I dreamed
I rode in a gondola in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new ELEANORE in fine white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups... from 2.00.
There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.

COSTUME BY ZITA  U.S. PAT. OFF.  1900'S MAIDENFORM BRASSIÈRE CO., INC.
At all stores now—in same familiar package!

NEW IPANA WITH
ANTI-ENZYME WD-9
reduces tooth decay...stops bad breath!

What should you know about
ENZYMES and how to fight them?
Here are proved facts—in plain language!

The enzymes you have been hearing about are formed by mouth bacteria. They speed up production of decay-causing acids. They also help produce unpleasant mouth odor.

Dental scientists now say that most tooth decay may be stopped—by stopping bacterial-enzyme action.

That is why you should use new white Ipana. All Ipana now on sale contains anti-enzyme WD-9.

Brushing your teeth regularly after meals with Ipana containing WD-9 checks bacterial-enzyme action.

Most dentists recommend this way of using Ipana. It is the best way to fight decay all day long.

New Ipana Tooth Paste is so effective that a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor up to 9 hours. Even after smoking—and eating anything you please except onions and garlic.

And with anti-enzyme WD-9, Ipana now has a new minty flavor, new foaming and cleansing power. Children love it.

Get new Ipana with WD-9 today—encourage every member of the family to use it regularly.

Don't forget your gums—they are important, too. Brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay!

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE
CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

Product of
Bristol-Myers

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

No change in package design. Look for the familiar yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold.
Hundreds of girls praise this greaseless

**YOUNG SKIN TREATMENT**

Has your skin suddenly become "upset"?

This may be what is happening:

In the teens, oil glands often start to overwork, skin grows sluggish. Soon, an oily layer of undiscarded dead skin cells begins to "choke" pore openings. Next come enlarged pores, even blackheads!

Now—Pond's recommends this greaseless corrective for oily skin, flakiness, large pores, blackheads. Hundreds of girls with these "Young Skin" problems said they saw a real change in less than 2 weeks of Pond's treatments. "The best I've ever used!" . . . "Did wonders for blemishes and that oily look" . . . "My skin cleared up wonderfully."

![New help for Oily Skin, Blackheads, Flakiness! Ponds](image)

Several times a week—cover face, except eyes, with a deep, cool layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away dead skin cells, frees the tiny skin glands to function normally. Leave on one full minute—wipe off. Rinse with cold water. See how tingling, how ungreasy your skin looks, how soft it feels!

Give yourself a "Young Skin" treatment with Pond’s Vanishing Cream tonight. See results right away!

"Young Skin" doesn’t like heavy make-up!

A protecting powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is most becoming to "Young Skin," stays unshiny longer.
ALL THE ADVENTURE IN THE WORLD!
Mutiny! Typhoons! Buried Treasure! 1001 Thrills!

ALL THE EXCITEMENT IN THE WORLD!
Man Against Monsters of the Deep!

ALL THE ROMANCE IN THE WORLD!
Brother Against Brother for a Beautiful Bride!

ALL THE ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD!

M-G-M's Tremendous Technicolor Adventure!

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT

COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

ROBERT

TAYLOR

STEWARD

GRANGER

ANN

BLYTH

with BETTA ST. JOHN · KEENAN WYNN · JAMES WHITMORE · KURT KASZMAR

Screen Play by
HARRY BROWN · Based on the Story by
Ben Ames Williams

Directed by
RICHARD THORPE · Produced by
PANDRO S. BERMAN · AN M-G-M PICTURE
The gossips' eyebrows shot up like rockets when Greta (Mrs. Gregory) Peck honored Audrey Hepburn at a swimming pool party at the Peck home, welcoming the Hepburn doll to Hollywood.

The chatterers chimed, "How can Greta be so naive when everybody knows that Greg fell like a ton of bricks for Audrey when they were making Roman Holiday in Italy.

It's the gossips who are being naive in this case—not Greta. The rumor hounds have been taken in by the old, old nonsense that an actor and actress who play love scenes well on screen are also playing them well off.

The truth is that Greta and the lovely Audrey were the ones who became good friends in Rome, not the other way round.

Not long ago, Greta told me that things were not all they should be between her and Greg. A long separation such as the Pecks are weathering, with Gregory in Europe and Greta and the children in Hollywood, puts a strain on any marriage.

But, I happen to know that she still receives three or four letters weekly from her roving husband and many of their close friends believe they will never reach the final break of divorce.

It isn't easy for a woman to read day in and day out that her husband and the father of her children is engaged in some new "love" adventure in Europe.

Through all the gossip, Greta has kept her chin up, has been a good mother—and her conduct has earned her a great deal of admiration.

On Greg's side it can be said that he may be the innocent victim of rumors about every pretty woman he dines with in Paris, London or Rome.

Greta told me, "I hardly expect him to be alone."

If I were Greg, I'd think twice about losing a wise and understanding wife like Greta.

It's been a month of so many explosive news breaks that before the fireworks died down I was convinced I should have gone in for china-painting or some less strenuous career than reporting Hollywood.

My nights were turned into days as developments popped in such headlines as: LUCILLE BALL COMMUNIST VOTER IN 1936!

RITA WEDS DICK HAYMES IN LAS VEGAS!

LANA AND LEX ON SECRET EUROPEAN HONEYMOON!

Yes! I'm sure you know all the factual details of these events—but as I look back, I find myself remembering the personal angle behind the headlines in each case.

For instance, for the first time in my life I was out of touch with my newspaper (I was trying to get a few days' rest) when the Lucille Ball bombshell broke.

Lucille and Desi Arnaz had been trying to reach me all day.

It was early the following morning when the call came through to my hotel.

Desi said, "We have nothing to hide. Lucille told the whole truth to the Un-American Activities Investigation Committee about how she happened to be registered as a Communist voter in 1936.

"The only thing that worries me is that she'll break down. But she came through like a trooper tonight on our show and I was so proud of her!"

When I returned the next day, Desi and Lucille again talked with me.

Desi said, "Not until Lucille received hun-

GRETA PECK DAMPENS THOSE RUMORS ABOUT GREG AND AUDREY HEPBURN . . .

EUROPE AGREES WITH CLARK GABLE . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS'
GOOD NEWS

$4000 THEFT AT A STAR-STUDDED PARTY ... SHELLEY WOULD RATHER HAVE A BABY THAN A DIVORCE ...

They had taken out a license as soon as Dick won divorce in 7-minute hearing. "At last, after so many difficulties," Rita sighed, regretted that her father could not leave work to attend wedding.

"I want a ring, too," Yasmin announced when Rita and Dick exchanged bands. Witnesses were couple's lawyers, children's nurse. Rita wore a blue linen dress (not new), toast hat, gloves, held lilies-of-the-valley and orchids.

They recited vows before District Judge McNamee, ignored gambling which continued through ceremony.

"Who marries Rita Hayworth for cooking?"

Dick moved into Rita's suite for brief Las Vegas honeymoon before keeping Philadelphia singing date. Asked by reporters whether he had tasted Rita's cooking, Dick grinned, demanded, "Who marries Rita Hayworth for cooking?"

Wedding was held in Gold Room of Sands Casino, owned by best man Jack Entratter. The couple recited vows before District Judge McGavran, ignored gambling which continued through ceremony.

GAVE THE SIGNAL THAT BEGAN RITA AND DICK'S FOURTH WEDDING IN A SIMPLE, 3-MINUTE CEREMONY
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Continued

dreds and hundreds of telegrams and our sponsor expressed complete confidence in her did she break down and cry.

After Congressman Jackson released the full transcript of Lucy's testimony, the atmosphere cleared.

All I can say is that Lucille was the smartest girl in the world in telling the truth: that her grandfather so completely dominated the family's political thinking years ago, that they registered as Communists just to please an old man, although they did not vote.

RITA HAYWORTH called personally from Las Vegas to invite me to her wedding to Dick Haymes.

I laughed, "Maybe you'll have better luck if I skip this marriage." I said. I was referring to the jaunt I made half around the world covering her headline-splattered tie-up with Aly Khan.

"I'm not superstitious," said my girl friend. "You're my friend. Please come."

But work was pressing and I had to remain at my desk to keep up with the diodes of many of her stellar conferees (also breaking out in a rash of headlines).

And, just between you and me, my heart isn't quite in this latest marriage of the exotic girl I've known for so many years.

ELEANOR PARKER was shocked almost speechless when I was the first to tell her that her ex-husband, Bert Friedlob, had filed a request in the Children's Court of Conciliation that a reconciliation be effected between them.

This, despite Eleanor's divorce suit already filed last July.

As long as I've been covering Hollywood divorces, this is the first case of it's kind I've known of.

Eleanor, almost in despair said, "How can he do this? Of course, I'll fight it. Bert cannot force me to take him back. Only the two of us know the real reason back of our separation. I have never discussed it."

I told her that Bert had submitted sealed papers to the court in his petition, one of the points being that it was to the best interest of their three minor children that the home not be destroyed.

In her suit for divorce, Eleanor had said that Friedlob gave her a great inferiority complex and belittled her in front of the children and their friends: also, that he refused to let her make her own decisions even in vital matters concerning her career.

It will be very interesting to see how this unusual angle in a Hollywood divorce comes out legally. Her friends hold out very little hope that Eleanor will take Bert back—certainly not without a desperate fight.

AND HERE'S a little "inside" on the Italian wedding of Lana and Lex which made it such an ultra surprise to her studio. Exactly one week before she and Barker put wedding rings on their little fingers (???????) Lana cabled MGM:

"ABSOLUTELY NO WEDDING PLANS.
LOVE, LANA."

WITH all the mishmash and nonsense about many of the Hollywood happenings, there have been two wonderful stories...
By the Author Whose Books Have Become World-Celebrated Motion Pictures!

Warner Bros.
present
Edna Ferber's
Pulitzer Prize Novel

"So Big"

He stood there so big. Love had come... intense, unashamed...
She was ready to forget she'd ever been a lady...

Starring
Jane Wyman
Steve Forrest
Co-Starring
Sterling Hayden - Nancy Olson

Screen play by John Twist
Music by Max Steiner
Directed by Robert Wise
Produced by Henry Blanke
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

of courage and sincerity and faith.
I mean Susan Ball, for one, whom I most certainly believe when she tells me it was faith and her deep belief in the goodness of God that has made it possible for her to discard her crutches after many doctors had said that her shattered leg had developed cancer.

"It's as though everything beautiful were happening to me all of a sudden after so much unhappiness," Susan told me. "I've met a boy—a man, rather—who has brought real love into my life. Through his tenderness and understanding I've come to know what real love is." Of course, she was referring to Dick Long, the promising young actor who has fallen hard for Susan.

The other story of almost super-human courage and heart is that of Boni Buehler, the pretty airline hostess—young, attractive and with so much ahead of her—who lost an arm and a leg in a speedboat accident at Lake Arrowhead.

The way Boni fits into the Hollywood angle of the news is that her escort, and the one who saved her life, was Geary Stoffen, ex-husband of Jane Powell.

Many girls would have completely collapsed after such a tragedy.
Yet, just a bare six weeks after the accident, Boni was dining in a wheelchair at La Rue's with Geary. He introduced me as I passed their table.

"Isn't she wonderful?" beamed Geary proudly, holding onto Boni's hand, "I've never known such courage."

As I looked into Boni's eyes, smiling, vivacious—and with no bitterness—I wholeheartedly agreed with Geary.

If it were a movie script, I suppose Boni and Geary would fall in love, mutually healing both their hurts. Boni's terrible physical tragedy and Geary's hurt over losing Jane Powell to another man.

But this is real life, and I don't know whether it will turn out that way or not. I do know that these two have found a real and everlasting bond of friendship.

Twas a real wingding the William Perlbergs tossed following the Hollywood première of Bing Crosby's Little Boy Lost. Bill produced the picture. Bobbie, with her own fair hands, decorated the private dining room at Chasen's and did a bang-up job.

I was very interested in meeting Nicole Maury, the French beauty and Bing's leading lady, who flew from Paris just for the occasion.

(Continued on page 13)
The most **breath-taking** complexions in Hollywood are cared for with **Lux Toilet Soap**

Screen stars use it because they know from experience that Lux Toilet Soap is as good a soap for your skin as you can buy. **Arlene Dahl** is one of the famous Hollywood beauties who use Lux Soap. She especially likes it because it's **so gentle** on her skin, and because it's **so nicely fragrant**. We think you'll like it, too, (there's the Lever Brothers money-back guarantee, of course) and we think you'll like **watching** Hollywood stars every Thursday evening on Lux Video Theatre.
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the “blues.”

Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I’ve read that Dick Haymes and Fernando Lamas were schoolboy friends in Buenos Aires, Argentina. How about that?
A. They were both born in Argentina, never met as schoolboys.

Q. Is it on the level that Humphrey Bogart won’t permit his children to be photographed? —A.L., BOSTON, MASS.
A. No, the Bogart children have been photographed many times.

Q. Why was there so much trouble in getting an actor to play opposite Judy Garland in A Star Is Born?
—N.O., BALTIMORE, Md.
A. The script was written so that it featured Garland. Several actors refused the male role because they felt it wasn’t big enough. James Mason, who accepted it, felt it was fine.

