and my child. It took me a long time to achieve both and I intend to be a good wife and mother. It takes 20 years to be good actors, and Paul and I are just starting. But it didn't take me that long to be adjusted to motherhood. When someone asked me if I'm having difficulty adjusting to my new role I shook my head. I was *always* adjusted to the idea, whether I knew it or not. As a child I was automatically drawn to babies. And I helped raise my own little half-brother. Anyway, I like children better than grownups for the most part because they're nicer people. They're truthful and honest. You can't fool them."

And it was Joanne's interest in children which persuaded Director Martin Ritt and his wife to adopt a baby after 15 childless years. "It made them wildly happy," said a friend of Joanne's. "Without her interest and inspiration, they would never have done it. Joanne brings warmth and understanding to her friends, and it's mainly those qualities which are responsible for her solid marriage.

"She'll go to any length to make the marriage work. If there is any giving in to be done, she does it. She knows the score, and how to keep Paul happy. Both are firm and very aware; they don't find it necessary to perform for each other. Marriage has brought Joanne security and she's happier now because of Paul and of her own growth as a human being.

"Joanne has never wanted any help in the house, although the Newmans can well afford it. She loves to cook and is really a superb cook but you wouldn't call her a natural one. She learned cook-

ing like a problem in mathematics; she always has her Gourmet's Cook Book stucco on the stove. But for the famous Newman Sunday brunches she discards the exotic cookery volume and whips up a batch of hominy grits and biscuits while Paul cooks the eggs for their charming circle of friends. Joanne aims to continue doing the cooking, the marketing, even to take the laundry to the laundromat. To her, it's being part of womankind; it adds comfort to the marriage."

If marriage has given Joanne a new sense of security, motherhood has brought her a new beauty. "One grows and changes, and I think I've mellowed," she confesses. "I used to call myself an ugly duckling but in recent months I'm really beginning to feel myself beautiful." There is about her a great sense of peace, great freshness. Her softly fluffed shoulder hair, tinted a silvery pale gold, sets off her almond-shaped green eyes.

Ballet exercises returned her figure to normal quickly and led to a renewed interest in clothes and her sewing machine. "I'd tossed the fashion magazines away while I waited for Elinor," she said. "I'd look in the mirror and it seemed as if I'd never have a 'figure' again." As everyone knows who saw the magnificent green brocade evening gown and coat Joanne made for Academy Award night last year, she loves to make her own clothes.

On that festive evening Joanne had clutched her golden Oscar and stammered through her tears, "This is the moment I've dreamed about since I was eight years old!" Today, as she looks down at the beautiful baby asleep in Paul's own bassinet she knows that "this" moment is far happier than last year's Oscar night. For Elinor Theresa is Joanne Woodward's greatest production of 1959. **ENI**

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(See p. 24 for details)



**Debra Dee: Untying
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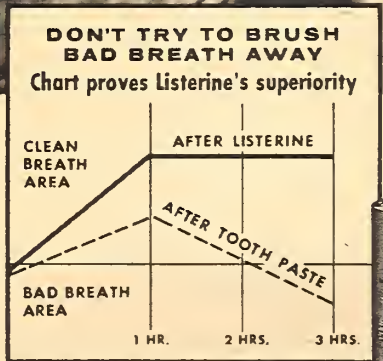
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Volume 61, No. 3

November, 1959

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 * **answered** *
 * **on becoming** *
 * **a woman** *

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

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

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

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Tab Hunter to switch to virile Western roles
- Jim Garner's last year as Maverick?



DIAMONDS really are a girl's best friend, and we do mean the diamond heart Debbie Reynolds received from Bob Neal, in addition to the diamond brooch that received so much publicity. I can't vouch for Debbie, but Bob's intentions are serious. . . . And pretty Connie Towers isn't doing too badly on the diamond front, with new mate Gene McGrath showering her with the dazzling stuff—in the way he poured gems into the lap of previous bride, Terry Moore. I hope Connie gets to keep hers. Terry didn't. . . . Shari Sheeley, the 18-year-old who wrote Ricky Nelson's biggest record hit, "Poor Little Fool," is swooning for Liberty Recording star Eddie Cochran. Shari originally dittoed for Ricky, but this boy is hard to corral.

Marlon Brando gave Suzy Parker's mate, Pierre de la Salle, a photographic scoop for his Paris Match magazine, although Life and Look were prepared to pay a fortune for the privilege. "He's a friend of my husband's," Suzy explained. . . . Paul Newman is supposed to remain with "Sweet Bird Of Youth," the Broadway play, until January, but now he just can't wait to get back to Hollywood—

which he couldn't wait to leave earlier.

Love this story told me by Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the bright star of "77 Sunset Strip." "My wife took up tennis because everyone plays here. Someone told Jack Warner she was a tennis player and he invited her to join the annual tournament at his home. 'I've only had a couple of lessons,' she warned him. He insisted. She played, partnered with champion Tony Trabert. They lost every game," Efrem sighed. It can happen. When I first came to Hollywood I was partnered with Alice Marble, then champion of the world. We lost.

Most unusual. The 18-year-old singer, Frankie Avalon, was signed for the Alan Ladd picture, "Guns Of The Timberland," and he actually gets to sing two numbers in the film. Singers usually don't—especially in a dramatic picture. . . . James Garner assures me positively this coming season is his last with "Maverick." "Always leave 'em wanting more," explains James, who will have starred in the series for three years by the time he quits in the late spring of 1960.

British actor Roger Moore was looking for a theme song for his new series, "The

continued on page 8



ENROUTE to Italy, Gina Lollobrigida and Dr. Skofic dine at New York's Harwyn Club.



BACK after a long stay in Europe, Charlton Heston gets local news from Hope Lange.

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...from "Layettes to Playettes"

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Alaskans." "How about 'Park In My Parka.'" said I. Okay, so the sun got me. . . . 16-year-old Alana Ladd with her father's coloring and her mother's mouth-line, will go full steam ahead with an acting career. Ditto younger brother David, but the boy can emote only during vacation time.

Quote from a London newspaper—Gregory Peck: "California is only wonderful if you're an orange." I doubt whether he really said this—or he might have been joking. . . . Greg, incidentally, is feuding with director Willie Wyler because of the extra million dollars Willie poured into their partnership picture, "The Big Country." When a picture costs too much it's hard to realize a profit. . . . Same happened with Gary Cooper's "Ten North Frederick." His salary and percentage were so high, the film broke even but nothing more. . . . I always love to hear Gary say how hard up he is. Ditto Joel McCrea and Fred MacMurray. The trio are all millionaires many times over. . . . And we should all be as "broke" as Joan Crawford who has zillions and a new career as a top business woman.

Brigitte Bardot makes many pictures in Spain, but her pictures are taboo there. They don't go for anything that shows the female form divine. Whereas in England they don't go for violence—but this is fine in bullfighting Spain. . . . Watch the smoke of 19-year-old actor George Hamilton who came to Hollywood with \$90 in his pocket and crashed to stardom with Robert Mitchum in "Home From The Hill." I should add that Hamilton's mother has a super home in Palm Beach and that the boy drives around in a seven passenger Rolls Royce. He should go far in this town where too many people have become too frightened of being different.

Robert Young, who plays an insurance



FILM chores over, Mitzi Gaynor relaxes at the Harwyn Club with husband Jack Bean.

executive in "Father Knows Best," has always believed in insurance, and owns 25 policies of one sort or another. Insurance companies adore him.

You had to see it to believe it, Her Grace Kelly dancing the Charleston while hubby Prince Rainier banged the drums, at the Monaco party in honor of his 36th birthday. I still have a feeling that one day Grace will return to moviemaking. . . . Liberace told them in London that he would love to marry, "only I'm so terribly fickle." Why not try it and see, Lee. . . . Jayne Mansfield is the only star, female gender, at 20th who has a permanent dressing room on the lot. But Jaynie would rather have good dramatic pictures. "I've had it as a vital statistic," giggles Jayne.

Since "Gigi," Louis Jourdan's asking price is \$50,000 a week. . . . Rosalind Russell talking about career girls in real life, "They never end up with Cary Grant or Fred MacMurray, they end up with nothing." How disillusioning. . . . James Garner's philosophy, "I never worry about money, I worry about my career, because with career comes money." James has a brand new seven-year contract at Warners—with more money. . . . Talking of Warners, they have a rule, no two stars in the same TV show can fly in the same plane. So that when Efrem Zimbalist and sidekick Edd "Kookie" Byrnes went East for personal appearances, Efrem was taken off the jet and put on a prop plane. "But I arrived in New York 19 hours before Edd," gloated Efrem.

I hope Audrey Hepburn is spending the summer resting, as the doctor ordered. There is nothing immediate on Audrey's working schedule. (She stars in "Fanny" with Maurice Chevalier early next year.) And she hopes the stork will come calling again. . . . Joan Crawford's eldest adopted daughter, Christine, now 19, has been living in her own apartment for the past two and a half years. In between studying to be an actress, Christine has



PRINCE Rainier and Princess Grace plan a trip to America but won't visit Hollywood.



FANS focus attention on Shirley MacLaine looking her most glamorous at a premiere

tailed at a number of things, including waiting at table. Nothing to be ashamed of in this—Joan herself earned money a waitress while waiting to be a star.

Rod Steiger joins the exclusive band of millionaires in Hollywood. His percentage of "Al Capone" will earn him more than a million. Rod almost didn't make the picture—insisted on a rewrite. He was obviously right. . . . Most women when they dance, place the palm of the left hand on the right shoulder of the man. But Kim Novak puts her whole arm across the partner's back with her hand resting on his left shoulder. Try sometime, very cosy and guaranteed to get you together. . . . In Yul Brynner's stamp collection he has one signed by ex-dictator Batista. He is still hoping for a signed stamp from Queen Elizabeth of England. I wish him luck.

Rosalind Russell insisted on son Lan earning his car. The 16-year-old boy has been spending the summer as a copy boy on a Los Angeles newspaper. . . . Elizabeth Taylor is showing some grey among the black of her hair. And Eddie Fisher has admitted that his romance and marriage with Elizabeth has hurt his career. But adds, "I don't care." Whom is he kidding? . . . Looks like love for Robert Horton and Cindy Robbins—as of going to press that is. . . . Alan Young, who starts a daily television show in the fall, has the whole thing planned so he won't get as exhausted as when he was on TV in 1950 to '53. "I'll tape two shows on Monday, two on Tuesday, one on Wednesday, and loaf the rest of the week." Alan called to tell me. Sounds good, he doesn't collapse before Thursday.

Katharine Hepburn and Alec Guinness

continued on page 6




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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Pillow Talk

A HONEY of a comedy set to music with Rock Hudson and Doris Day preoccupied with the universal diversion of sex. Lover boy Hudson, who spends whatever free time remains on songwriting, shares a party-line telephone with interior decorator Doris. Sight unseen, they carry on a feud, accusing each other of tying up the phone. By-standers to these vocal hatchet sessions are Tony Randall, Hudson's best friend, who wants Doris as his fourth bride, and Thelma Ritter, the vodka-swilling char who eavesdrops on phone conversations. When he and Doris meet, accidentally, Hudson doesn't dare reveal his true identity. To insure his magnificent wolfling record, he becomes a guileless, drawling Texan and waits for results. With some of the catchiest movie music in years, some of it sung by Hudson, this Eastman color love campaign is a delectable tidbit of gamey humor. (Universal-International.)

But Not For Me

AGE IS a wonderful catalyst, balancer, and, at times, the unwelcomed thing that stares back in a mirror. With theatrical impresario Clark Gable, however, age is an offensive word. As ex-wife

Lili Palmer put it in one of the soar moments of dialogue: "He's the only n who's been reincarnated while he v still alive." Facing bankruptcy beca of a combination of high-living and mony, Gable is desperate for a hit pl To bridge the crisis, alcoholic playwri Lee J. Cobb, and Gable's secretary, C roll Baker, are bamboozled into giv their all. For Cobb, that means going the wagon, and for Carroll, she not o gives the play its inspiration but a its star. No 22-year-old could ask anything more—except Gable thrown Carroll is just about to achieve Nirva when young actor Barry Coe waves m cles and vigor. Delightful and slick tre ment of the possibilities when a you girl falls in love with a man at least years her senior. (Paramount.)

That Kind Of Woman

ELEGANT though her mode of liv is, it lacks a certain dimension kept woman Sophia Loren. Soon af meeting paratrooper Tab Hunter, enro to a wartime overseas base, Sophi world of material possession gets a th ough shaking up. After all, a girl does spend the more profitable years of l life associating with a wealthy sophis cate like George Sanders then chuck it

continued on page



YOUNG Carroll Baker pursues middle-aged Clark Gable in comedy, "But Not For Me."



BARBARA Nichols and Sophia Loren hav a little fun in "That Kind Of Woman"

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell secretly wed?

★ Something new for the girls—Gardner McKay

NOT YET—Hollywood was really "shook up" by rumors that Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell were secretly married. We saw Millie while she was testing for "The Story Of Ruth" and she vehemently denied the marriage story. "Perhaps we may marry but certainly not within a year," said she emphatically. While she was on tour for "Diary Of Anne Frank," Dean found a little house for her to rent in a quiet, secluded area of the Hollywood Hills. But it's so tiny it certainly would not do for a honeymoon house!

SCARY WELCOME—*Fabian* really had a fabulous reception when he arrived at Los Angeles Airport. Actually, it was terrifying. Local disc jocks had announced when he was to arrive, hundreds of fans appeared, mobbed him. He and two studio representatives were in a police car with two policemen. Fans converged on the car and it couldn't move for half an hour. Kids beating on the car windows finally broke one, even though it was safety glass. A girl was cut, a glass

shard flew in Fabian's eye and only then would the mob fall back and let the car out to take the girl and Fabian to an emergency hospital! Fabian had a long-standing promise of a date here with old friend Annette Funicello. But later he met Carol Lynley, his co-star in "Hound Dog Man" and they flipped for each other. They've been doing the movie-and-ice-cream-soda routine. This will not be happy news to Brandon de Wilde back in New York; he and Carol became steady daters when they made "Blue Denim."

HEART-THROB—Gardner McKay has been deluged with fan mail since he had that cover and story in Life and the mail has included many, many proposals of marriage. "Some of them are very poetic," he admits. He has such a rugged work schedule for his TV series, "Adventures In Paradise"—often on the set until 8 or 9 p.m.—that he's been confining dates to weekends. Most of his dates are photographic models but he's had a few dinner dates with Joan Collins who's the lead in one of his TV shows.



DATINGEST teenager is Tuesday Weld, here out with Dennis Hopper and Mark Damon

(There's a different leading lady in each one.) But Joan's big romance continues to be producer George Englund. He likes tennis, so Joan has been taking lessons and also bought herself some very fancy tennis clothes.

SMART—May Wynn decided she was tired of being a "golf widow" while her band Jack "Maverick" Kelly played with his chums on weekends. So she took lessons and now she plays with "the boys." A natural athlete, she already plays a good game. "I'm smart enough not to beat Jack, but I can come close," she confides. May was offered a "Maverick" lead but turned it down; she would have played opposite Jim Garner and she'll wait for one with her husband.

RECONCILED—Vic Damone went to New York to greet Pier Angeli who has agreed to a reconciliation; she and so Perry had been in Europe. Vic presented her with a gold necklace and bracelet hung with hearts, each engraved with "memorable occasion" in their lives. The he took Pier and Perry to Florida for vacation and phoned friends here to say "We've never been so happy."

BUSY TUESDAY—Just about the datingest teenager in town is Tuesday Weld. Since last we reported, she's had dates with Barry Coe, whose romance with Judy Meredith is all over; with Tab Hunter who's been taking her to horse shows with Paul Anka, the young singer who's in "The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve" with Tuesday, and with Fabrizio Mionzi who's in "Blue Angel."

BUSINESS FIRST—May Britt and her husband, Edward Gregson, had planned a trip to Sweden after she finished "Blue Angel." so he might meet her family there. But her studio asked her to do a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour to plug the picture, so the trip to Sweden must wait.



BRIGITTE Bardot and Jacques Charrier are happy honeymooners at French resort town.



NEWLYWEDS Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac had knot tied in far off Hong Kong.

continued on page 6



**“I’ve just learned my ABC’s about SCREENLAND”
says DICK CLARK** star of ABC-TV’s “American Bandstand” and the forthcoming “Dick Clark’s World of Talent”.

Watch for Dick, soon to star in a movie produced by Drexel Pictures and distributed by Columbia Pictures.

“I enjoy reading movie magazines like Screenland,” says TV and screen star Dick Clark, “and I was interested to learn that the letters ABC stand for Audit Bureau of Circulations, (as well as the ABC Network) an organization of publishers, advertisers and advertising agencies that eliminates circulation guesswork. Screenland’s ABC membership makes a better magazine for you and me.”

The ballots you cast in our favor—your purchases of SCREENLAND—are reviewed and reported on regularly by experienced ABC auditors. This precise audit tells us exactly how many people buy copies of SCREENLAND, where you make your purchases and some of

the reasons why you buy. As our auditors study this report, they can judge accurately what you think of their efforts, and apply themselves intelligently to providing the kind of editorial content that will continue to hold your interest.

To qualify for the right to display the ABC symbol, SCREENLAND must prove that its circulation meets the highest standards. Membership in the ABC establishes responsibility to our readers and guarantees the quality and extent of our readership to the advertisers whose fine products and services are described in our pages.



This ABC symbol is our pledge to you, the reader,
that your interests govern the policy of SCREENLAND.

CLINT WALKER'S

All-or-nothing gamble

In a move that astounded Hollywood, Clint walked out on his career to prove his own worth; today he's reaping ample rewards



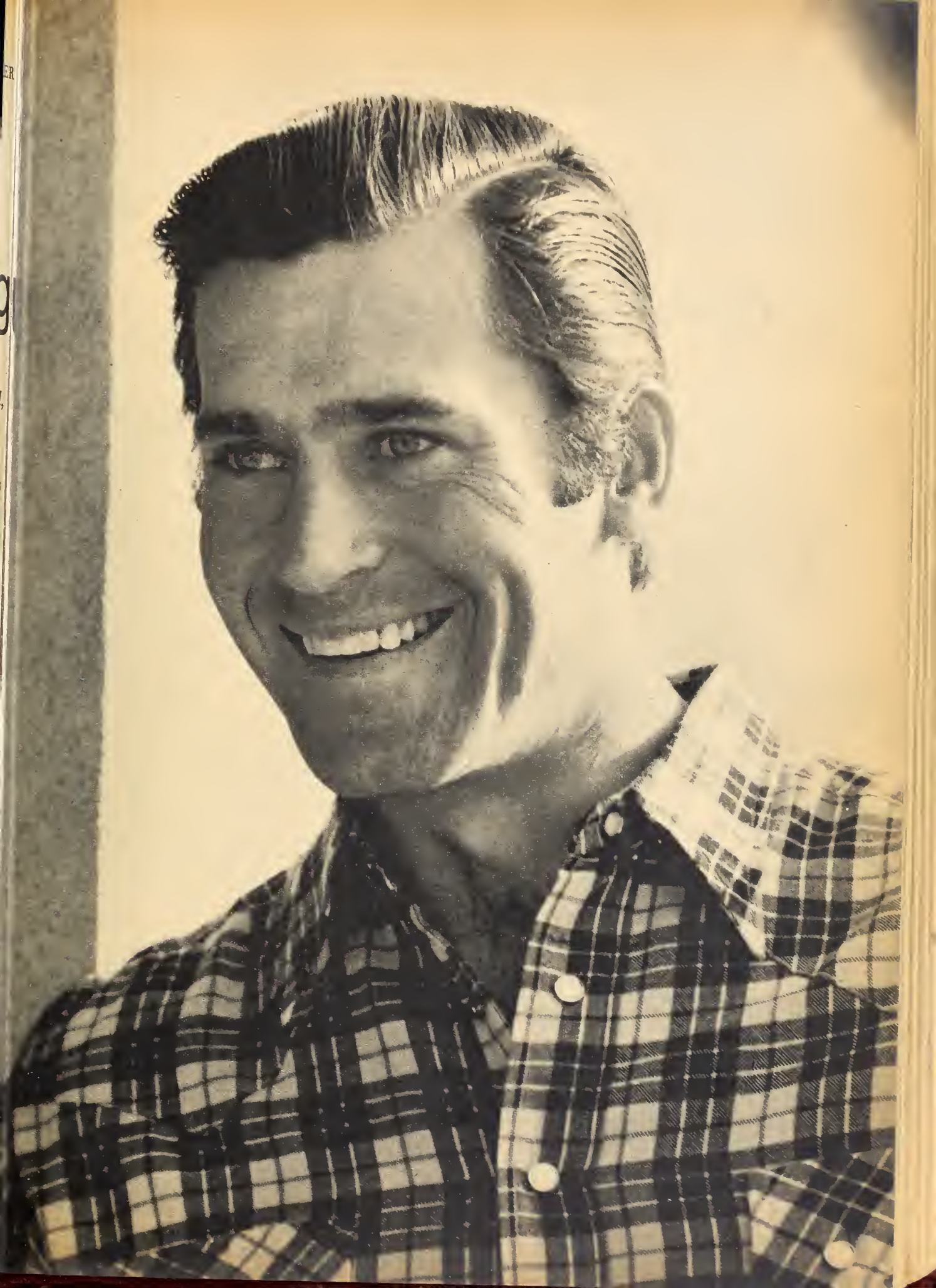
GOLD MINING in Northern California occupied Clint, his wife Lucille, and daughter Valerie, 10, during his year's suspension.

HIGH ON A secluded, sun-crowned hill overlooking southern San Fernando Valley stood Clint Walker's new rambling green modern home. A light orchid Cadillac sedan was in the driveway. A specially rigged four-wheel-drive International carryall—the same one which Clint had driven into the wilds of Northern California during his year of self-imposed exile from Burbank's sound stages—was in the breezeway, in front of his newly-equipped garage workshop. Alongside the metallic blue carryall was the alloy clipper motorcycle, the dirt bike he had used to forge through trackless mountain terrain where the truck could not pass.

It could be seen at a glance that Clint enjoyed much greater privacy and many more creature comforts than when he had lived in the teeming lowlands of North Hollywood. Unquestionably, the tall, taciturn comeback star of TV's "Cheyenne" and of the current Warner picture, "Yellowstone Kelly," had gone up in the world since being restored to the studio payroll. But it also was readily apparent that the prodigal had not chosen to celebrate his return with any startling graduation in his standard of living. He had moved into a pleasant suburban neighborhood—but it was no outpost of movie star opulence like Beverly Hills or Royal Oaks.

In an age of status seekers, in perhaps the world's capital of status worship, there was beguiling evidence that Clint Walker was a dogged social phenomenon—a status scoffer. This impression was bolstered when no maid and no butler but Clint himself came to the door. His tousled dark brown hair and the heads of perspiration on his forehead showed that he had been interrupted from household chores. Even

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DORIS DAY SAYS:

“Never be lonely”

*The time we spend by ourselves
can be some of the most precious time
of our lives, says Doris,
who tells how she beat loneliness*

By HELEN HENDRICKS

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



STUDYING script of their new picture, “Pillow Talk.” Doris and Rock Hudson look all business. It was first time they’d teamed.

IT WAS ON the loneliest afternoon of her life that Doris Day met George Washington.

It was the general, himself . . . Father of His Country . . . master of Mount Vernon . . . who turned Doris’s most miserable hour into a marvelous adventure and who showed her that she never need be lonely again.

Sounds crazy? Maybe . . . just a little. But, actually, when you’ve heard the story, you’ll discover with Doris that to meet George Washington is perfectly possible and that no one . . . no one at all . . . is ever really alone.

“Each of us,” Doris says today, recalling her experience, “is in a world filled with marvelous opportunities for learning, for friendships, and for happiness. I firmly believe that all things work for our good, including occasional solitude. And the time that we spend by ourselves can be some of the most precious time of our lives.”

But Doris hadn’t reached this conclusion on the day she met George Washington.

She met the general in Fraunces’ Tavern in New York, an ironic place for an introduction, since it is famous for a farewell—Washington’s farewell to his army. When Doris met him, he didn’t walk up and tip his hat and say, “I beg your pardon, but I’m George Washington.” The introduction was a lot more subtle than that but, in the long run, more effective.

How did Doris happen to be in Fraunces’ Tavern on a dismal, tear-tempting day? She’d come there in flight from four very dull walls of a very lonely hotel room. She’d come to escape from the solitude which she has since learned to appreciate.

“When anybody asks me,” says Doris, “when in my life I’ve been loneliest, I instantly think of an engagement in New York, singing with Les Brown’s band.

“We were there for eight weeks, and for the first few days, I was miserable. Naturally, I was thrilled to sing with such a fine orchestra, but after the lonely hours I experienced at first, the thrill wore awfully thin. I became very depressed.”

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RECALLING now her loneliness when singing with Les Brown's band in New York, Doris can smile, but then it was no fun.

DORIS DAY continued

"Each of us is

When you study Doris Day, it's hard to think of her connection with depression. Her lively face is full of good humor. The way she walks, the way she handles herself is bouyant.

But, if you say you can't imagine her ever being downhearted, she'll assure you that she was.

"I was terribly lonely," she reaffirms, "when I first got to New York with Les Brown.

Doris had traveled with bands before. She was familiar with the long, jarring rides in chartered buses, with hotel room windows fronting strange streets, meals unshared. These weren't new.

"But," she says, "in New York I was lonelier than usual. In the first place, I was the only girl with the band. Further, I stayed at the hotel where we were appearing, but the boys in the band stayed clear across town. I didn't get to see them except when we were working. And for eight weeks it was going to be like this."

On the first morning of her New York engagement, Doris arose languidly, dressed slowly (two processes far from typical of zestful Doris Day) and spent as much time as possible eating breakfast.

THEN, having eaten, she had nothing to do until late afternoon. She changed the polish on her nails. She read the morning papers, and then she went for a walk.

"I always have liked walking," Doris interjects.

And as she walked she became dreadfully aware: everyone . . . everyone on the streets seemed to know someone else. She was the exception. New York isn't the one that's called the City of Brotherly Love, but it seemed to Doris that every one she passed had at least one friend.

At the magazine stand, two men exchanged greetings over the sports pages, and, as they entered an office building, they were still talking.

PLAYING pattycake with Rock Hudson on the set of "Pillow Talk," Doris has a fine time.

WARMING up, Rock seems to be getting



a world filled with marvelous opportunities for learning, for friendships and for happiness”

Three girls, coming out of a beauty shop, laughed and chattered. One opened her purse and handed the other a piece of chewing gum.

An old man and woman huddled close together at a hush. The old man patted the old woman's hand, and Doris Day swallowed hard. Everyone had someone, but nobody . . . nobody at all . . . paid any attention to her.

She thought of buying a new hat but decided against it. A hat couldn't replace a companion.

"The first day was bad," she remembers, "and the second worse, and by the end of three days, I was wallowing in loneliness. Being alone in a big crowd is worse than being alone in a small one, because in the big crowd you see more people who know other people."

If Doris were naturally a moody person, given to negative thinking, she might have moped and actually sickened during the New York engagement. But any person who has seen her sparkle from the screen knows that Miss Day isn't one to succumb to depression. No siree!

About three o'clock on the afternoon of her third day in town, she clamped a bright, red beret on her bright hair. She lifted her firm, little chin, slipped into her coat, and marched out of her hotel room as though she were going to war. She was. She had just declared war on boredom.

"I thought over my situation," she explains, "and suddenly realized that I was wasting a marvelous opportunity. New York is a fascinating city. Millions of tourists have saved their vacation time and money just to visit it. It's full of historic and cultural attractions, and I was determined to see them all."

Thus resolved, she joined a guided tour, grabbed a fist full of informative brochures, and began the rounds.

"I saw Chinatown and Radio City and the Battery," she smiles, "but the real possibilities of what I was doing didn't sink in until we got to Fraunces' Tavern."

When she first crossed the threshold of the mellow, old hostelry she didn't sense that she was on the edge of discovery. The drone of the guide's voice swept over her, leaving scarcely an impression. But gradually, as she stood in the room where Washington had shared a supper with his officers, where he had told his men good-bye, she became aware of his presence.

"Studying history is like stepping into a bigger world," Doris thinks. "You get to share in a wealth of events that are funny, dramatic, tragic, or romantic, depending on the history you study."

SOAKING up the atmosphere of Fraunces' Tavern, Doris could see stern-faced General Washington, so unaccustomed to a show of emotion, giving way to affection in his farewell handshakes.

The men, themselves, came to life . . . tired, hard-hitten soldiers eager to see their families but reluctant to sever their fraternity of arms.

"Of course," Doris enlarges, "I had known about Washington all my life . . . about throwing the dollar across the Potomac and cutting down the cherry tree . . . but standing in Fraunces' Tavern I felt that I was really getting acquainted with the man."

It was an exhilarating realization. Why, there was no end to the number of friends she could meet during her solitary stay in New York.

"So," Doris continues, "I visited all the interesting places I could crowd into my schedule. I went to art galleries, to museums, to look at monuments. I became well acquainted with all sorts of prominent New Yorkers, Aaron Burr, Nathan Hale, Alexander Hamilton and Washington Irving."

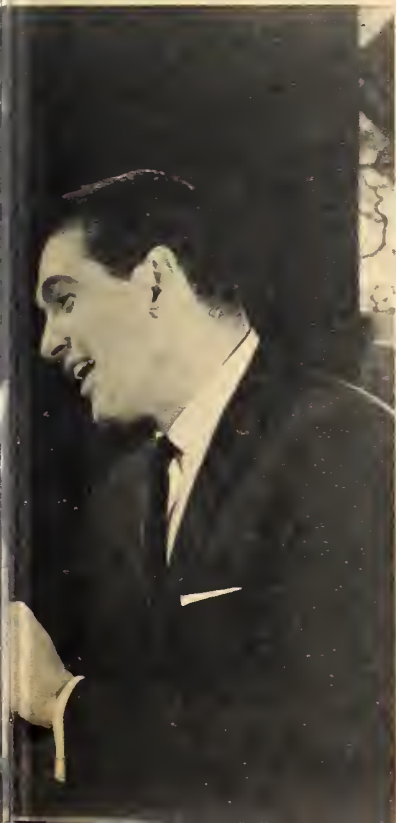
One of the most exciting persons she met was a woman, a royal princess, no less.

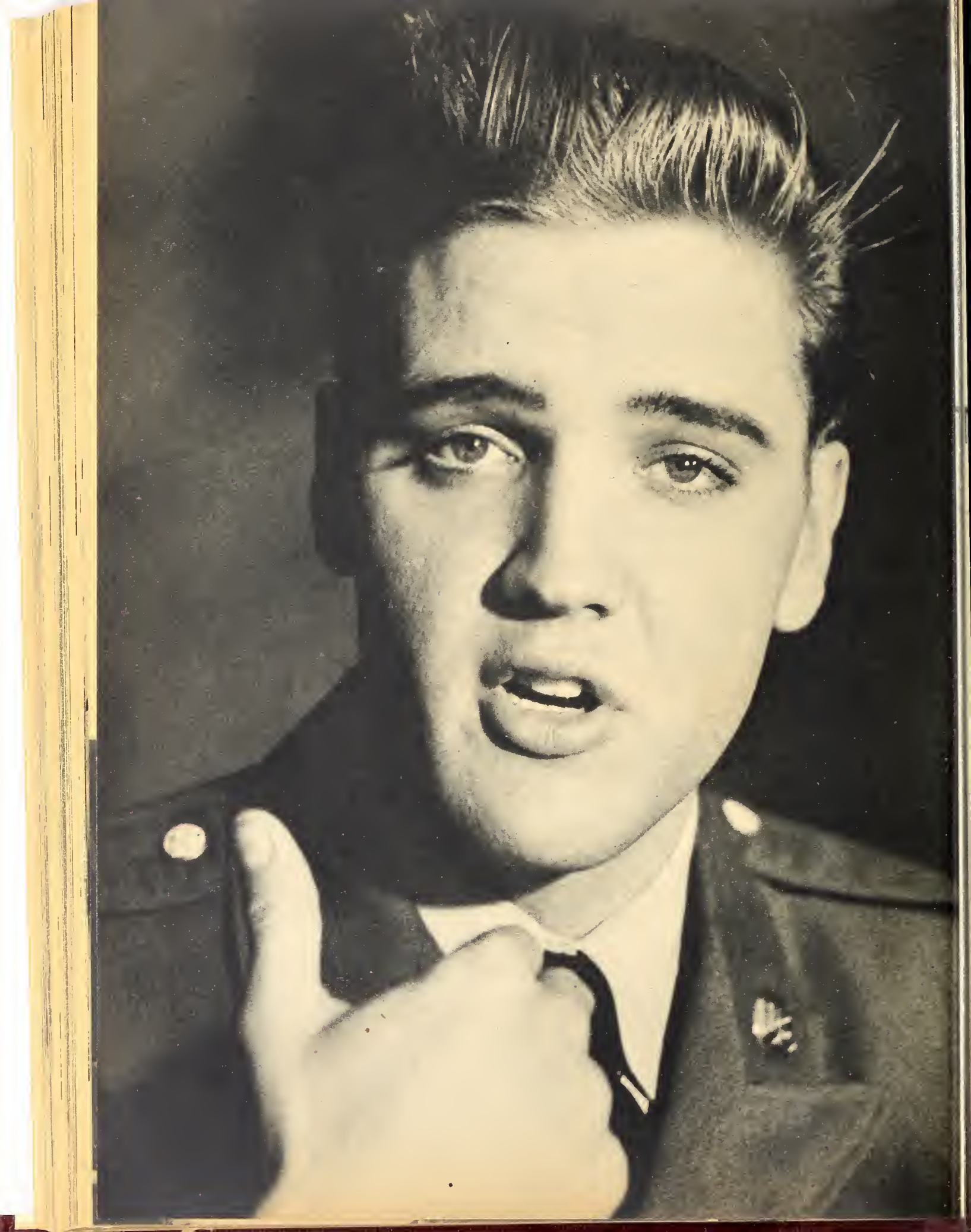
"One day, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," she relates,

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big a kick out of kid's game as is Doris.

BOTH Doris and Rock dissolve into laughter as their game of patty cake comes to an end.





Elvis Presley's marriage dilemma

*In his search for a wife, will Elvis be
haunted by the memory of his mother and
demand a woman who is cast in her image?*

IF THERE IS one thing that Corporal Elvis Presley learned while sweating it out with the Army of the United States in Germany it was, to risk an irreverent paraphrasing of the Bible, that man cannot live by Cadillac alone.

It was not his hard-won two stripes, but the cherished accolade of regular guy—more stingingly bestowed, especially to celebrities, than even the Legion of Merit—that was the measure of his achievement in uniform.

The probability is that the recognition that he was regular—in other words, only human—also was the measure of the loneliness he may have managed to conceal from fellow GI's behind a smokescreen of fluttering frauleins, but which he could not conceal from himself when he crawled into his bed at night.

His buddies, of course, thought Elvis had it made. They envied—even if they learned not to begrudge—Elvis the fleet of Cadillacs, the life of a movie star, the eager women, all the glittering trappings of fame that awaited him stateside.

Elvis did not even try to explain, nor perhaps would they have understood if he had, how deeply he in turn envied them. He envied their anonymity—the license of the obscure to live their lives and enjoy their leaves without attracting attention and inviting judgment. But more than anything else, he envied the one thing so many of them had which he did not. Someone to come home to!

For some it was a wife, for others a sweetheart, for still others a mother. But somewhere a woman to come home to, a woman who was dear to them—a woman to cry at the fresh sight of them, to feel a gush of happiness at their well-being, a woman who made a private heroism of being away because she felt it as much on one side of the ocean as her man, or her son, felt it on the other side.

Once Elvis would have been spared that void. Once there was a loving face that never failed to show up when he came home, just as it never failed to moisten with tears when he went away—as it did the day he traded his sideburns and civilian clothes for the uniform of an enlisted man.

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TO ELVIS, earning the accolade of "regular guy" from his Army buddies was even more rewarding than his hard-won two stripes.



LONELINESS which he managed to hide from fellow GI's behind smokescreen of frauleins he couldn't always hide from himself.

MORE than anything else, Elvis envied other GI's the one thing so many of them had which he did not—a woman to come home to.



As a GI and as a man, Elvis inspires the belief he will find a place in his heart for a wife

But that was when Elvis Presley's adored mother was alive. So when Elvis Presley draws his mustering out pay and returns to the ranks of working millionaires, he will be searching—whether he acknowledges it or not—for a girl to make his wife. He has arrived at a stage of manhood where he cannot much longer put off fulfillment, when fly-by-night romances will fool him no more. They will merely light up the fearful emptiness.

He will be like any other man who was sustained by such love as his mother gave him. He will be like any other man who has had his surfeit of an endless variety of all-too-willing girls. He will be the servant of his need. And that need is not surging crowds to cheer the returned warrior, but simply someone to come home to.

ALL Prince Charming had to do was find the girl whose foot would nestle into the glass slipper. Compared with Elvis's marriage dilemma, the prince's quest was a breeze. He is faced with the task of fitting a girl—perhaps a girl he has not yet met—to a human personality that will be forever enshrined in his heart.

No, it will not be easy for Elvis Presley to find a wife—and it will not be easy to be his wife.

If Elvis seems to display no uncommon haste for marriage upon his return, it will not necessarily prove that he still has too many wild oats to sow. Nor will the fact that he followed George Washington's doctrine and managed to avoid entangling international alliances necessarily establish a deep-seated aversion to marriage. It is just as possible that these are pieces of evidence supporting his determination to settle for no less than his dad did. A perhaps corny, but nevertheless compelling, emotional pull.

No one could be certain that Elvis is destined to marry an outright mother image. But it would be nonsense to pretend that the image of his mother won't in some significant degree influence his choice, and help determine even to a greater degree his chances for lasting happiness with the girl he finally marries.

For many men caught up in unabating feminine adulation as Presley is, the selection of a bride might be almost impossible. But for Elvis the ultimate decision may not be as difficult as the search itself. That is because he came by his standards long before the magic wand of chance transformed him from a guitar plunking \$35 a week truck driver into a noisily acclaimed national idol.

Long before Elvis was touched by fame, and long after he became its jaunty captive, his mother was the quiet, earthy embodiment of his ideals of womanhood. She was the personification of all that was good in woman. The tears with which the grieving Elvis moistened his mother's early grave were but a slight measure of the engulfing affection in which he held her, and of the profound influence she had on his thinking. His own anguished cries when he knelt at his mother's deathbed warned of his imperishable ties to her.

"Oh God!" he sobbed. "Everything I have is gone. I lived my life for you. I loved you so much."

Then, as friends helped him away from her grave, he turned back with one last, aching glance to weep:

"Good-bye, darling, good-bye."

In that 21-word salute, all that Elvis Presley felt for his mother gushed out. The great, pure, abiding figure of mother love had gone. To Elvis, she had been all that was fine and warm and caring, all that was real and meaningful. All his life this plain, wise, plump woman had been his fortress.



WHATEVER girl gets Elvis will have to be capable of the same kind of understanding and affection that he got from his mother.

When others criticized, she understood. When others doubted, she believed. When he trespassed, she forgave. She loved him unstintingly, and he loved her back the same way—a song whose greatest satisfactions came from repaying her sacrifices with comforts she had never known and with filial devotion that never wavered.

"Mom," he had tearfully promised her as a boy when his dad was a Mississippi sharecropper and they lived from hand to mouth, "someday I'm gonna get us out of all this. I promise you, Ma. I promise."

"I know you will, Son," his mother would kiss him. "I just know you will."

"You wait and see," he would say, "some day I'll make you proud."

"I don't have to wait, Son," she would smile. "You've already made me proud. You're a good boy, Elvis."

EVEN in the first confused flush of acclaim, her love sustained Elvis. When people murmured that Elvis had changed, his mother would snap, "I'd be worried if he hadn't. Success changes people. Failure changes people. Just growing up changes people. I'd be mighty worried if Elvis hadn't changed. He's still changing. I think he's changing real good. I'm real proud of him."

Always he could count on his mother to know how he felt. She saw through to things. She had little education, but she was wise beyond diplomas. Now with her gone there is a question Elvis cannot evade. Will he be able to settle for less in the woman he marries? Can he help subconsciously

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Here's How You Can Win A Date With TAB HUNTER In Hollywood!

Would you like to win a date with the handsome, exciting star of the movies, Tab Hunter, who's currently being seen in Paramount's "That Kind Of Woman" and Columbia's "They Came To Cordura"? Well, here's your big chance. If you're the lucky winner you'll be assured of the most glamorous time of your life and memories you will treasure forever. You and a companion of your own choice, or aaperon if you are a minor, will travel first-class and stay at a fine hotel as the guests of SCREENLAND. And, on the appointed day, you will see the sights of Hollywood as Tab Hunter's date! All you have to do to enter is fill out the coupon on this page telling us why you'd like a date with Tab, paste it on the back of a post card and mail it to Tab Hunter Contest, Screenland, 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Don't delay. Remember, the lucky girl may be you!

CONTEST RULES

1. All entries must be made on the coupon provided on this page, or facsimile.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 20, 1959.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible except employees of Pines Publications and their families.
4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow her date with Tab Hunter to be photographed for SCREENLAND.
5. The editors of SCREENLAND will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Pines Publications and none will be acknowledged or returned.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

ENTRY BLANK

FILL IN AND MAIL TO

TAB HUNTER CONTEST
SCREENLAND, 355 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

I'd like a date with Tab Hunter because:

Name Age

Street City State

*Bridging the gap between adolescence and
maturity is a painful process,*

but Sandra's moving towards

Untying the apron strings



SANDRA and her mother, Mrs. Eugene Douvan, have always been very close but Sandra's beginning to get a taste of independence.

By MAXINE BLOCK

THE TELEGRAM arrived, signed with an important industry name, inviting Sandra Dee to a teenage party at a big hotel. She held it in one hand, tapped it with her long silver-platinum enameled nails, and meditated. "I don't think I'll go," Sandra told her mother, Mrs. Eugene Douvan.

"Sandy, why not? It sounds like a wonderful party to me."

"I'm not going; I just have a feeling about it . . . Still, I hate to hurt anyone by refusing. But there's something odd about it," Sandy mused.

"So, now you're going psychic on me," Mrs. Douvan sighed. "What could be odd about an ordinary telegram? You'll get to meet some new kids; you've worked so hard with final exams and finishing up the picture. Anyway, Saturday's a good night. You can sleep late Sunday . . . why not go and enjoy yourself?"

Just then the phone rang. It was the man calling, saying he hadn't sent the invitation but had heard someone was using his name!

Telling about it, Mary Douvan said, "Sandy has the most amazing intuition about things. That's certainly something *I've* never taught her. Her instinct is her only guide as to what she does in her career and her social life. Sandra thinks everything over carefully and sometimes she proves that mother doesn't *always* know best. Now, if only Sandy could get her intuition working on the Case of the Weekly Quart of Ice Cream!"

It seems that every Saturday night for the past two months an unknown youth has deposited a quart of strawberry ice cream at her front door. It comes from the most expensive ice cream shop in Beverly Hills and so far they've been unable to trace the mysterious donor.

Those meeting Sandra and her mother for the first time are both amused and amazed at the relaxed

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SANDRA hasn't dated as much as most girls her age, partly due to her heavy work schedule, partly because she's very selective.

SANDRA DEE continued

Sandra's mom goes



GROOMING is important to Sandra who believes in looking her best at any time. No beatnik, she enjoys getting all dolled up.

RELAXED relationship between Sandra and her mother, something akin to that of two schoolgirls, never ceases to amaze people.



with her everywhere, "but the time is coming when Sandy must learn to be on her own"

relationship between them, which is akin to that of two schoolgirls. Petite, 99-pound Mrs. Douvan, is a very attractive doll-faced brunette who looks scarcely older than her 17-year-old daughter. So, it's understandable that Sandra, who used to call her "Mom" or "Mommie," now sometimes affectionately calls her "Butch."

IT WAS Butch who urged Sandra to accept the invitation to the high school prom after her recent graduation. But Sandra (who hadn't attended a high school but had had a private teacher at the studio) was hesitant, fearful that she wouldn't know anyone there. She also felt that the boy who had invited her—he was president of the class—was doing it as a duty and didn't really want to take her. "Mom," Sandy explained, "insisted that I go, and the argument got louder and louder until we were deadlocked on the issue. Finally, I said I'd talk it over with my teacher, Miss Gladys Hoene; she often helps me decide things. Really, she's like a second mother to me. With both of them in favor, naturally I went. And I had a wonderful time; danced every dance, and didn't feel at all strange. I must have had *rocks* in my head when I worried so," Sandra grinned.

Thousands of words have been written about her alleged reluctance to date in Hollywood and her lack of girl friends. The answer to this can be found in the fact that she's made eight films during a breathtaking, partly overlapping schedule

("some mornings I didn't even know for sure which picture I was reporting for.") This, in addition, to carrying a full load of high school work with excellent marks. Earlier, in New York, at 13, with the type of face which could be photographed to appear either childish or mature, the exquisite and determined little model was earning up to \$50 an hour, posing for magazine art and TV commercials. "We thought she would work maybe once a week after school but it turned out to be six bookings a day," sighed Mrs. Douvan. "Keeping up with her on the appointments exhausted me, but Sandy was never tired."

Just where would this hectic schedule leave time for girlish chatter after school or dates at night?

It's significant, however, that when Sandra attended public school, in her pre-modeling days, she was just as determined to be in on everything in school and president of most of it. At 11, she was boy-crazy, and set about making herself a *femme fatale* of the ruled-paper set. "Sandra sends notes to boys and talks too much—especially to boys!" her teacher complained to Mrs. Douvan.

Today, it's Mary Douvan who complains that her beautiful daughter doesn't date enough. "There is no pushing her and no stopping her in her work," admits Mary. "She's a perfectionist who always knows what is best for her. In dating, she's a perfectionist, too. She doesn't go out as much as most girls because, for Sandra, a date must be something real special.

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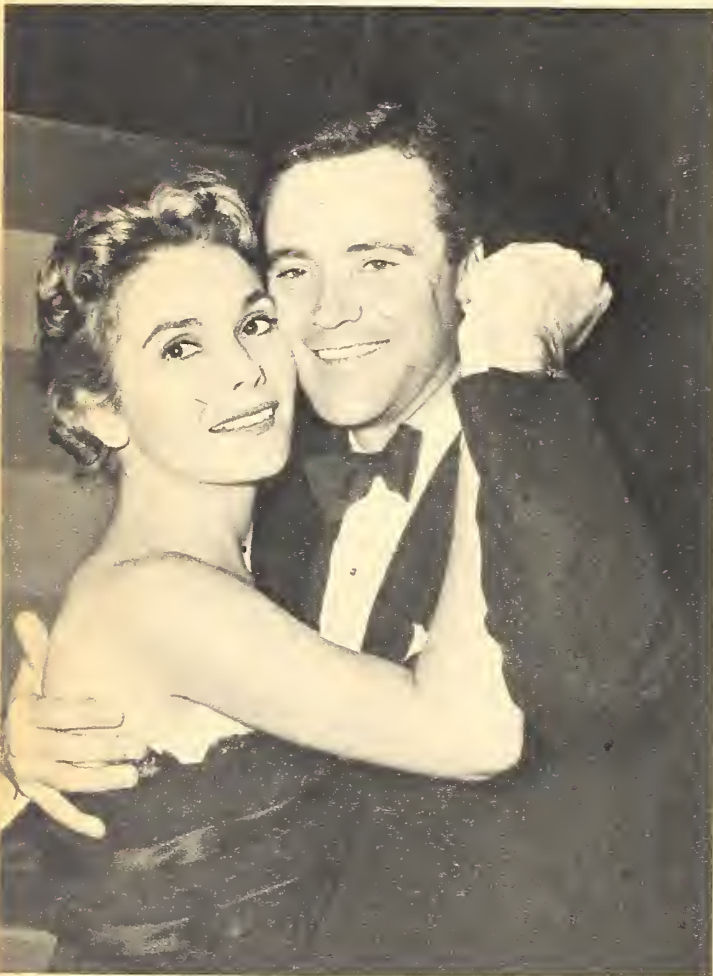
"**ONE** of the freshest, dewiest faces to turn up in Hollywood in a long time" is the way friend Edd Byrnes described Sandra lately.



By JACK LEMMON

"A man can't win"

"There is a conspiracy among women that no man can hope to circumvent," says Jack, who cites a few of his more baffling experiences with the ladies



BEST GIRL Felicia Farr taught Jack that there is nothing like a clever dame when it comes to deflating an overstuffed male ego.

WHAT I have learned about women from women is that the more I know about people the less I seem to know about women.

I am confused. I think that every male is confused. If he isn't, he should be.

Man's very first association with womankind is unsettling. Customarily, he awakens in the arms of a strange woman. She reassures him by uttering friendly sounds and regarding him with an expression of possessive affection, but a certain amount of shock remains.

I have been exceptionally lucky in the mother department. I drew a lady who is sensible, ordinarily unsentimental, and equipped with a sense of humor that many a professional comedian would be ready to buy with diamonds.

She was christened "Mildred," but her intimate friends call her "Min" in fond recollection of the rescue-oriented wife of a comic strip character named "Andy Gump." When "Andy" had fouled himself up—well past the ex-termination powers of the ordinary male—he was always shown in the final frame yelling, "Oh, MIN."

My "Min" is a genius at rescue, but she is also a wack. She spends from six to eight hours per day attending to my business problems. When I leave town, I sign a series of checks in blank and leave them in her care so that she can pay the utility bills and such. "And such" covers some interesting territory.

When I was out of town last summer, I received a charming thank-you note from her, expressing her appreciation for the birthday gift I had "given" her. She went blithely on with other news, but in the postscript she returned to the item that had excited my curiosity. "It was something I have always wanted," she wrote. "A brass and glass tea cart. I'll make good use of it and I think it was very thoughtful of *me* to buy it for *me*, saving you all that time and trouble."

From Min, I quickly learned that the single most important

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HOW can a girl tell you she never wants to see you again, then call up the next night to demand why you're not there, asks Jack.



JACK never did learn the words of "America" in grade school because he was too mesmerized by his teacher to concentrate.

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



women, no matter how amiable they are”

attribute that a woman can bring to a human relationship is a sense of humor.

We both needed this basis of operation in the midst of my first serious romance. I was seven, and *she* was my second grade teacher, a glistening blonde with blue eyes and long, golden eyelashes. Do you know that I have never learned the words of “America” simply because, in the grade I was supposed to learn it, I was so mesmerized by sight of the teacher that I turned off my ears.

When stuck, I sing, “America, America, America, America.” The rhythm is wrong, but in memory’s eye I can still see that second grade teacher and I forget where I am or how many years have passed since she up and married another man.

BUT I learned more than the perfidy of women from her. She taught me that there is a conspiracy among women that no man can hope to understand or to circumvent. I used to stay after school to erase blackboards, dust erasers, empty wastepaper baskets, and—let’s face it—to stick around the teacher’s desk as long as possible.

She dug the routine. She was gentle and understanding. She used to walk me home, and sometimes she stayed to have tea with my mother. I soon began to notice the knowing looks and indulgent winks that passed between them; I couldn’t have explained it in words but I had caught onto the fact that no man can hang onto his dignity when caught between two women, no matter how amiable their intention.

I was in prep school, madly in love with a girl going to Abbott Academy, when I learned another lesson about women: a man can never anticipate a girl’s reaction in the face of any given circumstance.

Any reasonably bright guy can depend upon what a dog will do. A dog has a fairly predictable reaction pattern. Even a raccoon can be relied upon to show up every night at the same time and tip over your garbage can. But no man with a grain of sense will ever try to predict the behavior of a dame.

The morsel in whom I was interested invited me to attend a school party as her escort. When I reported to the school and caught sight of my date, I stood there for a full minute with my chin quivering on my tie. She was enough to make a marble statue flip. Well, between the perfume she was wearing, the way she looked at me from under lowered eyelashes, the moonlight on the terrace where we were not supposed to be, I kissed her. I thought I was getting a certain amount of cooperation—until pow!—she slapped me. End of romance. She said she never wanted to see me again. I was not to call, not to write, not to annoy her in any way. That ended the evening. I felt like a great big bully.

The following night I was gnawing on a pencil, trying to compose a persuasive note of apology, when the phone rang. It was Lady-Touch-Me-Not, and she inquired plaintively, “Why aren’t you here? I thought we had a date for both Friday and Saturday night. I’ve been ready for an hour.”

You figure it out.

She went on to try men’s souls, and I went on to college.

Being me, I fell in love with a girl living in New London, Connecticut. If true love is the kind that doesn’t run smoothly, all I can say is that our romance made that skirmish between Romeo and Juliet seem like an exchange of glances between two strangers in a crowd leaving a football stadium.

There came a day, following various misunderstandings, when Miss New London telephoned to tell me that she was



STARS like Marilyn Monroe and Doris Day have helped educate Jack about women. His new movie: Columbia’s “Cry For Happy.”

lonely and dejected, and that she yearned to see me. Her words and tone were those of love incarnate and I almost squeezed the telephone to death. She said that if I couldn’t get to New London, she would hop a Boston-bound train.

Voom. I said I would borrow a car and pelt south as fast as gasoline would take me.

It was a noble idea, but it turned out that everybody had made plans for his wheels over that weekend. Finally I located a friend whose family had a spare car on the back lot. It was up on blocks, the motor being used to provide power for an electric saw to cut the winter firewood.

We reinstated the Ford as transportation by stuffing rags in the radiator (no cap), inflating the tires, filling the tank, and shrugging off the fact that its wooden body rattled like shutters in a hurricane.

I made it to New London with no casualty except an occasional pedestrian who laughed himself to death as I rolled past him.

MY girl came downstairs dressed for, say, an Assembly Ball, so she didn’t find my chariot amusing. Even so, she did permit me to drive her to the party, but I was still checking our coats when she disappeared among the dancing millions. Occasionally, during the evening, I caught a glimpse of her, laughing and living it up, but showing absolutely no outward sign of her previously reported longing for Lemmon.

At eleven-thirty—not having danced with my girl once—I took off for Boston in low gear. It took that cokie car ten

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DWAYNE HICKMAN

Picnic for two

On a lovely summer's day, Dwayne "Dobie Gillis" Hickman and his date, June Blair, head for the open spaces

PICNIC SITE chosen by Dwayne and June is a duck pond complete with shade trees and covered bridge.





LUNCH prepared by June must be good judging from Dwayne's more than pleased expression.

DUCKS get fed, too, as June and Dwayne toss them crumbs. Dwayne is star of CBS-TV's "Dobie Gillis."



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



HEADING towards Dwayne's car for return home, June and Dwayne glance backwards at scene of their picnic. **END**



Swede 'n' sexy

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

They're calling May Britt the sultriest foreign import since Dietrich, but by temperament, this Swedish lass is more inclined to play it cool than hot

"**H**OW CAN SHE be so cool over all this?" the man wanted to know. "Look what's happened to her . . . 'The Young Lions' and 'The Blue Angel' . . . And now all those adjectives—'The sultriest, sexiest import since Garbo or Dietrich. . . .'"

How did she feel about all this—the standing ovation and all that jazz after "Young Lions"?

May faltered a bit, trying to explain. "I suppose I should say that I was flattered and happy," she stammered. "But actually I think I didn't believe it was happening. I couldn't see why it should. I didn't see what I was doing here, anyway. I never planned to come here."

And so she didn't. Her career simply happened to her. And no one can say she is "cool" about that, as we shall see. She was a lonely girl for a long, long time.

May (she pronounces it "My") was born in a suburb of Stockholm, Sweden. Her father was, and still is, a postal employee. May did very badly in school, especially at algebra, and finally left to study photography. She thought that might offer an interesting and exciting life, photographing interesting people and events all over the world. She had been at it barely a month when Carlo Ponti came in, did a double take and invited her to go to Rome to make a screen test. May was "cool". It was her father who urged her, "You may hate yourself later on if you don't take advantage of this opportunity." So . . . May went, still in a "cool mood." "I didn't expect anything to come of it," she says, frankly.

What "came of it" was a series of leading picture roles in Italy, winding up with a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox here. "I still don't know why," says May. But she is beginning to guess!

Some reasons may be her lissome figure, her blue-grey eyes and her long, blonde, silky uncurled hair. A few freckles scattered here and there don't do any harm, either.

But, aside from these obviously advantageous physical aspects, there was the innate ability of May to project emotions which registered on the screen. It seemed at first almost as if she did not know she had this ability. But the

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REHEARSING her songs for "The Blue Angel," the picture that made Dietrich a star a generation ago, May is quite composed.



THAT LOOK in her eyes must have been noticed by Carlo Ponti who launched her career in Italian films. Later she came to U.S.

LONELY until she met and married Edward Gregson, Jr., May faces another period of loneliness now that they have separated.

directors knew it and the screen knew it. May is what they call, with wonder in their eyes and voices, "a natural actress." There haven't been many of them. "She simply can't do anything wrong!" marvels one executive.

But despite all this approval, May was a very lonely girl when she first came to Hollywood. She has been lonely most of her life.

She took a smart little apartment but she resisted firmly the idea of acquiring any possessions other than the personal things that she had.

"I wanted so to make friends," she says. "But I just didn't know how. I felt that I had a great capacity for friendship but I couldn't get people's confidence. I think I was . . . and still am . . . (here her English faltered) what you call a 'lonely wolf.' Do you know that term? I want friends but people frighten me."

The idea of the beautiful May Britt being "a lonely wolf" was pretty funny, but she was dead serious. She *had* been lonely.

"I tried," she said, to do what you called 'mingling'. I went to parties and parties and parties. I even tried to give parties of my own. Now I think I shall never go to another party. I have . . . what you say? . . . *had* it!"

She also, about then, made a serious decision. She didn't like younger men. From there on in she would concentrate

BLUE ANGEL is flanked by May and her director, Edward Dmytryk. May scored in "Young Lions."

Photos by Hamilton Millard, Rapho Guillumette



blue-grey eyes, long blonde silky hair plus an ability to project sex have made May a star

only on the more mature males. She was determined to be very firm about that.

Perhaps that was why, when Edward James Gregson, of the fabulously wealthy Janss real estate family, invited her to a small dinner party, she accepted. Mr. Gregson is a widower. He is also old enough to be her father.

But . . . whoops . . . she hadn't counted on Edward Gregson, Jr., seated on her left during dinner. And would anyone accuse Gregson, pere, of plotting? Heavens, no.

SPARKS flew, as sparks so often do, between May and young Gregson. They saw one another almost daily for a few weeks; dinners, horseback rides, swimming, tennis . . . but no parties. Then, inevitably it would seem, the two of them took off for Mexico and were married on February 22, 1958. Was papa Gregson beaming happily in the background? Your guess is as good as anyone's, including mine.

May was no longer a "lonely wolf" or even a lonely girl. But there were problems, naturally. (Aren't there always?) Because by this time May was no longer "cool" to the unexpected film career which had engulfed her. She loved it. And she had been cast for the leading role in "The Blue Angel," the picture which had made Marlene Dietrich an important star years before. It was a terrific challenge. The adjectives "sultry" and "exciting" are flying again and May

says, "These just make me stammer. I have quite a bad stammer, you know, when I am embarrassed. It's like my stage fright . . . I suffer terribly from stage fright."

"Yes, I have looked at the original picture of 'Blue Angel' and I am now trying hard to forget it. It seemed to me so slow. Dietrich, of course, was lovely and I hope I can follow her. But the action just didn't seem to me to move."

The fact that she had to sing in the picture embarrassed her very much. "I can't carry a tune!" she protested. But she talked her songs well enough to get by and, after all, that's what Dietrich did in the original. *She* couldn't sing either.

May's husband enrolled at Stanford University for some courses and that meant that the two of them must have two homes. They settled for a small apartment in Palo Alto and a sort of guest house at the back of Gregson Senior's estate in Holmby Hills near Los Angeles, a modest, two-bedroom affair to which May paid scant attention.

"I don't want any possessions," she said then. "They just clutter things. And I wouldn't dream of trying to redecorate. Some day . . ." she added, vaguely, "I suppose we shall have a house of our own and then we shall think about colors and fabrics and we shall start accumulating belongings. But not yet! We still need freedom."

This "freedom," to May, meant that they could take off on little trips together when they both had free time. Greg-

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After 11 years...

The laughter has gone out of the David Nivens' marriage and in all probability only these two really know the reasons why

By NORA LEWIS

IN THE TYPICALLY terse, well-bred style of a British gentleman, David Niven, in mid-July, issued a statement to the press that he and his wife Hjordis had separated after living apart for the last several weeks. "No divorce is contemplated at the present time," the Academy Award-winning actor stated. "We are trying to work out our very personal problems as quietly and as privately as possible."

The film colony was shocked and dismayed; only a handful of insiders were aware of growing dissension in the Niven home. Publicly, there was no hint of trouble. Fans remembered that on Academy Award night only a few months ago, Niven had jumped up from his seat in the Pantages Theatre as he heard his name called. But before he ran down the aisle to fairly bound onto the stage, he paused to kiss his strikingly beautiful wife.

On stage, the famous Niven charm did not desert him as he grinned, clutched the statuette and said, "I'm so weighed down with good luck charms that I could scarcely make it up the stairs." The lucky charms were potent enough to bring him the greatest honor in his 25-year Hollywood career but not strong enough to keep his marriage from foundering.

At the glittering Beverly-Hilton party following the awards, David spoke of the Oscar he'd won for "Separate Tables" and of his wife with equal pleasure. Columnists commented that the handsome pair appeared the very picture of devotion. Obviously, "Separate Tables" was prophetic, for the Nivens, who were thought by many so well suited to each other, will now, too, be dining at separate tables.

Prophetic, also, was debonair David's remarks to a reporter two years ago: "Why do I always seem so pleased with life? Well, possibly because I am healthy, I live in the middle of a very happy family with my wife and my two sons, and I have some money in the bank. So, for the life of me, I can find nothing to be depressed about. Of course, I am fully aware that any day now I may wake up to find myself diseased, divorced and destitute, but as I say, things are very pleasant at the moment."

David Niven is today in fine health, very far from destitute, but divorce looms as a tragic possibility to shatter the pleasant rhythm of his days. He gathered up his two sons by his first marriage and left for a month's stay in Honolulu with friends before he returns to make "Please Don't Eat The Daisies." Hjordis is staying with friends in Brentwood. Those who are very fond of the Nivens hope this "cooling off" period may lead to a reconciliation. Deborah Kerr, who herself is beset with marital troubles, is a close and old friend of the Nivens and is trying to patch up their foundering marriage.

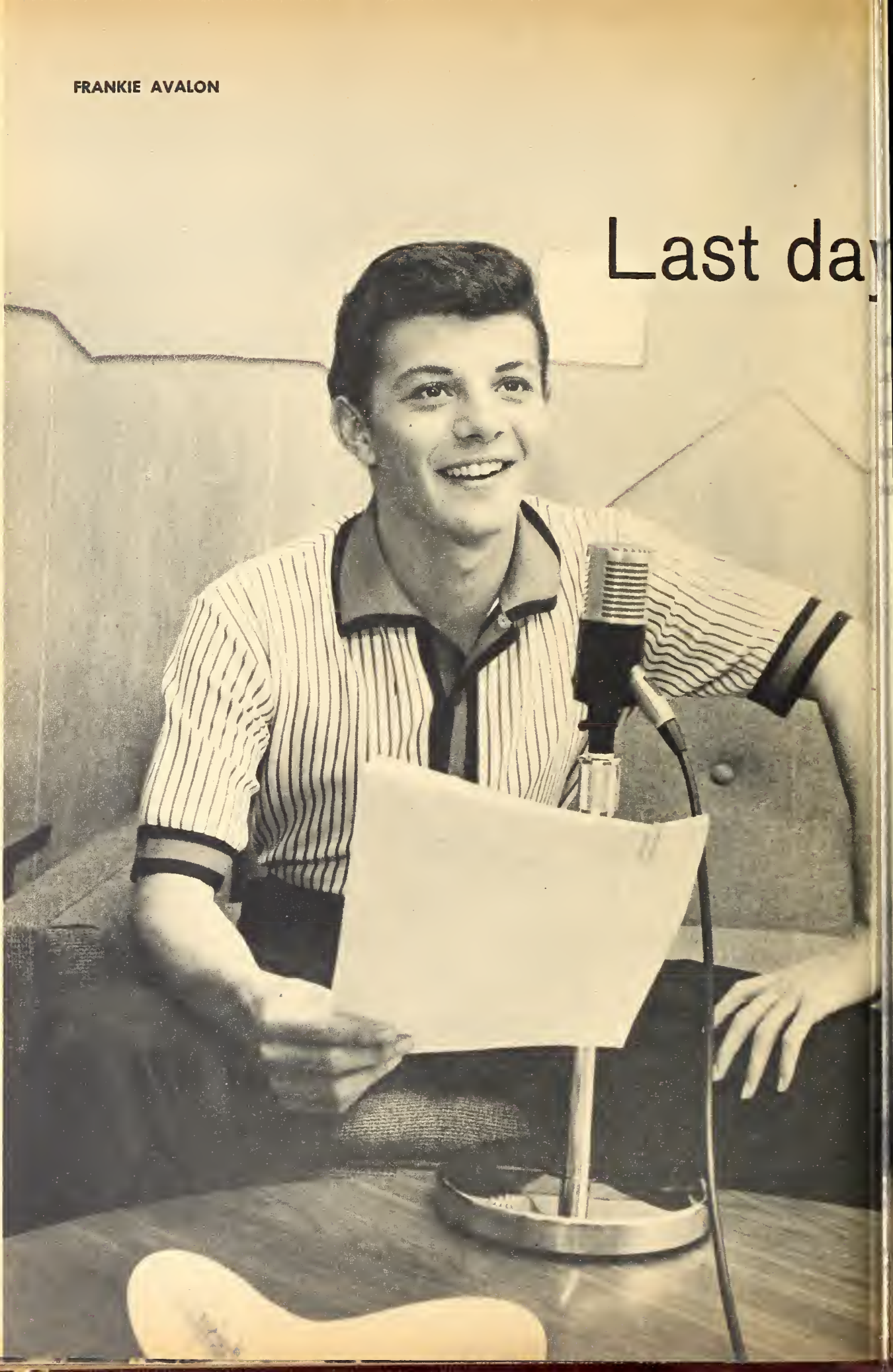
That marriage, a second one for both, after a whirlwind courtship, on January 14, 1948, appeared to their large circle of friends, to be an ideal one. As late as last year, Niven was saying of his two marriages: "It has been a source of wonder to me that a

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FRANKIE AVALON

Last day

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



n L.A.

etween completing his first
ovie, "Guns Of The
nberland," and flying back home,
Frankie had only a few
ours to himself in Hollywood



FAN MAIL is perused by Frankie on returning from a dip in pool. He tries to answer all letters personally, a big order.



GOOD-BYES are said by Frankie to some friends in Hollywood by phone. He promised to return soon.

RADIO interview with local disc jockey is taped last minute but Frankie smiles through it all.



LAST LOOK at Los Angeles is taken by Frank before leaving. He stars with Alan Ladd in "Guns Of The Timberland." **END**



A bit of all right

*The new star of "Darby O'Gill,"
who hails from Blighty, has
one outstanding foible: she
can't stand her own company*



AT 24, Janet is still playing juvenile or teenage roles, mainly because of her height, 5' 1", and her doll-like appearance.

By LEE HARRISON

TWO SHORT YEARS AGO, Janet Munro was a 22-year-old actress unknown in this country, scarcely known in her native England. Before Walt Disney found her and lifted her to stardom in "Darby O'Gill And The Little People," she was playing juvenile roles in English films and television. But of all the leading roles Janet is now destined to play for Disney Productions, none will probably have more personal meaning for her than that of the little girl she acted in a TV play called "Lace On Her Petticoat."

"The story was about a lonely little girl who wants a best friend and lace petticoat more than anything else," Janet recalls. "She got them but—life being what it is—she was still lonely. I thought I knew just how that little girl felt as I was playing her part. I can't stand loneliness myself. It's my biggest failing. If I'm alone in an apartment or a hotel room I begin to bite my fingernails and wonder what to do. I can't stand my own company. I must have people around me. Lots of them."

Disney, who signed her to a five-movie contract, thinks he can change Janet's problem to one of wanting to avoid people. He thinks her performances in "Darby O'Gill" and with James MacArthur and Michael Rennie in "Third Man On The Mountain" are bound to supply Janet with more friends than she'll use up in a life time.

At 24, Janet is still playing juvenile or teenage roles. For the best of reasons: Her height (five feet, one inch), her face, which bears a faint, Oriental, doll-like look, and her astonishing ear for children's voices make her a casting director's dream when there's a young girl's part to be played. (The little girl in "Lace On Her Petticoat" was supposed to be 12 years old. Janet was 22 when she played the part with ingenious conviction.)

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Most of Hollywood's new young female stars talk constantly of their dedication to acting. Janet tops them all with her own sense of professional dedication but she's relaxed and good-humored about it. The fondness for entertaining people, the professional dedication and the need for people are all written plainly in Janet's past.

Her father is Alex Munro, a comedian in—what Americans would call—the vaudeville tradition. All Janet's childhood was lived traveling with her parents from theatre to theatre. She became used to meeting lots of new people but not making lasting friendships. Her world was one of quick hellos and good-byes. She spent no more than a week in school in any one place before her father had to move on.

She was seven when her mother died and so this, the closest friendship of any child, was broken, too. Janet was performing with her father by then, wearing her auburn hair in a straight, plastered-down fringe. Because of the color of her hair and her pint-size, her fellow-troupers called her "The Ginger Bit."

"Daddy has always had a great capacity for enjoying himself," Janet recalls. "He's the one who taught me the enjoyment of laughter. He spoiled me terribly after Mother died. I guess he felt he had to give me something extra to make it up to me."

Janet's step-mother became her next long-term friend. The friendship is still going strong and Janet credits this woman with most of the good things that happened to her from her ninth year. She urged Janet to leave the variety shows and

go into the legitimate theatre. She paid Janet's way as a student with a repertory company. After five years of acting in repertory, Janet was assured by a talent scout that she was ready to try London. Her step-mother promptly gave up her job and took office work in London so that she could make a home for Janet.

In London, Janet worked for tips as a hat-check girl in nightclubs so that she could look for work as an actress by day. She started a charm bracelet that records her steady but slow progress, purchasing a charm with every job she landed. The jobs began to come in 1957.

On her bracelet today there's a dice for the 16-year-old Cockney girl she played in a movie called "The Small Hotel"; a treasure chest for "The Tollenberg Terror," a science-fiction thriller about monsters from outer space in which Janet played a 15-year-old; a policeman's helmet charm for the TV comedy called "One Of Us," Janet playing a 16-year-old delinquent. In "Trial By Candlelight," she played a juvenile delinquent who kills herself and bought another charm—an airplane. And so it went. Until Walt Disney came.

DISNEY had a suite at the Dorchester Hotel, London's best. He was trying his glass slipper on a hundred hopeful Cinderellas sent him by agents.

"I knocked on the door of his suite," Janet remembers, "and when a voice said to come in and I went in I was so nervous I was sure I'd made a mistake coming and I decided to say, 'Sorry, wrong room' and back out. There was Walt

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SHE SWIMS whenever she has time, which keeps her 100-pound figure in trim. Her next movie: "Third Man On The Mountain."



in a papier mache place like Hollywood. You know, go off my stick, drop a bomb": Janet



HER AMBITION is to find a play or a script in which she'll be allowed to play a woman. She's never played a girl older than 18!

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr.

He's no pushover

By JERRY ASHER

Though shy and peace-loving by nature, Will is perfectly capable in his own quiet way of handling anyone who tries to take advantage



WILL will hold still for anything within reason, but dynamite couldn't budge him into making a move that offends his honor.

ON A RARE day off from shooting his strenuous TV series, Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins was loafing it up, and loving it, sprawled out in the lower-floor living room of his Hollywood home that clings to a hillside overlooking the cinema city. He was wearing battered moccasins, old cords and a faded sweat shirt, and his unruly hair crowned his head like so many spiked feathers.

His reverie was interrupted by the front door chimes.

"Who's there and what do you want?" Will called in his familiar drawl as he ambled upstairs to the street level entrance.

"It's the Fuller Brush Man. May I speak to the lady of the house?"

"She's out for the afternoon," said Will, opening the door. "But I'm quite sure we don't need anything, anyway."

"Oh, you just got up!" exclaimed the startled interloper. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

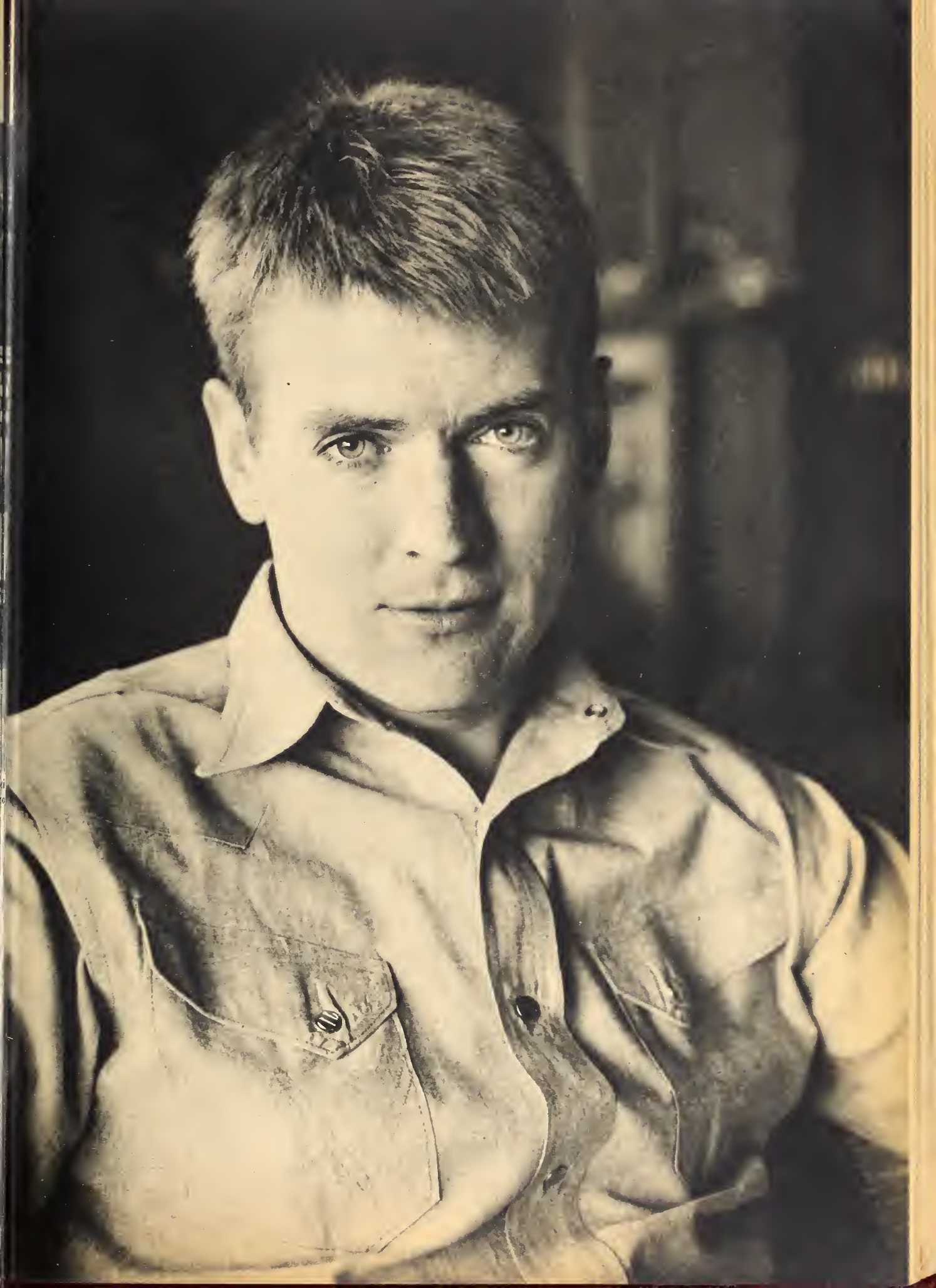
"No, I've been up for hours," answered Will. "I just look this way."

The results are always the same when the former Marshall Lowell Hutchason faces up to a situation. He believes that white is white, a spade is a spade and the truth is the truth. And he never deviates from that.

"If you lie once, then you have to lie twice," his adored grandmother once told the tiny toddler. "Always remember, if you aren't afraid of the truth—you'll never have to lie about anything at all."

Will always remembered. As he matured, he remained shy and peace-loving, but as those who have known him throughout his 27-year span will testify, he's quite a paradoxical fellow.

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"In his own mild-mannered way, Hutch has always been strictly an individualist," his intimates insist. "He'll hold still for anything within reason, but dynamite couldn't budge him into making a move that offends his integrity, or goes against his better judgment. Sometimes this comes as a tremendous shock to those who think that he is naive and incapable of introspection.

"The character he's now portraying enhances this impression, but in real life Hutch carries on where 'Sugarfoot' leaves off. Being a newcomer in the industry, he's had to bide his time and learn the ropes. Now after two years he has great awareness and Hollywood may be due for a big surprise. If they try to lead him around like a passive lamb, they'll discover they have a fighter on their hands!"

ACCORDING to inside reports, Hollywood has already discovered that one Will Hutchins is quite capable of protecting his interests. They've also discovered that things are churning behind those wide, friendly blue eyes and he not only knows most of the answers, he backs them up with admirable logic.

"I like to be nonconforming," Will himself reveals. "It's a deep-rooted part of my make-up and I've always lived this way. Of course, there must always be valid reason for expressing individual thoughts and feelings. I have little respect for anyone who adopts a perverse attitude simply because he wants to attract attention or throw his weight. I am nonconforming because I've always disliked any form of regimen-

photos by Lorry Barbier, Jr., Globe



LOOKING to make a regular movie, Will has been reading an endless number of books and scripts in quest of a good story.

tation that stifles, or limits, imagination and creative ability. If you can't move about where it's permissible to express yourself honestly, then it becomes pretty frustrating.

"Although I was born and brought up in the environs of Hollywood, it's like stepping across the threshold of another world when you're lucky enough to be discovered. I was ready from the beginning and anxious to meet all demands and requisites. But I wasn't aware there are established rules for furthering a Hollywood career and now that they've caught up with me, I have to meet them as I see fit. Some where along the way, it seems, someone decided certain patterns of behavior are 'good' for actors, so most of them automatically subscribe. The way I see it, a good script, a good director and a good performance are far more helpful to a career than playing some sort of game."

Although those concerned were ready to flip their collective wigs, they recall an amusing experience when Will was induced to participate in a typical Hollywood publicity stunt.

"We had a big, plushy premiere to promote," says one of the conspirators, "and we needed an escort for the visiting 'Miss Germany.' Now Jim Garner, Jack Kelly and Clint Walker were married men and although Will Hutchins wasn't too well known, it was decided that he was our pigeon. We figured without Will. *He* decided he wanted no part of a blind date—just to get publicity!"

"Finally, we convinced him we were in a spot and needed his help. So he agreed to go to the premiere and went out and rented a tuxedo. When the romantic (?) twosome arrived at the theatre, the crowd cheered while they signed autographs and posed for pictures. Then they went inside but when the lights dimmed Miss Germany was all for sneaking out a rear exit. Now that she had been seen and photographed, the rest of it was a big bore to her. Will was there to see the film and politely announced that he had no intention of leaving. His ultimatum didn't make much of a difference with his fair companion, but I must say—he couldn't have cared less!"

Thinking beyond today, Will has his future in mind and anxious to keep growing as an actor and developing. As an experiment, he and a few equally ambitious friends have rented a camera and are making a silent movie around the city of Los Angeles. They work on their project on the weekends Will is free from appearing at charity benefits (he donated time and effort to 37 different causes during 1958) or making personal appearances to plug Warner Bros. pictures. Because of his daily studio grind, he rarely gets home for dinner before nine and, therefore, time is very precious. When he hit the Hollywood jackpot, Will discovered *his* time was anything but precious to those inevitable back-slappers who suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

CONTRARY to his gentle nature, he proved capable of protecting himself when they took advantage of his position. There was that long, exhausting day, for example, when Will had been working in the boiling hot sun. He'd been up on his slim hips in dirt, dust and insects and by the time he got home, he was ready to drop. The phone was ringing when he came through the front door.

"Hi, Hutch, ol' pal," exclaimed a strange voice in his ear. "Bet you can't guess who this is!"

"That's right," came the cool answer. "I can't guess and don't have time for games. Please tell me who you are, I'll have to hang up."

There have been other occasions when "long lost buddies

continued on page

discover they have a fighter on their hands



CALLING for his date, film actress Valerie Allen, at her apartment, Will meets her pet parakeet, who wasn't at all awed by his visitor.

USMAN'S holiday: on his day off from shooting "Sugarfoot," Will takes his girl horseback riding, later stops off for a snack.



Joey and his



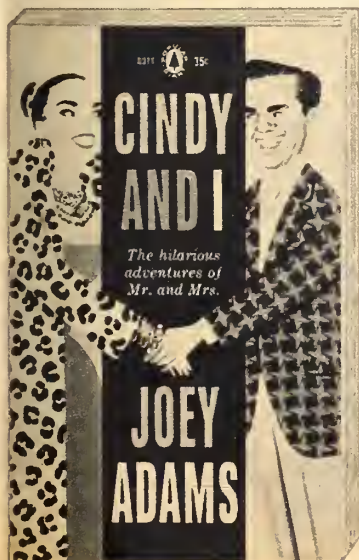
KIDDING aside, the Adamses are nuts about each other. "She's the nicest Valentine I ever got in my life," says Joey of Cindy.

Cindy

Comedian Joey Adams and his wife love to make each other the butt of their jokes, but everyone knows they don't mean it

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Joey's newest book, "Cindy And I," is now on sale in the 35¢ Popular Library paperback edition at all bookstands.



DOLL-like Cindy was a cover girl in her teens, won a total of 57 beauty titles. Today she writes two syndicated news columns.

COMEDIAN JOEY and comedienne Cindy Adams have a marriage based on true love and laughter, nonsense and nearness, ribbing and respect. They also have a tremendous zest for living and a wealth of talent which reaches into many fields.

They have a television series in the works, they are frequent guest stars and night club headliners. MGM Records has just released an LP in which they trade wise-cracks. The Popular Library 35c paperback edition of their best seller, "Cindy And I," is due for Fall publication. A new book, "It Takes One To Know One," comes out in November. Cindy also writes two syndicated news columns.

For each spouse, the favorite target is the other. Joey, the clown, describes Cindy: "My cover girl is 5' 3½" tall, weighs 110 pounds—with full make-up, 125 pounds. She's easily recognized by her patent leather haircomb. I don't know whether she combs it with an iron or paints it on. I finally discovered why she never shuts her mouth; her hair is too tight."

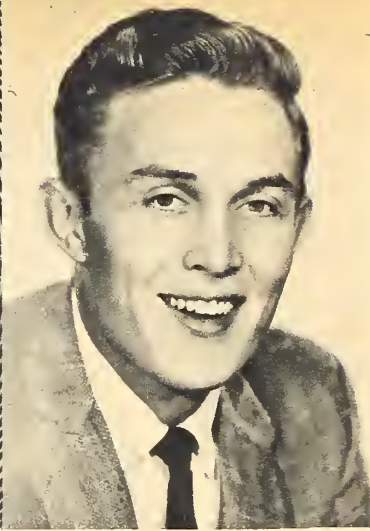
Cindy, with a feline stretch, says, "Joey has more sides than the Pentagon. He's a producer, director, actor, writer, comedian, toastmaster and philanthropist. He appears in TV, movies, records, radio, night clubs, theatres, but seldom in the barber's chair. When he does make his annual personal appearance at the barber shop, he looks as though he's wearing a Davy Crockett hat. Joey is slightly sensitive about the barely perceptible bald spot at the back of his head. He doesn't exactly admit to this sensitivity but whenever he leaves a room, he backs out."

But for each barbed shaft, there is also a revealing bit of tenderness. Says Joey, "When Cindy's pop gave me her hand in marriage on Valentine's Day, 1952, I took it in mine and I haven't let go of it since. I never met a girl with a bigger heart. She's the prettiest, wittiest, darlinest, most affectionate girl in the whole wide world. She's the nicest Valentine I ever got in my life."

Cindy says fondly, "Joey is my funny Valentine. He's lovable, genuine, kind, charitable, thoughtful, understanding, and I wish I could share him with all of you. But there just isn't enough to go around."

Fate sealed Joey to comedy when he was only four. He recalls, "I was

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Reviews of new discs by JIMMY DEAN, CBS-TV star

A YOUNG man not quite out of his teens, **Neil Sedaka** could teach many of his seniors the secret of "hitsmanship." His first Victor LP is a collection of songs the singer-pianist penned himself and includes such rock 'n' roll hall-of-famers as "The Diary," "Stupid Cupid" and "I Go Ape." Which isn't exactly the way we'd put it but we do think it's a fine record. . . . **Patti Page's** last series of TV shows accomplished one thing for sure; it got a lot of good music expertly performed in front of vast numbers of people. Patti's new Mercury album, "Patti Page...Favorites From TV," contains a dozen all-time top items that have improved with age. . . . The **Kingston Trio** by now has become a fairly permanent part of the American musical scene. There have been a number of folk-singing groups in the public eye from time to time but none with the popular appeal of the Kingston Trio. Their new Capitol LP, "The Kingston Trio At Large," holds the essence of their popularity, folk tunes delivered with a wry humor. Numbers include the famous "M.T.A.," "Blow Ye Winds" and "Getaway John". . . . The tune that made trumpeter **Ziggy Elman** famous, "And The Angels Sing," has been updated by **Red Prysock** and his swingin' group of rock 'n' rollers. The other side of the Mercury etching, "Riffin' With Red," is fit company for "The Angels."

The **Ray Anthony** band features a big, fresh, clean sound that somehow brings the oldies up-to-date and adds importance to sometimes mediocre material. Ray's latest Capitol LP, "Sound Spectacular," is a half-hour demonstration of a good dance band in action. With maestro Anthony's trumpet in the fore, the aggregation takes off in free-wheeling fashion. Among the standards and semi-classics on hand are "Camptown Races," "Dry Bones" and "American Patrol." . . . Whatever slack **Judy Holliday** and **Sydney Chaplin** left in their performances in the Broadway hit, "The Bells Are

Ringin'," has been taken up by **Shelly Manne** and his Men in a Contemporary jazz LP of the score. Ably assisted by pianist **Andre Previn**, and bassist **Red Mitchell**, Manne makes the most of tunes such as the moving ballad, "The Party's Over," and the up-tempo, "Is It A Crime?" . . . **Joni James** has a sure-fire pop favorite with her revival of "I Still Get Jealous." It's got the feeling, flavor and tempo that have marked all of Joni's big hits. The M-G-M "45" is backed by "My Prayer Of Love," another ballad of the type that's Miss James' special province. . . . Triple threat man **Earl Grant** (piano, organ, vocals) showcases all three of his talents in a new Decca album, "Grant Takes Rhythm." Although Earl's vocalizing bears a striking, almost unbelievable, resemblance to **Nat "King" Cole's**, it is not without its own characteristics, and if you have to sound like somebody it might as well be the best in the business.

Rod McKuen is a television actor with a number of fairly important roles to his credit; as of this moment he also has a fine LP to his credit. On the Decca label, his album, "Anywhere I Wander," is a mixture of folk songs old and new. Among the old timers is "Handsome Johnny" while the newcomers include "Sixteen Tons" and "Mule Train." . . . The recent death of **Billie Holiday** cut off abruptly one of the great jazz voices of all time. One of her last recorded efforts was an M-G-M LP using her name as its title. Backed by **Ray Ellis** and his orchestra, Billie delivered a dozen standards in her classic style that has often been imitated but never equalled. A new team, **Count Basie's** band and **Billy Eckstine** are together on a fine Roulette coupling, "I Want A Little Girl" and "Lonesome Lover Blues." The combination clicks on both sides. Definitely superior merchandise. . . . It seems only yesterday that **Glenn Miller** fronted the top dance band in the land in an era of great dance bands. But it was 20 years

ago. Times and tastes change. We think the superbly packaged 3-LP Victor album, "Glenn Miller For The Very First Time," a collection of recordings made from his radio show of 1940, demonstrates admirably the timelessness of the Miller brand of music.

Ricky Nelson's new Imperial record should add a great deal to this young man's prestige. "Just A Little Too Much" and "Sweeter Than You" are ballads with varying beats but with the same teenage appeal that's made Ricky songster to be reckoned with. . . . An speaking of precocious progeny, **Gar Crosby** has a fine new Verve waxing that should be the item to get his career into high gear. "The Happy Bachelor" and "This Little Girl Of Mine" show a adept handling of material that would do the Groaner proud. . . . Last time we talked about **Ernestine Anderson** it was with the elation of discovering a great new talent. Today, Ernestine's vocal prowess is an accepted fact. It still is quite a treat to hear something new from Ernestine. Her second Mercury album, picking up where "Hot Cargo," her first, left off, features sparkling performances of well-known material; a spectacular case in point—"Stardust". . . . A big, handsome package, the twin-LP Victor album "An Evening With Lerner and Loewe" contains the memorable songs from the shows "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," "My Fair Lady" and the movie, "Gigi." The songs are sung by **Jane Powell**, **Robert Merrill**, **Jan Peerce** and **Phil Harris**.