Q. That Kay Spreckels who was allegedly beaten up by her husband—wasn’t she once Clark Gable’s sweetheart?
—B.T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.
A. Yes.

Q. Why doesn’t some man ask Ann Miller to marry him? She has a lot of sex appeal. Hasn’t she ever been married?
—C.I., DALLAS, TEX.
A. Divorced once, Ann Miller has turned down several marriage proposals.

Q. Isn’t there a hot romance going on between Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler?
—H.H., DULUTH, MINN.
A. They are good friends only.

Q. Can you truthfully tell me Ava Gardner’s current salary, please?
—W.O., RALEIGH, N. C.
A. $5,000 per week, forty weeks per year.

Q. How many times has Dick Haymes been married?
—B.U., HONOLULU
A. Four times.

Q. Who sang for Cyd Charisse in The Band Wagon?
—L.R., OGDEN, UTAH
A. India Adams dubbed the sound track.

Q. I’m told that June Allyson used to room with Gene Nelson’s ex-wife, Miriam, and Gene Kelly’s wife, Betsy. Why is it that June doesn’t go around with these girls any longer?
—V.B., BRONX, N. Y.
A. Since her marriage to Dick Powell, Miss Allyson moves in different social circles.

Q. What is the real reason MGM dropped Marge and Gower Champion, those wonderful dancers?
—D.K., COLUMBUS, OHIO
A. Studio executives felt they couldn’t carry an entire picture; also a studio economy wave.

Q. Isn’t Marilyn Monroe in love with a big shot at 20th Century-Fox? Isn’t Joe DiMaggio being used as a smoke screen?
—C.J., DENVER, COLO.
A. No.

Q. What happened to Grace Kelly, who was so friendly with Clark Gable when they made Mogambo?
—C.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A. Miss Kelly has just finished the female lead in Dial M For Murder.

Q. Is it true that success has gone to the heads of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? I understand they now refuse to be interviewed.
—E.J., STOCKTON, CAL.
A. They are both extremely cooperative with all members of the press. Always have been, too.

Q. What is the status of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis versus Bob Hope feud?
—D.L., AMARILLO, TEX.
A. Still going strong.

Q. Is it true that all members of the Armed Forces have been forbidden to see The Moon Is Blue?
—J.J., FT. BRAGG, N. C.
A. The picture was banned from service theatres. Men in uniform may see it at any civilian theatre.

Q. Wasn’t Rory Calhoun’s badly-slashèd arm the result of a fight with his wife? Tell the truth now.
—H.H., LONG BEACH, CAL.
A. The truth is that Calhoun shoved a hand through a glass-paneled door in his house, had no fight with his wife.
A thrilling Christmas gift—this modern chest in blond oak with its clean lines, polished finish, automatic tray. Model #2966. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #2979. Lane Table, #241. Chest price, $5995.

Ask for the Christmas gift that makes dreams come true...

A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

Dreaming of the future? If so, now is a perfect time to plan for that future... by asking for a Lane Cedar Chest for Christmas... the gift that gathers more gifts.

With a Lane to inspire you, you can begin gathering a treasure of luxurious blankets, lovely linens, delicate lingerie...

What's more, a Lane keeps woolens and other precious things sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Remember, one garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane!

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 1/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechelts, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Mary Lane Chests at...

$4995* Also makers of Lane Tables

*5% higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.

Unusual modern in blond oak; drawer in base. Model #2852. Seafoam mahogany, #2853; Cordovan mahogany, #2856. $79.95.*

Attractive modern in lustrous walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2874. Also in gray walnut, #2869. Each, $59.95.*


Streamlined modern in matched American walnut with touches of Paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #2971—$49.95.*

Arresting modern in Seafoam mahogany. Base-drawer tray. Model #2925. In walnut, model #2939. $69.95.* Lane Table, #257.

18th Century chest in glorious mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221—$79.95.*
Christmas gifts to be treasured a lifetime

WALLACE Sterling Silver

You will enjoy a personal satisfaction in selecting a gift of Wallace Sterling... will be proud because your gift is perfection in itself, sterling that is set apart from all others by its dramatic and incomparable "Third Dimension Beauty.*" Your Wallace gift is the ultimate in silvercrafting... the full-formed sculptured loveliness that is a joy to give and a thrill to receive.

Yes, here is a gift to tell a lucky someone you have the finest taste, for you want her to have the best sterling... to treasure at Christmas, and for all the years to come!

WALLACE SILVERSmiths
AT WALLINGFORD, CONN.-Since 1833

SERVING PIECES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Berry Spoon</td>
<td>$20.00-29.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bon Bon or Petit Spoon</td>
<td>6.45-7.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter Knife</td>
<td>13.25-13.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cake Breaker</td>
<td>11.00-12.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cake Knife, 3&quot;</td>
<td>10.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheese Server</td>
<td>6.60-8.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cut Meat Fork</td>
<td>14.10-21.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cream, Mora, or Sauce Ladle</td>
<td>8.75-10.25</td>
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<td>Gravy Ladle</td>
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<td>Jam Spoon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jelly Spoon</td>
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<td>Lemon Fork</td>
<td>4.75-6.60</td>
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<td>Mustard Spoon</td>
<td>2.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Olive or Pickle Fork</td>
<td>2.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pie or Pastry Server</td>
<td>11.25-13.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pillar Spoon</td>
<td>20.00-25.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Punch Ladle</td>
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<td>Salad or Serving Fork</td>
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<td>Salad Set, Wood</td>
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<td>Soup Ladle</td>
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<td>Sugar Spoons</td>
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<td>Sugar Tongs</td>
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<td>Table or Serving Spoon</td>
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<td>Tomato Servers</td>
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<td>Vegetable Serving Spoon</td>
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<td>Wedding Cake Knife</td>
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CARVING SETS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roast Set, 2 pc.</td>
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<td>Steak Set, 2 pc.</td>
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JUVENILE

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<td>Baby Fork</td>
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<td>Baby Spoon</td>
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<td>Junior Child's Set, 3 pc.</td>
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<td>Junior Fork</td>
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<td>Junior Knife</td>
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<td>Junior Spoon</td>
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MISCELLANEOUS

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<td>Candle Snuffer</td>
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<td>Letter Opener</td>
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<td>Salt Spoon, Fine</td>
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PLACE SETTING ITEMS

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<td>Tea Spoon</td>
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<td>Luncheon Fork</td>
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<td>Butter Spreader</td>
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<td>Cream Soup Spoon</td>
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<td>Salad or Pastry Fork</td>
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<td>Dinner Knife</td>
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<td>Dinner Fork</td>
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OTHER PLACE ITEMS

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<td>Cocktail or Oyster Fork</td>
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<td>Coffee Spoon</td>
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<td>Fish Fork</td>
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<td>Ice Cream Spoons</td>
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<tr>
<td>Orange or Grapefruit Spoon</td>
<td>7.25-9.00</td>
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. — All prices include federal tax and vary according to pattern.
have have Johnny Rita's expanded completely took Tony the new the be one know Piper swims hear Yasmin, Hayworth's provided money, loooove, the Clark settlement practically after going headaches her tive," agreed he this. "IFinite" the Sands dog. —he asked his dog. —the dog was chosen by Esther for Esther Williams. 

"But it's a he dog," the guard told her. "Does that make any difference," the little girl asked, "when it swims so good?"

Clare Gable got so fat—he put on twenty-two pounds, wining and dining through Europe with his favorite gal, Suzanne Dadolle, after Mogambo—that he had to go on a torturous diet before stepping before the cameras with Lana Turner Barker in The True And The Brave. It's supposed to be a secret, but MGM practically put the King in retirement while he shed the unbecoming poundage. This may be the real reason behind Mlle. Dadolle's asking for her job back as a model for Schiaparelli and why many people got the idea that Gable's mad yen for her had cooled. I hear that Lana Turner kidded Clark unmercifully about his expanded waistline. Usually, it's Lana who has to go on a strict diet to make the weight before a picture.

Personal opinions: If Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are forced to work together it's Johnny Dark, the studio bosses can start taking aspirin right now. This feud is as strong as it was in 1957. The rumors that the two stars were getting married again this summer were all phony. TheReadOnly Hitler is sort of a star crossing Romeo and Juliet; the whole thing is phony. The studio bosses know that Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are going to be together.

June Allyson has been mothering contented papa Dick Powell ever since his sudden illness last year. At Vic Damone's opening in Mogambo's famous Champagne Room, she hovered over him attentively.

Debbie Reynolds has been dating "like cro-a-a-zy" ever since her break-up with Bob Wagner. She attended the star-studded premiere of Bing Crosby's latest hit, Little Boy Lost with another popular youngster, actor Tob Hunter.

There's a new leading lady in the Esther Williams-Ben Gage home ever since Thursday, October 1, when Esther gave birth to a 7 lb. 15 oz. daughter. Susan is the first sister for their two sons, Benjamin, 4, and Kimball, 3.
as it was two years ago. . .

It could happen only to a movie-husband: Vittorio Gassman called Shelley Winters all the way from Rome to ask if she was divorcing him. He'd read it in an Italian newspaper that afternoon. "No," charted Shell via trans-Atlantic telephone. "I'm planning to have another baby if I can ever catch up with you again!"

Marilyn Monroe. Terry Moore and Barbara Stanwyck hold all their mouths slightly open all the time, an odd mannerism in three such widely divergent types. . . .

If Susan Hayward liked Jeff Chandler a lot more than she does, she could take him out of circulation. But Susan's not concentrating on any gent. She's enjoying her freedom too much. . . .

After years of carrying a torch for one married lady, Rocky Cooper, I think Peter Lawford is lighted-up over another Mrs.—Judy Holliday Oppenheim. . . .

Had to giggle when I heard Ava's last feat with Frankie was because she thought he was getting swell-headed again after From Here To Eternity. Those Sinatras are something. . . .

Watch the Vera-Ellen romance with British Richard Gully getting hot. . . .

The Tyrone Power's should forget their disappointment over a second baby daughter. The important thing is—a healthy baby. . .

As usual when the Ice Follies comes to town, it's a star-studded event for our actors who turn out to "ah" and "oh" over the thrilling skaters like the wildest-eyed fans.

Many dinner parties were given before the gala event, one of the gayest by the Jules Steins. I rode to the Follies in the same car with Audrey Hepburn, Phil Silvers and our host.

Love this Hepburn girl. She's so regular and unaffected and kids a lot about being so thin.

At the ice palace, I sat next to the Edgar Bergens with Henry Fonda just a few chairs away, close enough to tell me that he was in town to start rehearsals on his next stage venture, The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, from Herman Wouk's book.

Olive De Havilland looked beautiful in all-white, and although she was with an old friend, Sammi Colt, her heart was about 3000 miles away with journalist Pierre Galante in New York. Love is becoming to Livvy. She looks young and sparkling.

After a brief interchange of playing the field, Donald O'Connor was back with Marilyn Erskine, and seemingly liking it.

One of the real beauties in a box was Cyd Charisse who looks more and more like Ava Gardner since she snipped her hair short. Of course Cyd, in a tomato-colored dress with a white coat, was with Tony Martin.

Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger must have had two dozen candid cameramen around them snapping pictures at intermission.

"They must think I'm a skater," called Janie, who really is almost too modest about her fame.

Rock Hudson was with his (currently) favorite date, Betty Abbott. (Hey! He got her the job of script girl on his new picture Magnificent Obsession—and this begins to look serious.)

Nice to see so many old friends like Dennis Morgan, Jack Benny and many others eating peanuts and popcorn and acting just like kids about the exciting show.

Guy Mitchell, the new singing sensation who screen debuts with Rosemary Clooney in Red Garters, ain't goin' to get off lightly because his career zoomed so far ahead of that of his bride-of-a-year, Jackie Loughery.

The lady has made this quite plain in askin' $5000 weekly alimony from Guy, who, a bare fourteen months ago, barely had $500 to his name.

The break-up of the former "Miss America," who was far more famous than her bridegroom when they married, and the new crooning rage, is the same old Hollywood story.

Two new careers under one roof. Jealousy. Tears. Suspicion. Then—calling it all off.

For a full fifteen minutes after Spike Jones dashed back into the Harry James' some house at the party being given in honor of Helen Grayco's birthday (she's Mrs. Spike), and reported his $4000 gift for her had been stolen from their locked car, absolutely no one believed him.

For far being a gag, the gorgeous diamond bracelet had been lifted from the glove compartment where Spike had put it until time to slip it on Helen's wrist.

Jerry Lewis, all dolled up in dinner clothes and tennis shoes (!) was one of the guests believing poor Spike was clowning—and insisted he had the gift in his pocket.

It was a case of one prankster kidding another and Spike didn't know whether Jerry had it or not.

Was Jerry's face red when he realized that Spike was not spoiling—and the detectives were called.

Among these milling around during the excitement were the Van Helfins, Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curren, Jeff Chandler and Cesar Romero.

Edgar Bergen's little girl, Candy, has a big crush on Guy Madison (so have many bigger girls).

Not long ago Edgar and Candy were shopping in Beverly Hills when Guy came along. After the child had been introduced to her idol, her father asked her what she thought of Guy.

"I just wish he came in smaller sizes," Candy sighed.