The chances are good that **Brook Benton** will emerge as one of the top singers to come out of the current crop. His new Mercury duo, "Thank You Pretty Baby" and "With All My Heart," are beautifully performed in a style that is distinctive enough to set Brook apart from a large number of his confreres. . . . The winners and still champions in the "Porgy and Bess" recording derby are **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Louis Armstrong** hands down. Their Verve 2-LP album is a masterpiece from the cover design right on through Louis' bell-like trumpet solos. Ella, as usual, is supreme, and Satchmo isn't very many steps behind in the vocal department. . . . We cast our big vote for "barbershop," at least the way the **Mills Brothers** do it. Their new Decca album, "Barbershop Harmony," is as smooth as a close shave and as soothing as a hot towel. . . . Round about 1943 **Duke Ellington** penned a folk opera "Jump For Joy," as his answer to what he considered the one-sided portrait of Negro life in Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." The show opened in California and never made it East. But many of its tunes live today as jazz classics. **Julian "Cannonball" Adderly** adds his tenor sax to a string ensemble to show us just how good the music is in a new Mercury album, "Cannonball" Adderly Play The Score From "Jump For Joy." **END**

Coming Attractions

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a young Army private with a dubious re. Or does she? Running alongside the Sophia-Hunter situation, Jack Ward and Barbara Nichols have similar problems but different answers. An unusual and charming love story which tops up the delightful fact that movies have matured considerably. (Paramount.)

It Started With A Kiss

METROCOLOR marital fiasco that chases itself all over the parched landscape of Spain. Having vowed to marry a millionaire, showgirl Debbie Reynolds suddenly finds herself minus a man but married to Air Force Sergeant Glenn Ford after one date. Soon, while "I-do's" are still echoing, and Ford off to his AAF base in Spain, there's an addition to the family: a \$40,000 automobile Ford had won, along with Debbie, in a raffle. Included in this domestic confusion is a collection of imitated types such as Marquesa Eva Gabor, and bullfighter Gustavo Rojo. Eventually, of course, but not without seeing first tormented Ford by one of these in-name-only marriages, Debbie comes to what's left of her senses. A bed-mad farce which races in high gear from boudoir to boudoir with the disheveled distraction of an overworked chambermaid. (MGM.)

The Blue Angel

RE-MAKE of a vintage film that had starred Marlene Dietrich, her legs, and her husky crooning of "Falling In Love Again." Almost as effective in the Dietrich role is May (pronounced My!) Britt, who certainly can wear fluffy pants, silk garters and sit astride a chair with the best of them. Into her tawdry life comes professor Curt Jurgens, a middle-aged and proper gentleman, whose knowledge of women is just about what you'd expect from a botany teacher. His situation with May leads to a marriage, and Jurgens understandably must resign his teaching position. Unable to work at the only thing he knows, Jurgens sinks to the depths of degradation and humiliation until he realizes he was never cut out to addle naughty pictures of his wife, nor to serve as a stooge in a cheap vaudeville show. Filmed in Bavaria in De Luxe color, this effectively deals with the result of two complete opposites colliding. (20th Century-Fox.)

Sapphire

COMPLETELY fascinating Eastman color murder mystery with an unusual slant, this stars Nigel Patrick and handsome Michael Craig as the police detectives. Working on slender clues, the

two nevertheless manage to establish the victim's identity and some interesting facts about her brief life. A young and very pretty music student, the victim very obviously was the sort of confused young person whose acquaintances would add up to a long list of suspects. Exceptionally well turned out British suspense film, that expertly handles some timely problems with somewhat shocking frankness. (Universal-International.)

A Private's Affair

IF IT is action, adventure, excitement you need—join the Army, or rather be drafted. Life never had quite the punch before, GI Barry Coe discovers. Caught in this same leaky tub of surprises, playboy Gary Crosby and musician Sal Mineo join Coe to endure their military miseries. But all isn't despair. Christine Carere, Terry Moore and Barbara Eden flit around the De Luxe colored screen doing much to boost the boys' morale. That all the young people involved should have pleasant singing voices is a cinematic indulgence that works out very well indeed. After hearing the lads belting out an impromptu bit, television MC Jim Backus wants them to appear on his show. Then, overnight, as it were, this prize package explodes. Coe finds himself married to the first woman Assistant Secretary of the Army, Jessie Royce Landis. Complications mount, and Coe's rating with Christine goes down. Unraveling this horrible mistake becomes one of those madcap romps that make you awfully glad you're only young once. (20th Century-Fox.)

They Came To Cordura

BECAUSE he hid in fear during his baptismal of fire, U.S. Army major Gary Cooper is obsessed with discovering what makes a man brave. After a battle of almost incredible odds against hundreds of Pancho Villa followers, Cooper thinks he has his answer in four men: Tab Hunter, Van Heflin, Richard Conte, and Dick York. Congressional Medal of Honor candidates, it's Cooper's job to escort them to the nearest railroad town. Included in this group is Rita Hayworth, suspected of sympathizing with Villa. The trip, which ordinarily would have been routine, becomes a nightmare of ordeals. Rita's voluptuousness proves too much for Heflin and Conte. When Cooper rescues her from them, he creates a pair of deadly enemies ready to kill him in his first unguarded moment. Under these gruelling circumstances, that he proves himself the strongest, most valiant, is largely due to Rita's direct way of solving one of Cooper's problems. Stripped of pretense, this stark Eastman color



A RAFFLE brings Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford together in "It Started With A Kiss."

thriller often becomes like a raw wound, made even angrier when the tension and harsh suspense. (Columbia.)

The Big Fisherman

BASED on Lloyd C. Douglas' novel about the life of Simon Peter, who became a disciple of Christ, and played by Howard Keel. A non-believer, Peter was a fisherman in Galilee at a time when people were being brutally persecuted by ruler Herbert Lom. Taking matters into her own hands, Arabian Princess Susan Kohner swears she will kill Lom, her father, for having betrayed her mother many years ago for the wanton Martha Hyer. Following Susan on her mission, Arabian Prince John Saxon rides toward destiny on a spirited steed, and thanks to Keel, manages to retrieve his princess before much harm can befall her. A deeply religious film, this runs a lengthy three hours, most of the time spent on pinpointing the greatest forces in the hearts of man—love and hate. For an assist toward prying into the nooks and hidden crevices of the human soul, there's Panavision, Stereophonic sound, and Technicolor. (Centurion Films.)

Tarzan, The Ape Man

THE natives are restless again, and there's a new—the 12th—Tarzan swinging through the jungle lianas—Dennis Miller. Helped by all his animal friends, Tarzan manages to keep the throbbing heart of Darkest Africa quieted. Really, it's quite a nasty chore since greedy Cesare Danova is set on discovering the secret, sacred final resting place of the elephants, or, to put it more succulently: The City of Ivory. Included in the searching party is Joanna Barnes, the Jane who brings togetherness to Tarzan's treetop digs. Enraged animals and natives persist in making life difficult, but Tarzan is ever present with a physical solution to all problems. (MGM.) **END**

Elvis Presley's Marriage Dilemma

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seeking out a mother image any more than a thirsty man turn from drink?

Elvis was nurtured by his mother's pride, and he lived for her approval. When he met a girl he really liked, invariably he would say, "I want you to come visit us in Memphis, and meet my ma." Any friend of Elvis's was a friend of his ma's. She gave his girl friends warm welcome, and they saw first-hand the strength of the bond with her son.

All his tensions fell away when he was around her. Their affinity was not merely to be sensed. He was unabashedly demonstrative about his affection.

"He was always kissing his mother," was deeply impressed Dotty Harmony's observation to me after spending a fortnight with the Presleys.

Elvis never lacked tenderness and consideration, never made fun of his mother's anxieties. Whenever he would leave the house she'd admonish him like a lad in knee pants, "Elvis, be real careful now."

He would kiss her and smile, "Don't worry, Ma. I will."

When he'd get home, he'd call out, "Hi, Ma! I'm back. Everything's all right." He always let her know where he was going and when he had returned. He never felt too old or too important to extend that courtesy. He grew up, but never away. He never cut her off.

He was notorious for eating poorly on the road, confining himself to wolfed peanut butter and banana sandwiches in hotel rooms. But when he was home, exposed to his mother's cooking, eating became a pleasure instead of an intrusion. He loved the food his ma set before him. He was wild about her cocoanut cake and corn bread.

His mother loved him without making demands. She wanted Elvis to do what he pleased—whether it was to stretch out in his relaxing chair and watch TV, to play the piano or organ and sing spirituals, to listen to his favorite records, anything the mood suggested. Elvis's enthusiasms were her enthusiasms, his pleasures, her pleasures.

THAT joy in finding happiness in his happiness is deeply etched in Elvis's image of his mother. The test of his capacity for marriage well may be his ability to be happy with a girl who has drives and needs of her own. Not too much time is likely to elapse before it will be clear whether his mother image will complicate or simplify Elvis's search for a bride.

For whatever reason Elvis ultimately marries, however, it is improbable that he would be long content with a woman substantially less indulgent than his mother. His mother's unfaltering trust left a lasting mark. He would balk at a wife who picked at him—even for his own good—a wife who tried to improve or change him, who didn't share his excite-

ment about singing, who might be more concerned about where he was going, what he did and with whom than simply whether he was all right.

Even when his mother was alive, Elvis found himself unwittingly trying to fit girls into her image. His mother was of a fundamentalist background, and her teaching had not been lost on him. Just as his mother did not smoke, drink or gamble, so to this day does Elvis abstain from these distractions.

He makes no overt effort to impose his values on others. Yet he doesn't disguise them when he dates a girl. He believes implicitly in the values handed down from his mother.

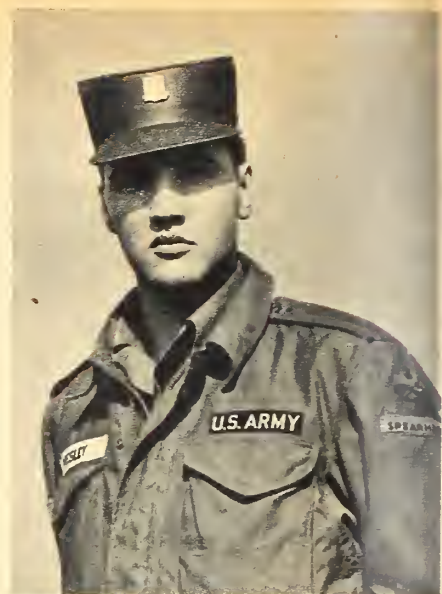
"When I first met Elvis," Dotty Harmony told me, "I would occasionally take a cocktail or a glass of wine. Elvis never preached at me. He just showed me what harm drinking could do by telling me of the many lives he'd seen ruined by drink. Not that I ever drank much. It wasn't hard to give up, but I haven't had anything to drink since I met Elvis, and I don't miss it."

"I really used to smoke up a storm," Dotty recalled. "Then when I was visiting with him in Memphis on New Year's Eve, I took out a cigarette, gave it a farewell look, and said, 'This is it. This is the last one. I'm making a New Year's resolution to give up smoking.' He was very pleased, and said, 'That's a good girl.'"

Thus it would seem that Elvis's search has been on for quite some time. The difference is that once out of the Army and with his mother gone the need is likely to become more urgent. Will his quest end with a girl he has not yet met, or will his mate be a girl he already knows? At various times he has been reported altar-bound with Barbara Hearn, Dotty Harmony, Yvonne Lime, Judy Spreckels, Ann Neyland, and most persistently, with Anita Wood. His romances with Dotty, Yvonne and Ann have long since expired. Judy Spreckels some time ago married another man.

Barbara Hearn, whom Elvis has known longer than any of the others, has bobbed in and out of his life. Time and again it has been this understanding pert hometown brunette to whom Elvis has returned after helling around beyond the hinterlands. Barbara and he are products of the same culture. They have no regional differences to bridge. Her wants have been demonstrably modest, and her pleasures just as demonstrably simple. Elvis always could relax and be himself with Barbara. From the beginning, her interest in his career seemed to border on the maternal.

Her pride in his accomplishments was deep and genuine. Elvis enjoyed listening to recordings which she compiled as her selections of his best efforts. She was equally happy riding on the back of his motorcycle, munching hamburgers with



ELVIS may not admit it, but when he gets out of the Army he'll be looking for a wife.

him, sipping Cokes or curling up in front of the record player at his house. Yet Barbara never has been in awe of him. Like his mother, she was under no illusions that he could do no wrong. She was more anxious that no wrong should come to him, and she had the spunk to speak up in that partisan cause. In many compelling respects, Barbara Hearn would seem cast in the image of Elvis's mother.

IF NOT Barbara Hearn, however, what about Anita Wood? Anita seemed closer to his mother than any other girl he knew. His mom was as fond of Anita as if she had been her own daughter—or was likely to be her daughter-in-law. Anita was home folks.

Anita's chances are by no means conclusive. Yet there are factors that weigh to her advantage. Anita hails from Jackson, Tenn. She, too, is a hometown girl. She and Elvis's mother share a common southern background. She talks the same language, the same dialect, likes the same food. She and his mom liked the same things about Elvis. Neither seemed to resent sharing him with the other.

Perhaps more to the point, Elvis gave signs of feeling much the same way toward Anita as he did toward his mom. Nothing pleased him more than to lavish largesse on his mother. He got the same charge out of overwhelming Anita with his impulsive generosity. The Christmas before he submitted his famous mane to an Army barber he gave Anita a pearl encrusted wrist watch in unique green and white Yuletide wrapping paper—a \$100 bill. Another time, when Anita mentioned that her vintage car was in for repairs again, he took her by the hand and said, "Come on. It's about time you had a good car." So he bought her a brand new Ford.

Yet the question of Elvis's marriage will not be resolved entirely by how he feels. The girl's feelings are somewhat

maine, too. No matter what he did, mother never doubted that he was a good boy. What she might not understand, she had no difficulty forgiving. Would she be too much to expect of a young girl—a girl subject to pardonable pangs of jealousy? His mother, for example, wouldn't see anything wrong in Elvis's friendship with pretty singer Kitty Dolen the same time Anita was carrying the torch for him. She would have been able to laugh off as harmless—in fact, healthy boyishness Elvis's announcement that his major military objective if he ever got to Paris would be the then still single Brigitte Bardot. It did not distress his mother that in his work Elvis was called upon to pass out kisses like other stars give autographs. His wife could not ignore the way women go for Elvis. She would have to believe that his widely publicized flirtations were harmless—that only with her could he really assuage his hunger for affection. Otherwise, the burden would be unbearable.

The probability is that the girl who gets Elvis—even if she is in show business—basically will be someone capable of the same affection and understanding he got from his mother. She would have to hold very loose reins. The girl who tried to possess him fully might hold him fast. It would be perilous suddenly to withdraw the enormous latitude to which Elvis has been accustomed. Yet the woman he marries also will have to have the spirit, not supinely countenance everything he does. It adds up to a rather large order indeed.

Moreover, Anita Wood has ambitions of her own. She wants to act and sing. His mother's only ambition was to work for Elvis's happiness, to make him comfortable, to let him be, to bask in his reflected glory.

Perhaps soon all will come out in the wash—the wash of a mother's tears and the wash of a sweetheart's tears, all somehow blended with the tears of a grieving son. When Pvt. Presley left for Ft. Hood, Texas, with no premonition of his mother's death, the scene was sanctified in tears. His mother wept as mothers have since time immemorial. At his mother's side, a younger face also was awash with tears—the face of blonde Anita Wood.

Soon afterward, Anita's tears—tears that only so recently had fused with his mother's—were fused with Elvis's as she stood by his side while they buried his mother. Then Pvt. Presley was shipped to Germany. For the first time in his life, his mother was not there to shed tears at his going. But he was not without a woman to cry for him. Anita Wood was there—and she was unable to hold back her tears. No more—the thought may have struck Elvis—than his mother would have been able to.

Despite the undeniable obstacles, Elvis's outlook for marriage is not as discouraging as it may seem. He needs—and obviously asks—a lot of any girl he may marry. But there is a saving balance. Out

of his mother's image there is the comforting reminder that although Elvis always received generously of his mother, he always gave just as generously of himself. There was nothing one-sided about their relationship. He was not a spoiled, vain, ungrateful son who returned kindness with callous indifference. He himself emerged as a warm, giving and caring person. His wife would soon discover that he has as much need to bestow affection as to receive it. A wife who loved him unquestioningly might be sorely tried, but there seems little chance that she would be short-changed.

Once, not long before her sudden death, Elvis defended his attachment to his mother by declaring, "She can't be replaced." There is no reason to suppose that he is not now wise and mature enough to realize that there is a place

in his heart for a wife, and that by taking that place his wife would not be replacing his mother.

As Elvis once saw so clearly, that would be impossible. Fortunately, his mother taught him tolerance as well as love. She taught him to respect people's differences and to cherish their individuality. In the end, there is cause to believe Elvis will be able to value his wife for her own sake—not for how closely she may approximate his mother. His behavior—as a man and as a soldier—has encouraged the hope that if he settles for a girl who is different from his mother, he will not be necessarily settling for less. He is apt to be comforted in that decision, as in others, by the recollection of what his mother said whenever he did anything sensible and mature:

"I'm real proud of you, son." **END**

"Never Be Lonely"

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"I was examining jewelry and rouge pots in the Egyptian room. What a thrill to read the card in the show case. The woman who'd worn the necklace I admired may have been the Pharaoh's daughter who fished Moses out of the Nile. Imagine that!"

In the art galleries, Doris became the friend of great artists.

"Even though they were dead in a physical sense," she says, "their personalities were alive in their works."

She became interested in antiques, too, and delved into the private lives of their designers . . . Hepplewhite, Sheraton . . . even Paul Revere.

"And the interest in antiques," she says, "has continued. I made a grand discovery during the Les Brown engagement. I found out that I never need be lonely. Within myself I had resources to explore, learn, and enjoy every minute of every single day.

"Now I often like to be alone. In solitude people grow emotionally and spiritually. I enjoy quiet hours spent in reading and meditating. Time spent alone can be very rewarding."

Oh, don't misunderstand. Doris is no recluse. She adores her family. She has a world of friends. She's with people socially and professionally much more than she's by herself. But she doesn't have to rely on people for companionship.

Some of her favorite companions, for example, are books. She is really an insatiable reader.

"Oh, a great many subjects interest me," she declares, "both fiction and non-fiction. And I like philosophical and inspirational books. Just all kinds."

Because Doris, personally, has licked loneliness, she isn't indifferent to the loneliness of others.

"I know there are hundreds and thou-

sands of lonely people in the world," she deplores, "and it's tragic . . . especially since many of them need not be alone. For those who can get out and get jobs, I recommend work.

"My work is a source of enormous pleasure. I love it. Of course, I know some people can't get jobs . . . there are none open, they are ill, or, maybe, they are confined at home with young children.

"But, even they need not be lonely. Hobbies are great spare time consumers, for instance. I like to knit personally. And I paint.

"Don't think that you have to have a big talent to try something creative. Take piano lessons just for fun. Make charcoal sketches or try to write a sonnet.

"You don't have to do it well to have fun trying.

"And, above everything else, read. If you'd like to spend an afternoon with Alexander the Great or fly across the Atlantic with Lindbergh, it's easy. Grab a book."

Although Doris knows the worth of being alone, books, hobbies, and study aren't the only prescription that she had for loneliness.

"Don't wait for people to come to you," she advises. "Go to them. My mother has joined several church groups that provide social contacts as well as inspiration and an outlet for energy. They have parties and get-togethers. Mother has made a number of new friends and she always has something to do."

There are potential friends all around you, Doris thinks. Every day is an invitation to learn and explore and grow.

"Be lonely? Never!" she declares. "The world is too full of wonderful things and wonderful people."

True, Doris, true. And not the least of the latter is yourself. **END**

After 11 Years...

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man could be so fantastically lucky twice in picking remarkable women to marry. After a tragic accident my first wife died, leaving me with two small children. Only a very special person could pick up the shattered and lost little family that was mine at that moment and weld it into the happy group it has become ever since Hjordis appeared on the scene. She knows me much better than I know myself. She also smiles tolerantly at all my foibles. And with all her wonderful qualities, she is also a visual delight."

Hjordis, a famous Swedish fashion model, was called "one of the most beautiful women in all Europe." She'd been married to a wealthy Swedish business man, Carl Gustav Tersmeden, from whom she'd been divorced in 1947. During a London vacation she was invited to a set at Pinewood Studios where "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was being filmed. She sat down in a canvas chair plainly labeled "David Niven" on the back.

"The film," David recalled, "was an absolute disaster and I was finishing it preparatory to returning to Hollywood. In my long blond curled wig and dashing red kilt, I stepped away from the camera and was very annoyed to see someone sitting in my chair. 'Throw her out!' I told the prop man, crossly. Instead, he told her politely that Mr. Niven wanted his chair. The young lady thought that rude and said so. 'Certainly I'll give him his chair,' she agreed, 'but who in the world is Mr. Niven?' I went over to tell her but my anger evaporated as I looked into her lovely eyes and it seemed only proper to invite her to lunch."

AND after that, dinner together seemed a good idea to both. Two days later, Niven asked Hjordis to marry him, and ten days later, they were on their way to a London registry office for the ceremony. As they entered the room, David, in an off-hand manner, whispered to Hjordis, "Remind me to pick up the children at their school as soon as we're finished."

The slim, tall, blue-eyed beauty came to an abrupt halt. "What children?" she blurted out. It seemed that David had forgotten to tell about the sons of his first marriage. He vowed he did; has said she was so bemused by love that she didn't listen. It became a huge joke between them. And though David, an incomparable raconteur, delights in telling stories which cast a somewhat doubtful light on his integrity, the truth probably is that it is just a story, since David was, and is, a devoted father.

At any rate, they gathered up the boys and returned to Hollywood—to live a rather Bohemian existence in the spacious, rambling English country house in the Pacific Palisades near the ocean, a house which Niven has owned for many

years. Lovely Hjordis stayed completely out of David's professional limelight; she enjoyed her role as mistress of the establishment, loved swimming in their salt-water pool, playing croquet with David and friends ("The Nivens always win because we know where the bumps are"), and watching the changing ocean from the living room windows. "I never want to live anywhere else," Hjordis told friends. "I love this house as much as David does."

Yet today the house is closed—the laughter has fled.

BUT when they first came, they took their place in the sophisticated life of the film colony, even as, in their extensive travels, they moved in the worldly international set of Noel Coward, Sir Winston Churchill, and the Rainiers of Monaco. When the Duke and Duchess of Windsor paid Hollywood a visit recently, the Nivens were chosen to sit at their table at an elegant dinner party.

David and Hjordis were known to have the same tastes, delighting in deep-sea fishing; were skin-diving addicts long before it became a popular sport. They also enjoyed excavating for valuable relics, vases and coins in Italy. Two years ago they flew around the world on a five-month vacation.

An indefatigable letter-writer, he also sent back periodic reports of his travels to all the local columnists, who adore him. "Niven," said one lady gossip-writer, "is absolutely loaded with that debonair charm, the kind that comes from being sure of one's self, and yet not giving a good gosh darn. He's the type of man who is a long distillation of heritage, habit, culture and wealth, overlaid with talent. Even in frayed linen and empty pockets, driving a borrowed car, he can make a millionaire feel inferior. The nice thing about the smoothness of this chatty chap with the winning wit is that he underplays it, stopping safely short of the handkissing line."

Can it be that men of charm like Niven's great friend, Cary Grant, are not a success as husbands—that pure charm wears thin in day-to-day living?

Cary's three wives possibly found that this charm, like a faucet, can be turned off at home, and thus account for three divorces. Hjordis Niven doesn't say, but not long ago she did hint that her husband is very set in his ways, even a bit stubborn. "David," she declared, "can be pig-headed, inflexible about things. This can be trying at times. He believes in long-range planning, even likes to plan years ahead. In 1950, he'll say, 'Now, in 1955 we'll do this or that.' The plans never work out, of course.

"Also, when he becomes angry, he keeps things to himself. When I lose my

temper, he goes into the cellar and stays there for three hours. He simply won't fight back, which, as any wife knows, is very frustrating when you're itching for a good slam-bang argument.

"I'm a late sleeper," continued Hjordis "and a grumpy waker-upper. And many mornings I'll find David at the foot of the bed, attired in top hat and cane and some other outlandish costume, doing an old London music hall number. It is so infuriating to have to laugh before breakfast. But you can't stay angry with the man. Even when you have the bedroom papered in a very smart but deep charcoal and he goes around muttering about sleeping 'in the black hole of Calcutta.'

"But I think it makes a wonderful background for paintings—those we've bought and David's and my originals. I've been trained as an artist in Sweden, and when David took up painting, he soon was doing excellent work, painting circles around me. It's rather irritating to my ego. But really, I've always found David just as charming at home as he is on the screen. I've never been bored a moment.

There are those who say Hjordis was bored at home, left too much to herself while David, when he wasn't working on a film, allotted half a day to keeping up his voluminous and witty correspondence the other hours to acting as vice-president of the hugely successful Four Star Playhouse TV series he owns with Dick Powell and Charles Boyer. Evenings were spent on "homework"—a full briefcase of scripts to read for his own television show. "Because of our TV venture," he grinned, "you might call me a tycoon or at least, one third of a tycoon."

THE beautiful Swedish ex-mannequin may have wondered: Did success spoil David Niven? Is it true that the Oscar he carried home so jauntily last April went to his head? While the polished raconteur and sophisticate ("I believe that I am a true sophisticate") continued to enchant his listeners, there was a hint that after Oscar time, David began to feel his oats somewhat, to take himself a bit too seriously. His temper became edgy, his wit a little sharp and he was inclined to sudden shows of annoyance with co-workers. All this may have been a reflection of growing unhappiness at home. At any rate, when he wanted something, according to an intimate, "he set about getting it with a little less tact and suavity than one would expect in a very proper British gentleman."

All this happened once before. Just after the war in which Niven served with distinction for six years, he returned to Hollywood feeling pretty cocky about himself and his capabilities, including acting. As David himself put it, "Unfortunately I began to believe every word of my publicity. I had won the war single-handed. I was the finest actor extant. I'd been carrying on a long, rankling feud with Samuel Goldwyn, to whom I'd



JUST about as happy as anyone could be, David's all smiles as he clutches his Oscar.

been a bondsman for many years. I got full of myself that I marched into Sam's office and told him he would have to do better by me or I wanted my release. Then and there Goldwyn decided he could do beautifully without me. I had been getting two thousand a week and I blew it away, just like that! I didn't work again for a solid 18 months. And I learned my lesson."

It was noticed by co-workers that David took his role of the dishonored British major in "Separate Tables" very, very seriously. He apologized to his co-star, Deborah Kerr, telling her, "This major fellow touched me and I wanted to do him justice. I couldn't think of anything else. So I sort of locked myself away from the rest of the cast. I hope they didn't find me dull."

No one could ever call David Niven dull, but it was noticed that he took the whole Oscar race Very Big. Hjordis is known for her live-and-let-live attitude toward life while David is a continual worrier. "Waiting out the awards was a terrible strain for six weeks," David confessed. "I didn't even want to talk about it or have it mentioned around the house by my wife or sons. The whole strain really got me and I'm afraid I showed it at home."

A careful man with a penny, Niven, clearly a red hot contender for Oscar honors from the very beginning, actually paid for several thousand dollars of personal ads for himself. It's been rumored that Niven has a predilection for squeezing the buffalo on an American nickel. And there is the feeling that the man who confesses he's a "wire coat hanger saver" may have been a bit too careful in financial matters for a wife who'd been the darling of a wealthy first husband, noted as one of the best-dressed women in the film colony.

According to that lady, "the one day in the month that David is not his charming

self is the first day. The bills come in. David goes around all day with a long face. Believe me, there is no roguish humor that day. But he is divine to go shopping with. "Take it, take it," he says, mopping his brow and anxious to leave. And inevitably comes the first of the month. Sometimes I go to the cellar!"

Hjordis also admitted that David is "house proud. He simply adores his antiques, the exquisite Regency pieces he brought with him from England, a wonderful Chippendale table, fine old mahogany and satinwood. I had two poodles that I adored but they climbed all over the furniture and I'm sorry to say, they slowly ruined it. David, poor dear, stood it as long as he could. Then one day he announced: 'The dogs have to go!' And they went."

Like many British fathers, David is a stern disciplinarian to his two sons, David, Jr., now 16, and Jamie, 13. On the set one day Niven was telling pals how he had to punish David, Jr., for some infraction at school. "I told the boy," Niven said, "'Chum, I have to punish you but it will hurt me more than it does you. Since I don't relish the role of the cruel father, I am going to let you choose your own birch switch!'"

When David and Hjordis were married, the boys were mere youngsters of six and three. But now that they are in their teens it may be that the Nivens are at odds on how they should be reared.

ONLY the two partners in this marriage really know what has led them to a parting of the way after 11 years. A close friend scoffs at rumors of a triangle. "I don't believe for one minute that any outsiders are involved," she said. "I've seen this rift widening between the Nivens for some time and I think they were powerless against it. Hjordis hasn't been well lately and she's been leading too solitary a life, whether by choice or not. David, a gregarious soul, has been so busy with all his projects that he hasn't been able to devote himself to her as he did some years ago.

"I think these two genuinely nice people have just fallen out of love—have found the growing incompatibility of temperament has made them miserable together. And rather than go on, living a lie as a happily married couple, they've agreed to handle it honestly and separate. In time, I believe, they'll agree on a quiet divorce. It's sad, but that's how life is sometimes."

James David Graham Niven has had his share of sadness, beginning with an unhappy childhood. He was born 49 years ago in Kurriemuir, Scotland, the son of a wealthy military man, William Graham Niven, and Henrietta de Gacher. When David was six, his father was killed in World War I and his beautiful French mother married Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt. Recalls David, "My stepfather disliked me intensely and I him; shipped me off to a boarding school. I felt completely

alone in the world, a miserable and insecure lad brought up in the Spartan 'stout fellow' tradition in which tears are frowned on. In school, I got into a spot of trouble and my stepfather, who had hardly ever spoken to me, had me sent to a kind of reform school for a few weeks. I haven't spoken to him in the last 25 years."

Later the boy was transferred to fashionable Stowe School where he contracted a rare disease of the jugular vein. He wears a silver tube in his throat and was operated on seven times. Later he was enrolled at Sandhurst, Great Britain's West Point. Bored with Army life, the handsome six-foot, blue-eyed and red-haired penniless army officer resigned, went to work in the lumber camps of Toronto, when a friend offered him a free ticket. Soon the officer-gentleman-lumberjack hit New York and promptly moved into the Waldorf-Astoria, though he was completely without funds ("always travel first-class, old boy; I insisted on it even in my leanest days"). Niven had met heiress Barbara Hutton briefly in London, phoned her in New York, and became a guest at her Palm Beach estate.

"For years," says Quentin Reynolds, "David was a bum trading on his smile and his charm for ham and eggs." He hobnobbed with society, hugely eligible as a result of his charm, his correct British accent and his aloof bearing. After a short period as a soldier of fortune in Cuba, Niven finally reached Hollywood where he became a professional house guest of such notables as the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The town's important hostesses vied for him as a dinner guest while he was literally living by his wits. Lack of funds forced him to develop an ingenuity and degree of charm which might, in more fortunate circumstances, have remained dormant.

Niven's rise as a film actor was unspectacular but slowly he became a fine actor until his career was interrupted by the war. In London, he married his first wife, Primula Rollo, daughter of the Honorable William and Lady Kathleen Rollo. She'd been in Hollywood only six weeks when she stepped through a door in the dark at the late Ty Power's home and fell to her death. At the time, Niven said simply, "When I lost Primmie, I lost a part of my life. It was like going crazy very slowly." Friends reported that he very nearly attempted suicide on at least two occasions.

The patchwork of David Niven's life has been filled with tragic happenings. And the separation from Hjordis is the last one. It is hoped that his personal philosophy will sustain him. "I am convinced," he said not long ago, "that heaven and hell are right where we are on earth. Life is a Grand National Steeplechase. We are given certain hurdles to get over and certain opportunities. If you don't spot the breaks, you miss them. It doesn't matter who wins. It's getting around the course that counts." **END**

Untying The Apron Strings

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Going out merely because of boredom wouldn't occur to her; her life is too full of things. I, myself, have loads of friends, but that girl of mine would rather have one true friend than 20 casual ones."

So far, Sandra hasn't fallen in love but, like any teenager, she's had innumerable crushes on older men—Raymond Burr, Rock Hudson, Stewart Granger, Rex Harrison and Paul Newman.

"Older men, well, they're simply fascinating," sighs Sandra, happily. "Sometimes I'm in love with three at a time. I saw 'Cat On A Hot Tin Roof' five times because of Paul. Oooh, those aquamarine eyes of his . . . they look right through you! Whenever he came near me on 'Until They Sail' I'd blush. And when I blush even my ears turn red. "I just hated Joanne Woodward for a month after they got married. Then one day I said to myself, 'Oh, pooh, let her have him,' and I transferred my affections to Rex Harrison, saw him four times in 'My Fair Lady.'"

Curious as to the meaning of these sudden crushes, Sandy consulted her mother. That experienced lady told her that kind of admiration was harmless—really meant that Sandy wasn't yet ready to fall in love and was only playing at it with improbable and impossible suitors. So now Sandy's rule is: *If at first you fall in love—don't!*

THE chestnut-eyed young charmer adores getting all gussied up in one of her dozen formal gowns, very high-heeled pumps and champagne mink stole; her corn-silk silvery hair in a sophisticated up-sweep, dangling gold and pearl bracelets and fine gold earrings. "I love big, splashy premieres as much as any tourist," grins Sandy. "I get so excited seeing what everybody is wearing and who's there that I must go back later to really see the picture!"

A big problem for perfectionist Sandy was what to wear to the elegant graduation party producer Ross Hunter gave for her at his home. And then she was off to New York *alone*—a graduation gift from her mother. "I've always gone with Sandra everywhere before," says her suddenly serious young mother, "and now the time is coming when Sandy must learn to be on her own. Of course, she'll visit our relatives and have a girl friend staying with her at the hotel part of the time, but still I'm worried, like any mother, as to how Sandy will react to independence. And I realize that maybe with our too close association I've pampered and spoiled her some. It won't be long before she's 21 and will really be on her own. And I'll have to make a life for myself, too. It's a painful process—this untying of the apron strings. She's never had the kind of childhood most girls have; she's missed out on lots of things because of

her modeling and now her picture work. But, looking at it another way, she's gained so many things, sometimes I feel she should just count her blessings."

Although this highly-capable youngster has made all her own career decisions, she has never known what it means to be on her own. Up until now, this was one of the things her mother never had occasion to teach her. For Eugene Douvan, Sandra's step-father, was a wealthy, commanding, somewhat autocratic, but loving father and husband—one who took complete charge of their lives. The three were inseparable, always among the elegantly dressed first-nighters at Broadway openings, the Met and ballet. They dined at the de luxe restaurants. And Sandra was always with them. She and her mother worshipped Eugene Douvan, and his untimely death, three years ago, left them utterly desolate.

Circumstances matured Sandy in many ways, yet she is still a strange contradiction of child and woman. Her unusual childhood has made her more poised, more socially assured than other motion picture actresses of her age; she has no worries about how to talk to an adult or what fork to use. So she wasn't particularly worried about registering at a swank New York hotel on her trip or meeting the press and photographers there. "But how I'll ever get myself up in the morning I don't know," she exclaimed, eyes wide, as she removed the dark glasses (worn against the smog.)

"I loathe getting up in the morning as much as I hate going to bed," continued Sandy. "I'm a walking Zombie in the morning and if Butch didn't lay out the clothes I'm to wear, I'd never get to the studio on time. The packing and unpacking, too, will be murder. I hate to say it, but I'm a most untidy person. Butch tries to teach me, but like a measles inoculation, it never takes. When I finish with anything I just leave it. Towels get draped over lamps when I rush to answer the phone. My favorite bracelet is likely to be on the refrigerator where I left it when I was fixing dinner. I'm always in such a hurry and so anxious to get on to the next project that everything gets into one grand mess!"

MRS. DOUVAN, too, has a few well-chosen words to say on *that* subject. "It's the one thing we mostly quarrel about," the vivacious Butch admitted. "If I complain—and I *do*, Sandy says. "Well, I'm not perfect; I'm just a growing girl. You wouldn't want to live with an absolute *genius*, would you? I don't mind picking up after Sandy, but sometimes I decide I'll just teach her. So when she asks for a particular sweater or scarf, I tell her to look for it herself. But when I see her rooting through the neatly-arranged dres-



DESPITE her success in pictures, Sandra hasn't as yet acquired a sophisticated air.

ser drawers, I can't stand it and get what she wants myself.

"One night Sandy went to a party in a beautiful new gown with a zipper in the back. I'd gone out to visit friends and when Sandy returned, she phoned me in a tizzy, saying she couldn't unzip the zipper, and she was going to sleep in the dress because she was dead tired and had to be up early in the morning. I told her I'd be home as soon as I could; that she *must* not go to sleep in that lovely dress. When I arrived, there was Sandra sound asleep in bed with the dress on!

"Even as a little girl she was terribly particular about what dress or what hair ribbon she wanted to wear. Everything had to be just so. And then, when she was through with it, there it would be on the floor."

By most standards, Sandra would be called extravagant in the matter of clothes. As far removed from the Beatnik type as possible, she believes that an actress should always be well-dressed in public. Joan Crawford and Lana Turner are her models. The fragile little star (all of 98 pounds and looking as if a good-sized breeze could blow her away) has more sweaters and skirts than she can count, dozens of dressy outfits and enough shoes to stock a shop. But in the matter of extravagance, she cannot be rated on the basis of the ordinary teenager because Sandra earns so much more than they do. She admits that she likes high-style clothing, far too sophisticated for her age. And if permitted, she would wear 'em, too.

It was only last summer that Mrs. Douvan allowed Sandy to buy her own clothes. "I was amazed at her excellent taste, at the chic and becoming things she picked out," Mrs. Douvan commented. "Now, she can shop for me better than I can. She'll come home, all smiles, saying

he's bought me a present. I'm pleased, naturally, but that little schemer has also bought herself a couple of dresses—uses my present as an excuse for her extravagance. She never questions herself or her decisions. Even when shopping, if she buys too tight shoes or something in an unbecoming color, she'll say, 'No, I'm not sorry. At least, now I know what *not* to buy in the future.'"

There were two things Sandra wanted above all—a T-bird on her 16th birthday, and a house with a swimming pool. Now she has both. The house, an elegant hill-top one, Sandra adores. The four-seater Thunderbird she'd like to trade in for a shiny foreign sports car. "But I'll never let it," moans Sandra, "not even if I turn blue." Sandra, though, can be tremendously persuasive, and chances are good that she'll get what she wants soon.

She has, too, a mind of her own. And howed it, even as early as four years old. Mrs. Douvan remembers the time the determined little tot wouldn't eat her cereal. Arguments and promises of gifts failed; nothing would change her mind. Mrs. Douvan knows better now, but then she says, "I could stuff all the cereal I wanted into her mouth, and she'd just keep it there until her cheeks puffed out and she turned blue in the face." Through the years Sandy's capricious appetite has been a battleground between mother and daughter. At present, they've declared an uneasy truce.

But for Sandra's abilities, confidence, stamina and self-discipline, Mrs. Douvan has only admiration. She's never understood how her daughter could study with

both the radio and TV on. "It's easy," Sandy grins, "if you have the sound on the TV set turned off and if you have enough gum to chew!" It was easy, too, for Sandy to learn to drive without driving lessons. She'd watched friends drive, practiced with a girl friend for a half-hour up and down hilly Beverly Glen, then passed her driving test with flying colors. "It took me months to learn," says Mrs. Douvan, "and then I flunked the test three times. What are you going to do with a girl like that? It's enough to give anyone an inferiority complex."

Sandra Dee hasn't done that with a most eligible and handsome young actor—Edd Byrnes. Of her, Edd says enthusiastically: "Sandra has one of the freshest, dewiest faces to turn up in Hollywood in a long time. She's been in a number of big pictures, and you might expect that she'd be acquiring some measure of sophistication by now. But not Sandra—she's still as breathlessly thrilled by everything that's happening to her as Alice was, dropping into Wonderland. I was on a television show with her not long ago, and was enchanted by her wide-eyed awe at it all. Done sincerely by the right type (which Sandra Dee most certainly is), this can make a fellow feel ten feet tall."

Mary Douvan is a devoted mother. She's teaching her daughter everything she can so that by the time Sandra is ready to vote, the little beauty will have bridged the gap between adolescence and maturity. And such open admiration as expressed by Edd Byrnes should convince her of the fine job she's doing. **END**

going with Maxie?" and Cindy could only say, "He's just a friend."

Cindy mourns, "Joey didn't even get a chance to ask for my phone number. But I knew Joey lived at the Waldorf-Astoria. Shrinking violet, me. I phoned him the next morning to ask him if he would take me out to lunch."

Two years later, they were married. Their honeymoon took them to London, Paris, Rome, Israel. They had a private audience with the Pope and when they reached Jerusalem, Joey, who had sold three million dollars worth of bonds for Israel, was a guest of honor of the government. Proudly, Cindy recalls, "He even made David Ben-Gurion laugh."

Another major tour took them around the world, at their own expense, to entertain the Armed Forces.

It was rugged. Often they went by helicopter and jeep to remote installations where large entertainment units never penetrated. On their return, Joey set himself the task of telephoning some 1,500 families. Often the message from a GI who had been downy-faced when he left home was, "Tell my mother I've become a man."

He was ready to tear up his address book, however, when a New Jersey woman replied, "That's interesting. I'm the mother of a WAC."

Between trips, Cindy settled into Joey's Fifth Avenue apartment, overlooking Central Park. He had been proud of its decor. Cindy sniffed, "It's done in early scrapbook," and proceeded to convert it into her own favorite color scheme of black, white and red.

From a mirror-lined, red-and-white tiled foyer, one enters a living room where the rug is deep red, the sofa black and the chairs are upholstered in black and white checks. The big desk where both Joey and Cindy write is at the picture window. One wall is solid with bright-jacketed books on white shelves. Oil portraits, several of Joey and Cindy, are interspersed with landscapes above the sofa.

It is a charming and gracious apartment and one which also reveals the serious side of the lives of these always-laughing comics. The walls of the dining room and the foyer are covered with some 100 plaques and scrolls conveying the appreciation of nearly every major charitable organization in the country to comedian Joey Adams for his generosity in benefits. His major citation this season came from The March Of Dimes which named him Man Of The Year.

Cindy may say facetiously, "Joey has done benefits to fight diseases that haven't even been discovered yet," and "If Joey doesn't stop doing benefits for everyone else, some one will have to do a benefit for the Adamses," but inwardly she is proud of her big-hearted husband. She says sincerely, "Joey is grateful for all the good things God has given to him. I don't think he would be able to live with himself if he didn't try to pass some of this goodness along to others." **END**

Joey And His Cindy

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standing on a Brooklyn street corner, waving my arms, shouting, and imitating a politician giving a speech. The little man at the edge of the crowd who laughed the hardest turned out to be none other than Fiorello LaGuardia."

The friendship which began that day remained strong through Joey's days in public school and at the College Of The City Of New York, through his performing apprenticeship at amateur shows and on the Borscht circuit. The mayor was on hand when his protege made his Broadway bow at Loew's State. He also brought his friends. When the theatre manager saw the police commissioner, the fire commissioner and assorted other brass gather in the lobby, he rushed up, frantic. "What's wrong, Mr. Mayor?" he demanded. "Whatever it is, give us another chance. What can we do?"

The Mayor's eyes twinkled. "Just give Joey Adams a raise and hold him over for another week."

Cindy Heller's classic beauty made her a cover girl while she was still in her

teens. She played bit parts in a few movies and 57 times she was chosen Miss Something Or Another. Cindy chafed at posing serene and silent. "I like to make people laugh. Under all the layers of glamour, I really was at heart, a baggy-pants comedian."

Audiences, however, did not expect a young, pretty girl to be funny. Wistfully, she recalls, "I'm probably the only gal who got cancelled out of a show at a Philadelphia tryout. The director pointed a finger at me and said, 'You're not going on.'"

Her friend, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, consoled her by taking her to the Copacabana. A radio show then originated there. He said, "I know the commentator. He'll interview you and you can try your gags on the air."

Cindy's ardor to tell jokes diminished when Joey Adams, complete with entourage—press agent, manager, writers and a couple of cousins—walked in. Maxie introduced them. He also stuck close. Joey could only whisper, "Are you

Hollywood Love Life

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BOB BUSY—In the past when Bob Evans has come out from New York for movie roles he's been the glamour girls delight: he's the party, night club and dating type. When he arrived for "The Best Of Everything," he and his brother, Charles, leased a big home in Beverly Hills and the gals expected lots of parties. But Bob fooled 'em this time. He has a tough role in "Best"—he's a real heel in this—and he's determined to prove he's an actor. So he's sticking to business and studying. No parties! He's had some quiet dinner dates with Stella Stevens.

BABY TALK—Nick Adams and bride Carol Nugent have a date with the stork in February. Meantime, Nick has Carol in three of his "Rebel" TV segments. . . . Richard and Pat Egan expect a little Egan in January but Pat has been warned she must get lots of rest. Rich, who is in "Pollyanna," has had much worry lately; his mother and brother both had serious surgery. . . . Dick "Real McCoys" Crenna and wife Penni welcomed son Richard Anthony. . . . Jerry Lewis's Patti hopes her November-due baby will be a girl. They have four boys. . . . Ty Hardin and Andra Martin think they may welcome twins in November.

ROMANTICAL—Peter Palmer, who created the role of "Li'l Abner" on Broadway, is here to repeat the role for the film. He's a real "romantic" type. He married his schooldays sweetheart, Jackie Gleason, no relation to the other J.G. She was Miss University of Illinois and he played football there. They've been married four years and have four of the cutest children you'd ever hope to see. And Jackie says she'd like to have nine! For his September birthday she's giving him a wedding ring!

NOT YET—Friends thought Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow might marry as soon as her divorce was final, but they didn't. Instead they announced their engagement. Jill says she wants a long engagement this time; her first was short and she felt that was a mistake. Jill has a new apartment which she'll share with Nina Shipman. The two gals are very *sympatico* because Nina also had an early, unsuccessful marriage. She's now dating screen writer Peter Gilman.

UNHITCHED—Deborah Kerr has her interlocutory decree of divorce from Tony Bartley. After she finishes "Beloved Infidel," she'll go to England to see her two daughters, then on to Australia for "The Sundowners." . . . Brett Halsey will have his final divorce papers about the time you read this and then will marry Luciana Paluzzi, the Italian doll who has the lead opposite David—formerly Al—Hedison in the TV series, "Five Fingers."

INTERNATIONAL—It's been a prolonged and three-continent honeymoon for Curt Jurgens and his bride, the former Simone Bicheron, a French model. They were married just before he came to Hollywood for "Blue Angel." At film's end, they went to North Africa where she spent her childhood, then on to Vienna where Curt grew up.

FRIGHTENING—Boy friend Dick Sargent insisted that June Blair have her phone number changed to a new, unlisted one after she had repeated mysterious calls in the middle of the night. June's apartment was also burglarized but the only things stolen were record albums on which her picture appeared. Real weird.

B. F. BOSS—Kim Novak won't discuss possible marriage plans with producer-director Richard Quine. But it's on the record that she'll star in his first independent production, "Strangers When We Meet," with Kirk Douglas and Ernie Kovacs also in the film.

BRACED—You teenagers who hate braces on your teeth should be happy to know that even young Hollywood stars need 'em. Cute little Roberta Shore of "Shaggy Dog" and "Blue Denim" came to the premiere of "Say One For Me" with teeth in braces. As she flashed her ingratiating smile at photogs, she giggled, "How do you like my tin grin?" Boy friend David Stollery didn't mind.

CHANGED—Richard Beymer used to say one of the things he liked about girl friend Frances McHale was her complete disinterest in acting. But now she's become an actress and is in "Li'l Abner." But he's still dating her. Dick hasn't had a picture assignment since "Diary Of Anne Frank," so took a philosophy course at UCLA last Summer, said it was "help-

ful" while waiting to go to work. He's on salary but would prefer to be busy.

LONG DISTANCE—Floyd Simmons and Linda Christian continue romancing by phone, while he's in Hollywood and she's in Europe. Floyd got himself a new agent who set him for one of the two leads in the revamped TV series, "The Lineup." Agent also got Floyd some publicity as a "youngster" and a "newcomer." How's that again? Floyd's in his 30's, has been under contract at MGM, U-I and 20th!

OPTIMISTIC—Gordon "Tarzan" Scott is telling chums he hopes for a reconciliation with wife Vera Miles. After their split she went to Europe for three months for "Jovanka" and Gordon trusts their time apart may prove helpful for "thinking things out."

SURPRISE—Tony Curtis told Janet Leigh he wanted to give her a birthday party but didn't see how he could manage a surprise. So Janet did all the planning but rebelled at ordering herself a birthday cake. She was confident there would be no element of surprise for her but she figured without sentimental Tony. At sundown he had a chartered plane fly over the house and the assembled guests; streaming out behind the plane was a huge banner reading "Happy Birthday, Janet." The Curtises are working together again in "Who Was That Lady?"

WINTER WEDDING—James Darren and Evy Norlund now admit they'll wed when his divorce is final in December. Jimmy is co-starring with Sal Mineo in "The Gene Krupa Story," will sing a number in it and do his own trumpeting.

BUSY BACHELORS—Sal Mineo has been lunch-dating co-star Susan Kohner but has been so busy entertaining his mother and sister, who vacationed with him, that he's had few other dates.

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PREMIERE is attended by Kay and Clark Gable, still King of Hearts to many fans.



SOMETHING distracts Carolyn Jones while dancing with her husband Aaron Spelling.

Screenland Variety Values

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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 62

ALL OVER—Peter "Lawman" Brown and Diane Jergens tried a reconciliation which lasted three months but now they have separated again. . . . Bob "Wagon Train" Horton and Cindy Robbins still have dates but the "big romance" seems to be a thing of the past. . . . It was a real shocker when David Niven and wife Hjordis separated after 11 years of marriage. Theirs was supposedly an "ideal" marriage; friends hope they'll reconcile.

DATING AGAIN—John Smith and Luanna Patton called off their steady dating a few months back when marriage rumors got out of hand. "It seemed our friends were trying to push us up to the altar," says John. For a while they didn't date each other at all; now they have resumed and "like each other the most" but are careful to have other dates, too. Hoagy Carmichael is writing special songs for John to sing in his NBC "Laramie" TV series and John is also taking guitar lessons. Another singing cowboy?

HELPFUL—Tom Tryon has been dating Betty Lynn, a cute little redhead. So then he got her the femme lead in his "Texas John Slaughter" series. Ironically, the script calls for her to hate him for the first several episodes!

DATA ON DATES—Discount the seriousness of those dates Keith Larson and Taina Elg are having; they have no marriage plans, as of now. Keith is also dating Inger Stevens and Claire Kelly. . . . Earl Holliman, a very sick boy during the summer, recovered in time to give a welcome-home party for Dolores Hart who spent a year on Broadway in "The Pleasure Of His Company." . . . Henry

Fonda's 18-year-old daughter Jane made her movie debut in "Tall Story" with Tony Perkins and they've also been sharing some dates.

SERIOUS—Victoria Shaw has been very worried girl. That accident husband Roger Smith had was much more serious than the neck whiplash it was first thought to be. He kept having violent headaches was in and out of the hospital. Finally and just in time, it was diagnosed as blood clot on the brain. The serious surgery was successful but Roger was told he'd have to rest eight weeks. "77 Sun Strip" is shooting around him.

CONSOLATION—It was more than hotfoot when Will "Sugarfoot" Hutch shot himself in the leg! Fortunately, it was a blank cartridge but he had a nasty powder burn. Dorothy Bailey, a press secretary at his studio and his favorite date, consoled him. Wait until you Will in kilts for a "Sugarfoot" segment called "MacBrewster the Bold."

SHORT SHOTS—Steve Parker gifted wife Shirley MacLaine with diamond earrings to celebrate the success of the Japanese show he brought to Las Vegas. Shirley loved the baubles so much she even wore them with a bathing suit while rehearsing dances for "Can-Can" . . . Barbara Rush was hospitalized by a stomach ache about a month after her marriage to Warren Cowan. Her bridegroom sent her a single rose every hour! . . . Doro "Alaskans" Provine and Jim "Nashville" Francis have Discovered Each Other. . . . And Diane Baker will be kissed by Pat Boone in "Journey To The Center Of The Earth."

He's No Pushover

continued from page 50

(Will's name for them) arranged golf games, horseback rides and dinner parties. "Good ol' Hutch" (their name for Will) was known to be a good-hearted, generous guy and the first few times he didn't mind picking up the check. Then it became an automatic thing, as the guest list expanded and the tab grew in proportion. It came as a great shock the next time his "buddies" called Will and found his number changed and unlisted. "Wonder where they were before I got into pictures," Will wryly observes. "It was pretty obvious why they suddenly decided they couldn't live without me! Something had to be done, so I thought the nicest way of telling them off was to change my number. Maybe I look like an easy touch, but I can spot the

phonies. I know who my real friends are and those others who always try to exploit an actor in some way, force him into proving he isn't an easy mark. And incidentally, they're also the first ones to say he has changed and that his hat no longer fits!"

In Hollywood, it's an established custom for actors to buy local trade papers that tells the industry how "green" they were in their last picture. Although he knows he's courting disfavor, not conforming Will Hutchins remains a mule when commissioned ad salesman approach him and make the big pitch. "I know there are times when we have to make compromises," Will qualifies his stand, "but I still refuse to subscribe to something I don't believe



"I like to be nonconforming," says Will. It's a deep-rooted part of my make-up."

Remember something that director Ar- r Ripley taught me when I took a rse in motion picture direction at LA. It only strengthened my belief en he advised us, in effect: 'Never tell audience anything—let them discover themselves.'

'Others may disagree, but I think this o applies to an actor's position in llywood. Studio executives run most the pictures in their private projection oms and they quickly discover if you ve anything on the ball. If they don't nt you, believe me, a paid ad extolling ar so-called acting virtues, isn't going to you a job. I want studio heads to nt me because they need me and I'll ver stop trying to make 'Sugarfoot' more resting, as long as I'm in the series.'

Supporting his words with action, one y recently Will sat down and wrote a instaking eight-page letter to the front ice. Because of his quiet, unassuming anner around the studio, his suggestions me as a big surprise to the top brass.

"I read every fan letter and consider ch criticism carefully," Will avows. "I so talk to people wherever I go and y to collect a cross-section of opinions. enerally speaking, they think we should ring back more humor and action into ch 'Sugarfoot' segment. They say that o much stuff is being shot indoors and k why I so rarely ride my horse. They so tell me that they're tired of seeing e wear ill-fitting shirts and that same inged bolero jacket. People do make anges in real life, they point out. So hy shouldn't I do it on the screen?"

"Some of my critics believe, and I agree, that our writers can apply more ogic and not let the series turn into a ap opera with western outfits. I listed ll these things in my letter, but I wasn't resh or out of order. As an actor, maybe

I was sticking my neck out, but I meant no harm and I'm still glad I wrote the letter. I'm sure it will be read with understanding and given just consideration. I sure hope so, because next season I hope I won't have to pull a Clint Walker (meaning a long suspension with no salary) in order to reach an agreement."

Speaking of next season, Will's started to darken his hair gradually and it will be back to its natural color by then. If the studio isn't aware of his intentions, this little surprise is in store for them.

"It looks so much better when it's natural," says Will, "and when you stop and think about it, blond actors are limited and very few get ahead and stay there. Aside from this, two years of bleaching has made my hair as coarse as rope. There's no way of keeping it combed in place and I get awfully tired of being kidded about it."

Unlike most newcomers who re-evaluate their services following a few good notices, Will isn't unhappy over his modest salary. The knowledge that "Sugarfoot" was listed in the top ten on a recent Nielsen Report is compensating proof that being nonconforming pays off. He's so convinced, in fact, Will dreams of owning his own company some day and his head is bursting with plans.

"When a certain product makes money," he point out, "Hollywood says you can't argue with success—so why take chances? If an actor is to expand, I think he should take chances. But his boss may not agree! With his own company, an actor can incorporate everyone's ideas, and it's not only more creative working as a group, the results have to be better than with one man running the show. This may sound presumptuous coming from someone my age, but I believe it with all my heart and when the time comes, I'll be ready to fight for what I believe."

Now that his second TV season has been filmed, Will has time and he'd like to make a full-length movie before he starts "Sugarfoot-ing" again. He's been reading endless scripts and recently a producer sent for him.

"I was advised to dress in character for this particular role," Will laughs, "this, because producers are prone to think of an actor in terms of parts he's done before. I've heard about actors giving an 'office' performance and even changing their speech when they go for an interview. This isn't for me and I had to be myself when I discussed the part and it was up to the producer to visualize my performance, or let me make a test for it."

Generally speaking, "Sugarfoot" enjoys great popularity throughout the country. But the recent "Canary Kid" segment received such response, the studio immediately followed it up with a sequel. In summing up his rave notice, one astute critic wrote: "Will Hutchins underwhelms his opponents." The whole truth is—this is the secret power that makes Will Hutchins tick! **END**

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"A Man Can't Win"

continued from page 33

hours to cover the distance traveled by the milk train in three.

Naturally, Miss New London telephoned Sunday afternoon, furious. "I don't understand you," she said. "Why were you so cold and indifferent? Where did you GO?"

And so I came to Hollywood where the lessons to be learned about women are queen-sized. For instance, outside of Hollywood, it is assumed that glamour is the first interest of an actress.

Recently I finished a picture called "It Happened To Jane," with Doris Day, Ernie Kovacs and Steve Forrest. In that one, Doris spends most of her time in levis, a plaid shirt, a tousled topknot, and a faceful of freckles. Great girl, Dodo. Her idea of a happy moment was lying in the sun between takes in order to collect another freckle. Very confusing Hollywood type: doesn't smoke, drink, or nightclub; just works, runs her home, and loves her husband and son as if she lived in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

Another recent effort of mine was a picture entitled "Some Like It Hot," starring Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Joe E. Brown. In a script as involved as female logic, Tony and I wound up wearing girls' togs in the midst of a girls' orchestra.

Do you know what everyone who has

seen the picture has asked me, "How did it feel to be a girl?"

I can tell them. Cold.

When Marilyn overheard my answer she gave me one of her ripe grape smiles and cooed, "But no real girl is ever cold."

What I learned about Marilyn from Marilyn is that the cliché about beauty and brains never being bundled together blew up on the launching pad.

Finally, I'd like to point out that there is nothing to equal the ability of a clever woman to reduce the balloon of a man's importance to a mere squeak of hot air. One night not long ago, I was having dinner with Felicia Farr and several other workers in the film industry. I have some ideas about solving the problems of the picture business, and occasionally I'm inclined to air them.

I had held forth for several minutes when I realized that I was making a speech. I decided to come off it, and said "Well, that's it. I've had my say and give you my word that I won't mention show business for the rest of the evening."

Felicia spoke the line that blew off the roof. She said with patient sweetness and resignation, "Promises, PROMISES."

I tell you: a man just can't win. But then, who really cares about that? It's trying to win that's fun. **EN**

Swede 'n' Sexy

continued from page 39

son's family have a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and the two of them spent many days out there, riding, picnicking, sometimes camping.

Of course, after deciding to concentrate on "older men," she settled for one two years younger than she is! And it seemed to work just fine. She liked to compete with him athletically.

Most Swedish people are athletic and so is May. She swims well, rides well and she is generally expert at these matters. She has a sense of fun about them and likes to prove herself.

So it happened that she boasted of her prowess on a bicycle to her husband and his roommate at Stanford. They were so amused at this boasting by this small, blonde creature that they offered to bet her \$500 that she couldn't ride to Los Angeles in five days. And were they surprised when she took them up!

She made it, all 410 miles of it, in five-and-a-half days, stopping for lunch at noon and at motels at night and calling her husband twice a day.

The only difficulty she had . . . if you call it a "difficulty" . . . was that dozens of truck drivers were so upset at seeing this fragile, golden-haired creature pedaling along that they thought they couldn't

bear it if she wouldn't let them pick up her and her bike and deliver her down the road a score of miles or so.

They followed her into lunch wagons and motels, offering to buy her food, apparently convinced that she must be in a bad way financially to be traveling in so humble a fashion.

"They were nice, generous people," she said. "They really wanted to help me."

So . . . she had her \$500 and was pretty smug about it, too. She bought presents for both men with the money . . .

"Did you ride back?" we asked her and she sputtered.

"Are you crazy? They didn't have another \$500 and besides I think that going the other way it is a lot uphill!"

She thinks that perhaps that impromptu trip made her begin to take an interest in cooking . . . at least, in cooking hamburgers and hamburgers.

"I never took the slightest interest in cooking before," she says. "I didn't care what I ate or what anyone else ate. But at those stops everything smelled so good and tasted so good. I decided I'd like to try something myself."

She even learned to mix a "tossed green salad," although, she admits, "I don't like all the raw stuff."



OST Swedes are athletic and so is May. She swims, rides horseback, plays tennis.

They have even had what she calls some "ensy" parties. An ensy party, we gather, is for not more than four. This called for some real courage on May's part, that with her tendency to stage fright. But she came off all right, she thinks. At least they invited us back to another party!"

May insists that she has never weighed herself in four whole years. "I just keep track of my dress size," she says. "That seems to be enough." But when the dress sizes go up a notch or two, you will see May cutting out the potatoes at lunch. "I am extravagant," she says. "Especially about clothes. I cannot resist beautiful clothes. I like the most expensive sports things, cashmeres, lovely woolens, clear, fine colors. Of course, I don't care for formal things because I don't like parties at all. But my husband tried to change me about that. 'You will have to go to some parties,' he kept telling me. 'Meanwhile, I want to buy sweaters and tailored slacks and lovely jackets. I like clear green and black and pink and blue, I want things tailored to an eye-ash, even if I am only going to wear them at home.

"I like a few 'in-between' dresses, just in case I have to go to lunch somewhere . . . and I want those to be perfection, too. Dark colors, mostly, although

a clear white is nice for hot weather. "If I am going out in the daytime I do not follow the Hollywood customs. I wear a hat and gloves and carry a matching bag. I simply don't like this hatless, gloveless Hollywood custom!"

She was sounding downright prim but she suddenly broke off with, "Did I tell you about the very first house we rented? It was in a canyon and we went to look at it first by night. We said we'd take it and the next thing we knew the roof was leaking like a sieve! We were both soaked to the skin and the floor was awash. Pots and pans were floating all over the place. The lights went out.

"We kept telling ourselves we were having 'an adventure' but what we were really having was a horrid experience and we both knew it. No sense in trying to laugh off a thing like that!"

May, after all, is a realist.

But she admits that she takes things "coolly" because things have come easily to her. "I was an only child," she says, "and had a wonderful childhood. The only frustration I can recall is that my father wouldn't let me have a puppy for Christmas. He let me have everything else I wanted. No wonder that I take things easily. I have never had to struggle for anything. I don't intend to."

In addition to the faults she thinks are hers . . . extravagance, a hot temper, an impetuous nature, May adds, simply, "I drive too fast. I've been told again and again but I just can't seem to help it."

When I saw May she was most friendly and talked freely of her marriage and her career. There was no indication at all of any trouble brewing in her marriage. But then May has an easy-going way about her that can be misleading. So it was quite a shock to me when only a few weeks later May announced that she and her husband were parting. She gave as the reason the fact that her work kept her in Hollywood while Gregson had to spend most of his time in Palo Alto. Of course, it could be another case of career versus marriage, but whatever the trouble was, one thing is certain and that is that May will be one of the big stars of the future, as all who have seen "The Blue Angel" will agree. **END**

A Bit Of All Right

continued from page 46

Disney with three casting directors with that look on their faces that says they're watching everything about you—your walk, your eye-blink, your voice. Then I took a good look at Walt Disney and I felt relief at once. 'He looks like real people,' I said to myself. 'He's got a nice kind face. He wears trousers and a jacket. Like real people.'

One week later, her agent telephoned

her with the good news. She was to be the first girl Walt Disney ever signed to a five-year, five-movie contract.

Already Janet is known as a lovable character in the trade—a brave one, too. She refused a double in "Third Man On The Mountain," climbing an Alpine peak that has given professional mountain climbers pause. In another scene, she

continued on page 68

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A BIT OF ALL RIGHT

continued

swung from a rope above a 3,000-foot drop. Her associates were baffled. "Why?" they asked. "Why do you do these things when you don't have to?"

"So nobody can say it was done with mirrors," Janet replies.

It's her own way of talking about dedication to profession.

When I last talked to her, Janet was about to leave America on a visit to England. Another friendship that had been begun amidst grand hopes, mutual admiration, and Janet's need for people, had been lost. Tony Wright, a 33-year-old English actor, had married Janet in 1957 after she stumbled across him—literally—as he was sitting on the floor at a party in London.

"He called me a stupid mare," Janet said, "and then felt so guilty about his rudeness he kept taking me to dinner and finally married me."

But Janet's career has taken her to Ireland, Spain, Hollywood, Jamaica and Switzerland. Her husband's profession was just as nomadic. "It was the old story," said Janet. "Like my school days of making a friend the one week I was in town and then having to move on. Our marriage eventually just didn't make any sense."

Janet was returning to talk about divorce proceedings.

She sat on a sofa, legs tucked under her, dressed in blouse and peasant skirt. On her jingling charm bracelet danced the latest addition—a gold chalet honoring her last film, "Third Man On the Mountain." She looked like a precocious child playing truant from school. Her talk, however, reminded one of just what she was—an intelligent, witty and happy person, so professionally mature she seemed to be as interested in why questions were asked her as she was in the answering of them.

Janet lacks the usual caution of entertainment people who worry about the enemies honest answers often make. Unlike so many people who enjoy making others laugh, Janet can be kidded. She doesn't mind being ribbed. "It's a cheap price to pay for having nice people around," she says.

Fresh from Hollywood, she was asked what she thought of the film capital.

"It isn't a city at all," she replied. "It's a world of papier mache so spread out it takes forever to get from point A to point B. Only the sunshine seems genuine. I went for the motels in a big way. We have no such thing in England. I moved into one with a swimming pool. I enjoy stretching out in a chaise lounge and getting warm in the sun. My first day there, a five-year-old boy came up, looked at me and said, 'So what are you trying to prove doing this?' Even the kids are versed in psychiatric talk there in Hollywood.

"I'm very fond of the salads in Hollywood restaurants. They make the plates

look so pretty. But they give you so much of it you lose part of your appetite thinking of all the food you're going to have to leave on the plate.

"In Hollywood, you're apparently required by law to travel by car. Once was returning from a dental appointment and decided to walk back to the motel. A cop stopped me. 'Do you see anybody else walking?' he asked. I said I didn't. 'Right,' he said. 'So get off the street. There just aren't supposed to be pedestrians in parts of Hollywood, I guess.

"It would be easy for me to—as w English say—go fruit in a place like Hollywood. You know. Go off my stick drop a bomb.

"Next to the freeways out there, the shops astound me. I tried to buy a pair of shoes in one place and the sales girl said, 'You don't have the right feet for these shoes.' There was a chiropodist right on the premises, it turned out, and had to have \$12 worth of foot treatment before I could buy a pair of \$7 shoes.

"The clerks in the dress shops I went to paid not a bit of attention to you. They lounged on counters and said, 'Honey. Want something, Honey? Or just want to browse around a bit?'"

"When I convinced them once I wanted to buy, they tried to sell me everything but what I'd asked for. I finally found the dress I wanted without their help and put it on. Then what do you think happened? 'Gee, that dress is cute on her too,' said one of the women. 'Two of us tried it on but we didn't think it was your type. Hey, Mary, come in here and see her in this dress.' The girl named Mary came in and said, 'I don't think my husband would like it on me.' The one of the others said to me, 'I'd like to try it on again after you, Honey.'

"I mean, how relaxed can you get without falling apart?"

When she's through with these on man shows, Janet proves that she can answer questions like any other film star.

She rides a bicycle in preference to driving a car. She keeps a bachelorette apartment in London, shuns night life, insists on eight hours of sleep a night on a soft bed. She would rather eat out than cook and usually orders steak. She dabbled in dancing and acrobatics as she swims whenever she can find the time—all of which keeps her wonderfully coordinated and her hundred-pound figure an attractive one.

Her ambition?

"To find a play or a script in which I'll be allowed to play a woman," she says. "I don't think I've ever played a girl older than 18 in all my years in the theatre. And all these dialects I have to learn! Why, I haven't used my own voice professionally in the last two years.

As this reporter was leaving, Janet Munro apologized for having returned to her hotel room late for our appointment.

"I wanted to make sure you'd be here," she explained. "I can't stand a room without people in it."

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

arrived at director Peter Glenville's home in London, to take possession. Mrs. Peter had told both separately, could use the place. Alec, always gentleman, left Katie in possession. Lana Turner's new motto—"Even a doesn't get into trouble if it keeps mouth shut." . . . Lucille Ball believes that no one in America can keep more than \$25,000 a year, what with being what they are. In that case, how do so many people today—many of them in show business—manage to become millionaires?

Bob Hunter could retire on the money made during his recent tour of Australia. . . . Now that Tab is freelancing no longer under contract to Warners, can he make some virile westerns for the screen. Tab is popular, but for some reason hasn't gone as far as expected in the pictures. . . . Gary Crosby tells "All the boys wanted to live together, something called wives broke that apart." The boys, Philip, Lindsay and Denise, use Gary's home in the hills for a quiet place—when they are not a quarrel on the road. "I call us the four dancing bears," says Gary.

Cary Grant has put it on record that he wants to marry again, and this time he wants to have children. Cary is 54, whatever Cary wants, Cary can get. . . . Jayne Mansfield swears she will not do another film with top Britisher, Kenneth More. Insists he treated her badly while they made "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw." I'd say the script treated her worse. . . . Diana Dors has ended the business tycoons—she sells shampoo. But I wonder how many really want to have that brassy shade preferred by Diana? . . . Dawn Addams. She expected so much from her marriage with Italy's

Prince Massimo. Now she has to go begging to see their four year old son—the prince has the custody. "But I'll get my son back," she assured me. "Nature is stronger than the law." For her sake, I hope so.

All the long shots in "Solomon And Sheba" feature the late Tyrone Power. There was a wonderful job of matching Ty's work with Yul Brynner's, who incidentally was paid one million dollars for taking over the role of Solomon when Ty died so tragically while filming in Spain. . . . Both Mrs. James Mason and her daughter Porty have been taking the slendering cure at the Fair Lady Salon. They are sometimes joined by the daughter of Zsa Zsa Gabor. That's one steam room in which I'd like to eavesdrop. . . . It isn't true that Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" western will run 34 hours on the screen. But it will be a four-hour screen.

Jerry Lewis isn't dashing around the way he used to, and this is good news for his friends. Jerry even takes a nap at lunchtime instead of conducting business on six phones at once. Ex-partner Dean Martin was always the more relaxed of the two. . . . Gina Lollobrigida has six cameras—all to take photographs of her baby son. She'll simmer down after the second baby arrives. . . . Rhonda Fleming went to Europe to land a man. And she did, Felix Foster. Rhonda isn't too keen on film festivals. Neither is Mamie Van Doren. When Mamie attended the Venice Film Festival a year ago, she was feeling ill and had to cancel some photographs with the press—"But they marched right into my bathroom with a camera!" The photo showed Mamie in tears. The caption explained she had liver trouble! . . . And that's all for now—from your Hollywood reporter, Sheilah Graham. **END**

All-Or-Nothing Gamble

continued from page 14

standing there in stockinged feet and tan slippers, he still was a towering specimen six feet six—a bronzed, clear-eyed and ruthless study in beefcake.

Clint's pretty brunette wife, Lucille, was sitting happily in the open kitchen off the den, with his ten-year-old daughter, Valerie, at her heels. It was a considerably more lavishly appointed home than his previous one—with all new furniture including striking white naugahyde sectional couches, and back-to-back flame fireplaces in the living room and den. A rear picture window afforded a view of where concrete had been freshly poured for the Walker swimming pool.

Clint took unmistakable pride in his new home. Yet there was no indication that he interpreted his fattened paycheck, eased work load and broadened career as a mandate for flamboyant self-indulgence. That's simply not Clint.

"Sure," Clint amiably agreed that his style of living had been upgraded since his new deal with Warners. "I've got a '56 Cadillac out there," he pointed toward the driveway. "I got rid of my old '48 Cadillac. I had it three years and I got quite attached to it, but I gave it to someone who didn't have a car and needed one. This will be the first time I've had a

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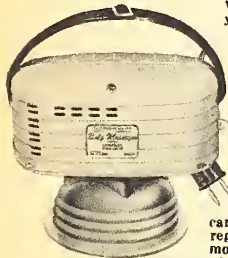
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ALL-OR-NOTHING GAMBLE

continued

swimming pool, and this is the first time we've had a house with two baths. And we're up in the hills now."

Living in the hills, more than anything else, seemed to Clint the measure of how far he had come since the days, not too long ago, when he, his wife and daughter roughed it in a deserted shack on Texas wasteland and had to keep the dog from devouring the chickens so they would have something to eat. His reverence for the hills suggested a greater interest in serenity than in luxury.

"It costs more money to live here," Clint acknowledged, "but we're not doing it for the prestige. We're doing it because we like to be up high." A nostalgic smile played around the corners of his mouth. "When I was a kid I always liked to have a tree-house. You have to put up with inconveniences you don't have below. You have to drive through narrow, winding roads to get here. I'm farther from work. Valerie is farther away from school. There are certain regulations here which make it more costly to build. But in the hills you're out of the smog. You can breathe fresh air and relax. You have your privacy. I wouldn't live anywhere else."

Clint's wife, with Valerie still tagging along, excused herself, perkily got into her new red Thunderbird—another sign of Clint's improved status—and drove to the market to buy some groceries after checking with Clint on what he felt like having for dinner. She treated him as if he had come home after a hard day's work on a Lockheed assembly line. It was no accident that the recent upturn in Clint's fortunes had not transformed his wife into an ornament.

"How many women do you know in Hollywood," his challenge showed the esteem in which he held her, "who would fix their own hair and cook a decent meal if they had to?"

The very thought of a house running with servants seemed to make Clint's blood run cold.

"If you had so much money that it was important to have a huge house, and do a great deal of entertaining," he tried to maintain a reasonable attitude, "then I'd say a butler was justified. But if you let yourself get to the point where you need a cook to make your meals, a maid to serve them, a butler to open and close doors for you, and a valet to dress you, then you're in danger of losing all ability to do anything for yourself."

There was no sign that Clint's values had undergone any overhauling that would put him in such peril. He erected the grapestake fence around his house. He made shelves and other bric-a-brac in his workshop, and he still had many more chores ahead.

"There's a lot of lattice work I've got to do," he ticked off his household agenda. "I've got to make some bird houses. I've got to fence off storage areas for trash



WITH daughter Valerie. Says Clint of studio fight, "It was a thing I had to do

cans. I have to build a set of higher breech way gates. I've got to make some cabins. There's lots of stuff I've got to build. What do I need someone else to do these things for me as long as I've the use of my own hands?"

Clint unabashedly owned up to an appetite for better living, but he didn't fall into the trap of equating such ambition with extravagance.

"We intend to build three or four years from now," he allowed, conceding that his family probably would outgrow the spanking new two-bedroom home. "It will be bigger than this, but I have no desire for a mansion. It isn't homey. It's more like a warehouse."

A perplexed smile creased his face as he expressed his disdain for high living.

"How much do you really need out of life?" his raised eyebrows conveyed contempt for putting on the dog. "I don't believe in getting used to a lot of things you couldn't do without. It's all right to splurge once in a while, but not to make a habit out of it. There's nothing wrong with wanting to do better, but I think it's ridiculous to want a 30-room house with all kinds of guest rooms, maids and butlers, four or five autos, two or three other houses somewhere else, furnished in such a lavish manner that everything is ridiculously expensive. No sir, I don't want to get used to a lot of things I can't do without."

Clint's reasoning seemed to stem from the hoary but worthy aphorism that the bigger they are the harder they fall. He had no intention of putting too much distance between his scale of living and the uncertainties of the future.

"Nothing is that definite," he made pointed reference to the treachery of serenity. "Life is an ever changing thing. No one can ever presume what will or won't be. You're always fooled a little. Fate has her own ideas, and we have to adjust to her whims or become extinct like the dinosaur. Just hope for the best, and don't be surprised at the worst."

was this philosophy, doubtless, that led Clint to confound Hollywood by ang his career on the block in an all-thing gamble on his own worth. The settlement of his differences, how- seemed to have given him no false e of security.

"Right now," he conceded forthrightly, "I'm an up and coming star. I just made 'Cowstone Kelly,' a feature picture which the studio is very high on. Everything looks good. Next year, I'll be making more money. I'll be more popular. I'll be in demand, and I look forward to more and better things. At the same time, I could kick at the wrong time and ruin my face in, and the whole situation could change. Nothing is for sure. I only know it will turn out considerably different from the plans I have in mind. What the differences will be I don't know. I must consider each day with tongue in cheek, and enjoy it as it comes along." Even Clint's new hilltop home, replete with new furniture and new workshop, did not emerge as a result of expensive new ideas. He was forced into it because he had not been bluffing when he threatened to quit Hollywood. He had been so serious about moving to Belleville, Ill., and opening a health food store with his sister, Julie Westbrook, that he sold his home, furniture and workshop equipment. "I had no choice," he grinned dryly. "I had to find a new place to live. I had to get new furniture, and I had to put a workshop in my garage."

Moreover, he didn't even abandon plans to go into the health food business with his sister. Instead of becoming an active partner, he staked her and her husband on the hope that eventually they might develop a chain of such stores. Clint said the store had no name yet, but that it did have a slogan: "Your health is your wealth. Spend it wisely." The same aversion to squandering health and wealth ran through all Clint's thinking—and helped explain his wariness of living with the hog. Yet despite his fear of being overtaken by creeping luxury, Clint isn't sheepish about having succumbed to a backyard swimming pool, once but no longer a garish symbol of having gone Hollywood; nor did he have apologies for living gone on the two-bathroom standard. He regarded these as reasonable comforts in daily life—not as extravagances calculated to dazzle the peasantry.

"I used to go to public pools a lot when I was a kid," he recalled distastefully. "I don't like to go swimming with a lot of people. I figure in my work it's a necessity for me to be able to come home and take a swim. It helps keep me fit and I enjoy it." Almost wistfully, Clint recounted how he spent much of his time during the year he walked out on his career—perhaps, for all he knew, never to return to it. "I swam a lot in the rivers up north last summer while I was on suspension." There was undisguised fondness in his deep, low-pitched voice. "That's the best

kind of swimming. There's no salt water and no chlorine in those rivers. The water is nice and clean. You can see real easy in it."

On some seven different occasions, Clint went on two and three week expeditions into Northern California, exploring for gold in mines, streams and river bottoms. It was while prospecting in the north, south and middle forks of the American, Feather, Stanislaus and Yuba Rivers that he got in most of his swimming.

"I used to explore with a set of flippers and a face mask, find a place that looked good, then put on the tank and work for an hour and a half at a time," he said. "On the way to the ocean, thousands of years ago, placer gold carried by the creeks and rivers was deposited in secret places and sank through the sand and gravel to bedrock. I searched these rivers for places where mother nature was most likely to have hidden her hoard."

Although Clint's intrepid efforts at river bottom were rewarded with no storybook bonanzas, he showed no chagrin.

"I wouldn't have traded the time I spent in those parts for anything," he spoke feelingly. "After the spring floods the water subsides down and the rivers clear up. The Yuba—above Grass Valley—is one of the cleanest I ever swam in. You can see beautifully in it. I not only did a lot of swimming, I rolled logs and cut trees. When there were no roads, I put our gear on makeshift sleds I made with logs or other pieces of wood that happened to be available, tied the sled to the back of the motorcycle, and made tracks through the most primitive country I've seen. We made one run like that 4,000 feet down a steep drop from the Chinese trail to the bottom of the canyon. We really roughed it. Once we slept in an abandoned old mining shack, with the roof gone and only a floor and two walls. Our paths crossed constantly with bears, deer and coons—none of which ever bothered us."

Clint shifted in his chair, crossing his long legs, a contented grin of recollection on his lean, jutting face.

"In some ways it was a bad year," he made no effort to polyanize in retrospect, "but as far as my time in the north country was concerned, it was a good year. I had a lot of fun and adventure. I had a

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ALL-OR-NOTHING GAMBLE

continued

lot of time to think. I made lasting friendships with people who never heard of me." He paused meaningfully. "And I learned who my friends were in Hollywood."

Clint seemed more amused than scornful. Nevertheless there was no escaping the implication that those who tested out were not remotely as numerous as the backslappers who had swarmed around him like flies at a summer picnic. But Clint offered calm assurance that he felt neither rancor nor regret.

"I don't think about it anymore," he shrugged. "For the most part I've forgotten it. To the degree that I won't forget, I profit by what I learned. Hollywood is so full of phonies that it's hard for these people to believe you when you tell them something. They didn't believe me, but they found out. It was a thing I had to do, and I did it. If I had to do it again, I would. But I don't think I'll have to."

Clint's attitude was philosophical.

"It hasn't changed me," he smiled laconically. "I'm just a little wiser. But I think anybody should be wiser with the passing years. I learned that one of the worst tragedies, not only in Hollywood but all over the world and all through history, is the inability of people to admit when they're wrong."

Nor did he suggest that he was necessarily invulnerable to that failing.

"There was a time," he willingly pointed out, "when I was a young boy that the same thing caused me a lot of trouble. I'd fight rather than admit I was wrong. Finally one day I said to myself, 'There's nothing wrong with being wrong. The only thing wrong with being wrong is when you continue to make the same

mistakes.' Anybody can be wrong. A few people can admit it. I'm sure many wars have been fought over things that should have been laughed off and gotten. I have nothing against pride, vanity, what I've seen of it, is such a ph thing. It causes so much grief. People killed to appease their vanity, have made the innocent suffer. Anything, but admit they're wrong."

Clint did not trouble to hang wind dressing on his thoughts. Nor, on the other hand, did he yield to bitterness. His was that of a man who had come to terms with realities, and who did not doubt that the future held new and unexpected realities with which he would have to deal without resentment and without naïveté. Clint Walker was neither an angry young man, nor a complacent one.

"I'm reasonably happy," he smiled faintly as he walked across the living room to sit next to me on the sectional. "I'm still alive and kicking. The future looks pretty bright. The present is all I can expect it to be right now. Nothing will come while ever comes easy. People who look for something for nothing are going to look for it till their dying day."

He swung around and looked through the window to the quiet street outside. His expression grew more thoughtful.

"I'm never entirely pleased or entirely displeased," he gave voice to his abiding conviction that man is meant to keep reaching. "Life is a journey. One day it's going to be cloudy. One day it's going to be sunny. If it weren't that way, it would get pretty monotonous."

Somehow, as he expressed these sentiments, it did not appear that the Clint Walker of old had changed—or that he was in any danger of being corrupted by good fortune.

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(4)	(4)
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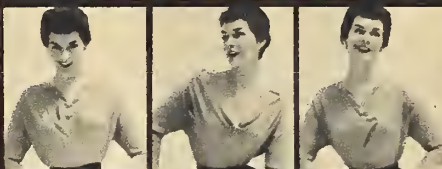
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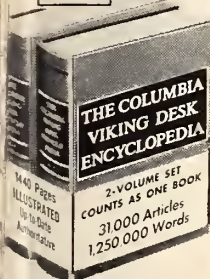
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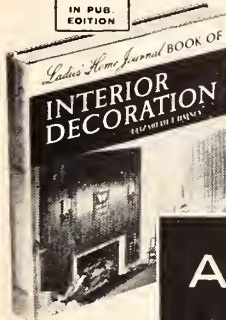
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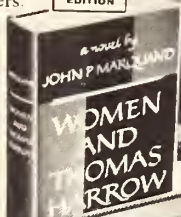
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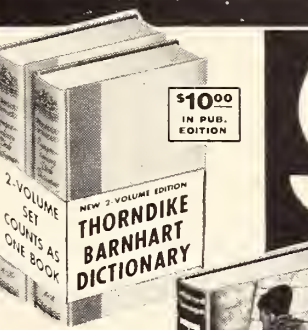
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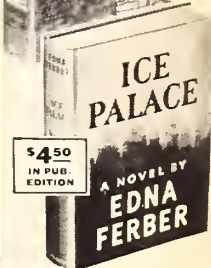


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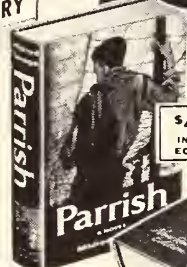


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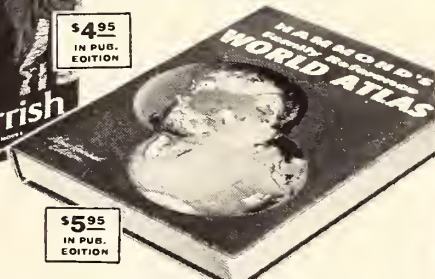


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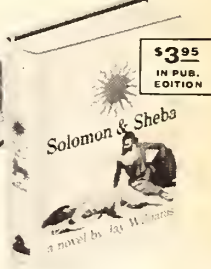
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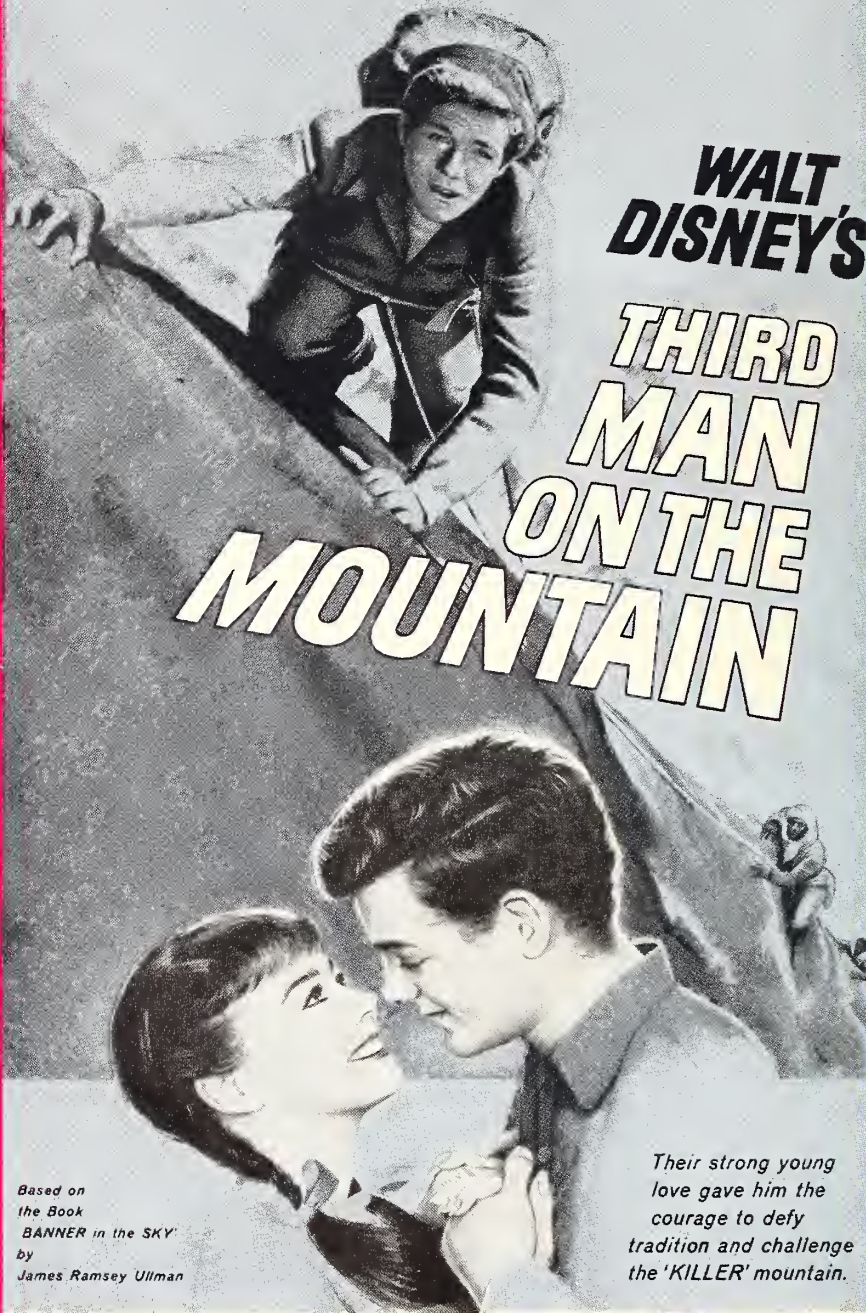
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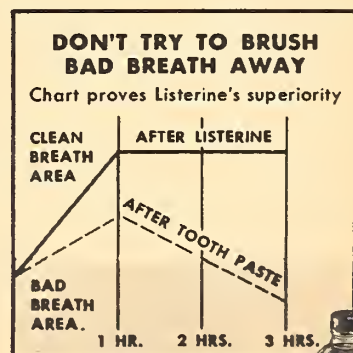
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ON THE COVER: SANDRA DEE, STARRING IN WARNER BROS.' "A SUMMER PLACE" AND EDD BYRNES, STARRING IN ABC-TV'S "77 SUNSET STRIP"

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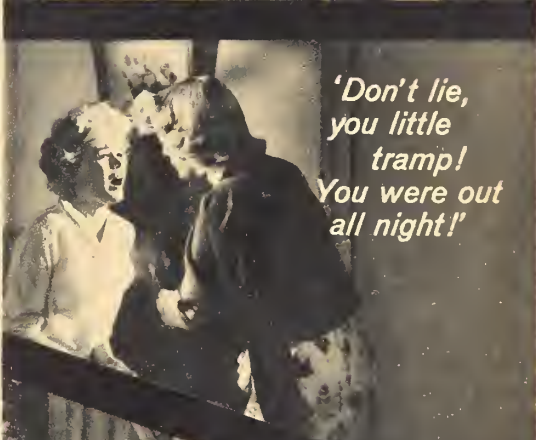
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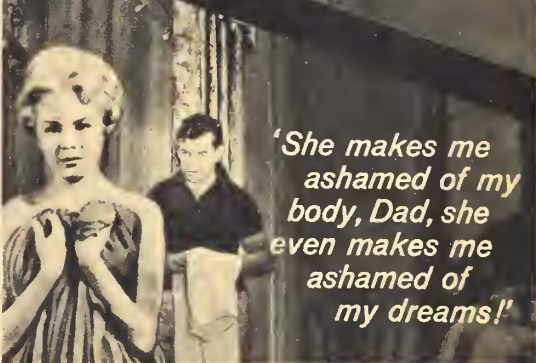
*'Have you
 made love
 like this to
 any other
 girls before,
 Johnny?'*



*'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!'*

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BACK from Europe, Liz Taylor and Ed Fisher celebrate at Gotham's Harwyn Cl

HOLLYWOOD. . . . William Holden expects to be wealthier by two million dollars from his current two-year residence in Switzerland. . . . And don't be surprised when Henry Fonda joins the tax free residents in Europe—after he completes his current TV series in Hollywood. Henry has been complaining of high taxes that devour an actor's earnings in this country. . . . Fonda, incidentally, was the only actor invited to the exclusive soiree tossed by the Countess Volpi at the Venice Film Festival—his wife is a genuine Venetian baroness. Actors are usually taboo at these affairs where they are afraid of *la Scandale*. . . . I admire Jayne Mansfield's happy-go-lucky nature. She continued to smile in England, even when a pretty busybody tried to get her in trouble with the local gendarmes because Jayne kept her husky son Miklos up until 8:30 p.m. to attend a function with her and husband Mickey Hargitay. There isn't a better mother anywhere than Jayne. And I'm sure the young man had a good nap pre-show.

I wasn't surprised when Ernest Hemingway turned down the hit part of a

writer in the Ava Gardner film in Rome, "The Fair Bride." Hemingway didn't need the money, the extra publicity, or the inconvenience. . . . My bonnet is tipped to Sophia Loren for having the charge of bigamy by returning to her native land. I hope everything works out for her. . . . Expecting mama Brigitte Bardot annoyed at the antics of tourists who try to invade her privacy at St. Tropez on the French Riviera, is looking for another hideaway on the Azure Coast. . . . Ditto authoress Francoise Sagan, who has joined the chic set, moving to less populated pastures.

George Hamilton, the new young heartthrob in Hollywood, looks like a taller Bob Evans. And that ain't bad. I first saw George behind a desk in the lobby of the Sand and Sea Club at Westhampton, Long Island. I believe he was a busboy, but even then he walked around as though he owned the place. . . . Rosalind Russell had to hire a team of accountants to add up her huge profits from the "Auntie Mame" stage and movie productions. She has the money pouring in in dollars, pounds, lires, pesos and francs. . . . You

haven't lived until you've seen the Jan Mason's talented 11-year-old sprig, Poland, in her low cut, black crepe gown cut down from a Zsa Zsa Gabor creation a little girl playing grown-up. And she's a talented little girl. I predict a bright acting future for Porty, who was named for the late Fred Allen's wife. . . . They were talk that Porty would play "Lolita" on the screen. Not so. . . . Broderick Crawford, triple-chinned hero of TV's "Highway Patrol," stated in England where he is taking the two-year tax cure, that he makes half a million dollars a year from the cops and robbers business in video. . . . Now I'm hoping that Jim Aronson will be able to stash some of his Marshall Dillon loot away, on his new contract with CBS.

New singer Fabian was glad to take \$35,000 for his first movie, "The Howling Dog Man." If he makes a hit, watch for his price to zoom to \$350,000, a la Elvis Presley, who will be back to reclaim his singing wiggle-waggle spot in the Spring. . . . You don't count in Hollywood unless you own a Rolls Royce. Parked outside of Romanoff's t'other evening.

continued on page



OPENING of the "Ice Follies" finds Clint Walker chatting with skater-dancer Lolita.



BETWEEN scenes Pat Boone takes time out to entertain a young visitor to the studio.



PAST differences forgotten, Sheila and G. Madison are happy they're together again.

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

Screenplay by

JAMES LEE

A Paramount Release



Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Ben-Hur

NOTHING is spared in the sumptuous Technicolored adventures of a man, Ben-Hur, played by Charlton Heston, whose courage was that of ten, and whose faith was unshakeable. Prince of one of the wealthiest families in Judea, Heston, his mother and sister are imprisoned for life when an accident causes injury to the new Roman governor of Jerusalem. Sentenced to become a galley slave, in time Heston's strength attracts the attention of galley commander Jack Hawkins. Still another trick of Fate, and this time, with Hawkins help, Heston becomes Rome's greatest athlete. Despite the wealth, women, and elegant life, Heston decides to return to Jerusalem and search for his mother and sister. For what he finds this time, physical strength can do him no good, instead he must call on faith. Spectacular motion picture that's really sensational. (MGM.)

The Man Who Understood Women

INCREDIBLE! Truly incredible the way this careens down the DeLuxe color path of adultery and comes screeching to a halt when, after falling off a cliff,



CO-STARS Henry Fonda and Leslie Caron in film "The Man Who Understood Women."

the wronged husband, Henry Fonda, gasps out an apology to his flighty frau, Leslie Caron. A movie producer, Fonda, it seems, has been too busy molding Leslie into an international screen sensation, and not taking time out for romance. While in Europe the smouldering Leslie meets professional soldier Cesare Danova, a strapping example of the Continental lover. Leslie is smitten. For the next week, she deserts her husband and spends her time curled up on the various couches of Danova's bachelor digs. Mental, as well as physical, Danova soon realizes Leslie really loves Fonda. He ends the affair by going off to war. Just around that time, Fonda tumbles off the cliff, and Leslie has another chance to fit the pieces of her life and husband together. (20th Century-Fox.)

On The Beach

WHAT do people do when they realize they have but four months to live? Some would go on exactly as before, others would try cramming as much life into that pathetically short period as they could. This deals with the way five people face inevitable death, along with the rest of the world, from radioactive fallout. Atomic submarine commander Gregory Peck had lost his wife and children in



DONNA Anderson and Tony Perkins are two of five facing death in "On The Beach."



YOUNG Sandra Dee tells her troubles to dad, Richard Egan, in "A Summer Place."

the nuclear war that had destroyed the Northern Hemisphere. To console him when his ship arrives Down Under is Australian Ava Gardner, who drinks hard to forget her own fears. Nuclear physicist Fred Astaire has turned down Ava for the comparative safety of a fast foreign sports car. And Anthony Perkins very matter-of-factly instructs wife Donna Anderson on the use of pills that will kill her and their baby swiftly instead of lingering radioactive death. A powerful drama, wonderfully acted, this is going to have profound effects that will be long remembered. (United Artists.)

A Summer Place

THIS is the sort of Technicolor production with at least two levels—a bunk bed type plot, you might say. While oldsters Dorothy McGuire and Richard Egan are reliving their youthful affair of 18 years ago, their offspring Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue are making equally interesting discoveries. Dorothy's husband Arthur Kennedy, a well-bred lush will grant her a divorce only if their son Troy remains with him. Egan's wife deals up equally stiff terms: Sandra, plus a wad of alimony. For Dorothy and Egan neither price is too much for a new start. For the youngsters, the outlook seems bleak—especially when faced with sudden and premature parenthood. A sudsy melodrama that takes a long time running through the machine, this guarantees a merry emotional binge for them that's vulnerable. (Warner Bros.)

Operation Petticoat

TO United States Naval Lieutenant Tony Curtis, late of Hell's Kitchen the Navy is his entree to marrying a wealthy socialite. Mission about to be accomplished, Curtis' ambitions are scuttled when he's assigned to the asthmatic, mangy relic of a submarine under Cary Grant's command. The boys hit it off admirably—hate at first sight. But Grant soon finds the social climber indispensable.

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**"LET
EVERY
LOVER
BE THE
LAST!"**

There had been other men. But he made her feel like a girl awakening to life.
The bold, bitter-sweet love affair of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sheilah Graham!

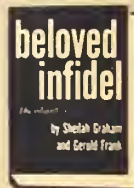
20th
Century-Fox
presents

**GREGORY
PECK**

**DEBORAH
KERR** IN

JERRY WALD'S
PRODUCTION OF

**BELOVED
INFIDEL**



Co-starring
EDDIE ALBERT
Directed by **HENRY KING**

CINEMASCOPE
Screenplay by **SY BARTLETT**

COLOR by DE LUXE
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ Tony Curtis' formula for keeping romance alive
- ★ Fabian wins friends and influences Hollywood

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—Janet Leigh says husband Tony Curtis knows how to keep romance alive; he doesn't confine his presents to her birthday and Christmas. "At least every two weeks Tony brings me some sort of present. Often it's inexpensive but it's always thoughtful." On the day they finished their co-starring "Who Was That Lady," for example, he brought her seven dozen red roses. And not to be outdone, she bought him a portable stereo machine for his dressing room.

BING'S GIRL—Make no mistake that Bing Crosby wasn't a pleased poppa when Kathryn Grant Crosby presented him with daughter Mary Frances. He appeared at the hospital next day wearing a huge "It's a Girl" button, later went on to a Dodgers ball game with Phil Harris, still sporting the big badge. Mama Kathryn says Mary is "petite and dainty" although she weighed nearly seven pounds, as compared with brother Tex born at the same hospital a year before. Of course Bing has his four grown sons, two of whom

are also fathers. The Crosbys came back to Hollywood after months of nightclub work for the Bob Hope TV "special" and admitted they'd lost 66 pounds between them on their tour. Gary alone lost 32 pounds. He needed to. He looks great now.

WACKY HONEYMOON—Gia Scala and Don Burnett got only as far as Los Angeles International Airport on their proposed New York wedding trip. Cheered on by well-wishing, rice-throwing friends they arrived at the port and boarded their plane. It taxied out to the end of the airstrip, turned and taxied back. Gia, Don and other passengers were told to stay aboard. They did, and waited. Eventually, the plane taxied out again but once more came back. This time there was an announcement of "mechanical difficulty" and passengers were told they could wait in the terminal until announced take-off. Gia had a hunch they "weren't meant to go" and asked Don to call his agent. Don did. The agent said he'd been trying frantically to reach him. Don was wanted



NEW DUO around town is Debbie Reynolds and Michael Dante, ballplayer turned actor.

for "Bourbon Street Beat." So Don and Gia got their luggage and went home. Gia's been taking cooking lessons because all she knew how to cook before her marriage was spaghetti!

W & W TEAM—That other coosie twosome of the younger married set, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, are on Club Nine because they finally are doing a film together, "Ever In Your Arms." In their free time before they started fishing, they did some fishing from their boat and Bob caught a good-sized shark which he had mounted and it's now hanging over the den fireplace. A picture of it would be prettier!

FAMILY PORTRAITS—As a surprise birthday present for husband Jack Kelly, Mae Wynn had a pastel portrait of him done by prominent artist Nicholas Volpi. (You know he's prominent: he charges \$500 per portrait.) Two years ago Jack had the same artist do one of Mae. Now they hang side by side over the fireplace. Mae and Jack both were

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STRIKING twosome at Hollywood cocktail party are Gardner McKay and Joan Collins.



TV ACTOR Don Burnett sticks close to his bride, Gia Scala, at a filmland gathering.



EYEBROWS were raised when big Jim Aronson and Rhonda Fleming came to party together.

"THE MERRIEST!"

—Chicago TRIBUNE

"MADCAP ANTICS!"

—New York HERALD TRIBUNE

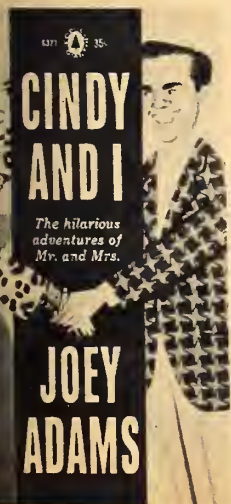
"HAVE FUN!"

—St. Louis GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

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CINDY AND I BY JOEY ADAMS

You'll cherish every chuckle in these hilarious adventures of TV star Joey Adams and his comedienne wife, Cindy. It's the cheery bestseller the New York HERALD TRIBUNE acclaimed as "a happy book, sometimes slap-happy... the completely zany and unpredictable madcap antics of the author's life with Cindy."



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gay, heart-warming new book,
CINDY AND I.*

**A POPULAR LIBRARY
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NEW Spiral Brush

outmodes clumsy rod applicators



New, really waterproof
"MAGIC" MASCARA

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No more stuck-together lashes! No more stiff, coated-look or feel. New *Spiral Brush* separates lash-by-lash as it colors and curls. Automatically applies just enough color around each lash individually. Far better than a rod! And smudge-proof "MAGIC" formula is *really* waterproof, yet completely gentle. No sting, no odor.

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for
months
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69¢



HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

jured in water skiing accidents at Lake Tahoe. He sprained his ankle but was able to work after he returned from vacation. Mac, unfortunately, suffered a whiplash in her neck and had to cancel out a role in a feature film, delaying her return to the screen.

MAY WAIT—Although they'd planned an earlier wedding, James Darren and Evy Norlund may wait until the beginning of the year so they can take the long honeymoon they want, first to Philadelphia to see his folks, then to Denmark to see hers. The delay was caused by Jimmy's assignment to starring roles in two films: "All The Young Men" and "Let No Man Write My Epitaph."

TROUBLE—Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have lived in the same big white house in Hollywood for about 18 years and never needed special "protection" but now reluctantly they've put up a very high fence with locked gates. Rick's the reason, of course. His fans have been peeking in windows, hiding in bushes. And one time the Nelsons came home and found teenagers swimming in their pool, even though they had a lower fence around that. Rick's very secret about his dates

these days, says, "They're just nice non-pros in our crowd." David's best girl, Donna Sue Needham, did a TV show with the Nelsons and the episode was titled "Who Needs Girls?!" Incidentally, the fans handed in rave review cards for Dave's performance in "30" after the sneak preview. He proves he can handle comedy very well in this; this is news, for he's usually played "straight" for Rick on TV.

NO TROUBLE — Despite rumors, there's no marital trouble between Don Murray and Hope Lange and they've just had a happy five-week European trip which they called a "second honeymoon." A nice factor: All their expenses were paid. This was a situation unique in Hollywood history, for two studios got together on arrangements for Don and Hope to do personal appearances in European capitals to publicize two different pictures, his "Shake Hands With The Devil" and her "Best Of Everything."

UNDERSTANDING — Until recently, Diane Baker refused to go to parties if her "steady," Dennis Powers, couldn't accompany her. But he's gone back to Occidental College and has such a heavy scholastic schedule he can see her only on weekends. They've reached an "understanding" that Diane may have to go to some parties and premieres when Dennie

can't attend, so she'll go with other boys. "I suppose each time the columnists say I have a 'new romance,'" sighs Diane. That's exactly what happened when she attended a premiere with Warren Beatty. Shirley MacLaine's younger brother was starting an acting career.

DIPLOMATIC—Pat Boone's ever-loving wife Shirley made a point of staying away from the set the day he had his most publicized "first screen kiss" scene with Diane Baker in "Journey To The Center Of The Earth." Said Shirley, "I'm afraid I'd laugh and embarrass him. I can wait to see it on the screen." Pat's new album, "Side By Side," seems headed for the top ten and they've done a Christmas album for the holidays.

SMART BOY—Fabian made himself lots of friends while here making "Hot Dog Man." Everybody seemed to like the 16-year-old. He topped his stay by giving presents to everyone connected with the picture, not just the cast but crew, too. Then he gave a party at the Interlude and said "thanks" to the press and disc jockeys. That's news! As for dates, he played it cool and didn't get involved. He has dates with Annette Funicello, singing Judy Harriet and other gals, and photographers always were on hand to take pictures. Little Roberta Shore was supposed to do a "date layout" with Fabian but couldn't because of her conflicting schedule in Dick Clark's "Because They're Young"—and she was desolate! But her consolation was that she had her first screen kiss in that film from Warren Beatty. Fabian's pretty popular, too. Warren's real girl is Betty Lou Keim.

WOLF?—Know how Robert Horton is entertaining his dates now? He takes them flying in his Piper Comanche four-seater plane. Could it be Bob figures girls can't walk home from a plane ride?



SHELLEY Winters and Anthony Franciosa attend showing of his new film, "Career"

ANTERIOR MOTIVE? — Carolyn Jones is a gal who likes diamonds, furs and a glamorous home but in cars she likes small ones. Two years ago her husband, Aaron Spelling, bought her a big old convertible. Sooo, she's been driving his small sports car—and he had the use of the Cad. Before she left for Alaska for "Ice Palace," she had a hunch and told Aaron, "While I'm away do anything you want—except buy a new car." When she got home, there parked at the curb was a brand new white Cad convertible! He said it was a present for her, but she says she'll continue to drive *his* small car. Carolyn was a very sick girl and lost so much weight that she now is drinking a quart of cream a day, until she gains back 12 pounds.

SURE CURE—*Stuart Whitman says he and wife Patty have a way to end any little family arguments—and who doesn't have them? When things start getting tense one will tell the other, "Watch out. When our anniversary comes around I might not pick up your option!" It always gets a laugh. On their seventh anniversary in October, Suu gave Patty a new gold charm for her bracelet engraved "I'm picking up the option."*

DISGUISE—As we told you last month, Dick Clark was wonderful with fans here, gave up lots of his time to them while he was making "Because They're Young." But his work schedule was so heavy that he didn't have time to do much sight-seeing with wife Bobbie and son Dickie. Just before they went back East, Dick decided he'd better take two days off and show Bobbie the places she wanted to visit. They went to Disneyland, Olvera Street, Farmers Market and other L.A. tourist spots. But because time was limited and to avoid delay his recognition by fans would have caused, Dick wore a disguise—hat, dark glasses and moustache. **END**



YOUNG Susan Kohner seems starry-eyed as she and Troy Donahue watch lobby hoopla.



Draw me

win a \$2000.00 scholarship to any college you choose!

Just draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. As winner of contest you get a \$2000.00 scholarship to any college or university, anywhere, any time!

This drawing contest—for amateurs only—is sponsored by the art school, Art Instruction, Inc., in the interests of broad education for all with a talent at drawing. Here's \$2000.00 towards that college education that means so much today to a young person. Wouldn't this award be

a help to you—in starting your college training, or going on with it?

Entries will be judged on the basis of natural talent only—the talent you were born with. Judges will be professional artists with ability to recognize natural talent in the work of an amateur. Judges' decision final. No entries returned. Our students not eligible. Entries for \$2000.00 scholarship must be received by June 15, 1960. Winner selected July 1.

\$430.00 commercial art course will also be awarded

If your drawing is received by this coming January 31, you are also entered in Art Instruction's January 1960 draw-a-head contest for a complete \$430.00 home study course in commercial art.

Here's professional art training you can get in your spare time, whether still in school, or employed, or keeping house. You are taught, through the mails, by

professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school.

For forty-five years, Art Instruction, Inc. has been preparing talented beginners for full or part-time careers in art. Many former students are now earning upwards from \$150 a week as commercial artists. Some over \$50,000 a year. Enter contest now.

One entry (if received in time) puts you in the running for BOTH prizes—a \$430.00 home study course in commercial art and the \$2000.00 scholarship to any college you choose, anywhere, any time. Winners notified. Mail your drawing today.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your draw-a-head contest for a \$2000.00 scholarship to college of my choice and (if received by 1/31/60) a \$430.00 commercial art course. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
 Occupation _____
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____ Zone _____ County _____
 State _____



Behind the Millie Perkins engagement

Long before Millie announced her plans to wed Dean Stockwell, Hollywood was agog with rumors of a secret elopement; here's the inside story



ROMANCE between Dean and Millie was kept under wraps until both became annoyed with phoney gossip items linking Millie to others.

By BILL TUSHER

DEAN STOCKWELL sat down for a snack in his Hollywood apartment and unfolded the early edition of the afternoon paper. He scanned the front page anxiously until he found the telltale story. It was a one-paragraph report with a New York dateline, under the heading STARS TO WED.

He let out a war whoop, tossed the paper in the air, pushed back his chair and did a jubilant jig. That was it! That was the signal he had been waiting for. Millie had won over her parents!

Dean had been restless ever since Millie's secret trip to New York. She was on the most important mission of both their lives. She was going to tell her folks first-hand how hopelessly she and Dean were in love, and of their unshakable determination to marry. It was all arranged. The moment she got their consent, the engagement would be announced.

The only possible stumbling block was parental concern for their chances of being happy because of different religious origin—Millie being Catholic and Dean being partially of Jewish descent. To Millie and Dean nothing could be less important. To them this was a mere flyspeck on an idyllic landscape.

But out of consideration for their families they had refrained from doing anything precipitate. They had put their love to test. The passage of time succeeded only in accentuating their devotion, not their differences. It served only to confirm their early certainty that their crowning happiness lay in marriage.

Now the last possibility of family opposition had been removed. Millie and Dean breathed a final sigh of relief—and triumph. Twentieth Century-Fox had released the engagement announcement in both their names from New York. Millie had accomplished her purpose. At last—with full family approval—they would be married!

Yet Hollywood treated the official news of their betrothal as an anti-climax. Almost two months earlier, the movie colony had gone through a full-scale Millie and Dean elopement scare. Even after the official engagement announcement, the suspicion persisted in some circles that Dean and Millie already were married—and that they are now going through a token engagement and a second more conventional ceremony as a gesture to their families.

It was not without reason that reports of an

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“My husband, Roger Smith”

By VICTORIA SHAW (*Mrs. Roger Smith*)

*“If Roger has any secrets of
any kind from me, he keeps them
so well they have no reality
so far as I’m concerned,” says
Vickie of her famous spouse*

TAKE JEFF SPENCER of “77 Sunset Strip,” and there you have my husband. Roger Smith. Except . . . and what a big exception you have to make to start with. I mean the chasing girls angle, of course. So maybe I’d better say Roger’s TV series character is pretty much like Roger *would* be if he *didn’t* happen to be married and if he *did* happen to be a detective.

Even “as is,” Roger’s a pretty sharp detective in real life. That is, he’s very good at finding out things you don’t want him to know, and at remembering things you wish he’d forget. He can reach back in his mind and run down facts based on incidents anybody else would have overlooked or at least forgotten.

Like last summer when I was working on “The Crimson Kimono” at Columbia Studios, and the subject of giving up smoking came up. I confidently brushed off Roger’s reasons for me to quit. “It’s not bad for me to smoke,” I told him. “You know I’ve always said it doesn’t hurt me.”

With an agreeable, polite smile Roger changed the subject—I thought. Steering the conversation with such a light touch that it seemed to drift naturally. Roger started talking about a particularly happy evening we’d had a few months back, eating dinner in a very nice restaurant on the pier at the beach.

“Remember all the things we talked about that night?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” I nodded. “I remember reminiscing about when I was a little girl in Australia, and about growing up—”

“And,” he broke in, “about how you realized smoking was bad for you!”

He had me there—as usual. Having been trapped into remembering, I had to admit he was right.

On the other hand, when it comes to a different kind of detecting, let’s not forget to put this into the record:

Some months ago, thieves, or vandals, or warped practical jokers, stole all the sprinkler heads out of our garden watering system—and my “detective” hasn’t caught up with the culprits yet!

Of course, Roger was “off the case” for a good many weeks while he was in and out of the hospital, getting over the injuries he suffered in his accident. You may remember what happened. He was carrying a hi-fi set down the steps, taking it to the studio, when he tripped over a flower box and was badly hurt in a fall that he took.

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"We've both changed an awful lot since our marriage, but by no means because we've tried to 'reform' each other," claims Vickie

During his convalescence people used to ask me if Roger was a good patient. Usually most of them were a little bit shocked when I'd answer, "I have yet to meet anyone who is a good patient." Then I'd have to explain what I meant. Simply that Roger, like most other people, wasn't any good at playing the charming host to visitors, however well meaning, while he was lying there in pain.

But Roger was an excellent patient so far as doing everything the doctor told him to do—and without complaint or protest, either—no matter how hard it was to obey orders at the time. Later he told me he figured he didn't have any choice, if he wanted to get well. And you can be sure Roger did want to get well as soon as he could.

The accident happened on the Monday before Father's Day, which I think was in mid-June, and Roger didn't get back to work at Warner Bros. until around the middle of August, so you can see he had a long siege of practicing patience as a patient. Or maybe, as a friend of ours kiddingly suggested, he was just being stubborn and showing us how obedient and patient an independent, impatient man can be

photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



LISTENING to hi-fi, the Smiths are thoroughly absorbed. Vickie stars opposite Dick Clark in movie "Because They're Young."

Roger really is pretty stubborn, and so am I, but we're not stubborn with each other. Only about things. Like work. Or recovering from a severe accident. In personal matters, we're each so ready—and even eager—to claim "It's my fault," we can almost start another quarrel about who's to blame for the first one. I must admit, though, that on the whole, Roger gives in less than I do in disagreements.

But we don't do a lot of arguing. Don't believe it's worth while. As Roger says, so many married couples argue uselessly about things that are already past . . . things that can be changed . . . that nobody can do anything about anyway. Arguing like that is a waste of time for people going through life together, as Roger and I are doing.

Maybe we got all our arguing out of our systems before we were married, because we certainly used to argue a great deal then. I'd say though that usually we argued more out of misunderstanding than disagreement with each other.

Roger, of course, was brought up in California and Arizona while I grew up in Australia. We've used the same language all our lives—but we've used it differently. And that's why and how most of our misunderstandings would spring up.

I remember once after we became engaged I started to say to him, "I have a boy friend in Australia and—" That was as far as I got.

Roger flared up. What did I mean by having a boy friend in Australia when I was engaged to *him* here? I started arguing that there was nothing wrong with a girl having boy friends no matter how thoroughly engaged she was. We carried on like that for quite a while.

FINALLY we got the hassle straightened out. When I'd used the term "boy friend" I had used it in the Australian sense, meaning just a friend who happened to be a male. But Roger had understood "boy friend" in the American sense and thought I was brazenly romancing some unknown rival. For a while there, he didn't know where we stood in our own romance. Thank goodness we usually understand each other better now and use the same language in the same way.

Incidentally, Roger has a very quick temper. Both ways. He can lose his temper in a hurry, but he finds it again just as fast. Me, I'm exactly the opposite. While I go along brooding on and off about the same thing for hours, or even days, Roger has gotten angry and recovered his usual good nature at least four or five times about as many different things.

There's one thing I must say that may get an argument from a number of girls who loom up in Roger's past: couldn't possibly agree with what *used* to be his taste in girls—until the time he took up with me. Now, *there* he showed fine taste! (Ed. note: *He certainly did.*)

Naturally, Roger says the same thing about my choice of boy friends before I began going with *him*. From time to time there's quite a lot of teasing between us about what a coincidence it is that our taste in the opposite sex improved so miraculously when we met each other and started going around together.

Seriously, neither of us tries to pretend that we didn't have crushes on other people before our marriage three years ago. Roger doesn't hesitate to mention his ex-girl friends any more than I try to cover up the fact that I used to have boy friends in a past where he didn't yet exist for me.

The way things are between us, if Roger has any secrets of any kind from me, he keeps them so well they have no

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ROGER and Vickie like to tease each other about how their taste in the opposite sex improved when they met and started in dating.



SOPHIA LOREN

“Breath of Scandal”

That's the title of Sophia's latest picture which was filmed last summer in Vienna where all was gay

OUTSIDE Hofberg Palace in Vienna, Sophia enjoys a few moments of relaxation between scenes of Paramount's "Breath Of Scandal."



A SMILE lights up Sophia's face as she rehearses her lines. Her co-stars in film are John Gavin and charming Maurice Chevalier.



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



SURPRISE visitor on set, husband Carlo Ponti, brought this response from Sophia. Her next film: "Bay Of Naples" with Gable. **END**

*His unhappy teenage marriage behind
him, Jimmy's private life is once more
on the upbeat; he's now experiencing*

A new kind of love

By MARK DAYTON

FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER overlooking the verdant green Kleig-lighted lawn and the large warm-watered swimming pool came the pre-recorded strains of "Let There Be Love." A nippy breeze cast up from the Pacific laid a nocturnal chill over the Columbia Ranch in Burbank. The public address system sent Jimmy Darren's plaintive ballad to every corner of the sprawling movie-making compound.

Jimmy's voice was warm and gentle. He mouthed the words as he sat under a tree with a group of frolicking young men and women while the lawn party scene was set up. He wore a pale blue chenille robe over his bathing suit and seemed to be enjoying himself. It was the beginning of a shooting session that was to last all through the night. Then "The Gene Krupa Story"—in high-budgeted color and Cinemascope—would be in the can.

After that—as the song said—let there be love!

How fortuitous that Jimmy's big number should be a revival of "Let There Be Love." It was that very romantic determination that explained the monumental changes in his private life. He had had his share of counterfeit emotions, his share of frustration and groping. Now he proposed with a purpose that could not be turned aside—let there be love!

And there was—deep, abundant love.

I stood on the sidelines with a willowy girl in black capris and a softly undulating black turtleneck sweater. Evy Norlund's eyes were china blue, her skin a glowing alabaster in the night light, and her hair the sunspun yellow of cornsilk. I watched as the lovely Danish young lady lovingly watched her handsome young man.

Before there could be love, for Jimmy there had to be growth.

First Jimmy had to let there be feeling. Only then did the sun rise over his once darkened horizons—dark with the sad miscalculations of an impulsive teenage marriage, dark with burdens of guilt and confusion when the marriage brought despair instead of happiness. It was only after he learned to turn loose his emotions that he was able to let there be love.

Sal Mineo and Susan Kohner stepped in front of the cameras as Jimmy stepped away from them. We sat on a pile of lumber beyond the line of equipment, warmed ourselves with paper cups of coffee, and Jimmy talked about it—the marriage that *was* meant to be, his marriage to Evy. Evy, who had come to these shores as Miss Denmark, who had come into Jimmy's life as a contract player at Columbia. He talked easily, with the assurance of a surprisingly contained young man who had an inkling of what life was about. He talked with excitement and with *feeling*.

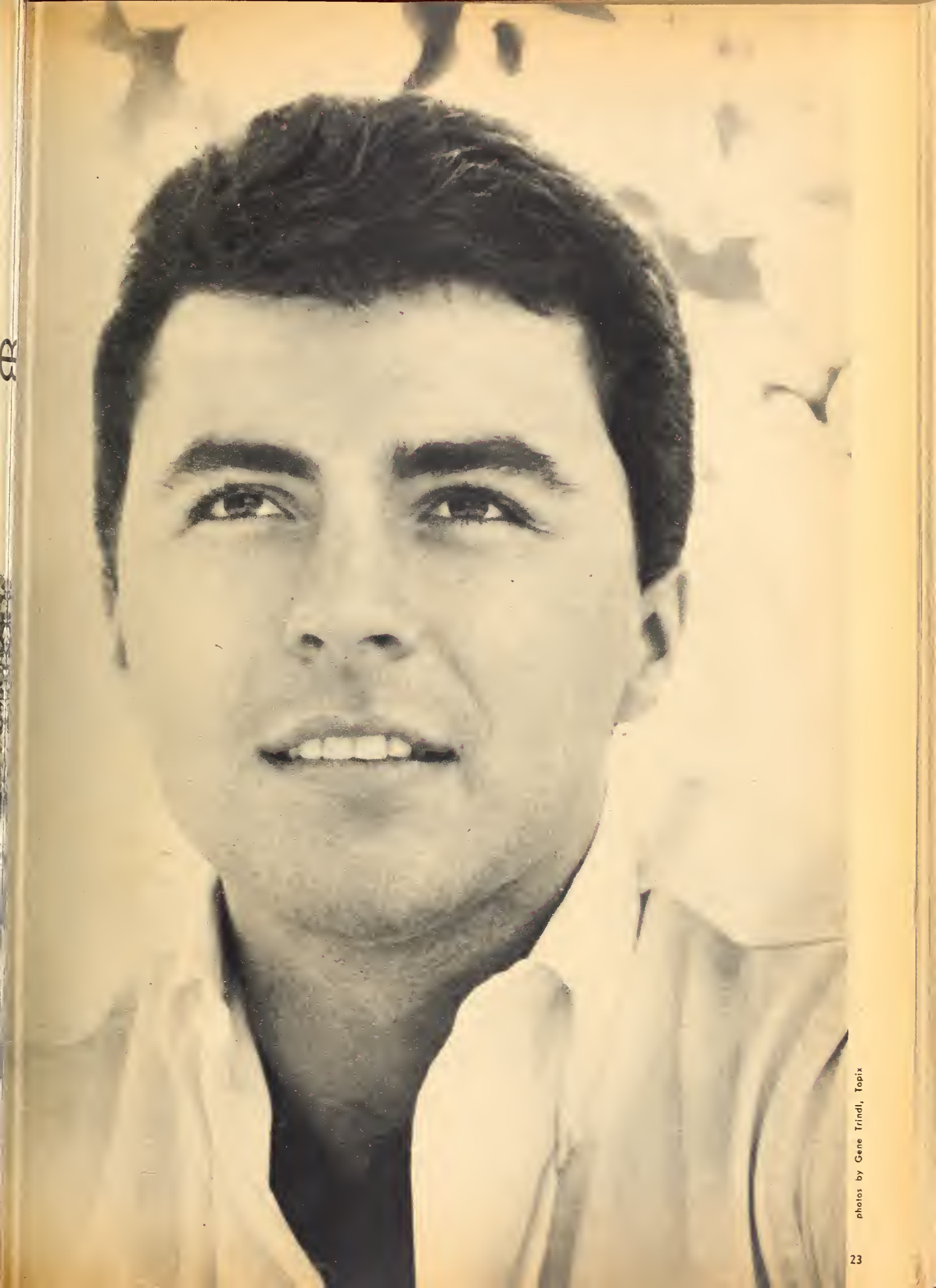
"Evy is so swell," his voice was quiet and full of well being. "She's

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ROMANTIC tree weaves its spell on lovebirds Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund. Their marriage is imminent

BR



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

His understanding of life has grown more in the last year than in all the years before. "It really began when I met Evy"

such a beautiful girl, such a genuine girl. When I'm with Evy I'm so relaxed, so comfortable. When you're in love you're so satisfied."

Jimmy recalled his first enthralled awareness of it when he did a screen test with Evy. They had met several months after his separation from his childhood sweetheart, Gloria. Knowing Evy, had opened up feelings that he never suspected he had, and he was really startled at the salutary effect on his functioning.

"My acting improved so much," he smiled, still incredulous, "that it was unbelievable. I used to hold back. I used to be afraid to show my emotions. When I did this scene with Evy, I felt I accomplished something as a human being. My back was to the camera all the time, and yet all the people recognized it. I was able to feel my emotions so strongly that I could express them even though 50 people were standing around watching."

Jimmy pulled his robe tight against the chill night air. The memory of that crucial test with Evy, and what it meant in terms of his growth as a person and as a performer, seemed to warm him more than the steaming coffee.

"I had to feel love in this scene," he explained. "Before I would have been inhibited. Out of that love I had to beg her not to commit suicide over another man. She felt she was not good enough for this man, and I was trying to convince her how wrong she was. I noticed all the people

around me, and for the first time in my life I was able to tell myself they didn't mean anything. Any other time I could never have conveyed the required love. But this time I was able to take what I felt for Evy and use it. I finally recognized love and saw what it was like to be in love. I felt rich inside."

It was so different from those years when Jimmy Darren, nee James Ercolani, felt empty inside, not rich. And Jimmy was able to talk about that, too—without flinching.

"I don't think I was really happy before," he faced up to it. "Oh, I may have been happy in a way as a teenager. Even then I had limitations. There wasn't much to make you happy then. You have a bunch of friends and good times. But that's just doing things. That's not really being happy, not really feeling. Everything should grow. I had to grow—to meet the demands of life, to become more of a human being. I feel fulfilled now whereas before I didn't."

A GROUP of adoring teenage girls came over and politely asked Jimmy for his autograph. He made sure to write each one's name as he signed for them. The interruption did not break the thread of his thoughts.

"So many people stay married unhappy." He shook his head at the futility of it. "They have terrible guilt feelings. They can't bring themselves to face life as it is. Life is so basic that often we don't understand it: It seems too easy

UNTIL he met Evy, Jimmy had not been truly happy. With her, he "finally recognized love and saw what it was like to be in love."





LOVERS are planning to honeymoon in Evy's native Denmark. She's teaching him Danish while he's giving her lessons in Italian.

EVY, a former Miss Denmark, has china blue eyes and hair the color of cornsilk. Jimmy's next movie is "The Gene Krupa Story."

and we think it has to be complicated, not an easy thing."

Jimmy spoke out of his own experience. There were doubts he had had to still before he was able to pick up the pieces and rebuild his own life.

"It's hard to do what's right when you have guilt feelings," he said earnestly. "Overcoming guilt is not easy, but it's so important. It was an unfortunate situation, but that was it. You have to forget about it."

He did not mean forget about it with callous indifference, but with an honest assessment of the damage being done to everyone caught up in it.

"Could you imagine me living in an unhappy home?" he posed the question squarely. "Can you imagine the effect of an unhappy home on a child, the unhappy life he would have? You can't fight a situation like that."

Jimmy had spent endless hours in soul searching—not only weighing his chances for happiness, but his wife's, and more importantly than either, the stake of his two-and-a-half year old son, James Darren, Jr. But he was able to resolve his problem without being haunted by guilt.

Jimmy showed neither rancor nor remorse. He conveyed the quiet conviction that they had chosen the most honorable and most hopeful—and perhaps the most difficult—of two courses open to them.

"As you know," he pointed out, "all too often when people have unfortunate marriages, one or the other may be inclined to seek solace elsewhere. That's something Gloria and I never could do. I feel, and so does Gloria, that that is real disrespect for marriage. We'd much rather have a

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JIMMY insists he's become a better person since knowing Evy. He's no longer afraid to express emotions.

AUDREY HEPBURN

London Premiere

*For the debut of "The Nun's Story"
in Blighty, Audrey got all gussied
up, received a celebrated visitor*



MAKE-UP is carefully scrutinized by Audrey as she gets ready to attend the London opening of her latest movie.

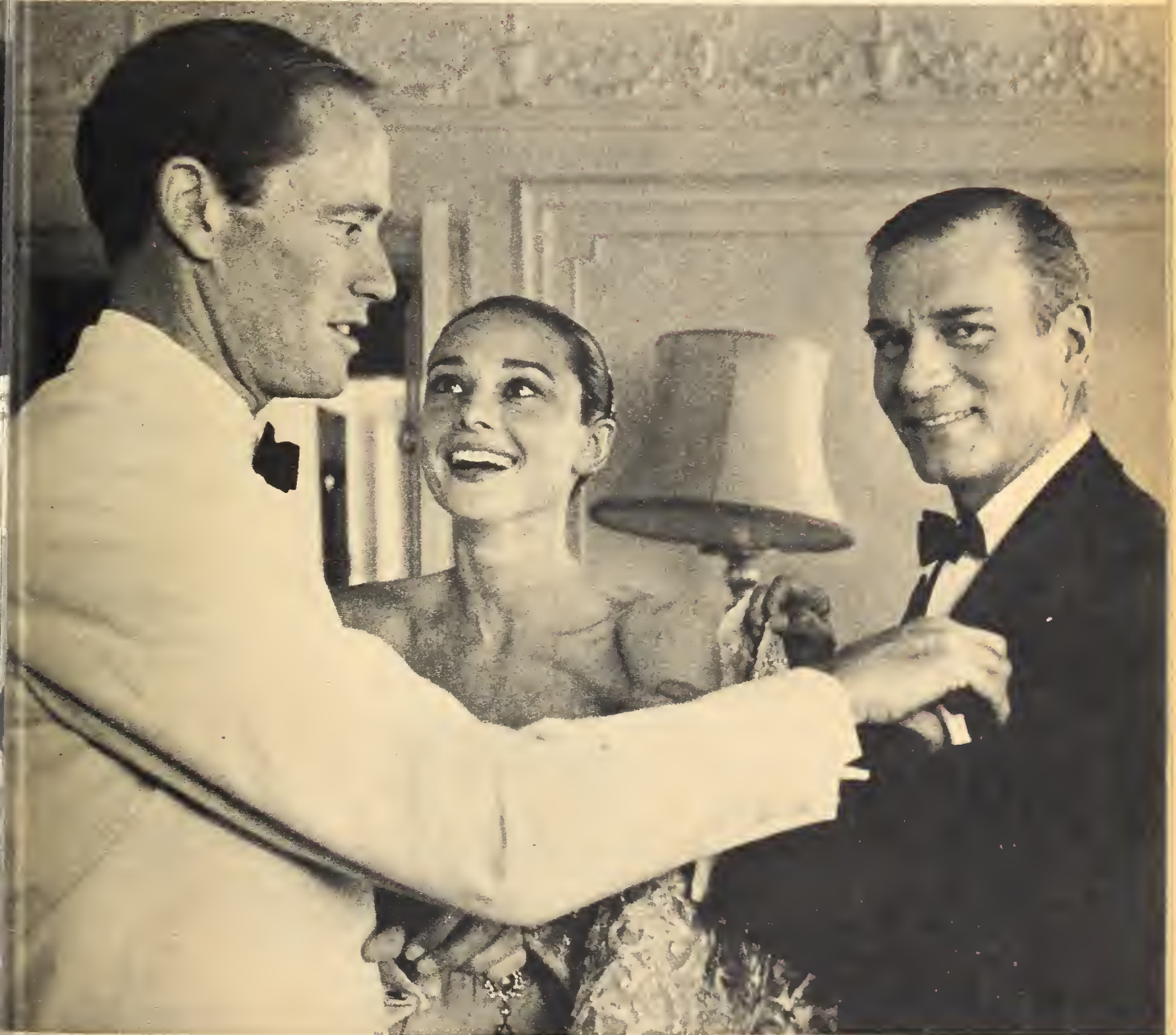


HUSBAND Mel Ferrer adjusts Audrey's diamond tiara with deft precision while she applies a few finishing touches.



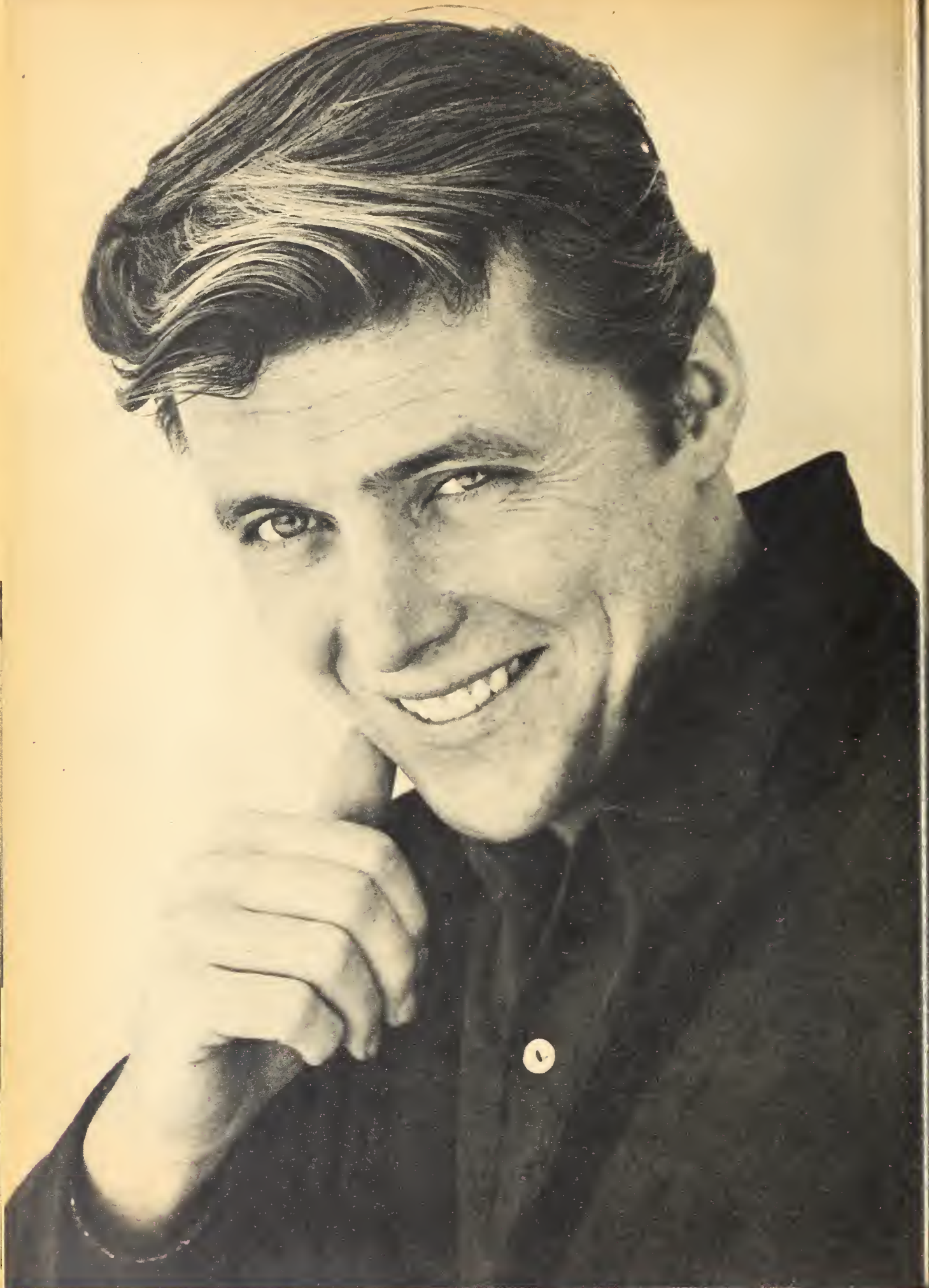
A TOAST is offered by Mel to the success of "The Nun's Story," already a big hit in the U.S.

Photos by Sanford H. Roth, Ropho Guillumette



A GUEST, Sir Laurence Olivier, drops in to join the Ferrers, and Mel, always the perfectionist, straightens out his pocket hanky.

END



Why Edd Byrnes shuns love

*His life is so frenetic today that
Edd knows he could give
only a small part of himself to any girl and
in love that would not be enough*

By JIM COOPER

FOR A FELLOW who often lets his emotions rule him, Edd Byrnes is a pretty cool man about love. Straight-faced, with only a hint of a twinkle in his eye, Edd made it plain that girls rate high, but not *too* high, on his list of "Things I Want For My Life." No matter what you hear, he's not ready to fall in love. If that sounds tragic, it's not; it's just Edd. Girls play a big part in his life, but not the most important part. He wants to meet *the* girl, but not just yet; he'd like to fall in love, but not for at least five years.

"I just can't bear to choose one girl," he grinned, "because there's always a prettier one around the corner."

Why, then, does he borrow a line from an old song and sigh, "Has anybody seen my girl?" Is he simply resorting to the typical Hollywood bachelor's plaint: "I'd like to settle down, but where do I find my mate?" Or is his merely a kind of Edd Byrnes-Kookie double-talk?

It's both—and it's neither. Edd does pretend that love is not in his immediate future. He won't really go steady, because "I tried it once, at 16, and that was enough." And he's still too much in a hurry, too ambitious to make it big, *big, BIG*, to tie himself down with a wife and family.

But deep in his heart—in the real hopes and dreams of this boy from a bleak cold water flat in New York—there is the genuine longing for one girl to come home to. Breakfast alone, with a cup of muddy coffee, and a piece of ice-cold toast taken on the fly is, Edd knows, strictly for the birds. An empty house, even if it is his handsome new place in Coldwater Canyon which he just bought, echoes hollowly to a lone man's footsteps. All the glorious hi-fi music in the world becomes, in certain moods, just so much noise when there's no one to share it. And though that ever-ringing phone can be fun for a while ("The oftener the phone rings, the more I want to stay single," he quipped), there comes a day—or a night—when, instead of a different dinner companion every evening, a man wants just *one* woman saying, "Honey, your dinner's on the table."

All this Edd knows, and knows well, but he is still

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DATE with Arlene Howell is fun but Edd is not looking to get serious with anyone until he's 30. Meantime, he plays the field.



CHARM is turned on by Edd as he and Arlene jog around bridge path in L.A. Edd also dates Asa Maynor, Kathy Nolan and others.



EDD'S smile is a wonderful one that lights up his face frequently—as when he spots horse he'll ride.

curiously afraid to admit it, except to himself. He'd rather parry all talk of serious romance, argue that as a lover boy, he's much better at parking cars, or deny that he knows anything at all about winning a girl's heart. That's his story, and he insists that he's stuck with it. But when you dig beneath the surface breeziness, the protective armor he wears, the real Edd Byrnes is a sensitive, often lonely boy who learned too early to live by himself and now would like to share his life—if he only dared.

Some of this he implied, some I sensed, during a long, three-hour dinner we had together not long ago. The place was the Sportsmen's Lodge, a plush *caravanserai* in the San Fernando Valley where a diner, if he is so inclined, can actually catch and eat his own rainbow trout.

As I told Edd that, his grey-green eyes flickered at the thought that he was being ribbed. But when I assured him that there really were live trout in the pond outside, he laughed. "Hey," he said, "I'll have to try that some time, catching my own dinner. It sounds like fun. Anyway, there are still an awful lot of things in this town that I've got to try."

Edd had arrived at the Sportsmen's Lodge straight from the "77 Sunset Strip" set, still wearing his parking lot outfit:



"There are so many lovely girls around that a fellow just can't choose," is his happy problem

black slacks and a red parking attendant's shirt. On his face were traces of make-up, and he looked wan and a little beat. "Excuse my appearance," he apologized, "but I didn't have time to go home and change." But his strong sense of fun had not left him. His is not the back-slapping, "Hi ya, fellow" kind of humor; it is more subtle, more oblique. "You know," he said, chuckling, "as I walked in the front door here, some big shot called me over. He stuck his parking ticket in my hand and said, 'Here, boy, bring up my car. It's a white '59 Caddie—and make it snappy.'"

The memory of that encounter tickled Edd. "When I drive up to a place like this in my own car, I'm in trouble," he said. "Since I started doing Kookie, the attendants all know me, and I don't dare give them a quarter tip any more. It has to be 75 cents or a dollar—or they think I'm not upholding the traditions of the parking lot trade."

Edd's smile is a wonderful one that lights up his face at the most unexpected times. He does not talk much; he volunteers little, and to find out anything about him you virtually have to blast. I had met him before, and he was polite and pleasant, if not exactly loquacious. But this night he seemed more at ease. Though still warily on guard against questions

that might be too personal, he was at least willing to discuss a little of his life. He asked if he could have a glass of Bristol Cream sherry, then ordered a cup of ice-cold *vichy-soisse*, a tossed green salad, and the chef's special, Beef Stroganoff. As we ate he said suddenly, "You know—" (and he gestured with a nod of his head around the elegant dining room) "—this is quite a big change for a Yorkville boy. *Vichysoisse*, Beef Stroganoff—back in my East 78th street days in New York, I wouldn't have known how to pronounce it, let alone eat it."

He has learned a great deal, and he is still learning. Some, who judge him carelessly, have charged Edd with being cagey and super-cautious about his background. Others have dubbed him naive or even dumb. One man who has worked with Edd said, "I asked him once if he had a business manager to look after his earnings. 'No, I haven't,' said Edd. 'I wouldn't know how to pick one.' Now really, how wide-eyed can you be?"

But if Edd seems naive or innocent, or even, at times, a bit of a noodle, it is only a kind of protective coloration. There is nothing of the dullard in the real Edd Byrnes. He is smart enough to know that there may come a day when

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A TOAST is proposed by Edd to their success in show business. Until he feels sure of himself and his career, Edd will go it alone.

Connie's Capers

An amusement park in her native New Jersey is the setting for an evening of fun when Connie steps out with a beau



JUKE BOX is primed by Connie's date, Jerry Granahan, who chose Connie's latest hit record, "You're Gonna Miss Me." A wise boy.

A BUSS is planted firmly on Miss Francis' cheek by young Mr. Granahan. Connie recently returned from a singing tour of U.S. bases overseas.



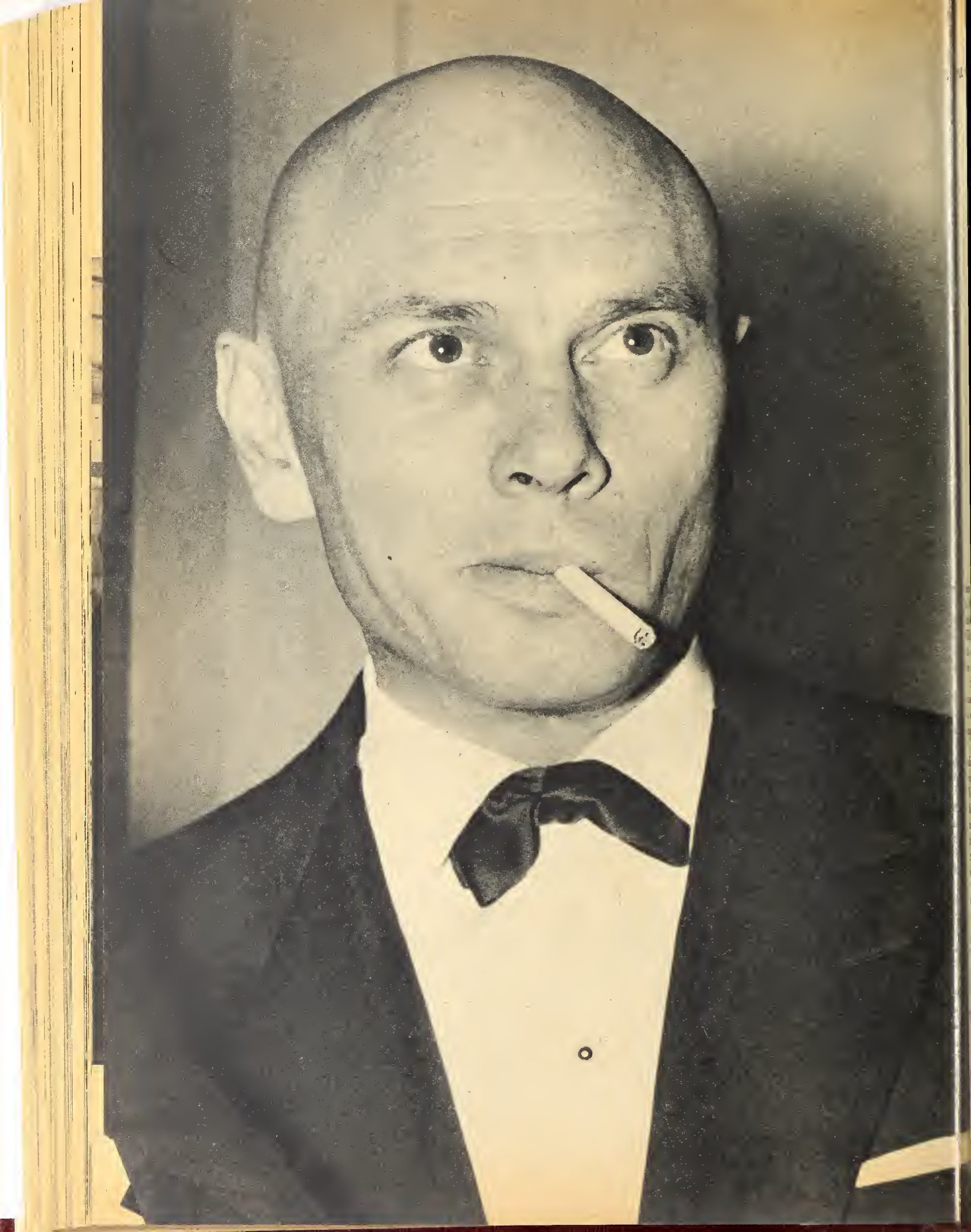


DART GAME know-how is imparted by Jerry to a mildly skeptical Connie. Later Connie had her sketch drawn, ate gobs of cotton candy.

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



BUMP CAR is given a whirl around the floor by Connie as Jerry lends a hand. Connie's signed for several TV appearances. **END**



The last separation?

Tottering in recent years, Yul's marriage to Virginia Gilmore seems to be finally headed for the divorce courts

FOR YEARS THE fascinatingly mysterious Yul Brynner has kept his private life just that—private. He maintained a fierce code of silence concerning his married life to the charming, blonde former stage and screen actress, Virginia Gilmore. And he was just as adamant in forbidding Virginia to discuss him or their son Yul, Jr., with the press or even to be photographed in their home.

So when columnists insisted in late summer that the marriage of the Brynners was over and that Yul will probably seek a divorce in Switzerland, naturally no comment was forthcoming from the publicity-shy Mr. Brynner.

Earlier there was a report that the bald-domed actor had slipped into Mexico incognito to obtain a divorce so that he could marry his new love—22-year-old beautiful brunette New York model Doris Kleiner. Obviously, there was no truth in this strange rumor. Yul, who had co-starred with Kay Kendall in "Once More With Feeling" in Paris, and had recovered from a serious eye operation, is currently living in Lausanne, Switzerland, although he leaves soon for Greece and England where he is scheduled to star in "Winter Crossing."

But there is truth in the report that once again Yul and Virginia have separated and she is living in New York with their 12-year-old son, nicknamed Rocky because of his sturdy build. The boy was sent alone to visit his dad in Paris last summer but Virginia has not seen her husband since he left for Europe a year ago.

"The Brynners," a friend reported, "have parted many times before when Yul, who apparently exerts a fatal fascination for women, has found himself momentarily beguiled. Even so worldly a woman as Ingrid Bergman, according to set workers on 'Anastasia' in Paris, reportedly fell under Yul's hypnotic spell while her marriage to Rossellini was crumbling. But always Yul returns to his wife, realizing that though there are many other fascinating young females in the world, Virginia is best for him."

Hollywood hopes a tragic parting will be averted but this time, unfortunately, the handwriting on the wall points to the

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MARRIED since 1943, the Yul Brynners are now living apart and separation papers have been drawn up by Virginia's lawyers.

By HELEN HENDRICKS

FRESH AIR SUPPLY - KEEP CLEAR



The fact that Shirley stuck her wad of chewing gum behind Frank Sinatra's ear doesn't make her a beatnik, but it does suggest she may be just

a
little bit
kooky

By JOHN MAYNARD



ON THE SET of "Career," Shirley relaxes with script (left), later receives some directions from producer Hal Wallis (above).

HOLLYWOOD, which suffers from prose lassitude of a sort, has determined in the past year or so that its brightest current property, Shirley MacLaine, is, if not beatnik, at least kooky. Kooky means very far out indeed, which in turn means kooky, and it all seems to suggest that Miss MacLaine would wear a beard if she could grow one. The matter is not even helped by her true last name, which if pronounced correctly could be made into Beaty-nik.

This too-easy identification distresses the lady; not terribly, but some. Though she herself has said, "I'm so far out, I'm in," she means something by it. She means, and she says, that she is embarrassed by professional eccentrics, whose motives she distrusts and whose eccentricities, alleged, she does not believe in.

"I don't work at it," she said not long ago. "If I'm a little bit kooky, it's because I am. Everything I do seems all right to me or at least no one in a white coat's going to get me."

This was at lunch. Miss MacLaine was making "Can-Can" for 20th Century-Fox, a picture she thinks may be finished some time, but this was last summer and they were still going to be shooting in November.

She took an exhausted looking piece of gum from her mouth, wrapped it carefully in a paper napkin, and forbade the waitress to take it. "I like old gum," she said. "New tastes funny. I'll save it for after I eat."

"And you're not far out?" said a companion.

"Not really," she said. "What's far out about old gum? Most gum is old."

But this piece of gum had a history more elaborate than most. It had spent a part of the morning behind Frank Sinatra's ear. Very few wads of gum can say that. Miss MacL., who chews gum habitually, is starred opposite Sinatra in this picture whose name already has been mentioned. For a scene she had to remove it and couldn't find a place to stash it away for future use. So she put it behind Frank's ear. Well, of course. Then he forgot about it and the next scene was a closeup featuring in part the back of Sinatra's head and there he was, complete with gum. *That* take went for nothing.

"It was the closest ear there was," said Miss MacLaine

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now, defensively. "You wouldn't want me to put it on the floor, would you?"

"The word persists," said her table companion, "that you are in orbit."

"You know me. Would you say I was?"

The answer is not easy. It depends to some extent on what one means by orbit. Shirley MacLaine is, in the most attractive sense of the word, funny-looking. She is remarkably lovely and she has a clown's face. It is about as facile as a face can be. Persons who saw her in both "Some Came Running" and "Ask Any Girl" know about this. It is part of her brilliant versatility as an actress, who cannot be feazed by either comedy or pathos. When "Can-Can" is released in the spring, they will meet yet another edition of the girl. Part of her special quality, which is as hard to define in words or by still camera as the face of Audrey Hepburn, is due to the fact that she seldom parts her lips when she smiles. This gives her a look at once smug and elfin. The smile is characteristic and not a practiced grimace due to irregular teeth or anything of that nature. She may understand that it goes well with her social personality; she is an astute judge of herself as an actress. Another inseparable part of her is her short, careless hair-do, apparently derived vaguely from a style once called the Italian cut. So closely is she linked with this that a friend meeting her on the sidelines of the sound stage of

"Can-Can" did not recognize her; she wore a long blonde wig.

Those who know her know she does not drink—"coals to Newcastle," one has said—yet at a Hollywood party for which she performed, she was suspected in print of having tipped a few. Hollywood does not always recognize natural exuberance.

This same abstinence sometimes sets her apart at drinking parties, where she will dutifully greet her host and hostess on arriving, then depart the main room to spend the evening at gin rummy—sometimes with the host and hostess. Once during one of her rare night club excursions, she felt an uncontrollable urge at three in the morning to go home and clean her house. She did so.

She professes a deep regard for sleep, yet says in the next breath that she rarely gets more than four hours a night. When working, she gets to bed about two and gets up at six. But it is in the waking minutes that her fondness for rest gets its strongest hold.

"Some day," she has said darkly, "I'm going to be out of the house and on my way to work two minutes after I get up. It's my great challenge."

"Ever done it?"

"I'm working up to it. Three minutes and forty seconds is my record so far."

It is no mean record, and made possible by the circumstance that she never eats breakfast. Some days she doesn't

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CLOWNING between scenes of her picture, "Career," Shirley and co-star Dean Martin get involved in some high-jinks in a bathtub.



don't think I am a character," says Shirley



SHIRLEY distrusts professional eccentrics, insists whatever she does comes naturally and has nothing to do with being beatnik.



VERSATILE Shirley can convey both comedy and pathos equally well. After "Career," she stars in "Can-Can" with Frank Sinatra.



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

The truth about Jim

*With no love for work, Jim was
a flop both as a student
and farmer, but he had one great knack:
the ability to make people happy*

By NANCY ANDERSON

WHEN JIM GARNER was a boy in Norman, Okla., he never had much ambition. About all he wanted to be was a millionaire, and his chances of becoming one were slim.

If you go to Norman now and ask a couple of questions of the general public, you'll get the same answers from almost everybody.

To the first question . . . did you know James Garner when he was growing up here? . . . the answer is generally, "yes", with the occasional variation, "Sure, I'm kin to him." Because Jim is kin to a large percentage of the 10,000 persons who populated Norman before the Korean War.

The town now has grown to 40,000 and is full of strangers, but, during Jim's youth, cousins were on every corner. An uncle was city manager. Another was on the city commission. An aunt was the second grade teacher. Jim's grandparents, on both sides of the family, were among the pioneer settlers of Oklahoma Territory, and his father operated a little country store nine miles out of town by his grandfather's farm.

To the second question about Jim . . . what did you think of him? . . . you'll invariably get, "Well, I never thought he'd amount to much, but I've never seen a boy people liked better."

James himself has observed, "I was mighty slow growing up," and his fellow townsmen consider this an understatement. He had no idea what he wanted to do, except get rich; he disliked work, and he just plain didn't do any more than was absolutely necessary.

On the other hand, nobody pushed him too hard to get him to work. People just couldn't get mad at the boy. He was too good-natured, too friendly, and too captivatingly charming.

Jim's Aunt Leone took the place of his own mother, who died when he was quite small. Jim and his brothers, Jack and Charles, began to live a great deal of the time with uncles and aunts, and Jim, the youngest of the three, moved in with his Uncle John and Aunt Leone.

"Maybe I did kind of spoil him," Aunt Leone conceded, "but it was easy to do. He was such a loveable sort of boy and, after all, his own mother was dead."

"My daughter, Helen, said to me the other day, 'Mamma, you used to whip us good, but you never laid a hand on James. Why was that?'"

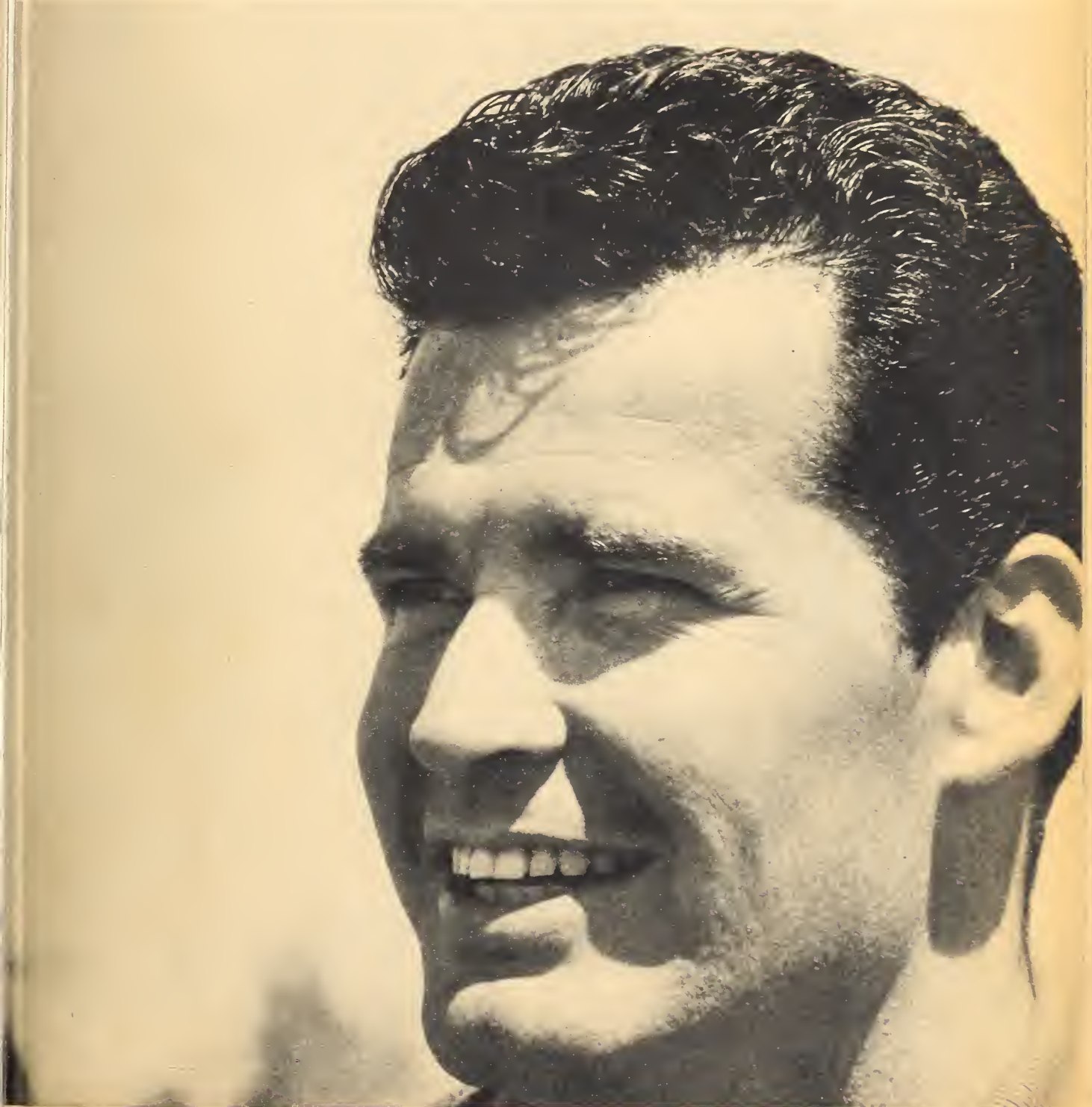
"I told her, 'I whipped you and not James because I was your own mother.' My children may have thought that I was a monster, but at least I was their own monster. Jim

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JIM'S townfolk in Norman, Okla., liked him but few thought he'd amount to much. He's pretty popular with daughter Kimherly.

Garner's youth



AS A BOY Jim had no idea what he wanted except to get rich. But he disliked work, never did any more than was really necessary.

No one is more pleased with Jim's success than his friends and relations in Norman, Okla., who want to share him with the world

didn't have anybody of his very own . . . no mother, that is!"

But Uncle John wasn't quite so sparing of the rod. He claims that he probably gave Jim the only spanking he ever got in his life.

"The girls," he explains, "had to wash the dishes every night after supper, and they kept complaining it wasn't fair . . . that Jim ought to do something.

"So I told him to dry the dishes. He was mad anyway and didn't do it."

At this point, Aunt Leone interrupted.

"He was mad because we'd had turnips for supper, wasn't he?" she asked. "James never did like vegetables, just meat and potatoes and bread, and I believe that was the night he was mad because I tried to make him eat turnips."

"Well, yes," Uncle John agreed, "we did try to balance his diet, but the real trouble was that he wouldn't dry the dishes. Finally, I lost patience and whipped him. I think that's the only time anybody ever did."

Uncle John, with six children of his own, was a man of remarkable patience with all the youngsters and took great pride in their accomplishments.

"Jim's accomplishment was shooting," he said. "When he wasn't more than six years old, I took him dove hunting."

Uncle John recalls the occasion.

It was a chilly, gusty afternoon with soggy clouds overlaying the sun. Jim and Uncle John stood in a field, ready for the great male adventure. . . hunting.

"You're going to let me shoot? Really?" Jim wanted to know impatiently, eyeing his uncle's gun.

"That's right," Uncle John said. "Just stand here quietly, and in a minute you can try."

The uncle hefted the gun to his shoulder and sighted experimentally along the muzzle.

"Now, Jim," he said, "you look right the way I'm pointing, and when you see the bird fly between the corner of the barn and the fence post you fire."

"I had him," Uncle John recounts, "out where he couldn't hurt anything no matter what he hit. I had no idea he'd hit a dove. But, you know, with the first shot he got one. And it wasn't luck, either. He was just a natural with a gun. He always shot that way."

In other departments, though, Jim was no great shakes.

"He never cared a thing about school," Uncle John recalls. "He was a smart boy but lazy. In high school, he'd go to sleep in classes. But he was a good athlete."

Aunt Leone shakes her head and smiles, remembering Jim as a child.

"I don't think he had any trouble in school," she says.

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ON STEPS of Norman City Hall, Jim receives plaque honoring him as outstanding citizen. His grandparents were Oklahoma pioneers.





RECALLING old times, Jim enjoys a laugh with father, Bill, and brother, Charlie. Jim's new movie is Warners' "Cash McCall."

HAIRCUT is kibitzed by brother Charlie (in checked shirt) in local barbershop. No one in Norman envies Jim his success.

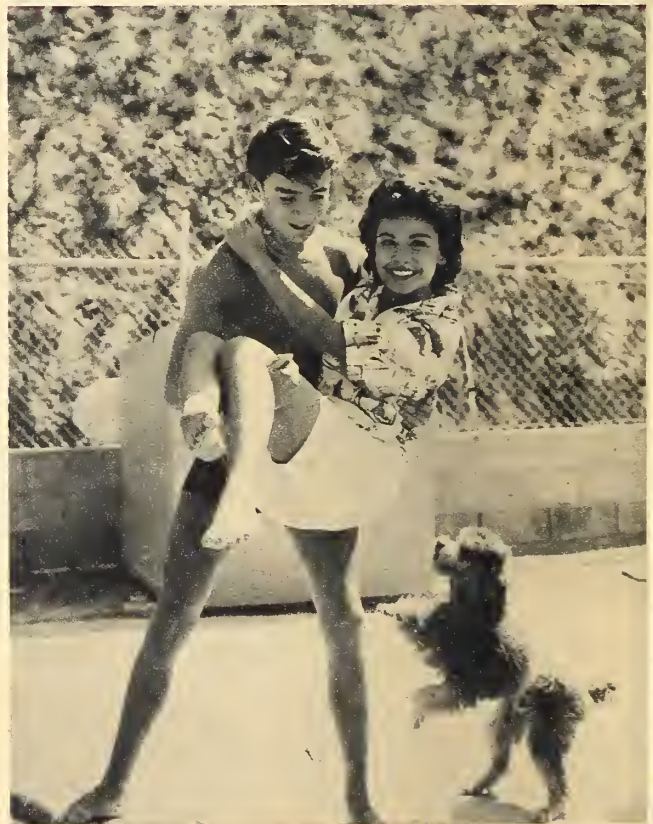


SUNNY Jim pays a visit to his sister-in-law and her children. His ABC-TV show, "Maverick," remains on top of the ratings.

ANNETTE'S Afternoon date



RECORDS to play on Annette's hi-fi are inspected by Tim. Later they enjoy a gab session on phone (below).

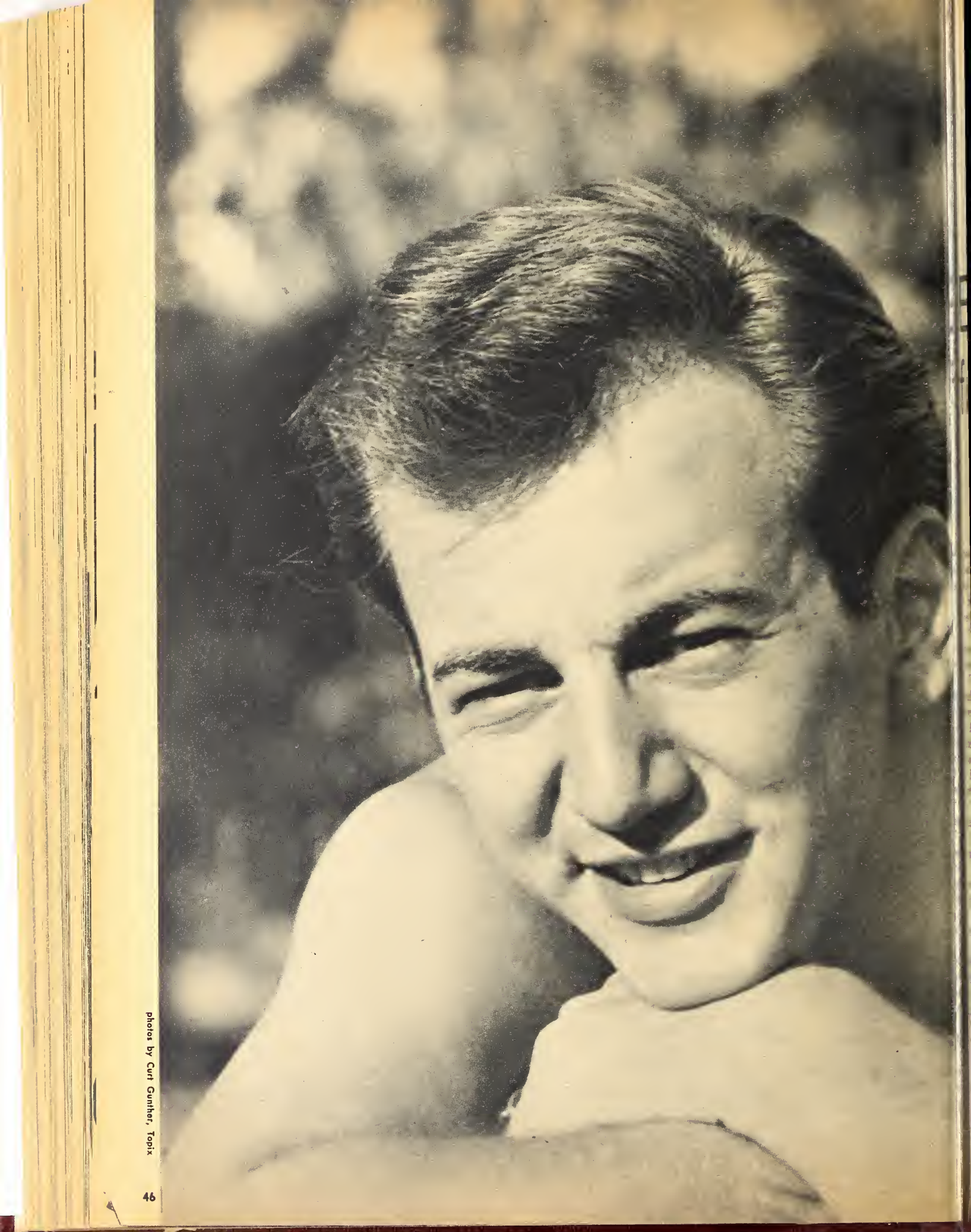


A DUNK in her swimming pool appears imminent and Annette's French poodle doesn't like it one bit. Tim was only kidding.

HAPPY? Why shouldn't she be? Tim's there and Fabian is singing—on the phonograph.



END



photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

Bobby Darin's escape from poverty

"I want to be somebody. I want to get out of here," Bobby wished as a child of the slums. Today his dreams have been fulfilled

"WHAT DID I WANT most while I was growing up in poverty?" Bobby Darin, sunning beside the pool of his Hollywood hotel, half closed his eyes and took a long, thoughtful look back into his not so distant past.

Suddenly an icy fire darted like blue lightning from those restless, searching eyes of his—and just as quickly disappeared.

"What I wanted most of all while I was growing up in poverty," the rage of the rhythm singing set murmured with well-controlled intensity, "was—to get out of it!"

For a moment you got the impression that no single desire had eclipsed that great driving surge of yearning to escape the overall desert of poverty as Bobby knew it.

And then this came pouring out: "I wanted to have some identity. I wanted a house with a yard and a vegetable patch." Now his voice grew quietly defiant. "And a fence!"

His next words, too, came softly. "I'm glad to say I could get that house and have my mom in it before she passed away.

"Maybe it's an awful house," he was veering toward the defensive again, "but it's a first, and I like firsts."

Half of what Bobby had said seemed to carry a charge of special significance.

Specifically, it was a *house*, not a *home*, he had lacked and wanted. Obviously, no matter how poor and cramped the family quarters were, his wonderful mother had made them a home.

And then the fence. What about that? Bobby grinned as he elaborated on the fence he used to dream about.

"I didn't want a big fence," he protested. "Only a little one." He measured with his hand scarcely a foot off the ground—about the height of a psychological fence! "Just to let people know they've got to step over it," he explained. "That I was over there on the *other* side of it."

Over there on the other side of that fence he's well able to afford today is a 22-year-old boy, Manhattan-born, brought up in the Bronx. A boy whose father died five months before Bobby was born . . . A boy of Italian and English ancestry . . . A boy who had rheumatic fever when he was seven years old . . . Again when he was eight . . . nine . . . ten.

But Bobby is a boy who defies statistics, either cut and dried or dramatic. He insists on being his own highly individual self—

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KIDS clap hands as Bobby strums his hit record, "Mack The Knife." Poverty and illness were his lot when a kid.

"I have yet to find any place I belong except on a stage."



A SUCCESS as a recording and TV personality, Bobby's now about to make a movie. He started his career in his high school band.

BOBBY can well afford to buy clothes now, but considers money less important to him than being accepted as a creative person.

and never mind about pigeonholing him in this category or that one merely because, according to statistics, he belongs here or there.

"I remember one day," he said, "when a bunch of us kids in my neighborhood were talking and I said, 'I want to be somebody. I want to get out of here.'"

"The kids set me down with some tired old cracks in the 'good enough for my father, good enough for me' groove. This was the kind of street where I belonged, they said. Where I was born and my father was born. This was the street where I'd stay. I'd never, never leave.

"I don't remember what I told them at the time, but they got my final answer a few years later."

"What was that?" I asked.

"I left!" Bobby replied, his blue eyes glinting gleefully this time as he recalled it.

Try to soothe Bobby with a comforting reminder that poverty is no sin and he'll come right back at you with a quick. "The hell it isn't!"

But, he hastily adds, though poverty may be a sin, the poor are not sinners.

"If you live with poverty 21 years, as I did, it becomes part of you," he declared. "Just the same, I'd like to see everybody experience poverty at some time or other. But I wouldn't want to see anyone *stay* in it.

I LOVE the poor. There's something beautiful about them. They don't have to worry about 'shading.' No pretense. No covering up. But poverty that goes on and on indefinitely, that's the kind that breeds ignorance. It's bad.

"Until I got to high school," Bobby went on. "I thought a guy with money was somebody who owned a TV set!"

"By the time I graduated from the High School of Science in New York—it's the best—I'd met a lot of bright, upper middle-class kids whose fathers were doctors, lawyers, engineers and professional people like that.



"I must perform. Maybe it all started with my desire to be different," says Bobby looking back



REHEARSING with Jimmy Durante for a TV appearance, Bobby can't suppress his mirth. A born performer, he thrives in the spotlight.

"I didn't get along too well with them, but it didn't matter," he shrugged. "Mom had said, 'Watch people, but don't get involved with them 'til you know what you want.' So I became an observer—a pretty active one—and learned to be an 'adapter.' That's what I call myself because I'll go the temporary route of whatever situation I'm in.

"Mom also used to tell me I was a man and simply because of that I could be a boss. So that's how it was. I got to be a leader, but only in my faction. I couldn't have cared less about being an overall leader. I never wanted to get tied up with the general picture, because, I suppose, I always preferred to identify myself with the minority.

"Partly, at least, that was because I couldn't play ball or take part in any sports on account of the rheumatic fever I'd had as a child. This turned out to be an advantage. By being an observer I could see the whole game, not only my part in it, as would be the case if I were playing."

It was the same story for Bobby with every phase of life in which he played his role of spectator and active observer rather than participant in the fullest sense.

Songwriter and arranger, when the time came, he wrote his own hit tunes—"Dream Lover" and "Splish Splash" among others. Observer though he may be, essentially Bobby is also

a born performer. He thrives his natural best in the spotlight the fans have focused on him.

"I have yet to find any place I belong except on a stage." is the way he put it. "I must perform. Maybe it all started with my desire to be different. The problem there was that I had no means—no money, that is—to carry out my desire.

"I couldn't buy anything that would make me stand out and be different from anybody else. That left it up to me to do something the others couldn't do.

"The way I did it was to start out as a drummer in school. I actually faked my way into starting a band with that drum. It wasn't too hard because I was the only drummer in the school—and you can't have a band without a drum. Anyhow, I got a job playing the summer circuit at 15. It was a start—a first—and you know how I feel about firsts.

"Another thing I always wanted to do was to play the piano. We had none in our house, of course, but there was one in the school lunch room. I remember how I used to one-finger it—and dream."

The piano-playing dream came true with all the rest. Guitar, vibes and bass are other instruments Bobby added to his early musical accomplishments that led him not only to a performer's career, but to creating distinctive, bright arrange-

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MOTHER, Mrs. Aileen Weld, doesn't always have last word with Tuesday who craves independence.

TUESDAY WELD SAYS:

“I feel old inside

A teenage femme fatale, Tuesday startled Hollywood by dating men more than twice her age; here are her own reasons for it

By AMY LEWIS

WHEN TUESDAY WELD, who celebrated her 16th birthday on August 27th, began to date 44-year-old, twice-divorced actor John Ireland, the film colony's collective eyebrows shot up to stratospheric heights. Particularly since John is the father of two sons, one a year and a day older than Tuesday, and the other 14. And when the junior grade *femme fatale* added bandleader Ray Anthony, in his late 30's, also twice divorced and the father of a son, to her long list of swains, Hollywood still remained puzzled and slightly shocked.

But doll-faced Tuesday, while calmly declaring that she hoped to land John Ireland as a guest on her “Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis” CBS-TV series, couldn't understand what all the shouting was about on the burning question of the loves of Tuesday Weld.

“I feel old inside,” said young Tuesday with a sigh. “In fact,” she continued with a soft childish smile, “I think I'm on my third reincarnation now—Lola Montez, the famous Spanish dancer and adventuress.

“People seem surprised that I find older men more interesting than boys my age. The truth is that I grew up a lot faster than most kids and my life has not been like that of the average girl—so why should I pretend it has? My dad passed away after a long illness when I was only three; that year I began modeling. My mother had a rough time trying to take care of my sister Sally, brother David and me. But it wasn't long before I assumed mature responsibilities and was supporting the whole family.”

Tuesday ran her tapering fingers through her silver-gold tumbling curls. “Because I felt so emotionally mature and sophisticated,” she continued, “it seemed natural to act older than my chronological age, and I began dating when I was only 10.” (Tuesday, a vocabulary addict, tosses off such words as “chronological age” with the aplomb of a college graduate.) “So I'm long past the time when I can feel comfortable with kids my age. I've lived too long in a grownup world for that. Now and then I've tried dating boys my age or even a few years older. But,” she giggled, “when I did, I never knew if I should offer to pay for the hamburgers or let him! Besides, I was bored because I wasn't learning anything.”

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photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



TUESDAY, like Marilyn Monroe, loves to spend hours in front of a mirror studying her best features and applying make-up

DATES with older men such as Fabrizio Mioni are defended by Tuesday. "I know more about men than my classmates do



a sophisticated body and a Little Red Riding Hood face, Tuesday is a Hollywood legend

At Hollywood Professional School, which Tuesday attends as a high school junior when she isn't being privately tutored at a studio school, she admits that she feels dreadfully old around teenage classmates who giggle, blush or squeal over boys. "I was the belle of my class because I've worked with their idol—Ricky Nelson," says Tuesday. "And because I've dated for six years I naturally know a lot more about men and boys than my classmates. That's why I often feel old inside . . . you know, as if I were 20 or even 25."

This child-woman, who likes to think of herself as "an old soul" in her third or fourth reincarnation, is fast becoming a Hollywood legend. She's an unfinished person who is as intriguing as an unfinished crossword puzzle.

She's also well aware of the power of publicity. Susan Ker Weld (her real name) would have meant little in a town filled with far more beautiful teenagers. But Tuesday, as a given name, would immediately elicit attention. And it did.

"Tuesday," commented a film executive, "has a drive and an ambition that are frightening in a youngster. 'I know that I've got what it takes to become a top film star,' she told me, 'and nothing is ever going to stop me from reaching that goal.' And the way she narrows her hazel eyes, looks you full in the face and forgets her kittenish ways momentarily, tells you that she means every word of it.

"She ferrets out parts and goes after them. Between segments of 'Dobie Gillis,' she did a small role in 'The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve' with Mickey Rooney, and she's currently doing another small role in 'Because They're Young' with Dick Clark.

"Don't believe all that talk about Tuesday being the wildest baby beatnik queen in town. Most of it is Tuesday's mistaken attempts to get her name in the papers. She works every minute of the day and every day of the week on her career. No publicity chore is too small; she's most cooperative. In fact, she recently hired her own press agent. Tuesday told me that she likes working so much that, at the age of 10, she decided she preferred a professional life to what she called 'childish pleasures,' such as playing with dolls."

Last spring at a cocktail party for the press, the blonde, hazel-eyed Tuesday, looking like a junior grade Marilyn Monroe, acted as her own press agent when she smilingly approached reporter after reporter with a lady-like "I'm Tuesday Weld and I'm happy to know you." A poised child-woman, with an aware, horizontal sexy walk, a style and personality peculiarly her own, she appeared amazingly more self-sufficient than her admitted 15 years.

"I WENT through the awkward age years ago—between 9 and 11," explained Tuesday. "I suppose the reason I seem so much older than I am is that when I worked as a model, Broadway and TV actress in New York—I did more than 40 TV dramatic shows—I made and managed all my own appointments, went all over alone and felt able to take care of myself. I'd have to pose maybe in Connecticut and then rush down to a photography location in New Jersey.

"But now, suddenly, in Hollywood I find myself treated like a little girl with someone standing by to do everything for me. It seems so strange after my independent life in the East. Here there's a welfare worker on the set, a private teacher, too. Mother must be with me; it's a state law. I'm an independent character, can't even bear to have my mother watch me act or sit in on auditions. I like to be alone—to rely on myself. Acting is like play to me. I love it; it never seems like work."

It appears that the girl with the sophisticated body and

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RIDING a bicycle around studio, Tuesday sheds her worldliness. Tuesday's with Dick Clark in movie, "Because They're Young."

A "first" for Fabian

*Having conquered the world of
rock 'n' roll, fabulous Fabe headed west
to debut in a movie, "Hound Dog Man"*



RUBDOWN on set of "Hound Dog Man" is enjoyed by Fabian who finds movie-making to his liking.



VORACIOUS appetite is demonstrated by Fabian at luncheon break, orders "doubles" on everything.

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

HANDSOME Fabian turned out to be a natural actor whose poise and easy manner won compliments. **END**



let's look
at ● the
RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **JIMMY DEAN**, CBS-TV star

PROBABLY the coolest of the cool school, the **Cecil Taylor Quartet** is currently heard on a Contemporary LP, "Looking Ahead." The Taylor piano spearheads a definitely *avant garde* approach to the subject of jazz. The numbers—six in all—are original (highly) compositions with much counterpoint and very little melody but still quite interesting. . . . **Roy Hamilton** possesses one of the really big voices in the music business and it was never bigger or better than in his Epic album, "Have Blues, Must Travel." Roy belts his way through such indigo classics as "Sophisticated Lady," "Solitude" and "Stormy Weather." It's the blues, man, the blues. . . . What could be a better combination than **Jimmie Rodgers** and a batch of Western ballads? We can't think of any, off hand. Jimmie does a superlative job of recreating the Old West in his latest Roulette album, "Twilight On The Trail." "Cool Water," "Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie," "The Last Roundup"—you can smell the sagebrush as the Rodgers vocal magic casts its spell.