The Letterbox: "I can't take Jeanne Crain's new look," writes Mrs. Ronald Hunt, Mansfield, Ohio. "Bring back our old, lovely Jeanne, minus that hair-cut and those short skirts."

Carlos Turpiner opines: "Count at least one fan, me, as still as enchanted with Jane Powell as I ever was. Her private life is her own. Her talent is ours, thank heavens."

Two schoolgirls, Chicago, write: "Who is Deborah Paget kidding that she hasn't been kissed?" I think Debra has now been kissed, girls, and her name is Debra—not Deborah. That's all for now. See you next month.
Only CinemaScope could surround you with so glittering an array of stars...engulf you in the glamour of the world's greatest city...the excitement of Maine's ski slopes...the dazzling beauty of a fabulous fashion show...

Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO
Screen Play by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS
How To Marry a Millionaire

DAVID WAYNE • RORY CALHOUN • CAMERON MITCHELL
Based on Plays by Zoe Akins and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert • with ALEX D'ARCY • FRED CLARK and William POWELL
THE REAL LOWDOWN:
Jane Russell's chapel in the San Fernando Valley has become quite a rehabilitation spot for alcoholics. David Brian delivered a sermon, his first, to Jane's religious group last month. And the guy has never looked better... Did you know that Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler were once schoolmates in Brooklyn? Shortly after Susan filed suit for divorce from Jess Barker, Jeff offered her his shoulder "to cry on." Watch this pair!... Quite a guy, Chandler. He came to the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon here in Hollywood at midnight on Saturday and stayed on until four A.M., Sunday, working like a dog answering phones and taking messages from donors.

Marilyn Erskine gave Donald O'Connor a black star signature ring for his birthday... Did you know that the car that overturned and almost killed Beetsie Wynn on her trip back to New York belonged to Sid Luft, Judy Garland's husband? A friend was driving it back east for Sid and Beetsie hitched a ride in it... Is Judy responsible for Sid's anonymity obligations? Lynn Bari, his ex, keeps filing lawsuits against him in an effort to get an answer.

Debbie Reynolds has become the datingest gal in town since breaking up with Bob Wagner. Wonder when Deh, my favorite Girl Scout, will dye her hair and tread the glamour trail?... Liz Taylor, whose hair was naturally curly, now resorts to permanents. A medico tells us this is sometimes caused by motherhood.

LONG HUNCH DEP’T:
Their Hollywood chums wonder what significance there was in Lana Turner and Lex Barker's placing their wedding rings on their little fingers... When she heard about the Lana-Lex linking, Arlene Dahl, Lex's ex, said, "I wish them happiness. I think they have a lot in common."... Wait'll you see Arlene's torrid love scenes with Fernando Lamas in The Diamond Queen!... If Gary and Rocky Cooper reconcile it'll be because of their daughter... Now that Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra are at the height of their careers—she in Mogambo, he in From Here To Eternity—their intimates don't give that marriage long, either, this despite its many on-again-off-again aspects that have lately become mostly off... The romance to keep your eye on is the one between Chata Wayne, John's ex-spouse, and Steve Cochran. Steve kept long-distancing her from Rome throughout the divorce action.

Don't be surprised when Shirley Temple returns to movies. If she ever needed proof that the fans want her back she got it when they mobbed her at the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon, so overwhelmed were they by her sweetness and simplicity. She attended the party tossed by Shella MacRae, Elyse Knox and Cleo Arnold when they started their new TV show, featuring remarks about their better-halves, Gordon MacRae, Tom Harmon and Edward Arnold. Outside the TV station, on Vine Street, who got the biggest hand from the fans? Shirley. They kept yelling, "We want Shirley! We want Shirley!" till she went out and took a bow... Don't look for anything exciting to happen between Judy Holliday and Pete Lawford, despite the romantic rumors... Johnnie Ray has been working in the night clubs without his hearing aid, which means you'll see no evidence of the device in any movie he makes... If Mario Lanza keeps saying nasty things to reporters over the phone he's likely to wind up in the clink... These three kiddies look like they'll be up for Academy Awards for best supporting actor roles.

Christian Fourcade for Little Boy Lost, Tommy Retig for The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T, and Brandon deWilde for Shane.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:
Tony Curtis' devotion to his father during a recent heart attack confirms what I've known all along: that Tony is tops... Jane Powell missed only one performance of Gene Nelson's Cocanut Grove engagement, that one due to Dore Schary's birthday party... Then Janie herself opened at the Grove right after Gene closed. I was there opening night, when Janie's mother's date, a bartender, became obstreperous and had to be led outside by Gene's agent, Johnny Darrow. Everybody held his breath during that incident... The Powell-Nelson wedding may happen much sooner than the year set by California law... I talked to Janie at the MGM See For Yourself star party for MGMers all over the world, and congratulated her on her singing. "How come you're singing better than I've ever heard you?" I asked. She replied, "It could be because I have a new vocal coach. Or it could be because I've never been so happy in my life!"

Suzan Ball's ability to walk without her crutches and Dick Loner's loving attendance during her long illness are the talk of Hollywood... Ty and Linda Power were disappointed at first when the store delivered their second daughter instead of the son forecast by Linda's Rome astrologer. But now they've welcomed little Lily for all the astrologers in the world... Pier Angeli has really been torching for Kirk Douglas!... Mrs. Douglas Mueller, the widow of a millionaire, has been consoling Fred MacMurray, following the death of his beloved Lillian... It's been touch-and-go for Olivia de Havilland and her French reporter amour, Pierre Galante. Anything in the romantic line can happen with these two... Rock Hudson moved from Coldwater to Laurel Canyon—one canyon away from Betty Abbott... Anne Baxter dyed her hair from red back to its natural golden shade for her tour in John Brown's Body and I like it, I like it!... When lone-some matrons (and some of the younger babes) phone John Hodiak and invite him to parties he replies, "Did you know Anne (John's ex) is back from Europe? Maybe you'd rather have her." Ouch!

SKIRMLISHES OF THE MONTH:
Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton almost didn't get married, the in-laws and agents were so dead set against it. Biggest surprise, the rift in the marriage of Guy Mitchell, Paramount's new star, and Jackie Loughery, who was Miss America of 1952. Career jealousy was blamed... Zsa Zsa Gabor has been seeing Portrait of a Rubirosa, Doris Duke's ex-husband, so George Sanders has been seeing Ilse Bey... Mona Freeman dated Nicky Hilton at the Villa Nova but they had a spat and she called her ex-husband, Pat Nermo, to come and take her home!... Errol Flynn just can't seem to stay out of trouble. He trounced a young U.S. businessman in a hotel in Rome. The younger man landed in a hospital and threatened to sue. Martin & Lewis got into a spat with British
Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

"I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help replace that softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!

Use JERGENS LOTION - avoid detergent hands
reporters who criticized their act at the London Palladium, but Abbott & Costello came back from London saying, "You can't get laughs from British audiences just because you're a success in the United States." The only casualty following a name-calling spat between Nora Kaye and Lita Hinton was Nora's friend and Lita's husband. In the middle of the melee, which started when Nora called Lita a name, Nora tripped on the front porch of her home and cut his hand. And Joan Dru Ireland, John's wife and Dick Haymes' ex-wife, went to court and demanded that Dick support his three children ahead of consideration for Nora or Rita?

FUNNIES:
The story goes that Jane Russell was dressing in front of an eight-year-old niece who ogled Jane and trilled: "How come I'm so plain and you're so fancy?"

Guy Madison calls Los Angeles' combination of smog and heat, sometimes known as smog, meat.

Bob Mitchum to Susan Hayward: "My, you're small, with your shoes off!" Susie to Bob: "You're small with yours on!"...

When Marilyn Monroe saw the X-ray of her ankle bone following that accident in Canada she said, "That's one part of me that's never been photographed before."

HOME FIRES BURNING:
Debra Paget's family gave her an anlet with a diamond heart for her twentieth birthday. . . . Doris Day bought a radiant-heat dog house for her hound. . . . Joan Evans has made up with her parents (she fell out with them when she married Kirby Wetherley) but her husband hasn't. . . . Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Jane Russell, June Allyson and Dick Powell have set up an outfit called International Adoption Association, object being to get children out of orphanages into private homes. . . . Ann Sothern will not discuss her conversation to a diabolism with the press. She says it's a personal matter, and who can blame her? . . . Rosemary Clooney arrives at six A.M., twice a week to watch Jose Ferrer play tennis. . . . Ann Blyth gave Doc McNulty a family crest for their second anniversary—second month, that is.

Dale Evans' contribution to date to the American Society for Retarded Children totals $50,000. . . . Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford, who surprised everyone by announcing a date with the stork, have been married since June 10, 1951. They plan to pop with the news now that they've moved into their own home in Woodland Hills. . . . The bracelet Grace Kelly is wearing is a gift from Clark Gable. . . . The illness from which Jane Withers is suffering has been diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. Janie has to spend most of the day sleeping. . . . Clifton Webb returned from Europe so excited over Rome that he is installing an Italian garden in his Beverly Hills place that's authentically right down the fountain for statues for the fountain in Lillian Dunne Darnell returned from Italy, too, to find her daughter, Lola, an expert diver. . . . But Lancaster has given up the idea of buying that Connecticut farmhouse and will settle for an apartment in New York City this coming year.

ODDS BODKINS:
Nine-year-old Maggie Douglas has an over- abundance of glamour parents: Paul Douglas, her real pop, and his wife, Jan Sterling, who loves to mother Maggie—and Virginia Field, her real mom, and Virginia's husband, Willard Parker, when Virginia was Margaret. . . . Mary McCarty explains why Jane Russell is such a big woman: "She has to be big to make room for her big heart."...

Marlon Brando lives on $100 a week drawn from the Republic Company, a corporation set up by himself, and another $50 drawn from his agent . . . Farley Granger is getting $85,000 for Summer Hurracane, the movie he's been making abroad. . . . Gal about whom I've never heard an unkind word: Eve Arden . . . Esther Williams lists her swimming pool as a tax deduction. The Internal Revenue people call it her office because she spends most of her "business hours" there—working, that is . . . Joan Crawford's cure for insomnia: sleep every night dictating answers to fan mail in bed, turn the whole mess over to your secretary in the morning, then go to sleep. Bing Crosby caused an uproar at Paramount when he showed up in boss Don Hartman's office wearing Bermuda shorts and a sports shirt . . . Kathryn Grayson's doctor told her to cancel her concert tour because of nervous exhaustion. So, says she: "I'm relaxing at home, scrubbing floors!" . . . Betsy Drake is taking guitar lessons, Poor Cary Grant . . . Roberta Peters sounds as if she's playing Scrabble to—Steve Rowland! . . . Joan Benry and Vic Damone resumed the romance interrupted by his stretch in the Army . . . Karl Malden murders Dolores Dorn on the set of The Phantom Ace at Warners. But the catch is that this big-hearted guy picks her up and drives her to work every aem.

SEX APPEAL:
If you measure Janet Leigh and Debra Paget around the chests you'll find they total Bob Wagner's height: 72 inches! . . . Greer Garson is bantering to make one of those sex, that talk, that scene. . . . In Italy . . . Marla English, Paramount's cute, new, little starlet, stopped by to see the Hollywood columnists in their offices. She's very cute; has Cadillac looks and lots of other things that spell s-t-a-r-d-o-m. Having heard her at a party, I can assure you that Maureen O'Hara's Irish soprano pipes are even better than her face, according to Ann Blyth's, and I hope she gets a chance to use them in a movie . . . A traveler back from Mexico City reports that the hottest glamour attraction for tourists south of the border is sleek, sunny, svelte, sexy, simply super Annie Sheridan! . . . Byron Palmer is buying a house where he can hide away from all the gals who've been bothering him for dates . . . Kathleen Hughes has devised polka-dot toenail polish . . . Fernando Lamas tells me he would give a girl—almost— a chance to play the star role in Ernest Hemingway's bullfight story, Death In The Afternoon.

QUICK QUOTES:
I asked Audrey Dalton if she laughs at Bob Hope's jokes, at his facial expressions. She replies: "Bob—a funny story's no good unless it's told with the right face." . . . Grace Kelly inherited Shirley Booth's former Hollywood apartment and sighed, "I hope some of the talent rubbed off . . . . Anne Baxter, talking of romance: "I'm as free as the wind because the man on the white horse hasn't come along as yet." .

Farley Granger wrote me from Rome: "A sweet, rich, young Italian countess thinks she and I should get married. I told her I would if she would give me Sam Goldwyn (Farley's former boss) as a wedding present" . . . Jean Peters on the subject of Latin love: "They take longer to tell you how wonderful you are, but what a wonderful way to get bored!"
Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Star-lite" style. No nightly settings needed.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
MOGAMBO Some girls will go to any length to cop a maharajah. Kelly (that's Ava Gardner) hops off a bar stool in New York and lands in the middle of Africa. Her maharajah has up the river on a safari without so much as a fare-thee-well. Good riddance, thinks Ava, the minute she spots Clark Gable. He's a professional hunter with a jaded theory about women. Easy come, easy go, is the theory. He loves Ava till the pack boat arrives, then he gives her ten minutes to sprint for it. Getting off the boat are Grace Kelly and her scientist husband, Donald Sinden. Grace arouses Gable's protective instinct, which is one instinct away from pure, undying love. If you think Ava takes this, you're silly. She fights like a panther. The utter splendor of Tanganyika and the magnificent shots of wild gorillas and hostile natives pale a little beside this girl, whose visiocracks, low cut gowns and feline grace steal the picture. Technicolor.—MGM

A LION IS IN THE STREETS This particular lion is James Cagney and you can hear his roar all over the south. Cagney is a peddler in a small, cotton-growing town. The item he sells best is himself. School teacher Barbara Hale doesn't even ask the price when she marries him, but she pays plenty ever after. Fiery and wildly ambitious, he becomes a champion of the people by proving that the town's chief cotton dealer (Larry Keating) is short-weighing the farmers.Flushed with this victory, which is accompanied by bloodshed, Cagney acquires a blonde (Anne Francis) and lays his remaining principles at the feet of an influential gambler (Onslow Stevens). Stevens promises him the governorship. Almost delivers it, too. But you remember what Abe Lincoln said: You can't fool all of the people all of the time. Too bad Cagney doesn't remember. Among the townspeople who aren't fooled are Warner Anderson and Jeanne Cagney. Technicolor.—Warners

BLOWING WILD Anthony Quinn owns eighteen oil wells in Mexico. An uncouth bandit named Juan Garcia is willing to let him keep them for fifty thousand dollars. Quinn's so scared he's half way to the bank before Gary Cooper stops him. Cooper isn't worth a nickel (Garcia blew up his oil well the week before) but he has more nerve than the entire Mexican army, Don't pay—fight: says Coop, who happens to be working for Quinn after a lapse of some years. The lapse was due to Quinn's wife, Barbara Stanwyck, who always loved Coop more. Coop tries brushing Barbara off again, but it isn't easy. Ruth Roman, who passes her time as a black-jack dealer in a local casino, lends a helping hand. To get back to the oil—what with the bandits whooping it up around those wells, Barbara considering tossing her husband into one, and Coop extracting a live nitro torpedo from another—there's plenty blowing wild. Including Ward Bond.—Warners

THE BIG HEAT A cop commits suicide because his conscience would have killed him, anyway, if not his wife (Jeanette Nolan). She blossoms in mink immediately and this arouses Glenn Ford's suspicion. Glenn is a cop, too, but honest. He decides the city is ruled by gangsters and he's going to clean it up. Alone. If necessary. And that's necessary, because his superiors keep telling him the case is closed. Superiors are scared of the big boss (Alexander Scourby). Ford is scared of no one, especially after his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is victimized by the gang and his small daughter is threatened. Glenn involves himself with B-girls, moronic henchmen and smart alecs who hurl scalding coffee into their sweethearts' faces. One sweetheart (Gloria Grahame) resents this treatment; it's bad for the complexion. With her aid, Glenn exposes more crooks than the Kefauver committee. Players include Lee Marvin, Peter Whitney, Willis Bouchey.—Columbia
Elizabeth Taylor, star of RHAPSODY, an M-G-M Technicolor picture, finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.

"SOFT, MISTY STOCKINGS SPELL LEG LOVELINESS..."

says Elizabeth Taylor

"Shiny stockings can make the loveliest legs appear unshapely," says lovely Elizabeth Taylor. That's the reason Miss Taylor and other M-G-M stars welcome the soft, misty, permanent dullness of Bur-Mil Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish. And you'll find Leg-O-Genic beauty in Cameo's 66 gauge, 12 denier personally proportioned nylons—the most luxuriously sheer stockings you can buy! Incidentally, they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo 66 gauge, 12 denier nylons...$1.65. Other styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves!"

Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

New Playtex® Magic-Controller!

Now available in all 3 styles:
Garter girdle—Panty with garters—Panty brief

With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control"!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Playtex® Magic-Controller... Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
Panty Brief, $6.95
Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from $4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50
Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the zip tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

VICKI Vicki (Jean Peters) was a waitress until publicity man Elliott Reid and columnist Casey Adam discovered her. Overnight, they turned Vicki into New York's most famous model. But both are willing to swear they didn't turn her into a corpse. Someone did—on the morning she intended to depart for Hollywood. A sadistic detective, Richard Boone, insists on handling the case. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than sending Reid to the chair. But who is Reid's guilty target? That detective looks pretty homicidal himself. And there are other suspects. Vicki's sister, Jeanne Crain, kept plugging away at a bookkeeper while Vicki wallowed in glamour. A matinee idol, Alex D'Arcey, loved Vicki enough to kill her if she spurned him. Take that crazy little deal clerk, Aaron Spelling. He could have made a fortune haunting houses. Why not question him? No air, you can't sway Boone's one-track mind—and guess where the track is going—20th Century Fox.

TANGA TIIA It took Dwight Long four years to produce Tang Tiki (he was his own director, soundman and cameraman) which may be why he achieved such a happy blend of authenticity and charm. This is a movie about Tahiti, but don't expect a documentary. Expect a warm and simple love story centered around Timi, an island chief's son. To wed his girl, Timi must have money, so he enters the South Pacific Olympic Games for a prize purse. You see dance competitions, canoe races, javelin meets—events highlighted by the knowledge that Timi's romance hangs in the balance. In addition, you see copra workers scaling giant trees, fishermen stoning their prey as the Tabithans did a thousand years ago. You see a Chinese wedding ceremony, a tropical feast, a shipwreck and a rescue in shark-infested waters—Norton and Condon.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE Papa is a newspaper editor in Dawson, Alaska. For his pains in trying to reform that outpost, he catches two bullets in the chest. Mama (Agnes Moorehead) and her four daughters (Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and the Bell sisters) arrive via dog-sled—too late for the funeral, but not soon enough for Gene Barry, a salmon keeper who immediately succumbs to Rhonda's charms. Gene is the villain in the piece, as his dancing girls and poker tables will attest. Rhonda fixes him; she takes over her dad's newspaper and writes poison pen editorials. Sister Teresa doesn't want revenge; she wants to show her legs in Barry's chorus, and does, to the disgust of her redheaded family. And sister Cynthia dares to fall for Guy Mitchell, the salmon's enemy. What turmoil, what heady passions play themselves out in this Technicolored, 2-D, musical drama—Para.
THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS In 1869 there weren't any oil wells in Texas. No Nieman-Marcus, either, so you can understand why Phyllis Kirk is bored. Besides, carpetbaggers are swarming around like cultures feeding on the farmers. Ben Westman (Charles McGraw) is a kind of local Robin Hood making it tough for those baggers. According to martial law, Westman's an outlaw. Phyllis' husband, Randolph Scott, is an Army officer, but he's thrown into confusion about performing his duty. He admires Westman too much. Lex Barker is an officer of a different stripe. He hates Texans, he likes Phyllis, he's willing to relieve Randy of the care of both. Gunfighting goes on amid Technicolor scenery, but Thunder Over The Plains isn't quite a shoot-'em-up. It deals with those rare qualities known as honor and loyalty—and that's a refreshing change. Cast includes Elisha Cook, Jr., Hugh Sanders, Lane Chandler, Mark Dana—Warners.

MARRY ME AGAIN Marie Wilson and Robert Cummings almost never get to the altar in this one. Bob is a pilot recalled to duty about three seconds before he can produce the ring. I gotta go, honey, he whispers to his ex-czar bride and races out of the church. While he's becoming a hero in Korea, she's shunting a million dollars from a newly-dead aunt. Phhht, can't tell Bob, though, knowing his stubborn pride. This same pride impels him to tell the world, 'I ran as a national radio hook-up, that any wife of his will have to struggle along on the sixty-five bucks a week he earns as an auto mechanic. What happens next is exactly what you'd expect, although that doesn't make it any easier to sit through. Assisting the broad and bumbling attempts at comedy are Ray Walker, Mary Costa, Richard Gaines and two French bodies.—RKO

SREPARE MOMENT The time is post-war Germany; the place is prison where an innocent man (Bogarde) is serving a life sentence for murder. He doesn't care, because the woman he loved (Zetterling) was killed during the last weeks of war. Imagine Dirk's surprise when Mai turns up visiting day. Let me out of here, he screams, own, boy, they say. Obviously, Dirk is being framed, in his position, it's hard to prove. The only hope is to escape and find the arch-fend (Albert) who posed as his dearest friend. Actually, men's a ruthless black-marketeer. He knew Mai was alive, but he lied a little to save his own skin. In a chase begins that grows in excitement as each new to the murderer is bumped off. Eleven highballs for the Russian sector of Berlin, but he's still running short enough when love and justice betrayed are at heels.—J. Arthur Rank, U-I release

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near! For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

PROOF!
New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed. Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria...doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

A Product of Bristol-Myers
AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

"OZZIE & HARRIET" know what to do!

They know that . . .
LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES . . . BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or snuffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

LISTERINE KILLS GERMS LIKE THESE WAY BACK ON THROAT SURFACES

(1) Penicillium Type III, (2) Penicillium inflexatum, (3) Staphylococcus pyogenes, (4) Pseudomonas Type I, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine often halts such mass invasions . . . attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systemically with this wonderful antiseptic.

DECAMERON NIGHTS One of the greatest medieval story-tellers was a writer named Boccaccio, and his most famous work was a collection of tales called The Decameron. Someone, namely RKO, finally got smart and based a movie on it. This movie, Louis Jourdan plays Boccaccio himself—a sensitive romantic, hopelessly in love with a young widow (Joan Fontaine). Joan is of such high moral character that she clings to mourning much longer than decency requires. Jourdan seeks refuge in her castle during a local war, and to keep him busy she demands he tell an after dinner story after every dinner. Certainly, says Jourdan—and what a spicy, imaginative spell he weaves over that lady. Clashed to laughter and medieval costume, Decameron Nights is exotic and delightful entertainment. Binnie Barnes, Godfrey Tearle, Joan Collins are among the cast.—RKO

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE ROBE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without gargoyle) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Headed the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Technicolor.

TILTED FAVORITE Wonderful newcomer Richard Andrasco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THE ALL-AMERICAN (U.I.): Tony Curtis as an athlete who shows a snobby Ivy League College what football and democracy are all about. Also attending: Richard Long, Lori Nelson.

THE MOONLIGHTER (Warner): Action, excitement, and plenty of love interest with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond fighting it out amidst cattle rustlers and bank robbers.

THE CADDY (Para.): If you can believe it, Marty and Lewis got together on a golf course and began their career by taking a few hilarious pratfalls in front of a little fat man with a lot of putt. Barbara Bates, too.

THE GOLDEN BLADE (U.I.): Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson in Bagdadian costumes and Technicolor. Enough to defeat any plot (even by Gene Nelson)—add an invincible sword and half a dozen plots—and you come up with a lot of fun.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Col.): A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Technicolor are Anita Loos' uninhibited gals with diamond on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn, Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reid.

THE BAND WAGON (M-G-M): Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team for top-notch dancing in this above-average musical; delightful songs and a lot of Technicolored fun with Oscar Levant, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

LATIN LOVERS (M-G-M): Lana Turner doesn't know what to do with all her money and can't decide whether to let millionaire John Lund or masterful Latin Ricardo Montalban help her out. Technicolored.

ISLAND IN THE SKY (Warner): John Wayne and a crew of Army pilots are downed in a Greenland snowstorm; Colonel Walter Abel makes a desperate attempt to locate the lost men before their supplies run out.
**sweet and hot**

by leonard feather

**RECORD OF THE MONTH**

DUKE ELLINGTON—Premiered By Ellington**

(Capitol). Here's an unusual album idea. All eight songs were originally presented by the Ellington band years ago, but were not written by Duke, who usually writes all his own music. Stardust is here—Duke's band played it before it had its famous lyrics. So are Cocktails For Two and My Old Flame, which the Ellington band played in two movies, Murder At The Vanities and Belle Of The Nineties. You'll also hear Lisa, Flamingo, Stormy Weather, I Can't Give You Anything But Love—all melodic performances with the unique Ellington touch by a band that's still ahead of the field.

Odd sidelong, Three Little Words is the song Duke first recorded for a movie soundtrack, along with the Rhythm Boys trio—because the producer wasn't satisfied with an earlier solo version cut by a member of that trio, a lad named Bing Crosby.

**FROM THE MOVIES**

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Taps by Rudy Vallee [Victor]. Title theme by Ray Bloch* [Coral], Re-Enlistment Blues by Ray Bloch [Coral].

The Ray Bloch version of From Here to Eternity features a very pretty accordion solo by Mat Mathews, a talented new star from Holland. Rudy Vallee's disc is coupled with a new version of his perennial Welfare Song.

JOE LOUIS STORY—theme and I'll Be Around by George Bassman* [MGM].

These two sides, recorded in New York, are from the soundtrack of the biographical film about the fighter, Bassman, best known as the composer of I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, wrote some unusually interesting background music.

LITTLE BOY LOST—The Magic Window and Cella M'Est Egal by Bing Crosby** [Decca].

These two tunes from Bing's latest should help to reestablish his slightly sagging popularity on records.

**STORY OF THREE LOVES**—Eighteenth Variation from Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody On A Theme of Paganini by William Kapell with Fritz Reiner & The Robin Hood Dell Orch.* [Victor].