M-G-M has issued a posthumous pairing of **Billie Holiday's** soul-searing renditions of "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" and "Just One More Chance." The dual offering is another indication of how much Billie will be missed from the musical scene. When Billie died, the unique Holiday style went with her. The fact that we still have records such as this is a small consolation, at least. . . . **Tommy Sands**, who has been bowling 'em over in night club engagements, shows why on his latest Capitol offering, "That's The Way I Am" and "I'll Be Seeing You." Tommy turns the standard "Seeing You" into his own personal property and does just about as good a job on the flip side. . . . A human cannonball, name of **Ronnie Hawkins**, has an album on the Roulette label, bearing his name as its title, that takes off like a jet and heads straight for outer space. Ronnie wears rock'n'roll like a glove. Accompanied by the Hawks,

Ronnie has a voice that embodies all the good points of rhythm and blues. A big chunk of the R'n'R numbers in the album were written by Hawkins, which adds another gold star to his report card. . . . The light touch typifies blind Scottish pianist **Joe Saye's** keyboard style. And it's found in abundance in the Mercury album "A Double Shot Of Joe Saye." Joe, with a small group that includes flute and guitar, runs through both standards and original compositions which are very Scottish in flavor. Among the standards covered are "Younger Than Springtime," "No Two People" and "Let's Call The Whole Thing off." . . . Red-hot **Della Reese**, now performing under the Victor banner, has a super sales item in a 45er pairing, "Don't You Know" and "Soldier, Won't You Marry Me." "Don't You Know" is a takeoff on a melody from "Der Rosenkavalier" while "Soldier" is a well-known folk song. In both cases, Della brings her own special brand of vocalistics into play. . . . One of the most refreshing albums to come along in a great while is Victor's "Just For Kicks" performed by **Bob Thompson**, his orchestra and chorus. The arrangements are wild and wonderful. The standards in this package never had it so good and that includes the likes of "Makin' Whoopee," "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "Mad About The Boy." . . . The new Victor album by the **Crew Cuts**, "The Crew Cuts Sing," is simply that, a fine old mixture of barber shop ballads with several songs of *The Twenties*. A nostalgic good time is had by all on such real old favorites as "My Gal Sal," "Sweet Adeline" and "Cruising Down The River."

Joni James, she of the many hit records, has a hit album in the offing—her new M-G-M etching, "Joni Swings Sweet." Joni picks up the beat on this one, but with aplomb, man. The tempo is up but not the blood pressure. Joni has things very much under control delivering gems such as "After You've Gone," "How About You" and "Too Mar-

velous For Words." . . . Neil Seda, the talented youngster who composes, plays the piano and sings, has two recordings on the latter out on the Victor label. Neil's latest offerings are "Carol" and "One Way Ticket." Even in his tender years, Neil knows his way around a rock'n'roll tune—but good. . . . "Como Swings," the title of **Peter Como's** latest Victor LP is no misnomer. Como comes on like Peter Gunn. The World's Most Relaxed Singer can sing with the best of 'em. Witness Peter's treatment of "You've Come A Long Way From St. Louis" and "Route 66." . . . Mercury Records is guilty of no indiscretion in releasing **Patti Page's** album that name. Patti's handling of a batch of ballads is faultless. Patti comes pretty close to being peerless in this department. Catch her tasteful treatment of "It Depends On You" and "Lover Come Back To Me"—fine examples of the way that songs *should* be sung. . . . One of the most listenable jazz recordings we've come across is the new Roulette album, "Try Little Tenderness," played by **Ty Glenn** with strings. The Glenn Trombone is the perfect vehicle for the swinging sound that the ballads cover call for. All of the numbers are in the vein of the title song.

For some time now, a new **John Mathis** album has assured Columbia Records of hefty sales figures. His latest LP, "Heavenly," should be no exception to the rule. It's filled with the kind of ballad that Johnny has made his own special domain. The pace is easy, the delivery romantic, the net result more than satisfactory. . . . A jumpin' **Sarah Vaughan** is upon us! And why not? Her latest Mercury album, she's backed by the whole Count Basie band with the notable exception of the leader, which explains the LP's title, "No Count Sarah." It's a dynamic set, indeed, with the highpowered Basie organization supplying the fuse to set off a sizzling Sarah. . . . It doesn't make too much difference how you slice it; **Rosemary Clooney** is one of the country's top warblers. Any doubt exists in your mind, just check her M-G-M pairing, "I Wonder" and "For You." Rosie has a musical parlay that's a sure winner artistically and financially. . . . **Tommy Edwards** latest brace of ballads etched for M-G-M—"I Looked At Heaven" and "I've Been There," both have a similar theme that shouldn't stop anyone from latching onto a double portion of a good thing. . . . **Perez Prado** is just about undisputed king of the cha-cha and mambo music makers. So it's a real treat when Perez points his orchestra in a new direction. In his latest Victor album, "Pops A Prado," Perez puts the Afro-Cuban beat to work on a set of American standards. The results are unusually exciting and irresistibly danceable. You will really be surprised at what tunes you can go on two-cha-cha-cha to.

Hollywood Lowdown

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Rolls Royces—Carv Grant's CGI, Curtis' Sliver Cloud TC11, and Fred's FA111. . . . But Elizabeth Taylor selling hers, complete with monod crest ETT, for Elizabeth Taylor Husband Eddie Fisker was the nervous performer for his recent spectacular in England. But the afterwards were good. It's usually woman who pays. This time the man in terms of career. But up to now, she says, "It's worth it."

With everyone establishing residence and, Robert Mitchum, who likes to be sent, has decided to make films in this country only. I'm not surprised after he happened in Ireland when he starred in "A Terrible Beauty." Robert had a little time with some of the press people. . . . Jim "Maverick" Garner who recently signed a new seven-year contract with Warners, has been assured he will get two-and-a-half million dollars by the end of it. But Jim is hoping he will have to make "Mavericks" for more than another year or two. . . . Joel McCrea turned down another million dollars for part of his Calabasas ranch, because, "The ranch is for my children." Do not. Bing Crosby's strained relationship with his children, is proof that kids should make their own way in life, without the handicap of inherited wealth.

Fred Astaire gets \$100,000 every time "Evening With Fred Astaire" is renewed. Fred's biography will never be published. Neither will Clark Gable's. Clark has recently turned down \$100,000 or more for a national weekly magazine for the legal rights to his life story. . . . Bill Orr, boss behind Warners' top TV shows "Cheyenne," "77 Sunset Strip," "Colt" and "Maverick," was known, in his early days as an actor here, for his impersonations—especially for his take-off of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . Deborah Kerr almost worked herself into a breakdown, trying to finish "Beloved Infidel" at 20th Century-Fox, to get in a little time with the two daughters she has in London, before reporting to Australia for "The Sundowners." The verdict on "Beloved Infidel" will be in by the time you read this. And for very personal reasons, I hope it's good.

Gina Lollobrigida described her toil in Hollywood with Frank Sinatra for "Never Few" as "like being in a huge factory." But she liked it, and promptly took a month in London to perfect her English so that she can return to Hollywood for six months of filming every year. It's nice to write of someone coming to Hollywood, instead of leaving it.

Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani, who are both on the temperamental side, are even more so with each other during their recent filming in New York. . . . Which reminds me, Marlon's ex-bride Anna Kashfi, determined to keep her

former spouse to regular visiting hours with their son, actually, so I'm told, hired some guards, to make sure. Marlon used to pop in at all hours of the day and night. . . . Ava Gardner, the most restless girl in the world, is planning to buy a home in Puerto Rico, according to producer Lester Cowan who has offered Ava the job of co-producing any films she makes for him in that part of the world. She's now starring in "On The Beach."

When Princess Caroline, daughter of Her Grace, Princess Kelly Rainier, gets mad at Mama, she stamps her small foot and says reprovingly, "Grace!" The latter tells of the time she was in a New York taxi and the driver said to her, "Lady, you look a lot like Grace Kelly, only you're much prettier." . . . No one is betting that Frank Sinatra will marry his new discovery, Australian singer Diana Trask. . . . But Errol Flynn is expected to march to the altar with 17-year-old secretary-pal Beverly Aadland. . . . When Bing Crosby fathered a girl after all these years, Pat Boone, the father of four, or is it five, daughters, wired Der Bingle, "Welcome To The Club" . . . And Charles Chaplin, father of ten, hopes to make it a round dozen.

Paul Newman had some photographs taken with Joanne Woodward when he visited her during her filming with Marlon Brando. And when Marlon saw them later, he mused, "You know, I'm beginning to look like Paul," who was accused of aping Brando at the start of his acting career. . . . According to Audrey Hepburn, the more successful you be-

come, the more insecure you feel. It all depends on what Audrey means by success. If it's fame and money, then I agree with her. I've never met anyone with both who was completely happy. . . . When producer Al Zugsmith was asked about the costume worn by Mamie Van Doren in "The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve," he pulled out a small envelope, and out came Mamie's costume. As it turned out, it was just half of Mamie's costume.

Can it be true, that Danny Thomas will retire from TV by the end of 1960? That's the rumor in Hollywood. Funny thing about television. Everyone here fights to try to get on it, then the rugged pace causes everyone to try to get off it. This is true of Danny, Alan Young, Red Buttons, Jim Arness, Robert Young and most stars with a series. . . . But so far, Big Chuck Connors, the ex-first baseman, is battling 1000 with his TV show, "The Rifleman." "I was playing for The Angels, when I got a call from Metro to appear in a comedy. It was easy work and easy money. And I said to my wife, 'This filming business is for me.'" . . . Said Olivia de Havilland recently, "I wonder what makes Hollywood so deadly?" It could be this climate—you can have *too* much sunshine. But everyone comes back here to make a fast dollar. . . . Which reminds me, Marilyn Monroe's take from "Some Like It Hot" should bring her a cool two million dollars. But Mmmm would give it all, to have a baby. . . . There was a hideous story that Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes was on the verge of matrimony. Relax girls. "I don't have the time or the inclination for marriage," said Edd when last queried. . . . Rita Hayworth de-glamourized her glamorous self, to play a lady accused of murdering her husband, in "The Story On Page One." She'll surprise you. **END**



THE ALAN Ladds and son David at wedding of Alan Ladd, Jr., and Patricia Ann Beasley.

"My Husband, Roger Smith"

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reality so far as I'm concerned. He thinks people who marry ought to feel free to tell each other everything. Their thoughts, their actions, their dreams—yes, and their nightmares, too. And I agree with that. If you can't trust your mate with your secrets, how can you trust him—or her—with your life?

We've both changed an awful lot since our marriage, but by no means because we've tried to "reform" each other. I think the changes in us are just the spontaneous ones natural to two people in love who want to adapt themselves to each other—each finding the greatest happiness in bringing happiness to the other.

Since our marriage began, there is only one change I consciously set out to make in Roger. I've tried to make him tidier about a funny habit he had. He used to take off his shoes and put them on the coffee table when we watched television at night. Then he'd leave them there on the table all the next day or longer until somebody—meaning me, mostly—put them away in the closet.

Roger's big reform came without a word of argument when I staged a one-woman revolution. For a whole week I just quit putting the shoes away, and let them collect, pair after pair on the coffee table. I don't know if it was on account of the ridiculous lineup of footwear decorating our living room or the fact that Roger was running out of shoes in the bedroom, but suddenly he caught on, and quit the one habit he had that used to bother me.

Roger is such a sweet, thoughtful person in every way—big and little. For instance, once when I was dreaming out loud he heard me say that some day I'd like to have a white fox six feet long. Back in May, on the 25th to be exact, he gave me a birthday surprise of a six-foot white fox stole!

BUT furs aren't necessarily the only happy surprises he's given me. It may sound like a small thing to outsiders, but to me it's very important when Roger brings home a bunch of violets because he knows that I have a very special love for them.

Hardly anyone ever guesses Roger to be a person to get a kick out of gardening, but he has the greenest thumb I've ever seen. A few months ago he bought some type of rare tropical shade plant. The nursery man gave him all kinds of elaborate instructions on how to keep this fragile specimen alive. Roger came home, threw it in the ground—where it gets full sun—and it's growing beautifully. Except whenever I go out and look at it. Then that plant purposely wilts till I go back in the house, where I belong.

Roger didn't become particularly interested in gardening till after he started "77 Sunset Strip." Now he finds it's a

way to take his mind off his work, at least during weekends, which he also gives over partially to doing interviews, taking care of fan mail, signing autographs and answering letters. This after a five-day week of working eleven hours a day!

Get him out of the garden, and Roger likes skin diving, just plain diving, and swimming. Reading, too. We often read together, but separately, if you know what I mean. To each his own—book, magazine or paper. Every once in a while, however, one of us breaks in on the other, saying, "Just listen to this." The interrupted reader always listens politely, and almost always is disappointed in the little gem that was intended as a treat. Take them out of context, Roger explains, and some of the funniest incidents won't get a laugh, or the saddest story situations a sob.

Almost any kind of music is Roger's favorite kind, but he has a special feeling for the guitar, which is his instrument. That's what he plays in his album, "Beach Romance," while he sings what he calls his "beach songs" of various countries, in their original languages—Spanish Haitian, Hawaiian, plus the assorted English of Calypso and American lyrics.

COME morning, and Roger wakes up slowly. I guess that's the only thing he is slow about. He's even quick about noticing women's clothes—if I'm in them. I know he has no liking for fussy things and prefers sports clothes for me. But he doesn't make a big thing of talking about what I ought to wear. Instead, he's pretty apt to limit his remarks about what I have on to something in the nature of, "I like the other one best." The look that goes with the comment is what counts.

Roger is a helpful husband—and I hope I'm a helpful wife—in learning lines and working on roles. We're so critical and honest with each other that sometimes it hurts. But we get over the hurt, and what remains from the incident is a better performance.

While I was making "The Crimson Kimono," Roger was cuing me in my lines for a love scene one evening when all of a sudden he stopped me and said, "There's not enough buildup to this scene. Nobody's going to believe that you and Glen Corbett are really in love."

We gave it a pro and con going over for a while and it didn't take me long to accept Roger's opinion. Next day at the studio I told Sammy Fuller, who directed "The Crimson Kimono," what Roger had said. He agreed completely and when Glen and I finally did the scene for the picture it was with the added buildup that my husband had suggested.

Roger is wonderful about helping to discipline the babies. But he leaves the broken-record no-no, mustn't-touch and similar routines all up to me, keeping



ROGER goes for almost any kind of music but he prefers the guitar as an instrument.

himself for special occasion discipline. This is just as well because he pushes over for Tracey's tricks. She's a little over two but is expert at handling Daddy, Jordan, who was born a year ago and doesn't play the angles—yet.

Where Roger scores in keeping the line is with his voice. He opens those deep tones and believe me he attracts attention, though not necessarily planned results.

Jordan is still too young to notice things, but Tracey is very anti-Day Saving Time. Last summer when her time (it was about seven o'clock) ran around and the sun was still shining side, she didn't like it a bit.

One night she was more rebellious than usual when I put her to bed with shades drawn (ever-hopeful me!) against the bright sun. I tucked her in and toed out of the room.

Half a minute later she called me back. I kissed her goodnight again and tip-toed out for the second time. Another 30 seconds and she was vocalizing some protest at the injustice of it all. This went on till Roger decided it was time for the head of the family to take over.

He walked into her room with a step and boomed a deep, forbidding "Tracey!" at her. She was startled into silence for a second.

Then, being a girl, even at the age of two she probably knows instinctively that men are patsys for a wistful smile accompanied by a look of helpless feminine appeal. She turned on the whole works, held out her little arms trustingly and pleaded "Daddee, uppee!"

So Daddy the Disciplinarian scooped her up in his arms and let her join the grownups. That ended the day's discipline for Tracey.

And that's my husband. Or part of him anyway. How can I possibly sum Roger up except by simply saying—I just love him—that's all.

Escape From Poverty

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for quite a number of other singers as himself.

Black 'n' roll is only one facet of Bobby's musical personality. He can give winning treatment to standard ballads and swing items, too, as he proves again on his new album for Atco, "Bobby: That's All."

Tall, trim 155-pounder, Bobby is opening his bank account with fees for TV and personal appearances that no doubt about his pulling power as a former and an all-around personality is sure to take on his next entertainment assignment soon—a motion picture debut.

Though Bobby digs success, he's not just going for gold despite his early years of going through its lack so keenly.

"I wouldn't trade my mind for all the money in the world," he declared. "Naturally, I like knowing I'm a success, but I'd never want to 'feel successful.'"

HEARING Bobby say those words, about "feeling successful," you can't help feeling that for many a year he must have lived under the sting of other people's success, an all too common accompaniment to success.

"Sure," he went on, "success is riches—at least riches is part of it. But for me that's not the most important thing. What I like about success is that it opens doors for more success! I guess what I'm really aiming for is this: universal acceptance as a creative individual."

As a singer and songwriter he may be, and as a pianist at that, yet Bobby doesn't think of himself as an artist, nor does he ever use the word "artist" in reference to himself. He seems to have rejected it as completely as he has "feeling successful."

Another thing he rejects is going through life with an entourage of willing sycophants at his heels. Fans, yes. He has 'em. Sycophants and hangers-on, no. They have no use for those.

Ultimately a wife and children come prominently into Bobby's picture of success in life. Several times during our conversation he talked about the day when he will have children. As to romance, he's certainly interested in that. Girls and boys go together like dancing and music, and he's made no secret of it.

Having been brought up along with one sister solely by his mother, who died in May, Bobby has developed under the patriarchal influence. And the biggest influence his lovely mother exerted on him was, as he expressed it, "to prepare me for every path I might walk in life." Above all, she taught him to walk all day with his eyes wide open.

"I never go into anything blind," said Bobby. "Thanks to my mother, I'm ready for whatever people think or do. I can't be thrown by any surprises. Like anyone else, though, I can be temporarily stymied,

especially if the 'tools' and 'equipment' I surround myself with in my work aren't functioning right.

"It happened the other night during my late show. Up till then the lights, music, stage, everything in the club I was playing had been going for me, and I was in complete control. But at this last show the lights went wrong. From then on I had to give part of my attention and energy to compensating for the mechanical failure. I couldn't let the audience become distracted, and that distracted me, so I wasn't functioning fully as a performer. But," he added, "I still managed to be in control as much as possible under the circumstances."

Whatever else he might have missed out on in his formative years, Bobby never lacked love. There were times, you can be sure, when he wanted attention and his mother was too busy to give it to him. Yet he always knew he was loved.

Today more than ever Bobby is acutely aware that his mother sacrificed her own needs to his freely and spontaneously—because she wanted to. It was a matter of devotion, not duty.

Bobby even remembers her trying to explain to a friend why she never remarried after being widowed before her son was born. "I don't want a stranger bringing up my son," she said. And no amount of persuasion would move her to change her mind. Nevertheless, she leaned over backwards to avoid making a mama's boy of him.

"If you fall down, I won't pick you up," she cautioned her boy firmly. "But when you pick your own self up I'll brush you clean and help you get ready to walk ahead again."

"My mother only lived for me," Bobby said, "yet she would never have wanted me to feel that I owed her any kind of a debt of gratitude because of the sacri-



"I LIKE knowing I'm a success but I don't ever want to 'feel successful,'" says Bobby.

fices she made for me. She wouldn't want me to be under obligation to anyone, including herself.

"She had just one ambition for me, and that was for me to go ahead and be whatever I wanted to be. If there is any way I can pay the debt she would never let me feel I owed her, it is by being successfully me.

"It's hard to tell just what this business of being me amounts to because I keep changing all the time. Maybe that's how I'm most successfully me. It's certainly an important part of the business of living as far as I'm concerned. I'd hate to think of myself as going on being exactly the same year after year for the rest of my life.

"RIGHT now—at this moment—I think of myself as a reflection of everything I've seen and done. It's all part of me. I'm a reflection of all the things I ever will do, too. By that I mean the potentials for doing them is in me and when the right spark ignites me I'll do them. I'm also a reflection of other people's experiences. And by that I mean I can hear somebody's tale of woe or joy and live it myself—by proxy. It then becomes part of me."

By and large, Bobby used to string along with most of his mother's ideas, with her outlook on things and people. Of block-buster dimensions, however, was the intensity of the disagreement between mother and son regarding a big romance Bobby had when he was 18. His girl friend was a 31-year-old woman.

His loving but strong-minded mother came right out and said the woman was no good for her boy. This was one time when Mom tried openly to bulldoze Bobby. She did her level best to interfere with his misfit romance, and she succeeded.

"I found out then," said Bobby with a noticeable absence of regret, "that when your mom is right, there ain't nobody more right than your mom!"

Since his older woman episode he has gone with lots of girls, and Bobby has developed an abiding belief in the old theory that "the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin."

"I've known minister's daughters who acted like party girls, and party girls who acted like preacher's daughters," he said. "From what I've learned, they're all turned out of the same mold—the girl mold—and I like it."

Bobby also likes strength of character and mind, singleness of purpose, unwavering direction, and solidity. It should be added that these attributes are characteristics which he himself possesses abundantly, and for which he is widely respected. More and more is this true as he progresses in his career.

This child of poverty has clicked big. He has always had talent; today he has money and fame to go with it. And how is he going to hang on to all this?

"How am I going to get up in the morning?" answers Bobby. "If I'm alive—I'll do it!"

The Last Separation?

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single word—*finis*. For it has been learned that Miss Gilmore, in great secrecy, had her lawyers draw up papers for a legal separation. It is reported that no public announcement has yet been made because details of the financial settlement are being worked out. Only time will tell whether the legal separation will stand or he followed by a divorce.

NO one has been surprised by this turn of events for it has long been known that the 16-year-old marriage has been shaky, especially in the last few years while the dynamic, hard-working actor roamed the world making films and his pretty wife devoted herself to volunteer cancer research and fund-raising for Los Angeles' Mt. Sinai cancer clinic. And insiders say that a year ago Virginia was ready to toss in the towel on the tottering marriage when the grapevine shook with rumors concerning Yul's romantic adventures in Vienna. He was then filming "The Journey" with Deborah Kerr and was reported to have discovered a new love at the same time that Deborah's marriage broke up when she met Peter Viertel. Ah, romantic Vienna!

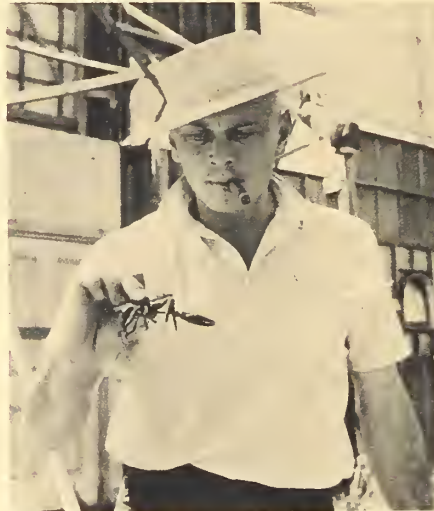
Matter-of-factly, Viennese gossip writers admitted that "the sexiest bald-bearded man in the world" had become enamored of a 19-year-old Austrian starlet, named Frances Martin; speculated that he hoped to marry her when he was free. They'd met in a Vienna night club, candle-lit and filled with throbbing old-world waltzes. "Mr. Brynner can say such a simple word as 'Hello' in the most incredibly romantic way," reported Miss Martin. "There's an awful lot of animal in this man. He walks like a panther." After their first meeting they were seen together everywhere. Miss Martin's mother, former actress Jane Tilden, denied rumors of a close association between her daughter and Yul. "Just good friends," she told reporters. "How can they be anything else when he is a married man?"

When the bombshell broke in a dispatch from Vienna, however, the man who had taken a dim view of invasion of his private life, momentarily forgot his vow of silence to reporters: "These absurd rumors! *Fahn-tastic*," he rumbled, using his favorite word, and drawing his hand over his brow in a gesture of utter weariness. "After 14 years of marriage Virginia isn't disturbed. She knows there is no truth in these recurring romance rumors. Frances is a lovely girl—a very lovely young lady. I have known her mother (who is the Ina Claire of Vienna) for years and naturally I did see both Frances and her mother while I was making 'The Journey.'"

Still, it was noted later by the vigilant press, that his young Viennese admirer failed to visit Yul in Spain when he

was summoned to replace the late Tyrone Power in "Solomon And Sheba." At least no one on the set glimpsed her. Whether the lovely young starlet dropped out of Yul's life completely isn't known, but during this past summer while he was making "Once More With Feeling" in Paris, he was seen escorting the young American model, Doris Kleiner. Later, when he left Paris for Lausanne, Switzerland (where he rented a palatial new apartment), the young beauty was noted dining with Yul in the town's finest restaurants. And she was glimpsed with other hotel guests watching Yul's expert water-skiing demonstration on the blue, mountain-bordered lake at the elegant Hotel Beau Rivage.

A brash and fearless young American woman reporter dared to confront this symbol of kingly male arrogance and stare into his burning, hypnotic, ripe-olive brown eyes. "I know I'm risking an-



EVERYONE who knows Yul regards him in a different light, so complex is his make-up.

nihilation," she told him, "but is it true that for the past months you've been seeing a great deal of Doris Kleiner?"

Surprisingly enough, Yul let his nonexistent hair down an inch or two and laughed the whole thing off. "These romance rumors with Miss Kleiner are utterly ridiculous," he began in the deep, resonant voice with its faint Charles Boyerish accent, a gentle play of amusement curling his full sensuous lips. "How do you answer such accusations as 'Is it true about you and that burlesque stripper I saw you with last night?' Fortunately I have a wife who is far too intelligent to believe such *fahn-tastic* stories."

Unfortunately, though, reports of Virginia's decision to seek a legal separation came to light at the same time. Yul is always both *The Movie Star* and *The King*. Reporters do not contradict this royal personage. Especially if they've seen

him uncoil and flick the silver-handled black \$600 bull whip which Cecil DeMille gave Yul as a souvenir of "Ten Commandments."

"In all fairness to Brynner," said a worker, "I do not believe that the marital troubles of Yul and Virginia are caused by anything so dramatic as 'another woman' or 'a triangle.' Wives of an irresistible to hordes of women develop tolerance to this sort of thing or their marriage withers before it's barely begun. Virginia, a highly intelligent, very feminine woman, understood thoroughly. During the early years of their marriage, no doubt she realized her dynamic husband's ego bloomed under the adulation of women, but that he found his happiness in his wife and at home.

THE real difficulty, I think, between them was much more basic. It was again that old debbil career which kept them apart just as it did Glenn and Lucille Ford. Like Glenn, Yul has made films abroad—and now he's announced he plans to remain overseas (probably for tax purposes) for the next three years, making all his pictures there. Virginia has her home on the Coast, and a son to bring up. Although she did put him in school in Switzerland for a time, she found this gypsy-like life no solution to their problems.

"Yul is a superhuman being who juggles his work and his manifold hobbies with furious gusto. He is such a perfectionist that he must get to the professional level quickly in each one—photography, stamp collecting, water-skiing, Yoga, philosophical studies, chef of exquisite dishes, designing and building modern furniture, languages, collecting balms from around the world and singing to his own guitar accompaniment—I could know how many more. So, there was less and less time for him to share the interests and home life of his wife. Finally the two grew so far apart that they became like strangers to each other.

Yet this wasn't always so. In 1937, when Yul met Virginia Gilmore, a beautiful California girl from Del Monte, she was the star and he a struggling 28-year-old actor. They met at a Hollywood party and the fresh, unaffected, outdoors charm of this cool blonde beauty drove through his thoughts the sultry French sirens known on the cabaret circuit in Paris as a romantic bistro entertainer, Brynner even then had a well-deserved reputation as a Don Juan, and an number of the loveliest ladies in Paris hoped to send him into matrimony.

Shortly after they met, Yul and Virginia married on September 6, 1938. Their son was born three years later, but she gave up her career to make a home for Rocky and Yul. "My wife," the actor once explained in an unusually loquacious moment, "had appeared in more than 100 pictures for Fox Films and in 10 plays on Broadway. In those days I was seen

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Jim Garner's Youth

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can't remember teachers calling me because he was behind in his work."

"But of course," Uncle John breaks in, "his aunt was the second grade teacher who kept an eye on all our boys. Everybody in town did."

When Jim came back from the Korean war, the first thing he did was buy a new car. Then he enrolled at the University of Oklahoma."

"I told him," Uncle John continues, "he was going to school to learn something, he'd better sell the car, but if he was going to have a good time, he ought as well keep it. Well, he kept it." Jim had such a winning personality it was hard to believe ill of him in any sense. One day, for example, when he was at grammar school, a neighbor called Aunt Leone to complain.

"Your Jimmy," she said, "is threatening to beat up my Jimmy on the way home from school."

Aunt Leone was sorry to hear it and promised to speak to James about it.

"James," she said when he came in, "Mrs. Roberts says you're threatening to beat up her Jimmy on the way home from school. Are you?"

"And then," she tells, "he looked up at me with those big, brown eyes and said, 'Why, you know I wouldn't do anything like that.'"

"Of course I had to believe him. He was such a lovable child you couldn't doubt him."

"Oh, Jim never lied about anything," Aunt Leone assured, "and as far as beating up someone goes, he could have done it. Remember the fight at the pool room?"

THE fight in front of the pool room is known to Norman, Okla., what the Battle of the O.K. Corral is to Tombstone, Arizona . . . classic.

Jim and another high school athlete had a difference over a snooker game, as his uncle remembers it, and fought for more than an hour in front of the pool hall.

"Oh, it was a beauty!" old timers exclaimed. Jim won, but he paid a price for victory. His hand was so sore the next day, his cousin, John Bumgarner, Jr., had to write his English theme for him.

James was an habitue of the pool hall, because, if he had any ambition other than to be a millionaire, it was to beat his Uncle John playing snooker. He practiced hard and challenged regularly, but Uncle John always won.

If Jim was undistinguished as a scholar, he was even less successful as a farmer. Uncle John had a farm several miles out from town and, on occasion, lived on it. Jim, naturally, was supposed to carry his share of the farm chore load.

It was Spring, a rain-washed, fresh-smelling morning, when Jim took a whirl at discing.

Jim whistled tunelessly to the accom-

panying chug of the tractor as the heavy discs turned the steamy earth. Sharply the harrow ripped through the tough sod and laid bare the brown soil for planting. Straight and true Jim cut the field until he came to the end of the row.

With a fine sense of accomplishment, he looked back over his shoulder at the ribbon of upturned earth behind him. With a surge of young energy, he swung the tractor around, turning sharply to begin another row. . . and, with a sickening sense of guilt, he braked to a halt. A wheel had caught slightly as he made the turn. Even before he looked back, Jim knew what had happened.

All the good intentions in the world melted away before his carelessness. He'd forgotten to lift the disc before he made the turn, and the tractor wheel had swung right into the harrow, slicing the expensive tires like butter.

Tractor tires cost about a hundred dollars each or more, and, worst of all, these were almost irreplaceable. It was during World War II when even tires for farm equipment were scarce.

UNCLE John, to his credit, kept his temper. He loves Jim like a son, and he knew Jim's own conscience would be his worst punishment.

"James," Uncle John chuckles, "just didn't take to farming. A week later, I left him planting some grass seed. I was afraid something would go wrong, and I told him to be careful with it, because it cost around thirty cents a pound."

"I drove into town for a while, and, on the way home, I passed the field where Jim was supposed to be working."

"As soon as I saw the cows standing in a circle, I knew what had happened. That boy had gone to the house for a minute and left the seed sack in the field, and the cows were eating it."

Jim's failures on the farm were legion. The day he tried to feed the calf, the calf threw milk all over him. When it came to farming, Jim just lacked the knack.

Maybe, of course, Aunt Leone and Uncle John were too tolerant. For example, one day the aunt was sick and, when the rest of the family went to town, Jim was left behind to wash breakfast dishes, tidy up, and mind the baby, Phil, who is now in high school.

He took care of the baby, evidently, because Phil was still alive when the family came home, but he forgot about the dishes and tidying up, and his aunt failed to remind him.

At evening, when Uncle John and the children rode up, they found everything exactly as they'd left it . . . including Jim, who was sitting on his aunt's bed playing canasta.

"The next day," Aunt Leone laughs, "we played canasta a while, but up in the day I told Jim he'd better straighten



FAMILY barbecue at brother Charles' home finds Jim dishing out ice cream to relative.

up some, and he did. He was always an awfully good boy."

Always an awfully good boy . . . that's the story of Jim Garner's life in Norman. Just what he did that was "good" is indefinite except that he brought happiness to people who knew him.

Asked whether or not the girls chased him, Uncle John grins. "I think maybe it was the other way around."

But Aunt Leone won't stand for that.

"They certainly did," she insists. "All the girls liked Jim. He'd run out of here looking so sloppy I'd call after him. 'Jim', I'd say, 'surely you're not going to see a girl looking like that.'"

"They'll have to take me the way I am," he'd laugh, "and they're glad to get me at that."

"And they were. He used to bring lots of girls out to the farm to ride horses, and then he'd come in hungry."

"Could you fix us something to eat?" he'd want to know. "I'd like some steak and potatoes."

"I remember, though, one girl who wouldn't date him. He went by a slumber party where she was a guest and asked her for a date. He came home pleased, because she'd given him one, but the next day she called and broke it. She said she couldn't go out with him because he was too tall."

"A woman came by the other day," Uncle John adds, "and told me she used to go out with James. I asked her if she had to walk home, and she said, 'No.' He was always a perfect gentleman."

James Garner wasn't a born farmer, obviously, and he wasn't a born scholar. Uncle John says he learned more from watching Oscar Levant on "Information Please" than any other way.

In fact, he may be one of the rare breed that was born to be a motion picture and television star . . . simply to bring pleasure to other people.

He's always done it. And, delightfully, by becoming a success, he's brought more pleasure than ever. Everybody in Norman is thrilled that the town was mistaken

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A Little Bit Kooky

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eat lunch either, and on a few occasions skips all three meals. When these periods of unthinking starvation—they are never forced—come to her, her appetite attains fierce momentum and in the end she falls on a meal of Marine proportions, devouring as if there were no tomorrow and chewing little enough as to alarm an expert on the functioning of the digestive tract. Shirley also gets fixes on certain foods and becomes impatient of variety. "I've seen her eat her weight in fruit at one sitting," a friend says. "Nothing but fruit."

AS A healthy and amiable girl, Shirley MacLaine can be said to have very few dissident quirks of personality, but some of these have come about as a result of the overwhelming volume of publicity that lately has come her way. At the time of a recent interview, she had appeared twice on the cover of a national picture magazine and once as star of the cover feature of one given ostensibly to news. Another picture specialist would cover-blurh her a week from then and a monthly publication was coming up with more of the same. The heroine of all this was more concerned than otherwise.

"It's all pretty wonderful," she said, "but there's bound to be a saturation point. People are going to get good and fed up with looking at this face and reading about this me."

She was called to the phone and excused herself. While she was away, a studio spokesman said to the other person, "She's putting her foot down on all this about how she and Steve are 6,000 miles apart much of the time." Miss MacLaine's husband is Steve Parker, who is not an actor but looks more like an actor than most actors; a handsome, moustached man whose production activities keep him in Japan a great deal. "She's afraid people will think she can't remember his last name. Which, of course, she can. Besides, Steve has been in the (Hollywood) vicinity lately because of the success of the Japanese show he brought to Las Vegas."

The interviewer, who had as well a nodding social acquaintance with the Parkers, bore this in mind but asked when she came back:

"How's Steve?"

"Steve who?" She got the reaction she wanted—bewilderment—and then said, "Steve's fine."

She is worried also about any further pictures of her truly adorable baby daughter, Stephanie, who has been building a public of her own via so much photography. Stephanie, as most call her, not only is cute but is, in her mother's opinion, becoming aware of it. This sounds precocious but Shirley MacLaine Parker does not wish to risk her only child's growing up a ham.

When Shirley MacLaine says she is not

self-conscious, she speaks nothing less than the truth. A French philosopher of note once admonished his readers: "Never apologize, never explain." While Shirley may not carry self-containment quite this far, she still feels patently that she has nothing drastic to answer for, and it is an attitude that gives her superb outer aplomb. A close associate has said of her, "If she lived in a cave and you visited her, she wouldn't say a word about how the place looked. Wouldn't even think of it. She hasn't that kind of insecurity. Inside she may be a little scared—not that I think so. But you'll never know it from her." She loves to swim but must do so either in early morning or at night; the sun mars her sensitive skin. Yet she is one of the few women not in the least disturbed by wearing on her legs neither stockings nor a tan.

Naturally, she does not live in a cave. She lives in a pleasant home on the southern slope of the San Fernando Valley that probably would be called "ranch"—a California word for any architecture not definitely Tudor, Spanish or modern—and has a driveway so angled that it is almost impossible to get onto or out of without two tries. Before that, when Stephanie was a babe in arms, she lived on the beach in Malibu and swore lovingly she would never live any place else, and later on a hillside which likewise she was never going to leave. Despite her disinclination to discuss the matter, it is thought by those closest to her that Shirley MacLaine does get lonesome and does channel her



A DANCER, Hollywood decreed she become an actress. Now Shirley's one of the best.

devotions, those not lavished on Step toward inanimate objects and possessions. She is emphatic and entirely truthful when she says, "I don't give a hoot about sessions!" but the energy of a need to I may seek outlets.

The Shirley MacLaine that will be veiled in "Can-Can" is the Shirley MacLaine who left New York for Hollywood a trained and adept dancer. Pictures creed promptly that she become an actress and this she has done so well that an authoritative opinion thinks she is perhaps the best young actress films ever have developed. But the notion of dancing never left her.

"Not the notion," she said a while ago. "But I lost track of the dancer somewhere over South Dakota. She stepped out and left me there."

"South Dakota?"

"Yes. Flying out here from New York. When I got on the plane, I was a dancer. When I got off, I wasn't."

SHIRLEY MacLaine loves travel but geography tends to confuse her. South Dakota is considerably north of even the most northerly routes used by air lines between Chicago and Los Angeles. However, then, said a questioner, quibbling though he were from The National Geographic Society, did she get there?

"Oh, weather," said Miss MacL. "You know how long it took? Fourteen hours. "Headwinds?"

"Undoubtedly. They blew the dancer right out of the plane. Until 'Can-Can' She finished lunch and her mind made backward voyage. "I don't," she said "want people to think I'm anything ending in -nik. Because I'm not. Anyone who something-nik is just because they work at it. If they're natural, that's something else. But I do what I want to, not to be character, and I don't think I am a character." She put the exhausted gum back in her mouth. "For instance, I like gum one—but not second-hand. There's a difference, you know."

Her audience acknowledged it. "You're tired of the oddball bit. You go back to work and I'll go back and think, and something will come of it all."

"Or you go back to work and I'll go back and think. That's even better. They're throwing me around today. This dance we're doing. There's one place I'm way up high. That I hate. I don't mind being thrown around but I'm really scared of high places."

"Acrophobia," said her friend, who by mischance knew the proper word for fear of high places.

"My!" said Shirley. "What's vertigo mean then?"

"When you get dizzy."

"All right. I get vertigo when I have what you said."

Vertigo or acrophobia, either doesn't make a body a-nik. Neither does leaving gum behind Frank Sinatra's ear. It's all up to what you feel like. Or how, more to the point, Shirley MacLaine feels.

Behind Millie Perkins' Engagement

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pending elopement had been given such wide credence. Dean and Millie's closest friends knew too well the torment of separation felt by the couple during Millie's six-week tour of Europe for the continental unveiling of "The Diary of Anne Frank." They would have found it easy to understand how the agony of emptiness and yearning might have convinced Millie and Dean of the folly of waiting any longer to become man and wife.

Strangely, unpublished denials in the wake of the elopement reports raised knowing speculation that Millie and Dean might merely be trying to buy precious hours of privacy. For a mad weekend during the desultory summer heat wave, the elopement rumors had gone into orbit and circled Hollywood at a dizzying pace. They erupted over the radio and in print.

The day after the rumors whooshed off the launching pad, Hollywood photographer Lawrence Schiller received by coincidence a phone call—albeit on a totally different matter—from Leon Shouter, a longtime friend of Dean's. Shouter dropped a parenthetical remark that piqued the interest of Schiller, who also is a friend of Dean and Millie.

"By the way," Shouter said, "word's around town that Dean and Millie are already married."

"Do you think they're married?" Schiller asked.

"That's what I hear," Shouter replied. "I hear they've eloped."

PARTY to an elopement or not, Millie was in Hollywood bright and early the following Monday. She soon was heard from. Word got out that she had told a high studio official words to this intriguingly ambiguous effect:

"I don't think our marriage plans are anyone's business but our own. We'll announce them when and if we feel like it. We have no intention of making any marriage announcement at the present time. We'll announce it when and to whom we want."

It would be difficult to ignore the possibility that those words—if they were a reasonable facsimile of what Millie actually said—were intended more as a sop to her parents and Dean's than as a rebuke to the rumor authors. The language was too vague to pass as a categorical repudiation of elopement. It sounded more like an outburst of anger over the fact that the elopement plans had leaked.

Of course, in the unfortunate process of hearsay, reputed statements are subject to embellishment and distortion. In any case, this incendiary piece of intelligence ran through the corridors of 20th Century-Fox like a midsummer brush fire. Before the day was over, the studio quoted Millie as denying that she had eloped or that

she was contemplating elopement, denying that she and Dean had obtained a marriage license as reported, and denying that they were considering marriage any time in the near future.

Such news, presumably, would have been reassuring to families which not yet had overcome apprehensions about such a marriage. Yet an unusual thing happened. The denial, unequivocal as it was when officially released, got little or no currency. It seemed that original sources were being taken more seriously than the disclaimers. This, to be sure, was not unique in Hollywood culture.

It is considered almost naive to take at face value even the most impassioned denial of love or marriage. The desire of lovers to be off by themselves, in courtship or in wedlock, is as indulgently understood, if not as scrupulously respected, in Hollywood as it is anywhere else. So while the Hollywood press will not lightly pardon deception in other fields of human activity, it never equates a disapproved marriage denial with prevarication. Denial is regarded more or less as the divine right of Hollywood lovers.

The simple fact is that months before the elopement rumors broke, Millie and Dean had decided to marry on July 20. Although they never contemplated public announcement of their intentions, they had carefully mapped out their private plans. Rather than break the news to their families on the spur of the moment, they previously had fixed June 24 as the day they would tell their parents of their July 20th marriage intentions. Apparently they procrastinated and did not follow that timetable.

Early in the year there was a possibility that Jerry Wald would star Dean in "Sons And Lovers" and start shooting in Europe in August. Dean and Millie had excitedly talked about how, if this deal materialized, they could combine it with a European honeymoon. This joyous eventuality did not come to pass because, among other things, Wald still hasn't gotten rolling on "Sons And Lovers."

MEANWHILE, Millie had to go to Europe to attend the Cannes Film Festival and to make personal appearances at international premieres of "The Dairy Of Anne Frank." Under ordinary circumstances, she might have been exultant. But like Dean she was heartsick because it meant they would be apart so long.

Millie long since had given up the apartment she had shared with her friend, actress Sandra Knight, to take a place of her own. The better to preserve her cherished privacy, the better to preserve as long as possible the secrecy and dignity of her romance with Dean. She packed lightly when she took off for Europe. She left the bulk of her wardrobe hanging in Schiller's studio.



ALTHOUGH together constantly, Millie and Dean managed to keep out of the limelight.

Once Dean came into her life it was inevitable that Millie would move out of the apartment she shared with Sandra. Millie is the retiring, elfin opposite of her huxom, blonde former roommate. While Millie is as quiet as the proverbial churchmouse, Sandra is outgoing and gregarious. This conflict-free arrangement was fine until Millie's attachment for Dean presented complications.

Sandra always had open house. There was a steady stream of Hollywood friends across her threshold. Dean and Millie, on the other hand, are congenital spotlight shunners. They dreaded the thought of a goldfish howl courtship. As a result, Dean rarely risked being seen with Millie by calling on her at her place. They preferred to meet at his apartment, where there was no social traffic at all, and where their privacy was not threatened. Secure in their solitude, they would curl up on the couch and listen to music by the hour—everything from progressive jazz to Bach and Beethoven.

But Millie's departure brought no rupture of friendship with Sandra. Sandra understood completely. In fact, if she didn't play Cupid to Dean and Millie, she certainly was godmother to their romance. Sandra was a longtime student—and friend—of respected Hollywood drama coach Robert Blake, and it was only after Millie enrolled in Blake's class that her love blossomed. It was there, during a coffee break, that Millie got into a conversation with a diffident, slender fellow student named Dean Stockwell. They were surprised to discover that they felt the same way about practically everything they discussed.

Their coffee breaks became ritual. Soon they could barely wait for the halfway mark in their three-hour classes so they could go off together and chat again. They felt an exhilarating rapport. Millie's natural reticence fell away in Dean's presence, and his own shyness vanished

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BEHIND MILLIE PERKINS' ENGAGEMENT

continued

when he talked with her. Millie found herself confiding her innermost thoughts and problems, and Dean found himself an enthralled and sympathetic listener. They lost themselves in the delights of discovering each other.

CURIOSLY enough, when the first hint of a Millie-Dean romance got out, there was a tendency to dismiss it as studio publicity. It is true that Millie and Dean were working on the same lot when they met—Millie in "The Diary Of Anne Frank" and Dean in "Compulsion." But 20th Century-Fox not only had nothing to do with bringing them together, but had no knowledge that they even knew each other.

There was irony within irony. Dean and Millie actually met for the first time as an indirect result of a studio project to help Millie overcome her fear of meeting people. Nina Foch had been hired to coach Millie, and in addition to teaching her acting technique, Nina also undertook to bring Millie out of her shell. To this end, Nina arranged an afternoon party at her house, with a handful of guests including George Stevens, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. Aside from a perfunctory introduction, Dean and Millie barely exchanged words. Strangers they met, and strangers they left.

So Millie owed it all to Sandra Knight, not to her studio. Millie and Dean got along so well in drama class that within a week they started double dating with Sandra and Blake. Part of their natural affinity was their aversion to the usual Hollywood scene. The four of them would take long drives along the coast or go for Saturday afternoon picnics to Griffith Park. They would sprawl on the grass, laughing and talking, and enjoying their delicious anonymity.

Dean and Millie began dating by themselves. The instant they were together they came alive. They went boating, horseback riding and sightseeing. They discovered favorite out-of-the-way places to eat and took trips to Disneyland. They exulted in the magic their togetherness gave to the prosaic things they did. And they exulted in their privacy. As long as Dean wore his glasses no one seemed to notice him. And Millie, invariably wearing her beige corduroy carcoat over a white blouse and black skirt, still not seen on the screen, was in no danger of being recognized.

Dean caught Millie's enthusiasm for photography. With Larry Schiller's help, they both became expert at their hobby. They took pictures of one another while fishing, while picnicing in the Sequoias, boating in Balboa and Newport. They learned to print and develop in Schiller's dark room, and processed all their photographs there so that the secret of their love did not get out.

It was only because of mounting annoyance at dreamed up gossip items that Millie was dating Richard Beymer and George Stevens, Jr., that Dean and Millie finally decided to let Hollywood discover they were going together. But they did it in their own time, in their own way.

Dean had rejected a private invitation to the Hollywood premiere of "The Diary Of Anne Frank." He was not even expected at the opening. Then, attired in a rented tuxedo, he showed up as Millie's escort. The studio was just as startled as the fans in the bleachers.

After that, there were no further attempts to link Millie with other men. But the record was set straight at a price. It was the beginning of the end of the privacy they had enjoyed.

With an ocean between them after Millie went to Europe, they found their chief solace in the hobby of photography they had cultivated together. All over the continent, Millie took pictures with the Leica which Dean had given her as a going away present. Schiller's studio on Sunset Boulevard had become not only the scene where they nurtured their mutual enthusiasm for picture taking, but a refuge where they could meet safe from prying eyes. Back in Hollywood, the lonely Stockwell lost himself in photography, shooting layouts of other stars, and spending hours in the dark room.

Dean lived only for Millie's return.

"I just can't stand it without her," he gritted. "I don't know what to do with my time."

Dean also worried about Millie.

"I wish she'd get back," he kept saying. "This was the wrong time for her to go to Europe. At least if I was with her, we both could enjoy it. She's just not ready emotionally for being off in Europe all by herself."

Dean constantly tried to put through overseas telephone calls to Millie. He didn't go anywhere without informing his telephone answering service where he could be contacted. He ran into many frustrations. Once when a call was completed at Millie's hotel in Germany, he was informed that she had checked out five minutes earlier en route to Israel. He tried to phone her in Tel Aviv but was thwarted because of time differences.

Millie tried just as hard to get through to Dean. One time, to his acute anguish he learned that she had phoned when he couldn't be reached. In the main, Millie was more successful than he. One day Dean was developing pictures when a call from Millie was put through to the dark room. They talked more than 20 minutes. His spirits soared. Millie phoned him every two days, and those stolen interludes from her whirlwind itinerary sustained them during the ordeal of their separation.

When, at what to them was intolerably long last, Millie came back to Hollywood, she was exhausted. Her doctor attributing her fatigue to the rigors of her European tour, recommended a long rest. Millie's private diagnosis laid her exhaustion as much to her anxiety-ridden absence from Dean as to the rigors of exploiting her picture. Their joyful reunion was a tonic to both.

Dean swept her in his arms at the airport and smothered her with kisses. If possible, and it seemed quite possible, this appealing, sensitive young girl and boy were more deeply in love than ever. Certainly in that enthralled state of mind they could not have found the idea of elopement distasteful. For reasons of their own, they may have decided it was impractical or premature, but not distasteful.

It is not totally without basis that some

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DOCK-SIDE at Newport where they go sailing, Millie and Dean chat with Joyce Jameson.

Screenland Variety Values

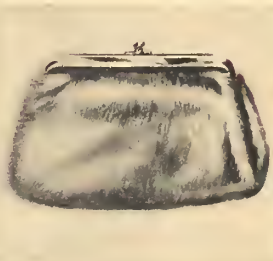
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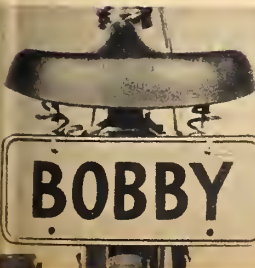
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"I Feel Old Inside"

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the pretty Little Red Riding Hood face regards dating with equal fervor. Recently she said, "I've often thought about writing a book about my life some day. That's, of course, if it should ever get really interesting." A life story that contains a dazzling gallery of young Hollywood men-about-town like Tab Hunter, Dennis Hopper, Tony Perkins, Buddy Bregman, Mark Damon and Italian actor Fabrizio Mioni, not to speak of a few men three times as old, such as John Ireland, is not only interesting, but downright sensational. Particularly for a girl who's only recently celebrated her 16th birthday! It's true Tuesday has dated younger men, among them Troy Donohue, Raphael Compos, Tommy Sands and Pat Wayne, but mostly these are studio-arranged twosomes. An ungrateful Barry Coe, urged to take Tuesday to a studio function, is reputed to have said, "No, I'm too young. Better get John Ireland." If the story is true, he and possibly Ricky Nelson are the only two not interested in the youthful heartbreaker.

TO her, dating men from 24 to 44 seems only normal. Her mercurial personality seesaws up and down the mood scale—a quality that gives her an air of mystery and unpredictability. And her provocative opinions on love and life, sometimes amazingly mature, sometimes impulsive chatter, have a certain shock value—probably why she enjoys making them. Asked about her puppy loves, she said, "I don't believe that any emotional involvement is less important than another. A child of seven or eight can be as much in love as an engaged girl. I don't believe that just because one person is younger than another, that what he feels is only puppy love. After all, age doesn't necessarily bring wisdom."

Discussing blind dates, Tuesday says: "My friends know I often take a date sight unseen just for the kick of meeting a new fellow. I've also hitchhiked out to the beach now and then and met interesting people. And one of my most interesting and handsome friends, Fabrizio Mioni, I met when he ran into our car and then asked me for a date! I dislike planned dates in general just as much as I dislike getting all gussied up for double dates because the other girl will be all dressed up. Naturally I go out with actors; we speak the same language and have fun.

"But sometimes I have to be rather selective because there are so many guys trying to break into films. They think I can help them become big stars. Naturally I'm flattered, but it is a pretty uncomfortable feeling to be with a guy knowing he personally doesn't care about me one way or the other."

And with a certain youthful naivete in spite of her seeming sophistication, Tues-

day displays typical teenage enthusiasm when she admits, "I love to have a string of males vying for my favor. Threesomes with Dennis Hopper and Mark Damon are fun—I like to observe their reactions to each other and to me. I always wonder what they're saying while they wait for me to get ready for a date." Laughingly, Tuesday continued, "I adore fights over me and making one guy jealous of the other," she admitted with a wicked little gleam in her eyes. "But once the fight is over, life becomes dull—too calm. When I've made a conquest, I look for someone who's more exciting. *Really, I just love fights* and I adore practical jokes on people.

"I'm also fond of dates with lots of activity but when I'm moody I like quiet, philosophical discussions. With Tab Hunter a girl can be assured generally of a date overflowing with activity. Not long ago I spent a whole day with him. At seven in the morning we went riding. Then we devoured plates of pancakes at breakfast in a tiny beach place all enshrouded in fog out at Malibu. After that, a walk on the quiet beach, and then we went swimming in the chilly water. Next we visited an archery range and I learned how to use a bow and arrow. A roller skating session was next on the agenda. Exhausted, we plopped down at a movie. Then came dinner and I staggered home, still exhausted, but pleasantly so."

Tuesday doesn't allow herself to become disturbed over criticism of her dates with John Ireland. He's a moody, intellectual rebel as well as a rough and ready type, quick with his fists according to what his ex-wife Joanne Dru told the police after their last battle. During his recent torrid romance with Kim Novak, Ireland was barred from Kim's studio. (Strangely enough, Tuesday bears a marked resemblance to Kim.)

"So what if I do prefer older men?" asks Tuesday. "I find the challenge of trying to interest a man of the world completely delightful."

TUESDAY pointed out that Natalie Wood used to date Raymond Burr and director Nick Ray when she was Tuesday's age. Natalie, too, started her career very young and was much more emotionally mature than boys her age. Tuesday also remarked that she hopes to marry someone who is intelligent, creative, entertaining "years from now—someone I can learn from. On dates, too, I want to learn. I'm a good listener. With men like Ireland I enjoy long involved discussions on life and acting. Because I'm a good listener I could never get interested in a boy like Ricky Nelson, for instance. Between scenes when I've worked with him on the TV show, he had absolutely nothing to say. Polite, yes, nice, but not my type. I much prefer men like Ray Anthony and John Ireland."



A TALENTED girl, Tuesday has a drive and ambition rarely seen in one so very young.

Why has Tuesday Weld turned her attention to men so much older? Is this a wise decision in view of her desire for a good marriage later? Why is she so anxious to leave adolescence behind—to move so swiftly into an adult world?

To find the answer I consulted a well-known Beverly Hills psychiatrist. I filled him in on the details of Tuesday's life—pointing out that she didn't remember her dad who died when she was so young; her early life in a cold-water flat in Manhattan; her long years of uninterrupted work; the fact that Tuesday is estranged from her sister, who is eight years older, and her brother, six years older. She is also reputed to resist advice from her mother, youthful, level-headed pretty brunette Mrs. Aileen Weld who seems to have little control over her.

I told him that Tuesday frequents until late hours the beatnik coffee houses that line the strip, plays bongo drums with the bearded beatniks and enjoys a game of pool in poolhalls. Her behavior is frequently non-conformist and so is her attire—long black stockings and strange colorful Mexican serape blankets in which she wraps herself. When she is feeling "beatnik," Tuesday reveals, she wears no makeup but pins on long flowing hair pieces or even dons a full wig. This false hair bit is the most provocative thing about this amazing teenager.

"I have several wigs," she explains "plus a lot of false braids and extra hair in assorted colors that I use whenever I need a lift. There is a mannikin with blonde hair five feet long in a theatrical costume shop near the studio. I really dig that. . . . I'm a pretty moody kid. In order to help get myself out of moods I change cosmetics and fix my hair in different ways." Like her look-alike, Marilyn Monroe, Tuesday also loves to spend hours

in front of the mirror, studying her best features and applying makeup. Sometimes she'll go from child to adult by discarding a full-skirted sports dress and sandals for a figure-revealing black sheath and high-heeled pumps. A sleek chignon and ropes of bizarre jewelry complete the Theda Bara siren costume.

"Tuesday," explains her mother, "has played at make-believe all her life."

THE psychiatrist, who preferred that his name not be quoted, said, "Marriage does not begin with a walk down the church aisle or at the moment when the minister intones, 'I pronounce you man and wife.' Rather, marriage is a process which boys and girls enter during courtship, without any conscious planning, in the years of their youthful immaturity. Dating habits are therefore very important for the role they play in marriage. We've found that the best marriages are those in which husband and wife are as well-matched as possible in age, religion, race, education, economic and cultural status. Any fundamental difference is a potential threat to individual happiness in marriage because it makes mutual understanding more difficult to achieve. A much older man has likely been divorced and that adds to the risk in marriage. So, if Miss Weld should marry such a man, she'd likely find herself beset with problems.

"When a girl marries a man 10 or 20 years older, the relationship takes on the character of a father-daughter one; when the woman is older, it is a mother-son relationship. Some types of personality need this. The fact that Miss Weld grew up fatherless may have a bearing on it.

"It's been said that it's safest for a girl to marry the boy next door; this may make you smile, for he could be a two-year old toddler. But the statement carries a great deal of truth. It means that two young people, born of parents in a similar financial stratum, of the same race and religion, with approximately the same amount of education, have a great deal in common and this common background makes it much easier for them to get along with each other.

"Yet, many young people are marrying individuals who grew up in places and under circumstances very unlike the ones they themselves have known. This is basic to one of the most serious problems young people face in establishing durable marriages today."

That provocative child-woman, Tuesday Weld, says that marriage for her is something in the distant future. Her career is her all-embracing problem today. However, she does have one strong desire. And that is to meet her idol, Marlon Brando. With the drive and determination which have carried her from an unknown to stardom in a short time, you may bet on it that Tuesday will, sooner or later, achieve her desire.

Tuesday and Marlon—both non-conformist rebels—would make a highly explosive combination, indeed!

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The Last Separation?

continued from page 60

times known as Mr. Gilmore, but it didn't bother me. I'm only vain about *both* of us—not one of us. We did a Mr. and Mrs. act in the early days of TV and we were the producers, writers, directors and performers of the show. I might also add we were terrible.

"Life wasn't easy for us in those first years of our marriage," he continued. "I'd contracted tuberculosis and the doctor told me I'd have to go away to Arizona and rest for three years. Instead, I borrowed a house from a friend in Mount Kisco, New York, and stayed there three months, curing myself completely through inner disciplines. We lived on Virginia's unemployment pay. And when that gave out, for three days we ate nothing but rice. Then I dusted off my old guitar and went begging for a job—any kind of job. I got it—a \$400-a-week-one—the lead in 'Lute Song' on Broadway. I was a pioneer in television production and then I went into 'The King And I.'

"In Hollywood, some of our old friends were disappointed that we didn't live like movie stars with Cadillacs marked 'His' and 'Hers.' But it is enough to be a king before the cameras. Our house is tiny, the kind you can go away from and forget. I am a simple, hard-working man with simple tastes in food. I seldom go out socially, and I have no interest in being a member of the playboy set. When you've gone out once, I say, you've gone out for all time."

While it is true that the Brynner house north of Beverly Hills is a small, modest place, it's not quite accurate to label Yul Brynner as a modest, retiring person—a "shy man" as he likes to say. He employs high-priced publicity people to keep the "devoted husband and family man" image green; he stays only in the finest hotels, dines in the best restaurants and he drove a 12-cylinder, \$11,000 custom built Alfa Romeo. Later he changed to a sleek, low-slung Mercedes with YB prominently displayed in the New York license plate.

Yul is a gourmet, even has an electric rotisserie installed in his studio dressing room where he prepares his own lunch. On the dressing room door is a sign "IT RHYMES WITH SINNER." At noon he relaxes there in a hammock, wearing a specially custom-designed zippered coverall and soft moccasins. And woe betide any studio worker who dares to disturb The King at rest!

A man of sudden, intense angers who can issue commands like a top sergeant, this highly controversial actor can also display real sensitivity to people's feelings. Frank and blunt in criticism, he has a habit of stamping his feet and using broad gestures when he's emphasizing a point. An egghead in more than one sense, he is an intellectual who speaks seven or eight languages and has studied at the Sorbonne in Paris. He can be a

charming conversationalist when the mood strikes him. But his moods are completely unpredictable—at times he's very high; at others, sunk in gloom.

Yul admits he sleeps only five hours a night and friends agree he eats like a starving wrestler. He maintains a washboard stomach and the silhouette of a classic Greek statue yet he wolfs down five and sometimes six meals a day starting with a breakfast of steak, fried potatoes, apple pie and cheese.

He's a highly complex personality, this most exciting of male stars, even though he likes to call himself an "average clean-cut Mongolian boy." And because he is so complex, each person who knows him seems to come away with a different version of Yul Brynner. But all are agreed that there is intense rapport between him and his son Rocky. In view of the marriage break-up, this is an additional sorrowful matter for father and son.

Rocky is a carbon copy of his dad with the same chunky build, same intense dark eyes. Friends have observed that they spend time together with a special understanding, a wonderful intimate rapport. Earlier, fathers of Bel-Air public school boys reported that Yul regularly attended Cub Scout meetings with Rocky and that the handsome actor rubbed sticks, tied knots and worked for merit badges with the same intensity he bestowed on his philosophical research.

"Rocky," Yul said proudly, "is really a wonderful boy. He's an expert water skier and could ski when he was three years old. I want him to be a good athlete, to develop his body, and I'm pleased, too, that he's showing an interest in school dramatics. We have fun together."

And a guest reported, "It was amazing to see Rocky, his eyes shining as he watched from the sidelines while Yul gave a Yoga demonstration in their patio. With his hard muscles and narrow waist Yul resembles Mr. America and he could draw his stomach in so that his midriff looked about three inches thick. But Mrs. Brynner didn't display too much interest. It appeared to be Yul's show and she let him star."

Although this egg-bald panther of a man fairly oozes sex appeal to females from six to sixty it appears that lately Virginia has grown slightly immune to her husband's charms.

A woman friend of Miss Gilmore reveals that "in late years there has been no outward show of affection between them, yet each is most affectionate with their son. Virginia is a highly intelligent, lovely woman with a rich, cultured voice. She put her whole heart into her unpaid cancer work, even taking science courses at the university. Now she hopes to reactivate her stage career as well as to continue with her cancer research work. Sometime ago she said, "I've just been

of looking for something that would up my time. My boy is at school; husband is absorbed in picture making. I'm not interested in gadding about women friends. I need something to my days."

ould it be that Yul's highly original s on love and life contributed to the k-up of a marriage which started out such high hopes for these two ingent people?

can understand begging a woman

to love you," Yul explained, "but to be miserable if she doesn't, I don't understand. It is not only unmanly, it's ridiculous. If you base your life on whether a woman is going to love you or not, you are better off dead. Too much importance is attached to love and loving. In the realist sense you live your life alone; in essence you are born, live and die alone. If you can learn to live with yourself, the relations you acquire with other people, be they close or casual, are gravy." **END**

Behind Millie Perkins' Engagement

continued from page 64

their friends still hold to the suspicion Dean and Millie already are married. Some weeks after her return from Europe, Millie tried repeatedly to get in touch with Schiller. She finally left a note informing him that she had to pick up her wardrobe and black suitcase before the weekend!

It was to turn out the same weekend elopement reports went aloft.

At the time, Schiller read no special significance into Millie's desire to collect her clothes. He left word that she could claim them anytime she wished. The next day Millie came by to gather them up. While there, she paused to address a blowup of a color portrait Schiller had taken of her and Dean.

"That picture," she said wistfully, "is the most wonderful thing in the world. I'm sorry it got as much publicity as it did because it was a *private* picture!"

It was on that very same weekend, her wardrobe again in her possession, that the countdown started on Millie's alleged and subsequently denied elopement plans. The tantalizing riddle emerged in retrospect, as the fact that Millie chose that particular time to pick up her wardrobe just coincidence—or was it a tipoff?

A week later another curious thing happened in Schiller's studio. The color portrait Millie had admired—valued at close to \$1,000—disappeared from the wall where it had been proudly displayed. Schiller reported the mysterious theft to Hollywood police.

The vanished picture was one elope-

ment that could not be denied—or, for that matter, fathomed. No more than why the threat of publicity should make Dean and Millie call off their runaway wedding plans—unless they had not yet taken their parents into their confidence.

In the weeks that followed, Millie and Dean were together almost every waking hour of the day. Dean rehearsed for his role in the UCLA experimental stage production of "Mother Courage." Millie, in white blouse and black-rimmed glasses, sat unostentatiously in the rear of Schenberg Hall, watching Dean like an admiring bride—or an admiring sweetheart.

There were even those who thought they noticed a wedding band next to the engagement ring on the second finger of Millie's left hand. Yet they insisted on maintaining their pose of aloofness toward marriage. It would seem, in view of subsequent events, that they may not have felt the time was propitious to reveal the certainty of their intentions to their families.

Now that Millie and Dean have officially announced their engagement, all the speculation is so much film on the cutting room floor. It no longer matters whether their reported elopement try came off or not. If indeed they are going through a token engagement and a second marriage ceremony, they would only be sanctifying their love with an act of consideration for the feelings of their respective families.

It would be a gesture entirely in keeping with their sensitive natures. **END**

Jim Garner's Youth

continued from page 61

about Jim's prospects and that he has amounted to something. People feel joyfully generous in sharing him with the rest of the world.

This is the finest recommendation that Jim can have. . . the fact that old friends are so pleased by his success.

"It couldn't happen to a nicer fellow," is the consensus. "The rest of the world is simply finding out what we've known

all the time. . . to know Jim Garner is to like him."

Jim has always been honest. . . Jim has always been generous. . . Jim has always been even-tempered, although he'd fight when he had to. Jim, growing up, liked everybody, so, even if he couldn't farm, it was unimportant. He was good at something much more significant. He had the ability to be a friend. **END**

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continued from page 25

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divorce than that. No matter how they try to justify it, when married people cheat, there's much more wrong with them than they think. That is never a solution. They only hurt themselves more because that way they will get so many complexes, so many guilt feelings. They could only be miserable."

So instead of letting there be infidelity and remorse, Jimmy let there be unsparing self-evaluation. Out of it, he let there be light—in the welcome guise of love.

"I realized that something can do you good even though it has done you harm," he smiled. "No experience is wasted if you learn from it. I realized that I'd missed a lot in life, that I hadn't known what I was or what I was looking for. Not that I wasn't always a thinker. Even when I was 15, I would think and think.

"But I would never go deep enough with it," he reflected, "because I didn't have enough knowledge of myself to go deeply into it, to really know when I'd like something. I took things at surface value. I used to do things I didn't really want to do, and I didn't do the things I really did want to do. I never got down and really took a look at life. Now I can get down and look at life, and come up, still ride the crest and have a better time. Before it was like swimming on top of the water and not knowing what's down underneath."

With understanding he found the strength to deal with his unhappy circumstances. Later, when he met Evy, he was ready for something he once bungled by taking it on prematurely. He was ready for love.

"My understanding of life has expanded so much in the last year, more in the last year than the whole span of my life before. My understanding really began when I met Evy.

"I can't tell you what meeting Evy did for me," he said. "I grew up. My emotions were greater. My feelings were deeper—deeper for her and deeper in my reaction to other things. Before when I liked things, when I really liked things, I only pretended to like them. Now I'm not afraid to show that I like something, just as I'm not afraid any more to blow my top if I feel sore about something. I think I have become a better person since knowing Evy."

Certainly that moonlit, kleiglit night on the mall at Columbia Ranch, Jimmy Darren did not run from his emotions. He had not outgrown his boyish charm and enthusiasm, only the doubts and fears that once hampered their expression. Once it would have been unthinkable to be so demonstrative. Now he didn't think twice about displaying the exhilaration he felt over marrying Evy.

"I'm really, really anxious about meeting Evy's parents," he said eagerly. "One



"MY understanding of life has expanded so much in the last year," declares Jimmy Darren.

night Evy felt kind of blue for her mother so we called by overseas phone. It was the first time I ever talked to her, and I became all tongue-tied. Evy had told me some Danish, and I was able to say, 'How are you today?' I was so nervous. Then her mother told Evy, 'He sounds sweet, but I couldn't understand a word he said.'

Evy had sat down next to Jimmy. She laughed as he related the incident.

"Oh yes," she offered proudly, "Jimmy knows how to speak a little Danish. He can say *jeg elsker dig—y es di*—very nicely. It didn't take him much time to learn that. It means, 'I love you.' He has even learned to sing in Danish."

Jimmy grinned at Evy's little tale of school.

"I've seen pictures of Evy's parents when he picked up where he left off. They sound like very warm people. They wrote hello to me in all their letters. My recording of 'Gidget' is just becoming popular in Denmark. They play it on the radio every night, and Evy's father by the radio listening to it, so proud of his future son-in-law. They sound nice and human. I kind of love it without knowing them.

"I still have to learn so much Danish. The dark-haired boy from Philadelphia said, 'I don't want to sound like an idiot when I get there.'"

The assistant director's voice boomed over the p.a.

"Jimmy Darren! Jimmy—we're recording for you."

Jimmy took a last gulp of coffee. He gave Evy an affectionate nod and walked back before the cameras.

Once more his pre-recording was played. The night was filled with the tender voice of Jimmy Darren singing—as if he believed it, and he did—"There Be Love."

Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

king scruples along with morals, Curtis has an amazing ability at hi-jacking. Soon has the derelict sub off on the high seas and headed, he hopes, for another port and another assignment. On one end and foray, Curtis adds to Grant's problems by bringing back alive a toothsome group of stranded Army nurses. In the cramped space Grant has to make do, while Curtis tries to make Dina Merrill understandable, all sorts of provoking anti-military maneuvers start—including a dazzling paint job that leaves the sub shocking pink. Lots of salty fun in these quarters. (Universal-International.)

A Journey To The Center Of The Earth

ALL SORTS of weird things happen in this Jules Verne story of geology, intrigue and science fiction. In DeLuxe color, you can well imagine how effective this combination is, especially when a bevy of prehistoric reptiles appear in these inexplicable shenanigans are Gene Dahl and Diane Baker. How Pat Boone finds time to sing, which he does quite handsomely, too, is probably a greater mystery than Mr. Verne even could have fathomed. In this, not only the imagination stretched, but there's no doubt that it can ever go back in time. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Jayhawkers

TURNING over Jeff Chandler to the authorities would be a double triumph for the escaped convict Fess Parker. Besides an official pardon, he'd have his revenge on Chandler for running off with his

wife. Unfortunately, when Parker manages to join Chandler's renegade band, he begins to see his victim in a different and softer light. An icy-blooded charmer, Chandler wants to take over all of Kansas by an ingenious plan. First, he sends hordes of his men into a town to terrorize the citizens, then, he follows with a plan to bring law and order. In gratitude, the people practically turn the town over to him. If Parker didn't come to his senses, after one of Nicole Maurey's children is a victim of a raid, could be even to this day Kansas would be a country all its own. Filmed in DeLuxe color, this is a Western with real Napoleonic flavor. (Paramount.) **END**

The Miracle

FOR Carroll Baker this offers tremendous acting opportunity ranging from the stark simplicity of a young innocent convent postulant, to a fiery gypsy, a cafe entertainer and an elegant mistress. From the moment Carroll decides to flee the convent where she had grown to womanhood, hers is an ill-starred future. The man, British dragoon Roger Moore, from whom she had given up her obsession to be a nun, is reported dead. With no one to turn to, she's befriended by gypsies Walter Slezak and Katina Paxinou and eventually causes the death of Katina's sons, Vittorio Gassman and Carlos Rivas. Next to love Carroll and die, is bull-fighter Gustavo Rojo. Then follows aging benefactor Dennis King. After a Technicolor past like that, Carroll has reservations about resuming her romance with Moore when he re-appears. For him, she makes a sacrifice. This time, the love that had destroyed is used for greater things. (Warner Bros.) **END**

Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

continued from page 31

cookie will no longer be popular. Despite those 6,000 fan letters a week that currently swamp his studio, Edd is thinking about his future.

As he told columnist Erskine Johnson, "One of these days I want to comb that cookie right out of my hair. Oh, not right away, and maybe not for a long time. But we're toning down the 'like a crazy, man' jive talk on our show. We've been cutting some of those ginchy words right on the set. It's a little too much when I go through the whole show."

Despite the constant spinning by the disc jockeys of "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" and his new album, "Like, I Love You," the booming sale of Kookie combs at drugstore counters, there eventually comes a time, Edd knows, when

"Hollywood cookies tend to crumble."

"So," he said, "I don't aim to be swept into a dustbin and carried out, feet first, as a has-been before I'm 30. I want to make sure that Edd Byrnes is around when Kookie is gone and forgotten."

This is one of his major plans for the future—to get establish himself as Edd Byrnes rather than as just a character on a TV show, popular though that character may be. Cannily, too, Edd insists on knowing where he's heading in his career before he puts a wedding band on any girl's finger.

Some sob sisters have had Edd weeping in his yogurt, mooning, "I want someone, someone to love—someone who will end this terrible loneliness," but Edd's in-

continued on page 72

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Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

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timates know that he has never expressed such treachery sentiments. Syrupy yarns purporting to reveal some new "inner secret" of his life make Edd wince. "They're a drag," he says, about these "intimate" revelations. "Most of the stories they write about me are not me at all. I look at them, glance at a line or two, then toss them away in disgust."

One of the girls who has dated him said, "Edd is so changeable that you never know from one minute to the next where you are with him. He can be very, very moody." Though he insists that he himself is not like Kookie ("I don't go in for that beatnik stuff, except when I'm working"), Edd is not above a gag or two right out of his characterization in "77 Sunset Strip." Co-workers recall that when Edd was making "Yellowstone Kelly," his own private tag for the flicker was "Indianville." And one day, when Clint Walker was somewhat tardy galloping his steed into a scene, Edd strolled over and said, like casually, "Hey, what kept ya, man?"

This is the fun-loving Edd, the man with a voracious lust for life. His eye may not be on the sparrow, but it gleams for any new chick. Recently, he was a pretty frequent visitor, insiders said, on the "Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis" set. Edd is a close friend of the series' young male star, Dwayne Hickman, but he really came to see someone else—a 17-year-old teenage *femme fatale* named Tuesday Weld. She was the star attraction for Edd—at least for that week. And then there is pretty Sandra Dee, whom he has dated a few times; Venetia Stevenson, June Blair, Cindy Robbins, who gets

around with a lot of the boys; K. NoJan, Dorothy Provine and a number of others.

But his most frequent dating today done with Asa Maynor. Asa is a 22-year-old actress now appearing in Theatre plays, and Edd likes his date with her. Yet even Asa knows that the Edd has probably kissed quite a few goodnight, there wasn't a lasting kiss a carload.

"I can't be serious about any girl," says, over and over. "Most of the girls take out are young actresses who are as wrapped up in their careers as I am mine. The truth is, I've never really close to marriage—not so far, anyway."

While Edd knows that he will not remain a bachelor indefinitely ("My tag for marriage is when I'm around 30"), search for a lasting love is currently in the conversation stage. "My mother grinned Edd, "would love to see me married. But my kid sister Joanne, who's only 12, and all her friends say, 'Pl-Edd, no; don't get married.' So what fellow going to do?"

If the truth were known, Edd feels a little sorry for the girls who run a him, or write him purple-passaged notes. Some, even bolder, have actually proposed. "How can I pretend to be love with a girl when I'm not?" Edd asks with characteristic candor. When he "Let's just be friends" to girls, it's because he has to, not because he wants

Yet there is no truth to rumors that studio has told him, "You're forbidden love." "Such an edict would be silly said a studio man. "For one thing,

continued from page

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Why Edd Byrnes Shuns Love

continued from page 72

wouldn't stand for it. The real truth is, the kid has no time. Between filming his TV show, making recordings, posing for publicity stills, devoting every single lunch hour to interviews and going out on whirlwind personal appearance tours, Byrnes is probably the busiest boy in Hollywood. If he did have a steady girl, he'd be breaking dates with her every other night—and you know how long a girl would go for that."

It is largely this problem that keeps Edd alone and unattached. He remembers that when he first came to Hollywood, he wangled a tiny, almost invisible role alongside Tony Perkins in "Fear Strikes Out." Though he is normally unafraid ("I can bluff my way into any situation"), there are relationships where sheer bluff simply isn't enough. Were he to become enamored of any girl, Edd would have to take on obligations and responsibilities that he's just not ready to face. A loner as far back as he can remember, Edd is aware that he might feel restless in double harness, or even if he were engaged. He knows, too, that his life is so frenetic today that he could give only a small portion of himself to any girl, and in love, half a loaf is *not* better than none. Not the way Edd sees it, anyway.

THOUGH he tells the story with a wry smile, Edd is not particularly proud of an encounter that took place at a party not long ago. Coming into the room, he spotted a girl whose face looked enticingly familiar. Edd smiled, but the girl looked coldly through him. He couldn't, at first, understand her disdain. Then he finally remembered. "She was a nice girl I'd once taken out," said Edd, ruefully. "Just after that, I had to go on location and I promised to phone her. When I got back to the studio, there were a million things to do, and I'm ashamed to say that I forgot my promise. It was the first time that I'd been so busy working that I'd forgotten to call a really sweet girl whose company I had enjoyed."

Edd does not say so, but it is clear that such occurrences in his romantic life tend to make him overly-cautious. It's as though he were saying, "My life right now is not my own; how can I possibly share it with anyone?" Some men, more callous or more selfish than Edd, might comfort themselves with, "I want this girl and I'm going to marry her, and she'll just have to see me when she can." But such a philosophy is not for Edd. No man is an island, Edd knows, and he remembers with a good deal of pain that as a child he saw almost nothing of his father, who was an Army man and came home only on infrequent leaves. For Edd, there must be true family life, and until he is ready for it, he feels it isn't fair to ask any girl to content herself with merely a fraction of himself.

And so, for all his surface flippancy, Edd forces himself to believe that the time is not yet ripe for love. "Sure, I'd like to have the right girl bossing me around," he says—but that's as far he goes. Like a schoolroom text he's learned, he'll recite. "When the day comes that I'm fortunate enough to achieve security, I'd certainly want to share it with someone, and I intend to. What's in life if you're just tied up within yourself and with your own selfish interests?" But in another mood, he'll shift back to his contention that there are other things in his plans more important than love—and then you know that Edd is not really ready to settle for just one girl.

The real truth is, doubts still assail him, and in his all-too-rare moments of self-revelation he confesses, "I find it hard to be really close to many people." On the other hand, almost no one in Hollywood—at least among the younger stars—is less introverted than Edd. He is not a man to prowl among the mysteries of his own subconscious. A head-shrinker would starve waiting for Byrnes to lie down on the analytic couch. Though he may wear childhood scars, he hides them very well.

"I didn't have a particularly happy boyhood," he said, "but it was no worse than any other kid's. I wanted to go to Hollywood and become an actor, and I did. I've always been fascinated by the unknown—I guess I'm the explorer type—and I've had the chance to explore new experiences to my heart's content."

If Edd is hoping, in time, to comb Kookie out of his hair, he has valid



MARRIAGE, to Edd, means a true family life and he feels he's not ready for that.

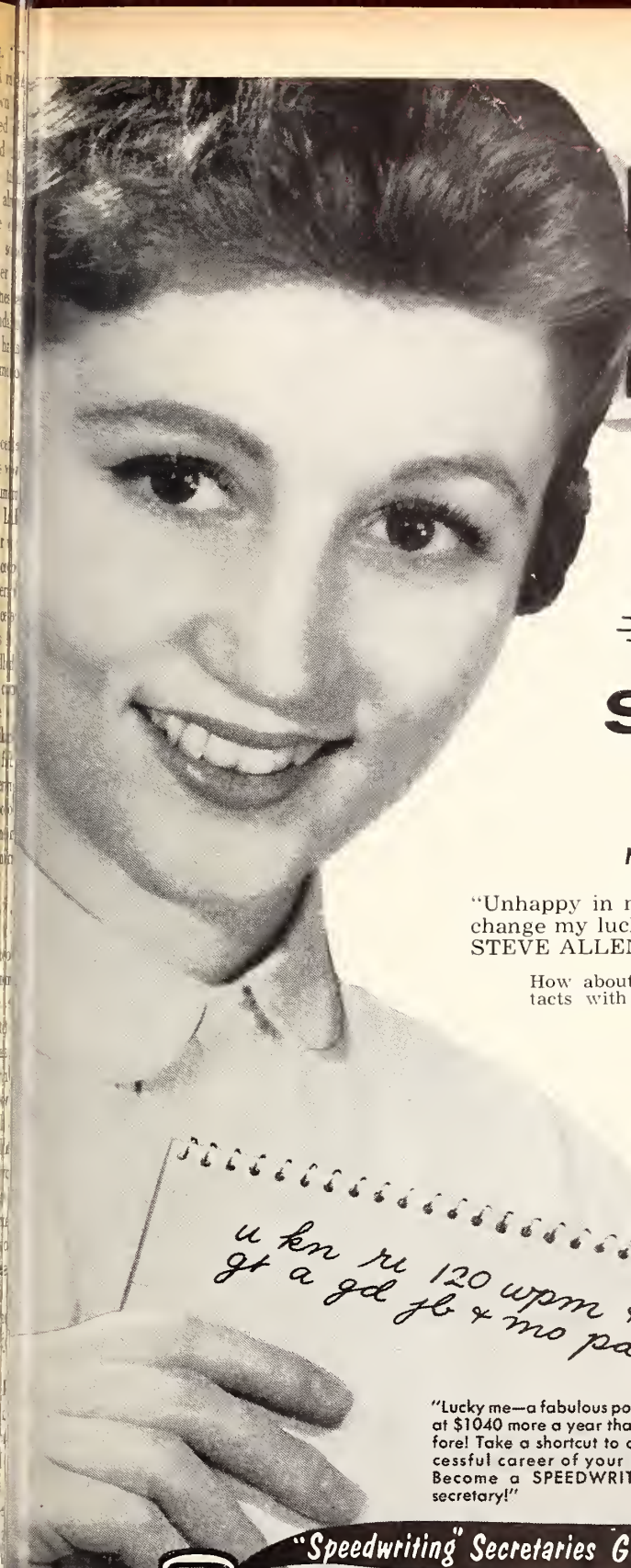
reasons. As one observer put it, "I made six pictures before he started raking that comb through his ginger-brown hair on TV. But if the teenagers noticed he they certainly didn't flip for Edd, he started making with the jive talk. Kookie and Edd Byrnes are two almost totally different people, as those close to Edd have long known. If Edd sometimes wonders if those 6,000 eager letters a week are for Edd Byrnes, merely for Kookie, it's understandable. And like any normal man, Edd has the notion that he'd liked to be loved most for himself.

THERE was the time, only recently when a great many of Edd's fans went into a tizzy over a certain phone number mentioned in his new album. "Like I Love You." Supposedly, the phone number was a concocted one through which Edd could be reached, but by some incredible error it turned out to be the business office of an exterminating company in a Los Angeles suburb. The first day the album came out, more than 2,000 phone calls from Kookie's admirers lit up the exterminating company's switchboard like crazy Christmas tree—some of the folks calling from as far away as New Jersey and Maine. The frenzied calls for Kookie literally put the company out of business and Edd's studio spent days straightening out the mess.

So, when Edd now meets a new girl, it's hard for him not to wonder, "Who's the attraction—Kookie or Edd Byrnes?" So many chicks, he knows, have flung their maddening smiles his way in the hope of furthering their own careers. Such a calculated interest leaves him cynical and even fearful. If Edd is looking for a girl, his search is for the girl who will care for him, not Kookie, because that fellow with the comb is a different fellow altogether. And until he's sure that he is loved entirely for himself, with all his faults and frailties and his own Edd Byrnes charm, he's going to keep that armor right off his heart. He'll say again, as he has said so often, "I'm simply drowning in a sea of beautiful faces. There are so many lovely girls around that a fellow just can't choose."

But in that new house of his (still skimpily furnished with only a couple of chairs and a bed), one girl *could* make Edd happy. Not even Edd knows her name—yet. He doesn't know what she looks like, and at this moment, her eyes could be they grey, blue or brown—are of no academic interest. What does matter is the way she'll make Edd understand that it's *he* who counts with her—the real Edd, the boy who made it the hard way, not that brash fellow cavorting on the 21-inch screen.

That's when fear will strike out, Edd and his girl. That's when Edd will stop running away from love. Until then, he'll probably keep a lock on his heart and only the very brave and understanding will own the key to open it.



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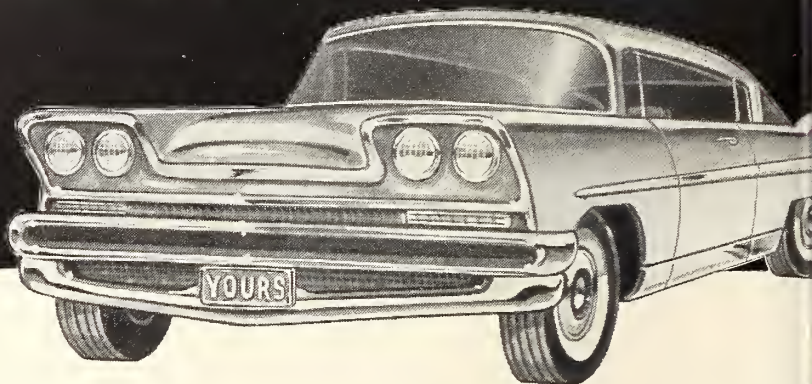
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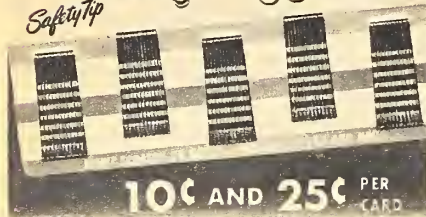
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March, 1960

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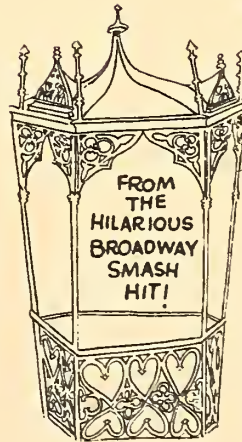
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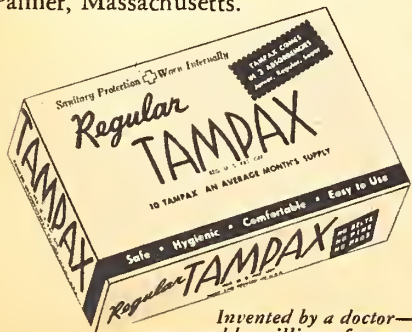
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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Is the stork calling again on Marilyn Monroe?
- Elvis to head straight for Hollywood



IF THE Brigitte Bardot baby is a girl, she will send her back. B.B. has her heart set on a boy and she wants to call him Nicholas—that's what she told visiting American-from-Paris star, Eddie Constantine. . . . Dope as a subject is on the Hollywood film agenda again. There's Shelley Winter's "Epitaph For George Dillon", and "Confessions Of An Opium Eater", and an excellent documentary from Canada, "Monkey On My Back"—same title as Cameron Mitchell's movie about drugs.

Bobby Darin—and be sure to spell that with one r—is in love with a singer in New York but won't marry her because he says he is not yet secure in his career. I had a long talk with Bobby and this Dream Lover-Mack The Knife didn't seem the 'afraid' type to me. I guess he's not in love enough. . . . Jean Simmons, who never stops working, is fed up with so many partings from husband Stewart Granger and will refuse pictures that keep them apart for too long.

You'll see a whole slewful of walkouts when the current contracts for top TV western stars are completed. Bob Horton

has decided he will not sign again when "Wagon Train" reaches the end of the line in 1961. And ditto for Chester, Dennis Weaver, who only has one more season to go with "Gunsmoke". . . . When Elvis Presley comes a-marching home in March he'll head straight for dear old Hollywood after a stopover in New York for some big TV spots. He'd like to meet Fabian who looks like his first cousin.

Doris Day wasn't too happy over the ads for her "Pillow Talk" with Rock Hudson. There was Rock surrounded by four girls, Doris was one of them. And as the top lady at the box-office, she rated a better spot. . . . Ingrid Bergman has agreed to come to Hollywood to make a film next winter. Paris can be very cold through December to April—colder ever than Rossellini across a crowded courtroom. . . . Jerry Lewis says only nice things about ex-partner Dean Martin. Not so Dean. Why? . . . I'd like to see Dear break loose a bit from The Clan. It's fine and dandy to make pictures and appear all the time with Clan Pal Frank Sinatra. But not all the time, especially on each other's TV shows. . . . Brother

continued on page 8



EDDIE Fisher busses Liz Taylor before a performance at New York's Waldorf-Astoria.



DANCING at a ball at the Cocoanut Grove are Donna Reed and husband Tony Owen

This is the picture
the public went
wild about in
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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Bing Crosby stepped in and tried to patch things up with Bob and June Crosby. If it isn't one Crosby in the news, it's another Crosby. . . . Looked like Mort Sahl and Phyllis Kirk were heading for the last round-up, until the pretty Phyllis started dating night club owner, Gene Norman. . . . And I'm still not holding my breath for the wedding of Lance Reventlow and Jill St. John. They could fool me of course. . . . Doctors are recommending writing as a release from inner tension. And Diane Varsi is one of the new authors. Her book is titled, "Love". . . . Tuesday Weld is too young to be so casual about her publicity. She sloughed off a request to pose for some photographs for TV Guide which only has a circulation of around seven million readers, claiming, "I don't believe this sort of publicity would be good for me." If this isn't, what is?