**POPULAR**

IC DAMONE—Ebb Tide* [Mercury].

OMMY DORSEY—Tenderly LP** [Decca].

This is listed as a set of "love songs in waltz time." Actually it's nothing of the sort (there isn't a single tune out of the eight that's played in waltz time) but these are some excellent swinging adaptations arranged by Neal Hefti, of tunes that were originally waltzes, including the title song, Charmaine, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, and most, Tommy's recent best seller, The Most Beautiful Girl In The World.

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**Are you in the know?**

What solves your family gift problem?
- Charge 'em to Dad
- I.O.U.'s

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily— for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And sis? She'll prefer the present to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you can do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: Kotex. Those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

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**For mistletoe bait, why not try—**

- Formal Battery
- Goodlass lipstick

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for you. So too, a girl's calendar needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.

Want to winterize your chassis?
- Add anti-freeze
- Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H2O and juices. And chapp-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate poise with the comfort Kotex gives: softness (holds its shape!), plus extra protection to thaw all chilling doubts.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?
- Romeo & Juliet
- Kotex and Kotex belts
- Moon 'n June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic ... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two ... for a change!
Creating a successful personality for yourself is like painting a picture, according to vivacious Mona Freeman.

It takes care and a natural manner—plus a lot of attention to make-up.

Take my word for it

by MONA FREEMAN, star columnist for December

HOW TO BE INTERESTING—BE INTERESTED in many things but mostly in people. There are many approaches. I found a good one in painting, though I didn't know it to be that at the time. I started to paint four years ago for recreation. But I found it was also giving me a new pair of eyes and a new understanding of people. The friend whose appearance I had formerly written off as just "plain" I now began to see as individual, possessing qualities in either formation of features or combination of coloring that I ached to capture on canvas. Faces took on a new meaning to me—and so did their owners. I saw more deeply, more thoroughly into their personalities. I became, via something I thought was just a hobby, much more tolerant.

I UNDERSTOOD MORE ABOUT MYSELF, TOO. I found out that I have a tendency to go whole hog about things. For a while I got so that nothing else mattered as long as I could paint. The house went to pot, appointments were put off, my little girl became an "easel-orphan." When I awoke to what was going on I gave up painting altogether for a while, and now I watch myself against overdoing it. My worst model is myself—I refuse to hold still in the mirror. Painting gave me an insight into the moods of people—including me. I am the victim of many moods, not all good, and I used to give in to them. The worst one, curiously enough, was a gay exuberance which would strike me every so often. This was bad because anyone meeting me when I was "high" in this manner would expect me to be the same bubbly person always. When I failed to come up to expectations the next time they saw me, there was an odd letdown; a sense of social failure floated in the atmosphere and, believe me, this can be demoralizing.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EVEN MOOD cannot be overstated—especially in marriage. Can you think of any more provoking (and more common) expression between husband and wife than, "Well! What's got into you today?" Two people who recognized this in their marriage were my husband and I. We got so that whenever one of us was down the other automatically worked to talk her or him out of it. Of course, when we were both down . . . but let's not even bring that up!

If you think I'm overenthusiastic about painting's helping me in unexpected ways, let me tell you about some other benefits that came sneaking into my way of life as a result of it. For instance, while working on a picture of a girl friend one morning I was suddenly struck by the length of time it took to paint a face on canvas compared to the short time it took to "do" a face in real life—meaning my make-up! From that time on there has been no more hasty smear, daub and slap-on for me at the mirror. I take pains. Once I have it on though, before going out for an evening, that's it. I don't fuss with it afterwards.

PAINTING IS A BUSINESS OF MIXING COLORS to get the exact shade you want, and in doing faces it is also a blending of the colors to reproduce the way nature works in its tones. All artists know this, and also girls who put on make-up. But I decided I wasn't paying enough blending attention to my own face when I realized how much care it took to make a face look realistic on canvas. In time I developed some little beauty tricks along this line. First of all I made sure my face was absolutely clean before I applied make-up. No more of this rushing home and piling on new make-up on top of old, as girls will often do.

In applying rouge—which I do with a brush, of course—I began mixing in a little face powder with it. I found it went on more smoothly and eliminated this business of looking pale except around the cheeks where you suddenly take on a harsh, healthy look. Instead, you could achieve, in this manner, the soft, rosy sort of glow that looks as though it comes from within instead of having been slapped on from without.

I USED TO APPLY VASELINE or cold cream to my eyelids to give me that old eyeshine, but I gradually realized that here you have to fight gravity and it's a losing battle—the vaseline tends to run and gather at the eyelash line. Pretty soon you feel something and daub at it and there you are, making pretty conversation in the parlor and wondering what to do with a fingertipful of goop! So ruling out the greased-eye treatment, I went in for silver eye shadow instead, putting it on at the eyelashes and achieving my sparkle without worrying about having to drain my eye oil every social mile.

There are two more phases of this blending process. After my make-up is all on, I take a hot washcloth and hold it close against my face. Or sometimes I even daub at my face with warm water. What I achieve here is most important—an elimination of the dry, powdery appearance that so spoils the look of a face, and a more perfect blending of everything you've used, powder, rouge, lipstick and pencil.
I don't have to tell you not to touch your mascara with either the washcloth or water!

AND THEN THE FINAL TOUCH. In portrait work I learned that when the hair is lightened wherever it is against the face the whole appearance is softened. I make use of this technique for myself now. You know that hair-streaking vogue that originated in France and has become all the rage? I use the same touch to lighten my hair around my face. In summer time, fortunately, the sun does it for me. I'm one of those blondes whose hair bleaches into a two-tone job, lightening up just where I want it. But in winter or when I can't get out into the sun for long enough periods, l get my hair streaked to achieve the same effect, blonde-streaked, not grey.

WHEN I BUY A DRESS I look for what I have earned to call the "impossible." This perfect dress is one that is very plain, very simple, yet very feminine. You know what I mean. It isn't color, or decoration, or unusual effect. I don't care what the color is, the decorations only add flip, unusual effects individualize the dress more than they do you. The "impossible" has to be present in the line, in the cut. If it isn't, anything else in the dress is just an inducement to compromise.

Like everybody else I have to compromise a lot... but I keep looking. When I do find what I want I hang on to it, believe me. I once bought an outfit that will seem a whole botch of colors when I describe it but, take my word for it, it was a dream costume. The skirt was a tight-fitting, dark blue, wool crepe, and the jacket was cashmere, done in green and white checks, with a red lining! I know, I know how it sounds. But it was it! For five years it was the star of my wardrobe. The moment I lifted it off the hanger, knowing I was going to wear it, I felt myself armed, primed and set for a conquering day!

As soon as I finish this I think I'm going out prowling again... looking through the stores for the "impossible." I'll never hunt big game in Africa, but I bet the thrill is the same!

LEARNING TO LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT has turned me from the worst shopper in the world to, I think, a pretty good one. I used to pick up things that had no possible relation to the rest of my clothes. Now I buy nothing I can't visualize as part of a combination; in fact, not only as part of one combination but part of others I might be able to make up from my wardrobe. Very often I do what many girls do, I'm sure. I play the "clothes game," laying out all I've got to wear and trying to re-assemble it in new outfits. Sometimes you can hit on some surprising combinations.

Having taken care of my make-up and my clothes, there remains only one thing more to worry about... the real me... and how real am I to people I meet? What's the use of kidding? Beauty and clothes can make a girl look interesting but in the long run she has to be interesting to hold on to her happiness.

BEAUTY IS A RESPONSIBILITY. To me there is nothing worse than a girl who uses her beauty at a time when she should be using her intelligence to better still, her true, warm heart. For it is only by heart-to-heart steps with others that a person can lift himself into being a really happy human being.

Mona Freeman

It costs so little to look Lovable

ADD-vantage with invisible padding...$2

So good when you slip on Lovable's padded ADD-Vantage. You look better. You feel better! The hidden foamette curves and firms; adds beauty without bulk, can't lose its shape. And it's light-as-a-whisper...both on your figure and your budget! Ask for Lovable's ADD-Vantage, only $2 everywhere.

Other fine Lovable styles, padded and regular, from $1 to $2.50... Also in Canada.

Look for the heart... for the Lovable look.

Mona Freeman

The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. DM-12, 180 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
Another Modern Screen Special!  
An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities

JACKIE GLEASON's home life is one of the most frenetic in show business. Separated from his wife, he lives alone in a penthouse apartment in the same hotel Mrs. Roosevelt used to live in. But he's never alone. He has incorporated himself so that the $25,000-a-year duplex is deductible. And he uses it for an office, rehearsal hall, and dancing school—for everything that goes into his television show. There are dancers hoisting in one room, singers warbling in another, and scriptwriters somewhere else. Agents and directors and friends wander in and out of the kitchen helping themselves, and the phone keeps ringing. Jackie—or Jackie's voice—is everywhere.

Red Buttons actually enjoys writing out his rent checks. His jazzy new apartment overlooking the East River costs $400 a month, and Red is just plain proud that he can afford it. He and Helayne, the lovely Mrs. B., went out and signed up for the layout before his first TV show. Only after he made his sudden and smashing success did they know they could afford it. Before they moved in, Helayne got herself an interior decorator. The living-dining room ended up café-au-lait, chartreuse, and coral. Their bedroom is all pink—the walls, the carpeting, the oversize bed, even the telephone. But one room was never finished. It could be a den or a guest room, but the Buttons don't want anything but a crib in it. So there the room sits, with suitcases and pictures stacked on the floor, waiting for the one thing Red hasn't got—a baby. Don't pay any attention, by the way, to the rumors that Buttons has gone high hat. He's just trying to get something out of life that his club-date days never gave him. And he has found out, just as all celebrities do, that the minute the money starts rolling in, the relatives start asking for it. The people he wants to do things for—his parents, his brother, and his sister, the people who did things for him before he was a big star—get anything they want. They don't want much, however; it's the cousins he never heard of who are clamoring. And ignore the nasty rumors about Helayne. Sure, she calls Red, "Rouge," but it's not an affection. So does his lawyer—and anyone else who knew him oversars. When he was in France entertaining with the Mickey Rooney troupe during the war, he told a French girl at a bar that his name was Red Buttons. "Ah," she said, "Rouge Buttons!" His buddies picked it up; the next morning the sergeant at roll call bellacred out "Rouge Buttons," and now Helayne uses it. All very legitimate.

Two other tenans in the same building with Red and Helayne are Faye Emerson and her piano-playing husband, Skitch Henderson. Faye leads a busy social life all her own, and some observers think that her marriage is smooth only when it strikes Faye's fancy. As you know, she gave up her Dutch hairdo in a hurry, right after she stopped being the intellectual moderator on "Author Meets The Critics," and returned to her famous chignon. So, from the neck up, she looks about like the old Faye. Below that, though, she has spread. And she's not the fashion plate she used to be. You can see her around town in sober black numbers that don't turn her into the glamour girl we all used to know.

Their friends wonder how long Ernie Kovacs and Edith Adams can keep on this way. They've been in love for years, but the Hungarian with the string tie and the little blonde singer of Wonderful Town can't get married because he already is. Although his wife has left him and their two little girls (his mother takes care of them), she apparently doesn't want a divorce. Religious difficulties stand in the way, too.
Thrilling!...

PARK & TILFORD
Perfume #3.
Yet, surprise!—costs less than many colognes! In jewel case, 49¢*

"Soaping" dulls hair...HALO glorifies it with your very first shampoo! 10¢, 29¢, 57¢, 89¢

Winter roughens your skin...PACQUINS Silk 'n Satin Lotion satinizes it! 25¢, 49¢.* In new dispenser bottle, 79¢*

Yet,
surprise!...costs less than many colognes! In jewel case, 49¢*

In jewel case, 490*

"Soaping" dulls hair...HALO glorifies it with your very first shampoo! 10¢, 29¢, 57¢, 89¢

Winter roughens your skin...PACQUINS Silk 'n Satin Lotion satinizes it! 25¢, 49¢.* In new dispenser bottle, 79¢*

Your choice!
TONI Home Permanent in Very Gentle, Super, or Regular...according to your very own hair-type. Refill, 1.50*

Help that hope with a touch of holiday magic from

Woolworth's array of toiletries

It's the new TEF toothbrush...with the new, non-slip grip and the new tapered handle. 29¢

Never needs after-rinse!...LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. And it's Hollywood's favorite for lovelier hair. 27¢, 53¢

New shades for the new season! HELEN NEUSHAEFER Nail Polish in Joy, Gaiety, and First Lady Pink. 10¢*

SUSAN SMART† says

Hoping to go 'neath the Mistletoe?

Help that hope with a touch of holiday magic from

Woolworth's array of toiletries

"Invisible shield" of FRESH Cream Deodorant helps keep underarms dry, odorless. 12¢, 27¢, 43¢, 63¢*

Never needs after-rinse!...LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. And it's Hollywood's favorite for lovelier hair. 27¢, 53¢

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New shades for the new season! HELEN NEUSHAEFER Nail Polish in Joy, Gaiety, and First Lady Pink. 10¢*
Pamper your beauty with new Camay!
Wonderful for complexion and bath!

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. And Camay alone among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before!
Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure... the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay.