Shelley Winters shed 21 pounds during the last six months. Shelley is calm and very happy, with her personal and professional life. The former includes that attractive leading star, Anthony Franciosa. The latter, an upcoming play on Broadway and the role of a drug addict in the film, "Epitaph For George Dillon". . . . Shelley who believes in doing everything thoroughly, was researching some dope takers in New York's Greenwich Village, when she looked up, into the eyes of a policeman. When she explained, the man of the law stated derisively, "That will be some picture". . . . The rafters rang when Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak engaged in mighty battle during their picture, "Strangers When We Meet". But no one can stay mad with Kim for long, and before the film was finished, the two blonds were as coosome as well, you name it.

I will take bets that unless Shirley MacLaine and husband Steve Parker manage to spend more time together, their



BEFORE leaving for location in Africa, Ferrer takes Audrey Hepburn to gala party

marriage will sooner or later be in serious trouble. Steve works mostly in Jersey as a picture producer. There must be some films he can produce in this country. . . . Ann Sothern's pretty 15-year-old daughter, Pat, is modeling her marriage on Brigitte Bardot's. To Ann's amused consternation. . . . Mickey Rooney looks more like his old man, Joe Young, every day. Round as the moon.

Lucille Ball has tried everything to save her marriage. If Desi Arnaz tried hard, they could have a chance. Running a big studio, which Desi does, is a headache. You must have a certain amount of temperament to take it. . . . When is the true story of Katharine Hepburn written? It beats all kinds of fiction like to know her better, and be on her friends. But Katie puts a barrier between herself and the press. . . . Marlon Brando is making New York his permanent home. He'd like to have son Christopher in Manhattan for some months of the year. It's all a question of waiting. Children usually make up their own minds

continued on page 8



ENJOYING night out are Richard Egan and wife Patricia, currently awaiting the stork.



HAVING themselves a time at the Coney Island Grove are Danny and Rosemarie Thayer

DICK CLARK Says:

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Fabulous Prizes in
my ANNETTE FUNICELLO
Look-Alike Contest!"



Do **you** look like charming Annette Funicello? Or do you know anyone who looks like that popular young star? If so, you can win cash, or other valuable prizes in Dick Clark's Look-Alike Contest.

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Young Tuesday Weld changing her dating habits

★ A serious new heart interest for Joan Collins?

BACHELOR BOY—You "Kookie" fans can stop worrying that Edd Byrnes may be planning marriage since he bought that house above Coldwater Canyon. He's started furnishing it and it's completely masculine—a real bachelor's pad. The decor is modern, the view is Endsville. In his den he has his gold record for "Lend Me Your Comb", a canvas "director's chair" with his name on the back and his fine hi-fi equipment. He says he often hears his next door neighbor's over his own. The neighbor? Frank Sinatra. Edd continues dating Asa Maynor but his newest gal is Dorothy Johnson. They made "Life Begins At 17" together a couple of years ago but didn't date then. Edd invited her to the big Hollywood reception for Vice-President Nixon and Dottie nearly swooned when the Veep told Edd, "My daughters are two of your most devoted fans."

CHAMP STUFF—Ingemar Johansson, world's heavyweight champion, really clicked with the cinema cuties while he was making "All The Young Men". He

had lotsa dates with local lovelies but ran up a champ-sized phone bill calling his best girl, Birgit Lundgren, back in Sweden. Alan Ladd, one of the film's stars, had "Ingo" as his house guest while the champ was here. David Ladd was delighted; he had free boxing lessons daily! Incidentally, Ingo is no "amateur actor." He had previous film experience in Sweden and is studying drama. He photographs well, has an attractive, boyish face and his English is good, if not glib. He'll undoubtedly do more films here.

DOUBLE SURPRISE—Mickey Callan finished "Because They're Young" and rushed home to Philadelphia to surprise his sister by attending her engagement party. He had sent her a silver tea service and a note that he wouldn't be there. After a leisurely visit with his family he returned to Hollywood to a surprise of his own. His "best girl," Corlyn Chapman, had met Vic Damone in Las Vegas, where she's a dancer, and after four weeks of dating they announced they'd wed when Vic's divorce from Pier

Angeli is final! Mickey was more than slightly shook up! Since then he's been dating Connie Stevens. Connie, meantime says Gary Clarke *still* is her Number One beau but they are *not* planning a February wedding as one columnist said.

STATUS QUO—Jack Lemmon and Felicia Farr continue romancing but still say they have no immediate marriage plans. Jack had almost a year between films because of production postponements had a long trip, through Europe, can home, then had to double right back to New York for "The Apartment", being filmed there. Felicia was happy she was called to New York for some TV show while Jack was there. She says she has a new rule: "I'm agreeing with Jack instead of arguing with him." But she's still hesitating to say "yes" to his proposal. You can discount rumors that Jack will reconcile with former wife Cynthia, who is now divorcing Cliff Robertson.

PLANS CHANGE—Barry Coe and his bride Jorunn Kristiansen had hoped for a month's honeymoon in Norway when they were married. He even shipped his ski equipment over! But film schedules are no respectors of Cupid's plans. The newlyweds had to hurry back because Barry was called for "Daddy-O" with Bill Crosby, Carol Lynley, Barrie Chase and Fabian. The Coes took a new apartment in the Westwood building where Barry had lived. His was small and "too masculine for Joey," Barry decided. She'll decorate the new one. The beautiful bride, last year's Miss Norway, has career plans and Barry hopes she doesn't change her mind.

DISAPPOINTED—Film schedules spoiled holiday plans of Victoria Smith and Roger Smith. They've avoided being separated during their four-year marriage until Vickie had to go to Munich for "Aim At The Stars" and Roger had to stay here for "77 Sunset Strip". Then Vickie

continued on page



EDD BYRNES has chat with Princess Maria Cecilie, guest of honor at Hollywood ball.



AMONG first-nighters at big premiere are Margaret O'Brien and hubby Robert Allen.



AFTER dating for publicity, Troy Donahue and Diane McBain are making it a habit

let's look at the records

Reviews of new discs by SHELDON WAX

DECCA'S latest singing comet, **Carl Dobkins, Jr.**, has just put out his first album titled succinctly enough "Carl Dobkins, Jr." The LP gets off and winging with Carl's big hit, "My Heart Is An Open Book", and keeps on building momentum there. Among the top grade tunes ordered by young Carl are Cole Porter's "True Love" and a pair penned by Carl himself, "Love Is Everything" and "If You Don't Want My Love" . . . Following the simple tenet that one good turn serves another, Contemporary Records has sequelled its successful etching of **Nelly Manne** And His Men Play Music from Peter Gunn" with "Son Of Gunn!!" which is loaded with another generous spicing of the same. The Manne men are, as usual, superb, delivering such Henry Mancini delicacies as "Spook", "Joanna" and "My Manne Shelly" with verve, bomb, eclat and all that jazz . . . Victor's young muscleman **Johnny Restivo** has cut his vocal eyeteeth on his first album, "Oh Johnny". There's nothing unbecoming about Johnny's tonsils. He has given a big buildup by Victor. It could start paying dividends with LP's like this one . . . **Ernestine Anderson's** latest Mercury coupling bears out all predictions of Miss Anderson taking her place in the first rank of America's songbirds. The pairing of "Call Me Darling" and "My Love Will Last" adds up to two pairings of top talent.

Three of our favorite females, the **McGuire Sisters**, pull off a tour de force in taking Sophie Tucker's "Some Of These Days" and making like it was their very own. The reverse side of the Coral etching, "Have A Nice Weekend", is up-to-date and quite listenable. But "Days" is the big side . . . Decca's beautiful package of a 2-LP musical eulogy to "Lady Day", "The Billie Holiday Story", contains ample evidence of **Billie Holiday's** greatness. The numbers recorded between 1944 and 1950 include some of Billie's best work which should be recommended enough. The Holiday stamp remains

indelibly on tunes such as "Porgy", "Crazy", "He Calls Me" and "Easy Living" . . . **Sam "The Man" Taylor** is busy blowing up another storm again. His new M-G-M "More Blue Mist" is top-grade tenor-saxmanship. Sam tackles standards in this lush LP and the mood is romantic. Among the tunes Sam caresses with his horn are "Tenderly", "Willow Weep For Me" and "I Should Care". Play it again, Sam . . . United Artists Records' glamour queen **Diahann Carroll**, the girl most likely to inherit Lena Horne's mantle, gets some of her sultriness on wax in her new U-A 45 "My Love, My Love" and "Again". Diahann's backing is provided by Don Costa and is the black velvet that sets off Diahann's sparkling performances . . . **Ralph Marterie's** hopped on the Private Eye bandwagon but good. Marterie and his Marlboro Men have etched an album for Mercury, "Music For A Private Eye", that touches most of the bases when it comes to TV sleuths. Name of your favorite video detective—Richard Diamond, Peter Gunn, The Thin Man—they're musically on tap in this one . . . Do you dig Dixie? Well, step right up then and latch on to "**The River Boat Five** Takes The Train", their latest Mercury album. The boys are landlocked on this outing, confining themselves strictly to rail transportation. Among the choo-choo cha-chas are "Wabash Cannonball", "On The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe" and "Take The 'A' Train".

One of the most refreshing original cast albums to come along in many a musical moon is the Victor waxing of "Take Me Along", the song-and-dance take-off on Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness". The cast, headed by **Jackie Gleason**, **Walter Pidgeon**, **Eileen Herlie** and **Una Merkle**, does handsomely by the Robert Merrill score. This album could be either a mouth-watering invitation to see the show or a marvelous memento after you've taken it in . . . M-G-M's own particular pride and joy, **Conway Twitty** has a new hit-tune-filled album titled

"Saturday Night With Conway Twitty. Conway has come a long way since his golden record of "It's Only Make Believe". His handling of such standards as "Danny Boy" and "Blueberry Hill" teamed up with *au courant* items like "Hey Miss Ruby" and "She's Mine" spell out a vocal success story . . . **Jackie Wilson**, who toils in the Brunswick vineyards, has been whipping up some heady brews lately. The most recent of which is his pairing of "Talk, Talk, Talk" and "Only You, Only Me". The beat varies from rockin' ("Talk") to romantic ("Only You") and the Wilson approach is just right in both cases . . . **Dinah Shore's** latest Capitol album, "Yes, Indeed", is a real rouser. It's her first LP outing under that label and an auspicious premiere it is. Everything's upbeat, including such standards as "It All Depends On You" and "Taking A Chance On Love" . . . The sound track for the Harry Belafonte starrer, "Odds Against Tomorrow", is a little different. As set down on a United Artists LP, it shows the score done by **John Lewis**, leaderman of the **Modern Jazz Quartet** to be interesting, *avant garde*, first class jazz in its own right. Conductor Lewis leads a big band knowingly through composer Lewis' creation.

"Here We Go Again," the title of the **Kingston Trio's** new Capitol album, is completely appropriate as the boys are off on another big-seller binge. These young gentlemen are three of the best things that ever happened to folk music. A perfect example is their beautiful handling of "Across The Wide Missouri" . . . High flyin' **Connie Francis** comes up with another big one in her latest M-G-M package, "Country And Western Golden Hits". Connie's right at home with the backwoods beat delivering tunes such as "Your Cheatin' Heart". Her versatility is matched only by her salesability . . . Reach, pardner, for the new **Marty Robbins** Columbia album, "Gunfighter Ballads And Trail Songs" that is. Marty backs himself up on guitar and has additional rhythm and a male chorus behind him. The effect is a large slice of the Old West. Among such sagebrush standards as "Cool Water" and "Strawberry Roan" are Robbins originals including "Big Iron" and "El Paso" . . . **Pat Boone's** new Dot 45'er couples "The Faithful Heart", sliced from his new movie, "Journey To The Center Of The Earth", with "Beyond The Sunset" and is proof positive of Pat being one of musicdom's "regulars". Pat is an ardent practitioner of the art of "just plain singing." For this, much thanks . . . **Paul Anka**, ABC-Paramount's "young man on the way up," is pretty close to the top rung of the success ladder, continually turning out such highly professional performances as his dual offering, "It's Time To Cry" and "Something Has Changed Me". To wind up with a terrible pun, let's say that ABC's Anka is definitely not dragging on this pairing.

END

EXCLUSIVE

Why Greg Peck walked out on MM

By MARK DAYTON



DISTURBED over preferential treatment given Marilyn Monroe in "Let's Make Love" script changes, Greg Peck decided he wouldn't.

IF THEY HAD PAID attention in September, they might not have been so stunned in November. It wasn't that the glamorous Marilyn Monroe hadn't served notice. For way back in September when it was considered too risky to let Khrushchev see Disneyland but safe to let the Soviet boss watch Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine cavort at 20th Century-Fox in a scene from "Can Can", Marilyn had sent up her first disregarded warning flare.

The trouble was that everyone was paying too much attention to Nikita's visit and too little attention to Marilyn's visit. If they had kept their eye on Marilyn instead of Nikita during the luncheon honoring the Russian head of state, it might not have come as such a shock.

While Nikita found himself unable, at least in retrospect, to abide the sight of a galaxy of smiling Can Can girls with their motors running, Marilyn was quietly racking up some behind scenes mileage of her own.

She had agreed to co-star with Gregory Peck in "Let's Make Love", and during the Khrushchev visit, she went into a cozy huddle with her personally approved director, George Cukor, studio head Buddy Adler, producer Jerry Wald, and Norman Krasna, author of her farewell picture as a reluctant 20th Century contractee. One of the crucial things she got across in that meeting with the film factory brass hats was that she felt her part needed some building up. It was a neat piece of summitry.

Right then and there, if Hollywood oracles weren't operating with rusty geiger counters, they would have picked up the sound of approaching turbulence. Everyone was so busy finding out what Nikita thought of everything, however, that they neglected to ask what Gregory Peck thought of Marilyn's impending build-up.

Even before Marilyn more or less upstaged herself out of a leading man, studio insiders on the sub-summitry level were steeled for a full-scale ulcer fallout.

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EXCLUSIVE

Why Edd Byrnes walked out on "Sunset Strip"

By JIM COOPER

AROUND HOLLYWOOD the private jest was that Edd Byrnes was negotiating for a marriage dowry. The quip, like most worthwhile humor, was not too far from the truth. For a long time it had been "Kookie's" habit to take a pauper's oath every time he was asked why he clung to bachelorhood. Confronted with persistent reports that he was on the verge of slipping a gold band on the bridal finger of his vivacious blonde sweetheart, Asa Maynor, he sighed:

"How could I? I couldn't get married right now if I wanted to. I don't even have the price of His and Her combs."

On the surface, it would seem that combs have become an inflationary commodity, thanks to Edd's constant smoothing of his pompadour on "77 Sunset Strip". His take home pay—ostensibly made public to bring forth public weeping over his impoverished state—was a mere \$284 a week. But even at those starvation wages, it would appear that a man who really shopped could buy a lot of combs.

Edd Byrnes argued otherwise. For a young man who had to keep up all the costly appearances of stardom, he had come to consider \$284 a piddling realization on his fame.

He was considered a good soldier at Warners. He complied almost uncomplainingly with the never ending requests of the publicity department. He was prompt, serious and hard-working on the set. He never made derisive noises about the studio in public.

So when "Kookie" shoved his comb in his hip pocket, and instructed the William Morris Agency to grapple with his bosses for improved pay and working conditions, not to mention other emoluments, to many people it seemed out of character. It caught everyone by surprise but the people who knew him.

Edd privately had been airing his grievances for months. Beneath the polite veneer he took such pains to spread over the stalemate, there was festering discontent.

Problems that might seem laughable to someone not

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PERTURBED over take home pay of \$284 a week, hardly enough to disport himself as a star, Edd Byrnes detoured "77 Sunset Strip".

CONNIE STEVENS

She wants 10



photos by Del Hoyden, Topix

TWOSOME in a teacup at Disneyland are Connie Stevens of TV's "Hawaiian Eye" and Gary Clark. "We have fun together," she says.

kids



BEAU Gary Clark escorts Connie on a tour of Disneyland. He is leading man in her private life.

*Five of her own and five adopted ones
will satisfy the bright new star of "Hawaiian Eye"
any time she decides to marry*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

THIS IS THE strawberry blonde . . . the one with the dimples and the creamy skin . . . who is embellishing the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series these nights . . . the one with the cute hats. You are hearing her and loving her on records, too. This girl can sing.

She is beautiful, she is in love ("well, sort of," she says), she is one of the most luscious things Hollywood has seen in a long while.

She admits that she has dated most of the eligible men in Hollywood . . . "but for two years Gary Clark (a personable freelance actor) has been the one I have wanted to see on weekends. We have relaxed times then. We ride or picnic or sit in the house and listen to music. Or we talk. Oh, we talk a lot.

"I'm not quite sure whether you call this 'serious' or not. But we do like one another. We have fun together."

Does she have marriage on her mind? Connie is a Catholic and takes her religion and marriage seriously. "I wouldn't marry unless I thought I could make it stick," she says, solemnly. "I've seen so much in Hollywood . . ." She means it, even though at 21 some of her friends are beginning to needle her on her single state. That's not bothering Connie. She is making up her own mind. Besides, she has a flourishing career.

Only five years ago she waited two hours outside New York's Paramount Theater, hoping to get Jerry Lewis's autograph. The crowd was so great that she didn't get it. Two years later, she found herself Jerry's leading lady in "Rock-a-bye Baby".

This little charmer, whose real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on August 8, 1938, and is of Italian-Irish extraction. When she was 15, her parents separated and she came to Hollywood with her father, a musician and night club entertainer known professionally as Teddy Stevens. Connie did some odd jobs in show business, TV commercials, bit parts in pictures and so on, and then she learned that girls were being interviewed for the Jerry Lewis picture. Lots of girls. Some of them fabulous and famous like Debbie Reynolds, some of them quite as unknown as she was, herself. A lead in a Lewis picture is always much sought-after. She wangled an interview.

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VISITORS at Disneyland, Connie and Gary also like to explore as many different restaurants as they can, running gamut of food.



FOND of Gary, Connie isn't rushing into marriage—yet. Says she at 21. "I wouldn't marry unless I thought I could make it stick."

CAROUSEL is a heap of fun, but both Connie and Gary prefer real horseback riding. They also go for picnics, beach parties, tennis.



Though she's dated many eligible young men in Hollywood, Gary gets priority on weekends

There ensued the few days when Connie was fretting, pacing the floor, lying awake at night. Then came the word that she had been chosen.

That did it. Connie was in. Clear in. Well this, of course, led to better and better roles and presently she was under contract to Warner Bros. and sporting her pretty self and her pretty voice and her cute little hats on ABC-TV's "Hawaiian Eye". Which is where we caught up with her.

She and her father, whom she adores, have bought a ten-room house high in the Hollywood hills and Connie has been decorating it herself, "by degrees." What she is doing with it will tell you some things about Connie.

For one thing, it is filled with plants. Connie loves all the growing things, the green things, the "alive" things. Her house is filled with them. Her favorite room, the one which she feels is especially hers, is the breakfast nook with glass walls which command a wonderful view of the hills and the valley below, looking out toward the sea. What walls there are are papered in yellow and green with lots of little pink rosebuds and with ivy in small pots spilling over the walls. This is *her* room.

Her other special room is a small office upstairs where she personally attends to fan mail. She takes this very seriously and feels it is important to a budding career. This room is business-like, filled with framed photographs and filed scripts.

The living room is large with beamed ceilings and French Provincial furniture. Connie has put in much beige and rust and brown ("alive" colors) and there are green drapes with printed vine leaves drooping down their borders. Outside the French doors, there is a terrace with more plants and the most honored one is the azalea Jerry Lewis gave her one Christmas. "It blooms every year!" she marvels.

Her bedroom is pink and blue and gray with dolls of every size and description scattered about. Her dressing-room is mirrored and has theatrical dressing lights and many glass shelves for cosmetics. Connie really fixes herself up when she is to go in front of the cameras.

She is a movie fan. She goes two or three times a week, if she can, to see movies, old or new. She likes parties, too. Likes to give them and likes to go to them. But she wants them either very small and informal or very large and elaborate . . . as Hollywood parties often are. "At the big ones everyone looks so pretty . . . all dressed up!" At the small ones, "People really get acquainted and enjoy one another." But at the medium-sized ones, she thinks, "Nothing ever seems really to happen or to matter!"

SHE and Gary both like night clubs and visit them often. "After all, my father has been in them for years and they were my first love. I still get a thrill from them." And she is pretty impatient with the movie celebrities who maintain, loftily, "I don't care for night clubs unless there is a special act I want to catch." "How can they tell," she demands, "that there may not be a special act that they *should* catch and should applaud and encourage?"

Another thing that she and Gary do on what they call their "restful weekends" is to visit as many different restaurants as they can, from the big, glittering spots to the small, out-of-the-way places with checkered tablecloths and flickering candles in bottles.

"We try never to eat the same kind of food twice and we have really run the gamut of cookery, both foreign and domestic, from strange Chinese dishes to chowders, to pizzas, to corn puddings to flapjacks. Some of them are wonderful



FORTUNE-telling gypsy hands a big surprise to Connie and Gary. Could it have predicted a marriage in the not distant future?

and some are awful but most of them are interesting. You hear some strange music in some of these places, too."

Otherwise (there must be a good many "restful weekends"), this tireless pair like long horseback rides, picnics, beach parties and tennis.

For her own parties, Connie likes to cook. "I adore it if I can find the time. I like to do Italian dishes mostly but I like to experiment with other things. I usually have small buffet meals with music and conversation afterward." She has a fine collection of recordings. Occasionally, she and her guests get on a giddy kick and play some games. But not often. They are a group of rather serious young people and enjoy their discussions.

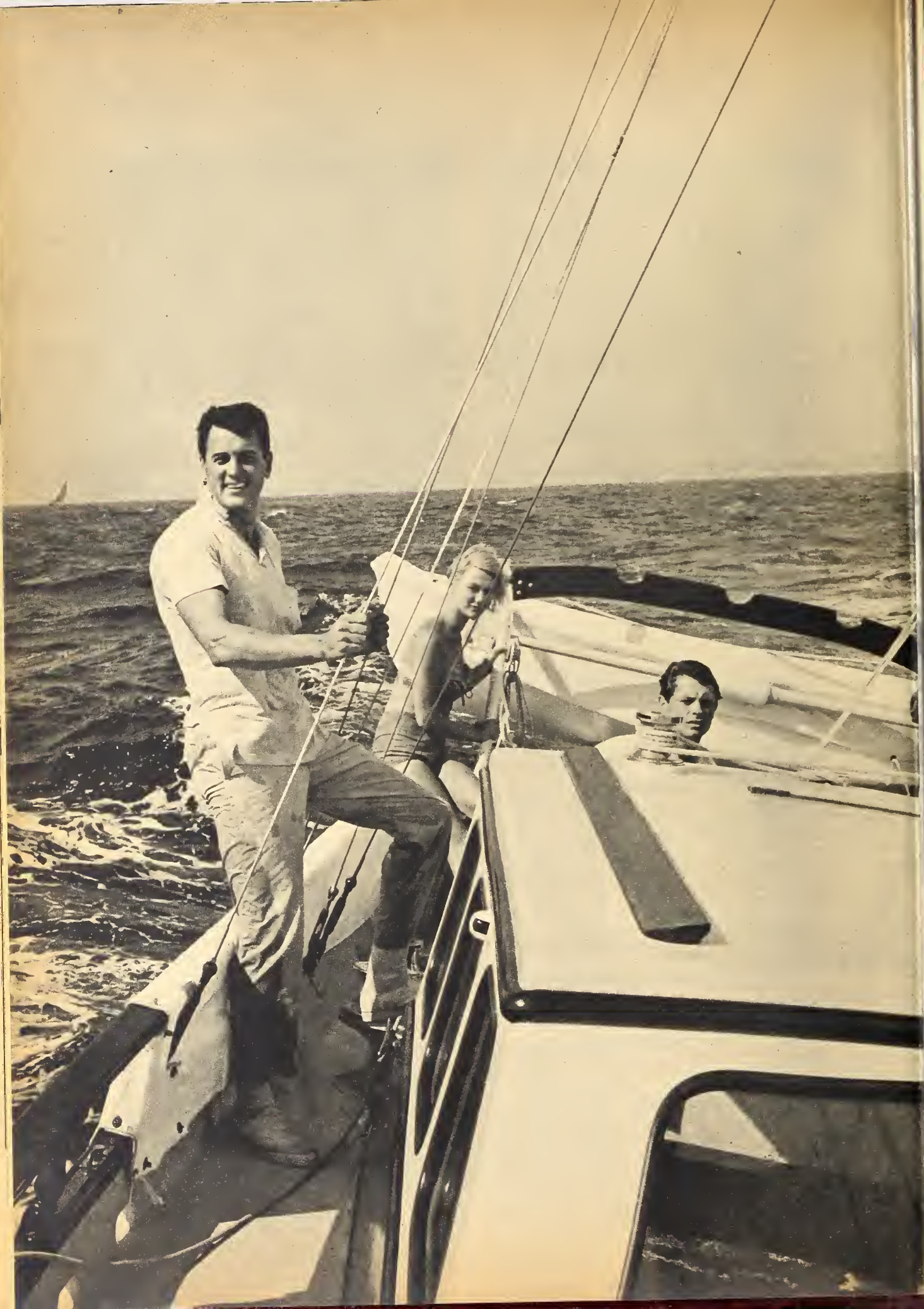
As for her other domestic virtues . . . "Well, I can't really sew . . . that is, to *make* anything. But I can sew on a button if it seems really essential, as buttons sometimes do!"

Clothes? "I find that your tastes change from year to year. I used to like fluffy, ruffly, frivolous things with bows on them. Now I find myself leaning more and more to the tailored, the severe clothes, fine woolens and so on, especially in the winter months. I like to feel sophisticated. You know . . . hats, gloves, matching bags and so on. I guess your tastes just naturally mature.

"I wear a lot of cottons in summer but I want them to be sophisticated cottons. I like them to be designed as woolens might be in cooler weather. Severe. Neatly tailored.

"I have a young designer who does wonderful things for me. I like to wear white for evening and she has attended to that with nice things in satin, velvet and brocade. She also made me a lovely turquoise satin gown with hoops in the

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Rock goes sailing

The big interest in Rock's life these days is his sailboat "Khairusam" whose pleasures he shares with his film colony friends

photos by Gene Trindl, Tapix



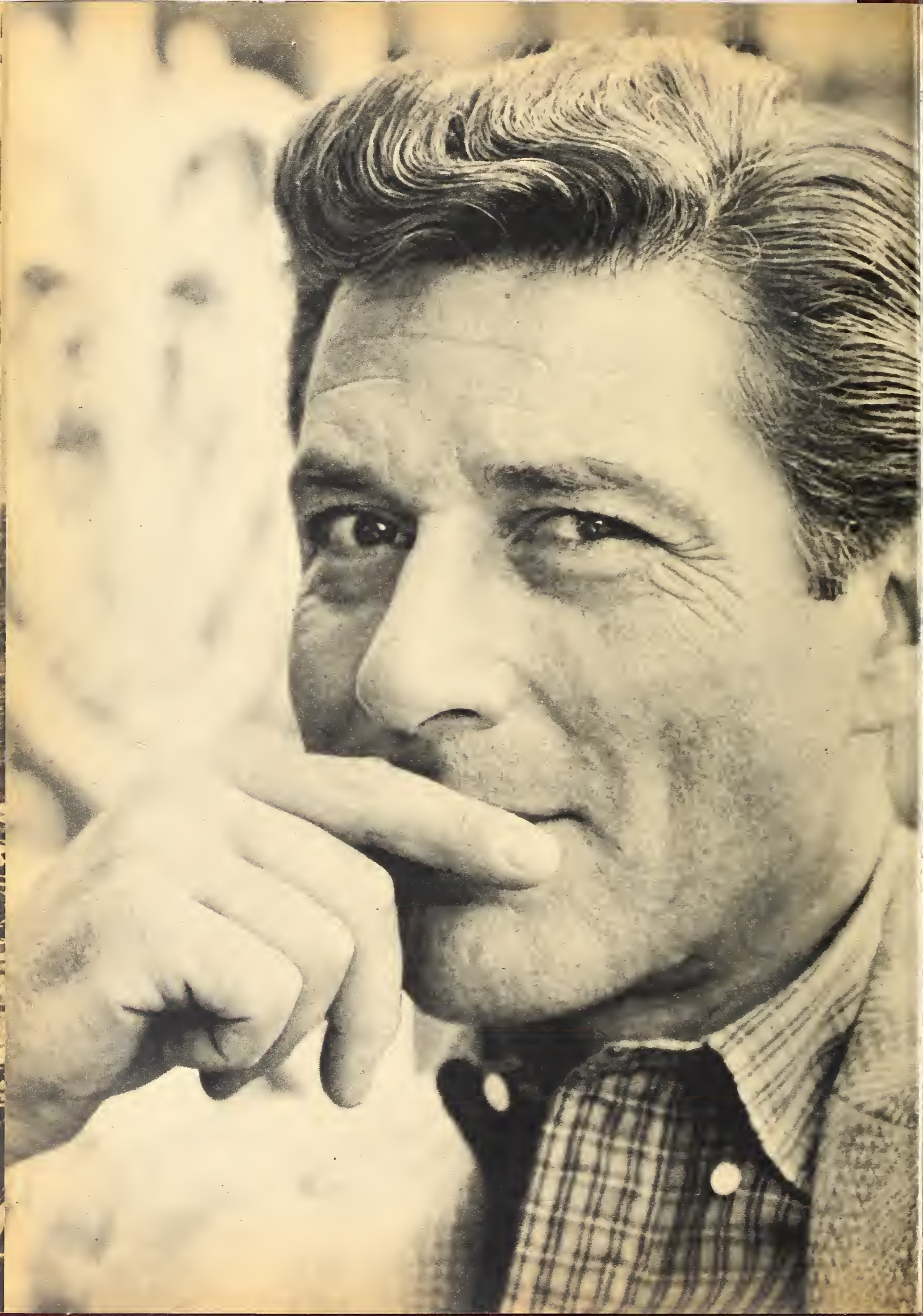
LEAVING port, Rock and his guests, newlyweds Gia Scala and Don Burnett, anticipate a wonderful day.



GIA takes the wheel while the men take a snooze, natch. Rock is currently starring with Doris Day in Universal's "Pillow Talk".

END

BLUE SKIES and a calm sea make for near perfect sailing weather as Rock, Gia and Don breeze along.



"Mr. Z. has class"

By ROGER SMITH

This is the appraisal of Efrem's good neighbor and partner in TV crime who herewith spills a few beans about him

THE FIRST THING I must tell you about this fellow Zimbalist is that he's a man with a secret life.

And I suppose it's because of this that he got involved in *The Case of the Do-It-Yourself-Sprinklers*, and the citizen who couldn't believe what he saw with his own eyes.

Efrem, of course, is my good friend and neighbor—we live some two blocks apart in Encino—but he is also, along with another quite impossible character named Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, my frequent associate in crime on "77 Sunset Strip".

Yet there are times when I despair of ever coping with Mr. Zimbalist; he leaves me blinking at the odd things that seem to happen to him.

Efrem is the only man I know who can stroll around in a pair of white buck shoes and make you believe there's nothing unusual about it. But Byrnes and I, attempting to show the same *savoir faire*, look only like a couple of guys who borrowed the shoes from Wardrobe, after a firm promise to have them back the first thing in the morning.

If you must know, Efrem is incapable of looking anything else but the gentleman: that suave fellow you see in the ads with the pipe and the dispatch case, boarding a luxury jet for Rome. Zimmy needs no Madison Avenue-imposed tattoo to prove that he is all male. He is today's Ronald Colman, the matinee idol of nighttime TV—the man most novelists try but almost never create.

"Efrem could be hip-deep in a barnyard, shoveling fertilizer in his shorts," a friend once quipped, "and he would still seem like *The Man in the Brooks Brothers Suit*."

To Efrem, such appraisals are all the more reason why he often hungers for a chance to go unrecognized and get some good, honest soil on his face. This is his real secret life.

All week long he's at the studio playing Stuart Bailey, the private eye

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ROGER SMITH



EFREM and his wife, Stephanie, are a beautifully compatible couple both with similar backgrounds.

“Mr. Z can stroll up to any woman, kiss her hand, her cheek, compliment her and leave her glowing and starry-eyed”



CASUAL clothes are preferred by Efrem. He usually wears sport shirts, old dungarees and cowboy boots when not acting on TV.

PETS of all kind abound at the Zimbalists' home. Efrem, his wife, Stephanie and their daughter Nancy are all animal lovers.

who looks like a disillusioned Yale man. He's recognized and fawned over by visitors; he signs—and very cheerfully—dozens of autographs for friends and friends of friends; he chats politely and charmingly with interviewers in the studio or at lunch in the Green Room. “It’s a lovely life,” says Efrem, “getting your shoulder slapped, except for the period you spend slapping your shoulder yourself.”

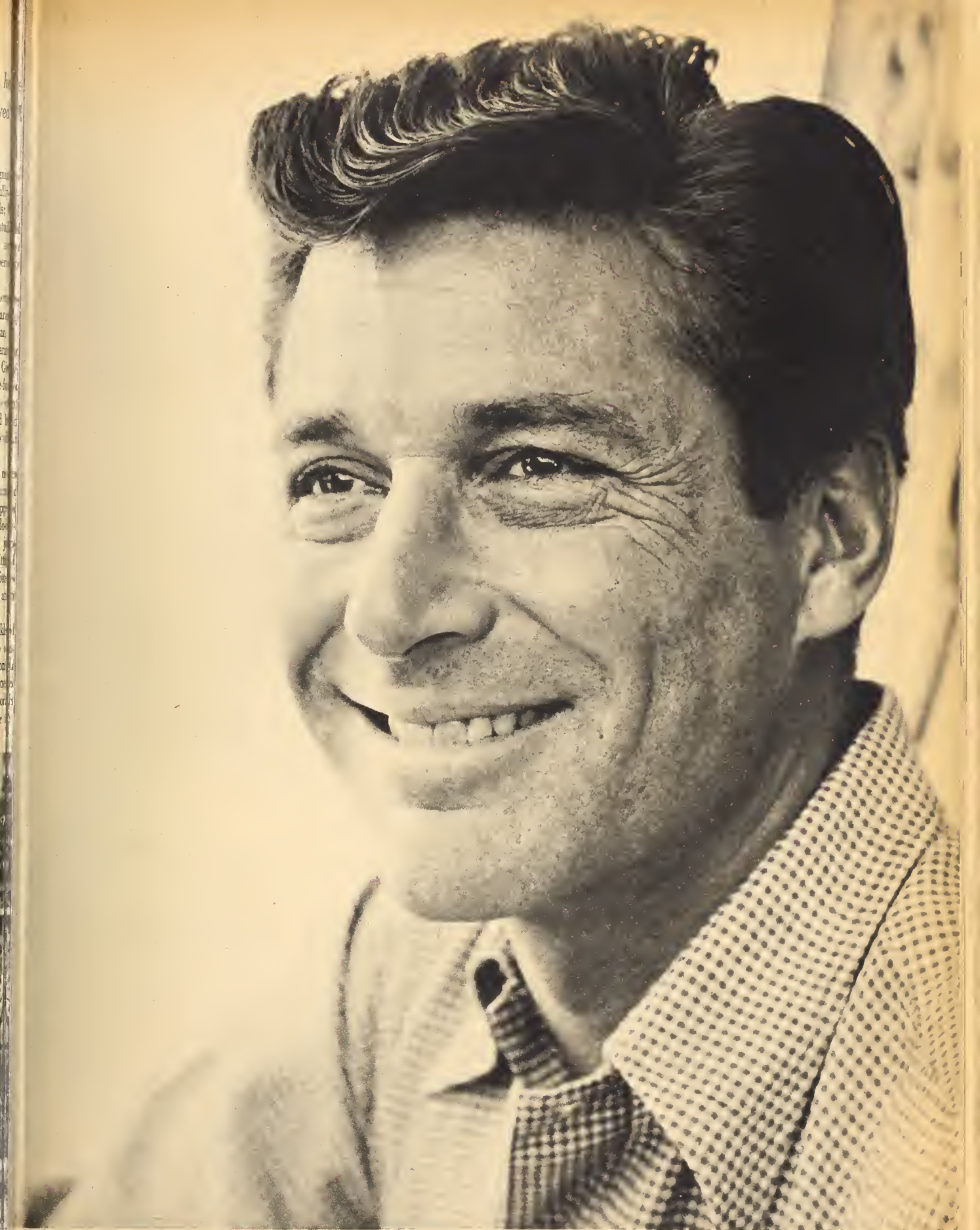
But there are moments, as Efrem admits, when he becomes a little weary of recognition. There are days when a garage door that needs fresh paint is far more alluring than a formal, black-tie bash. For Efrem is a man who just cannot pass a concrete-mixer without wanting to see it work. Give him a chain saw that will snarl its way through a three-foot eucalyptus tree, and in ten minutes you’ve got yourself a cord of firewood. Point out a broken greenhouse window, and before you can say “Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.” he has a putty knife in his hands.

That’s why, when that two-acre place of his needed a new sprinkler system, Efrem spent a number of happy weekends surrounded by uprooted garden and a complex of copper pipe. To this neighbor of mine, do-it-yourself means do-it-yourself, and putting in the sprinkler system was the joy of his life. Stephanie, his wife, was allowed to help a little; the kids, Nancy, Efrem III, and baby Steffie, were permitted to supervise the tools, yet this was Efrem’s own project, and nothing could keep him away.

Before long, the lawn was dotted with shiny new sprinkler heads, the water flowed, and the thirsty plants stood up on their stalks and smiled. When the job was completed, only one thing bothered Jimmy: the heap of discarded stones, tree roots and other junk that spoiled the looks of his work.

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THE SON of a concert violinist and a famed soprano, Efrem was once described as "a fellow who will never amount to anything."

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



Long distance love

By telephone or jet airliner, Lee and her husband, oft separated by career commitments, have managed to make their union thrive

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

LEE REMICK is getting used to it, although the first half-dozen times it happened she was considerably nonplussed, if not completely "shook up."

It seems that when someone who has seen her brilliant characterizations in "The Long Hot Summer", "Anatomy Of A Murder", or "These Thousand Hills", meets Lee for the first time face to face, there develops a moment of re-appraisal. Then Lee's new acquaintance says with more candor than tact: "You aren't at *all* what I expected. I mean, you really aren't like *that*."

The meaning is clear. The gentlewomanly, charming, well-schooled girl who is Lee Remick in person bears no resemblance whatsoever to a film fan's preconceived picture of an abandoned wench with a Tennessee Williams accent and a Brigitte Bardot wardrobe.

"They seem to forget," Lee says with a quiet humor, "that I'm an *actress*."

She is also, with equal success, a whirling dervish.

Her husband, Bill Colleran, one of the ablest of young TV directors (the "Hit Parade" for four years, the "Polly Bergen Show", the 1959 Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby spectaculars, to name a few of his works) met a friend in The Brown Derby recently. "How's your beautiful wife?" inquired the friend.

"Fine, thank you," said Bill with a grin. "At the moment she's in Venice, attending the Film Festival. 'Anatomy Of A Murder' is being shown, you know."

A few days later Bill was stopped in the corridors at ABC by another director who passed the time of day, closing the chat by asking, "And how's Lee?"

"Great," said Bill. "She's in Paris, doing the Dior routine according to her call yesterday."

Toward the end of that same week, Bill met a pal at a cocktail party. "What is Lee up to these days?" was the inevitable question.

"She's in London, searching the silver vaults for something for our New York apartment," Bill explained to him quite cheerfully.



HUSBAND Bill Colleran, a TV director, never knows when Lee will drop in for breakfast via jet from California or Europe.

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LEE REMICK continued

"I can be ready to go anywhere in 25 minutes; I can cancel



IN REAL LIFE Lee is a gentle, charming, well-schooled girl who bears no similarity to the abandoned wench she plays in films

our newspapers, suspend the diaper service and have the telephone cut off in three minutes”

Two weeks later he met the same friend on the street. “Lee come yet?” the friend wanted to know.

“Oh sure. And gone again. At present she’s in Tennessee, working in ‘The Swift Season,’” said Bill.

The friend extended his arms in a “mammy” gesture. “You kids aren’t married,” he objected. “You’re just toll bait for the telephone company.”

Good gag, but mistaken concept.

The Lee Remick-Bill Colleran marriage is one of the brightest, most devoted in young married theatrical circles. Their only real problem, as suggested by their friend, is the size of their long distance telephone bills.

Since their wedding in August, 1957, Lee and Bill have been separated for a total of seven months, not consecutively, but divided into a series of short spells of utter loneliness. The loneliness has inspired a permanent state of Remick-Colleran travel readiness.

Lee says, “I can be ready to go anywhere in 25 minutes. I can cancel our newspapers, suspend the diaper service, and have the telephone cut off in three minutes. I carry my passport wherever I go. I bought *white* luggage when I first went to California and I’ve added the matching pieces as I needed them. It saves time because they’re easily identified. I always buy travel clothing to correlate with what I have and to make it possible for me to carry only one set of accessories and one hat. I believe in the dash system.”

There are reasons.

LEE AND BILL had been married only five weeks when Lee was sent to Baton Rouge on location for “The Long Hot Summer”. “I had never been so homesick in my life,” she remembers. “Bill flew down for two weekends, then the company returned to Hollywood. Before jets, and considering his schedule, Bill couldn’t take the time to cross the country. I had to do something about it.”

It is strictly forbidden for a player working in a leading role in a major motion picture to set foot in an airplane during the production period unless specifically permitted to do so. Violations of this cardinal rule have brought some of Hollywood’s most famous feet, laggard, to front offices for a lecture.

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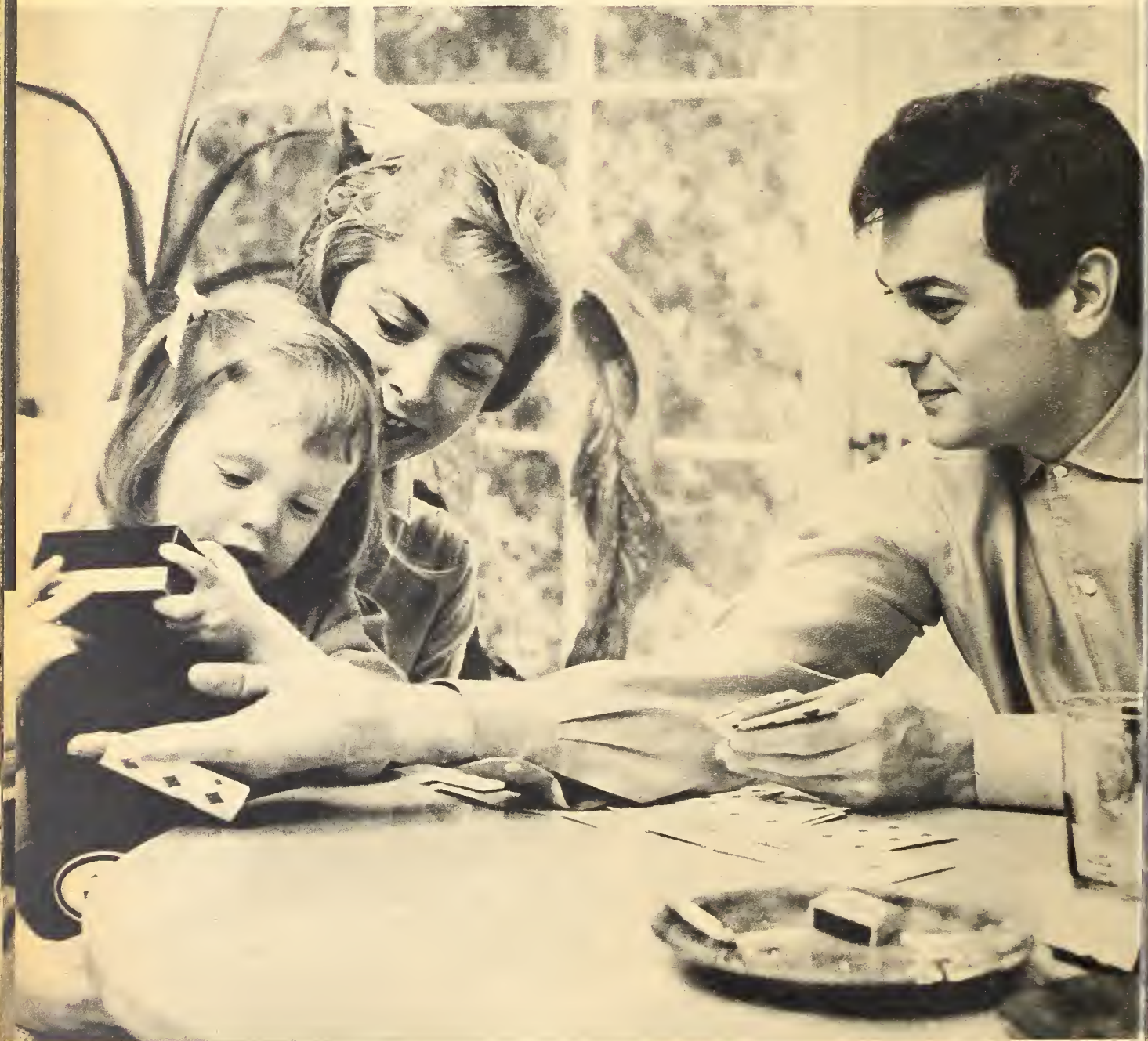
GALLERY of photos from plays and films she’s appeared in adorn Lee’s New York apartment. She also has a home in California.



AT HOME in either informal clothes or evening dress, Lee seems equally feminine in both. Her new film is “The Swift Season”.



Janet and Tony's



DAUGHTER Kelly is entertained by Tony. Togetherness has always played a large part in the success of Janet and Tony's marriage.

marriage secrets

How have the Curtises kept their marriage from going stale? "All that's needed is love," says Janet, "not gimmicks"

IT WAS QUITE A bustling household that morning on the second floor of the bleached brick Curtis mansion in the fashionable Benedict Canyon altitudes of Beverly Hills.

Focal point of the activity was the spacious, sun-drenched room of all purposes at the head of the stairs which were fenced off with a white gate for the protection of the children. The baby's nurse, Ginny, looking like a credit to her occupation in her crisply starched white uniform, was dutifully streaking after 10-months-old Jamie, who tore on all pudgy little fours across the carpeted floor and up the furniture like an overwound mechanical toy. Janet Leigh's slender mother, also in a smart white outfit, was in and out with the equally indefatigable elder of the two Curtis girls, three-year-old Kelly Lee.

Janet herself reclined contentedly captive in a club chair. Her feet were up on an ottoman as Gladys, another white uniformed retainer, gave her a pedicure and manicure. As she received these attentions, Mrs. Tony Curtis was comfortably attired in black pedal pushers and a sleeveless black blouse. Somewhere in the city, away from the happy furore of home, her husband was off attending to his own business.

"I haven't sat down this long in five weeks," Janet chortled. "But as you can see, even so there's never a dull moment."

The lovely Mrs. Curtis thereby inadvertently pinpointed one of the secrets of how she and Tony manage year in and year out to keep their marriage as fresh as the day it was consummated.

"How could there be a dull moment?" she cried. "How could there be—with Tony for a husband, Kelly and Jamie for children, me for a mother, our way of life, and this business we're in?"

That wide variety of interests and constant activity have helped maintain the high level of enthusiasm in their marriage, but there are other factors which make them a phenomenon in this coastal celluloid kingdom where so many domestic wreckages are washed up on the shores of ennui and disenchantment.

One of them is the sometimes snickered-over philosophy of togetherness. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, however, pay more than lip service to the ideal of togetherness. They may not deliberately live it, but the term describes them. They have a standing rule never to work at the same time unless it is in the same picture. Otherwise whenever and wherever one is before the cameras, the other tags along, usually replete with children. They are appalled at the idea of being apart for as long as a week. Despite the fact that they are man and wife, they happen to enjoy each other's company.

Yet one of the chief reasons their marriage has not gone stale is their refusal to permit themselves to be strangled by togetherness. It is no accident that when

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“My dates with Frankie Avalon”

By MARIANNE GABA



What's it like to go out with Frankie

Avalon? Marianne Gaba, his No. 1 Hollywood girl

friend, tells of her exciting experiences

I WAS ALREADY asleep when the phone rang. The voice on the other end of the line sounded hesitant, unsure. “This you, Marianne?”

“Yes, this is Marianne Gaba,” I came back, and waited.

After a few seconds of hesitation, “This is Frankie . . .”

“Frankie . . . WHO?”

“Frankie Avalon.”

I gulped, hard. “I thought you’d forgotten all about me!” I cried out. Months had passed since we’d gone out together, and I had even moved to a new place in Beverly Hills. “How did you find out where I lived?”

“Connie gave me your number . . .”

He was referring to Connie Stevens, at whose house I stayed for over a year.

“How about dinner tomorrow night?”

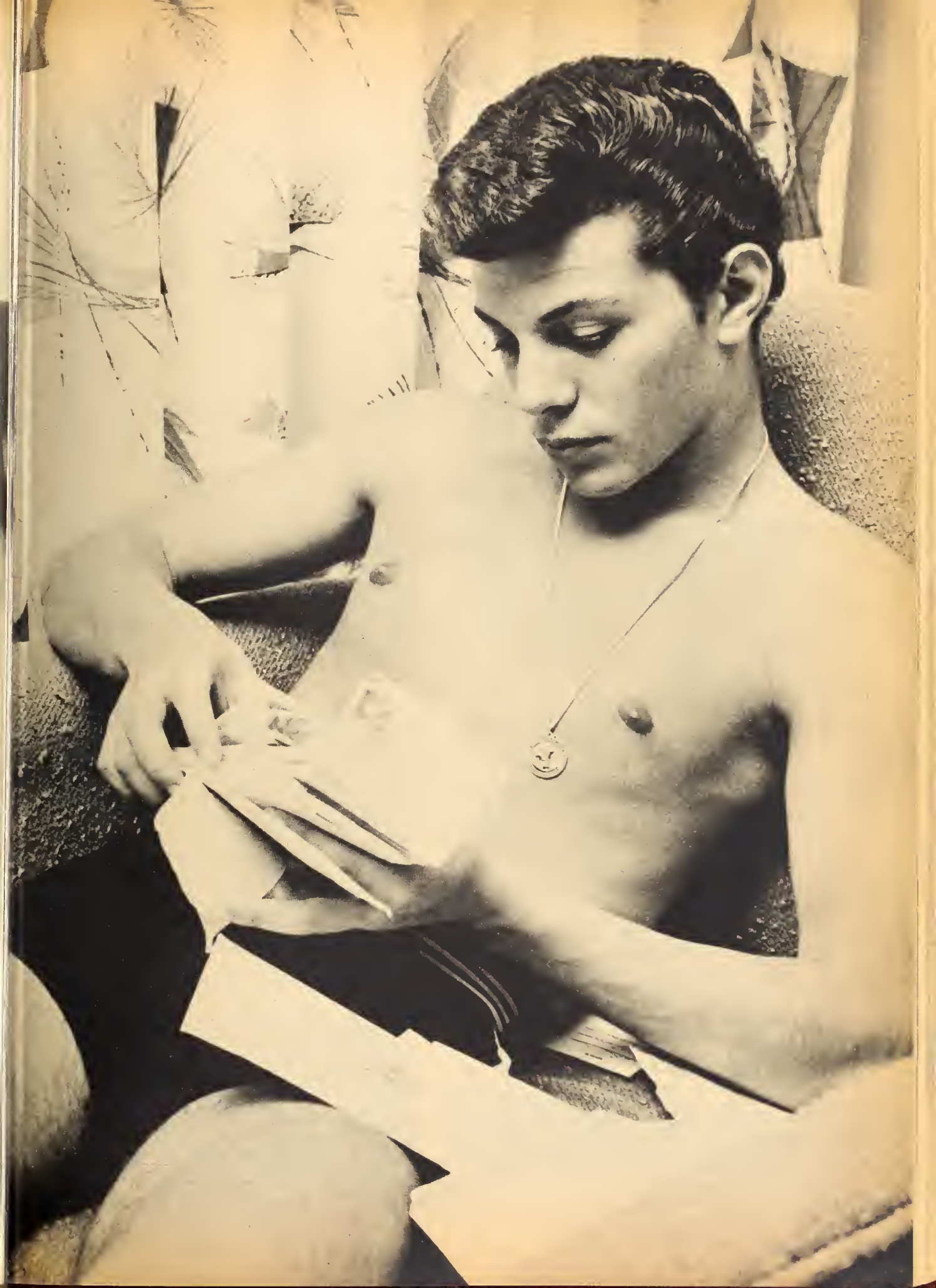
“Sure, Frankie. I’d love to. I’m looking forward to seeing you again,” I said, and meant it.

As far as I know, Frankie hasn’t dated any girl but me in Hollywood. We date because we like each other. We’ve held hands in movies. We have kissed. He wants me to meet his parents in Philadelphia. But rumors to the contrary, we are not what movie columnists like to refer to as “a hot romantic twosome . . .”

In a way I think it’s the same qualities that we like in one another. We feel at ease when we are together. We can talk about anything without being offended or embarrassed. I consider Frankie a “nice” boy, quite different from so many wolves I have met here in the past. And I’d like to feel that he thinks of me as a “nice” girl too, if you know what I mean. While I’m living in 20th Century Hollywood, about certain boy-girl relationships I’m pretty old-fashioned. I think Frankie appreciates this.

We met about a year ago, when Frankie happened to see a picture layout of me. When he came to Hollywood a short time later, he asked the photographer who shot it to get in touch with me, to see if I was willing to do a layout with him, too. I had heard so many

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FRANKIE is seriously concerned about keeping his feet on the ground, doesn't want to fall into the trap of "going Hollywood."

FRANKIE AVALON continued

nice things about him, I was delighted to accept the offer.

I can still see them driving up to Connie's house, where I was staying at the time—photographers, assistants, a whole carload of fellows! Frankie, his managers Bob Marcucci and Peter deAngelis, and the photographer. We went horseback riding a couple of blocks up the street, and I'm sorry to admit Frankie did a lot better on horseback than I!

As I got to know Frankie better, I realized that he is really quite independent—in his private life. When his career is involved in any way whatsoever, he listens to and accepts Bob Marcucci's advice one hundred percent.

For instance, on one of his other trips to California, a magazine editor had asked for a layout of Frankie and Tuesday Weld. I'm sure Frankie wouldn't have minded, but Bob objected to it. I don't know why—possibly he might have felt she's too young, maybe because she's gone out with too many older fellows, anyway, he didn't want Frankie tied up with her, and because he objected, Frankie readily agreed to give up any ideas of taking her out for publicity reasons.

As for myself, after we had dated a few times, I kiddingly asked Frankie if Bob didn't object to him seeing me as often.

He smiled mischievously. "He doesn't. He trusts you!"

"I don't know if that's a compliment or an insult," I said.

"A compliment," he assured me.

The whole relationship between Frankie and Bob is like that of two brothers—one older, more experienced; the other in need of advice, but able to take it or leave it. Frankie knows he can always come to Bob for help, yet doesn't feel obliged to take it. Likewise, Bob isn't hurt if Frankie goes to other people for help, as he did with me from time to time.

For instance, Frankie is terribly concerned about keeping his feet on the ground. I remember one night when he told



"I consider Frankie a 'nice' boy and I'd like to feel that he thinks of me as a nice girl, too"



WAVING good-bye to Marianne at steps of his apartment, Frankie is all smiles. As he hasn't a car, she drives him in her T-bird.



COLOGNE smells pretty good to Frankie who uses it sparingly. He is "very much the gentleman" on their dates, says Marianne.

me that so many of the people he had met out here were "typically Hollywood," and that if he should ever decide to live here permanently, he might fall into the same trap. "As long as I stay in Philadelphia," he confessed, "I feel safe . . ."

"What do you think it is about Philadelphia that gives you this security?" I asked him.

He thought about it for a minute. "Mostly, I guess, being with my parents . . ."

"Should you ever decide to move to the West Coast, couldn't you visit your parents regularly?" I came back.

He looked surprised. "Why—I would never consider living in Los Angeles unless they could come with me!"

I pointed out that this should allay his fears.

His biggest concern was that he might some day lose touch with the very group of people who made him what he is—the young fans. From his actions, I doubt he ever will.

ONE EVENING he asked if I could see a movie with him. I told him I would love to go, and inquired what time I should pick him up at his hotel. This may seem like an unusual procedure, but the fact is, Frankie doesn't have a car in Hollywood. Rather than go around by cab, I pick him up in my T-bird.

"About seven-thirty," he said. "It'll be dark by then . . ."

I didn't know what he meant by his last remark until we were driving west on Sunset Boulevard, and then turned north on Sepulveda—toward a drive-in theatre.

After watching the film for a few minutes, we heard giggles from the car next to us. Then a girl's voice insisted. "That's him . . . I'm sure it is!"

"It couldn't be," another female voice came back with equal vigor. "He wouldn't come to a place like this . . ."

This banter went on while Frankie and I tried to concentrate on the movie. Finally one of the girls climbed out of the other car, took a couple of steps, and leaned into ours. "Are you Frankie Avalon?" she asked, right smack in the middle of the film's most exciting scene.

Frankie nodded his head. "I am."

She let out a scream that could be heard all over the theatre. "It's FRANKIE . . ." she screeched. "GIRLS . . . IT'S FRANKIE AVALON . . . !!!"

I sank a little lower into my seat while car doors flew open all around us. For almost half an hour Frankie good-naturedly signed autographs. How different from another well-known singer who demands police protection to ward off the fans every time he steps out of his hotel.

That night at the drive-in theatre showed me another side of Frankie that I have seen repeatedly on other occasions—his great concern and considerateness for people with him.

During intermission, he asked if I would like a snack. I said I would, expecting a bottle of pop and maybe a bag of popcorn or peanuts. When he didn't return till about ten minutes after the picture had started again, I was convinced that he was cornered by so many more fans that he simply couldn't get back. In a way I blamed myself for not having offered to get the snacks myself. What really happened became obvious when he showed up at last, his arms loaded down with hot dogs, hamburgers, peanuts, popcorn, six different kinds of candy bars, four types of cookies, and twelve different drinks—everything from Cokes to grape juice.

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*By keeping career problems out of their
home life and not analyzing why they're
happy, Dinah and George have hit upon a*

Design for loving

By STEVE MOORE

IT WAS LIKE a convention. About a dozen cars were parked in the driveway and in front of Dinah and George Montgomery's house in Beverly Hills. Somewhat cautiously, not knowing what to expect, I rang the bell. The maid answered. I told her I had an appointment to see Mr. Montgomery and I was in—right in the middle of a busy meeting between Dinah Shore and the men involved in the production of her TV show.

George was sitting over by the huge window that looks out on the pool and a panoramic view of the city and ocean. He waved a cheery hello. Just then the phone rang. It was for George. While he was busy with his call, I gave a fast once-over to this fabulous house.

The huge living room has an elevated level on the right which is the music room. To the left is another raised section—for the dining room. Off in an alcove, also facing the window, is the breakfast area. This is as far as I got because George had finished his conversation. It was indeed *some* house.

He had been working on details for future plans for TV and motion pictures so his mind was on his next assignment. Having wound up his "Cimarron City" chores, he was enthusiastically considering the many other offers given him.

As he sat there talking he looked so relaxed that he reminded me of Dinah and the way she seemed to melt into the television camera—so all-fired poised you'd think that she couldn't be thrown by anything.

Actually, very little does bother her. Not even the night Bob Cummings and Gale Storm did a TV show with her. In the act, they were to sing a song, do some chatter, lean back on a bench, and carry on with the humor. But the prop man goofed that night and couldn't find the bench with the back on it, so he hurriedly shoved on just any old one. Gale, Bob, and Dinah leaned back on cue, and over they went on the floor, feet kicking wildly in the air. Was she upset? No, she just couldn't stop laughing.

"People have asked me if Dinah is as poised at home," George said. "Well, yes, for the most part, but I'll never know how anyone seemingly so disorganized on the surface can get so many things done and done so well. You can always tell when Dinah is home. You can pick up her trail from the moment she enters the house. You find a sheet of music, a tennis ball, any

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DINAH SHORE continued



George has the best reason why their marriage worked: "Dinah and I enjoy being together"

package she may have picked up in town. You don't have to be a Montana Scout to tell where she has been and what she's been doing.

"But poised she is, although I must admit I haven't spent much time analyzing her. We just accept each other. To me, her poise is just a bit of naturalness that takes hold of her at a given situation."

George has his moments too of being—well, a little on the impulsive or disorganized side.

George, Dinah, and Missy were going to New York a couple of years ago. Missy's hair kept getting in her eyes so George said, "Let's cut it!"

Nobody did anything, so a day or so later as Missy was again pushing her hair out of the way, he said very firmly, "That does it!" He thereupon grabbed the scissors and whacked off the bangs.

"The only trouble was," he laughed, "I went too far and cut above her temple too so that she was practically scalped. Dinah didn't appreciate this too much but she could see the humor to it. Missy was somewhat disturbed."

George and Dinah seem to operate together effortlessly. They have had no really controversial discussions about their respective likes and dislikes. They discuss the discipline of their children in a reasonable fashion and they try to instill this same reasoning process in Missy and John D.

Dinah's conference suddenly broke up and the men left. George turned to her and said, "Honey, we share the same interests, don't we?"

Dinah thought for a moment and then grinned, "Yes,



THE MONTGOMERYS respect each other's work so much that their careers have never interfered with their quite happy home life.



THE CHILDREN, Jody, 5, and Missy, 11, have been taught not to be impressed with the fact their parents are in the public eye.

except for your building houses. You see, George loves to build houses—he constructed this one, you know, and all the furniture in it. Me—I just want to get one finished so I can live in it. All this construction business doesn't get through to me."

Their primary interest is in paintings and their walls are covered with beautiful pieces of art—some very valuable. But neither George nor Dinah can remember who started collecting paintings in the first place.

"This just seemed to happen, although I buy most of them," George said. "Some have turned out to be profitable—those by artists who were unknown at the time and later became popular. When we were in Europe recently, I bought a dozen paintings so maybe a few will turn out to be treasures of the future. If they don't, it doesn't matter. We like them and enjoy looking at them anyway."

Somehow, the conversation switched to moods and tempers. George insisted he had a temper.

"No more than is right," Dinah put in quickly. "A person with no temper whatever simply has no imagination. But you never get really mad, George."

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IN ROLE of a high school teacher, Dick becomes involved in the problems of his students. Film is based on book, "Harrison High".

DICK CLARK

Makin' movies

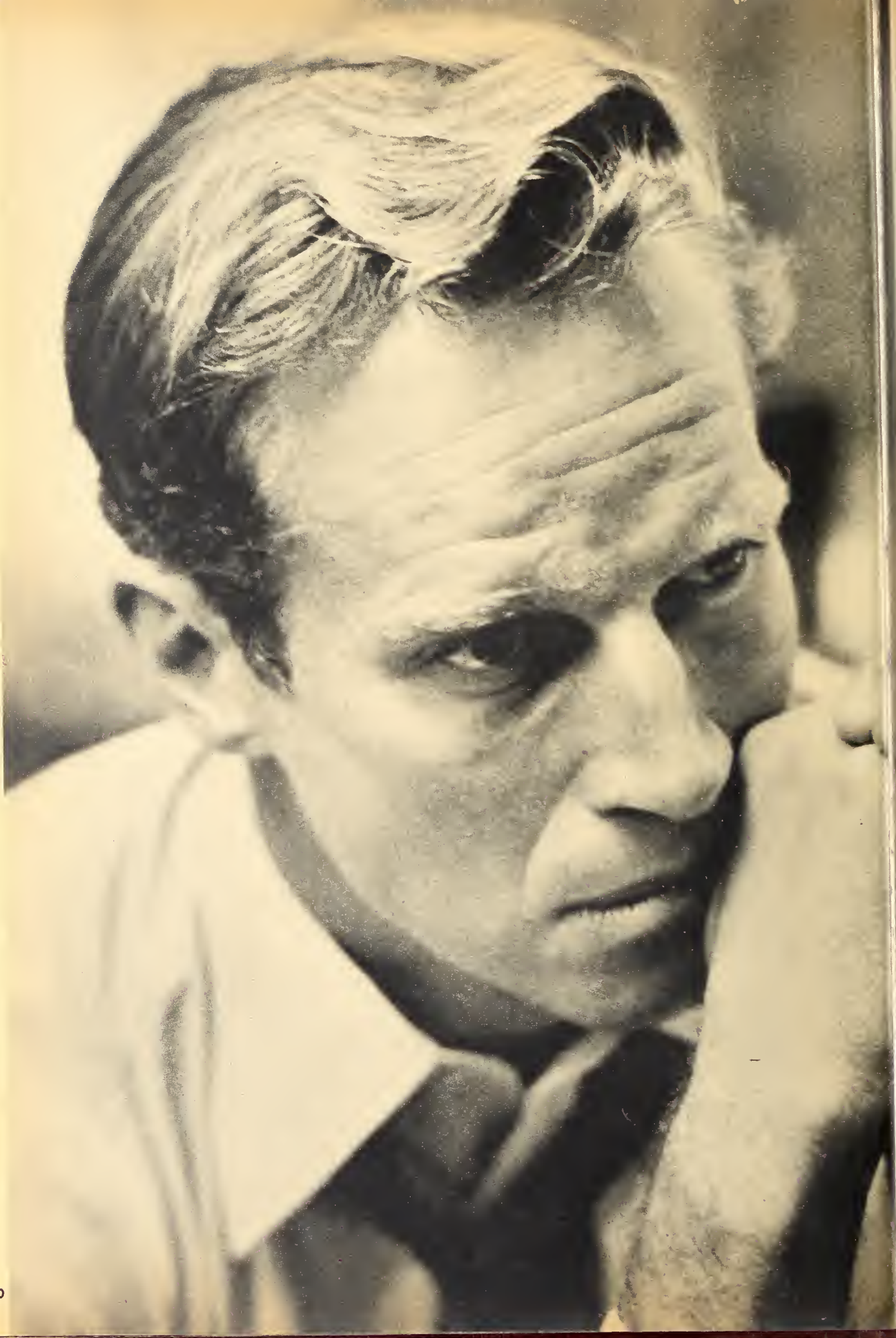
The teenagers' favorite disc jockey, Dick Clark, makes his film debut in a picture all about teenagers, "Because They're Young"



A CHAT between scenes of "Because They're Young" amuses Dick, Roberta Shore and Duane Eddy. Tuesday Weld has a featured role.

POINTERS on how to play an upcoming scene are given to Dick by director Paul Wendkos. Victoria Shaw co-stars opposite Dick.







CHUCK's moods are understood by his wife, Lydia, who is an actress in her own right.

The Three Charlton Hestons

*One part actor, another part
husband and a third part dad,
Chuck is a man who takes all
his roles with equal degrees
of seriousness and devotion*

By JACK HOLLAND

CHARLTON HESTON smiled broadly and said, "You know, I'm not quite sure what Hollywood thinks of me. In one way, you might say I was pretty valuable since I've been given star roles in two epics both costing well over \$12,000,000—'The Ten Commandments' and 'Ben-Hur'. On the other hand, maybe the studios say, 'Well, with Heston in the lead role we'd better go with all the budget we can imagine so we'll be sure to get our money back!'"

This is Chuck's humorous appraisal of himself as an actor. And it is the actor who is the first of the three Charlton Hestons. The other two you'll meet later.

Certainly Chuck must have very definite value, in spite of his facetious remark, because MGM has tossed all of its eggs in one basket in the mammoth production of "Ben-Hur". It was no accident, either, that Charlton Heston was chosen for the lead role because his ability and drawing power are well-known. From this film he went into another costly film for MGM, "The Wreck Of The Mary Deare".

So—what is it about Chuck that makes him the favorite star for the multi-million dollar pictures?

The primary answer is that he can act—and in these days you almost forget that acting is sometimes a requisite for motion pictures. Most of today's crop of actors would be so inept they'd get swallowed by the sets in a picture like "Ben-Hur".

"Acting is the all-consuming part of my life, outside of my role as a husband and father," Chuck said seriously. "I like to work hard—I'm what you call an exhaustive actor—not, I hope, an exhausting one. As such, I don't have time to indulge in that overrated antic called temperament.

"I'm not the kind of actor, however, who walks around in a trance all during production. I don't come off the set still engrossed in the mood nor do I waltz home with my character clasped tightly to my chest. I try to avoid homework. There are times, yes, when this is impossible, but I endeavor as often as possible not to bring

◀ **KNOWN** as a dedicated actor, Chuck is also one actor who gives no one trouble.

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my problems home to Lydia. She is, however, an actress and would understand it if I did. I'm more apt to bring her into my work if I'm undecided about a script. Then I ask for her opinion of it.

"It's impossible for any actor to maintain constant concentration all day long on a part. He must do a total job on the set—that is his responsibility, but he doesn't have to be 'on' when he's not doing a scene."

Chuck is in many ways a dedicated actor. On the set he probes every facet of his performance. Some consider him too deep, too analytical, too self-critical. But all agree he is one actor who gives no one any trouble, who indulges in nothing but hard work.

Of all the pictures he has done, "Ben-Hur" was his toughest job, the most difficult he has ever had in any medium. Not only did he have to spend six weeks before production began in Rome learning how to drive a chariot but he had to train for the rowing sequences aboard the galley ship. There were numerous other physical encounters. In fact, he hardly had a scene without something taxing or demanding about it.

"Our director, William Wyler, is at least one of the half-

dozen most talented directors in the business," Chuck went on. "No scene is easy to do for him. He made me examine and re-examine the smallest detail in a scene before we were through with it, and when you do this kind of thing six days a week for nine and a half months, I assure you you've worked. It's a bone-scraping experience.

"The physical aspects of the role were something of a hazard too. The only thing that helped me there was knowing the best chariot people in the world. But it's not easy to learn to drive a chariot and I'm certainly not a hot-shot charioteer even now." Then he added with a laugh, "Fortunately, the race was fixed, so naturally I won."

With a sigh he commented, "Making 'Ben-Hur' was a gut-buster from every angle."

When Chuck isn't working you get a look at the second Heston—the one who lives modestly and quietly with his wife, Lydia, and his four-year-old son, Fraser. But it's a pacing, restless, frustrated Heston his wife sees when he's not busy in a picture.

"Even my tennis deteriorates then," he cracked. "I play more when I'm off a picture but I play worse."

RECORDING of Biblical passages reveals Chuck's intensity as an actor. He's currently starring in MGM's epic picture, "Ben-Hur".



he has a happy marriage, he's a happy man"

"My disenchantment with myself is very specific and evident to my family. I'm just plain unhappy. But Lydia is inured to such moods. This is one of the advantages of being married to an actress. She understands the intricate workings of an actor's moods and mind.

"One of my few social virtues, however, is that in spite of all the jitters I go through, I have no temper, so I'm not given to blowing up. I just wander around for days saying, 'If I don't get some work, I'll go crazy.' Then a script arrives and after I've read it, I've been known to say, 'I wouldn't do that picture if I never worked again.' That's when Lydia really has to stretch her understanding and patience."

When he's not busy on a film, Chuck spends his time working at his painting, taking Fraser on outings or, on rare occasions and only when he's forced into it, on writing. He really abhors this, though.

As a husband, Chuck is very attentive and sensitive—and he remembers all anniversaries, with one outstanding exception.

On Chuck and Lydia's first trip to Europe a few years ago, he bought her a birthday present in Paris and held on to it until her actual birthday. By the time it did roll around, they



PLAYBACK of recording finds Chuck analyzing his performance. He doesn't believe in taking his work home with him, however.

were in Rome and Chuck was busy preparing for a movie. All during that day, Lydia waited for Chuck to say something. Finally, in the evening, as they entered their hotel, Lydia quietly remarked that apparently he had forgotten her birthday. Chuck literally collapsed on the floor of the Excelsior Hotel lobby, as he sheepishly gave her the present, accompanied by many excuses.

As a rule, he doesn't need an occasion to give Lydia something. He doesn't exactly shower her with gifts, but, as he says, "She does fairly well."

They were married on St. Patrick's Day in 1944—he insists he chose that day so he'd have a definite reminder for each anniversary. They've been together—happily—for 16 years.

They seldom work together in shows, although they recently appeared in summer stock in Santa Barbara in "State Of The Union". Lydia now considers her role as mother the important part of her life.

"She works just often enough to be reminded that she's an actress," Chuck commented slyly.

THE two have managed to get along so well because they both have a sense of humor. As Chuck put it, "Any two people living together are bound to create tensions that must be discharged so a sense of humor is not only important—it's an absolute necessity."

When you ask Chuck about Lydia, his voice becomes softer. He doesn't toss out flowery words, but he speaks from the heart.

"Lydia has made me a grown man," he said honestly. "I was married when I was 19 and I was hardly mature then. I feel I am mature now, so Lydia obviously has done this for me. It is no exaggeration for a man to assume that because he has a happy marriage, he's a happy man. That's the way I feel anyway. You learn a lot of lessons about living in a marriage and you learn to compromise. And to have a successful married life means you have a degree of maturity.

"There is a completeness in our lives, Lydia's and mine. I don't think I'm the kind who needs a lot of attention or affection or constant demonstration that I'm needed. I don't have to have it proved over and over again to me each

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ACTING is the all-consuming part of my life, outside of my role as a husband and a father," Chuck maintains steadfastly.



Stupefyin' Newmar

As "Stupefyin' Jones" in "Li'l Abner", Julie Newmar doesn't say a word, but with her figure, is it necessary?

By JOHN MAYNARD

THE TEMPTATION to refer to Julie Newmar as Stupefyin' Newmar probably will have proved irresistible by now, mainly because Miss Newmar is the big beautiful party who plays the role of Stupefyin' Jones in the film version of the comic strip "Li'l Abner". It won't matter whether Julie is in fact stupefyin' or not, although in one way or another she is. She's tabbed, that's all.

One way or another. Well, this day in the functional, non-stupefyin' atmosphere of a movie set, she was stupefyin' for possibly four reasons. One was that she stands five feet and ten inches high; and she *was* standing barefoot in a sheer negligee over a flesh-colored slip over Miss Newmar, also flesh-colored. This may be either one reason or two. She was posing for still pictures that by and by will accompany the release of the picture "The Last Rookie", which is about a guy—never mind. It's too complicated.

A second, or third, thing was that she denied bitterly looking like a Julie Newmar sort, though obviously she does, and the fourth that she spoke with a slight but clearly marked Swedish accent. That last was really something, since Julie does not have a Swedish accent or any other kind and had not lately been in the proximity of any Swedes. If she had, that would have explained everything. "I tuck like whoever I'm weat'."

This last was in its way disconcerting, since her interviewer was a non-Scandinavian whose diction, such as it was, was inflected by nothing more exotic than West Hollywood. "But you're not weat' a Swede. With."

"I deedn' mean exctly thot. You meck me *feel* like a Swede, you know what I mean? I'm very sensitive to atmosphere."

"She is fer a sure nuff fact," said the head cameraman, who couldn't have been more than four days out of Dallas. "Swut Ah'd call a wunnerful trait for an actress."

"Now Ah'm rollin' in Texas awl," said Stupefyin' Newmar.

"Lezz stah agin," said the questioner.

Julie Newmar is twenty-four or 'round about there, has no idea what she weighs and, as suggested, so very little about whom or what she is that it would depend entirely on a given time and given company. She reacts as sensitively as the film-goer who, having seen Ingrid Bergman, is for an hour or so Ingrid Bergman. Most of the past year, however, she has essayed a Swedish beauty in a New York play titled "Marriage Go Round", and this role she tends to carry about with her in her off-time, such as her Hollywood vacation-with-work. It's pretty good carrying, too, inasmuch as

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photos by Peter Basch

JULIE's whims, such as speaking with a Swedish accent or Texan drawl, stem from what she claims is a "sensitivity to atmosphere."

It is Julie's conviction that if a girl has nothing but a figure, she won't last as an actress

her performance won her a Tony, the legitimate stage's dulcet answer to Hollywood's more blatant Oscar. Miss Newmar's Broadway Swede is a young lady of formidably high IQ who envisages a eugenic mating with the man portrayed by Charles Boyer. Miss Newmar states that this girl's an all right sort and disclaims vehemently the notion that she might be on the fun-loving side.

"But the man in the play—isn't he already married?"

"That's so, but why would a girl with an IQ so high not think of a perfect child?" said Miss Newmar, who wasn't a Swede for a moment but just a girl out of a Los Angeles high school, a lass with a bit of a combative streak. "She's not a home-wrecker."

Her logic seemed unassailable.

"All right," said Miss Newmar. "Next question?"

The next question was one Julie Newmar gets all the time and is going to get a lot more and that *really* antagonizes her. It's about what she looks like and whom she's going to be compared with because she can't very well help it. She has a way of answering it before it comes out.

"NOW tell me the truth," she said, waving her arms. "Did I remind you of anyone when you walked in here?"

"Since you ask—"

"No. No, I didn't. Next question?"

"Wait a minute. Jayne Mansfield. Same type."

"I'll kill you dead. I haven't got half Jayne Mansfield's ambition. Not a quarter. I don't see how she does it."

"Anita Ekberg, then."

"We're both Swedes. Where else is the resemblance?"

"Looks."

"What have looks to do with anything? No, I'm not going to be written off as this type or that type. I'm myself. If I'm not Julie Newmar, I don't want to hear about anybody. Not Marilyn Monroe. Not anybody. These girls are all very good, it isn't that. But I'm no accident, you understand? I'm a dancer since I was three years old. I'm going to make it on my own."

"In Hollywood?"

"In Hollywood, sure. If I don't, there's been a lot of time wasted. *My* time. When they were casting "Li'l Abner" for Broadway, I went right to the producers' office and said, 'I'm the girl you want for Stupefyin' Jones. So stop looking. And after a while they did. Stopped looking, I mean. "Marriage Go Round" came along. I *knew* I was it. And I was. I'm going back to New York and finish the run of that. Then Hollywood'll be waiting again. I have a five-picture deal with Paul Gregory."

A bystander cleared his throat and came to attention. "You haven't heard it all," he said. "Before she goes back to New York, this girl's going to Sweden for a vacation. No relatives there, friends, no nothing. She's been playing the part of a Swede so she decides to go Sweden. Talk about determination. Talk about atmospheric influences."

"I *am* a Swede, don't forget," said Julie. "By descent. Why shouldn't I go to Sweden?"

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WHILE in Hollywood, Julie dated, among others, Scott Brady and Gardner McKay, but she denies that she's in love with anyone.

Why marriage must wait

*Not a man to take matrimony lightly,
Gardner feels he must first
find out who he is and where he's going
before he can really settle down*

By JERRY ASHER

GARDNER McKAY, the towering tantalizer of 20th Century-Fox's "Adventures In Paradise" TV series, is a man of mercurial moods. He explores every facet of anything that intrigues his analytical mind and he's equally intense on such diverse subjects as marriage—or picking up pebbles on the beach.

Picking up pebbles failed to fan the flame of curiosity, but like endless others—we did wonder why a 27-year-old eligible of eligibles in Hollywood's bachelor sweepstakes was still foot-loose and fancy-free. Far from being vague, or evasive, this hearty young soldier of fortune was fully-prepared to divulge his carefully considered reasons.

"In a certain sense, I'm like a man on a tightrope," Gardner expounded. "There is a choice of heading in one of two directions, but I guess I'm stuck in the middle—until I know which way to go. The fact that I've never been married doesn't mean that I haven't thought about it and at times—actually hungered for it. But I'm sure I've never been in love—not really in love the way I must be in love when I do marry. If the right girl came along, I think I'd know the moment I met her and then I'm sure—I *wouldn't* wait! But in the meantime and this will sound contradictory, because marriage is so sacred to me, I admit I'm afraid of it.

"For obvious reasons, I guess, I'm easily misunderstood and after a first meeting, people often criticise me. Sometimes they assume I'm one type of person and it's up to me to prove I'm another. Take the wives of my married friends, who sigh over my 'sad' plight of living alone and not liking it—they think! Their concern touches me, but it makes me smile to myself.

"You see, there is a great difference between loneliness and incompleteness. Today, with all that's happening for me, there is no time for loneliness. And regardless, how could anyone be lonely in a world where there are so many fascinating places to see, so much to learn and endless things to do! It's true, however—I do feel incomplete. Marriage might be the answer, generally speaking. But as an individual, I can't accept this theory and act accordingly.

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THOUGH he lives alone, Gardner has no time to be lonely, but does feel his life to be incomplete. Could marriage be the answer?

DREAMY-eyed Gardner cuddles at side of pool with Marsha Krell, one of many girls he enjoys dating.

"As I said before, I have never been seriously, deeply in love. To be in love this way, I could never look at another girl—and I still like to look! The companionship of the opposite sex, I find, is both a comforting and stimulating requisite to my being a bachelor. But marriage isn't like buying a coat—or picking out a room mate at college. It's a commitment for life, regardless of personal religious belief, and I could never consider a trial marriage, or a hasty marriage. If this is the way one feels, why marry at all? At least it's a good aim to think my way, don't you agree? Otherwise in marriage, you just become a good liar."

During rare moments of exposing his vulnerable heart, Gardner McKay will discuss the austere father who awed him and undoubtedly marked his life. Being older than the average man when Gardner was born, the senior McKay was quite a disciplinarian. Established in the business world, he lacked proper time to spend with his two sons and Gardner was never quite sure that his father understood him, as his mother understood him.

Being on the move a lot, he had attended 13 schools by the time he graduated from high school. Additional discipline, which included a teacher in Paris who was determined to make him a right-hander, caused him to stutter. Rebellion was born within him and the list lengthened of things he felt must be overcome before he could accept a pattern-design for living. Thus Gardner grew up, yearning to feel free of everything—knowing deep-down that first he must be free of himself.

"MY father was 33 when he married," says Gardner reflectively, "and I think this is a little late to be starting a family. I don't want this to happen to me, but I still feel I must wait until I know *who* I am and *where* I am going, before I settle down. My brother Hugh, a year and a half



WANDERLUST is still a part of Gardner who, having been strongly regimented in his early life, hasn't yet had his fill of freedom.



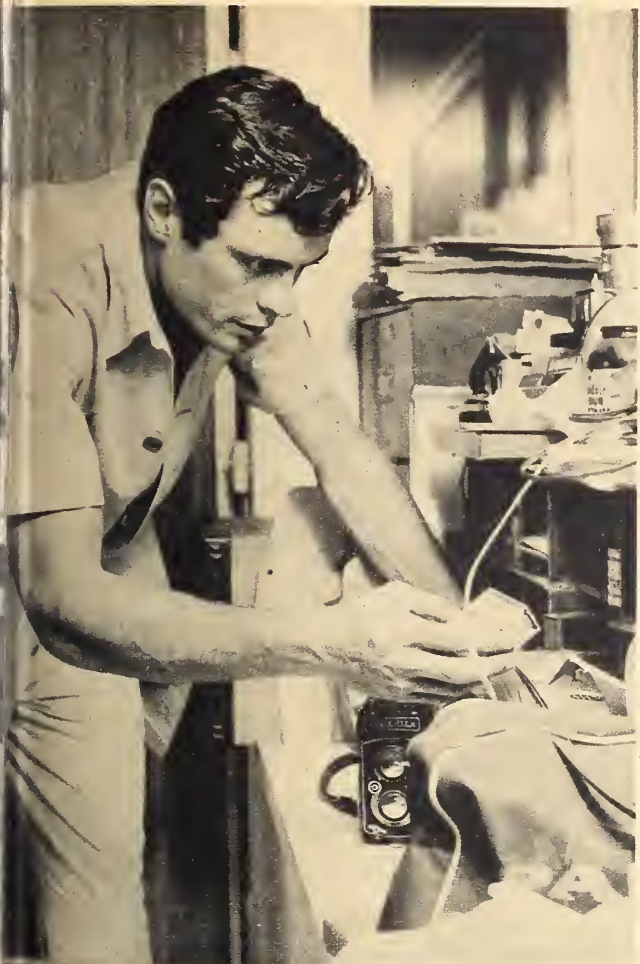
PIPE mixture gets a wee bit 'o seasoning from a whisky bottle

older than I, has been married for five years. His marriage is a great source of inspiration and I am a thrilled uncle but of course—he can't be married for both of us. Wanderlust is still a part of me and I was so regimented in my early life, I just haven't had my fill of freedom, I guess. Being on a boat makes me feel free as the air and this is why I love sailing and travel. Now a dog makes a wonderful sailing companion, but you couldn't expect a wife to take off on a moment's notice. This would be unfair and neither would I want to subject her to all of the crude inconveniences."

Wise as well as wary, Gardner is mindful of career hazards and the part they play in cementing relationships—and destroying them. Being a student of life and a keen observer of human behaviorism, he's already evaluated his current taste of fame and the possible consequences.

"Wonderful as my break is," he analyses, "right now it has also put me on the spot and therefore my career must have first consideration. Before marriage—before everything. As a rule, when someone gets a break in pictures, he's already put in enough acting mileage to smooth off the rough edges. I'm not scared easily, but when you suddenly realize over 50 million people see your first TV starring role, you're overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility. Here again, this situation would be tough on a wife and at this moment,

be when I marry. But if the right girl came along, I think I'd know the moment I met her"



ONCE a professional photographer, Gardner's still a shutterbug.



BOILED eggs are the height of Gardner's culinary achievements.

have no way of knowing how gathering pressures are going to affect me.

"If you're too sensitive you're like a weather vane and if it rains, in a manner of speech, then you rain inside. I think I'd make a difficult husband under such circumstances, but I think I'd be amenable, otherwise. At times I might be moved to sit silently and glower, so why should a wife have to put up with this? Undoubtedly, there are stronger temptations if one becomes a hotter property and while it wouldn't destroy me if I failed to become a lasting Hollywood success, I'd like to justify the faith placed in me. But how would I react—how will I react? *Not* the way a friend of mine reacted—I hope!

"This friend was a talented, but struggling singer who happened to get his break about a year after he married. Naturally, the acclaim was music to his ears and stimulated his flagging ego. Unfortunately, it also gave him an exaggerated and superficial sense of importance. So he became dissatisfied with his way of life, his home, his possessions and eventually—the wife he loved now seemed stale. Everything had changed, he thought, and in reality only *he* had changed—not for the better. I don't mean to criticise this fellow, for it's possible that the same thing could happen to me or anyone under the same circumstances. However, I'd sure fight to keep it from happening and preserve my wife's love

during the process." he concluded, with fervent determination.

At this embryonic stage, Gardner McKay is not in the chips. He drives a two-year-old convertible and lives in a moderate-priced, slightly-Bohemian Laurel Canyon apartment. It consists of one large glassed-in room, a bathroom and a counter holding a hot plate and fronted by high stools. Stacked on one long table, there are many magazines, many books, pictures he has taken, sculpture by his own talented hands, a typewriter which usually holds a page of unfinished copy and records, dozens and dozens of records.

Gardner likes to live with a wide open door and "Pussycat" (the only name his shaggy dog responded to) has full run of the place. Birds fly in and out and on occasion an inquisitive opossum will wander down from the hills and peer through the doorway. There's a rifle standing in one corner to ward off unwelcome guests from the animal kingdom and Gardner covers his bathroom walls with favorite magazine pictures, which he changes around constantly.

"I love my place," he enthuses. "but it's hardly the proper setting for a little woman to enjoy the creature comforts of married life." Asked to give a thumb-nail description of his bucolic diggings, the lord and master looks thoughtful. Then his handsome features break into an engaging grin.

"Let's just say," he nods knowingly, "that it's furnished in *Early Chaos!*"

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The Many Faces of Jerry Lewis

On his recent 19-hour telethon for the Muscular



OPERA singer gives out pear-shaped tones.



LANCER shows off stiff upper lip.



SEXY Remy Harrison he ain't.



HOW come it looked so good on Chevalier?



DISC jockey gets call from D.A.

Dystrophy Associations of America, Jerry mugged, clowned and hammed it up in his best form



ELATED by pledges of donations, Jerry breaks into broad grin. **END**

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

A Touch Of Larceny

BEACHED by the Admiralty, Commander James Mason is hard put to finding divertissement while in dry-dock. This situation is much alleviated when ex-wartime chum George Sanders heaves to with fiancée Vera Miles in tow. Though he doesn't immediately convince Vera that Sanders is not her cup of tea, Mason is smitten. To add the spark he lacks—money—he thinks up a scheme well calculated to bring in the loot. If he can disappear, make some vital hush-hush submarine data vanish at the same time, he's positive the newspapers would add two and two together and make some marvelous headlines calling him a traitor. Then, he'll simply turn up, say he was stranded while out in his small boat, show the plans to be still in the Admiralty but filed in another drawer, and proceed to sue the print off the papers for defamation of character. Positively brilliant! But after Mason's disappearance, even though the newspapers act exactly as predicted, the results are completely unexpected thanks to the perversities of woman. Light and completely fascinating, this is a top suspense yarn. (Paramount.)



HIGH finance and Natalie Wood combine to keep James Garner alert in "Cash McCall".

Cash McCall

HIGH finance and Natalie Wood combine to keep tycoon James Garner ever alert. Latest in the rash of stories about big business, this probes deftly into such frothy items as controlling interest via stock manipulation, mergers, and the practice of buying up doddering industrial ventures for resale and quick financial killings. You might call this a view-it-yourself kit for aspiring millionaires. Included in the graphic set of instructions is a pertinent footsie note on how to mix women with business especially if daddy happens to own a corporation, too. Visually the sort of man on whom money looks good, Garner also takes to \$250 custom-fitted suits as well as to uniforms and Western togs. Along with Natalie, Dean Jagger and Nina Foch switch on the sidelights for this financial breast-baring. (Warner Bros.)

The Gene Krupa Story

HOW many careers have been started by a parent saying: "Never! Never! Over my dead body you'll . . ." With Gene Krupa, played by Sal Mineo, it was



SCENE from "The Gene Krupa Story" with Sal Mineo, Susan Kohner, and James Darren.

the drums that his father, a hard-working miner, wouldn't tolerate. What happened? Krupa became, not a priest as his father wished, but one of the greatest drummers of his time. Talented though he was, fame took her sweet time tapping him on the padded shoulder. When he does finally make the grade, he goes slightly berserk seeing all the goodie thrown his way. He starts living it up so high, he needs a prop to keep him there. The dream ends when he's booked on a charge of possessing marijuana. A six months jail sentence wasn't the only penalty he had to pay, either. Also with Sal, who pounds a fine drum himself, are James Darren, Susan Kohner and a line-up of famous jazz musicians add their talents to this brush with the seamier side of music. (Columbia.)

Who Was That Lady?

A TELEVISION writer, it's Dean Martin's business to potz around in flights of fiction. But when he carries his talents into the lives of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis . . . incredible! Caught in the act of being kissed by a student, Columbia University professor Curtis sees his marriage wrecked unless Dino can help. In response, The Brain churns out the imaginative pastiche: Curtis is an F.B.I. agent assigned to keep check on the professors involved in top-secret government projects. The kiss was in the line of duty. Janet is overwhelmed. Not only does she believe the story, but her interest in husband Curtis takes on new dimensions. A fake ID card and a prop gun add the final touch. A grand time, to be sure, it had by all until the real F.B.I., Central Intelligence, and a brace of communists start making Tony and Dean live their comedy of errors. Slick nonsense that dashes all over New York City in delightful, zany fashion. (Columbia.)

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Hollywood Love Life

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... was delayed two weeks and she didn't get home for Christmas. They picked up enormous phone bills. Roger had their house redecorated while Vickie was gone but she had planned the changes. "I wouldn't risk them on my own," says Roger. He bought their son and daughter a new puppy and a coal black kitten for extra company" while Mom was away.

ACCESS!—Gardner McKay really has made waves with the fans. In the mail the other day came a letter from one of Rock Hudson's fan clubs which read "Drop dead! You're cutting in on our Rock!" Although critics panned his acting, fans really love him. Proof is not only in his tremendous fan mail but that all visitors to the 20th Century studio for the last several months asked to visit his "Adventures In Paradise" set. Finally, in desperation, the producer ordered a "No Visitors" sign. Gardner has been working with a dialogue coach and he's also "loosened up" in his acting, as you may have noticed. His romance with Joan Collins is all over; he's resumed dates with Maria Cooper and has "discovered" Margo Moore. That's the nice discovering. Margo is a real beauty, as an inspiring story. At 13, she was stricken with polio, spent two years in a neck-to-hip cast but went on to become a model and actress. She was in "Hound Dog Man", now has the top femme role opposite Ernie Kovacs in "Wake Me When It's Over".

NEW MAN—Joan Collins' new heart interest is Warren Beatty, Shirley MacLaine's brother. Joan had a free month between "Seven Thieves" and "Sons And Lovers", went East to see Warren in a play he's doing. She was in Washington for the try-out, also in New York for the opening there.

REAL THING—Studio publicity departments often arrange dates for young players, strictly for publicity. But sometimes they click. Warners "suggested" that Troy Donahue escort starlet Diane McBain to the Deb Star Ball. They had a ball at the ball and have had lotsa dates since, with no urging from the Front Office. Diane is an ash blonde, 17-year-old local girl. She's been signed by Warners, has been in many of their TV series and now has a good role in the movie "Ice Palace".

WRONG RING—Juliet Prowse, the French dancer who is sensational in "Cancan" with Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine—you've probably seen her on Frankie's TV spec—has been steady dating young actor Nico Minardos. To her surprise, she received a three-carat diamond ring in the mail, but from the wrong man. It was from her former dance partner in Europe and she's returning it.

"I'm not marrying anyone now," says Juliet. Nico was the first husband of Ty Power's widow, Debbie, who recently married producer Arthur Loew, Jr. And that marriage ended rumors that Rock Hudson was "romancing" Debbie.

CHANGES—Tuesday Weld, who has been widely criticized, even in broad-minded Hollywood, for dating 44-year-old John Ireland, is getting interested in "younger men," although they're still not in her 16-year-bracket. Recently she's been dating Fred Winston, a UCLA student, and Dave Gershenson, a young press agent. Friends say she's "flipped" for Dave, a "sane, steady-going guy," quite unlike some of her former beatnik pals. But Tuesday is as changeable as a chameleon. Two other changes in her life: she had her name legally changed from Susan to Tuesday and she's been learning to drive a car, an added hazard on our Freeways!

BIG PRESENT—When John Smith was on a personal appearance tour in Idaho he bought a cute little two-pound Chesapeake Bay retriever pup for his best girl, Luana Patten. But Luana's landlady refused to let her keep the pup, which she named Juan. John took it back. After 17 weeks the "pup" weighed 50 pounds and John learned it will gain another 30 before it has full growth! The "Laramie" star says his bachelor digs won't be big enough for both Juan and John then, so he's looking around for a bigger apartment.

DATE BAIT—Since the romance of Keith Larsen and Taina Elg has simmered down to the "just good friends" stage. Keith has been dating other gals, including Rhonda Fleming, and is regarded as one of the most eligible bache-

lors in town. "Eligible" is an understatement. He's handsome and owns a housing development at Malibu reputedly worth a quarter of a million! Keith asked for and received his release from MGM where he made "Northwest Passage" and has signed for a new TV series.

\$\$\$ MAN—Another young man very much in the dough department these days is Tab Hunter. He's been neglecting the gals to concentrate on biznez. Besides acting, he's recorded his first country-music album, "RFD—Tab Hunter" and now goes on a trip to the Orient, visiting Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore and Cambodia for a new export-import firm that he's started!

IRONIC—Shortly before their wedding, Brett Halsey played opposite his lollapaluzzi, Luciana Paluzzi, in a "Five Fingers" TV segment. But he didn't get his real-life gal; co-star David Hedison always wins in the end. Luciana's mother came over from Italy for the wedding and gave the bride an intensive course of cooking lessons. Luciana claims she turns out a great pizza. And Hedison is giving her a file of Armenian recipes which have come down through his family for generations. Dave has rented a house once owned by Jean Harlow, and his idea of a party is to be not only the host but the chef as well. His specialty is shish kebab with pilaff.

SECRETIVE—Sandra Dee has had some dates recently with Dwayne Hickman and says she "likes him a lot," but her best beau, tall, dark and handsome, is not an actor and she won't tell his name. They avoid the "pop" places of the younger crowd on their dates . . . Carol Lynley is playing it cool on her new romance, too. She says it's all over for her and Brandon de Wilde and she's "interested" in a boy attending the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn. "Since he's not in the movies I don't think

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TWO NEW members of the Hollywood young set are Maggie Pierce and George Hamilton.



GAZING into each other's eyes is favorite pastime of Lori Nelson and Burt Reynolds.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

he'd like to have his name publicized," says she demurely.

TOGETHER—Peter Graves is very concerned over the marital problems of brother Jim Arness. To avoid any possibility of trouble in his own happy marriage, sometimes caused by a long separation, Peter had his wife Joan and their three daughters go with him to Australia for the duration of shooting his new "Whiplash" TV series there. He writes from Sydney: "After five years of 'Fury', I'm used to competing with a horse and a small boy. But how do I go about stealing scenes from a kangaroo?"

GREAT DATE—Bob Horton had a letter from his English fan club informing him there are now 5,000 members—all girls—in London and asking that he come over to visit. Says the "Wagon Train" star, "I can hardly wait. Wotta deal for a bachelor!" Cindy Robbins, his favorite date, decided to stay in New York for a while although the Broadway show in which she was appearing folded.

HAPPY DAYS—Fabian will be back in Our Town when you read this, to do "Daddy-O" with Bing Crosby and the teenagers will be happy, happy, happy. The young singer managed to find time during his p.a. tours to drop post cards to all his Hollywood dates—including Annette Funicello, Kathy Kersh, Judy Harriet and Wendy Human, the cute local

high school girl who interviewed him. He later took her to the Coconut Grove and he arranged by long distance with his studio to have her especially invited to the first preview of his first picture, "The Hound Dog Man". He's a very thoughtful boy. Wendy, quite understandably, thinks he's The Most.

NO DIET PROBLEM—Roger Moore's wife, Dorothy, went to England for a five-week visit with relatives but returned to spend the holidays here with him—and brought his parents with her as a surprise. Roger says he has no desire to return to England. He's really hit his stride here, is great in "The Miracle" and "Rachel Cade" and has won flocks of femme fans with his "Alaskans" series. He really burns up energy. After a big steak lunch he crams his pockets with candy bars to eat during the afternoon. And he doesn't gain an ounce!

NO DECISION—Vera Miles returned from her three-month's "Jovanka" location in Europe and immediately started working in Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho". She refuses to discuss possible reconciliation or divorce with Gordon Scott until she finishes this film. She says the separation is "amicable"—which, of course, can mean anything.

BABY TALK—Ty Hardin has been bustin' his buttons with pride since wife Andra Martin presented him with twins John and Jeff. Andra's Swedish mother, who has been visiting them, calls the babies "Yon" and "Yeff." **END**

Suddenly, Last Summer

A GAIN playwright Tennessee Williams shows his talent for dealing with the rotten, soft, underside of a facet of life humanity can do without. And again Elizabeth Taylor shows her incredible aptitude for portraying a beautiful weak victim of destiny. Without the audience ever seeing the face of brilliant young poet Sebastian Venable in the film, but having watched his mother, Katharine Hepburn, you know there's a hidden basis for the murky under-current of suspicion and evil surrounding his untimely death. What happened during his holiday with Cousin Liz at a Spanish seaside resort sounds so bizarre and insane. Katharine has Elizabeth committed to psychiatric care. Fortunately, Dr. Montgomery Clift believes his patient sane and one life is rescued from this cesspool of depravity. Well done drama with some staggering twists. (Columbia.)

The Flying Fontaines

TALENTED though he is flitting from trapeze to trapeze, Michael Callan is slightly unbalanced character-wise. He has an idea his father, a retired aerialist, is jealous of his talent. Then there's this thing with high flying Evy Norlund—when she goes for Rian Garrick, another aerialist, well—some girls just don't know from nothin'. One fine Technicolor day while feeling sorry for himself, Nothin' Callan, drunk as a lord, causes a neat fatal accident to Garrick. Papa disowns him, Evy is as an icicle, and Garrick will never fly again, but luck boots Callan to fame. Evy's father hires him for the act. Callan is terrific! Stupendous Colossal! But still a bum. However, when a vengeful Garrick reappears, Callan becomes living proof that there's nothing like a good fall on the head to bring some to their senses. (Columbia.)

Coming Attractions

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Masters Of The Congo Jungle

BECAUSE even the jungle must eventually succumb to progress, this was made to capture all the essence and meaning of life in the Belgian Congo as it's lived today. Narrated with restrained eloquence and understanding by Orson Welles, this is a joy to the senses. For 94 minutes you are off in a Technicolor wonderland where values have been rubbed down to the essentials by nature. Here, man is not an exalted being, merely part of the tangled growth, the sounds, and the movements of the jungle. Like the animals and wild things around him, he has nothing to help him survive except that which nature gave him. Yet with all that he doesn't have, these people, with their scarred, pitted faces, used bodies, and rotted teeth, have a great perception we have lost: they accept nature without trying to change the pattern. Filmed in Deluxe color, this is truly a timeless masterpiece that should win many awards. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Subterraneans

WELL, the beatniks finally made it—a picture all their very own. Representing a rather healthy aspect of this new beat generation is George Peppard. An aspiring novelist, his mother, Anne Seymour, wants better he should get a steady job and settle down. When the poor woman said *settle down*, she didn't mean like living in cellars which is what happens to Peppard once he meets Leslie Caron, beautiful but beat. Together they slither from cellar dive to coffee house then on to the fresh clean air of a shade-drawn basement apartment. Interrupting this underground idyll, Janice Rule has a collection of repressions Peppard feels he must help her overcome. An analyst, a yogi soothsayer, and a saxophonist-turned-minister try to get Leslie and Peppard's gears to mesh again, but wouldn't you know it! It takes a simple, basic fact to turn the trick. Entertainment, similar in quality, may be had any humid, dank afternoon turning over rocks. (MGM.)

Goliath And The Barbarians

FORTUNATELY for Steve Reeves legend has provided enough muscle men to keep him in business for years. This time, to revenge his father's brutal murder and the horrible destruction of his village, Goliath Reeves takes on the job of ridding 5th Century Italy of wild Barbarians led by Bruce Cabot. To accomplish this, he goes through all sorts of feats of strength. Yet with all his aversion for the Barbarians there are two items he'd be crazy not to keep for Italian posterity: the orgy dances, and Chelo Alonso, an ex-"Follies" Bergere dancer so unaccustomed to clothing that she's constantly spilling out of her Barbarian duds. Just as this utilizes every one of Reeves' living muscles, the Totascopie Color camera never skips over a puddle of blood. So what if the dubbing gets a teensy bit out of sync, or if the production is a bit rough around the edges, live a little in your imagination, kid. (American-International.) **END**

Long Distance Love

continued from page 27

ee, the cooperative, sensible, earnest
ess, simply slipped away from Holly-
d on alternate Friday nights, perfect-
her 25-minute departure routine. An
t p.m. takeoff from L.A.'s International
port landed her in New York at six
next morning. By taxi-ing to the Col-
n apartment, Lee was able to join her
band for breakfast. He was always
prised: he kept expecting her to be
nd out and de-winged.

y flying out of La Guardia Sunday at
night, Lee was able to reach Holly-
d in time to shower, gulp a cup of
ee, and report to the studio bright-
d and a little smug over her secret.

t was during one of these stolen week-
s that the Collerans pioneered a family
e that has stood them in good stead
since. One Saturday evening in the
dleglow of their favorite bistro, they
into discussion—over a glass of sherry
f foreign affairs. Bill had one idea
ut the activities of the U.S. State De-
ment. Lee held another.

Bill became slightly intense about it,
e, in the indulgent manner of woman-
d's standard reaction to man's academic
cussion, remained unruffled. Smiling,
changed the subject. "I'm starved,"
said.

A silence fell between them as they
lled toward the small restaurant that
d become "theirs" during the year of
eir courtship. Lee, busy with thoughts
ut the picture she had abandoned in
llywood, had forgotten the problems
the State Department in the first block.
e had no idea that her preoccupation
s weighing Bill with a feeling of guilt
d remorse.

When Lee paused before a brightly
hted display window, Bill said, "Honey,
n awful sorry. I didn't mean to get car-
d away with world affairs."

In the same breath, Lee said, "Look,
ll! Isn't that dress terrific?"

It was a flame-colored chiffon cocktail
wn with a fitted bodice and a volumin-
s skirt.

"I'll buy it for you," Bill announced,
pping on the window.

The store was closed but obliging sales
ople responded to the gestures of two
early interested customers. When Lee
ed on the dress, it fitted as if it had
en made for her.

Blissfully, husband and wife left the
ore hand in hand, the dress package se-
re under Bill's arm. "Tell you what,"
said. "Every time I get carried away
a some subject and give you trouble. I'll
ay you a chiffon dress. Okay?"

"Okay," agreed Lee. She is still waiting
r that second "chiffon apology" with
ixed emotions. It would be nice to add
her wardrobe, but Bill has never since
unded off.

He has even held his peace about her
ghts of fancy in the kitchen. Just before

Christmas, 1957 (Lee's first as Mrs. Col-
leran), Lee decided that Christmas Eve
should be made memorable. She hit upon
the idea of serving Bill an Old English
holiday dinner, complete with roast goose
stuffed with chestnut dressing and served
with creamed onions. For dessert there
should be a flaming plum pudding.
Naturally, there should be iced cham-
pagne to start the dinner, accompany it,
and grace the dessert.

The goose was delivered early on the
morning of December 24th, a moment
before Lee had to leave the apartment
to fulfill a TV commitment. It was frozen.

Her cookbook noted that a goose of its
labelled weight would take three hours to
roast. With a fond pat Lee stowed the
goose in the freezing compartment of the
refrigerator and tripped forth into the
sunshine of a December day.

Three hours before serving time, Lee
withdrew the fowl from the freezer, singed
him, and tried to insert the chestnut dress-
ing. Turned out that the giblets were
frozen in the stuffing department and noth-
ing, not ice pick, game shears, or ex-
pletive would set them free.

She preheated the oven and tucked the
goose inside, closing the oven door with
more vigor than necessary. Next, she
placed the stuffing, meatloaf fashion, in a
casserole and congratulated herself on hav-
ing outwitted the goose.

When Bill came home the table was
snowy with wedding gift linen, and glist-
ened with wedding silver. The tall red
candles were lighted, the champagne was
chilled, the radio was playing Christmas
carols, and Lee was resplendent in a red
hostess gown. The Collerans clinked
glasses gaily.

Catastrophe arrived with the dinner
hour. When the goose was removed from
the oven, Lee found that it had melted
on the surface only in three hours. The
stuffing was flat and unpalatable (dressing
needs the juice of a roasting bird to give
it character). So they ate creamed onions
and plum pudding, and hamburgers from
the delicatessen.

IN the spring of 1958, Lee and Bill fled
a blizzard of TV and film offers and
flew to Europe for a three-month honey-
moon. They fell in love with Venice, and
in gondola trips to and fro on the Grand
Canal they fell in love with the song sung
by the gondoliers entitled, "Volare".

Carried away by the magic of Italian
spring and music, and their own love,
they bought a dozen recordings of "Vo-
lare" to bring back to friends. When they
returned to New York, the first sound that
greeted their arrival at Idlewild was the
public address system's well-worn rendi-
tion of "Volare".

Another Venetian purchase had a
happier sequel. Without knowing that
Katherine Lee Colleran was on her way,



ALTHOUGH an earnest actress, Lee is also devoted to her husband and little baby girl.

they bought a full wardrobe for an infant
girl. She was born on January 27, 1959.

Kate was five weeks old when Lee
signed to star in "Anatomy Of Murder"
and prepared to jet to Michigan for the
location, taking her daughter along.

Bill was in complete agreement with the
project, but Lee's friends inquired in hor-
rified tones, "You surely aren't going to
take a five-week-old baby to Michigan in
the dead of winter, are you?"

Lee answered calmly. "There are babies
being born every day, winter or summer,
in Michigan and they get along fine. Kate
will too."

So far, Kate has made three round-
trips between New York and California,
has spent two months in Michigan, a week
on Cape Cod, a week on Long Island, and
two months in Tennessee. She has never
known a sick day and she is at home
everywhere, biting anything inanimate and
making friends with all things animate.

Lee has left Kate in Hollywood with
her nurse and Bill on only one occasion:
when Lee flew to the Venice Film Festival
in the summer of 1959, and stopped en
route home for a few days in Paris and
London. Kate scarcely seemed to have
missed her mother, aside from the fact
that she had learned during Lee's absence
to say "Dadadada". It is suspected that
she may have had some coaching.

To minimize separations, the Collerans
now have headquarters on both coasts, and
have been able to correlate their activi-
ties. Lee regards the double residence plan
as an advantage. She says, "If we were
determined to live only in one locality,
our working opportunities would be cut
in half, and that goes for our income, too.
Living part time on either side of the
continent gives us the experience of two
different climates, insight into the atti-
tudes and enthusiasms of two different
societies, and friendships with twice one's
usual variety of fascinating people. How-
ever, it all comes down to this: a family
can be happy anywhere as long as the
essence of its way of life is love. Love
present, or love at long distance forever
turned toward home."

END

Why Greg Peck Walked Out

continued from page 12

"We used to wonder," one studio veteran confided, "if they'd ever finish the picture. It never occurred to us that they might not start it."

This foreboding stemmed from an awareness of fundamentally differing attitudes that Greg and Marilyn had cultivated toward their art.

"Peck's very precise," it was pointed out. "He comes on time. He's serious about his work, and expects others to be just as serious. Marilyn, of course, may take it into her head halfway in the picture not to show up. It's always possible with her that she may not turn up on any given date."

"GREG worries a lot," my informant observed. "He has changed a good deal, and so has Marilyn, as everyone knows. Peck now rehearses a lot. He doesn't want anyone on the set seeing him rehearse. He didn't used to be that way."

Marilyn, of course, has been that way for quite a while. She is famous for her attacks of jitters while a picture is in production. It was a fear of two touchy people too much involved with their own phobias. The fear, in short, was that a time bomb was ticking away and that it would likely go off somewhere around mid-picture. There was no suspicion that actually it was a pineapple with a short fuse, and that it already was burning merrily toward the point of detonation.

When Marilyn reported for work, she was well fortified. One flank was protected by her drama coach, Paula Strasberg. The other was grimly walled off by her husband, playwright Arthur Miller, who would seem as compulsively caught up with Marilyn's welfare as with the woes of the world.

Arthur and Marilyn took one look at the working script—the blue script as they call it at the studio—and hastily confirmed Marilyn's earlier diagnosis. Her part, if not her anatomy, needed firming up. Miller put his Pulitzer prize hand to it, and the happier Marilyn got with the revisions, strangely enough, the gloomier Peck got.

Not that Peck, who is justly known for his magnanimity, wasn't magnanimous in the beginning. He conceded that Marilyn's part, in the original script, could stand some enlargement without damage to his prestige. And this despite the fact that he, not Marilyn, had script approval.

However, even when the please-Marilyn campaign seemed to him to get out of hand. Peck was not one to make a scene. His announced reason for bolting was that the delayed start in shooting—delayed, incidentally, by pro-Marilyn changes in the script—would extend the agreed upon stop-date by one week. Under these circumstances, Greg maintained, as if nothing else was bugging him, he could not finish in time to meet his next com-

mitment, "The Guns Of Navarone", which is to be filmed in Greece.

Peck admittedly was on firm contractual ground, but there was little doubt that an accommodation of conflicting dates might have been worked out if Greg cared to go ahead. It was just about the time the picture's title was changed to "Let's Make Love". Peck's tart rejoinder was, "Let's not." No one familiar with the backstage pouting was naive enough to question what really triggered his exit.

Promptly thereafter Hollywood repaired to its joyous post mortem sport of choosing up sides. Oddly enough, Marilyn found more support than might have been expected within the palace walls—a palace whose offerings she has repeatedly spurned and whose nourishing paternal hand has felt the bite of her ungrateful teeth more than once.

"Arthur Miller did work on some scenes," I was informed by an objective studio source. "The studio felt they were not serious changes. Peck felt they were, so he bowed out."

The consensus of opinion among disinterested studio observers who had seen the script revisions was that they did not substantially alter the picture or downgrade Peck's part. This inescapably left the door open to the suggestion that Greg may have felt, since he did have script approval, that he should have been consulted and/or that being only human he resented being taken for granted while Marilyn was being fawned over.

There was nothing to support a case of personal feuding or fussing. The one time Greg and Marilyn met was during a



PRECISE, punctual and serious about his work, Greg expects others to be the same.

dance rehearsal, and they were entirely cordial. Even if they eventually might have gotten on each other's nerves, they didn't have the opportunity.

As far as the public is concerned Marilyn is more crisis prone than the seemingly imperturbable Peck. Her sword crossing with Sir Laurence Olivier during the shooting of "The Prince And The Showgirl" was an internationally reported sample of what might be expected from the new and more assertive, but apparently still insecure, Marilyn. There were rumblings of script concessions to Marilyn on "The Prince And The Showgirl" and she didn't exactly get the short end of the writer's stick on "Some Like It Hot".

Marilyn, lovable and cuddly as she is can be a problem.

It is true that fundamentally Peck is as reliable as ever. In many respects, he doesn't seem to have an erratic bone in his Lincolnnesque body. But what is not generally known is that Greg has been growing more demanding in the practice of his trade—albeit not unpleasant.

IT was he who insisted on making the script revision in "Beloved Infidel" with Deborah Kerr. He had no qualms what ever over bending the image of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald to the convenience of his own personality and acting range.

"No sir," the man at 20th nodded, "this isn't anything brand new with Peck. He made an awful lot of changes on 'Beloved Infidel', and he's been persnickety about his scripts for some time. In fact, it's been the talk of the industry in recent years. He and Willie Wyler had a helluva thing on 'Big Country'. Apparently, he has the impression he knows what he wants to do in pictures. I guess as long as he can make it stick, why shouldn't he? Of course, Marilyn's a bit of a pip, too."

Whatever the merits of the tempest there was no shortage of volunteers to fill in for Peck. The prospect of playing opposite Marilyn, even as watered down co-stars, did not seem to discourage some of Hollywood's most glittering males from offering themselves as replacements.

Within 24 hours, a dazzling list of possibilities was being publicly considered among them Cary Grant, Charlton Heston, David Niven and Rock Hudson. If any were insulted at the suggestion of handling Peck's rejected skirmish with Marilyn they neglected to tell their press agents. As this was written, Rock Hudson was being most ardently wooed, and reportedly was so eager to take his chances with a Marilyn-oriented script that he was begging his studio to okay a loanout.

Meanwhile, once out of it, Peck did his best to maintain a cheerful aloofness. He was even philosophical about the arduous dance rehearsals that had come to naught.

"At least," he grinned, "I learned to do the buck and wing, the double wing, a time step, off to Buffalo and the fly away."

And considering private estimations of his displeasure, he executed the fly away very gracefully, indeed.

Why Edd Byrnes Walked Out

continued from page 13

ctioning under his pressures were dly serious to Edd. He felt that he expected to carry himself like a ebriety—to dress the part and live the t so that his fans would not be let n. To him, it was a simple case of nomic gloomsville. His expenses kept raling while his income lagged.

He gave up his bachelor apartment and ighed himself down with a fat mortgage a new home in the Hollywood Hills. home befitting a star. He lived like a r and he dressed like a star. He was tting when he shelled out \$240 for a edo, and he hurts every time he adds ew suit to his wardrobe, a wardrobe of splendor and magnitude befitting the ject of such adulation. He has a private lor on the East Coast, and a private lor in Hollywood. He has all his suits ade to order—invariably with expensive d lining and turned up cuffs. This habershery usually sets him back in the ighborhood of \$300. "Kookie" thinks owes it to his fans, but he doesn't like ing it to his tailor at the same time.

"You may not believe it," a confidant me vehemently to his defense, "but the eedometer on his Thunderbird needs riring. He can't even afford to send his rl friend flowers. Figure it out yourself. e doesn't cook. He eats all his meals t. If he buys only one \$300 suit a onth, makes his payments on the house, ys the secretary he had to hire to swer his fan mail, and pays the clean- g woman who comes in twice a week, hat could be left?"

What was left, as negotiations droned n. was a young man determined to get a etter shake for himself on the one hand nd on the other hand, equally determined ot to burn any bridges behind him.

For the most part, the studio co- perated in preserving this polite facade. "Kookie's" revolt was not even acknowl- dged as a walkout. It was pointed out by e studio and his personal press agent like that he was on layoff, not suspen- ion. A false report that "Kookie" had uit in the middle of shooting was cate- gorically—and accurately—denied.

In truth it was a long established policy or the stars to rotate in the series, with "Kookie" frequently appearing only in he beginning and the end. Nor was it unusual for "77 Sunset Strip" to keep olling before the cameras while "Kookie" was out of town on a p.a. tour.

IT WAS further pointed out that the series had eight or ten completed segments replete with "Kookie's" charming presence. The general supposition—or hope—on both sides was that the differences would be resolved before that reserve was depleted.

Nevertheless, Edd's demand for a better deal had wrought more havoc than was declared. The fact was that while he was

out, the "77 Sunset Strip" set was dark. Through adroit management, the studio was not forced to attribute the shutdown to Edd's recalcitrance. It avoided this embarrassment by the simple expedient of casting non-rebellious Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., in a segment of "The Alaskans".

As this magazine went to press, a new segment of "77 Sunset Strip" was scheduled a week away with "Kookie's" name on the call sheet. There were confident predictions that all the teeth in "Kookie's" comb would be sparkling free of dandruff by then, and that harmony—if not normalcy by old standards—would be restored.

"I don't think he'll get what he wants," dissented a friendly but informed source at the studio. "I know Edd's been threatening to do this for some time. But I think he made a mistake. I don't think the studio will budge."

What Edd wanted, to be sure, was not just a straight salary hike. He sought redress of other grievances as well. He was anxious to escape the "Kookie" stereotype and to get a chance to prove his versatility as an actor. He wanted to show that he wouldn't crumble if "Kookie" was banished. The studio, being less sentimental about creative drives, was content to postpone Edd's fulfillment as an actor as long as the public kept clamoring for a "Kookie" diet.

CONVERSELY, Edd felt he was entitled to more than crumbs from the rampant "Kookie" craze. He maintained—privately and quietly—that in the public mind he and "Kookie" were inseparable, and that therefore he should be cut in on the revenue the studio reportedly has been amassing from merchandising such hot selling items as "Kookie" combs, "Kookie" greeting cards, "Kookie" belts.

His attitude was that there would be no "Kookie" market without him. The studio's attitude was that "Kookie" was a fictional character it owned and created. As long as Edd Byrnes' name did not appear in the merchandising the studio took the position that it was not obligated to count him in on the "Kookie" loot.

Edd's friends also reported him unhappy over the fact that he was restricted to a salary, but was getting no royalties on the song hits he recorded for Warners' disc subsidiary. They said in addition that he was plumping for residuals on "77 Sunset Strip", and they said he was holding out for a one-year contract extension rather than the two years proposed by the studio. He was further pictured as believing he should get the lion's share of the take on his personal appearances.

Nor did his defenders bow to the frequently advanced premise that the studio made him what he is today. To the charge that his popularity is based on the gimmick of combing his hair, they pointed



WHEN Edd started the hair-combing device he had no idea it would catch on as it did.

out that the gimmick was Edd's to begin with. In this, they were correct.

Edd first thought of combing his hair when he did a bit in "Girl On The Run" and wanted to make sure that he wasn't completely overlooked. The device worked so well that he sought and was granted permission to use it when he started appearing in "77 Sunset Strip".

"I never dreamed it would go over the way it did," Edd admits.

In one sense, Edd's feeling was that the comb had become a Frankenstein's monster chaining him to the role of a jive-spouting parking lot attendant. In another sense, he felt that if he struck gold—even by accident—he was deserving of sharing in the resulting bonanza.

To all intents and purposes Edd's walkout—by whatever name it is soft-pedaled—was a gentleman's disagreement. Beneath the surface, however, Edd once more was practicing the dogged creed he so often has credited for his phenomenal success in Hollywood: "I don't believe in waiting for your ship to come in. I believe in rowing out to meet it."

Edd was scrupulous not to utter one word for publication personally or through intermediaries that was the least bit unseemly. The William Morris Agency was content to play the heavy if need be. But while Edd kept repeating with a straight face how grateful he was to the studio, there were those at the studio who said, "If he's so grateful, he sure has a strange way of showing it."

It was Edd Byrnes' fond hope, at press time, that all would end in a blaze of sweetness and light. It was also the fond hope of his fans. What would happen across the land in the vent of a "Kookie" famine on television is really frightening to contemplate.

END

Janet And Tony's Marriage Secrets

continued from page 29

Janet holds court, as she did this bright morning, Tony is nowhere to be seen. Each has inviolate respect for the other's domain. They have discovered that togetherness comes easier for people who know when to be apart. They temper their togetherness with generous and therapeutic doses of individual privacy.

"Naturally we love to be together," Janet said cheerfully as she inspected the fresh coat of polish on her fingernails, "but we're not Siamese twins. We have areas of individuality. We have to. Just to give you an example, I have my tennis and Tony has his golf. Golf doesn't particularly interest me, and since Tony tore a tendon, tennis doesn't particularly interest him. But even if I took up golf, I'd play with women. I think golf is an awfully good time for men to be together. I enjoy my time with my tennis friends."

They stay in each other's hearts by not getting in each other's hair. They do not practice togetherness as an obligation.

"I DON'T respond to everything that Tony does," Janet shrugged, "and he doesn't respond to everything I do. Tony is an absolute bug about cameras, but I have no interest in them. Why should I? It's Tony's hobby. He shares it with friends who are camera enthusiasts. I'm much more interested in the home."

Even when they are in the same place at the same time for the same reason, Tony and Janet do not crowd each other. When they co-starred with friend Dean Martin in "Who Was That Lady?" at Columbia, they frequently would have breakfast together at home, then drive to the studio in separate cars. Tony and Janet enjoyed working together on the movie, but they did not make such a fetish of togetherness that they neglected to give each other elbow room.

"I never interfere with Tony on the set," Janet's tone implied how unthinkable such an infringement would be. "It's fun working together in scenes. We're easy and relaxed together, and he's a good actor. But between scenes, Tony has his group of guys, and he goofs around with them, and I have my things to do and people to talk to."

This is not to suggest that their moments of togetherness on the set were either infrequent or dull. Their interludes of communion were marked by the playful exuberance they inspire in one another—a mutual reverence for nonsense which undoubtedly has had its share in keeping their marriage from going old hat.

"We had such fun on that picture," Janet laughed warmly.

"Once," Janet continued, "Tony squirted me with his water pistol and locked himself in his dressing room to avoid reprisal. He had just put on a new suit for the next scene, and I climbed to the top of his dressing room and poured a

bucket of water on him. He was a very good sport. I think he laughed more than I did, if that was possible."

There was another uproarious time when Janet enlisted the aid of director George Sidney to play a gag on her spouse and Dino. Sidney agreed to stage a phony retake of a scene in which Tony and Dean find themselves chin deep in water in the basement of the Empire State Building. Meanwhile, Janet had finished for the day, and told Tony, "Goodbye, honey. I'm going home now. I'll see you later."

She did not leave the sound stage. Instead she sneaked back to her dressing room and quickly put on her bathing suit.

"The boys were almost drowning," she explained mirthfully. "Then I came swimming past them in my bathing suit while they were floundering in the water fully clothed. As I swam by, I nonchalantly said, 'Excuse me.' They simply could not believe their eyes. They almost had a heart attack!"

Theirs is by no means a one dimensional togetherness. It runs the full gamut from the riotous to the sublime.

"There are so many things that we both love," Janet wiggled her newly-pedicured toes before dipping them into a plastic basin of water. "We love to read the same books and then discuss them. We love to visit art galleries, browse through book shops, listen to music. We can't wait till we get to New York to catch up on all the plays we haven't seen and to visit the antique shops. I could go on and on. There are so many things to do, so many friends to be with. There just isn't enough time for everything. If we could find a dull moment, we'd use it for a rest cure."

While their enthusiasm never seems to run its course, particular hobbies do wax and wane. This, Janet feels, is only as it should be.

"We're always finding new interests," she exulted. "But that doesn't mean we discard our old ones. We just build up a backlog of interests, and from time to time, when we feel like it, we go back to the old ones."

PERHAPS one reason Tony and Janet have managed so well to keep their romance alive is that mostly they go in for togetherness after dark—whether they're off on a quiet date by themselves or out with friends.

"New things are always being presented," Janet explained. "We usually get together with other couples at night. Right now we're on gang gin rummy games. Sixteen to twenty people play, and there are eight or ten on a side. These are the maddest, wildest, craziest, most wonderful games. I'm sure we'll tire of it, but when we do there will be something else. For a while it was liar's poker."



TONY and Janet love being together but they don't make a fetish out of togetherness.

It is a generally accepted tenet that an average man and wife have to work at preventing their marriage from withering. But Janet is convinced that she and Tony have been able to keep their partners from drooping because they *don't* have to work at it.

"It comes so easy," she was almost apologetic for their good fortune, a major share of which she freely attributed to Tony's personality. "He's such an active, creative and imaginative person. He always got something new to do. I never know what to expect next. I can cook at home, and he's playing the flute, and all have to sit down and listen. I can cook at home and he's baking a cake! Or he's on the diving board off the swimming pool because he wants to see if it looks better that way."

Janet seems unable to get bored with marriage in which the man of the house is in many ways still a boy at heart.

"I can just not see him for an hour," she said with loving approval, "and then of a sudden he's out in the lath shed and we have a greenhouse! My father, who's as nutty as he is, has gone downtown and bought the plants. Or Tony will be trying new experiments with cameras, using everybody within sight as a guinea pig."

Tony and Janet go about marriage with the joy and wonder of two children playing in a house—whether Tony walks into a dressing room to be bowled over by finding a portable stereo record player for Janet, or whether Janet pulls the sheet off her bed to find that Tony has placed her pillow on the collected poems of Ed St. Vincent Millay, tenderly inscribed: "I love you."

If their marriage has remained blissful, it is due in no small part to the efforts they are willing to expend to please one another. The last thing Janet expected the day Mrs. Kirk Douglas lured her to her home in Palm Springs recently was that she would walk off with a full-length diadem mink coat.

"I was playing tennis that day, and

continued on page

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"Mr. Z. Has Class"

continued from page 22

He couldn't get anyone to come and haul the rubbish away.

"This is ridiculous," Zimmy exploded to a studio chum one day. "What are we—men or mice? Did Daniel Boone wait for a handy man to help him clear the forest? Come Saturday, you and I will clean up all that rubbish in the garden, hire a trailer and hitch the trailer to my ancient Packard. Then on Sunday, at the crack of dawn, we'll haul the stuff to the city dump. Wear your oldest, dirtiest clothes so nobody can recognize us; and when we finish, we'll celebrate with a flagon or two of cooling brew."

The trailer was rented, the rubbish loaded and hauled to the dump very early Sunday morning, and Efrem and his chum shoveled the trash onto the dump. Then, tired, dirty, but happy, they were just about to depart, when another citizen—an early riser, too—pulled up a little distance away with a heaped trailer of his own.

The citizen took one look at Efrem—work shoes, soiled khaki pants and all—and seemed to leap three feet in the air.

"Wait, wait, Mr. Zimbalist," he yelled. "Don't go away. I've got a piece of paper here and you've just got to give me your autograph before you take off."

As Efrem remarked later, resigned to his fate, "Maybe I'd just better quit trying to escape."

This is the man who was once described by family friends as "a fellow who will never amount to anything." It was a pity, these prophets went on, "that Efrem's father and mother are both so successful. Their son isn't like them at all." The elder Zimbalists—Efrem, Senior, the violinist, and Alma Gluck, the world-renowned soprano—were internationally famous in the world of music. Then 16, Efrem and his older sister, Maria, had just returned from a holiday in Russia—"two extravagant youngsters," in Efrem's words, "who had indulged their every whim and made something of a shambles of the country."

"You never saw two wilder teenagers," said Efrem. "We acted like idiots. Maria and I bought a piano and several fur coats, ate and drank nothing but caviar and champagne. Later, of course, we were ashamed of ourselves, but at that time we didn't care."

IT WAS all part of the pain of growing up—something that each of us must go through. "I always knew what I didn't want, but I could never discover what I did want," Efrem once confessed. "My mother hoped I'd be a civil engineer, but Yale couldn't see it that way. They suggested, quite strongly, that I leave—or be kicked out."

I guess a lot of Efrem's early struggle has already been described, but I still get a laugh out of his experiences as a *Time Magazine* mailroom boy. "It wasn't



WEEKENDS, Efrem does the things that he enjoys most, gardening and tending his pets.

a bad job," Efrem remembered, "but I had to give it up—I couldn't afford it. It was always three minutes to five when they sent me on an errand, and I'd take a cab and spend all my salary."

Money, with Efrem—at least in those days—was just something to be spent. There was the time when he and his close friend, Chandler Cowles, were producing Gian Carlo-Menotti's "The Counsel", on Broadway. An actor Efrem wanted to hire liked the part, but felt he was worth \$25 a week more than Efrem could afford. In the middle of the dickering, Zimmy got a phone call from his own agent, telling him there was a picture waiting for him in Hollywood. The salary wasn't big, but Efrem was interested. "Tell 'em to boost the price \$100 a week, and I'm their boy."

The agent agreed to the increase, and Efrem went back to the actor he was trying to hire. "All right," said Zimmy, "you've got yourself a deal. I can now afford to give you \$25 more."

One of the things I didn't know about Efrem until recently was that his mother was Romanian—a piece of family history that led to a typical Zimbalist story. "That left me open to all the cracks people make about Hungarians and Romanians," laughed Efrem. "Hungarians are wily enough," the legend goes, "but never, never marry a Romanian. He's the type of fellow who goes out in the morning with a rope—and comes back in the evening with a horse's head in it!"

This is one of the things about Efrem that his friends admire so much—the ability to laugh at himself. To his children, the fact that their father is an actor, a man who gets fan mail by the bushel, a polished artist who is rated

one of today's most civilized stars—all this is nothing. What counts with teenage Nancy and Efrem III (baby Stephanie is too young to care) is that their parent happens to know somebody named Cookie. For this they are willing to forgive him anything. "The first time I brought Edd to the house," Efrem huddled, "my stock with the neighborhood kids went up 1,000 percent."

Most of the stories I've read about Efrem make him out as "the cosmopolite with sex"—a tag that leaves him wondering. He is, of course, a very polished fellow; after all, what other private eye on TV has to his credit the composition of Laudate Dominum, an eight-part choral setting of the 150th psalm? Mr. Z, of course, has class, and as one devoted admirer of his—female, naturally—put it: "At least, when he hangs a cigarette from his lips, the smoke doesn't go up his nose—as it does some people's."

On the surface, Efrem is very much like this fellow Stuart Bailey whom he portrays: a man who has been around the world; a linguist, with good taste and a sense of humor who has an un-hurried, pleasant approach to his work and his life.

Edd Byrnes and I often get together in a corner of the set and weep into our make-up when we watch Efrem's confident handling of the opposite sex. This character—Mr. Z, I mean—can stroll up to any woman, kiss her hand, her cheek; compliment her, flatter her, make her feel like a woman, leave her glowing and starry-eyed. I don't know how he does it; I just know he leaves me awed. As Edd once said, "Who else could come on the set and kiss his director every morning, and think nothing of it?" True, Jimmy's director that week happened to be Miss Ida Lupino, quite a package of femininity herself, as bright and clever behind a camera as she is beautiful in front of it. But it just shows what this fellow can accomplish. It makes me cringe at my own awkwardness."

BUT there are, naturally, other things about Efrem besides his much-touted charm. I was introduced, not long ago, to a magazine writer who had a most curious look on his face. "This Zimbalist, now," said the writer, "I just can't figure him at all. Six months ago I had lunch with him, got my interview and never saw him again. Today, while I'm walking into the Green Room, he spies me, comes over, gives me a warm hello, recalls some of the things we talked about, even remembers my name. Actors have no memory; most of them forget you within 15 minutes. So what's Efrem's angle—can you tell me that?"

I looked at the writer and couldn't repress a smile.

"Why does he have to have an angle?" I said. "Maybe he really remembered you and just wanted to say hello."

It's Efrem, too, who helps make our

continued on page 64

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"MR. Z. HAS CLASS"

continued

work on "77 Sunset Strip" a pleasure rather than a chore. Not that any of our jobs are easy; there are days when we don't leave the set until 7 or 8; when we're filming two episodes at the same time, back to back; when Efrem and I, at least, don't see our families nearly as much as we'd like to; when our wives complain, "If you're late for dinner again, I don't know what's going to happen." All of us—Efrem, Edd Byrnes and I—would relish a little more time to relax.

Yet on the set, Efrem is calm, cool, seemingly unaware of and untouched by pressure. He usually arrives in faded dungarees, cowboy boots and an expensive cashmere sports jacket, pipe in mouth, and behind the wheel of his treasured English Alvis sports car. Then he changes to a conservative suit, white shirt and foulard tie. "I represent," he jokes, "what the well-dressed private eye should wear."

We have coffee, the three of us, pull up our chairs in a semi-circle, and start reading the script. Within minutes, Efrem knows his lines; Edd and I are still struggling over ours. In camera rehearsals, Efrem may go into some weird dialect as a gag—Swedish or maybe Bulgarian—and I have to plead with him, "Please, don't break me up." There are days when Efrem calls Kookie "Dad"; when Edd responds by hailing me as "Dad", and I, of course, retaliate by addressing Mr. Z in the same paternal fashion. It's a game of musical chairs that means only one thing: a kind of ritual ribbing shared by three warm and approving friends.

STILL like all of us, Efrem is by no means perfect. He can be absent-minded and stubborn; and every now and then he blows up with the sound and fury of a rocket. He is almost always late—for dinner parties when he and Stephanie go out, and on the set. Ask him to arrive a half-hour early, and he says, "Of course, my good fellow" and then still is tardy. He is impatient with back-seat drivers—as who isn't?—and Stephanie learned long ago not to indulge in this particular sport. Not, at least, if her husband is doing the driving.

"If you want to practice reading," he once told her (he was zooming along at 70 and Stephanie was mentioning something about highway signs and speed limits), "I'll get you a nice subscription to the Book of the Month Club." Stephanie took the hint and now tries to think of other things when Efrem is behind the wheel of the car.

Yet you need only to look at Mr. and Mrs. Zimbalist, as I have, to know that these two are very much in love. They are a beautifully compatible couple, both with the same backgrounds (Stephanie's father was in the diplomatic corps), and Stephanie's love for animals of all kinds finds a duplicate in Efrem.

It's hard to say what wild life is currently roaming the Zimbalist acres, but a family of lions, clawing at their door would probably be told, "Welcome, come right in." Hardly anyone was surprised when young Miss Nancy Zimbalist announced that she intended to become a vet; it would have been strange if she had any other ambition. "You can't possibly allow either Efrem or Stephanie within a hundred miles of a pet shop," an actress friend laughed. "I was at their house once when Stephanie walked in with three parakeets and a monkey, and Efrem didn't even turn a hair."

There are chickens and a white bantam rooster who sometimes take over the Zimbalist bedroom; a white, pet Japanese rat which climbs up on Efrem's arm and nuzzles his face (Efrem once nursed the tiny animal through a fever with an eyedropper filled with a very dry Chablis). Great Danes and Weimaraners and "on plain dog"; sheep, ponies, goats and an especially sensitive poodle who runs off for a day or two when he feels that the other creatures are getting more attention.

Through it all, Efrem stays calm, works in the garden, and watches the children grow up.

The Zimbalists' French Normandy house has six bedrooms and seven fireplaces—and, of course, the revered, do-it-yourself sprinkler system. Efrem and Stephanie's bedroom is enormous, with one wall completely glassed from floor to ceiling. He likes to have the fireplace in the bedroom ablaze all through the night, because, as he says, "it gives such a lovely glow."

In the living room there is a huge tapestry of St. George and the Dragon and in the den, along with all the trophies Stephanie has won as a horsewoman, a sculptured head of Efrem's father. It is a warm, friendly, put-up-your-feet house and here, you can be sure, Efrem has found peace. Every morning, early—winter or summer—Efrem goes swimming in the pool. Weekends, when he's not busy over a garden wheelbarrow, he plays tennis—really good tennis. He is strict but sympathetic with the children; a good solid citizen and father, a loving husband and a man whose friends number virtually everyone in Hollywood. "Do you want to know the names of Efrem's friends?" a intimate of his once remarked. "Look over the last Oscar nominee list—they're all there."

"Some people see me as a square," Efrem laughed. "It's true, I admit it. It may also be true that Efrem will stick strictly with acting, "because there's nothing else I can do." But the people who once said he'd never amount to anything—they're the ones who ought to turn in their crystal ball. Once, I remember, I heard a man described as "having a genius for friendship." I thought of that today. Because I don't know anyone who deserves that description more than Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—even if he has a not-so-secret life.

Design For Loving

continued from page 37

"Oh yes, I do," he said firmly. "Especially when people don't do a job right, don't take their work seriously."

"You may have a point there," Dinah commented. "I can remember how impatient you were building this house! George, you see," she said to me, "is very meticulous about detail."

"And so are you," he added. "The way a work to be sure that every little thing is right about your show!"

This discussion went on for a while and the upshot of it was that both Dinah and George may use tempers at times in their careers but in their own home, things never reach the boiling point.

It's quite amazing in a way that Dinah and George have managed to keep a happy marriage. But when you ask how they've kept their careers from affecting their home life, he looks at you as though you've asked the most ridiculous question possible.

"What's so odd about that?" he asked. "We just keep busy. You know, no idle minds to mess up things. I've made about five pictures a year for the last several years, then I had the TV show, 'Cimarron City', last season, I have my architecture and my building so I'm seldom idle. Dinah is the same way.

"I guess it's because we respect the other's work so much that our careers have not interfered with our home. I don't mean we don't discuss problems here—it's impossible not to. I make suggestions to Dinah about her TV shows, she at times reads some of my scripts and offers comments. I even go to most of her rehearsals. But, usually, before I can make any criticism she's already starting in on what she didn't like about her work. She's very critical of herself—she's a perfectionist, you know.

"Neither Dinah nor I was very happy about 'Cimarron City'. It didn't turn out to be the type of show that was presented to me in the beginning, although it did win some nice awards. I was anything but a happy person during its production but I didn't let that unhappiness come into the house."

THE Montgomery home is in all respects a luxurious one—but also comfortable. Both Dinah and George are extravagant in some ways, a fact George explains simply: "We get to liking something we see and the next moment we have it. However, I sometimes feel that there is a conspiracy of females around our house. I can't wait until John D., who is five, gets a bit older so the odds will be more even.

"Dinah has a passion for clothes and cameras. Why she has some lenses she's never even unwrapped.

"For a time in Europe last summer I shopped with Dinah but I finally gave up and stayed at the hotel. On several occasions she would come breezing into the

room and exclaim enthusiastically. 'Oh, I saved so much money today! I'd look at her arms loaded with packages and could only think to myself, 'I never saved so much money by staying in a hotel room.'"

Dinah, George, and Missy went to Europe with a friend, Mrs. Bea Korshak, and her children. This was a big moment for Missy who kept telling everyone she was taking her parents on a tour of Europe. She had a great time although she had one disappointment. She noticed that the European children had wine with their meals so she wanted some. George, however, wouldn't even agree to having a bottle on the table.

"Goodness gracious," Missy exclaimed, "all I want to do is have the bottle just sit there!"

George and Dinah really were mobbed when they were in Italy. His pictures and her TV appearances were well-known by the Italians. The other highlight of the trip was the day Dinah and Missy went swimming at a private beach in Princess Grace's Monaco.

The conversation came to a sudden halt when John D. awoke from his nap and came charging into the room with a happy "Hi, Dad!" (Dinah had gone back to her room). He and George exchanged a few pummelings and then John D. went outside to turn on the waterfall which flows gracefully into the pool. George designed the pool and the waterfall too. And built both.

From what could be seen, George is a father devoted to his children. He plays with his kids and shows an interest in all they do, but if they try to pull anything funny on him he can be stern.

"I think I'm a dang good father," he said frankly. "I know I'm different in one way—I like to buy Missy and John D. clothes instead of toys. After all, our friends load them with toys anyway. I had a kick for a while when I was buying Missy things that were better for a boy—you know, sweat shirts and the like. Dinah passed a hint that I should get her more feminine things—so I've switched.

"I know that our kids get quite a lot, but they don't expect anything. Dinah and I have always preached to them the importance of the simple things in life and so they are not impressed with the fact that Dinah and I are in the public eye. They couldn't care less what we do."

John D. at least is certainly not unaware of his parents' work for he came back into the room, picked up a gold medal George had won from a magazine as the outstanding actor in a TV series, and held it in front of his mouth as though it were a mike. In loud, clear tones John D. said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm talking to you from a house and—" His comments rambled on from there. And then he was off somewhere again.

continued on page 66

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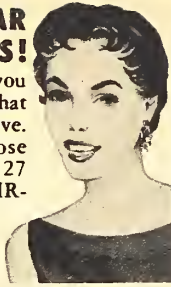
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DESIGN FOR LOVING

continued

The Montgomerys have a happy marriage, yes, untouched by scandal, but when you ask George why he thinks the marriage has been successful, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "We're compatible—I guess that's why. Frankly I've never

stopped to think about this. Dinah and have just enjoyed being together."

The phone rang and another conversation was under way. As I walked aside, one of those tourist buses had stopped—right in the Montgomery driveway—the occupants were busy snapping pictures of the house. This is what is known as privacy in Hollywood.

Stupefyin' Newmar

continued from page 47

"But why should you?" said a man with paper, pencil and the appropriately stupefied look.

"So people will have something to write down. There's only one thing I care about: write anything as long as it's not the truth. The truth bores me stiff."

"Here's some truth anyway. It says here that you're exciting. Attractive, physically attractive."

"It says where?"

"Here. There. Anywhere you care to mention. Are you?"

"Maybe so, if you mean acting. Just so you understand that kind of attraction comes from the inside out—all from the inside out. Nothing else makes any difference. Except maybe in movies. On a screen they want the obvious."

"You mean attraction is conveyed from the eyes, things like that."

"Yes. You look what you're thinking. Then you act what you're thinking. Movement, eyes, mouth, things like that, I don't care. But first you have to think it. Then if you are lucky, you convey the sense of excitement."

Julie went back before the camera. The man wanted a lighting arrangement to convey the alluring pattern. Miss Newmar cooperated with cynical disbelief.

"You see?" she said when she came back. "People may think that business has something to do with attraction. Phooey, I say."

"Some people are like you. They react to atmospheric conditions."

"They're missing the whole point," said Stupefyin' Newmar.

Stupefyin' does in fact look quite a lot like a junior member of the stupefyin' cult named Joi Lansing except that Miss Lansing's face is uncompromisingly round, whereas Miss Newmar's has the high Nordic cheekbones. She comes by these by valid enough eugenics of her own: her parents, Donald and Helene Newmeyer of Los Angeles are Swedish. Mr. Newmeyer, an instructor of engineering and physical education at Los Angeles State College; Mrs. Newmeyer, a one-time Ziegfeld girl. Julie just changed the -meyer to -mar for phonetic simplicity. She was born on August 16 of an officially undisclosed year and has two brothers, John and Peter.

As it happens, Julie became in turn a Ziegfeld girl herself, working for a while with a company of the "Follies" that

never did get to New York. But Julie did. Doing her bit for the classic that New York girls en route to Hollywood must pass Hollywood girls en route to New York, she went to the biggie right after her graduation from Los Angeles' John Marshall High School. She had had much training in the dance—a little Hollywood experience, including notably one of the bride roles in "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers". She picked up the brief "Follies" experience, then did a reverse switch by returning to Hollywood to get the Broadway part "Li'l Abner", which was being cast in Hollywood. Reasonable, no doubt. And that, her work in the New York company got her the same Hollywood part. She is now back in New York with a stature reinforced by Hollywood, to which she will next return with her stature reinforced further by New York.

Although Miss Newmar urges untruth about herself, the above is substantially true. So is her deadly earnestness about her acting career, her impatient dismissal of being sculptured as a gorgeous stimulating creature, no less, no more and her related conviction that if a figure has nothing but a figure, she won't amount long in the acting profession.

Julie is unmarried. As of this moment she's not even in love, a distressing circumstance, in the light of Miss Newmar's temperament, that may not be true when you read this. Love to Miss Newmar, as to so many millions of others is a singularly precious ingredient of living. She had a Hollywood apartment and was dating here and there with chaps like Scott Brady and Gardner McKay but she wasn't in love—"and you're not in love, it just doesn't matter. It can even be a big bore, not that I've been bored yet."

"So you expect love to happen again?"

"Why not? It always has. Don't ask me with what sort of man. I don't have a cut-out pattern in mind except that it has to be the dominant one, not me. If your man doesn't run things, what is he? A nothing."

"And this man of yours, will he have a sense of humor?"

"Certainly. What a strange question."

"No it isn't. Girls out here always ask that. Why don't you be different from them and say you're pining for a man with a sense of humor at all?"

The Three Charlton Hestons

continued from page 43

because I know it's true. Lydia has in me that sense of security. And she has also given me my son." In the role of Fraser's father, the third Charlton Heston emerges.

The greatest thing to me about having a son is that you have fulfilled man's primal desire—for immortality," he says with feeling. "You live over again through your son. There is also quite a challenge in trying to be the kind of man your son thinks you are. It's easier to let someone else in the world down than it is to disappoint your boy.

Fraser, to me, represents the only element in my life outside my work and my wife, who is really part of my work, that has any significance. Being a father has made me, I hope, a well-rounded man.

It's quite a temptation for me to want to give Fraser all kinds of things, to spoil him. I try to avoid this, but I must admit somehow or other he has managed to acquire, among other things, the largest collection of imitation firearms west of Pecos. He happened to visit me when I was making a Western and he became, I'm afraid, a permanent cowboy.

Fraser loves to come on the sets. Of course, you know he is a retired actor. He plays the baby Moses in 'The Ten Commandments', and I invested his salary in amount stock. From that investment he may yet earn enough to pay for his college education."

When it comes to discipline, Chuck is probably a little more stern than Lydia is. He's a pushover for the little boy's charm. But Chuck doesn't believe in harsh discipline and he avoids punishment, mainly because it's too hard on him.

"I don't go for corporal punishment," Chuck grinned, "because I figure that if

it's hard for me to spank him, it must be harder for him to take it. So I prefer to deprive him of things if he's really pulled a bad one."

Fraser is quite an extraordinary hoy. He has very definite opinions and he comes up with some amazing remarks.

He and Lydia were returning from New York recently by jet—Chuck had to remain for some business—and dinner was just being served. The trays were neatly attached to the seats and right at that moment little Fraser announced he had to go to the bathroom.

"Oh, can't you wait?" Lydia asked. "They'll have to take all the trays down."

With complete candor, Fraser answered, "Mummy, Dr. Spock says you're not supposed to wait." (Dr. Spock is, of course, a noted authority on the bringing up of children.)

There was also the time in Europe when Lydia and Chuck took Fraser to a magnificent old cathedral. They arrived for the Evensong service and before going in, Lydia had impressed upon Fraser that he must be quiet because, "We're going into God's house."

The choir was singing in an awe-inspiring way as they sat down. Fraser listened intently and never uttered a word. As they left the church, he said in a whisper, "We've got to ask God to come to our house some day."

Lydia and Chuck could only smile back at him. The words had somehow become choked up inside them.

Spiritual values are among the ideals that Chuck is trying to instill in Fraser. But the most important lesson he wants to teach him is one Chuck learned for himself—the hard way.

"I want him to learn to accept responsibility for whatever happens to him," Chuck said. "It seems to me one of the prime signs of our time—and perhaps the primary law in our society—is the ready resources most people have for finding a scapegoat for every bad break in their lives. If something goes wrong, for you, it really doesn't matter whose fault it is and it's the weakest kind of immaturity to waste time trying to put blame, instead of working your way out of it. I hope Fray can learn this earlier than I did. I first had it brought home to me in a very trivial way just after I got out of the Army when the war was over. I was doing some directing and constantly heard actors trying to explain why they did something wrong—instead of accepting the error and going ahead."

To bring such ideals to his son, Chuck spends a lot of time with him. Either they go riding—and Fraser is quite the expert rider—or they play tennis. Sometimes the youngster even paints alongside his father. And naturally they have long talks.

Most of the time Chuck has an answer

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THE THREE CHARLTON HESTONS

continued

for the many questions Fraser throws at him, but he admits some bring him to a complete stop.

"I can't get used to a child's thirst for detail," he remarked. "Fraser and I were driving along one day and we came to an overpass. He asked me what it was. I told him—an overpass. 'What's it for, Daddy?' he asked. So I said it was to prevent other cars from having to cross the main road. So he at once came back with, 'But why don't they want to cross the road?' I can't even remember how I got out of

this one but I do remember the question went on forever.

"If I don't have an answer to a question, I quickly tell him I don't know. I think it's good for a child to learn that his father doesn't know everything."

Chuck paused, looked off into space and then said quietly, "It's wonderful to watch a child grow. Sure it's a temptation to want to hold on to each day, you don't want him to grow too fast, but then you can only remember that each day he lives will offer something new and exciting and challenging, something memorable. My father is an amazingly lucky person, I think."

EN

Janet And Tony's Marriage Secrets

continued from page 60

Ann Douglas insisted that I stop over at her place first," Janet recalled. "It wasn't my birthday or our anniversary, or anything like that, so I had no idea I was walking into one of Tony's traps. Ann told me there was something she wanted me to see in her living room. That something was Tony. He came out with this gorgeous mink. I was never so surprised or thrilled!"

Tony's elaborate security precautions were typical.

"He'd designed it himself, gotten the measurements from the studio, and given them to the furrier," Janet sighed. "I just love the way he buys presents. It's never on a special occasion. His joy is when I don't expect it. And he doesn't like gifts to be wrapped. He sort of likes to slip it to you. I'm going to bring my mink along when we go to New York. It looks like it'll be cold. I've been praying for cold weather so I can wear it."

The imminent New York trip offered still another example of their relaxed togetherness. Tony was to go in connection with the start of his new Paramount picture, "The Rat Race". It was a matter of course—and of elation—that Janet would accompany him.

Thereby lay another clue to their happiness. Tony and Janet not only seem always to have something with which to occupy themselves at the moment, but something to which they are looking forward. Janet's sights already are fixed as far ahead as next summer when she, Tony and the kids plan to be in Italy for the Olympic games.

"It's going to be wonderful," she could scarcely contain herself. "We're going with a group of people, and Tony and I are going to study Italian."

For all their rollicking compatibility, Janet does not pretend that she and Tony occupy a headache-free oasis where none of the usual stresses and strains of marriage are felt. Self-deception is one talent that has managed to elude them. Nor did Janet claim any push button technique

for patching up quarrels like never going to bed without a goodnight kiss.

"We have problems the same as any body else," Janet was completely forthright. "When a problem comes along, it's as new and serious as if we've never had one before. We're both emotional people and we react strongly and violently. At the end, there's that much more unity, but our arguments are not always settled in one session or one night of talk. Sometimes it may take a few months to straighten things out."

Janet would not even suggest that either their customary rapport or experience in settling previous clashes softens the impact when a problem strikes.

"You keep building a stronger foundation," she conceded. "Maybe as time goes on the problems don't come as often. But I don't think you are ever prepared for problems. Anytime there's a problem or an argument, it's like the first argument. Even though you know you've solved other problems before, and even though you know deep down this one's going to be solved, you're not thinking of that when you're arguing."

Still Janet wasn't dismayed or intimidated by this harsh fact of married life.

"We have high peaks of enthusiasm and low dips of depression," she tossed it off philosophically. "We have arguments and we have moments of ideal contentment. We run the gamut. Underneath, thank God, there is a fundamental togetherness that prevails. I find that in times of real trouble, when we have real problems there are never any arguments. Arguments usually come when there are no problems at all. That's the time when you get into mischief."

With all their special talents for getting the most out of marriage, Janet Leigh scoffed at the idea that she and Tony had any magic formula for the freshness and excitement of their relationship.

"There are no gimmicks," it seemed simple to her. "All you need is love. The rest comes easy."

EN

She Wants 10 Kids

continued from page 17

... a big bow at the back . . . and the buttons all down the rear. I turn my back to people when I am alone!

... I don't care much for furs and don't like any. I have a couple of mink sweaters my father has given me but I don't like sweaters with fur collars. I like to make people stop and look . . . I am so smart and different."

... She is a true little trouser. She likes to see people "stop and look," which she should be.

... I would like to wear lots of clunky jewelry but I can't. My features are so small and the jewelry overwhelms me. I can't even wear earrings, except the pearl buttons.

... I have a cultured pearl bracelet that my mother gave me which I wear all the time. It goes so well with the navy blue things I like to wear for day-time. It is as simple and as tailored as the primate clothes. I also have a bracelet Jerry Lewis gave me, with a diamond pendant and six sapphires. It says, "I am my lucky star" and I am very proud of it. But it isn't a thing I can wear every time. I keep it for those very special occasions.

... I used to be terribly fond of lavender and once my friends gave me a day party with everything in those shades.

... A lavender cake and purple presents . . . negligees, undergarments, scarves, handkerchiefs, bedroom slippers . . . It was all beautiful and I remained in it until a few days later when I discovered that Kim Novak had made her color . . . a sort of trade-off. She even had lavender hair! At least for a while.

... Well, of course, no matter how much I love those shades I couldn't emphasize them in my own life after that. For the rest of my life they belonged to Kim, unless I decided to be a copycat. Which I did not. I went back to my rusts and purples and 'living' greens. Perhaps some day I will tire of the purple shades but I still love them."

... I came back, thoughtfully, to the subject of marriage and what it means.

... In spite of the fact that I have a home behind me," she mused, "I still feel like a very solemn and important thing to me. Perhaps it is because of that broken home that it seems so precious, especially a thing not to be considered too hastily.

... I was brought up in a careful Italian household, no matter what happened later. My mother was very strict . . . and it was after I was alone with my mother. There have never been any compromises. Marriage is marriage and that is that.

... In Hollywood, they tell me that marriage interferes with your career, that

when you are married you seem older. I wonder if that is true? You aren't any older, of course! Why should marriage slow down your career, as people tell me it will?

"I started to work when I was 11 and I never thought of work as a handicap. I never thought of my private life as a handicap, either."

This is a thoughtful girl.

"I think it is too bad," she went on, "that people in America are so obsessed with a passion for youth. Everyone wants to look younger, seem younger, than he is . . . and this goes for men as well as women. Why can't they realize that maturity has its own rewards?"

"From what I have seen of my father and the people around him, I know that they become more interesting and more valuable to show business, more valuable to themselves as they mature. Certainly they are more valuable and important to the people they love.

"In the pattern of living I have set for myself, this is the way I want it to be. It isn't a matter of maturing 'gracefully,' as that silly saying has it. It is a matter of letting the years enrich you, of learning as you go along. You should become a well-rounded person and have more and more to offer."

All this from such a youthful, dimpled, little object!

She went on, "I don't see why marriage and two careers shouldn't go successfully together, if you use your heads.

"I want a husband who is thoughtful and considerate, who loves life and people, who is ambitious and has a goal to strive for. He *must* be the head of the house. That is the way Italians think of it and it is necessary. I also want him to laugh easily and mean it.

"I hope he will help me to overcome some of my own faults. For instance, I am lazy. I hate to start things and often hesitate to finish them. Of course, if I say I will do a thing, then I will. But if he is more dynamic than I am, then perhaps some of it will eventually rub off on me and I will improve."

"Does Gary fit into this pattern?" we wondered. She didn't hesitate.

"Yes, he does. I would stack him against any of the men who have taken me out in Hollywood . . . and I have gone out with a number of them."

The dimples suddenly flashed again. "Don't laugh," she admonished, although she had a little giggle of her own. "Every one laughs when I say this but I mean it quite seriously.

"I want ten children. Five of my own and five adopted ones. I think that is the ideal family."

"Have you taken this up with Gary?" We sort of gasped.

"We-ell, I'm sure he'd be nice about it," was all she had to say to that. **END**

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Why Marriage Must Wait

continued from page 51

In his spare time, and precious little he has, Gardner shuts off his phone, tries to gather his thoughts and keep them in proper order. On occasion, he'll hire a model and lose himself completely shooting pictures—one of his several natural talents along with being a superb athlete. Whenever time permits, he practices basketball with the "Red Foxes", the studio team he captains.

"Gardner's life, in a sense, is controlled by curiosity," says his brother Hugh. "Even as a kid, he was always attracted to and seeking out the dramatic incidents and I guess it was inevitable that he'd happen to be on the *Ile de France* and take all those fabulous pictures when it went to the rescue of the sinking *Andrea Doria*. Gardner's thirst to express himself and share in everything around him, has never ceased to fascinate him and at times, plague him. There is no doubt that riding in one direction, which marriage would encourage, would be an improvement in some respects. But until he overcomes his restlessness and stops being in transit, it's obvious that being a bachelor is the only way of life for him."

Mostly to please his studio, Gardner has attended a few business parties and premieres. When he seeks feminine companionship, he takes on mostly models and non-professionals. Needless to say, his name automatically hits the gossip columns, which caused one sharp-tongued newshen to comment: "If Gardner McKay is such a rugged individualist, how come he's going for the Hollywood party routine?" Gardner knows he's bound to be a target, now that he's very much in the spotlight and he answered his accuser with ingratiating humor: "I can't think of a more appropriate way to entertain a lady—and at the same time get wonderful food!"

With a wife he might be spared from such minor mishaps. On the other hand, his wife would strike out if she encouraged social ambitions and hoped to compete with other young matrons in the movie colony. To qualify as his wife, the girl Gardner marries will have to be blessed with not only individuality but unlimited understanding as well.

"There is no mental picture I can paint of a so-called ideal wife," he affirms. "All I can say is—there are certain qualities I admire in women and other traits I hope to avoid. Although I have no idea where or when I will meet the right girl for me, I have a feeling she won't be an actress. This doesn't mean I am prejudiced, for actresses of character like Hope Lange and Diane Baker are admirable persons. I think Connie Wald, the wife of producer Jerry Wald, is one of the loveliest women I have ever met. They have invited me to their home and the evenings have been most charming.

"I know I would dread being married to a woman with expensive tastes, because



RIGHT now he must put his career before anything else, says Gard, here with Mars

I like simplicity and am not wildly extravagant. I would like a wife to be an advisor, but there is never going to be a nag in my house. I would like a wife who sees to details, who likes to read, likes to good music, being outdoors and who likes to cook with the same enthusiasm a man has who likes to work. I'd like a wife who has confidence in herself in her place as a wife. One who just takes over, but never tries to assert. I'd like a wife to know and understand I have good and bad days that have nothing to do with any fault of hers. I'd like a wife who would never flirt, but would still take pleasure out of looking pretty and being feminine. The words in that song sum up perfectly. I'd like a wife who enjoys being a girl!"

Seriously, and no one can look more serious than Gardner when he makes a pertinent point:

"I have seen too much of people living under headache conditions. If relationships must run out, if they are doomed from the start—sometimes it's better that it happens under trial conditions and then no one gets hurt. I think the President of Indonesia said something wise when we met and I have never forgotten my conversation with him. Someone asked him what he wanted most in life and he answered, in effect—"I just want you—for all people to be able to speak to each other under all conditions."

"Doesn't this make wonderful sense? It follows that people who are able to speak to each other—can learn to understand each other. When there is understanding and this certainly applies to people in every walk of life—including husband and wife—there's a pretty good chance of attaining lasting happiness. Don't you think?"

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

at this later on. . . . And I'm sure that Sarah Kerr will get the custody of two daughters, sooner than later. They love their mother very much.

happiest man in the world, Rod Steiger, is supposed to be so broody and moody, is on cloud nine because of his prospective parenthood with lovely Claire Bloom. . . . Debbie Reynolds has good protection from too many demands for money and that. All requests must go through her long-time friend—they were at school together—Camille Williams.

Marlene Dietrich has a wallet without a form of identification. And when she went out with its \$180 in cash at Uncle Sam's Toy Shop in Beverly Hills, she almost didn't get it back, because she couldn't remember where she had left it.

Thought no one carried more than \$50 in cash—according to those ads for American Express traveling checks. . . . Amazing that Steve McQueen was able to theft "Never So Few" from Frank Sinatra and a Lollobrigida. I still can't understand why Gina chose this picture for her Hollywood debut. It was a good movie, but any other woman could have played it. . . .

As the stork calling again on Marilyn Monroe? She usually gets pregnant after starting a picture, which is the one time she'd rather not be. . . . According to Betty Davis, the girl with the best possibility of being the big star of tomorrow is Hope Lange, in private life the wife of Don Murray. "It's harder to be a star today," states Bette, "because there are no long contracts at the studios. I had 18 years at Warners." It's true. Most of the big stars are in business for themselves these days. And they are not always the best judges of what picture is right for them.

Art Linkletter says he never watches himself on television because he likes to think of himself as a cross between William Holden and Cary Grant. . . . Spencer Tracy had some good answers when he was asked in England how old he was

and how rich. "I'm 78," said Spence blithely, "and I'm paid \$300,000 every Friday." That's telling 'em. . . . The Guy Madison marriage went into peaceful harbors when Guy acceded to wife Sheila's request to join him in her career. The pretty brunette married Guy before she had a chance to try out her acting wings.

Danny Thomas, who insists he will not be retiring from his TV series, will nonetheless cut down on his appearances, and allow Pat Harrington to take over more and more. That weekly grind, year after year, gets nearly all of them. With the exception of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson who go rolling merrily along. . . . Dick Powell didn't get a dime for appearing on wife June Allyson's TV show. . . . The richest from residuals star in Hollywood—Gale Storm, seen on the video-cycles, 13 times a week. . . . It isn't all money however, says Jimmy Stewart, from those high sounding picture percentages, such as Elizabeth Taylor's ten per cent, and Brando's fifty. "Works out fine if the picture is a hit," says James. "But you get nothing if it's a flop."

Bob Hope's vision has improved. And that's good news. He says it's definite about co-starring with long-time friendly enemy Bing Crosby in "The Road To The Moon". It's a topical subject, so I hope they won't delay. . . . It was quite a sight, seeing large opera star Eileen Farrell, a-rockin' and a-rollin' at a night club on the Hollywood Strip, with singer Frances Faye. . . . Fight champ Ingemar Johansson is coming back for more pictures. This boy likes acting as much as boxing. "You train for an acting role like you train for a fight," says Ingemar. And whatever happened to that nice Swedish girl he was engaged to before winning the world title? . . . I wish you could have seen Jack Benny's face when, after accepting by phone, the invitation to a party, his host's secretary asked him, "How do you spell your name?" . . . That's all for now. . . . See you next month. **END**



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"My Dates With Frankie Avalon"

continued from page 33

"What on earth did you do that for?" I called out. "You have enough to feed an army!"

"I wasn't sure what you liked so I got some of everything," he grinned.

We munched through the stuff for the rest of the feature, and still had enough left over to distribute to four other cars on the way out. Were they surprised with the hand-outs!

Frankie has acted very much the gentleman, whenever we are out together. When the part after a date, he always thanks me for spending the evening with him. When

he asks me for dinner to his place—with Bob Marcucci always there to complete the threesome, and sometimes one or two other friends as well—he inquires ahead of time if I like Italian food, and tells me what he is going to serve, just in case I might object to anything, which I never have. Incidentally, while he doesn't cook—Bob always takes care of that department most excellently—Frankie is quite a connoisseur. He loves to eat well and can consume enormous amounts, even if it doesn't show on him!

continued on page 72

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"MY DATES WITH FRANKIE"

continued

When we first dated, he didn't kiss me. But after a while he would give me a gentle peck on the face, without being aggressive about it. If I had objected I could have easily turned my face a little without offending him or making an issue of it. I think that's the way he wanted it to be.

I can tell Frankie is sensitive about what people say about him.

A few months ago, one of his fan club members claimed he had married her, and even conjured some sort of fake license to prove it. She also had the bad taste of calling a columnist with the information, which was promptly printed.

I thought Frankie would shrug it off as a prank. He didn't. He was very hurt about it and it was the one subject about which he wouldn't take any kidding, in spite of his otherwise wonderful sense of humor. He was in a depressed mood for days, till the girl finally admitted it was a hoax—or rather, wishful thinking on her part!

Ordinarily, Frankie doesn't get hurt easily. Since I never have any advance warning as to when he'll come to town, naturally I'm not always free when he does. And I won't break a date for anyone. He understands. Like when he called me on the night of the Academy Awards. "I'm only in town for one night. How about dinner, Marianne?"

I told him I had a date for the Academy Awards, and was sorry we didn't have an extra ticket to take him along. There was neither bitterness in his voice, nor any demand that maybe I should break my date. He simply said, "I'm sorry we can't get together. I'll call you the next time I'm in town," which he did.

Occasionally, Frankie becomes sentimental. Like the day he told about a girl in Philadelphia, whom he had dated through High School. "What she like?" I asked, curiously.

He hesitated. "You remind me of Marianne . . ."

There was an uneasy moment, but he didn't follow it up with anything.

"Do you still see her?"

"Once in a while," he admitted.

He didn't want to talk about her more and I didn't want to pressure him but I've wondered ever since if that's one of the reasons he feels close to me. Maybe some day he'll tell me the full story.

At the same time, Frankie can't take a lot of kidding. I will never forget the time he told me about his first screen kiss with Alana Ladd. According to Frankie he was just supposed to sort of peck her lightly on the cheek. Somehow his enthusiasm ran away with him and he really gave her the old one-two. Suddenly he noticed that Alana's father, Alan, was watching him. Frankie turned red as a beet.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"I loudly complained there were no more takes," he grinned.

I had heard rumors about him and Alana, but in spite of the enthusiastic kissing scene, Frankie insisted it was just publicity to promote the picture. He even asked her for a date.

I have only one complaint about Frankie—that in spite of his promise he never writes or calls after he leaves. But in all fairness I can't hold it against him—for I don't either!

All considered, for two young people who neither want to get married nor steady at this time, I consider our relationship an ideal relationship. . . .

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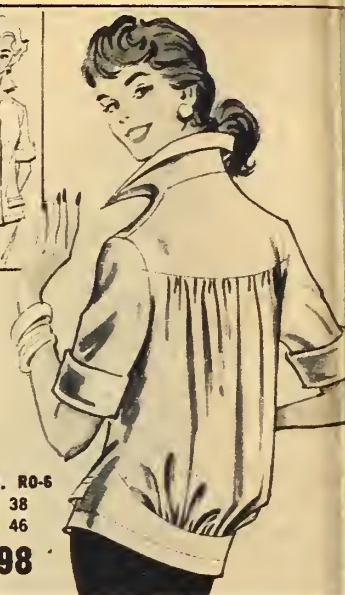
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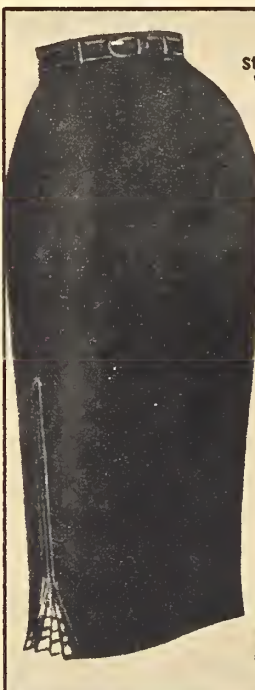
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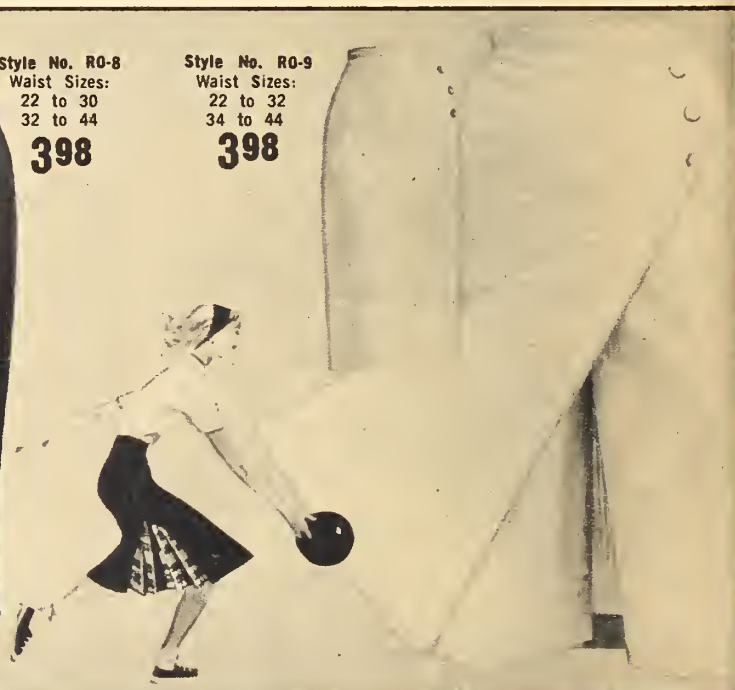
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Volume 61, No. 6

May, 1960

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Ava Gardner to tell all about her private life?
- TV holdout Cary Grant changing his mind



HELLO FROM Hollywood, New York, London, and from wherever the name Hollywood spells Glamour and the glorious creatures who entertain you in all the media of entertainment. Because Hollywood is no longer a place, it's a condition. Take Kim Novak, for instance. Kim is now based in a ground-floor duplex in New York City. "I prefer the East," she told me when I visited her for tea. "I jet to Hollywood to work, but for living, give me the East" . . . She was a bit more vague about her intentions towards constant escort Richard Quine. I got the feeling that the first fine careless rapture was over. (P.S. Please don't marry him Kim *before* this piece is published). . . .

Dick Powell and June Allyson, who used to give each such practical presents as dishwashers and garbage disposals are now spending money for pure pleasure. Like the big diamond ring Dick gave June—the first since their marriage. And the lovely mink coat June gave to June—"all my own money," she told me proudly. Well, in a way it's Dick's because he

pays her for the TV show she makes for his Four Star company. . . . Rock Hudson's smash hit, "Pillow Talk", was barging around Hollywood for ten years before Universal-International decided to take a chance on it. Rock will soon be making films for his own company. I hope he picks them as well as his studio has. . . . All of a sudden Bing Crosby is terribly ambitious and wants to work all the time. He certainly doesn't need the greenbacks.

Debbie Reynolds continues to amaze me. On the one hand, she accepts very expensive presents from Harry Karl. And on the other, she bravely attends functions where she knows she will run into Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher. Debbie even wanted to attend the recent testimonial dinner for Jennie Grossinger where Eddie was the principal speaker. Yes, Liz was there. And Debbie was finally persuaded to stay away. Is it bravery or bravado? . . . Tony Curtis is turning down all pictures for the summer. He wants to be in Italy with wife Janet Leigh for the Olympic games. They have a ten bedroom house there for all members of The Pack.



HAPPILY married four years, Rosemary and Bob Stack celebrate anniversary at LaRue.



ARRIVING at Egyptian Theater for a film premiere are John Gavin and wife Cicely.



MARILYN Monroe with her co-star, Yves Montand, at a party she gave in his honor.

The big question if Gypsy Rose Lee marries Billy Rose—whose home will they live in. Gypsy won't budge from hers. And Billy believes that a *man's* home is a His and Hers castle.

The secret of Margaret Sullavan's deafness was no secret to her friends. I knew it during her "Voice Of The Turtle" stage days. What she hated most of all was getting older. Poor Maggie. . . . I was on a radio show—with Jackie Gleason, Moss Hart and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and they all complained about the bad dressing rooms in the theater. I found it hard to be sorry for them, with the fame and money that goes with bad dressing rooms.

Errol Flynn's memoirs, "My Wicked, Wicked Ways", is the most severe case of self-condemnation I have ever read. How this once handsome star detested women. And what a job he does on Lili Damita. . . . Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams can't seem to make up their minds. . . . But I don't believe the rumors of trouble with Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa. . . . The only good thing that came to Anna Kashfi as a result of her court

continued on page 59



SUSAN Kohner has stars in her eyes while dancing with boy friend George Hamilton.

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"BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG"

CO-STARRING

Michael Callan · Tuesday Weld and Victoria Shaw

with Warren Berlinger · Roberta Shore

Screenplay by James Gunn · Based on a novel by John Farris
Produced by Jerry Bresler · Directed by Paul Wendkos · A Drexel Production

GUEST STARS

James Darren · Duane Eddy and the Rebels

Hear James Darren sing "Because They're Young"



Don't miss the Academy Awards TV show April 4th. Check your local newspaper for time and station.

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Home From The Hill

A MAN like the Texan played by Robert Mitchum likes life as though he's the personal representative of masculinity. He's made it an almost sacred duty to establish himself as a superb male with large appetites for danger, respect, and women. The last taste wrecked Mitchum's marriage to Eleanor Parker shortly after their honeymoon. Because of their son, they continue to live together. It isn't until the boy, George Hamilton, reaches the age of 17 that old wounds are rubbed raw again. Now, it's his turn to prove his manhood. Helping Mitchum with Hamilton's education is Luana Patten and George Peppard, a lonely young man who seems to be in a constant state of waiting for something special to happen. Strangely enough, when things do start fomenting, Mitchum isn't the catalyst this time. Junior innocently but with dreadful effectiveness begins to live up to his father's reputation. Besides being one of the best Technicolor adaptations of a best-seller, this has young Hamilton, an exceptionally talented juvenile, and Peppard, who by all rights should be marked for stardom—his charm has a subtle quality that wears well. (MGM.)

Hellbent For Leather

A STRANGER in town, cowboy Audie Murphy is mistaken for a killer. No amount of explaining on his part can set matters right until marshal Stephen McNally takes over. He believes Murphy all right, but before anyone else can discover the truth, Murphy will be dead, and McNally collects the reward and credit. By sheer luck, Murphy manages to escape this sinister scheme, and, taking Felicia Farr along as hostage, attempts to find the real murderer. As Westerns go, this Technicolor one is a good, workmanlike number with Murphy looking as boyish as ever. (Universal-International.)

Please Don't Eat The Daisies

DOMESTIC comedy that flits around drama critics and plays. At first when David Niven gives up a Columbia University professorship to become a critic on one of New York's leading newspapers, wife Doris Day is ecstatic. It means money enough to pack themselves and four young sons off to the suburbs. There, Doris becomes involved in the PTA, being neighborly and joining the local little theater group. Niven is 70 miles away in N.Y.C.



SOBBING Luana Patten confides in George Peppard in film "Home From The Hill"

making deadlines, witty shrewd observations on the theatrical scene, and possibly actress Janis Paige. Things often aren't what they seem yet Doris is spurred into a frenzy of activity luring her mate back to the fold. Unfortunately, all the effort is wasted once Niven gets a load of the play Doris is putting on for the benefit of a hospital: a resurrected clunker written by Niven during his college days. Some spot for a critic as merciless on others as Niven! Naturally, all ends well with a Technicolor shower of kisses. It couldn't be otherwise in this light exercise of clever lines and amusing situations. (MGM.)

Visit To A Small Planet

SOMEHOW, everyone suspected that if a flying saucer landed, out would step a Jerry Lewis-like creature. Long accustomed to being out of this world, Jerry takes to his role of interplanetary visitor as if it were a birthright. The moment he steps out of his flying saucer, he approaches a dog and says: "Take me to



DORIS Day and David Niven have a perplexing moment in "Please Don't Eat The Daisies".

BEATNIK Barbara Lawson plays up to zany Jerry Lewis in "Visit To A Small Planet"



er general." His time-mechanism is off
 chronization and Jerry thinks he has
 ived during the Civil War. However,
 ce he makes contact with present day
 things Fred Clark, Joan Blackman,
 rl Holliman, Lee Patrick and Gale
 rdon, the action really starts. Possessed
 powers far exceeding mortal man,
 ry can tune in on thoughts, is protected
 an invisible barrier, and can disinte-
 ate anything with a mere flick of an
 brow. Yet with all these superhuman
 ents, old Jere is himself pulverized by
 thing more lethal than a sweaterful of
 an. One of the choicer Lewis comedies,
 is for a time at least gives him a chance
 straight comedy before slapstick and
 yhem take over. (Paramount.)

The Third Voice

WHEN a business tycoon tosses over
 secretary-mistress Laraine Day for a
 -year-old society beauty, a diabolical
 heme is launched. As Laraine's assist-
 at, Edmund O'Brien, looking exception-
 ly well in his new trim physique, under-
 kes a few of the heavier chores involved
 ch as sinking a lead-weighted body
 f the shores of Mexico. He also is en-
 usted with the financial returns. That
 Laraine's first mistake. For reasons
 est know to him, O'Brien latches on
 Julie London, a tempting package
 ith hidden surprise, though you wouldn't
 now it from the clothes she doesn't wear.
 ince this is the sort of thriller that saves
 s Sunday punch for a flashy finale, make
 are you see this from the beginning.
 20th Century-Fox.)

The Snow Queen

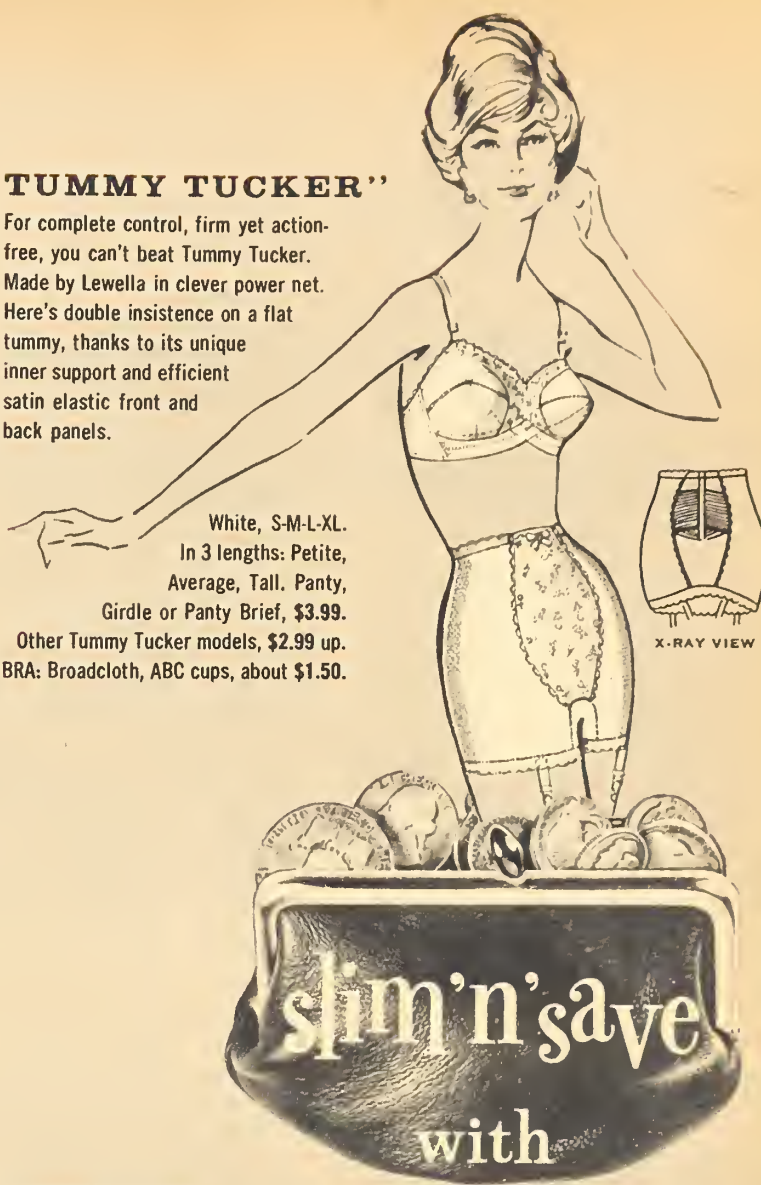
FULL-LENGTH cartoon that uses vivid
 poster paint colors in telling another
 f Hans Christian Andersen's stories.
 With the voices of Sandra Dee and
 Tommy Kirk, this is a lesson in the won-
 derous powers of true love. After the icy
 Snow Queen of the North abducts a little
 boy, his playmate goes through a kaleido-
 scope of strange experiences before rescu-
 ing him. Depending on the age of the
 child watching, these flights of the imagi-
 nation can range from being downright
 frightening to just plain enjoyable. Scat-
 tered throughout are the inevitable songs
 that somehow sound much like ones you've
 heard before. All in all, though this is
 cut from exactly the same pattern as other
 cartoons, it still manages through color
 and characters to be quite enjoyable.
 (Universal-International.)