Look for New Camay in the Same Familiar Wrapper. It's at your store now—at no extra cost. And there's no finer beauty soap in all the world!
happy the bride...

According to one of the persons who was with Lana Turner in Italy and in London during the production of *The Flame And The Flesh*, "Modern Screen is probably more responsible for Lana Turner's marriage to Lex Barker than any other single factor.

"Your magazine," this informant reports, "ran a story about Lex and Lana (our August, 1953 issue) entitled, They Called Them Shocking, with a cover blurb that read, 'Lana and Lex: They Scandalized Europe.'

"When Lana read that story, she blew her top. I mean really blew it. She was mad. She said that she was living her own life. It was her business. No one was going to tell her what to do, and especially not Modern Screen. If she wanted to go around with Lex Barker, she was going to do it, and she didn't care what anyone wrote about it.

(Continued on page 78)
One of the most popular pinups in World War II was a photograph of Rita Hayworth. It showed her sitting up in bed, clad in a transparent nightgown. This pinup was plastered on bomb bays, block-busters, and barracks walls throughout the world. Rita Hayworth was portrayed as the most beautiful, glamorous, desirable woman on earth. Life magazine described her as the American version of the "love goddess."

A few years later, when Rita was married to Aly Khan, a columnist for the New York Post spoke for the male sex when he wrote: "There is scarcely a man among us who on the occasion of this news does not suffer a sense of personal defeat."

But today, Rita Hayworth is more often regarded as a typical Hollywood glamour girl who wears her heart on her lips. This change of the attitude of the public may be attributed to her recent marriage to Dick Haymes and the incredible circumstances surrounding it.

Earlier this year when Dick and Rita began going together, instead of acknowledging their friendship, they made a secret of it. Rita refused to talk to reporters. She refused to tell friends where she was. She refused to discuss Haymes in any light, whatever. Every question concerning Dick got one answer, "No comment."

Haymes, a rather muddled character, behaved even more strangely. For long periods of time no one could find him. Not even his wife. Not even his lawyer. Servants at the Hayworth home answered questions with, "Dick Haymes? Never heard of him."

Actually, there was no need for any of this furtiveness. Nora Haymes, Dick's third wife, had told him that their marriage was finished. Some people say Nora fell in love with an agent who was once very close to Rita, and who promised Nora a great career. Others believe that Nora fell in love with a producer of the legitimate theatre.

Whatever the reason, it was she who decided that she wanted no more of her marriage with Haymes. They agreed to separate, and Haymes was a free agent. A man who chronically falls in love, he fell in love then with Rita Hayworth.

Instead of being proud of their mutual love, instead of admitting it, Dick and Rita made a mystery of it. When Rita took a train to New York, Haymes went along. For some reason, they felt it necessary to be so discreet that it became a kind of cloak-and-dagger performance.

No one could understand why. Nora Haymes was never in a position to name Rita Hayworth as a co-respondent in a divorce case, and Dick and Rita knew that. Were they ashamed of their love?

The plain, simple, appalling answer to their strange headline-making behavior is that they both occasionally have very poor judgment about their personal lives.

Look at the Haymes record. (Continued on page 92)
THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE CONTINENTAL FLINGS

Suzanne Dadolle, really in love, gave up modeling for Schiaparelli to tour Europe with Gable. Experts say this may be only Paris fling to end in marriage.

Gary Cooper wooed Gisèle Pascale while she was supposedly engaged to Prince of Monaco. His success convinced French he is a great love.
FACTS BEHIND THE STARTLING RUMORS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S TOP STARS ABROAD. — BY COLETTE MAURIER

Paris is the traditionally romantic city, a magnet which attracts, sooner or later, the most beautiful women on earth. Respectable businessmen may sow their wild oats there without making the rest of the world party to their indiscretions. But above all, Paris is a city in which a man’s behavior may be his own business, but his romantic nature the business of thousands of predatory women. Certainly, American movie actors abroad are more than fair game.

In the annals of motion picture history, 1953 will be recorded as the year of the great European migration. Practically every star you can think of spent some of 1953 in Europe.

Why?

Their reasons were varied. Many went abroad to take advantage of the favorable tax law which was later legislated away. Some went for vacations. Some went because they couldn’t find work in Hollywood, a few went abroad for love, and a handful went on studio assignments. Regardless of their reasons for going there, some of Hollywood’s top flight male movie stars managed to reserve a considerable amount of time for their Paris flings.

“Your actors come here,” one Parisian explains, “because this is a city where a kiss in a café does not make headlines, where a night of revelry with a girl and a bottle of wine does not fill a gossip column. Paris is a lover, and it gathers all the world’s lovers to its bosom. If a man has the price, Paris denies him nothing.”

Of course, most movie actors have the price. But with money or without, when Americans are in Europe they are faced with unfamiliar social standards. Briefly, the French expect gentlemen on a fling to handle their amours lightly, but deftly and discreetly. The Italians are not so much concerned with sophistication. They admire volatile romance and they like to go to a wedding.

Bing Crosby, for example, was quickly accepted by Paris high society. Clark Gable apparently ranked next, but his chances of complete acceptance suffer from his failure to accept the social position of the French mannequin, either because he doesn’t understand it, or because he doesn’t care. Gary Cooper pays little attention to the social set, preferring to stick with the movie crowd. He enjoys great public popularity in France.

Unquestionably, Bing Crosby understands and follows the Parisian social law. For a while, he squired about a Belgian girl named Arlett Piquet. But the girl who received the most attention from Monsieur Bing, and incidentally from the press, was Ghislaine de Boysson, a twenty-ish model who works for Jacques Fath and Schiaparelli.

In Paris, models are a special class of people. Generally speaking, they are (Continued on page 87)

and Hollywood may have a lot of trouble getting them back from their extra-curricular romances!
"I can't call him Michael," Mike complains: "I feel as if I'm talking to myself!" So he called his son "Boy" (because the hospital identification bracelet worn by the new baby read "Boy Wilding"). Then Liz came up with "Britches" for a pet name. Now a confident father, Mike once feared hospital would give them the wrong baby.

Liz and Nurse Mary share care of eight-month-old Britches. Ordinarily cheerful and easy to handle, Britches is given to crying only when tired. He found the flight across the Atlantic wearing, alarmed Liz and the plane's crew with his wails until England and a nurse comforted him. Imperturbable Mike, Sr., only felt sorry for the other passengers!

Mike couldn't resist adding his own family snapshots to MODERN SCREEN'S collection. Liz shares motherhood with one of her menagerie—Gigi, her French poodle, who had a Caesarean birth at the same time Liz did, produced almost as cute offspring. Britches shares his parents' love of animals, plays happily with the family's many pets.
The happiest time

The steward of the giant BOAC flying ship moved up to the crew's cabin. Lightly, he tapped the pilot on the shoulder. The skipper looked back.

"Elizabeth Taylor and her baby," the steward shouted.

The skipper relinquished control of the ship to his co-pilot.

"What about it?"

"The little fellow is crying his head off," the steward said. "Miss Taylor thinks maybe he's sick."

The pilot got up and walked back to the tail of the ship. Liz and her son had spent the night in a berth flying across the Atlantic, and according to her, "He was just wonderful, not a peep out of him, until about an hour ago. Now, he just won't keep quiet."

"I feel sorry for the rest of the passengers," said Michael Wilding, the baby's father. "I think he's tired."

The pilot nodded and returned to the nose of the ship. He motioned to his radio officer. "Send a message to London Airport. Tell them to have a nurse standing by."

Three hours later, when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding set foot on English soil, the nurse was waiting. But first the three (Continued on page 38)

Liz often plunks Britches on her huge bed for romp with 4 cats!

Still new to motherhood, Liz admits, "When he cries, I cry."

by Susan Trent

The immortal Raphael never painted lovelier mother-and-child pictures than those caught by Modern Screen's camera in these exclusive shots of Elizabeth Taylor and her son.
Psychologists say the American home is child-centered. Liz and Mike agree—and they love it!

(Continued from page 37) Wildings had to pass through Customs and Immigration.

A reporter asked an official whether Liz was traveling on an American or British passport. There had been some question of her citizenship before she had left Hollywood. On previous trips she had used dual passports, having been born in England of American parents.

“She is an American citizen using an American passport,” the official explained. “Her husband is a British citizen using a British passport.”

Liz carried her crying eight-month-old son as she went through Passport Control. The minute the Immigration men were finished, she handed the baby over to the waiting nurse. Instantly, the child stopped crying.

Liz, wearing a dumpy little bowl of a hat, a wide, flourishing skirt, with a fabric stole to match, turned to her husband. “How do you like that?” she asked.

The imperturbable Michael Wilding smiled. “Probably thinks she’s Mary.” Mary is the baby’s nurse in Hollywood.

They drove to the flat in Grosvenor Square West which Michael Rennie’s wife had rented for them. Here Liz undressed her son, changed him, and gave him his bottle. (Continued on page 73)
"I don't care where I work," says the new Liz, "or if I ever work. I just want to be with two guys named Mike."

Mike enjoys fatherhood, counters Liz' worries with calm efficiency. He reassured her before trip. ("Typhoid injections don't bother babies") promised that son would like new nurse in England. ("This baby likes everyone") and agrees that a big family will be just fine.
IF YOU'VE HEARD ANY WILD STORIES ABOUT MITCHUM LATELY, DON'T BELIEVE A WORD. CHANCES ARE HE
From all you read about Bob Mitchum, it would seem that such time as he can spare from sleepy-eyed stardom he cynically devotes to the neglect of his character. Most interviewers can’t even come close to the truth about him.

It is not the fault of the writers. It is difficult to capture Bob on paper, and Bob doesn’t make it any easier. He often takes an impish delight in supplying some of the wrong colors which have been used to paint the popular picture of him.

The result is that the Bob Mitchum the public knows is a self-made fraud. A big, tall one. Inside that, Mitchum is a guy he never lets anyone see; that he isn’t going to let anyone see, no matter how misrepresented he is. Listen to Mitchum about Mitchum and after a while you can feel him laughing at you, and through you, at the world. He paints himself black, black and heartless. And in the end, you listen not so much to what he says as to yourself asking why he says it.

It is becoming clear that all through his professional life he has tried to hide two aspects of himself: (1) that he is a man with a heart, and a soft one, (2) that he is serious about the art of acting. But time—Bob has been under journalistic observation for nearly ten years now—is defeating his little game. Despite his own efforts, he reveals his true self in little ways—little, but significant—and by a record of achievement he can’t very well obscure. There is nothing he can do to keep this from washing out, bit by bit, the legendary Mitchum, the careless, indolent, even dissolute fellow he not only pretends to be, but sometimes makes painfully realistic demonstrations to prove he is. That fantasy is slowly being replaced with a flesh and blood figure who, if not so colorful, is more human and a lot more (Continued on page 80)
Don't room with a movie star! Not unless you're prepared for roses in the bathtub, bear cubs in the livingroom, and badminton all over the house!

I opened the door of my apartment, put one foot inside, and stopped dead. I may be a coward, but I wasn't going in until I knew whether I was seeing things or not.

I wasn't. My roommate, Elaine Stewart, was sitting in the middle of the livingroom rug, wearing a pair of black satin slacks, and in her arms she was cradling a baby bear. I was used to the black satin slacks, and I shouldn't have been surprised by the bear, because when you live with a movie star you shouldn't be surprised by anything.

It's like living with an electric spark, a runaway freight train, or the bubbles from a glass of champagne. It's playing Hamlet at four in the morning in costumes made of colored napkins and swimming by moonlight in the Pacific Ocean, and never knowing what to expect next.

The bear came from a South American admirer—if admirer is the right word. He had flashing eyes, wavy hair, and a Spanish temper. He met Elaine on the set while she was making Take The High Ground. When Elaine refused to go out with him, he got so angry that he threatened to send her an alligator. I guess he couldn't find an alligator, so he sent the bear instead.

There was the time I started to take a bath and almost stepped into the middle of the 412 red roses that were floating aimlessly around the bathtub. And there was the time Elaine felt like playing badminton.

The roses were a gift from the Navy. Or rather from a Naval squadron that chose her its queen. Each man in the squadron had sent her a rose, and the only vase Elaine (Continued on page 61)
A few days after Gene Kelly finished *Crest Of The Wave* in London, newspaper editors notified their reporters in New York to keep close watch on all ports of entry.

"Gene Kelly," one waterfront newsman was told, "is the first and only actor to have spent seventeen months overseas under the old tax law. He has earned about $300,000, tax free. He is also responsible, in part, for the change of the tax laws by Congress. We want a story on him."

Alert newsmen subjected every plane and ship passenger list to close scrutiny. When they were absolutely confident that Gene Kelly could never get into New York City undetected by the press, word came from Hollywood that Gene was back in movietown and that Arthur Freed, Metro's chain-smoking producer, was throwing a big welcome-home party for the dancer.

The editors back east were fit to be tied. Verbally, they went to work on their waterfront and airport reporters. How in heaven's name had they missed Kelly?

Chagrined, the reporters offered several alibis. One said that Kelly was traveling under an assumed name. Another said flatly that he got off his plane in Boston and caught a direct flight to Los Angeles. A third announced that Kelly was really in New York, having a series of wild parties in a midtown hotel while awaiting the return from Europe of his wife, Betsy, and his daughter, Kerry.