Can-Can

BOISTEROUS, uninhibited Techni-
 colored hoopla that's much more
 French than the ancestry of its two lead-
 ing stars: Frank Sinatra and Shirley Mac-
 Laine. However, as a sop to authenticity,
 Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier are
 also on hand in this sideshow of French

"TUMMY TUCKER"

For complete control, firm yet action-
 free, you can't beat Tummy Tucker.
 Made by Lewella in clever power net.
 Here's double insistence on a flat
 tummy, thanks to its unique
 inner support and efficient
 satin elastic front and
 back panels.



White, S-M-L-XL.
 In 3 lengths: Petite,
 Average, Tall. Panty,
 Girdle or Panty Brief, \$3.99.

Other Tummy Tucker models, \$2.99 up.
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morals and romance. Incredible as it
 seems, there actually was a time when
 the French banned the shocking display
 called the can-can. Most strongly opposed
 is Judge Jourdan, but direct exposure to
 the can-canniest of them all, Shirley, in a
 rowdy exhibition of petticoats, garters and
 thighs, soon blasts him out of his silken
 cocoon. He even proposes marriage which
 is something Sinatra—heaven forbid—
 should ever do. Intrigued with being re-
 spectable for a change, Shirley might have
 ended her career then and there if
 Sinatra and Chevalier hadn't muddled her
 rosy future. Based on the Broadway musi-
 cal, this is lovely to look at, a delight to

hear and has some of the zestiest French
 dressing in years. (20th Century-Fox.)

Kidnapped

LIFE in 18th Century Scotland, accord-
 ing to Robert Louis Stevenson, was a
 time of constant peril. Rebellions, greedy
 relatives, all sorts of cutthroats, and no
 psychiatrists. James MacArthur becomes
 involved in much of these doings when
 he leaves home to claim his inheritance
 to a titled estate. Finding that murder
 fails to eliminate James, Uncle John
 Laurie has his nephew kidnapped for
continued on page 67

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ The John Smith-Luana Patten wedding plans stymied
- ★ A reconciliation for the Efreim Zimbalists



NEWLYWEDS Barry Coe and lovely Jorunn Kristiansen attend a post-premiere party.

MILES FOR MILLIE—Hating every minute of separation from fiance Dean Stockwell and still waiting for a film assignment—she's had none since "Diary Of Anne Frank"—Millie Perkins decided to take a trip to England where Dean's starring in "Sons And Lovers". She booked an over-the-Pole plane trip and told her 20th Century bosses she was leaving. "Okay, but be back ready to work in three weeks," she was told. So, Millie went, still unaware of what her assignment would be, although assured it was "something big": Millie has many chums in London and Paris from her fashion modeling days before "Anne". Hollywood, however, couldn't help wondering if Millie and Dean would quietly tie the knot while she was there.

NEW LOVE—Susan Kohner has forgotten Mark Damon and has flipped for George Hamilton. They met while working in "All The Fine Young Cannibals" and apparently the "like love bit" brushed off. It's obvious George has flipped for Susan, too, because he's been driving her all around town to shop in her T-bird, leaving his own beloved Rolls

Royce at home. Before meeting Susan he wouldn't go anywhere—but anywhere—without his beautiful Rolls.

SMART GIRL—Barry Coe's bride, Jorunn, really means her promise of "no career". The former Miss Norway was asked to be interviewed about her native land for a TV travelogue but she refused even that! Barry and "Joey" were so disappointed they couldn't do any skiing during their honeymoon in Norway that when they came back to California and Barry had a few days off they went directly to Squaw Valley, site of the Winter Olympics, to ski.

SURPRISE—Van Williams of "Bourbon Street Beat" and Vicki Richards, Jeff's ex-wife, had set and postponed wedding dates so many times that chums were predicting they might never marry. But then one night at 8 o'clock, Van called his Warner bosses and announced he and Vicki were being wed at 9 the next morning at the Wayfarer's Chapel in Palos Verdes. The studio barely had time to get a photographer there!

MORE WEDDINGS—Brett Halsey and Luciana Paluzzi decided on a wedding in Las Vegas but pal David Hedison traveled up to be on hand to kiss the bride, just as he does in all the "Fingers" segments. Hedison is a happy lad—he's been signed for the feature "The Lost World", and has a new romance going with Susan Oliver, who's good in "The Gene Krupa Story". . . . was a Santa Barbara church wedding. Fess Parker and Marcie Rinehart, former secretary and partner in a music publishing business. And not a DeWitt Crockett cap in sight! The Parkers will live in Santa Barbara except when Fess is before cameras.

SECRET—Michael Callan assures us over a high-protein, low-calorie steak and tomatoes lunch that he's working so hard now that for "the first time since I came to Hollywood I'm not romantically involved." But he admitted he's dating. He added, "We're trying to keep it a secret. Sorry, Mickey, but we know the gal—Asa Maynor who used to be Edd Byrnes' heart-throb. Mickey is working hard, studying and rehearsing dancing and singing which he hasn't used since his Broadway stage days; he's done three straight dramatic roles here. Now he'll do a jive ballet in "Pepe" with Cantinflas and singing in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian". He's also busy buying furniture for the Japanese-modern house he's leased.



THOUGH Mickey Callan's been seeing a lot of Asa Maynor he also dates Linda Roberts.



PHIL Crosby, of the singing brothers, and his pretty wife Betty at the Coconut Grove.

STRAIGHT HOME—There was a tour for Victoria Shaw when she finished "Aim At The Stars". She took the first available plane for home, husband Roger Smith and her two children. She said she was "desperately unhappy" being separated from them and "spent the entire allowance" on long-distance phone calls to Roger. He, in turn, was so miserable with Vicky away that friends said he was "a bear and a bore talking nothing but Vicky, Vicky, Vicky." Said one chum: "Roger's really too nice ever to be a bear but he wasn't himself. And it's refreshing to know a married couple—especially



SANDRA Fleming dances with favorite beau Peter Troutman at dinner party she gave.

lywood—so devoted they're miserable when separated." How true. Roger had stay here for "77 Sunset Strip".

DUSE-HAPPY—Newlyweds Gia La and Don Burnett moan that they're poor. For several months they paid rentals on three houses! It's a crazy story. When they married, Don had a lease on a beach house, Gia had one on a rare Canyon place but both were too all for a couple so they leased a larger Byron home, planned to sublease the others. Before they could, Gia was sent to Germany for "I Aim At The Stars" and Don decided to go along. At film's end they toured Europe by car, then came home. Fortunately now their old leases have expired.

ORLD-HOPPING—James Darren and bride Evy Norlund will just be back from their European honeymoon—they went to Denmark to visit her family and then Italy to see some of Jimmy's relatives—when he'll have to head in the opposite direction. Jimmy will co-star with Mickey Callan and Sandra Dee in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" which will be filmed on location in the Islands. Evy will go along unless a film assignment interests; she'll continue her career. Jimmy co-starred with Sandra in the original "Gidget" last year.

TYMIED—John Smith and Luana Patten have been trying to set a wedding date for months but have been foiled by production schedules. They want a real honeymoon, preferably a month in the Bahamas, not "just two days in Las Vegas." First they hoped to wed March on his birthday. But Luana was signed for two more MGM films, "Go Naked In The World" and "Where The Boys Are". The latter to shoot in Miami. If John can get away, he may go to Florida for a wedding there. But his "Laramie" series is due to shoot through May. So they may wait until Luana's birthday, July 6. John has already bought their honeymoon house and they've started furnishing it.

TOM'S TALENTED—Now that Tom Tryon has finished his role in "The Story Of Ruth" he's spending most of his waking hours on his "other love"—painting. Several of his oils and watercolors have been accepted for an exhibit at the Los Angeles County Art Museum and later he'll have a one-man show in a Beverly Hills art gallery. Betty Lynn continues as his best girl but he's also dated Letitia Navaroni, a pretty young actress friend of Luciana Paluzzi.

NOT CHANGEABLE—Carolyn Jones, who's jumped from one film to another, is having her first vacation in more than a year since the wind-up of "Ice Palace" and is "having a ball just enjoying the new house." She and husband Aaron Spelling moved in six months ago but she wasn't able until now to finish the decorating. And Aaron points with pride to the fact that his wife hasn't changed her mind about decorations during all that time when she could have. Carolyn planned the entire house, even did the original rough sketches which she turned over to the architect, later personally selected all colors and furnishing details.

GIRLS' LOSS—Two of our town's most eligible and sought-after bachelors have been so busy working and traveling that their love life is strictly non-steady and the gals are groaning! Hugh O'Brian, after his success on Broadway as a substitute for Andy Griffith in "Destry Rides Again", took off for Australia for a month of personal appearances with a Wild West show. Then he'll take a few weeks' vacation in Hong Kong, Japan and Hawaii. He's also done a Desilu Playhouse segment in which our Wyatt plays a "modern, sophisticated, brainy and refined detective." It's "The Eighth Circle" and you can see it soon.

BOB'S NEW LOVE—The other bachelor, Robert Horton, says his new love is "the City of London." He went there to

do two TV shows and got the treatment from fans that Presley gets here! Seems "Wagon Train" is the only American TV show in the British top ten; it's been number one in popularity for a year, as a matter of fact. And his fan club in London is something. When it was announced that he'd do a "Sunday Night At The Palladium" TV show, there were 15,000 requests for tickets the first day. The Palladium seats 2,000! When he returned he sandwiched "Wagon Train" assignments between trips to Odessa, Texas, for a rodeo; a business trip to New York, then back to Texas for the Houston Fat Stock Show. How could he have a "steady girl" here in Hollywood?

NEW INTERESTS—While Diane Jergens and Peter Brown were married they were apartment dwellers. Now that they're divorcing Peter has bought a spacious and comfortable house in Burbank, complete with stable for two horses. Diane has been in Manila doing a TV series. But Peter isn't matrimonially inclined at the moment, although he's been dating Connie Stevens and young TV actress Suzanne Lloyd. He has Bob Colbert, newly signed at Warners, as a house-mate. Each has his own horse, conveniently stabled in the back yard.

NEW ROMANCE—Hottest new two-some in town is Dorothy Provine and Buddy Bregman. Buddy, the composer-musician who almost married Anna Maria Alberghetti last year, has turned producer, will make "High Button Shoes" for Warners. And Dorothy, as a switch from "The Alaskans", will have one of the two femme leads. She'll sing, which she does very well, in "Shoes". Jim Garner, whose "Cash McCall" proves his comedy talent, will be a male lead. Dorothy, on her very first trip to New York recently, had Buddy as a guide. They did the shows 'n' sights and she reported it was a real ball.

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BASHFUL Will Hutchins seems to be having gay old time at party with Sherry Jackson.



FIRST anniversary is celebrated by Mickey Rooney and his fifth wife, Carolyn Mitchell.

Headed for the altar?

*1960 looks like the year that Kim,
so many times in love,
will finally walk down the matrimonial
aisle and whisper, "I do"*

By HELEN HENDRICKS

AN UNKIND REPORTER has quipped that Kim Novak "has been accused of everything—except being an actress. Her love affairs get better reviews than her acting."

It's true that Kim's mad romances with such suave, hand-kissing, enormously wealthy Romeos as the Italian tomato king, "Count" Mario Bandini, South American playboy "Baby" Pignatari, Dominican Republic's General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., and Aly Khan, have made international headlines.

But when, and if, the girl who leapt from rags to riches marries the man of her heart, quiet, gentlemanly, far-from-rich director Richard Quine, there will be no jealous pangs from such play-girls as Zsa Zsa Gabor or Linda Christian. This hoped-for-marriage, Kim's friends believe, is just what the fluorescent blonde really needs. Quine is a highly-talented, sensitive and creative man who is devoted to her not because she is a glamorous movie star or can advance his career, but for herself alone. It's no quickie romance, either, for Richard was Kim's director on her first film in 1954. But then he was married and Kim was in love with her long-time suitor, theater-owner Mac Krim.

The flamboyant romances of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girl have had frequent hints of eye-popping scandal. Poor Kim. Even in her association with Dick Quine there have been nasty column digs.

A New York gossip-columnist tattled in 1958: "Kim's current flame, Richard Quine, is a famous director who's having marital troubles, and Kim's certainly not helping this fellow and his wife to patch up their difficulties. In fact, every time the director's wife sees the color lavender (or even hears the word), she sees red." And another columnist cat-chatted more recently, "Dick got a divorce so he and Kim could wed but they're both still single. She went through a rather rough time in her personal life when Dick Quine, with whom she is deeply in love, was in the process of divorcing his wife and at the same time having doubts as to whether or not Kim would really love him when he was finally available. His doubts were logical since Kim's history is to love best what she can't have. It is the race that Kim enjoys, not the winning of it."

With fire in her lovely amber eyes, Kim snapped back at the insinuations. "I was not responsible for the dissent in the Richard Quine household. These irresponsible remarks hurt be-

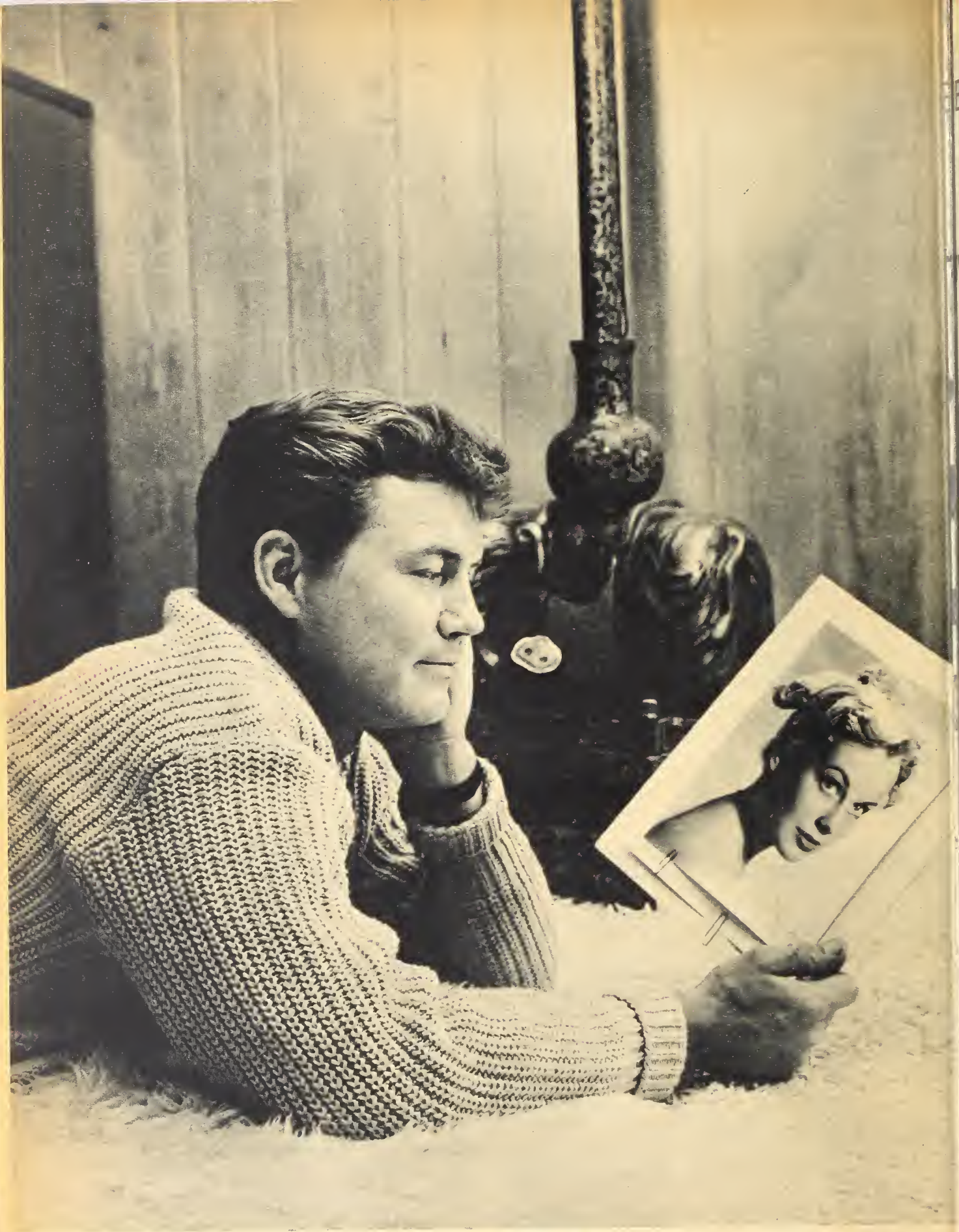
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THE MAN in Kim's life, with whom she'll tie the nuptial knot this year, according to friends, is director Dick Quine.

GORGEOUS Kim has matured both as an actress and a woman, and her days of girlish crushes now appear over.





PICTURE of wife, Vicki Shaw, is all Roger had to console him while she was in Europe filming Columbia's "I Aim At The Stars".

By **ROGER SMITH**

The girl who broke my heart”

*She was all that Roger ever
dreamed of when he
was an impressionable college
boy. When she gave him
the air, he was in torment*

HEIDI WAS HER NAME, and she broke my heart. I guess it was inevitable. I would even venture to say it happens to every fellow at one time or another. It happened to me when I was a junior at the University of Arizona, at Nogales.

To me Heidi was not just a girl. She was a state of mind. A way of life. She was all that I ever dreamed of.

I had often watched her on the campus, but I would have no more dared talk to her than to the president of the United States. It wasn't just that she was more beautiful than any girl I had ever seen, but because we came from such entirely different backgrounds. Although I had lived in Los Angeles when I was a boy, my family had moved to Nogales when I was about 11 years old. I was strictly "small town".

On the other hand, Heidi came from one of the better families in southern California. She was well-dressed, social, cosmopolitan. Her picture appeared in the society page. Boys were competing for her favors. She seemed unapproachable. And except for a curious coincidence, I am sure we would never have met.

I attended college on a football scholarship, which meant that in addition to my academic work, I had a lot of practice to do on the field. As a result, I worked late hours and did little dating.

One night I came home about nine o'clock from football practice. As usual, my fraternity brothers already had their supper, except for two other fellows and myself, who were eating by ourselves in the dining room.

I was halfway through my meal when a bunch of Chi Omega girls started to raid my fraternity. Before I knew what was happening, they were running all over the house. Guys were chasing them, the housemother was screaming, the girls giggling. Everything was a helter-skelter of commotion.

Meanwhile I kept eating. I was too tired, too hungry, and too preoccupied to be bothered by what was going on.

But I changed my mind when I saw a girl dash into the kitchen, open one of the drawers, and throw towels, pots and pans, and other utensils out of the window—a piece at a time. I don't know why it made me so mad, but it really did.

I rushed into the kitchen, grabbed her by the shoulder, and swung her around while I shouted, "Pick all that stuff up again."

Only then did I recognize Heidi. She looked so beautiful, so collegian, so sorry for what she had done. There was even a trace of fear in her expression that made me feel guilty and awkward.

Like a frightened child she rushed outside and picked up every item she had thrown out, neatly placed them on a tray, and looking up at me, timidly asked, "Is it all right now?"

I smiled benevolently. "It'll do."

The moment I turned around to head back to the dining room, she picked up the tray and threw the whole thing at me. Then she ran down the hall.

White with anger I ran after her, swooped her up into my arms, and while

continued on page 16

ROGER SMITH continued

"I should have had the good sense to recognize what kind of a girl she really was but I didn't. If I had . . ."

she was struggling every step of the way, carried her to one of the showers. "Don't you dare," she screamed as I locked her in, turned on the cold water, then leaned against the shower door to keep her from getting out until after I had made her apologize and tell me how sorry she was for all she had done.

When I let her out, dripping wet, her face was flushed with anger. But not for long. She quickly changed her attitude and burst into laughter.

Pacified, I asked if I could walk her back to her sorority. "Sure," she smiled.

It was on the way back that I fell in love with her. She looked so helpless, so wet, so lovely. The kind of creature you want to take care of for the rest of your life.

When we got to her door, she offered me her hand and said a sweet, "Goodnight". But when I turned to leave, she gave me a good swift kick!

I should have had the good sense to recognize what kind of girl she was, but I didn't. If I had, I'd have saved myself a lot of sleepless nights.

BLACK CAT, "Meow", knocks over the sugar bowl and Roger is real mad. Funny, that never happened when Vicki was around.



READING fills in some of the lonely hours while Vicki is away. Starring in ABC-TV's "77 Sunset Strip" takes most of his time.

After what had happened, I had even less nerve to ask her for a date than if we'd never met. It was a very unpredictable Heidi who took the initiative now—

One evening, a fraternity brother stormed into my room. "Guess who just dedicated a song to you?" he cried out.

We had a little radio station in Nogales which made a practice of letting college kids dedicate songs to one another.

"I wouldn't know," I said honestly.

"Heidi!" he exclaimed.

I was flabbergasted. In fact, I didn't believe it until his statement was confirmed by three other fellows.

"Go ahead and ask her for a date," my roommate urged, knowing darn well how I felt about Heidi.

"I wouldn't have a chance," I insisted.

"After she dedicated a song to you? Don't be silly! Ask her."

A few days later we had a beer bust at a nearby park. I decided this was the opportunity to find out how Heidi felt about me. When I called for a date, she said she'd love to go out with me.

When I picked her up, she looked so beautiful, so well-dressed, and acted so sophisticated, that I became frightened. I felt quite inadequate in her company, so much so that I hardly dared open my mouth. I didn't know until later how this impressed her! She thought I was the big, strong, silent type.

If anything, my bashfulness worried her.

"Don't you like me?" she asked after we'd been together for a couple of hours and I hadn't said more than a half a dozen words.

"Of course I do," I assured her.

Later, we were reclining in front of the camp fire. I can still see Heidi, leaning on her elbows, her face cupped in her hands, looking up at me while I was singing to my own guitar accompaniment. Suddenly she put her hand on mine to keep me

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LOOKING back on things now, Roger's almost grateful to the gal who broke his heart—but also gave him the ambition to succeed.

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

TUESDAY WELD SAYS: "I'll lead my own life"

An unrepentant individualist, 16-year-old Tuesday remains unperturbed by mounting criticism of her precocious habits

By MARK DAYTON

IT MAY COME AS a shock that Benjamin Disraeli was a philosophical forerunner of Hollywood's most talked about teenager, Tuesday Weld. But when Disraeli suffered the brickbats of his controversial reign as prime minister of Great Britain he held steadfastly to one creed, "Never explain and never apologize."

He had nothing on Tuesday Weld when it comes to being an unrepentant individualist. Despite all the hand-wringing and breast-beating over her allegedly unseemly antics, the most colorful and irrepressible 16-year-old girl to enliven the Hollywood scene in many years remains as sublimely free of guilt feelings as the day she was born.

One evening at the height of public scolding for her precocious habits—her dating of semi-octogenarians like John Ireland, her late evenings out, her asserted beatnik tendencies, her brash unconcern for the forgiveness of shocked elders—I dropped in on Tuesday in her dressing room at a Hollywood television studio.

"What about all these things I've been reading in the papers, Tuesday?" I baited her.

"They're all true!" she laughed with a toss of her golden hair, and went on applying her lipstick.

From her tone it was difficult to tell whether all or any of the stories were based on fact. All that was clear was that Tuesday was blithely unperturbed—not the

slightest bit distraught over her mounting notoriety or about what the articles in question might make people think about her.

A few days later, Tuesday and I had dinner in a quiet, softly lighted booth of Edna Earle's Fog Cutters, a popular Hollywood steak house, and we discussed her runaway publicity more fully. Her attitude had not changed. She still was not interested in proving that there was nothing to atone for in the first place.

"If I spent all my time trying to make people retract what they said, I wouldn't even have time to sleep," she dismissed the whole matter with regal disdain. "I figure I'll prove it to myself without a press agent, without anyone I'm paying to bang people over the head. I figure it should be proved by *me* because actions speak louder than words—or money.

What it boiled down to, as the evening progressed, was that in spite of all they were saying about her, in spite of all the backbiting and gossip, all the jealousy and resentment, Tuesday still had a firm hold on her own good opinion of herself. That was all that mattered. She seemed to have a sublime faith that as long as her own self-respect was intact, the respect of others could not long be withheld.

She declined to present herself as a young lady without fault, and she declined to prostrate herself in

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TUESDAY offers no apologies for her behavior, ► still retains her own good opinion of herself.



TUESDAY WELD continued



"The only person I might be hurting is myself, and that's my own decision," says Tuesday

postures of guilt. She asked no apologies on the one hand, and offered none on the other hand. Nor did she feel a pressing need to launch a be-kind-to-Tuesday movement.

"Even if what I do doesn't seem to make much sense," Tuesday shrugged as the waitress arrived with the salad, "I'm not hurting anyone when I'm doing whatever it is they say I'm doing. The only person I might be hurting is myself, and that's my own decision. If I can't hurt myself, who can?"

The ease with which she talked about it seemed to back her claim that she wasn't bothered by the publicity which had made her the talk of Hollywood and doubtless a conversation piece across the rest of the land. She treated the situation with a genuine unconcern remarkable for a girl so young.

In fact, she even laughed at the determined whispering campaign to the effect that she's no more 16 than Jack Benny is 39, that in reality she is 19 or 20 if she's a day. Far from being outraged by slanderous suggestions that she might be a teenage impersonator, Tuesday delighted in the flattering implications of this spite. She clearly enjoyed the fact that so many of her peers considered her so adult that they couldn't believe her age. She was at that stage of life where it was exciting to be thought older than she was, and she was in no haste to dispel this myth.

She would only say with a sly wink, "I am so not 19!"

California school authorities, however, are privy to her birth certificate, and they are sufficiently convinced of her tender years to see to it that she is treated like any other juvenile in the state when she is working. Tuesday always has a tutor on the set, even as Natalie Wood and Sandra Dee had until their 17th birthdays. However, if Tuesday's detractors preferred to



COVERED wagon at Malibu Beach entertains Tuesday and friend Martin Braddock. Her latest movie is "Because They're Young".

ignore this documentation of her age, she was of no mind to spoil their fun.

"I'm beginning to think I'm much older than I am," she laughed. "I turned my ankle while dancing last week, and you know what the doctor said to me? He took an X-ray of my feet and said that my bones were not 16. He said my bones were the bones of a 19-year-old girl. So there you are, see? My feet are 19 and my body is 16."

YET TUESDAY'S rise has been so swift and controversial that inconsistencies do not seem to discourage her mushrooming taskmasters. The same people who express skepticism about her being a bona fide 16-year-old girl are the first to deplore her social life by accusing her of a predilection for dating men much too old for a girl of 16. But even this failed to make her squirm about her much discussed friendship with 44-year-old John Ireland. She felt that it needed no justification, on the basis that having done nothing wrong in the first place, there was nothing to explain in the second place.

"It's my life," was Tuesday's biting reminder to those shedding crocodile tears about her supposed peril in the company of a man Ireland's age. "I was born with it, and I'm going to lead it. In simpler terms, you have only one life, so live it."

While her words breathed defiance, her attitude was more of amused indifference.

"Beat The Press!" she quipped good-humoredly. "That's the new TV show I'm going to do."

Those who know Tuesday are aware that she is not remotely a beatnik. Despite this and despite the fact that at the Fog Cutters she wore a lovely, ladylike cocktail dress, sheer stockings and smart patent leather shoes. She showed no urge

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ON THE BEACH Tuesday tries her luck tossing flying saucer. She doesn't deny showing temperament when people irritate her.

JAMES DARREN AND EVY NORLUND

To love, honor and obey

*Such was the vow exchanged by
Evy Norlund and James Darren as
they tied the knot February 6 at
St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York*



photos by Alfred Wertheimer, Topix



NERVOUS groom, wringing his hands, arrives at Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral and smiles bravely for the camera

LOVELY bride, Evy Norlund, a former Miss Denmark, arrives church escorted by her future father-in-law, William Ercolan



AFTER the ceremony, Jimmy is a little dazed by it all, but Evy smiles happily. They exchanged matching gold wedding bands.

A KISS on the cheek and off they go for European honeymoon. They'll visit Evy's parents in Denmark, then go to Greece. **END**



TONY CURTIS



FOURSOME in the Curtis swimming pool consists of Tony, Jamie, 1, Janet, and Kelly, 3, who's making like she's Esther Williams.

*When the kids were born, Tony's biggest treat
was to change them, burp them, hold
them and give them a bath. That's*

PAPA TONY

By Janet Leigh

I DOUBT THAT in all the history of fatherdom any proud daddy has taken more pictures of his children—and in more farflung corners of the world and from more odd positions—than my husband has. To watch Tony follow our daughters, three-year-old Kelly Lee and one-year-old Jamie, with cameras dangling from all sides of him, he looks like a fugitive from a Rube Goldberg cartoon.

There isn't a mood or a phase in their development that Tony hasn't captured on film—the first step, the first tooth, the first haircut, the first diaper change, the first spoonful of food, the first dress. He's taken jillions of pictures of them. No matter where Tony is making a movie, the walls of his dressing room are fairly papered with snapshots of the babies. We have literally hundreds of albums downstairs in our house.

Yet Tony is not one of those fathers who badgers his friends, whips out his wallet, and insists that they exclaim over the latest snapshots of his offspring.

Not that he wouldn't. It's simply that he never carries a wallet, so he has no way of keeping pictures of Kelly and Jamie on his person.

However, that doesn't mean Tony's friends are safe from his paternal pride. He buttonholes them with something even better than pictures. He stops them on the street, beards them in their offices, grabs them on the set, and sometimes even calls them long distance to announce with tears of laughter:

"Wait till you hear what Kelly did this time!"

Everything she says gets reported to everybody. Anything she does everybody knows. Tony goes so wild over some of her exploits that he tells them again and again. One that still breaks him up every time he relates it concerns the time he was lying on the couch in the den, watching television, and Kelly romped into the room.

Tony had had a hard day at the studio, and he was tired. As far as he was concerned, little Kelly couldn't have picked a more touching moment to come over to him, as she did, run her hand soothingly over his face, and say, "Close your eyes, Daddy, and rest."

He was all choked up. He thought it such a tender gesture for a three-year-old child, so giving. Of course, being putty in Kelly's hands at any time, Tony did as she bade.

It was only because he was so overcome with affection that he cheated a little and peeked out of the corner of one eye. If he hadn't he would have missed out on one of the thrills of his life. You see, although on occasion it takes great effort, Tony tries conscientiously to cooperate with me in enforcing various house rules with the children. Kelly can twist him around her little finger, and Tony loves being twisted. But he's also adult enough to realize that certain prohibitions, painful as he may find them to impose, are for Kelly's benefit.

This is all by way of saying that Kelly knows she is not to have any candy or nuts unless she gets permission. Consent usually is forthcoming unless she hasn't had her

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dinner. On this occasion, Kelly's craving came before dinner, and she knew that if she asked Daddy, he'd make her wait.

So she looked at Tony again to make sure that his eyes were shut, and she tiptoed to the table where there was a jar of nuts. She quickly popped one in her mouth and swallowed it. Then, an expression of exquisite triumph on her face, she went back to the couch and shook Tony's shoulder.

"Now you can wake up, Daddy," she said. "Did you have a nice rest?"

Tony constantly regales people with his adventures in fatherhood. He not only enjoys being with his children. His greatest pleasure is to talk about them—not in terms of how precocious they are, but in terms of what a joy they are to him, in terms of the never-ending wonder of childhood as seen through the eyes of a warm and loving daddy.

He whoops with delight every time Kelly tosses off another *bon mot*. She came home from the dentist's office the other morning, for example, and reported proudly that by official count she now had 20 teeth.

"Twenty teeth!" Tony cried. "What are you going to do with all those teeth?"

"You're going to eat with them, aren't you dear?" I said.

"Yes, Mommy," she smiled. "I'm going to eat with them."

A second later she was shaking her little head vigorously. "Oh no, Mommy," she corrected herself. "I'm not going to eat with them. I chew with my teeth. I eat with a fork."

The same morning Kelly asked my mother if she would read to her. Mother was happy to oblige. A few minutes later I called out to ask Kelly how she was getting along.

"Oh, just fine, Mommy," she chirped brightly. "I'm helping grandma read."

And don't you know that Tony spent the rest of the day, practically, on the telephone circulating those stories all over Hollywood?

He is so sentimental about the children. Every time they blink an eye, almost, he feels it ought to be preserved as a great moment in history. Kelly's baby book is full of cherished heirlooms collected by Tony, and now, with undiminished enthusiasm, he's doing the same with Jamie.

When Kelly was six months old, she made her first scribble other than a straight line. Tony has kept that drawing as if it were a Van Gogh. He put her first lock of hair in an envelope and kept it in his dresser drawer for years before he transferred it to the baby book. While we were in Europe, Orlando Martins, the wonderful Negro actor who was in my picture, "Safari", gave Kelly a large copper coin—the first



his friends with stories about their exploits

she'd ever received. Tony has that, too, in safekeeping for posterity within the covers of her baby book.

Tony gets so carried away. He often makes his own entries in the white leather-bound documentary and pictorial record of Kelly's development. With a sense of history that only a doting father could be capable of, he made the following inscription:

"Saturday, August 11, 1956, exactly at 5:43 and 40 seconds, Kelly smiled at me and Janet and Jerry and Helen and Manny and Bobby."

Jerry is our friend, Jerry Gershon. Helen and Manny are Tony's parents, and Bobby is his younger brother.

Tony is such a partisan father that he doesn't even hesitate to tamper with official records. On a certificate of identification marks, there was a blank space next to the designation, "Shape of Head". Tony wrote, "Beautiful!" Also in the book is Kelly's first Medical Examination Certificate. Where it called for a description of her condition, the doctor had written, "Good". Tony crossed that out and substituted a word he thought more appropriate, "Excellent".

Kelly just had an operation for the removal of a double hernia. Believe you me, it was a lot harder on poor Tony than it was on Kelly. He was a wreck. Jamie had had the



KELLY can twist Tony around her little finger, and Tony loves being twisted. Papa's next movie will be the epic, "Spartacus".



JANET will never have to worry about Tony not wanting to spend time with the children. There isn't anything he really likes more.

same operation, so Tony had been through it all before. But if you think that made it any easier for him, you just don't know Tony.

Besides, Jamie was not a real person to him yet. She was only 13 days old, and it takes a Daddy a little time to grasp the fact that such a brand new baby actually is a person. It's not like a mother who carries the baby and feels the baby inside. And Kelly is so much a part of Tony's life. They adore each other. Tony just dissolves when Kelly says, "I love you, Daddy."

He couldn't bear the thought of this happening to her. He would leave the room whenever the doctor was examining her. He would go for a walk. He would get a magazine and not read it. He would sit for a minute, and then pace.

KELLY was in the hospital two nights. I slept in the same room with her the first night, and Tony spent the night in the doctors' quarters upstairs. You'll notice I didn't say he slept there. He couldn't sleep. Every ten minutes or so he would get up, and come down to our room to make sure that everything was all right.

On the second day he went home only long enough to change clothes and to play with Jamie before her bedtime. He spent the night at Harold Mirisch's house. He just couldn't come home with me not there, and Kelly not there.

When Kelly went in for her operation, Tony tried to talk, but he just couldn't. Pretty soon it was over, and she was all right. Tony acted like the one who had been under an anaesthetic. The shock of relief was so great that he couldn't move. He was just numb. A couple of good night's sleep, though, and he started to be his old self again—

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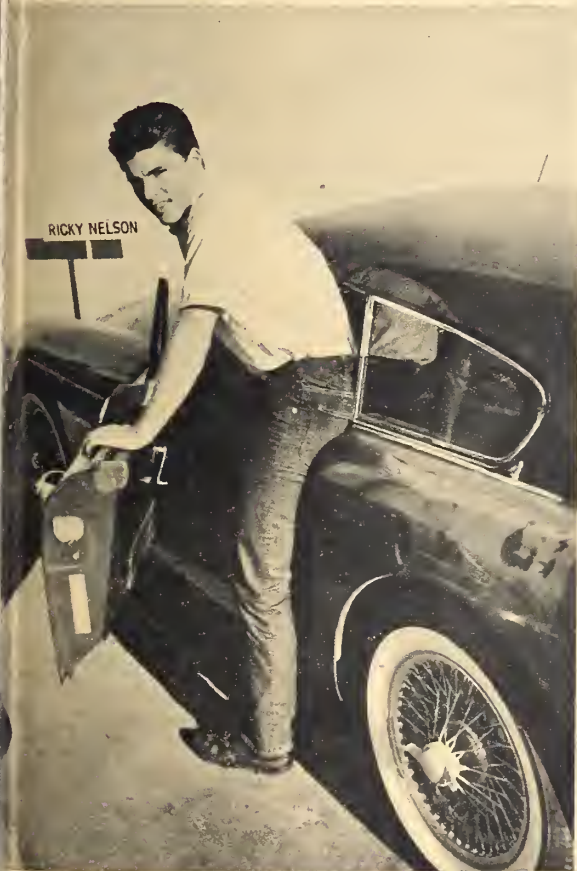


RICKY NELSON

Ricky takes ten

Ten minutes to relax, that is, between acting chores on the busy set of TV's "Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet"

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



HIS CAR, a jazzy foreign model with its own private parking space, gets a quick inspection from owner Rick.

HIS SMILE is for the Hawaiian vacation that lay ahead of him after he'd finished work in "Ozzie And Harriet".



HIS GUITAR is always with Ricky just in case he is in the mood for a song. His new recording is "Ricky Sings Spirituals". **END**

Spurned as a writer and divorced by his wife, Aaron Spelling was a bitter young man



CAROLYN makes him feel like the most masculine man in the world, says her hubby, Aaron Spelling.

CIRCUMSTANCES had conspired to give young and talented Aaron Spelling too good an opinion of himself and too poor an opinion about women. His outlook, B.C. (before Carolyn), is best described in his own unsparing words.

"When I was at Southern Methodist University in Dallas," he grins, "I won a cup once for being the most selfish member of the student body. It was the MCBOC trophy—awarded to the Most Charming Bounder on Campus. Only it wasn't pronounced bounder. People used to say to me, 'You're the most selfish, self-indulgent so-and-so I've ever known. I don't know why we like you.'"

Part of that irresistible charm rubbed off on one of the SMU co-eds, and Aaron married her. With practice, she not only found out why she liked Aaron, she also discovered reasons—still vague to him—for disliking him and leaving him.

"She was a very wealthy girl," Spelling says in extenuation of that abortive experiment in nuptial bliss. "I thought it would be very smart to marry her, since that seemed to be the easiest and fastest way to become familiar with the problems of social nobility."

Intent upon making his mark in Hollywood, Aaron took his bride to lotus land by the sea. Having been a shining campus playwright—not to mention SMU's irrepressible gridiron cheerleader—he expected Hollywood to fall dead at his feet. Something less than that happened. He failed acquaintance with the problems of social nobility, but his wife, unhappily, became acquainted with the problems of destitution. Aaron's vaunted charm, six months after they said their vows, lacked sufficient glue power to keep their marriage from coming unstuck.

"I went to an interview for a job selling tickets for American Airlines, and when I got home she was gone. Her father had sent her a plane ticket to take her back to Texas. That killed what little sense of security I had. I was stuck here, lonely and broke. I was terribly hurt."

His wife's sudden exodus, sanctified soon thereafter by divorce, somehow left Aaron with a jaundiced view of the opposite sex.

"It was an awakening period," he recalls archly. "I found that girls can be vain, stupid, narrow-minded and bigoted. I learned that I'd been a shnook and decided to attack life."

His method of attack was oblique. He loved to meet women who gave him the slightest excuse to hate their innards.

"I had a tremendous chip on my shoulder," he candidly admits. "I wasn't in a very receptive mood to the considerateness of other people, women in particular."

Then along came Jones. Carolyn Jones.

This was a pre-titian Jones. She was an undulating blonde at the time, with clinging dresses and cloying eyes, trying to set off sexpot reactions in Hollywood. She, too, was fresh out of Texas. No one in the film world had heard of her, and Spelling was willing to do his bit to perpetuate her obscurity.

Through a comedy of errors related at other times, she ended up

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By **BILL TUSHER**

when boom— **Along came Jones!**



acting in a little theater presentation Aaron was directing, drawing upon his unabated acting enthusiasm in college. The thing he liked about Jones was that there wasn't a thing about her he liked. He also appreciated the fact that his hostility was cordially returned.

"I didn't like her at all," he affirms wryly, "and she hated me. I thought she was a pretty smart-alecky kid."

Aaron came by this impression when his leading lady eloped two days before the show was scheduled to open. Carolyn volunteered to fill the breach. He handed her a script to read. She tossed it aside disdainfully, and proceeded to go through the whole part from memory. Spelling was more irritated with her than impressed.

"Why didn't you tell me you had done the play before?" he snapped.

"I didn't do it before," she replied dryly.

"Then when did you learn the script?"

"Last night," she drawled, "when I decided I should do it."

She got the part, but made no conquest.

"I used to detest this girl!" Spelling exclaims. "Oh, how we used to fight! I'd tell her to do a scene a certain way and she'd say, 'If you want it done that way I'll do it, but I don't think it's right.' I could have strangled her."

Carolyn fed his bitterness before she quelled it.

One night after the play opened, they helped make up a foursome—Carolyn and an actor in the cast, and Aaron with another actress—at a coffee shop near the theater. The three performers fell to discussing the possibilities of being discovered by a producer or a director, and daydreamed of TV and motion picture breaks that might come out of the show.



SESSION with the bongo drums entertains Carolyn, who stars in Warner film "Ice Palace" with Richard Burton, Martha Hyer.

CURIO in Hollywood gift shop catches Carolyn's eye. "I wouldn't pick a tie without asking Carolyn," husband Aaron Spelling avers.



"There may be some things wrong with her," says Aaron, "but not as far as I'm concerned"



A SAILOR is tried on by Carolyn who can afford lots of hats since her husband has become one of Hollywood's foremost scriptwriters.

"Then out of a clear blue sky," Aaron still enshrines the moment, "Carolyn looked at me and blurted out, 'Jeepers, what could *you* get out of it?' We'd been fighting tooth and nail, and then that! I realized that her concern was not because *it* was *me*. It just didn't seem fair to Carolyn."

That unexpected shaft of integrity—if not tenderness—about took all the fight out of Aaron. From that point on, Jones wasn't just moseying into his life. She was galloping.

BEFORE THE night was over the sworn enemies gave up swearing for endearments. Carolyn's date and Aaron's date had early calls, so she dropped them off first. As she started to take Spelling home in her car, he asked if she would mind stopping by at the drugstore at Sunset and Vine so he could get some pipe tobacco.

"We started going home," he picks it up from there, "and got to talking. We drove and drove, and finally we were at the beach. It was the first time I saw it because I'd never had a car that would drive that far. We took off our shoes, and sat on the sand, and just talked. Before we knew it, it was

6:30 in the morning! We talked about everything—dreams, families, our innermost thoughts. I'd never talked to anyone like that."

Outside his place, Aaron got out of Carolyn's car and said, "You know something? I think I'm going to marry you."

"You want to know something?" Carolyn said very seriously. "I think you will."

And so—without a cent to their collective name or a nickel's worth of future—they were married. They parlayed their love and their talent from a tiny bachelor honeymoon flat to their present brand new \$133,000 mansion in Royal Oaks, which Aaron proudly quotes Carolyn describing as "Grecian modern furnished in early American money, with wall-to-wall scripts." But what has happened to Aaron Spelling since Jones came along cannot be measured in mere real estate.

At SMU Aaron was the only American college student outside of Eugene O'Neill ever to win the Harvard One-Act Play Award for two years running. However, after the Dallas Morning News refused him a job as a college reviewer and Hollywood exhibited a disturbing determination to struggle along

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Hot weather guy

All good things come to

*him when it is hot and sunny is the belief
of rising new star, Troy Donahue*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TROY DONAHUE'S FAVORITE season is summer, a real hot one, because, he says, "you always think something exciting is going to happen. And a lot of times it actually does. You sort of get to expecting things . . ."

Well, a good many exciting things have happened to Troy recently, summer or no, and he is the lad to appreciate and enjoy them.

Blond and blue-eyed, Troy looks younger than he really is, although he is still pretty young—23. But don't let that mild expression fool you, or his soft voice, either. Take note of that stubborn chin.

"I *am* stubborn, you know," he says, frankly. "I want my own way and I am likely to fight until I get it. I usually get it."

In a short year he has reached some sort of pinnacle of Hollywood success. Producers are vying for him, pretty girls are ogling him, prominent hostesses are pursuing him for their parties. All this is heady stuff, coming so swiftly, and Troy is the first to admit it.

He says, quite simply, "I love it." As who wouldn't?

Troy was born January 27, 1937, in New York City. Not a hot summer day, at all, but a cold blustery one. His father was Merle Johnson, of the motion picture division of General Motors Corp. His mother, Edith Johnson, a stage actress, had retired after her marriage. Troy's father died when Troy was 14, leaving a void in his life and many scars on his soul. Then bad luck began to dog him.

He attended Bayport High School on Long Island for two years and then the New York Military Academy, hoping for an appointment to West Point. But a severe knee injury suffered during a track meet disqualified him for that. However, he went on later to win letters in football, track and basketball. The stubbornness was already beginning to show. Then Columbia University, some classes in journalism, and studying acting with Ezra Stone. After that, a variety of jobs, the usual things, messenger, waiter, counselor at a camp and as a singer with a Long Island dance band.

But the bad luck hadn't left him, or maybe the weather was too cool. He came to Hollywood at the behest of Darrell Brady, an old friend of his father's and he was almost "discovered", a la Lana Turner, when Producer William Asher and Director James Sheldon saw him in a diner and invited him for a test. What a break! But . . . that evening he was in an automobile accident and when the time came for his test, his head was shaved to a most humiliating baldness. He couldn't do it.

But while he was convalescing a hot day came along and so did an actress friend, Fran Bennett, who introduced him to her agent, Henry Willson. That . . . and the hot weather, we guess . . . did it.

Anyhow, his name was changed forthwith from Merle Johnson, Jr. to Troy Donahue and the next thing he knew he was co-starring with pretty Sandra Dee as the young romantic lead in "A Summer

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◀ **COLD** weather snap in California causes Troy to bundle up against hated Jack Frost.

"I get tired of girls in jeans and slacks and T-shirts and sweaters. It's nice to see a girl in a dress now and then": Troy

Place", followed immediately by "The Crowded Sky" with Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

He wasn't exactly surprised, you know. He had always been fairly sure of himself . . . that chin and all. But he was a touch surprised that it had all happened so swiftly. "After all," he says, "we *had* had some fairly cool days!"

Now he has settled down, if you can call it that, into a little house in the hills above Hollywood.

"I'll get out of this as soon as I can. After all, it was the cheapest thing I could find which would suit my needs at all. It isn't what I *want*."

What he has, whether he wants it or not, is a gay, comfortable little place with one bedroom, bath and a living room with a view of sorts. It has French Provincial furniture (his mother helped select it). He has given it color with rich tones of maroon, red and white and overtones of deep blue.

"It's cheerful enough," he frets. "But I want a bigger place, with a big fireplace and great vistas of views."

Still, it has its compensations. His mother and teenaged sister, Eve, live near him and that is comforting.

"I have a little cubby-hole, a sort of closet, which I use for mail and writing. I shall always have a small room for writing. Somehow I seem closer to my thoughts."

Troy takes his writing very seriously and has ambitions in this direction.

"I am a fanatic fan of sunlight," he says, "and want to be out in it a lot. I guess that is because my father was in a

hospital so long and it always seemed gloomy in there to me. But I want the inside of my house to be cool and shady . . . for contrast and rest. I guess.

"I like to plant things, too, but only corn and roses. The corn gives me a wholesome feeling, that I am growing food. And the roses . . . well, you know how roses are, especially in California. They are just as important as food and they're pretty exciting."

So . . . this isn't what he "wants". What he does want is a spacious dwelling with the aforementioned fireplace and views, with room to "spread out" and entertain lavishly and generously, indoors and outdoors. And room for more planting.

HOWEVER, he doesn't do badly in the place that he "can afford." He gives parties. Lots of parties. Not the big, lavish, formal affairs that he plans for later on. But nice, nevertheless. Six or eight people come and Troy cooks for them . . . steaks, spaghetti, chops. Sometimes, if he is feeling ambitious, he does shish-kabobs and then everyone applauds like crazy.

He is a deft man with a salad, too, the tossed green kind with a raw egg and some ripe blue cheese and shreds of ham or chicken. Desserts he either buys ready-made or leaves to the girls. "They can do those whipped cream and gelatin things," he says firmly, "if they simply must have them." You gather that such fluff means less than nothing to Troy.

Afterward, they play games or listen to music or perhaps read plays, each taking a role. Those are Troy's favorite times.

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RAILBIRDS Troy and Sandra Edwards, a young actress who meets his prescription for femininity, perch cosily in his hillside nest.





VIEW from his balcony is a favorite with Troy who scored in "A Summer Place", appears next in Warner Bros. "The Crowded Sky".





An empty hotel room can be a terribly

lonely place for a girl singer on the road,

but before very long Connie is

Chasing the blues away

By HELEN BOLSTAD

SONGSTRESS CONNIE FRANCIS is, without doubt, one of the most popular girls in America today. Just turned 21, she's a petite, dark-eyed beauty whose vivacity and charm would make her the belle of any social setting even if she never sang a note.

But Connie does sing. On records, radio, television. Ballads and rock 'n' roll; old songs, pop favorites and tunes written just for her. She's the new darling of the night club set and the continuing femme favorite of the teenagers. Schools play her recording of "God Bless America" in assemblies, and kindergartners dance to her new album of children's games. She's the girl that boys would most like to date and the star to whom other girls write asking advice on personal problems. She receives hundreds of letters a week which begin, "Connie, you'll understand . . ."

Can such a girl ever get lonely? Can she sit right down in the middle of a room and feel that an ocean of nothingness separates her from those she loves? Dashing through a daily schedule where every minute is booked, can she feel that she is all alone in a crowd and that no one cares?

"It's impossible." is the obvious answer. But ask Connie and she gives you a level gaze from those eloquent brown eyes and says, "Are you kidding?" And then, "Just look at the collection of stuffed animals that I have . . ."

That bright-colored cloth menagerie crowds Connie's own room in her new house in New Jersey. "I started that collection on a day when I felt so lonely I could die."

She was just 16½ years old, she explains. She had been graduated from Belleville, New Jersey, High School that June, and during graduation week had won both her first MGM recording contract and a scholarship to New York University. During the middle of the Fall term, her recording, "Freddie", gained popularity around New York and the company sent her out on a weekend promotional tour which stretched to three full weeks.

"It was my first time on a train, my first time away from my family. I was excited, of course, but underneath, I started getting homesick as soon as I kissed my folks goodbye."

Her companion on the road was Janie Gibbs. Janie had formerly lived in Chicago and when they reached there, it was old home week. "She knew everyone, so we made our rounds quickly and had an afternoon free of appointments," Connie explains.

Janie chose to spend it with Fran Allison. Connie declined the invitation to go along. "I was a fan of 'Kukla, Fran and Ollie' and I thought Fran's Aunt Fannie on 'The Breakfast Club' was terrific, but I knew she and Janie would have lots to talk about and I didn't want to get in the way."

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◀ LONELY 21st birthday faced Connie in her hotel room in Philadelphia but that all changed later.



photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

"Back home, girls I know are out on dates with boys. They're having fun. Me, I'm all alone"

For the first time in her life, young Connie was all alone in a hotel room. Soon, she was treading that solitary path which is heartbreakingly familiar to every girl who has gone away to school or has moved to a distant place to find her first job. "I read for a while. I looked out the window. I wrote a letter to my folks. Then I looked out the window some more."

Restless, solitary, she realized she had better find something to do. "I knew how to get to Marshall Field's. I spent hours prowling through every inch of that beautiful store looking at things I couldn't buy."

Wherever she wandered, she kept returning to a certain display which featured a big, silken white Persian cat. "It looked so real I wanted to reach out and pet it. I wondered how much it cost. I was sure it must be at least a hundred dollars. About my third time around, I got up my nerve to ask. And what do you think the girl told me?" The suspense of that moment again came into Connie's voice. "\$4.95!"

CLUTCHING the cat, Connie hurried back to the hotel. "I had already named it 'Precious'. I held that toy cat in my arms and talked to it while I watched television. I remember I said, 'It's doggone lonesome on the road, Precious. But soon we'll be going home and you'll sit right in the middle of my bed and be waiting for me each time I go away.'"

Connie has since made such shopping expeditions a habit. "As soon as I get into a new town and have a few minutes free, I go to the biggest store and buy the prettiest stuffed animal I can find. I know it is going to be part of my home,

and then I'm not lonely any more."

Having the sound of home with her when she is distant is another of Connie's ways of bridging the miles. "I carry a tiny radio with me everywhere I go. Now, on long trips, I also take a light-weight phonograph and a few favorite records. Pop music, to me, means family. I hear a song we like and I think of all the times my mother and father and brother and I have sung it together. With our music in the background, I can answer my fan mail and get on with my other little jobs and be quite content, wherever I am."

Those are ways of keeping old ties close, but what does she do when she meets new people in new places? Many of the letters girls write to Connie carry the question, "How can I make new friends?"

Here Connie holds firm opinions. "First, you have to recognize the difference between acquaintances and friends. I was lucky enough to find out early, and to me, it was the best lesson that I learned in high school."

Connie had joined a sorority, and having no sister of her own, was, she admits, a bit starry-eyed over the promised organization kinship. Then, one day, some gossipy girls dissected an absent member.

Connie stood up in the meeting and resigned. "If you say such things about her, what will you say about me when I'm not here? I don't dig this. You're not my sisters."

Connie observes, "I learned that I want many acquaintances, but that I'm able to count on just a few close friends. I don't

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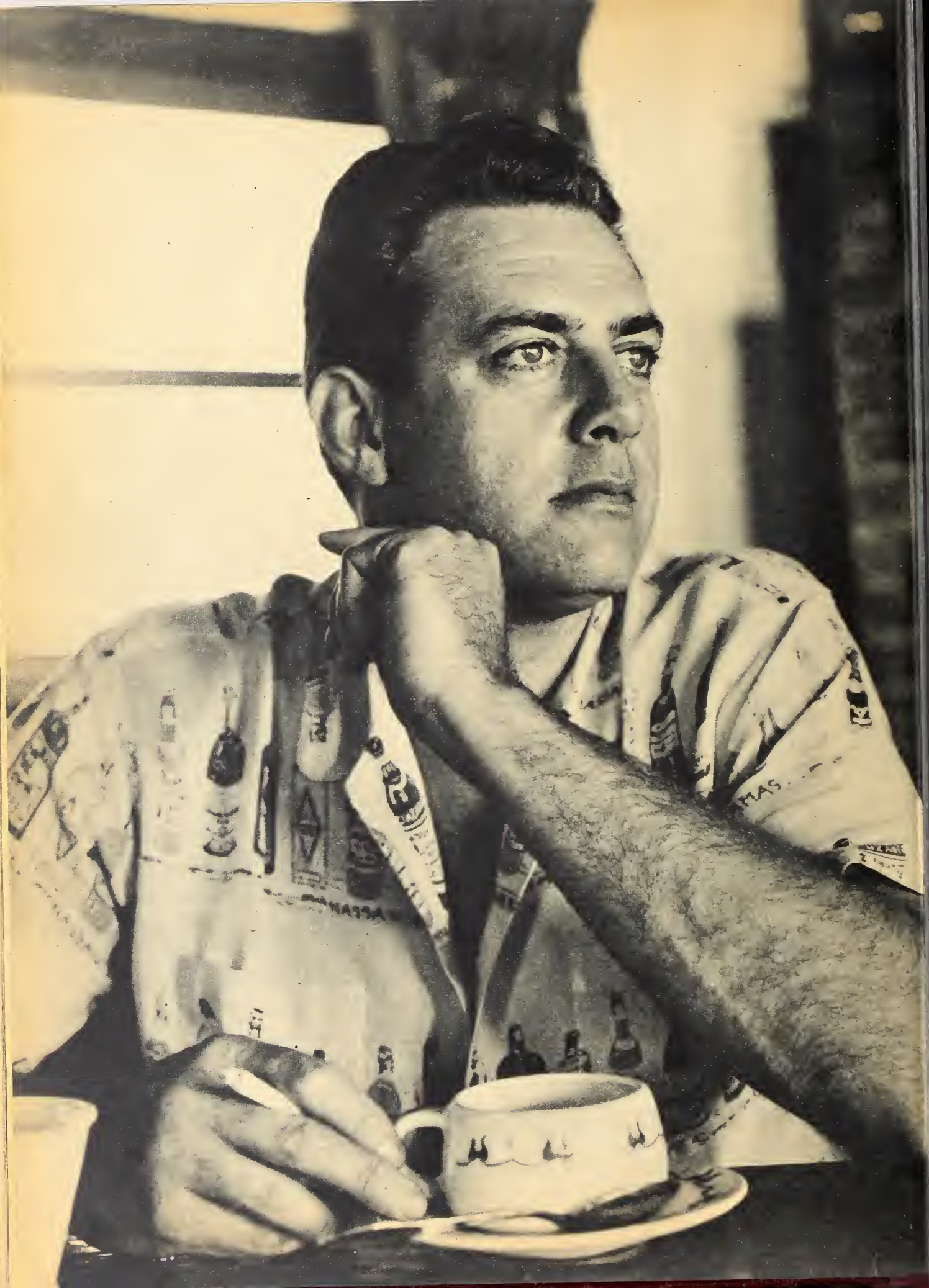
CHOICE of which dress to wear for her night club engagement is mulled over by Connie who's aided by her secretary, Joyce Becker.



RADIO on end table accompanies Connie wherever she goes on the road. Popular music reminds her of home and family singing.



TELEPHONING her friends is one of the best ways Connie knows of alleviating loneliness. Buying pretty stuffed animals is another.



The Amazing Mr. Burr

*A man with tremendous drive,
Ray does practically everything within 24 hours but
sleep; not even he knows how he does it*

By JACK HOLLAND

RAYMOND BURR FINISHED a scene from a "Perry Mason" episode, walked into his dressing room, changed into a loose fitting sport shirt and donned a pair of jeans. He then sat down to tackle the voluminous heap of mail lying on the floor in his studio dressing room-apartment.

Many stars turn their fan mail over to their secretaries or to a service without even bothering to read it, but not Ray. He receives about 3500 letters a week—and he answers personally all of those that require replies. As a rule, he answers about 600 a week, which is a mammoth undertaking considering his heavy TV schedule for his CBS-TV show.

When Ray was asked what were some of his most interesting letters, he said in his friendly, vital way, "There are many, but this is my prize one."

He handed over a typewritten letter and as I started to read it, I thought he was kidding. It was a vitriolic little epic.

"What's more," Ray said bluntly, "I want you to print this one. It's my favorite."

So, just to prove that Ray is an honest kind of guy who can take it, here is the letter:

"Dear Mr. Burr:

"I am taking my lunch hour to write and tell you what a big, fat phony I think you are. The reason being—I saw you at the end of the big parade which was held here in San Francisco a month or so ago. When those young boys ran over to get your autograph, you very rudely brushed them off and dashed off to join the politicians on the balcony. Are you running for something, Mr. Burr? If all those cowboy stars can spare the time to sign autographs, then you can too. After all, those stars are a lot more popular with the kids than you are; and you should be flattered that they even asked you. Who do you think you are?"

"I read an article about you in a movie magazine several months ago and such 'slush.' A great big man like you pictured with a cat—a boxer dog, yes—but a cat, ugh!"

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HOTHOUSE flowers bloom under Ray's careful handling. This is one of the few chances he has to relax from his television chores.

DUCK gets critical examination from Ray. Besides his emoting, Ray constantly appears at benefits, addresses legal organizations.

"For a long time I have wanted to write you a fan letter, but this isn't what I had in mind. I wanted to tell you what an excellent actor I think you are. In the picture, 'Rear Window', I didn't even recognize you until you spoke. And I couldn't bear you in the picture where you kidnapped Natalie Wood; and in other pictures you were the best. You make a very convincing 'heavy' and a delightful wolf. I always made a special effort to see every picture you were in and have always felt that you didn't get big enough roles. Now that you're on top, you feel you can afford to thumb your nose at the audience.

"I know it is pointless to spend my time writing to a movie star, but I just had to get it off my chest—if just to your secretary."

The letter bore the signature of an irate lady fan.

"I don't plan on answering that letter for obvious reasons," Ray said, "but I *would* like to give that lady about 1,000 cats. As for my posing with one, this was the photographer's idea. I like animals although I'm not crazy about felines, but someone gave me a Siamese kitten and did you ever hear of anybody throwing a kitten outside in the cold? At my home in Malibu, I have quite a menagerie, though—six dogs (five Silkies and a St. Bernard), a burro, pigeons, doves, turtles, and other assorted wild life.

"As for the autograph bit, I had gone to San Francisco especially to appear in the parade which was part of the festivities for the first Fiesta held in that city. Beside my car, which was in the front section of the parade, were two Boy

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



when he tends his menagerie of six dogs, a burro, doves, turtles and other assorted wild life

Scouts holding up a banner identifying me and the show, but the wind was so terrific that it kept knocking the banner and the boys down, so I stopped the car, rolled up the sign and put it and the boys in the car with me. I wasn't going to have those kids knocked around. As a result, during most of the parade, nobody knew who I was until the car came close enough for them to get a look at my face.

"When we got to the steps where civic dignitaries were gathered, there were about 5,000 people lined up and I had those two Boy Scouts with me. I wasn't going to stop and get them crushed in the mob. Also, if I had taken time to sign even one autograph, I'd have had to sign about 5,000 since I don't believe in just giving out one or two. This would also have stopped the rest of the parade and I didn't feel I had any right to do that. Such is the story—take it or leave it. Believe me, I'm not anti-autographs, under the right conditions."

Ray was reading more letters and a few he turned over to me. Some were rather ecstatic in the romantic department—blushingly so—and others offered illuminating opinions of his work on the show. A good part of his mail comes from people who refuse to believe he is merely an actor playing a lawyer because they ask him to handle cases for them. Others want to apply for the job as his secretary. There are, of course, some proposals of marriage. He handles each letter in the way he believes it deserves.

There is a story that proves how Ray regards his fans—although it is one that was never publicized. A short time ago, he got a letter informing him that a little girl of about eight who was a fan of his was seriously burned over two-thirds of her body. She was in a hospital in Worcester, Mass., and it

wasn't certain whether or not she would survive the tragedy.

Ray was heading for New York the weekend after he got the letter and he decided to go to Worcester to see the child. Even though it was stormy and bad flying conditions prevailed in the East, and he had to be back in Hollywood Monday morning, he made the trip and spent quite a long time with the grateful girl, cheering her up. At last reports, she was recovering, and undoubtedly Ray's visit had much to do with that recovery.

Ray is unique in the Hollywoodlands in that he spends as much time as he does tending to such things as mail. Not only has he the most rugged schedule of any star on TV but he is also constantly making appearances at benefits and making speeches before legal organizations. In fact, he is now booked for talks through 1960. He works on the set until around seven or later, tends to his business matters, and gets to sleep when he can. He is up each morning about three to go over his lines for the day's shooting with his dialogue director. He has no other time to learn his script.

He lives at the studio and goes to his Malibu home only on weekends. He usually arrives there about 3:45 on Saturday afternoons and he's on his way back to the studio at three a.m. Monday morning.

Such a schedule has, of course, had its effect on his health. The first couple of years he starred as "Perry Mason", he had serious trouble with his voice. And not too long ago he was in the hospital suffering from exhaustion. He still is not entirely well, but he won't slow down. And he won't turn down any reasonable offer for his services.

Last Thanksgiving, for instance, he agreed to do a full-

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HANDY with a skillet, Ray whips up a fast dinner for himself. Occasional irate letters from cranks bother him not in the least.



SIAMESE cat was a gift and, while Ray isn't partial to felines, "did you ever hear of anyone throwing a kitten out in the cold?"

DWAYNE HICKMAN AND MOLLY BEE

Two for the show

Dwayne and Molly cut a few capers on the set of "Dobie Gillis" during the lunch break and have a high old time

SLY LOOK comes into Dwayne's eyes as he and Molly Bee huddle behind sheet music. Now what can he be thinking?





LIP SLIP is prevented by Molly as Dwayne launches into imitation of Maurice Chevalier, famed for straw hat and protruding lower lip.

SIGNED UP for future dates as well as possible appearances on his CBS-TV "Dobie Gillis" show, Molly beams at a beaming Mr. Hickman.



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

END

By SANDRA DEE

"If I Were Married"

What kind of wife would Sandra be?

*What could her husband expect of her? Here
are the answers in her own words*



PET Pomeranian stands on hind legs for Sandra who can stand on her own two feet. Her latest movie is U-I's "Portrait In Black".

ALTHOUGH I AM NOT engaged, and not even going steady, I am at the age where I can't help thinking what life would be like if I were married. And I've come to some pretty definite conclusions.

First of all, I'd go right on working!

I know this sounds like a contradiction to what I've said before. A number of times when I was asked about my future, I stated emphatically that once I was married, I would settle down and forget about my career to devote all my time to my husband and my family.

Frankly, this was before I realized how much I enjoyed my work, and how much it meant to me!

Not that I intend to neglect my obligations as a wife. But I will try to have my cake and eat it too, as the saying goes, if at all possible.

If I were married, my husband would be the absolute boss of the family. This is based on the relationship between my mother and step-father, Eugene Douvan. Maybe because he was older, maybe because he'd traveled so much more, or maybe because this is just the way he was; we respected his knowledge and listened to his advice. He was very kind—yet his word was absolute rule in our house. And it worked out beautifully.

I remember one Friday afternoon when he came home from the office about 5:30. Almost casually, during dinner, he suggested that mother and I spend our after-dinner hours packing.

Mother looked up at him in surprise. "Where are we going this time, Eugene?"

"We're flying to Cuba tomorrow morning at 7:00," he announced matter-of-factly.

"But what am I going to do about clothes?" Mom came back.

"And what about me?" I added. "Half the stuff I have is at the cleaners right now."

It didn't disturb him a bit. "You pack whatever you have, and if you are short anything, we will buy it in Havana."

Sure enough, the next morning at 7:00, we left for New York's International Airport, and Cuba.

This was not an isolated case. Once he gave us barely an hour to get ready for a boat trip to New England. Many times we didn't even have that much time to prepare for a weekend jaunt. We never argued. And that's exactly the way I want it to be when I'm married.

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photos by Globe

GAZING into the future Sandra says, "My husband could always be sure of one thing—I'll try to look attractive at all times."

some pretty definite ideas about marriage; for one thing, her husband would be absolute boss

I realize, of course, that there will be complications because of my career. So what I just said will depend on my availability. But my work will be the only thing that might stand in the way of any sudden departure.

Although I want my husband to make all major decisions concerning our lives, such as where we ought to live, whether or not to go out at night, what kind of vacation to take, there's one prerogative I'll insist on: to keep my old friends.

It's rare enough to have close friends in the first place. I certainly wouldn't want to give up the ones I have.

And it can happen. It did happen to a friend of mine who was married a few months ago.

Her husband is quite a bit older than she is, and from an entirely different background. His people and her people somehow didn't mix, and from the very beginning he made it quite clear that she would have to adjust herself to him. She had to entertain his friends two and three times a week, without being able to see hers at all.

She agreed to it reluctantly. It soon became a sore point in their marriage. I have a feeling that it may develop into one of the reasons as to why it won't work out. I don't think any husband has the right to demand this kind of sacrifice.

AT THE same time, I know of one sacrifice I would not ask of my husband—to put on an apron and be domesticated. If he would like to come in the kitchen and fix something, or barbecue, or do anything else that he wants to do out of his own free will, fine. But I would no more demand it of him anymore than he should expect me to nail up a garage door or fix a leaky water faucet.

I don't even like to keep house! I like cooking, as long as I can make what I choose, but I don't like to clean up the mess I make in the kitchen—but I do, reluctantly.

Like last Christmas, when I fixed a goose. Mom said it was the best she's ever eaten. On the other hand, a couple of weeks later, our maid was off, and Mom and I were too tired to go out. She had a headache and asked if I would mind fixing up something for dinner.

I figured a meat loaf would be the easiest dish. It didn't turn out too badly, which is more than I can say for the sauce. No matter what I added, it remained sticky. I finally opened a can of peaches and poured it over the meat loaf. It was an original idea—but not very satisfying. I'm not sure that a husband will be as understanding about it as my mom.

However, I feel certain that I would make a very good mother, because I love children. And believe me, I've been up against some pretty despairing situations with my nephew Sergei, with whom I baby sat the last time I went to New York.

Sergei is four. As his aunt, I can truthfully say he is a lovable little monster. Ten teenaged delinquents would be easier to handle than he.

Right now he worships Zorro. He mimics him, in his own way, whenever he has a chance. And I want to tell you the result can be quite disastrous.

While I was looking at television, believing that Sergei was busy with his coloring book, I suddenly heard a funny slicing noise. For a while I ignored it, but then became suspicious and rushed into the living room, where I found my little nephew carving up the furniture with a knife. "I'm Zorro," he screeched at the top of his voice.

"You're a naughty little boy," I said angrily. "Now promise you won't do that again?"

Sergei promised with tears in his eyes, and my heart melted.

His mother was hardly pleased, to say the least, when she found her home in a state of semi-destruction. But she did forgive him, knowing her own son!

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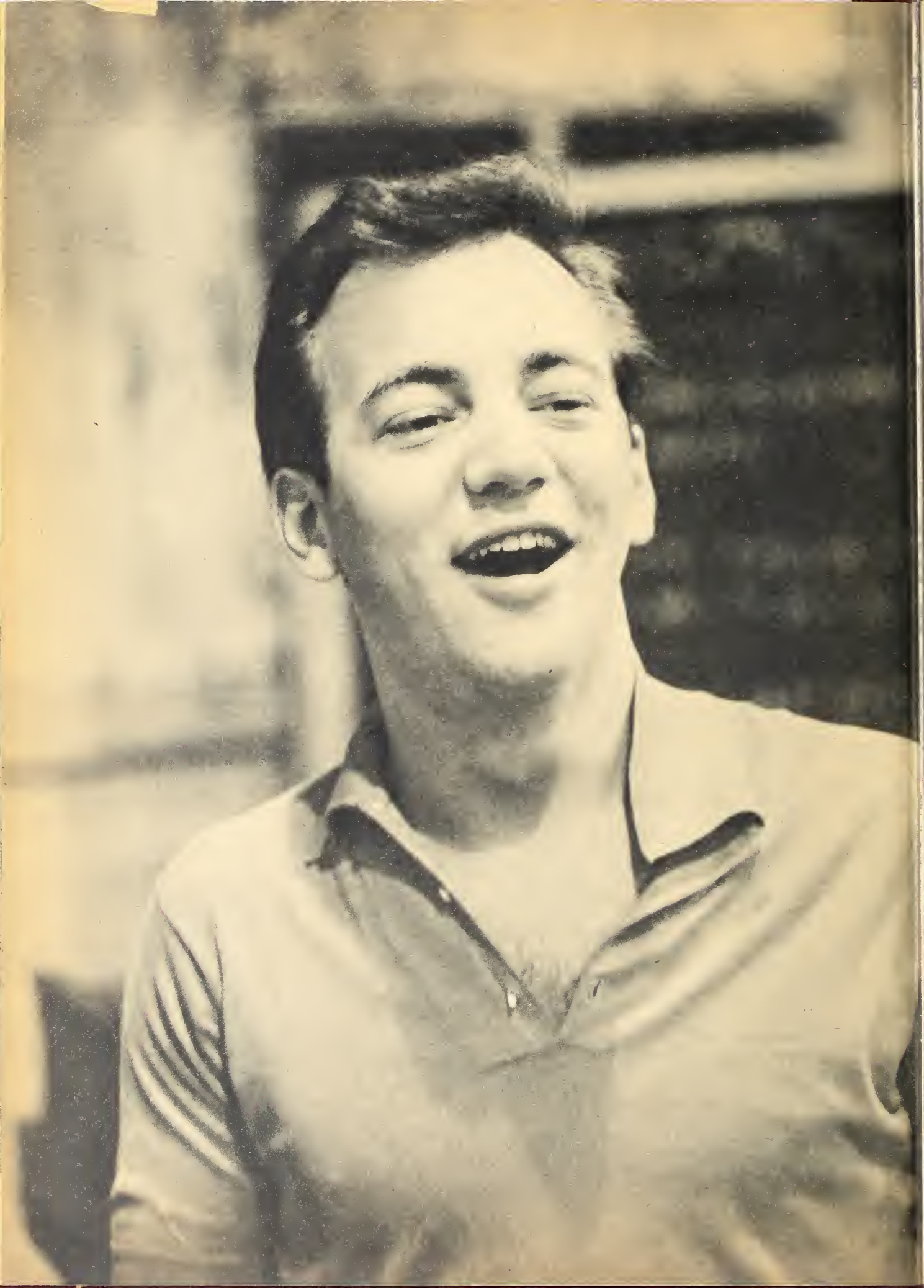
MARRIED or not, Sandra says she will go right on working, if at all possible.



SANDRA will insist upon one prerogative when she is married: that's the right to keep her old friends.

ONE sacrifice Sandra wouldn't ask of her husband would be to put on an apron and be domesticated.





The boy who didn't belong

As a youngster Bobby was out of tune with his surroundings, a minority of one; today, the tune he sings means sweet success

TO A WOMAN ALMOST twice his age, he was the lover she wouldn't let go. To teachers, he was the bright boy who often wouldn't take the trouble to study. To himself, he was the guy who so hated the frustrations of each day that sometimes he wouldn't bother to get out of bed.

Throughout his childhood and adolescent years, Bobby Darin was a one-man minority, the kid who didn't belong. He says, "It was like being a displaced person."

Today, Bobby Darin is still in the minority, but it is that glorious minority of top talent. Rebelling against hated situations gave him the drive to rise to the top. The record of what he has done is as reassuring as a handclasp to any young person whose ambitions set him apart in a lonely world of his own, for Bobby Darin is one who has found his place by turning his own dreams into reality.

During the past year, he has emerged from the large group of rock 'n' roll singers to become an entertainer enjoyed by persons of all ages. His recording of "Mack The Knife" held Number One spot on the charts for weeks; he has an impressive contract with Paramount Pictures; he owns a recording company; he has harvested a crop of "top singer" titles; he has been the subject of Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" and is sought after to appear on as many major television shows as he will accept.

Yet despite this display of talent, there are those who, viewing his recent years, regard Bobby as a reformed beatnik. This makes Bobby boil. Recently, in a theater dressing room between shows, he stated his views most emphatically.

"I hate the word *beatnik*," said Bobby. "Just because I was once down to my last pair of jeans doesn't make me a beatnik. Before you call me a beatnik, you must define what a beatnik is. If, by a beatnik, you mean a guy who doesn't care about anything, count me out. Even in my unhappiest days, I didn't qualify. From the time I could walk, I knew what I wanted to do. I wasn't more than two years old when I was marching around the kitchen, tooting a harmonica, being MacNamarra's Band. Even then I knew I intended to become an entertainer."

Bobby Darin, the dapper, poised performer, becomes the sharply analytical, intellectually angry young man when he speaks of childhood days. He was ready to fight the world for a chance to realize his ambition and, from the beginning,

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A PECK on the cheek is Bobby's way of saying that he likes Anna Stana and she apparently feels much the same way about Bobby.

By AMY LEWIS

there was more to fight than one small boy, a loyal sister and a sick mother could handle.

Walden Robert Cassotto was born in New York City on May 14, 1937. His father, an Italian carpenter, died five months before he was born. "My mother was not a young woman," says Bobby. "From that time on, she was ill. She couldn't work. We had to go on home relief and she just hated it. She had always been able to accomplish so many things."

With the pride of deep love, Bobby recounted them. Paula Walden had attended a small college near Chicago. "We've got a funny old picture of her on a bloomer-girl baseball team." She had been in vaudeville. "Whenever I saw some one dance on television I was after her, demanding, 'Mom, what step is that? Show me how to do it.'" After she married, she had taught school, held civil service jobs, done social work. "With such a background, you can see why we didn't fit into some of the slums where we had to live after she was no longer able to work. Our neighbors had their troubles, too, many of them due to the lack of education. They couldn't understand why an educated person should be on relief. Some resented us. They thought we were being snooty when we were just being ourselves."

The gap widened when, at the age of four, Bobby contracted rheumatic fever. He was eight before he was able to start school. During these years, his mother and his devoted sister, Nina, read to him, talked to him, sang with him. Their teaching paid dividends. He completed six years of grammar school in four and finished at the head of his class. In junior and senior high school, however, his grades were only fair. "I never did come out even with the other kids in my class," says Bobby. "First I was older, then younger, then older again. I loved to read and my vocabulary grew. The kids called me the walking dictionary and that didn't make me many friends, either. I played ball when I could, but because of the rheumatic fever, that wasn't very often. Again, I was a minority of one."

About that time, a fourth important member joined the family team. Bobby's sister, Nina, had grown to be a beauty, but her boy friends soon learned that the family was inseparable. Nina says, "I let them know that whoever married me got Mother and Bobby, too." Charles Maffia, a refrigerator repairman, was the young swain who met the challenge and married Nina. Bobby acknowledges his influence by saying, "I'll never be able to repay the help he gave me."

STRUMMING on a guitar, Bobby entertains some Hollywood children. Bobby plays several instruments, organized a band in high school.



when I knew I would become an entertainer”

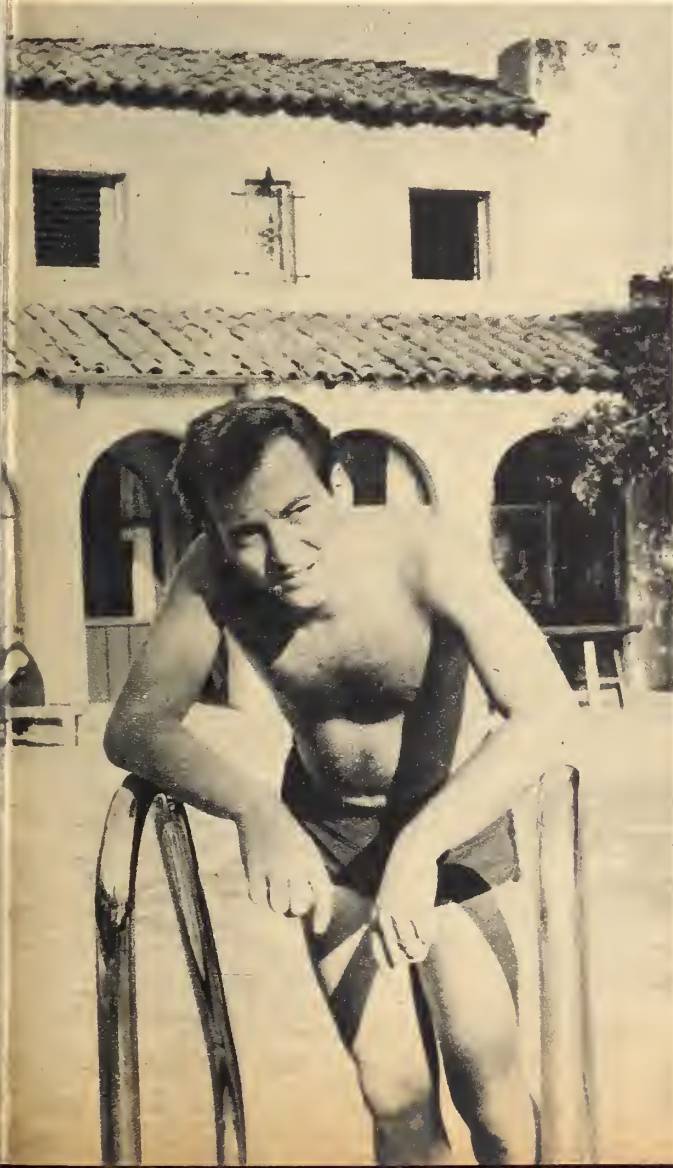
But Bobby's dreams still set him apart. He entered the Bronx High School Of Science. "That was a sharp school where a great many academically gifted kids were out on a cold drive for straight A's. I bucked for it just long enough to find out that I could hold my own, then I lost interest. I got no kick out of beating them any more. I didn't care about A's in science; I wanted to learn music."

Again, there were handicaps. "I was 18 before we latched onto a piano. I used the one in the school lunch room to learn to play. The only musical instruments we had—if you can call them that—were a harmonica and a beat up ukulele." He borrowed a set of drums and organized a band. "I kept looking for some place in the world that belonged to me."

He thought he had found it when he enrolled at Hunter College to major in drama and speech. He didn't belong there, either. "The other kids in the dramatic society would go around quoting lines all day. I couldn't remember a particular line for ten minutes. Instead, I was trying to dig deeper and understand what the author was trying to say about a character."

He quit in the middle of the term. "I realized that something was bothering me and that it wasn't going to come out

POISED at side of pool, Bobby's learned to take success in stride.



BOBBY'S streak of rebelliousness as a youngster was channelized into realizing his ambitions to become a top musical entertainer.

as a result of books. The way I saw it, I was copping out from taking full responsibility for myself, using the excuse that I was getting an education. Going to college was only going to defer taking that responsibility for four years."

He sampled the rigors of the road by touring with a children's theater company, then returned to New York to try to get on the stage. He was keenly conscious that he was contributing little to the support of the family. Nina remembers. "Bobby shared whatever he had and he always tried to do something special for mother. Imagination was more abundant than money. He once celebrated a \$30 a week job by bringing Mother one goldfish in a big brandy snifter."

Bobby earned his keep by a series of unskilled jobs, such as cleaning drill machines in a downtown factory and cleaning guns for the Navy. He says, "I'd get a few dollars ahead, then quit to make the Broadway rounds. I wanted to be an actor, but nobody wanted me."

It was then that he drifted into the love affair with the woman who was 31 to his 18. Bobby is still openly bitter about it. "She was a dancer. She had great plans for helping me with my career, but that woman was more mixed-up than I was. After six-months, I did break away, but I went into a deep spell of depression. For a year and a half, everything stank. I hate to think of all the days I wasted. I couldn't face another closed door, and I couldn't face myself. I was so mad at everything that some days I wouldn't even bother to get out of bed."

IN THAT murky period, he didn't realize that he had already started to put his rebellion to work for him. He is brutally honest about why he began to write songs. "It was the only way I had to get back at the woman for all the lies she had told and for what she had done to me."

Those songs, plus a chance meeting in a candy store changed the course of Bobby's life. An objective account of it comes from Don Kirshner, now a prospering young music publisher and singers' agent. Says Don, "During summer vacation from Upsala College, I had happened to write a song which was accepted. The night that I met Bobby, I had my first publisher's contract in my pocket. Actually, the contract didn't

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By **GALE STORM**

as told to Jim Cooper

“My Baby’s Four Fathers”

When Susanna Jo was born to Gale, her three big brothers were so elated that they practically took over raising her

IT'S SMALL WONDER that my two-and-a-half year old daughter, Susan, thinks she has four fathers. In a way, she has.

There was a nine-year interval between Susan's arrival and the birth of Peter, the youngest of my three boys. My husband, Lee Bonnell, and I simply were exultant about having another baby after all that time. The only thing that gave us even momentary pause was the natural anxiety about how the three boys would react to the belated addition to the family.

We realized that resentment and jealousy were all too common under such circumstances. But we were hopeful that somehow we might spare the older children such emotional turmoil—or at least soften it.

I'd heard them talk about friends of theirs whose parents were going to have children, and it seemed to me that boys that age are sometimes embarrassed by this situation. They find it awkward. They consider themselves so big and grownup, and suddenly they're going to have a *baby* in the family!

I'm hardly taking credit for any amazing new formula, but our situation did work out almost magically. The battle—if it can be called anything that dramatic—was won, I am thoroughly convinced, during the time of my pregnancy.

Naturally, I had my apprehensions. We had no way of knowing how the boys would react to the news, and we delayed telling them. For one thing, I'd just started my new television series, and I didn't want my sponsor to worry about whether I'd be able to perform in my condition. I was supposed to keep it a deep, dark secret, and Lee and I were just bursting to shout it from the rooftops.

So it was quite a dilemma. On the one hand, I hesitated to tell the boys because they might talk about it, and word would get out. On the other hand, I was afraid the report of our impending blessed event might leak from another source, and if the boys didn't learn it from us they'd feel left out and hurt. Added to that, we had a certain amount of selfish qualms about telling them.

We finally decided that the reality couldn't be as bad as uncertainty, and we met the situation head-on at dinner. I casually made the announcement, and steeled myself for the reaction.

Phillip, our oldest, who's now 16 but was 13 at the time, was stunned. But in a nice way. Pete, who usually is less demonstrative than the others, had tears pouring down his face. You can't imagine how touching this was unless you realize that ordinarily you have to put your knees on his chest

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SUSANNA and her elders: front row, Pete 13, Gale and Paul, 12; rear row, Susanna, 3, Lee and Phillip, 16. Boys were wowed by a little sister.



Reviews of new discs by SHELDON WAX

A FABULOUS exponent of the Big Beat, **Jackie Wilson** carries its banners high in his new Brunswick album, "So Much". Jackie's vocal range borders on the unbelievable and it's certainly given a workout on this LP. Among the tunes stamped with the indelible Wilson brand—"The Magic Of Love", "Talk That Talk" and "Thrill Of Love". . . . Far be it for the **Ames Brothers** to allow the heavy interest in country and western music to pass them by. The boys' new Victor album, "The Ames Brothers Sing The Best In The Country", is the first venture afield for the group which has tackled just about every other musical area. Included in this ode to the outdoors is "Love Me Tender", "Your Cheatin' Heart" and "On Top Of Old Smoky". . . . **Bob Beckham**, one of the newer voices on the Decca label, has put forth his first album, "Just As Much As Ever". Bob uses a strong, straightforward approach to a vocal and we must say it's refreshing and unusually easy on the ears. Bob's choice of material is excellent including top grade standards like "Where Or When", "September In The Rain" and "When I Fall In Love". . . . Roulette Records' pert blonde songstress, **Cathy Carr**, has a Carr-load of goodies in her latest album, "Shy". Cathy's outlook is young and infectious and transmits sincerity in large chunks on numbers such as "I'm Nobody's Baby", "Blame It On My Youth" and "Teach Me Tonight".

A song-writing team with only slightly less tenure than Gilbert and Sullivan—Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen—has been "honored" by a new **Lena Horne** album offering some of their long string of standards. The Victor LP includes the internationally acclaimed "Like Someone In Love", "It Could Happen To You" and "It's Anybody's Spring", and some lesser lights, "Just My Luck", "Get Rid Of Monday" and "Ring The Bell". Lena, accompanied by husband Lennie Hayton's orchestra, is in fine voice. . . . Two of Mercury Records' finest perform-

ers, **Brook Benton** and **Dinah Washington**, have teamed up on a single that could presage more outings for this pair, there being strong possibilities that either "Baby" or "I Do" could come up a hit. . . . **The Platters'** new Mercury coupling of the oldies, "Sleepy Lagoon" and "Harbor Lights", is another example of the group's ability to pump new life into standards. "Lagoon" strikes us as the stronger side but it's hard to fault the "Harbor Lights" entry. . . . **Jimmie Rodgers'** latest contribution to the cause of good listening is a Roulette duo, "TLC (Tender Love and Care)" and "Waltzing Matilda". "Matilda" has been given a tremendous revival because of its use in the movie "On The Beach" and Jimmie's handling should make it more popular than ever. But the side on which Jimmie really shines is "TLC"—definitely first-rate Rodgers. . . . **Janice Harper** r-r-really swings on her Capitol revival of "Cry Me A River", Julie London's big hit of several years back. Janice's "River" is at vocal high tide all the way. The flip side, "Just Say I Love Him", is a ballad that isn't quite in the same league with its running mate but Janice gets maximum mileage from it.