When Arthur Freed read this last item about his leading star, he blew his top. "We're gonna sue that guy," he stormed, naming the columnist who printed the defamation. "This time he has gone too far. He really has. We have a libel suit set to go. Sayin' those things about Gene. Lies, all (Continued on page 94)
The Gene Kelly formula has always been “All for one and one for all” but they say there's trouble brewing in Paradise—maybe Betsy's been getting second billing.

BY ALICE FINLETTER

here seen Mrs. Kelly?

Betsy's fine performance in The Snake Pit is still remembered. Now that Kerry, 9, is in school, Betsy has too much time on her hands.
Cyd and friend Dusty Negulesco combed city for perfect center table for living room: it has slide-out trays that are removed for buffet dinners.

The Martins' ten-room Colonial house stands on a busy Sunset Boulevard corner. (Tony likes to be in the middle of things!) Once grim and old-fashioned, it has been modernized by Cyd.

the Song and Dance house

by Marva Peterson
The shrill, sustained jangle peculiar to long-distance calls sounded in the kitchen.

"Pittsburgh calling Mrs. Tony Martin," the operator monotoned.

"This is she," Cyd Charisse acknowledged. It was Tony, of course. In their five years of marriage, he never has missed phoning at least once a day while he's out of town.

"How're the boys?" he asked.

"Great," Cyd said. "Little Tony had his first trip to the dentist today. . . Well, we got him into the chair, anyway. . . You're sending what?" The beautiful, leggy dancer walked the phone into the library. With one toe, she deftly shut the kitchen door behind her. The conversation with Tony, mostly love-talk, lasted half an hour.

When it was over, Cyd was still smiling, inside and out. In the front hall, she met Casey, their amicable butler. "If a crate arrives with some lamps," she offered lightly, "they're from Mr. Martin."

"Lamps?" Casey repeated. "Did you say lamps, m'am?"

"That's right."

"Did the mister say how many we can expect?"

Casey asked, with a pained expression.

"Three." (Continued on next page)
Cyd and Tony love sunning; patio has chaises of various widths, pool-side telephone, dining tables and serving counters from bar and kitchen.

Cyd and Tony keep in shape by constant use of fenced-in pool, long walks on their acre of lawn and old trees. Four years ago house and grounds seemed too large for the newlyweds, now barely holds their growing family and staff.

"Where the blazes can we put three more lamps?" the outspoken butler muttered. "We already got more lights than we got electric outlets. We got more pictures than we got wall space. More records than—"

"Now, Casey," Cyd placated. "You know Mr. Martin likes new things around the house. Don't let it worry you. I'll find a place for them."

By now, Cyd Charisse knows what to expect of her tall, handsome, singing husband. She knows that he’s a shopping addict, that given fifteen minutes between planes, he may buy a dozen ash trays, a Mercedes-Benz, an oil painting, two platinum rings, or a whole dining room set.

She knows, too, what an incredible amount of bric-a-brac he receives from his thousands of fans. A couple of little old ladies in Michigan, for example, knit him one laprobe every two years. When he played the Palladium in 1948 he mentioned that he loved sports, especially cricket. At the next performance he was gifted with two dozen cricket bats, one of which he brought home to hang over his bar. He has framed personal letters from Eisenhower and Nixon thanking him for entertaining at the Inaugural festivities in Washington. When he sang at the American Shoe Manufacturers Convention he received a token gift of one of his own shoes—in bronze.

Tony is also one of Leo Durocher’s best friends, which means he gets his share of Giant trophies. Cyd must find room in their library for autographed baseballs, autographed photos of all the leading players, and a bat used in the 1950 World Series.

The lamps, too, were a present from a grateful fan. One night, during a recent (Continued on page 64)
Jack Palance is Hollywood's most terrifying find. But he isn't really as tough as he looks—just almost!

BY JACK WADE

There are acting discoveries by the hundreds each year, but once in a decade a man like Jack Palance shows up, shoulders his way into the spotlight, forcing the real men of Hollywood to move over. Then, because there is room for just so many important male stars, some guy whose virility and talent are optical illusions drops quietly back into oblivion.

Jack Palance jolted the public for the first time in the role of a man with murder on his mind; the sadistic husband of Joan Crawford in Sudden Fear. That he wasn't promptly promoted to stardom is due to the curious fact that producers constantly cry for new faces, but when they see one as compelling and different as Mr. Palance's, they are thrown for a loss.

In this quandary they have had something in common with Palance, for he didn't always have this face. He doesn't like to talk about it, but his nose has been broken more times than he can remember. And at one time he spent many months hiding away in a furnished room in New York, struggling with the fear that he would never again look human. The face, which is now so familiar and approved by the public had been (Continued on page 88)
Friend of the Family

BY HENNY BACKUS

Keeping up with the Gages is for the

Our crowd at one of the get-togethers Esther loves. There’s Renee and Bill Lundigan, me, Janet Blair, Jim, Esther. Seated: Ben, Lou Hirsch.

No matter how many chairs are available, Esther always pulled down on the floor. She didn’t like the hat I was trying...
HENRY AND JIM BACKUS HAVE KNOWN ESTHER SINCE THE GAGE MANSION WAS HODGE Podge Lode.

The first time Esther and Ben Gage invited my husband and me to their house, we were really impressed. To visit a movie star in her native habitat was moving a couple of New Yorkers—by-adoption into the lifted pinky set.

As we drove out to Brentwood, we actually sneered at the hapless tourists who were buying maps so they could gawk at movie stars' homes—from the outside, yet.

We parked our car at a discreet distance from the house, and approached it with no little trepidation. My husband, Jim, who has since become famous in his own right, was aghast—but aghast—at the sight of the small, white frame house.

"This is a movie star's home?" he gasped. "To me, it looks like Hodge Podge Lodge!"

And he was right. Apparently, they had thrown together everything around the place with their own little mitts. We found out that Ben had even built the pool. Pool? It was an oversize Lily cup. We had expected something that would compare favorably in size to Tahoe.

Not that it was Ben's fault, really. They didn't have as much money as Bing Crosby—then. Besides, they loved doing things for themselves. So Ben did all the carpentry, and worked so hard that the house eventually spilled over into the next lot, which they didn't own. If Esther wanted to go to the incinerator, she was off limits!

But Hodge Podge Lodge was their honeymoon cottage and they loved it. Esther made all the curtains, the slipcovers, the lampshades and the upholstery, and she had enough time left over to knit Ben a few pairs of argyle socks. It was all lovely and informal. In fact, there was a bow on the garbage can.

Well, that was a few years back, when my husband was best known as "Hubert Updyke" on the radio, which led to our meeting with Esther and Ben. We were living in an upholstered telephone booth over Schwab's drugstore. This, at a time when Jim's character, "Updyke," was billed as "the richest man in the world."

We were transplanted New Yorkers, and we disdained automobiles (let's face it, we couldn't afford one). Jim had gone into Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills to get out of the rain and wait for a taxi. He was standing there, trying to look accustomed to such places, when two tall, beautiful people approached him.

"We watched you do Updyke the other night," said Esther, while Jim tried to swallow his busy Adam's apple, "and we want you to know that we think you are the greatest!"

You tell any man he's great, and you've got a friend. So has your spouse. Then and there, we became friends of the Gages, and we've never let them go.

You ought to see how things have changed since 1946 when we first laid cynical eyes on Hodge Podge Lodge. Since then, the Gages have pioneered in a place called Mandeville Canyon, a deep gorge, previously the residence of coyotes and rattlesnakes living in little houses of beer cans left by brave picnickers. That's all changed since Esther and Ben took over. Now it's a sort of Schubert Alley (a place in New York where you see no one but famous people.) But life in Mandeville Canyon, despite the encroachment of movie millionaires, is still primitive and breath-taking.

For instance, Dick Widmark lives there in a house he made over from an old nursery, and on a clear day, you can see him with a small ax, hacking at an (Continued on page 81)
I'd make a lousy Bachelor

by Tony Curtis

In the old days (three years ago), I figured myself to be a fairly happy guy. That was the era when I threw my clothes on the floor at night and didn't care whether anybody picked them up or not. I drank a dozen bottles of orange pop every day and ate what I wanted when I felt like it, even if it was peanut butter and pumpernickel at three A.M. My life was as orderly as Macy's basement after a bargain sale, and I had all the self discipline of a pampered Pekingese.

I'm a changed man. So much so that when I look back on those days I wonder that I could ever have thought myself happy. Three years with Janet have taught me how to be civilized, and most important of all, I've come to depend on someone else for happiness. I'd suspected that for some time, but last summer when I finished All American and left immediately for Honolulu to make Beachhead, I had it proved to me. Without Janet I fell apart. It meant a five-week separation, the longest we had ever had, and the longest we ever will have. It was as though I were living in a state of suspended animation. I counted the days and the hours and the minutes until I would be home, and in the interim I made a game out of getting to bed as soon as possible every night so that I'd be unconscious for a while.

Much as I love Janet, it's still hard to understand how (Continued on page 90)
Fighting mad about recent stories, Terry Moore asked MODERN SCREEN for a chance to tell her side. Here's an unusual feature: a sizzling defense by an angry star!

I'm not at all sure I should be writing this article. In fact, friends with whom I've discussed the project have, for the most part, advised me not to. Man-bites-dog is a commonplace compared to actress-bites-magazine. In some respects—in theory, at least—you might as well put your hand in a buzz-saw as retort to a writer who has every weapon to tear you to pieces, whereas you, with no column nor other public outlet at your command, are relatively helpless. Well, maybe that's one reason I'm doing it; that "relatively helpless" business, I mean. Surely no one is so relatively helpless that she is not entitled to defend herself against distortions, false inference and simple untruths. If indeed she is that helpless, she goes further than imperilling her career; it seems to me she has sacrificed to ambition her right to live with dignity. And if she wants to be a star so much that she will surrender to moral cowardice, then she's in the wrong business. There's not enough fame or money in the world to compensate for living with fear.

Then there's another reason I'm willing to stick my neck out. MODERN SCREEN is willing to let me. There's a little more to that than meets the eye. Because MODERN SCREEN, you see, is the magazine I'm biting—or rather, an article that appeared in the September issue by Steve Cronin, titled: Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?—one of those affectionate variations on Have You Stopped Beating Your Wife? Although the story bothered me, as it would have bothered you if you had been the subject, I do honestly appreciate this magazine's courage and fairness in letting me refute their own article in my own words.

There are not too many publications that would do it. Similarly, I haven't a doubt that the editors bought Mr. Cronin's essay in good faith. MODERN SCREEN's reputation in the film colony is that of a tough, but clean fighter, not always sweetness and light, but not given to low blows either. And the evidence of that is what you are now reading.

Let me say one more word for the film personality in (Continued on page 75)
AN OPEN LETTER TO MODERN SCREEN

Now let me tell it!

by Terry Moore
“Actors are a dime a dozen”

Don’t try to tell Dale Robertson that you think he’s great—or even a success! The answer is very likely to be a horse-laugh!

By Richard Moore

Amid the diminishing stockpile of Dale Robertson lore, there emerged the fact that as a child he had taught himself to do a good many things with his left hand, just in case his right hand should be amputated someday. It was a revelatory slant on a man who is not necessarily a pessimist but who does have a death-grip on the long view.

Robertson mentioned this casually over lunch at the RKO commissary. He had fiddled for a while with a platter of small herring lying at a sort of parade rest on a bed of lettuce, and now gave up the encounter to light a cigarette. It was strictly a portside operation: removing pack from pocket, extracting cigarette, tearing loose match, lighting match, lighting cigarette. His right arm never moved.

“The way I figured it was,” Robertson said, “I’m no southpaw. So if I did lose my right arm, where would I be? I like to be ready for anything.”

And “anything,” it presently developed, included his own hypothetical demise as a motion picture star—presumably a long way off, but still a likelihood, sooner or later.

He had just come from downtown Los Angeles where he had conferred with associates on an independent business enterprise, and he was absorbed with its details—more so, at the moment, than he was with his better-known vocation.

“It’s another left arm,” he said. “If I fall, I’d rather fall in a load of hay than on a cement block. One thing I’m sure of, actors are expendable.”

Between takes on an earlier picture, an actress told her friends that Robertson had turned to her and remarked with negligent grimness: “You know, they could grab any guy in off the street and teach him to do what we’re doing here.” The actress had been a trifle offended. “What he’s doing, maybe,” she had said. “But it’s taken me years to learn my job.”

Robertson hadn’t meant it exactly that way. “I’m not talking about what they call a star. A star—and I’m not putting myself in that category—is another matter. He has to have something. But go down to the level just below that, and what have you got?”

“This I’m willing to bet on: two groups on any picture set can be replaced, the guys who sweep out the stage—and the actors. The rest are technicians and are indispensable. But pushing a broom or sidling up to a bar and saying: ‘Make mine whisky!’—these can be replaced. So can a lead. I don’t want to sound too much like the worry-wart who wears both belt and suspenders, but I’ve got no reason yet to think I’ve got this thing taped. Too much can happen.