TV private eye Mike Hammer finally gets his due in an album of theme music from the show. Hammer, as you already know, is a hard guy, and the music in the Victor album conducted by **Skip Martin** has that same hard, two-fisted quality to it. . . . **Eileen Barton** can always be counted on for a solid performance, no matter what form her material takes. In the case of her new United Artists release, "That Old Feeling" and "The Joke", the material is up to the performance which makes for a delightful double helping of Barton a la carte. . . . Verve Records most ambitious project to date is a five-LP album of **Ella Fitzgerald** singing the George and Ira Gershwin Songbooks. With album jackets illustrated by famed French painter Bernard Buffet, the whole produc-

tion spells top quality with, of course, the top attraction being the pairing of nonpareil song stylist Fitzgerald with the monumental output of the Gershwins. Taken all in all—a Herculean task fantastically accomplished. . . . **Conway Twitty**, who has corralled a large segment of the teenage audience into staunch supporters, doesn't let his growing band of followers down on his latest M-G-M disk, "Lonely Blue Boy" coupled with "Star Spangled Heaven". "Blue Boy" has the rocking beat that has proved so suitable for Conway's delivery. "Heaven" is pretty much along for the ride. . . . **Sarah Vaughan**, may well have another entry in her personal hit parade. Her new Mercury pairing of "Eternally" and "You're My Baby" has all the ingredients to keep the Vaughan hoom moving right along. . . . **Glen Osser's** swinging marching band steps smartly out on the United Artists label with a brisk run-through of the Woody Herman classic, "Woodchopper's Ball". The reverse side is a medley of tunes done in a style combining Sousa and Kenton.

The **Mary Kay Trio** mixes a good solid jazz sense with comic relief and a remarkable attunement to what the public wants. Its latest effort, "On The Sunset Strip", a Warner Bros. LP, has all of the Trio's many facets on glittering display. Among the offerings—"Begin The Beguine", "You Go To My Head" and "Up A Lazy River". . . . **Georgie Auld** and his tenor sax are augmented by strings on a dual United Artists offering, "Harlem Nocturne", and the Rodgers and Hart classic, "Manhattan". The Auld sax paints moody "tone poems" on New York, N. Y. . . . **Anne Phillips'** new Roulette album, "Born To Be Blue", is an LP-full of torch songs and Anne certainly gives them the proper Helen Morgan touch. Among the sad and sophisticated items on hand are "A Stranger In Town", "When Sunny Gets Blue" and "You Don't Know What Love is". . . . **Kitty Kallen's** Columbia etching of "That Old Feeling" gave us that old feeling. Good songs never die; they just wait around for a good singer to revive them. The flip side, "Need Me", is typical Tin Pan Alley ballad fare given a good run for the money by Miss Kallen. . . . **Nat "King" Cole's** latest Capitol offering is unique in that on one of the sides, "Whatcha Gonna Do?", Nat is vocal-less, it being a showcase for his considerable keyboard talents. The reverse side is a more familiar Cole with Nat doing a fine job on a new ballad called "Time And The River". . . . **Ricky Nelson's** new Imperial EP, "Ricky Sings Spirituals", showcases another side of Ricky's still-growing vocal talents. Young Nelson handles the material in properly reverent style. The songs "Glory Train", "I Bowed My Head In Shame", "March With The Band Of The Lord" and "If You Believe It" should settle the issue once and for all of whether Ricky is just a one groove rock 'n' roller. He is not!

END

Hollywood Lowdown

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appearances against Marlon Brando—her career took a turn for the better. The Welsh or Indian, what does it matter, beauty, is now working steadily—although she could relax with that huge settlement from Marlon.

Is Marilyn Monroe again expecting a baby? If the stork cancels out this time, Mmmarilyn and husband Arthur Miller will adopt a baby. This often works the miracle and you have your own . . . The Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz differences will be settled when Lucille comes East in the fall to star in a play on Broadway. . . . Robert Horton liked it in London in spite of the going-over by the press. And he has a return date between "Wagon Train" telefilming . . . Raymond Burr came up with a great idea. To have Perry Mason lose one case—just to make the poor District Attorney feel better . . . When last heard from, Bobby 'Mack The Knife' Darin was on a strict diet . . . So was Eddie Fisher. Neither one is tall, and the plumpness doesn't look good. I shouldn't be talking. It's always a struggle to diet. . . . No one really believes the story that Sir Laurence Olivier will portray Humbert Humbert in "Lolita" . . . But one fact is sure, British actor John Mills will not allow his talented 13-year-old actress daughter, Haley, to play the Nymphet. . . .

Kim Stanley is the hardest girl to pin down for an interview, next to Garbo. Makes life easier for Kim to refuse all interviews. But it's hard on her producers who want publicity for their productions. . . . Jan Sterling is lonely in the big house she shared with the late Paul Douglas, and the mansion is for sale.

Alfred Hitchcock refers to contractee Vera Miles as "the prettiest boy in town." Vera's hair is still short from her "Jo-vanka" shaving. . . . The loneliest man in town, Joseph Cotten, since his beloved Lenore passed away . . . Pity Kay Kendall's last film, "Once More With Feeling", didn't match her own artistry. I didn't like the play either.

Alan Ladd's 12-year-old son, David, now wants to be a prizefighter, the result of Champ Ingo Johansson, staying with Dad while he was filming "All The Young Men" for Alan's company. . . . Jayne Mansfield is going quietly off her blonde rocker. She wants to stay in her pink palace with its 14 bathrooms on Sunset Boulevard. But every film she has made in the past two years has been in Europe. Mickey Hargitay doesn't care where he goes, as long as the eating is good. How this boy can put it away. But he maintains his muscles with rigorous exercises. . . . It may be a year before Judy Garland is really well, but this doesn't mean she won't work. Judy's memoirs should be ready for fall publication.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes insists he will remain idle until he gets a better deal at

Warners. But Kookie will have to compromise, I fear. Only the very top stars can remain away from the cameras for any length of time . . . Correct me if I'm wrong, but hasn't some of the excitement been missing from the Steve Allen Show since he began broadcasting from Hollywood? . . . Sir Alec Guinness, upset by the criticism of his recent films, threatens to give it all up if his next is panned. I hope not. He's too good to go.

Cary Grant, a long-time hold-out, is about to follow ditto Danny Kaye, and say 'Yes' to a fabulous fortune for a TV spec. . . . I caught up with Dan Dailey in the Big City. He allowed as how his marriage to Gwenn was on the hectic side, "But no worse than any one else's." Funny how the sweetest guys get in the most tangles. . . . The Hugh O'Brian-Lloyd Nolan motel project in Palm Springs caught on after a wobbly beginning . . . Jimmy Durante relays that he has been asked to stay away from the Smellorama movies because one sniff from him and there's nothing left to smell for the rest of the audience.

What a difference a successful television show can make. In the old days they always referred to Jack Kelly as Nancy Kelly's kid brother. Now they say that Nancy is Jack Kelly's sister. She rather likes it.

The way is being cleared for Maureen O'Hara to marry her long-time Mexican admirer . . . New star sensation Larry Harvey denies there is trouble in his marriage with top actress Margaret Leighton. If they have a problem, it's career. Larry has signed to make a dozen films in this country. Margaret has stage commitments in London. It's tough. . . . Thirty-nine-year-old Jack Benny celebrated his 32 years of marriage with Mary earlier in the year. Who says they can't stay married in Hollywood? . . . Ava Gardner originally refused a quarter of a million dollars to



BEAMING with happiness, parents-to-be Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn go to a show.

tell all to a national magazine. But with everyone misinterpreting her actions, says Ava, she's getting ready to give her version of her quite fantastic life.

Young Carol Lynley seems to be taking over where Tuesday Weld left off. The younger set is pretty rampant in Hollywood, with all the TV series starring kids who were unknown a year ago. . . . Prediction: Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher will contact the stork this year . . . Tony Randall, the man of a thousand faces, has joined the record set. It seems that everyone can sing. . . . I love Peter Ustinov's explanation of why he has made Switzerland his home "The people are so jolly." So are the jolly minimized taxes.

When Red Skelton divested himself of his long-time business manager, he immediately invested half a million dollars in camera equipment. Red has made a fortune so he can afford a gamble. . . . Dick Powell is hoping that all the trouble with the actors, writers and the studios will result in pensions for actors. "They have nothing to look forward to in their old age except the Motion Picture Relief Home. I don't mean the stars of course." Some of the best character actors, says Dick, earned a mere \$4000 last year. **END**



STUBBY Kaye and Stella Stevens see nose to nose while clowning at gay supper party.



RE-OPENING of Ciro's, top Hollywood night spot, finds Debbie Reynolds among patrons.

Headed For The Altar?

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cause his friendship means a great deal to me. He helped me more than I can say when I first started in pictures. I was so frightened then, with no acting experience. I'll always be grateful to him because don't think anybody would have noticed me if he hadn't done such a fine job on my first picture. When he directed me later in 'Bell, Book And Candle', I was happier about that performance than anything up to that time. All along he's given me advice and encouragement, a real friend, one I can trust." And her eyes clouded over as she pleaded, "Why won't people believe this?"

Close friends do believe it and they also predict that the so-many-times-in-love screen goddess and the tall, serious actor will tie the nuptial knot sometime in 1960. In fact, they expected a marriage immediately after his divorce was final last July 26, a year after it was filed. It was obvious that they were in love as they dined or danced together or when Kim, a guest at Quine's house at Malibu, spent hours walking on the beach with him engrossed in conversation. Kim was oblivious of the curious neighbors who passed the house hoping for a glimpse of the blonde sex-pot who didn't look very sexy in a rumpled wind-breaker, blue jeans and scuffed moccasins, her pale face without make-up. "Kim's eyes fascinate me," said an actress who was a guest at a Sunday barbecue at the Quine cottage. "Normally they're hazel, but when she's angry they flare into a blazing yellow. When she's happy they are a soft, catlike green. It was easy to see that she was in love with Dick because her beautiful eyes were as emerald green as the sea."

EVEN SO, capricious Kim was soon off to France for the Cannes Film Festival, frolicking around Europe garnering her usual headlines, receiving the candlelight and champagne treatment once again from Mario Bandini in Rome and Aly Khan at his fabulous French chateau. In Cannes, she was photographed nuzzling up to heart-breaker Cary Grant as they danced the nights away. And while they danced, Cary kept nibbling her ear. Apparently there was no romance because Cary remarked later, a hit ungraciously: "I love to dance. Kim was a convenient dancing partner."

For Kim all this was apparently just good clean fun ("I like the way men kiss hands in Europe . . . in fact, I love it") and marvelous publicity, besides. For on her return she went right back to the waiting arms of Dick Quine.

"I believe," said a friend of Kim's, "that she's wise not to have rushed into marriage with Dick last summer after his divorce. It's a good omen for the success of any marriage, this one in particular. Kim and Dick need time to work out the problems relative to their work which, by

its nature, separates them for months at a time and because Kim, as a devout Catholic, must make a *lasting* marriage. Those of us who saw a more confident, radiant Kim Novak, gorgeous in white chiffon, as Dick's starry-eyed dancing partner New Year's Eve at the Lee Strasbergs' party, know this is the 'real thing' for both."

But what does Kim herself have to say about an approaching marriage?

She smiles with her best Mona Lisa-like slow smile and says merely, "Dick and I have the greatest respect for each other. As to marriage, that is something I can't commit myself on one way or the other. But I will say that he has helped me tremendously. He's been a guiding friend all through my career. He gave me a good luck charm on that first picture we made and I've never done one since without wearing it."

Nor will the tall, hoyish Dick Quine go any further than, "We're just good friends. We like working together as actress and director and we like being together occasionally after work." Quine is the reserved type who wouldn't be in character if he wore his heart on his sleeve. But not long ago Kim came up with a highly surprising answer when she was asked why, as a good Catholic, she dated men who had been married. "Never to my knowledge have I dated a man who's been divorced," she answered blandly! Conveniently she must have forgotten that Dick Quine, Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Trujillo, Jeff Chandler, Pignatari, Cary Grant and Aly Khan have all been divorced, most of them more than once.

There is indeed speculation that the question of divorce has been a reason behind the delayed marriage of Kim and Dick, who has been himself twice divorced. Just how Kim will gain the blessing of her church isn't known but she may be trying to resolve this problem.

At 27, the ethereally lovely screen goddess is definitely ready for marriage and with candid forthrightness she admitted as much. "My parents," she said some time ago, "think I'm getting to be an old maid. They'd like to see me settled down with a husband and children. Before I came to Hollywood all I thought about was marriage. And then all this happened"—she waved at the cluttered studio set—"to change my goal. I wanted most of all to learn to be a really good actress. It was hard to sit back and let well enough alone. If you don't close the door and give full attention to one thing, you can really louse up everything."

That was a few years ago, and today Kim has matured both as an actress and as a woman. She's developed a serious interest in reading, art and music. Her years of immature, girlish crushes, of being in love with love, are at an end. She has a new confidence—in her acting, in her place in the star firmament, above



"A CAREER can't be the only thing in life," says Kim. "I'd like to marry, have children."

all, in herself. To prove it she said recently in her soft, excited, breathy way, "There was a time—a couple of years ago, maybe more—when I was really pushing. Now I enjoy life more because I know that a career can't be the only thing in life. I'd like to be fulfilled as a woman; to marry and have children. The gossip writers have had me tied up with every man I ever heard of. That's what I get for being single so long. Maybe I should have married when I first came into pictures. They let married women alone," she smiled, then grew serious again. "I look for much more in a man than I did formerly when all I wanted was a good companion and a father-type counselor. I need a fine, sensitive man who challenges my mind, and one whom I can respect. I want someone who respects *me* and listens to me—to what I have to say. Somewhere there must be such a man."

There is. And Kim has found him in Dick Quine.

Quine's first marriage was a tragic one. In 1942 he married the pretty starlet Susan Peters and two years later she was paralyzed from the waist down following a hunting accident. Dick cared for her tenderly and they adopted a son, Timothy. When Susan sued for divorce after six years of marriage, friends were mystified. It was indeed a strange divorce for the decree wasn't made final until 1951. The following year when Susan died, Dick took Timothy, now 14, to live with him.

Seven years ago Dick married Barbara, a granddaughter of Francis X. Bushman, silent screen star. They have two children, Katherine Corey, 4, and Victoria Elizabeth, 2. "Barbara and I have been on each other's nerves," Dick told the press in May, 1958. "I guess I've been working too hard. We've agreed on a six-weeks legal separation." When that didn't work out Mrs. Quine sued for divorce, and has the youngsters with her.

"In a certain sense," says an astute observer, "Quine is Kim's 'Pygmalion' though he had assistance, of course, with his 'Galatea'. Like Professor Henry Higgins in 'My Fair Lady' who molds the

flower girl Eliza into an aristocrat, Dick Quine's great desire is to see Kim develop into a truly fine actress.

"Dick met her shortly after she first showed up in Hollywood as a model for Thor washing machines and got her first movie job as a dress extra in Jane Russell's picture, 'The French Line'. When she was brought to Columbia studios by an agent, Quine was asked to direct Kim's first test. A frightened kid from Chicago's crowded West Side, who, as someone remarked, had 'never even read the funnies out loud,' Kim couldn't be heard, had great difficulty speaking a line and handling a tea cup at the same time. Dick, a patient and conscientious man, simplified the action for her, helped her get a starring role right off because he believed she had possibilities. The camera believed it too, fell in love with her rare combination of classical Slavic beauty and lush, sensual appeal."

Quine himself has explained, "Kim—she was Marilyn Novak then—definitely had something. In that first test she was terribly bad in one scene and terribly good in another. She was desperately anxious then, a girl who telephoned me in the middle of the night throughout the picture to agonize over the next day's scenes. After a hasty coaching, she'd been co-starred with Fred MacMurray in her first picture, 'Pushover'. She was so sensitive that merely having to slap Fred MacMurray took her an entire morning to get on film. She said tearfully that she just could not bring herself to hit anyone. I pleaded and begged and cajoled. 'Hit me good,' Fred begged. After she did, she ran to her dressing room weeping and refused lunch. She spent a good deal of time in tears. And she told me that night after night she sat silently in a church praying that she'd get through the next day."

Kim made it all right, for less than two years later she was named the Number One box-office attraction in the nation. As she soared from obscurity to fame, always under tremendous self-discipline, long hours of study and studio pressures, it's no wonder that the superlatively beautiful actress began to show an unpretty side. It's no wonder, too, that she landed in the hospital frequently suffering from exhaustion and emotional storms.

Directors became highly vocal when she began "directing" them, kept cast and crew waiting while she perfected her make-up and hair, worked with her drama coach on her lines. "We didn't get along," said director George Sidney succinctly after the non-stop state of war between him and Kim during "Jeanne Eagels". "Take that damn mirror away from her," yelled exasperated Josh Logan during the making of "Picnic". Even the suave Alfred Hitchcock felt the power of Kim's tantrums in "Vertigo". "Oh," he explained, airily, "we had our arguments. I didn't particularly care for her insistence on all the comforts of home on a movie set. A studio is a place to work." Nor did he care for the heavy eye make-up she always wore.

It's reported that every morning he asked her to remove it but bit by bit it reappeared during the day.

And co-stars, too, from the late Ty Power to Kirk Douglas have had their running feuds with the luscious blonde with the hauntingly sad eyes. Kirk and Kim's feud exploded on the set of their newest film, "Strangers When We Meet", directed by Quine. It was rumored that the trouble began when filming was slowed down by Kim's insistence on working on each scene for hours until she felt it was right for her and on her attempts to direct Kirk's scenes. He stomped off the set in a big fat rage several times, while she broke into hysterical tears. It was said that Kirk would prefer a tin cup and pencils to making another film with her.

But Kirk gallantly refuted this, explaining, "Behind all that sexy glamour is a girl with a strong urge to be a fine actress. I like a fighter; I'm a fighter myself. Any disagreements Kim and I had were only in the interest of making the picture better. I like this kind of fighting; I like Kim. And I hope we'll make another picture together." Later, guests were bug-eyed at a big fancy party Kirk and his wife gave, to see Kim gaily kiss her former adversary and float by in a dreamy waltz with him.

EVIDENTLY the tears and traumas attendant on the making of "Strangers When We Meet" did not cool the togetherness of actress and director, for Quine gifted Kim with a handsome white sports car and she presented him with equally handsome gold cuff-links.

There are those who feel Dick Quine has reason to be worried about whether he and Kim will be able to adjust to married life. Her unpredictable behavior on the set of her last film caused one columnist to raise a warning finger: "Better be careful, Kim. Dick, the man you may marry, is getting a long look at a Kim Novak he hasn't met before, and your teary tantrums have his eyebrows up."

But a friend of Quine's doesn't believe this. "Dick," he says, "understands Kim's acting problems. Professionally, he's one of the few directors who gets on well with perfectionist Kim because he knows how to handle her. 'Suggest, please suggest,' Kim begs directors, 'but never order me.'

And Dick is so perceptive that he is able to bolster her lagging self-confidence. He knows, too, that an actress by her very nature, is not a normal, well-adjusted individual and he makes allowances. On and off the set Dick takes no nonsense, though, from the highly explosive Kim—he's too dedicated a director to let her get too far out of line. In this regard he's a strong character like Kim's father. And she likes that. She's been greatly enriched by his devotion. His innate awareness of acting techniques, his ability to get a performance from her, have broadened her scope. In 'Middle Of The Night' for the first time critics felt she demonstrated this and she does it again as the straying housewife in 'Strangers'.

"But Dick Quine is a man and has the normal quota of jealousy. It's been rumored that this has led to quarrels between them. For instance, when Kim was in New York making 'Middle Of The Night' she dated many other men, principally Dr. Ernest Wynder. Evidently she was testing her feelings for Dick. He couldn't understand how she could date other men if she was in love with him. Naturally, he knows Kim must have publicity dates for the photographers, as in Europe last summer, but possibly he wonders just how far she must go. Recently, Quine took off for Europe to scout locations for his forthcoming film, 'The Image Makers', and Kim is again rumored dating the New York field."

But before he left, Kim managed to make headlines again. In New York she, Dick and some friends were chasing police radio calls for kicks, cruising around with a police press-agent "crime-hopping" in a radio-equipped car. When they heard that three people were shot in a tavern brawl, the crime-hoppers promptly raced ambulances to the hospital and paid a call on the wounded strangers. "I love to do fun things on the spur of the moment," Kim once told a reporter. "I can't stand planning ahead."

But that's only for fun things. For such serious decisions as marriage Kim is taking her time. When she's fully convinced that with Richard Quine she'll become what she wants to be—a fulfilled woman—you may be certain she'll walk the matrimonial aisle as the most beautiful bride in town. **END**

"The Girl Who Broke My Heart"

continued from page 16

from playing, and looked up at me. "Now tell me honestly, Roger, is there anything wrong with me?"

I don't know what happened, but somehow the guitar slipped out of my hands. Trying to pick it up, I happened to bend down—and our lips met, quite accidentally. Yet she thought it was intentional!

I was so embarrassed that I bolted upright again, and continued my singing as if nothing had happened. She didn't know

I was scared to death. In fact, she later told me she thought it was pretty fantastic how calm and worldly I could be.

Thereafter, every night she dedicated another song to me on our radio station, until the whole campus was conscious of what was happening between us. Or at least what they thought was happening between us.

My own attitude gradually changed. *continued on page 62*

"THE GIRL WHO BROKE MY HEART"

continued

Her pointed affection for me lessened my fear and gave me self-assurance. I was no longer as quiet in her company. I started to assert myself.

And by doing so, I talked myself right out of the girl! If only I had shut-up, the affair might have turned out differently.

I started worrying about her openly. I asked her not to drive so fast. I cautioned her about some of the company she kept. I was concerned about her studies—about every phase of her life. And thus her strong and silent type had changed into just another boy from a middle-class family who had a big crush on her!

The result was that Heidi, who had gone steady with me for several weeks, started dating other boys again. I nearly went out of my mind!

I became so jealous that I couldn't sleep at night. Sometimes I would follow her around to see whom she was with. Needless to say, this didn't do me any good. Finally, she refused to go out with me altogether.

I decided to make one final attempt to get back in her good graces. And so I sent her a note pleading, "I've got to see you just once more."

She agreed to go back to the same park with me where we had gone on our first date. Before I could confess my undying love for her, she said matter-of-factly, "I'm sorry, Roger, but I just don't care for you anymore."

She was just ready to take off again when a gang of motorcyclists tore into the camp ground—there must have been a dozen college students and their girls there—and started to raid it. They were carrying broken bottles, knives, and other deadly weapons.

All of us, Heidi and myself included, dashed up the mountain to safety, while the cyclists, about 20 of them, made a mess of what we'd left behind—food, clothing, cars, and so forth.

One of my fraternity brothers who had taken a stroll in the park with his girl, ran into one of the fellows when he returned—he didn't realize there were more—demanded to know what was going on. The next thing he knew was that he was pinned to the ground with the other guys beating the daylight out of him.

My own mind worked feverishly. While I didn't particularly care for the guy, I saw a chance to promote my own cause. If I helped him, I figured, I might win Heidi's respect. At this point I was willing to do anything for her, including risking my life, which is exactly what I did.

I ran down the hill and charged the group of boys like a flash of lightning. They made short work of me. I was beaten senseless with rocks and sticks, and broken glass, and someone even managed to give me an eight-inch gash in my scalp.

Fearing they'd killed me when I passed into unconsciousness, the cyclists fled the

scene while the fellows and girls from the fraternity and sorority ran toward me. They found me still breathing, and rushed me to the hospital where 15 stitches were taken in my scalp.

I came to again in a hospital bed several hours later, with a terrifying headache. Unknown to me, my exploits had earned me a new nickname—Burt, for Burt Lancaster.

Accounts of my deeds, vastly exaggerated, spread all over the campus. Overnight I had become the new hero. Girls were serenading me from the street below my hospital room. Newspapers carried descriptions of the battle, also exaggerated. My professors congratulated me. Best of all, Heidi came back to her hero. She was so proud of me that when I was released from the hospital and we went for walks, she made me unwrap the bandage from my head so everybody could see the stitches in my scalp.

Unfortunately, the idyllic situation didn't last. As I grew healthier, interest in me started to sag, and that included Heidi's. And then I had another accident.

This one was a simple, unglamorous concussion I earned on the football field, which cost me my scholarship, and my girl. By the time I was discharged from the hospital this time, she had lost all interest in me.

But I did benefit from the latest happening in one way. Unable to continue with my football playing, I decided to concentrate on my guitar. I figured that maybe, if my voice was good enough I could serenade myself back into her heart.

IT WAS the beginning of a new career—but it had no effect on Heidi whatsoever. When the semester was over, she returned to Los Angeles to enroll in a different college. Nevertheless, when she said goodbye, we promised to write each other regularly. For the next two months, for every letter she wrote I wrote 20.

Two weeks before school started, I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to go to Los Angeles to find out how things were between us. I found out.

I can still see myself ringing her doorbell. Through it I heard her gay laughter. Oh, how I had missed it! Then the door opened and Heidi came out. A surprised look formed on her face as she recognized me. And then I saw the handsome young man, obviously her escort for the night.

"Roger," she said at last, "I want you to meet John Harrington."

And to the fellow, "John, this is the boy I told you about, from Nogales."

Obviously, John couldn't remember. Then they left me standing, with egg on my face, and some polite excuses why they couldn't ask me to come along.

I still didn't have the good sense to head back home. Instead, I came back to her house the following morning, for another heart-to-heart talk.

Heidi insisted that while she still liked me, she felt in no way tied to me. Then she suggested that it might be best not



HAPPILY wed and dad of two, Roger, here with the family pooch, is a contented man

to correspond with each other anymore.

Only three days had elapsed from the time I left Nogales till I returned. Yet I felt ten years older. And I hadn't improved in that time. I started to have arguments with my father. I picked fights with my fraternity brothers. My grades went downhill. I was pretty well on the way to ruining myself and my education.

My love for Heidi was still too strong to write her off completely. And so, under the pretext of going to California to make my fortune, I quit college and took off to see her again.

I reached Los Angeles with only a few dollars in my pocket. I can still see myself walking into a telephone booth near the bus station, and dialing her home number. I got as far as the second letter, then hung up. I dialed again—and again—and again, but I never finished.

And then I got mad. I wasn't going to let her get away with it, I told myself. I would show her I was as good as any fellow. I would be a big success someday, and she'd be crawling back to me. It was then that my ambition was born to really make something out of my life.

When I returned to Nogales I didn't dilly-dally around any more. I went back to school and studied harder than ever before. I looked for an aim in life. At first, it was to become the best guitarist in the world. When I switched to acting, I wanted to become a real professional. And I was willing to make every necessary sacrifice for it.

It seems a typical paradox of life that when I finally started to succeed in what I had set out to accomplish, I was no longer interested in Heidi.

By then I had met and married Victoria Shaw and was perfectly happy with the way things were going.

Yet looking back to those miserable months I spent almost seven years ago, I can't help but be grateful to the girl who once broke my heart, but at the same time, if indirectly, gave me the ambition I needed to succeed.

END

Hollywood Love Life

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RECONCILIATION—We're happy to report the split between Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Stephanie lasted only a week. Jimmy says, "All married couples have problems and we reached a point where it seemed best to work them out separately. We did."

SPLIT—Sorry to report that Gustavo Rojo and his wife, German actress Erika Remberg, are divorcing. Career trouble. Gustavo has been working here—recently in "The Miracle" and TV—and she's been in Europe. Married last June, they spent only a few weeks together. He's very broken up about the end of the marriage because he had hoped for a real family life. His first wife died tragically. He has a 5-year-old daughter and Erika has, too, and the little girls had been very happy together here.

FABE'S BACK—Yes, Fabian's back, but no girl has got him! Just after he arrived in town he attended a party for Connie Francis, here for her night club opening, and Fabe asked a friend, "Don't you know any girls my age here who aren't in the business? The girls I've met act so old!" And that was before he met Tuesday Weld with whom he's working in "High Time". Fabe really wins friends faster than Dale Carnegie ever did. He has an unspoiled, unaffected charm that bows over the blase Hollywoodians.

HOME FOLKS—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward are back in town to co-star in "From The Terrace" but they're seldom seen at the popular bistros or parties. They've rented a house and say they like to stay home and "sit by the

fire." They had to learn to ice skate for their new roles, took lessons at a local rink and Joanne, the deep South gal who'd never tried before, was a better pupil than Paul who had skated a bit in his youth. "Beginner's luck," she declares.

M.M. SURPRISE—Marilyn Monroe surprised everybody—in fact, it was an object of brisk betting—when she arrived at her party to introduce Yves Montand to the press only ten minutes late! She usually appears anywhere from one to two hours after the appointed time. Maybe it's the good influence of playwright-husband Arthur Miller who's here with her for "the duration" of "Let's Make Love" in which she and French star Yves are co-starred. Another party surprise: Marilyn wore an off-white gown which was not cut too low!

BATTLING—Kathy Nolan and boy friend Bob "Laramie" Fuller have been having party fights. He says she's trying to "tie him down" and he's not about to be. Kathy! . . . Troy Donahue and Nan Morris, who have been dating off-and-on for nearly three years, are in the off-again stage and Troy has been beaung young Sandra Edwards and Diane McBain. But Diane's also been seeing Jimmy Boyd.

LOVE LINES—Arlene Howell and husband Paul La Cava, a young business executive, expect their first baby in June. Arlene's so happy, even though she'll have to be written out of some "Bourbon Street Beat" shows. . . . Gardner McKay still dates Greta Chi but his Big Interest at the moment is Pasadena society girl Kay Newell. **END**

The Amazing Mr. Burr

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length play, "The Happiest Millionaire", for a two-night run as a benefit for a needy parochial school. He recruited Barbara Hale, Bill Talman, and Barbara's husband, Bill Williams, as cast members. They worked on "Perry Mason" during the day and rehearsed the play at night. It was an exhausting set-up, especially for Ray who only had three days to learn one of the longest parts ever written for an actor. It didn't matter that he was terribly fatigued—all that counted was that \$17,000 was raised for the nuns in those two nights—of which there was a net of \$11,000 after production expenses were paid. The actors got nothing—except satisfaction—for their efforts.

So why does Ray work so hard?

He answers with a grin, "Because I'm three-fourths idiot."

Ray simply loves acting and he wants to do a good job. He is especially firm about the quality of "Perry Mason".

"It's been said that I own part of the show," Ray remarked. "This is decidedly not true. Each year I work harder on it, though, than I did the preceding year. It's not that I'm overwhelmed with the greatness of the program because I do feel I could do it better. And I hope that the people who have the power to make it better don't forget that. I've never shown any temperament on the show but if I ever see anyone letting down on the quality, believe me, I'll be heard from then! And I want you to quote that!" he said firmly.

Acting isn't his only interest. He has an inveterate thirst for knowledge and he feels his role as an actor has done much

to add to his learning. When he once played George Washington in the play, "Valley Forge", he did such intensive research he became an authority on the first president. He learned much about British history when he did Henry VIII in "Anne Of A Thousand Days". And when he played Gauguin he read everything about the painter and even came into possession of two rare letters written by him.

Ray is also quite an avid collector of paintings—and he intends to start his own gallery in a year or so. He is forever on the lookout for new artists and their works.

Once, when he was in a gallery in New Orleans he saw a picture he especially liked, one by a renowned painter which had belonged to a friend of his. He asked the manager if he could buy it but was told he couldn't.

"Then why do you have it here on display?" Ray asked.

He was told that it had been part of a collection owned by a prominent local personality. The man had been in a serious accident and thought he was going to die, so he decided to sell his paintings to his friends at very nominal figures—he sort of willed them away. Ray continued to ask to buy the picture so finally the manager said, "All right—I'll give it to you for what I paid for it—\$500."

The picture has since been appraised for \$28,000.

Ray also collects antiques and he was especially enthusiastic about a rare piece called a petrin which, to the uninitiated, means a dough trough.

"It's shaped like a casket on a stand," he said. "And it's about 200 years old. In the old days bread was made on it and then placed inside to rise. You can guess what I plan to do with it."

He is going to make bread in it himself, of course!

Ray is quite a cook and although he has help, he prepares all the meals at his home. Recently, he bought a restaurant-like stove with two ovens, eight burners, and a grill. As he said enthusiastically, "I can make 50 loaves of bread in it."

This is a man who never finds life dull. A man who has never lost his perspective, whose integrity cannot be questioned. It is because he is the kind of honest, unpretentious individual he is that his performance as Perry Mason has become a favorite of so many people. It's easy to understand why his fans write to him as though he were a friend. That's how he looks on them.

It was close to midnight when Ray finished his work that night. He was tired, so much so that he spoke haltingly, as though he couldn't think, but there was still that tremendous drive and that wonderful sense of humor.

"Got to take a nap now," he said airily. "Threc o'clock in the morning does come early, you know."

No wonder Hollywood shakes its head and continues to ask, "How does he do it?" No one, not even Ray Burr, has the answer to that one. **END**

Along Came Jones!

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without his works, Aaron had despaired of earning his living that way. Carolyn restored his birthright as a writer.

Until Jones came along, he wasn't even too sure about his manhood. His unsettling first experience in marriage certainly didn't help. On top of that, a good puff of wind would whiff him off to Bagdad. As the writer and producer of the highly-touted new CBS-TV series, "Johnny Ringo", Aaron has emerged a Hollywood heavyweight. But physically he's a featherweight. He still has the appearance of a college boy roaming around Hollywood between classes. He is a soft-spoken, crew-cut wisp of a man who looks like an upended broomstick in Brooks Brothers clothing. On his sparse frame is mounted a twinkling-eyed owl face from which he radiates warmth, wit, wisdom and well-being. To hear him tell it—and he tells it eagerly and well—it was not always thus.

"Carolyn is a woman who makes a man feel masculine," he enthuses. "Even if he weighs only 118 pounds, like me. I think this is the greatest gift a woman can have. It must be a gift. Carolyn has the gift of making you feel like the most masculine man in the world."

To feel masculine, a man has to feel loved. To feel loved, he has to feel cared about. She cared about him as much when they didn't know where their next meal was coming from as she does now when they don't know where their next near-million is coming from. She not only cares about everything Aaron does; she is *part* of everything Aaron does. There are no separate compartments in their lives—not her acting nor Aaron's writing and producing. Aaron prides himself upon the extent to which he has leaned on Carolyn in bringing "Johnny Ringo" to life. When I asked if she influenced him in his work, he shrugged:

"Not any more than God does!"

In his college days, Spelling was a self-contained dynamo. Along came Jones, and that was changed. Now he glories in sharing every experience with her.

"I wouldn't pick a tie without asking Carolyn," he declares happily. "We've had the strongest relationship. By the same token, Carolyn wouldn't think of doing a picture or reading a script without me. She held up rushes on 'Guns Of The Timberland' for five minutes at Warners because she wouldn't let them start until I got there. That's unheard of!"

Carolyn was out of town when Warners wanted her for the feminine lead in "Ice Palace". The studio got hold of Spelling and asked if he could get the script to her. He did better than that. He called her long distance, and for an hour and a half read passages to her over the phone.

"I think we ought to do it," Carolyn said at last. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Aaron grinned. "I already told them you would."

If Carolyn doesn't influence Aaron any more than God, the same may be said of his influence on her. Aaron practically bludgeoned her into playing the existentialist in "Bachelor Party"—and she emerged an Oscar-nominated star.

"I think you have to love someone very much to know what's right for them," Aaron points out. "When Carolyn didn't want to do 'Bachelor Party' that was our first fight. I thought she'd just explode in it, and she did. I made her do it."

He and Caroline have taken the yawns out of togetherness.

"It's so much fun that way," Aaron insists. "If I go on location, she goes. If I can't go, she won't do the picture, and vice versa."

Their togetherness is not a moral pose. It was forged in the early years of their marriage. There was no middle ground. Having each other had to be enough or too little. There was nothing else. The erstwhile college playwright was an intimidated writer, a sometimes drama coach and director, and a starving bit actor.

Along came Jones—and they starved together. It was better that way.

"Our wedding party," Spelling chuckles, "was the worst of all. Our only friends were other starving actors. Eight people, including Paul Richards and his wife, were at the ceremony. We went to Paul's bachelor apartment, where our wedding gift was a bottle of champagne. All ten of us drank up the wedding present, and then we went home—to our own bachelor apartment."

AARON no sooner carried his bride across the threshold than he got a long distance call telling him that his father was dying. The honeymoon was interrupted by a frantic effort to scrape up plane fare to get Aaron to his father's bedside.

"We didn't have a nickel," he recalls. "We had no car. Paul Richards loaned us \$25. Carolyn's agent loaned us \$25. Carolyn was about to leave on a personal appearance tour for 'House Of Wax', and she got Warners to advance her \$200 expense money. So I went. My father recovered, and everything ended happily."

Fortunately, hard times were not a sudden post-marriage shock. Aaron and Carolyn were bloody broke, but unbowed throughout their spartan courtship.

"When I met Carolyn," he smiles, "I was directing a show for Preston Sturges for \$100 a month—'Live Wire' it was called. Carolyn was working backstage at the Players Ring for nothing. Her father was dead, and her mother was in Hollywood working and raising Carolyn and her kid sister. When we got married, I got me a big job. I taught at Ben Bard's for \$150 a month. Carolyn's mother took ill and went home to Texas. On \$150 a month we were married and also raising Carolyn's sister, Bette."



AARON never stops marveling over Carolyn. "The depth of this girl is unbelievable."

Once Jones came along, the bitterness began to drain out of Aaron Spelling. He looks back on those lean days with affectionate amusement rather than rancor.

"We used to go to Rand's Round-Up where you eat all you want for \$1.50," he laughs appreciatively. "We would save up for it. I remember when \$1.50 was the whole world. Carolyn still has a hangover from those days. She still gathers up all our loose change and rolls the coins in nickle, dime, penny and quarter wrappers. She does it even when she's dead tired. She can have a five o'clock call, and she'll be wrapping her pennies. We used to save all our change. We figured that once we got below a half-dollar our money was all gone anyway."

Aaron and Carolyn warm themselves with remembrances of their poverty. It sharpens their appreciation of their present good fortune. For Aaron, it underscores his esteem for the girl he married.

"Once we had a car and we couldn't keep up the payments of \$36 a month," he adds to their saga. "Paul Richards needed a car to get to the studio, so he used it and made the payments. Those hard times were the best thing that ever happened to us. Every little thing we get now we realize we're very lucky."

Aaron Spelling would be hard put to pick the greatest benefaction bestowed by Carolyn Jones. Certainly not the least is the fact that today he is one of Hollywood's most successful and prolific writers. When he was fresh out of college, and already stale with failure, he was defeated as a writer.

Along came Jones, and she changed all that, too. One day Carolyn read the two award-winning plays Aaron had written at SMU, and she put a slamming halt to his career as a bit actor grubbing grocery money by playing dirty, ancient Arabs in burlap sacks, crying, "Alms for the love of Allah."

"I don't want you to act again," Carolyn was outraged at the shocking waste of talent. "Genius like yours should not be

forced to traffic in fertilizer as a bit player. You have to write. This is where your future is going to be. That's what you were put here for."

Carolyn did not express an idle conviction for she put her deeds where her mouth was.

"Carolyn took bit parts herself so I could stay home and write," Aaron shakes his head, still incredulous at the way she backed faith with sacrifice. "At restaurants she picked up every check during the time we were engaged to the time we were married, and most of the time after that. Never in the most fierce argument we've ever had has she said, 'I paid for this' or 'I did this.' She may not be perfect. There may be some things wrong with her, but not as far as I'm concerned."

That is not a surprising bias. Carolyn was doing fairly well in television, although by no means had she attained stardom, when she had an opportunity to be represented by the powerful William Morris Agency.

"I wouldn't think of signing with you unless you also handled my husband," she slapped them with an ultimatum. "He just happens to be one of the finest young writers in Hollywood."

Aaron still is overwhelmed by the enormity of the gesture.

"I don't know if you realize what a gamble she took," he says. "MCA had turned her down, and she tells William Morris they must take her husband! They believed her because Carolyn herself believed so much in me. The next day Stan Kamin, of the William Morris Agency, called me and said, 'Have you ever written a Western? I think we could sell it for you.'"

Aaron, of course, didn't want to let Carolyn down.

"I went home that night and wrote a Western," he says simply. "I'd never written a Western in my life. All the movies I'd ever seen about the West looked awfully dry to me, so I wrote a Western called 'A Crying Need For Water'. It was the first thing I ever sold! A week later I was introduced to a guy named Dick Powell. I found myself writing Westerns for Zane Grey Theater, and there it was."

There is no doubt in Spelling's mind about the full size of Carolyn's contribution to his present dazzling eminence as a Hollywood screen writer.

"I don't think I'd ever have written anything without Carolyn," he agrees without the slightest prodding.

Aaron still was teaching for Ben Bard at \$150 a month when Carolyn began getting parts at Revue Productions, and earned \$250 about once every two months.

"What would it take to make you feel secure?" Carolyn asked one night.

"If we only had \$500 in the bank," he sighed deeply.

They managed to save \$360. Meanwhile, Spelling had a terrifying premonition that he never would see his parents again. He wanted desperately to fly to Dallas to

visit them, but he didn't have the money. He tried, unavailingly, to put the disturbing fear out of his mind. Then one day Carolyn asked Aaron would he mind driving her to the airport.

"I've got a friend coming in from Milwaukee," she explained.

"When I got there," Spelling has to struggle to keep the mist out of his eyes when he tells it, "there was no friend from Milwaukee. My folks came off the plane! Carolyn had sent them two tickets she bought with the \$360 we had saved!"

Aaron says he had no idea what compassion meant until Jones came along. He recounts another story about the time, recently, when she got a letter from a woman in Winnetka, Illinois, asking her to send an autographed picture to her ailing 19-year-old daughter, who was unaware that she was dying of cancer. The girl felt they had so much in common because her name, too, was Carolyn Jones.

"Carolyn just broke up," Aaron relates. "She went to great pains to get the girl's phone number, and talked to her for 45 minutes. In the course of conversation, the girl said she hoped some day to hear Carolyn sing. The next day Carolyn rented a studio. Don Durant, the star of 'Johnny Ringo', accompanied her on the guitar.

She dubbed a record singing 'Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair' and sent it to the girl."

Aaron Spelling is witty and urbane. But when he speaks about his wife, he is overcome with emotion.

"Maybe this is too intimate for you to use," he says softly, "but we go to bed at night, turn out the lights as people do, and we talk. Like last night, Carolyn said, 'How can people who love each other leave each other? They have so many memories. Everything they see they're going to be reminded. Suppose the girl is with another man, and they pass a dog on the street, and he says, 'Look at that little poochie. Wouldn't you be reminded?' You see, one of Carolyn's nicknames for me is Poochie."

He never ceases to marvel over his wife. "The depth of this girl is unbelievable," he attests. "Most people think she's flip. She cries at *jai lai* games!

Carolyn inspires him to endless wonders. "You pick the right subject when you ask me to talk about her," Aaron Spelling smiles. "I could go on forever. The trouble is—how are you going to stop me?"

Once upon a time in Hollywood there was a saddened, embittered young man. Then along came Jones. **END**

"If I Were Married"

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Anyway, the experience did not discourage me from sitting with Sergei again.

This time he substituted a Roman Warrior's shield for Zorro's sword. Unfortunately, there weren't any in the house. He promptly rectified that.

It was about 6:00 at night when the first telephone call came through. One of the neighbors complained that the lid of her garbage can was missing.

"So what can I do about it?" I asked.

There was a moment's silence before she said, "My husband saw Sergei take it."

"Sergei!" I cried out. "What would he do with a lid?"

"I don't know," she said. "But you'd better check."

No sooner had I hung up when another neighbor called. Her report was identical, and so were two more reports before I left the receiver off the hook to check with my nephew. I finally located him in the basement. Sure enough, there he was playing the "Great Warrior" with not just one lid of a garbage can, but 20! I was so mad I gave him a spanking.

So what did he do? Instead of crying, he looked at me with his great big eyes and whispered, "Are you happy now, Aunt Sandra?"

I don't know where he learned it, but it was too much for me. I burst out laughing, and he joined in. Yet, when his mother asked me to baby sit a third time, I readily agreed. In fact, I've been baby-sitting for a lot of friends in Los Angeles.

As a good daughter-in-law, I would do all I could for my husband's family, just as I would expect him to do his best for my mother.

I would make a point of asking his mother for advice on what he likes to eat: she might also be able to brief me on some of his other likes and dislikes, which would make it easier for our marriage.

If I were married, I'm afraid I would be ghastly with a budget. My husband would simply have to take it over himself, or do what I am doing right now—get a business manager to handle the money for us. It would really be one of the major problems in our marriage.

Several times I have tried to live on a certain amount. It never worked. Once, when my business manager insisted he would quit if I didn't listen to him, I let him go. It was not very smart and now we have a manager again.

To be honest, I think I inherited this tendency from my mother.

While my mother was out one day, I spilled some fruit juice on the bedroom carpet. It made me feel so bad that I wanted to make up for it somehow. So I went to a Beverly Hills store to buy her a little something. The little something turned out to be a string of pearls.

Or take the time we first came to Hollywood, when I wanted a car so badly. I was too young to drive. Mom didn't have a license, either.

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"IF I WERE MARRIED"

continued

One day we passed a car agency and saw a beautiful convertible. "Let's buy it," I suggested.

Mom looked doubtful, "We shouldn't." "I know we shouldn't," I agreed.

She couldn't suppress a smile. "Okay," she said, "Let's". And so we bought it.

Papa Tony

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with all that wonderful aliveness he has.

It's only natural that anyone capable of such love would be subject to great anxiety. If Tony has to be away from home any longer than two weeks, he insists that the family come along. But no matter how briefly he is gone, he worries. No matter what he's doing, no matter what else is on his mind, he has to call the house at least four or five times a day to make sure personally that everything is all right.

I couldn't join him until a week later, so when he went to Florida on location for "Operation Petticoat", he had to leave by himself. I knew where he was every mile en route. I kept getting collect calls from every whistle stop between Los Angeles and Miami.

"How is everything?" he would ask. He was particularly concerned because Kelly had caught cold. "Is she better? Is she all right? How is Jamie? Are you all right? You're not too tired or nervous, are you? That's fine. That's wonderful. I love you. I love you all."

Some of our friends wonder why I don't make a big joke of Tony's worry streak. I couldn't. I wouldn't. It's too real with him. I reassure him. Then he's fine.

He's certainly one of the most caring fathers I've seen around. One thing I don't have to worry about is Tony not wanting to spend time with the children. There's nothing he loves better. He can't wait to get home to be with them. He drops his things in his room. He says hello to me, and kisses me, and he's off to find the kids.

Tony is so much at ease with them. So many men seem lost with children. Most men don't know what to do with them. Not Tony. Tony is not inhibited by children. He always has had such a wonderful way with them. This goes for any children, not only his own. They all love him.

Part of it may be due to the fact that Tony was 15 when his brother, Bobby, was born, and he helped take care of him. When Kelly was an infant, Tony was better with her than I was. I've never had any brothers or sisters or cousins. I never was around newborn children. It didn't take me long to learn, of course, but it sure was a comfort to have a husband who knew his way

That sort of thing could ruin a marriage.

At least my husband could always be sure of one thing—that I will try to look well at all times.

I feel it terribly important for a girl to always be attractive to her husband. If she isn't, it could be the end of a happy marriage. And the one thing I'd want more than anything else, if I were married, is to make my husband happy. **END**

around a diaper, and who wasn't afraid to hold a baby in his arms.

Nothing involving the children is a chore to Tony. When Jamie was born, his biggest treat was to change her, burp her, hold her and give her a bath. He adores playing with Jamie, and vice versa. Her big blue eyes go wider and wider, and she's overcome with delight every time she sees her daddy. He throws her up in the air, goes gaga with her, and all that kind of stuff.

But not to hear Tony tell it. He says the trouble with the rest of us is that we just don't understand Jamie's language. He talks with her practically by the hour. He spouts his frightening gibberish at her, and she comes right back. They carry on the most incredible discussions that way.

Tony is such an imaginative, active and fun-loving father. Everything he does with the children is spontaneous, and fresh. He plays a running game with Kelly in which he spins tales of a girl named Alice, who in reality is Kelly. Alice goes on imaginary trips all over the world. Tony tells about all the animals to be found in each country, and Kelly listens, entranced, or chimes in with observations from her own experiences when she was in Europe with us.

Tony razzle-dazzles her with card tricks, and makes her guess which hand the penny



SO MANY men seem lost with children but not Tony. He has a grand way with them.

is in. Last night, he was in the kitchen baking cakes, and he made a game out of that, too. He used one of those squeeze things—oh, you know, one of those tubes of whipped cream or icing—and he drew all sorts of things on top of the cake for Kelly's edification. She called for a flower, and he drew a flower. Then because we have mushrooms outside the house, he drew mushrooms.

He makes everything fun. Kelly's getting to be quite a swimmer, and Tony thinks up so many ways to help her overcome a child's natural fear of going underwater. He throws her in the air in Superman games in which she is Superlady. They hunt for their hands underwater. To quote a Hollywood cliché, they have a ball!

Of course it's important that the children realize he is a parent, not a playmate. Tony recognizes this, so he gladly takes a hand in mundane things as well. He hears Kelly's bedtime prayers, sees to it that she washes her face and hands, that she brushes her teeth, and he often hatches her. Yet even when he directs Kelly through these chores, it usually winds up with sounds of quaking laughter.

Kelly knows there are certain things she must do. She knows she can't do or have everything she wants, and that she has to obey. Most important of all, however, she knows how much Tony and I love her. We are just as quick to praise as to reprove her. Tony and I are thrilled with her sense of security. A few nights ago, to illustrate, Kelly did something very sweet.

"That was a very good girl, Kelly," I complimented her.

"Oh," she agreed matter-of-factly, "I'm a very nice person."

Tony was so broken up that he had to run out of the room.

His rapport with the children is beautiful to behold. Kelly thinks of Tony constantly. If she does something well during the day, she says, "Will Daddy be pleased?" Toward evening she says, "Has Daddy come home yet? Is he still at work? Is he bringing home the bacon, Mommy? Is he bringing me home a little money too?"

No one needs to tell Tony how priceless the children are. So often we'll be talking about them, and he'll say:

"I knew I loved you before, Janet. We had a wonderful life before the children came. Now with them, I just can't imagine our life before, and I love you more than ever. It's so much better now with the children. Sometimes I wonder how we could have been satisfied before."

I wouldn't know how to rate a father, I suppose. I wouldn't know how to compare one father with other fathers. All I know is that I like the kind of father my husband is. On my report card I'd have to grade Tony Curtis as excellent.

I can only offer amen to what Kelly says, and to what I know Jamie in her baby way tries to say:

"I love you, Daddy."

END

Chasing The Blues Away

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care how well-adjusted and out-going a person is, you can't like everyone and not everyone is going to like you. You're bound to find you are more comfortable with some people than with others."

Connie has learned to find those potential friends by being approachable. "For me, this wasn't easy. I had plenty of friends in my home town, but out on tour I felt I had to be stand-offish with strangers. It is too easy to get talked about. People are quick to call a girl singer a tramp. Usually my mother was with me, and I automatically turned down any invitation which did not include her."

For an entertainer, there's always a let-down after a show. When the evening holds nothing more than the prospect of going back to the hotel and having dinner alone, the blues can hit.

They hit Connie near the end of her first Honolulu engagement. "After my performance I started to take off my make-up. Instead, I found myself simply staring into the mirror and thinking, "So this is glamour. So this is show business. Back home, girls I know are out on dates with boys they like. They're laughing. They're having fun. I'm all alone."

There was a knock on her dressing-room door. A Hollywood actor who was in the troupe stuck his head in and asked, "How's about having dinner with me tonight, Connie?"

Automatically, Connie replied, "Thank you, but I just couldn't." Her tears weren't very far from the surface.

Instead of leaving, he stepped in and closed the door. "He really read me a lecture," Connie recalls. "He reminded me that we had worked together for a week and I should have some idea of what kind of person he was. He reminded me, too, that all men weren't wolves and that it was time that I learned to trust my own judgment. He said that if I insisted on building a wall around myself, not many people were going to take the trouble to try to get past it."

Connie sums it up. "We went out to dinner; he took me swimming the next day, and I had a wonderful time during the rest of my stay. If he's East, or I'm on the Coast, we still see each other. We're friends. He made me see that if you want friends you have to be approachable."

Many girls, Connie feels, block the way to friendship by being too quick to want to go steady. "A girl can spend all her time with one boy, and, if there's a break-up, she's all alone again. It's fun to have boy friends."

She cites her own friendship with Frankie Avalon and Neil Sedaka. "We're all too busy and too ambitious right now to get serious. But they entertain me at their homes and they visit mine. We sit around the piano and sing together and it's the greatest."

Connie has her own version of that old

adage, "To have a friend is to be one." She says, "As well as being approachable, you have to pay attention to others. I've learned that people like to hear from me, even if I have nothing more to say than hello. Now, wherever I am, I keep that phone busy."

Another of Connie's bits of wisdom has to do with having faith that your friends will think about you. She learned it, she says, "on what started out to be the loneliest birthday of my life."

Connie had planned that her 20th birthday was to be a big, beautiful milestone. "I wanted to be home and have a party with a birthday cake and presents and all the trimmings."

Accordingly, she asked her manager, George Scheck, to accept no bookings for that week. She yielded when the owner of Holiday Inn, near Pittsburgh, marked the upswing of her first popularity by offering her the highest fee that she had yet been quoted.

December 12 came and so did loneliness. Connie says, "My mother was with me and Mr. Scheck was, too. I knew they would do something about my birthday, but it couldn't be the celebration I had wanted. I was so unhappy I wondered how I could ever finish that second show!"

Engrossed in her own woe, she failed to notice that her mother, her manager and the club owners were as smug as a trio of canary-eating cats. "I came off-stage and they didn't even let me get to the dressing-room. They took me around to a private dining room and threw open the doors. There was a cake, blazing with candles. And every entertainer then playing Pittsburgh was there. I had been the adoring fan for some of them, and I had thought they didn't even know I existed. Talk about a party! There couldn't have

been a happier way for me to bow out of my teens and feel that I had become a grown-up entertainer."

This year, 800 students at the LaSalle High School in Philadelphia helped Connie celebrate her birthday. "I was playing Sciolla's club in Philadelphia. My dressing-room was filled with flowers and I had four cakes. My father and brother drove in. Frankie Avalon's family came to see me. Between shows, I went out to the high school. I expected to sing to the kids, but when they sang Happy Birthday to me, that was the real thrill. Again, I knew my friends had wanted to make me happy on my birthday."

What Connie believes personally communicates publicly. She made a critical test of it during a recent show when she had to enter a crowded auditorium by the front door and walk down a long aisle to reach the stage.

As soon as she stepped from the car, five policemen, chosen for their bulk and brawn, rushed to her side. Connie waved them away. A sergeant protested, "You can't do that. Those kids will tear you to pieces." Connie gave the cops a lesson in crowd psychology. "Of course they will if you gang up on me first. Did you ever see a kid who didn't try to break through a line?"

She took the arm of a public relations man and sailed up the aisle, calling hello to the crowd as she went along. The kids kept their places. Even the girls yelled, "Hi, Connie", and that's so unusual. The girls in most audiences haven't been very enthusiastic about girl singers. They're critical. They can tell when you're putting on airs and when you're being just yourself."

"Be yourself," sums up Connie's philosophy about friendliness. "You don't have to scrabble around, over-eager, but you can't put yourself on a pedestal, either. Hit a happy medium and you'll have all the true friends that you want." **END**

Coming Attractions

continued from page 9

export to America as a bond servant. This plot, too, is foiled when a storm at sea produces rebel Peter Finch who helps James escape. But ashore, the lad is again faced with premature death when he's accused of assassinating a king's agent. By the time James and Finch are finished with these various Technicolor hazards it is a far more mature and battered heir who finally moves in as new lord of the house of Shaws. Marvelous adventures cloaked in much atmosphere set in bleak Scottish countryside. (Buena Vista.)

Guns Of The Timberland

ALL things considered, there's a darn sight more to being a lumberjack than breathing in fresh air and chopping

down trees. Alan Ladd and partner Gilbert Roland find that opposition from the cattlemen and Jeanne Crain can be rather formidable. Afraid their water supply will be contaminated, Jeanne and henchman Lyle Bettger block the one road to prevent Ladd from getting logs to the mill. To retaliate, Roland, obviously not a smidgin as dependable as Ladd, does all sorts of nasty things. He almost kills a young orphan boy, Frankie Avalon, who follows Alan Ladd around like an eager puppy dog, before he's consumed by his own greed. In addition to a crackling good forest fire, Frankie, looking all of 13 or 14 in various tones of Technicolor, sings a couple of songs which should make this a big one for the Saturday matinee crowd. (Warner Bros.) **END**

"I'll Lead My Own Life"

continued from page 21

to disprove her highly exaggerated beatnik publicity or to explain that for a brief spell a long time ago, she had explored, but never had embraced, the beat world.

She even turned aside my personal affirmation that she was not one to parade in the funereal garb of the beat generation—black sweater, black stockings and black capri pants.

"You're too well-groomed," I paid her a deserved compliment. "Everything is in just the right place. Your hair is on top of your head!"

"Today!" she exclaimed mirthfully.

"Anyhow," I persisted in her defense, "I've never seen you dress as a beatnik."

But with her girlish mischievousness—so often mistaken for brazenness—she declined my kind offer of a whitewash.

"Occasionally I do!" she protested in mock indignation. "Now wait a minute there! What are you saying? Lies! Lies! All lies!"

"Well, at least you don't go to beat dives," I said. But again, in a renewed outburst of devilry, she passed up the opportunity for absolution.

"Oh I don't know," she grinned. "I do once in a while. I have to keep the publicity going, you know. I can't drop the whole thing. After all, they make it sound so interesting. I have to see what this is about now."

Tuesday had no intention of depriving her would-be tormentors of their pleasures, let alone begging mercy. She was sublimely content to let them believe what they wished. She argued only one minor point in her defense—that whatever madness might be attributed to her, there was at least some method to that madness.

"There's always a reason for what I do—if I really did it," she chided. "It might be a lurid reason, but you can be sure there's a reason."

Many of her friends were greatly upset about the tongue-lashing administered recently in a nationally syndicated gossip column. They were up in arms in Tuesday's behalf because she had been called a bad example to other teenagers. They all wanted blood or retraction. But not Tuesday. She refused to get caught up in a whirlpool of righteous indignation.

"I don't do a darn thing," she sighed a little wearily. "All I do is sit. I don't even read the papers. All these people go storming around about what's been said. I don't even know this columnist. All of a sudden she started on this hatred kick and kept it going for about three months. Then she stopped."

Nor was Tuesday even willing to take umbrage at stories of her allegedly temperamental behavior on the set of "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis". Instead of giving the lie to the rumors whizzing around the town's ice cream parlors, Tuesday was the first to admit that she was indeed capable of temperament—and she

was not contrite about the fact, either.

Most people accused of less than saintly conduct invariably fall back on their defenses and cry, "Who me?" Not so our forthright Tuesday. No such injured innocence was forthcoming from her. She agreed in a flash that all anyone has to do to bait her is to be a bore or a cold fish.

"You're darn tootin' I get ornery, impatient and snappy when I'm disappointed in people," she said. Her tone implied there was no other way to act. She felt no more remorse about blowing up under provocation of asininity than she would at bleeding if she were cut. She regarded both as simple cases of cause and effect.

However, Tuesday did ridicule the proposition that her willingness to blow her pretty cork on occasion meant that she was anti-people or even that she was anti-social.

"It's not that I don't like people," she smiled warmly. "It's just that I wish there were more people to like. When people give me a bad time or talk behind my back, I can't really say I dislike them. I can't say I hate them. That's much too good to spend on generalizations. You save your hate for something juicy. I'm just mainly indifferent about people who don't inspire or stimulate me."



"THERE is always a reason for what I do—if I really did it," laughs Tuesday gaily.

Basically, Tuesday's flashes of petulance well might stem from her annoyance at her own basic shyness.

"One of my biggest battles—or fears—is trying to relate and open up to someone who is obviously very shy," she said earnestly. "I'm very shy. People who are shy make me twice as shy. I don't know what to say. I clam up. I feel rather inadequate. It's odd. Gregarious people bring me out of myself. Yet I can't bring other people out of themselves. It shouldn't be that way."

Meanwhile, what frequently is normal and uncontrived for Tuesday, seems like a shocking escapade to others. One reason may be that she lacks the usual fear-ridden approach to Hollywood and stardom. She balks at tribal mumbo-jumbo on the set just as much as she refuses to submit blindly to arbitrary social rituals. For a girl of a mere 16 summers she has developed a very low tolerance for sham—in herself as well as in others. This is an attitude that was certain to bring her into disfavor with self-righteous and self-constituted morality monitors—and indeed it has.

"People seem to expect you to play games all the time," Tuesday explained as she carved her succulent cut of New York steak. "To me that's living a lie. You know what I mean—they'll like me better if I do this or that and don't do this. What's the use of pretending you're something you're not—for a boy friend or for anyone else? I don't like games, that's all. Tell the truth about things and feelings. That's what I happen to believe in."

Tuesday's fork dangled mid-air as she developed the contention. Her manner underlined the very point she was making. She wasn't talking for effect. The words tumbled out—and she didn't stop to screen them, to decide whether her thoughts would meet standards of safety and conformity before expressing them.

In my many contacts with Tuesday I never have found her sullen, unreasonable, affected, uncivil—or dull. Yet she did not choose to challenge the grumblings—among those who do not find her sufficiently subservient—that she can be a very moody young doll.

"How could I try to pass myself off as an actress if I were otherwise?" she wanted to know.

Even so, Tuesday was forced to admit, sheepishly, that she does try not to inflict her darker moods on innocent bystanders.

"I save my brooding," she smiled, owning up unabashedly to a mid-Victorian conviction that one should show consideration for the feelings of others even if it hurts. "I cover it up. Then I'm twice as moody when I get alone, or something like that. Of course, there's a point where moodiness is inescapable. I think it's all right to be in any mood as long as you're not hurting anyone. If you feel like standing on your head, then by all means stand on your head."

A second later she blurted out an impulsive disclaimer of nobility.

"If I could only practice what I preach!" she sighed.

Frequently an effort to come to honest terms with a situation is interpreted as temperament. It is not unusual for Tuesday, with her predilection for living life as it presents itself; to be caught in the cross-currents of such opposite views. There have, for instance, been some rumblings of late that her abbreviated telephone conversations are the actions of a spoiled brat. Tuesday wasn't the least bit defensive about it.

"I have to take some time out to be alone," was her simple explanation. "I never answer the phone anymore because I've been so busy that I've just got to make time for myself to do things I want to do. Why waste time talking to someone on the phone for a half-hour and saying nothing? You know, it's gotten to the point where it takes about 15 minutes just to say hello!"

She proceeded with a mirthful rundown of the platitudes that are trotted out in typical time consuming telephone chatter.

"Where have you been?" Tuesday recited sardonically. "Where did you go last night? What were you wearing? What was she wearing?" Then they go into who they've seen lately, and who I've seen lately. Suddenly an hour has gone, and the conversation ends with, "Well I'm working all this month. I'll see you next month." The phone should be used when

you only have something definite to say."

Tuesday obliged with a blunt social ease in point.

"If someone calls me and asks if I'd like to go with them to an elegant party that night, and I don't feel up to it, I just say plain no and goodbye," she said without compunction. "I used to make a lot of excuses. Thank you. It was so nice of you, and so on. Look at all that good time gone!"

She paused and broke into a smile.

"You've begun to know my big bug this year," she grinned.

Tuesday has taken the serene position that it is for others to judge her actions if they must, and for her to know if any of the legends about her have any truth to them. But entirely aside from whether censure is merited or not, she did provide dramatic insight into her behavior when she blandly confided that she was no stranger to a thing called loneliness.

"I think the main sickness that everyone has is loneliness," she ventured her diagnosis with the certainty of a doctor prescribing for the common cold. "But loneliness is interpreted as meaning many different things. Like being moody. Like being an extrovert. Any and all of those things come from loneliness. I think that loneliness is the greatest torture a human can have."

It is no wonder that with such perception even her admirers might express as-

tonishment that Tuesday is 16 years old.

"Rejection, insecurity, it all stems from loneliness," she spoke as if quietly relieving old pains. "If you're not insecure it means someone has made you secure, and something has happened that you shouldn't be lonely."

Her face fell reflective as she pondered for a moment, and then she continued.

"When I feel lonely," she said softly, "I suffer. I walk and I think or I toss in bed. No, I don't call anyone. Not when I'm really, really lonely. I don't. When you're just surfacy lonely you can call up someone and it's over. When you're deeply lonely you can't be satisfied by calling up a person because it decreases in value."

Tuesday did not discuss her loneliness to mollify her critics, however. She was not even convinced that anyone needed to be mollified—any more than she was convinced that she was being maligned.

"I can't really argue the point too much," Tuesday insisted. "I don't understand what's to be misunderstood yet. Maybe if I understood that, I could say that they misunderstand me. I just don't understand the basic thing yet."

Is it true what they say about Tuesday Weld? There would seem to be four verifiable facts about this 16-year-old individualist—that she is complex, that she is enchanting, that she is worthwhile, and that she is genuine. For most people, that will be sufficient truth. **END**

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Hot Weather Guy

continued from page 36

The girls who clean up afterward? (You'd be surprised how enthusiastically they do it!) Sandra Dee is one and Mione Sabrilla is another . . . and Nan Morriss and two or three others who have nothing to do with pictures but whom Troy just happens to like and enjoy.

He takes these same girls on dates now and then but he is, as he puts it, "a touch moody about where and when I want to go." Sometimes he feels like the movies, sometimes a big, expensive place, then again the beach for clam chowder or an Italian restaurant "where I often meet friends of mine." He likes to experiment with out-of-the-way foreign restaurants.

These changes of moods keep the girls on their toes about clothes because Troy likes them to dress "appropriately." "If we're going to be formal," he says, "let's go all the way!"

"I get tired of girls in jeans and slacks and T-shirts and sweaters. It's nice to see a girl in a dress now and then. Those swirly bright-colored cotton things for day-times, or the really simple things for dinner . . . you know, black or blue with sleek lines. Or a real gone dress for a big party, but I don't like 'bouffants'.

"Sandra Dee," he went on, his face really lighting, "has been getting some wonderful clothes recently. I think she has been studying about them and she surely makes a man proud to take her out. "But no pink," he says firmly. "I don't like pink or baby blue or any of those childish colors. I like white or black or red or even orange, so long as it is a positive, grown-up color.

"I don't," he added hastily. "want to set myself up as a fashion expert. I'm just saying what I like my girls to wear."

But he is a bit fussy about women's shoes. "It's awful," he avers, "if a girl turns up to go on a boat wearing teetery high heels. That can be downright dangerous. They sometimes wear the wrong shoes for golf, too, and even for dancing.

"But if she is neat and well-groomed and looks scrubbed . . . well, I can forgive her a lot of other things.

"I do," he added, thoughtfully, "like girls with long hair. I don't know why. It seems feminine, somehow."

HE IS fond of buying clothes for himself and admits that he is extravagant about them. He thinks he is most comfortable in casual things but he wants them to be good casuals, expensive maybe. And he likes lots of them.

Tweedy things in browns, rusts, reds and blues. He likes white, too. If he buys only a pair of corduroys to wear in his small garden, he wants them well-cut and hand-tailored. He always keeps several suits on hand, beautifully pressed and cared for.

Custom-made shirts and pajamas and hand-made shoes are important to him, too, add to his contentment.

But of course beach togs and sun bathing outfits are most important of all in his wardrobe . . . just to encourage that hot weather. This is no gag with Troy. It is almost a superstition, a real belief, that the good things come to him when it is hot and sunny. Naturally, he likes girls who enjoy the sunshine, too.

But don't think that Troy is so concerned with weather and material possessions that he isn't concerned about his career and his life and his future. There is probably not a more dedicated young actor in Hollywood and he means it. It is simply that Troy is a perfectionist in everything that touches his life, his work and how he lives, how he dresses and how his house is furnished.

He will be a perfectionist about marriage, too, when the time is ripe.

"I don't see why marriage should present any problems," he reflects. "I have a job like any other man and I expect to work at it from now on. I can see that two careers in one family might cause complications but they don't seem too serious to me. I know of some beautiful marriages here in Hollywood.

"My own father and mother, for that matter, had a beautiful marriage. I'd like to remember that and pattern my own marriage after theirs.

"The important thing, I think, is to remember to share *everything* . . . not just things but experiences, laughter, sadnesses, adventures. And you must never take anything too seriously! And I think it is a great mistake to compete with one another in anything . . . even games."

It seemed almost an afterthought but it might have been a small warning to this hypothetical wife-to-be. He said,

"My worst fault, I think, is stubbornness, as I said before. But is it such a bad fault, after all? If I hadn't been a real stubborn guy I might not have gotten the breaks I have had, might not have had the job I have now. I do fight for what I want and what I feel I should have. So far it has paid off.

"And what do I want in a wife? What does any man want except understanding, cooperation, similar aims and tastes? I hope we shall enjoy the same kind of house, the same colors, the same views . . . but I am certainly prepared to compromise on those!"

Troy, as you can see, seems to have marriage on his mind. But there has been no indication, as this is written, of what girl he has in mind.

But one thing is sure. Once Troy makes up his mind, the girl may as well resign herself to a concentrated courtship. When Troy wants something he *wants* it and he is not to be denied easily.

Let's hope that she likes a big house and lots of rich colors and a great deal of sunshine . . . and, of course, hot weather! For luck and excitement. **END**

The Boy Who Didn't Belong

continued from page 55

mean a thing, but I didn't know it then and I felt big. The mutual friend who introduced us said that Bobby wrote songs, too, and we went over to the friend's house to listen to them." The expansive hopefulness of that evening brings a smile now. Don says, "I thought Bobby's songs were the greatest and I got carried away. I said I was going to make him into the top star of the country. The truth was that I had no more idea of how to sell a song than he did."

Their first collaboration led only to deeper discouragement. "Bobby convinced himself that I was the one who was going to make it and at best, he'd only go along for the ride. He would vanish for days and the bunch of us who believed in him would have to hunt him up and start him writing again."

THEIR first break was a contract to write singing commercials for a New Jersey radio station. "We got \$500, which was more money than either of us had seen up to that time. Hearing our stuff on the air gave us confidence. Bobby began to believe more in himself."

But Bobby's nerves showed. Playing the clown had always been his defense when he felt he was the outsider. Don says, "Before going to see a new publisher, I'd always say to him, 'Now Bobby, just take it easy. Everything will be all right.' But like as not, he'd jump on the piano and sing at the top of his voice. Some thought it was funny. Others threw us out. Bobby never would play it safe."

Two who gave him a sincere hearing were Connie Francis and her manager, George Scheck. Connie was just getting started as a recording artist, but she had long been a featured performer on Scheck's TV show, "Startime".

Recalling their meeting, Don says, "We went out to Connie's home in New Jersey to demonstrate a song we had written. I was with a group of other people when I noticed that Bobby and Connie were deep in a conversation of their own. I listened, and they weren't talking about music or the record business. They were talking psychology and philosophy. When Connie recorded our song, 'My First Real Love', it was important, even if the record wasn't a big hit."

There have been many charming little stories told about the Connie Francis-Bobby Darin association. Did Connie love Bobby? Did Bobby love Connie? There are those who say that for both, this was a strong attachment, but the questions are academic now, for both were very young and the romance turned to friendship before it got too serious. From it, however, both gained an understanding and a sharing of ambitions that neither had ever before experienced.

George Scheck got Bobby his first contract with Decca. They cut four records.

All were bombs. Some of the sting was taken out of the failure when LaVern Baker and Gene Vincent turned tunes written by Don and Bobby into hits.

Don observes, "Even then, Bobby wasn't happy. I realized that this guy would never be satisfied with just moderate success. He had to be a top star."

Bobby got that first hit with "Splish Splash" at Atco Records. He celebrated his gold record by buying a house at Hiawatha Lake, New Jersey, and moving his family—his mother, Nina, Charles and their children to the country. For him, this was the biggest of milestones. He says, "I had hated the places where we had lived in New York. Now I was able to do something about it. I had started to put my rebellion to work."

There he had the joy of seeing his mother live out her last years in comfort and security. There, Nina and Charles continue to make the home that Bobby returns to between shows.

Social scientists have a saying, "Rebellion is part of growing up. Bobby Darin goes farther than that. He regards rebellion as his greatest asset.

He says, "I'm rebellious by nature. If I don't like a thing, I won't accept it just because that's the way it has always been."

Just griping about things which disturb him is no good, either, Bobby believes. "I could kick myself for all the time I've wasted just being sore about a situation instead of trying to change it. You've got to learn to use your rebellion."

He cites two instances. "Some people in the entertainment business had me classified as a rock 'n' roller and insisted that was all I could do. They said I couldn't get as much as a night club booking out on Long Island and they laughed when I wanted to make an album. Well, I just made up my mind that I was going to shock the shoes off them."

Bobby cut loose on that album called, "That's All". In it, he did ballads, swing tunes, standard pop songs and that off-beat number from "Threepenny Opera" called "Mack The Knife". Some disc jockeys first played it out of curiosity alone. They wanted to find out just what kind of a fool this restricted rock 'n' roller had made of himself.

They played it again because they liked it, and they kept on playing "Mack" until it was issued as a single and swiftly went to Number One. Bobby Darin had become an entertainer. The kid who couldn't book into Long Island went into some of the top clubs in the country. The kid actor that no one would take for a walk-on role had his choice of motion picture contracts.

Bobby sums it up. "I said I'd show them, and I did. But to accomplish it, I had to do a little growing myself. I had to learn. That's what I mean by using my streak of rebellion. By using it, I've found the place where I belong." **END**

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"My Baby's Four Fathers"

continued from page 57

if you want to give him just a tiny kiss. "Mother, you're not kidding me, are you?" he pleaded. "You mean it, don't you? It's the truth?"

Paul, who is 14 months younger than Peter, was equally joyful. The first hurdle was scaled beautifully. I couldn't have been more rewarding.

Their warm spontaneous response set the tone of the whole baby-having experience. It wasn't, "Isn't it great that Mom's having a baby!" It was, "Isn't it great that *we're* having a baby!" It was like the whole family was going to have the baby, not just me.

While I was pregnant, I thought I had four husbands! Every evening Phillip would meet me at the car and help me carry everything to the house. He and the other boys looked after me as if I was a fragile flower—which is so nice for any girl who likes attention, and I don't know any girl who doesn't.

It was so touching to see the boys go out of their way to be considerate. They were kinder than usual. They'd scold me if I lifted anything. They checked me to make sure I visited the doctor regularly. Occasionally they'd even go with me to the obstetrician. They helped me get everything ready—the layette, the bassinets. The baby was *theirs* right from the beginning, even before she was born.

My boys even displayed a cheerful willingness to baby *me* and make allowances for my irritability, just as Lee did. While I was carrying the baby, I was working hard on filming my show, and there were times I just didn't feel well. Lee took the boys aside and explained why mother wasn't always cheery. He told them they

would have to be very understanding and patient. He cautioned that they would have to appreciate that there was a good reason if I didn't react with great gayety and enthusiasm to all the things they wanted to do. This made sense to my three solemn young men, and they were equal to the occasion. Far from being put out, they actually seemed to welcome the opportunity to do without. Somehow it made them feel that they were making tangible contributions to the safe birth of their baby.

Perhaps the greatest single sacrifice evolved one evening at dinner. I have to admit that it came about in the devout hope that just such an instinct would be aroused in them.

"Isn't it a pity," I mused, "that our home was built with the idea that our family was complete. Now we really have a problem. I just don't know how we're going to figure out a place to put the new baby that's coming."

Peter and Paul immediately exchanged glances. Each had a large bedroom separated only by a folding partition which they were able to open or close as they wished. Since they were only 14 months apart, they were—and still are—very close. Often, in fact, they would end up in the same bed at night. If a sacrifice was to come, that would have to be the source. I knew it, and Lee knew it. The question was—would *they* know it without being asked outright?

While in general the boys had been acting very mature, we realized that they still were children underneath. We didn't want to come right out and take a room

continued on page 74

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"MY BABY'S FOUR FATHERS"

continued

away from one of them. Then they might feel deprived and act resentful.

"I have a darling place for the baby's bassinet, right in my own room," I continued to consider ways of meeting the problem. "But of course," I added with a frown, "I haven't worked out yet where we can put her crib. But we'll manage somehow, I'm sure."

No pun intended, honestly, but there followed a moment's pregnant silence. Then Peter and Paul chorused:

"Put the baby in *my* room!"

"We don't need all that space for just the two of us," Peter said.

"We have enough room for an ice rink,"

Paul agreed, although I must say his enthusiasm seemed a trifle forced, and therefore somewhat heroic.

Thus Peter and Paul *both* offered to give up their sides of the partitioned bedroom. And the nice part was that they did it as if it were entirely their own idea. Paul made the offer a little more reluctantly, but in the end he made the supreme sacrifice of his own volition, and he felt more than repaid with all the pats on the back he got.

The boys were part of it all the way. When I went to the hospital to have the baby, they visited me regularly. When Susie was born, they boasted that she was the most beautiful baby they had ever seen. They were thrilled to pieces to have a little girl in the bargain. This was something terribly special to them because they never had been around little girls.

I KNOW it seems incredible, but I don't believe there was one moment when the boys felt that Susie was a threat to their own security—either when she was expected, or after she was born. If they felt that way, I'm sure I'd have been able to sense it.

Nor do I think that blessing was entirely accidental. Lee and I both always have been very loving to the boys. Lee and I were careful to give them just as much love and attention as before. Very likely we showed them more affection than we would ordinarily.

Sometimes parents think that children, as they get older, don't want to be shown love by kissing or hugging. I was no exception. I used to think that Phil, my oldest, would be embarrassed for me to kiss him or baby him. Nonsense. He just loves it. Sometimes he'll tease me and say, "Mother, you're so immature."

Not too long ago Phil had about 16 boys from his YMCA Club, The Spartans, over to spend the night in sleeping bags. All of them, mind you, were big hulks of young men. But that didn't make any difference. I'd go in and say, "Is mother's baby all right?"

They all laughed at my teasing of him, and Phil, responding to my display of affection, enjoyed it, too.

Phillip—and Peter and Paul as well

—never have stopped responding to parental love. I believe in telling your children that you love them every day until they grow old. I don't think you ever should stop telling them. I think older children are embarrassed by affection only when they receive it infrequently.

So Susie's coming hasn't imposed any restrictions on the lives of the boys. It has been the same as ever, only enlarged, with the result that there simply has been no soil for feelings of resentment and jealousy to take root.

When I came home from the hospital with the baby, the boys immediately slipped into the role of little fathers. They weren't the least bit awed by the baby—chiefly, I suspect, because of Lee's example. Lee always could do everything for the baby that I could do. And he *loved* doing it, which was so important for the boys to see. Lee would change diapers no matter what their condition, feed the baby, burp her, know how to handle her when he played with her.

To the boys, these were no privileges reserved especially for their dad. They were wild about Susie from the minute she got home, and they too showered her with every attention from diaper changing to cuddling. Not as if these ministrations were chores—but as though they were their *rights!* Susie just thrived on the bountiful love. Everyone said she was just going to be spoiled to death, and I would laugh at their fears.

"You mean she's not spoiled? She doesn't cry?" Such would be the reactions.

"Of course not," I'd retort. "We never put her down."

In the beginning, I thought the boy's enthusiasm for their baby sister was just a novelty. I was sure the newness would wear off. But they never have gotten over it. Anytime anything has to be done for her, it is, "Let *me!* You know I wanted to do it, too."

The funny thing is that of all the family I was the only one who ever felt left out. With the boys always taking over, I was reluctant to give Susie up. I wanted to do for her. I got to thinking that pretty soon I'd have to return to work, and I wanted to get enough of her. Sometimes I had to force myself to give her up to them.

That was just about the only thing I had to watch. Those boys wanted her all the time, and there was only *one* baby. I kept thinking I should have had triplets. When they came home from school, the first thing they wanted to see was the baby. Fortunately they didn't all come home at the same time or I don't know what would have happened. I really had to be careful. Susie was being held all the time, and she needed to rest a little from all that love.

Their pride simply knew no bounds. They always were wanting to take her next door and show her off. They couldn't wait to display their new sister at Sunday School, so we started taking her there when she was only three months old. There was a constant battle to see which

one would take her to the nursery. After services, they would tear out to see which one would pick her up.

"I had her first!" the battle cries became familiar. "You took her last time."

As Susie got older, her three little extra fathers began to furrow their young brows. They were worried about us being too easy with her. They never neglected an opportunity to remind us when they thought we were remiss in scolding Susie. Sometimes they just threw up their hands and sighed, "What's the use!"

THAT has been the one area in which we've had to check their zeal. They are so anxious that Susie remain unspoiled and have good character that they all want to discipline her. Whichever one happens to be with her at the time acts like her father. They are constantly keeping her in line—either with harsh words or a slap on the hand. I had to have a talk with them about this and explain that no one should have too many bosses, and that therefore it would be wiser to leave the discipline to Lee and me.

"What do you want us to do?" would be their exasperated cry. "Just let her do those things?"

Of course the wonderful thing is that having "four fathers" hasn't spoiled Susie at all. She is the most pliable and best adjusted child I've ever been around. I've never seen a child easier to manage, who felt more secure or more serene. I can and have taken her just about everywhere. I've taken her on a steamship ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and on a plane trip, and she was thrilled and delighted with every minute of it.

For the very reason that she has been treated like a person, her eyes are just open to the world. She's never afraid of new people, new things or new places. She loves everyone—because, obviously, she has reason to feel that everyone loves her, too.

Occasionally, even I am surprised at the extent of her self-assurance. Once, after the Christmas holidays, I had to go to the hospital for treatment of a slipped disc. Some friends offered to care for Susie while I was away.

"You mean you want to take her overnight?" I asked. "Well, it's all right with me, but she may be a lot of trouble."

Susie offered no resistance to the adventure. She was thrilled to have her little suit case packed and to be picked up. She just had a picnic with my friends. She didn't object to anything they wanted to do with her.

They have a child of their own, six months older than Susie, and they were astounded at her behavior. They're still amazed. They can't get over it.

I may not be quite as mystified, but I never stop being enthralled. I'm sure that Susie's happy accommodation to life is the end product of all the affection she's been receiving.

She is living, radiant proof of what comes from having "four fathers". **END**

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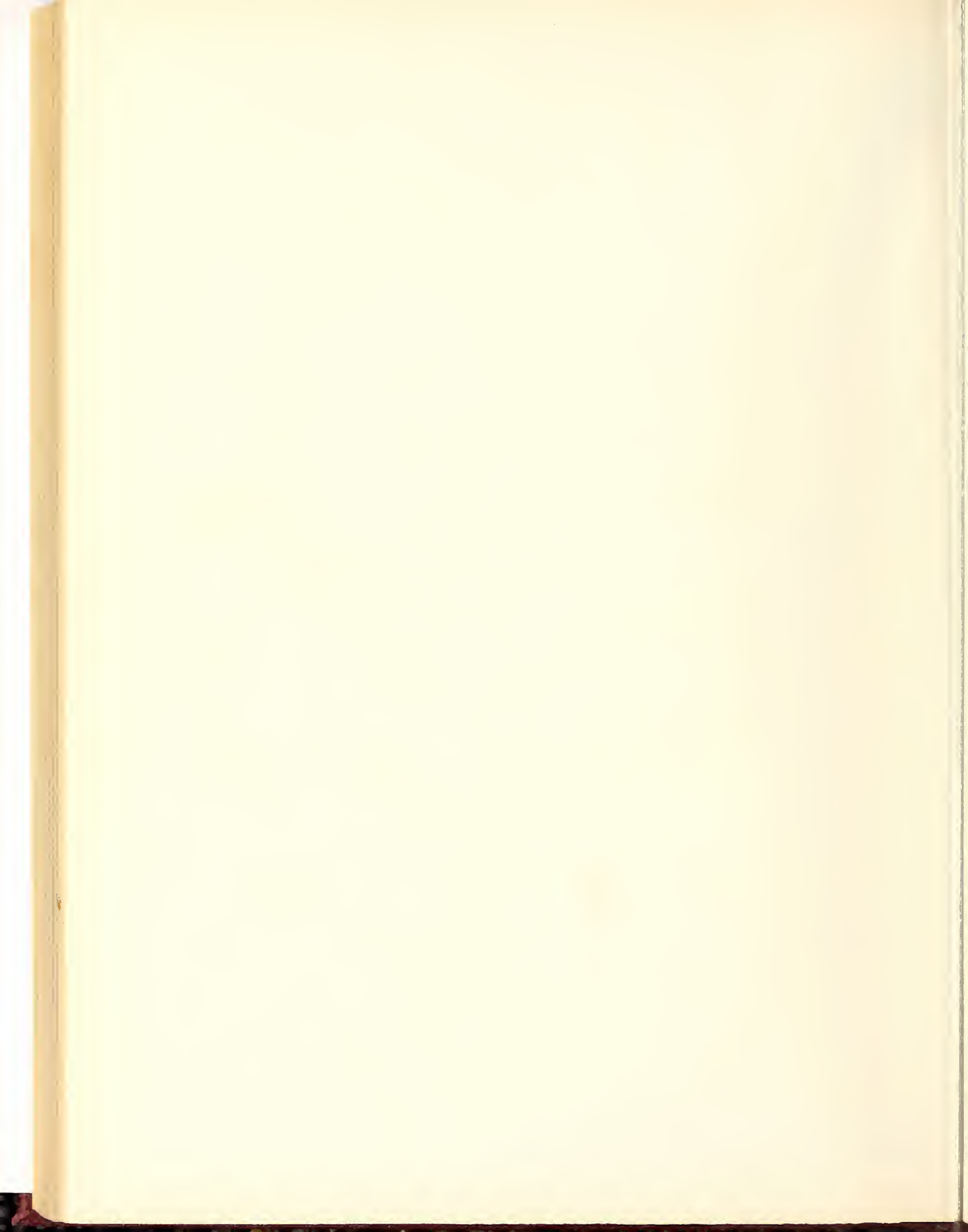
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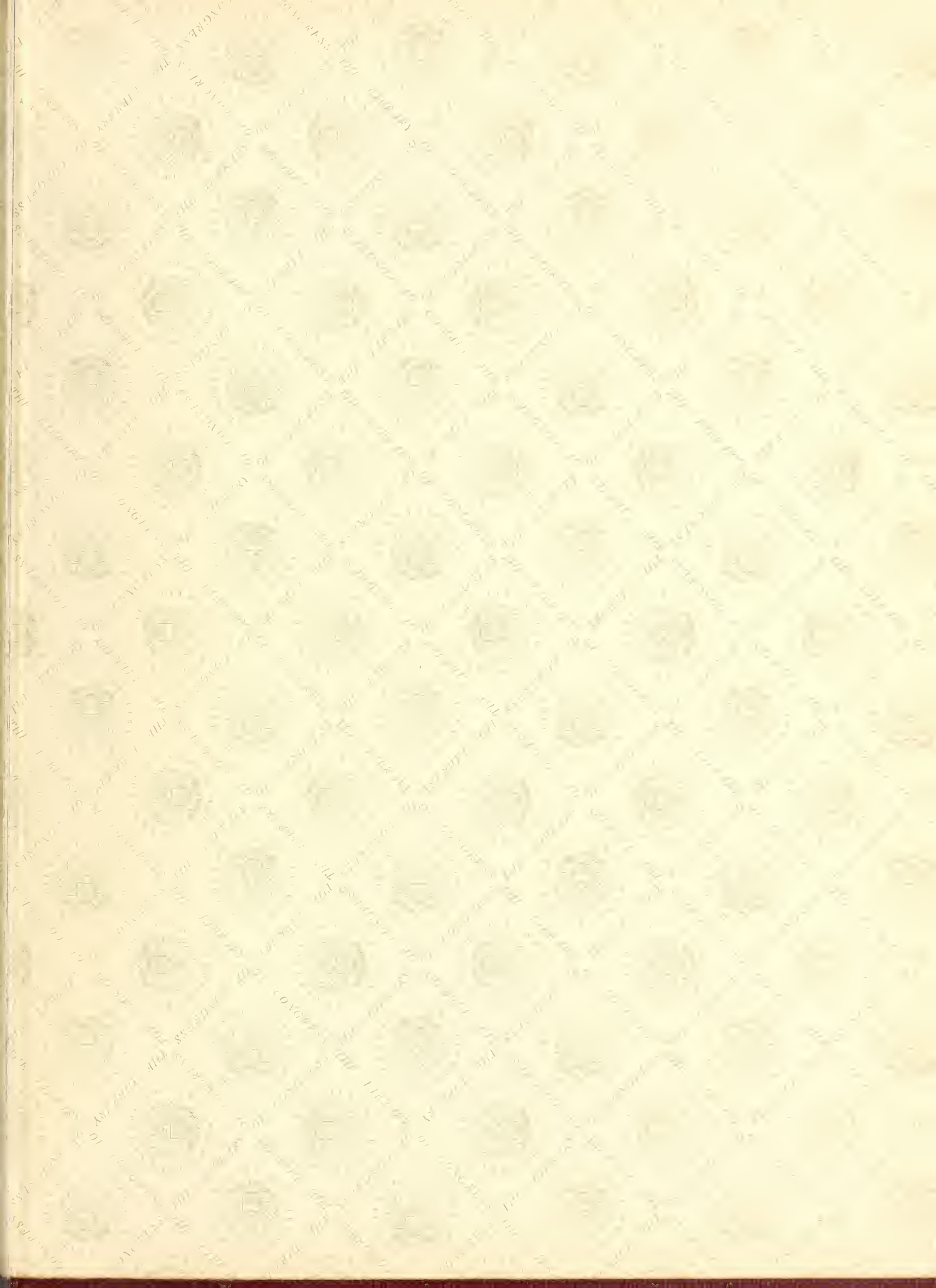
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