“A player can’t call himself a star or think of himself as a star until he’s been around between five and ten years—and after he’s reached the low point in his career and survived it. That’s the real test. Guy Madison’s a good example. He’s been about as far down as you can get. Now he’s come back and he’s going to stay. I haven’t reached my low yet but I have a feeling I’m getting there. Then we’ll see. It’s a superstitious feeling in a way, a way things have of going. Like the other night I saw a picture I might have had. Well it was a good picture, a wonderful picture. I sat through it twice, something I haven’t done since lord knows when. And it was a good part, too, which is more what I’m getting at. Maybe that’s a straw in the wind. (Continued on page 83)
Sid Luft has brought Judy back from heartbreak to happiness and health. Nobody's calling him a "nobody" now!

BY STEVE CRONIN

the right
Mr. Wrong

Sid Luft, ex-RCAF pilot, entered Judy's life when her emotions and career were low. Despite unfriendly criticism, he planned her now-legendary Palace debut, gave her confidence and a happy home.

- The best place to see movie stars at their worst is the tenth tee at the Bel Air Country Club. Here a deep gully with a yawning mouth 135 yards across waits to gulp down the golf balls of those who blow up when faced by a mental hazard, whether they be screen celebrities or just plain citizens.

Judy Garland, a "beginner" golfer, adjusted her little clown hat, took a practice swing, then stepped up to the ball and took an easy swing. The little white sphere started off low, gained altitude as it cleared the big ditch and came to rest thirty feet...
the green, a well-nailed shot of almost yards.

"Gee," Judy muttered, as a murmur of excitement rose from a few bystanders, "that's more gratifying than an encore at Palace!"

The Judy Garland of today, who gets as much thrill out of a well-played golf shot as she does from the thunderous applause of a theatre jammed to standing room only, hardly reminiscent of the girl who was "rown away" by Hollywood's self-appointed career experts, a few short years ago.

While many another star has twinkled on and off the Hollywood horizon, Judy Garland today stands on the threshold of an even greater career when she returns to pictures. Far behind Judy is the frenzied life in which movie executives overworked her so seriously in the mad scramble for box office dollars that she grew up a popular, well-loved performer and a tragic, lone-some girl.

Abruptly, a few years ago, Judy's inner spirit rebelled at the endless grind of over-work. There's no need to go into that now, for we all read the headlines about her breakdown, largely caused by extreme pressure from those who wanted to rush her into one hit picture after another while the "going was good." We also followed the story of her marital breakup, and here in Hollywood, we heard the frequently repeated statement, "As if Judy hasn't had enough trouble already, now she's gone and married the wrong man!"

Oddly enough, it appears that "marrying the wrong man" was the "rightest" thing she ever did. It was (Continued on page 84)
"I have wondered all my life . . . where shall I go to find God? Now my daughter is asking me this question. Shall I give her my faith or help her seek her own as I did?"

Melanie Jane is six and beginning to ask the questions one cannot always answer. The where and why of God, and especially the Who, are intriguing her, not too deeply yet, but again and again. When I manage to slide by the momentary emergency of inquiry without committing myself she gives evidence that she is not going to be put off for long. I sometimes want to tell her that I know exactly how she feels. The wonder of life has touched me, but not yet the true knowledge. Though I have sought it with all my heart, in some periods of my life fiercely, at others passively, and am yet seeking it, I, too, have been put off.

But if He has not yet seen fit to give me whole and abiding belief, He has at least planted in me the yearning for it; even more, the instinct that will not permit me to admit that there is nothing left of us beyond the dust to which our corporeal bodies must return.

This much I can tell Melanie, although it is too soon yet, at the beginning of her life, to speak of the end. But when she can contemplate it, and if she has not yet found a better teacher, perhaps I shall. I do pray that in church (though I do not yet know which church because I was a seeker in more than one) she can find her (Continued on page 72)
my roommate, Elaine

(Continued from page 42) could find that was big enough for the flowers was the bathtub.

The badminton game was played on a rainy, winter afternoon. Elaine just felt like playing badminton. When I stepped over our threshold, I saw my ball stuck smack into the middle of a winning serve. The ball was made from my best cashmere yarn, and the net was yards and yards of red ribbon from candy boxes, and the living room furniture was made of everything, including the kitchen sink. Triumphant in the midst of the debris, Elaine was beating the tar out of two very self-conscious neighbors.

Badminton in the living room and roses in the bathtub don't add up to peace and quiet. Nice words—"peace" and "quiet," but they don't mean much when Elaine Stewart is around. They're shoved out of the way by words like "excitement," "quicksilver," "high as a kite," "low as a snake's ear," "unpredictable," and "whirlwind." And eight hours' sleep a night is another thing that's shoved out of the way when Elaine Stewart's around.

There are some people who like to sleep and there are some people who don't. Elaine fits into the latter category. She thinks that the middle of the night is too nice to waste in sleeping. Half the time she wakes up about two A.M., pulls me out of bed, and throws my bathing suit in my general direction. If I'm awake enough to catch it, we drive down to a beach and go swimming. If I'm not, I can usually get her to sit down for an hour or two rummy.

Elaine drives like a devil, particularly on the island before sunup. Sometimes I just close my eyes and hope that there are no other drivers on the road. When I do, she's liable to turn the car around and head for the desert. We don't do any thing there; we don't even talk much. We just sit in the car and look at the stars and wonder how anything can be as beautiful as a desert.

Elaine was trying to "describe it once, and she came close when she said, "The stars seem to topple out of the sky at you like a three-dimensional movie." Sometimes Elaine starts to cry. Then she turns away and looks for her constellation—Gemini. When she can't find it, she says it's because this is one of the days that Castor and Pollux have to spend in Hades.

She can point out my constellation too—Sagittarius. She is fascinated and guided by the stars. We're living together because she's Gemini, and I'm Sagittarius. They are supposed to blend. They are supposed to blend so well that she is looking for someone born under the sign of Sagittarius to marry. So far she hasn't found the right Sagittarius.

Elaine has had her fortune told, her palm read, her tea leaves read, her handwriting analyzed, her electric impulses measured, and the bumps on her head read. The first fortuneteller she ever went to—a woman from New York—told her that she would get contracted and come to Hollywood. Her other prediction—that she would marry three times—has come true.

She blames her impulsiveness and unpredictability on the stars. People who are born under Gemini are supposed to be talkative, adventuresome. Elaine is all of these. She does everything in cycles. For weeks she'll date every night. Next week she'll stay home for a month, listening to music, reading poetry, or just talking seriously.

Of course that makes life difficult for me sometimes. When Elaine is in a "people mood" there may be twenty-two for dinner. If she isn't, she may not even be home for dinner. And I never know.

I do all the cooking, and I just have to trust to my intuition, since Elaine hasn't brought home a crystal ball—yet. Sometimes some of the guests eat steak and the rest have hamburger, but it usually works out all right.

Elaine knows where the kitchen is. She even sits down in it and talks to me while I'm cooking. But she looks at the stove as though it were a shrine. She's a modern Catholic.

"Cooking would be a wonderful hobby," she tells me every so often, "if I were alone in a mountain cabin somewhere, snowed in, with nothing else to do. But I haven't got enough time now for everything."

In any case, she loves to eat. If she were left alone, she'd eat nothing but roast beef, melted milk, mashed potatoes, tomato soup and spinach. She's wild about spinach and even wilder about tomato soup. I can never let her go shopping by herself, because she'll forget what we need and come back with one dozen cans of soup.

From selling at Saks
to love scenes with Curtis—

MEET MARY MURPHY

Little, honey-haired, blue-eyed Mary Murphy, who bounced from the bundle-wrapping counter at Saks Fifth Avenue on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills into a Paramount contract, says "the dream is getting wilder all the time."

She's just back on the mainland following a month spent on the "garden island" of the Hawaiian group, Kauai, playing with Tony Curtis in Beachhead, for United Artists.

"I'm just beginning to appreciate the breaks I've had," she said. "For the first year or so I was mentally numb. It just couldn't be that it was me, who has no great-grand-uncle or aunt who ever so much as thought of becoming an actor or an actress.

"About a year ago, though, I sort of came to and settled down. Acting can be such hard, hard work! I was scared stiff before I started Hot Blood with Marlon Brando, but he turned out to be 100 per cent. He helped me a lot and he really had the patience of an angel."

"Beachhead was the most fun and the most work I've ever done. When you see me running through the trees and falling flat on my face when Tony, thinking I'm an enemy Jap, grabs my foot—brother, that's me! Tony was terrific and his fans are going to love him as a tough, young Marine. This Curtis person is one of the finest citizens I've met—takes his work seriously, loves it, and feels he must do his best in order to work off a debt to his fans that he can never quite repay. The children on Kauai loved Tony and he loved them. He did magic tricks for them. And got up a baseball game between the Beachhead company and a local team.

"As for me, I was in heaven. I was the only girl in the cast and everybody was wonderful to me. Even now, when I look at some of the lovely things I brought back from Hawaii, I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm not day-dreaming that counter at Saks."

She doesn't dislike other foods; she just never thinks of eating them. But she's willing to eat anything that I'm willing to make. And I must admit I've tried some awful experiments on her, including grapes in chocolate syrup.

I forgot one thing she likes—ice cream. Preferably chocolate ice cream. She eats it every time she can, even uses it on her breakfast cereal in the morning.

It's the little things that pile up when you live with a movie star. And when you live with Elaine, pile up is the right word. There are dozens of cakes of soap in the bathroom, because Elaine only likes big, new cakes, and I can't use up the old soap quickly enough to keep up with her. There are dozens of light bulbs everywhere and dozens of lights on, because Elaine can't stay home without turning every light in the apartment on. The place looks like a homemade rainbow at night, because Elaine likes her electric lights to be colored—green, blue, yellow, and pink.

And I'm sure that her cavernous ancestors had more stone axes and more clay
PUTTING YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

You can be more than photogenic—you can be a personality!

- Thirty-five years with Hollywood lovelies!
- “It’s nice work, if you can get it,” says Gene Kornman, ace still photographer at 20th Century-Fox.
- With his camera Gene could detect glamour in a stone. Of course Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe have more to offer.
- “No two faces are alike,” says Gene, “even those of identical twins. And no one face is always the same.
- Take Liz Taylor. She has, perhaps, the most photogenic face in Hollywood. Anybody could take a good picture of Liz. But getting the mood behind the face is something else. That takes team work on the part of the subject and the photographer.
- “I like a light street make-up if the pictures are to be black and white. Use a little mascara and a touch of eyebrow pencil, unless the brows are naturally dark. Lipstick, of course.
- Sometimes I ask a player to go over her face with a light oil before sitting for a portrait. This is a favorite trick of Gene Tierney’s. It highlights her beautiful high cheek bones. Claudette Colbert likes to emphasize her facial structure, too. Patting the skin with damp tissue just before a shot gives a nice texture; and wetting the lips with the tongue adds sexiness.”
- Gene has no preference for blondes over brunettes or vice versa. They merely take different lighting. But he’s mad about color.
- “Susan Hayward is just another brunette in black and white.” Gene says, “but what you can do with that red hair of hers in color! It’s no wonder the girls hit the dye pots these days with so many pictures being made in color.
- “I usually ask a player to sit unless the assignment calls for a standing shot. Most people are more relaxed when sitting.” Gene explains. “Unless, of course, you’re lucky enough to get a Loretta Young. Loretta poses easily and untringly . . . uses her eyes and hands expressively.
- “You expect a dancer to have body grace but Mitzi Gaynor has a face that says a lot, too. I never tire of trying to catch her changing expressions. Girls with long necks should wear something fluffy around the shoulders, not necessarily close to the face. Celeste Holm is an example. Round-faced girls should wear necklines that lengthen the face; thin faced girls vice versa; and Miss Fatty should never face the camera straight on. The girl with the heart-shaped face can wear anything.
- “Be careful of your hairdo,” Gene advises. “Nothing is more important to a good portrait than a simple, becoming hairdress. Finally, get some extra shut-eye the night before the sitting and be sure you’re wide awake—with no puffiness about the eyes—before you face the camera.” Gene believes that the average girl can be photogenic.
- “If you’ll follow these simple suggestions you’ll not only get a good picture, you’ll be a personality.”
- Gene, who was head still man on The Robe, had himself a field day there. The ladies in the cast are Jean Simmons, Betta St. John and Dawn Addams.

Tablets and more caves than anyone else in the tribe. Because Elaine collects things. It wouldn’t be so bad if she only collected poetry. (Even though that means that I’d better get to the magazines first. If I don’t I’m liable to find that Elaine has clipped the last page of a mystery story because there was a poem on the other side.)

But she collects bigger things, too. Souvenirs. Records. Letters. She’s got every letter anyone ever sent her, including one from her kindergarten teacher asking her to be a toadstool in the class play.

I counted her stationery once, and she has fifteen different kinds. A few are conservative white. Most of them are red; two are black; and there’s even one that’s red and black. As you may have guessed, red and black are her favorite colors.

“I use the stationery I’m in the mood for,” explains Elaine.

That’s true about nail polish too. And I can usually guess what’s going to happen that night by the color of the polish she wears. If she’s going to curl up on the couch and get sentimental, she’ll be wearing pink; if she’s going out, it can be any shade from purple to platinum; and if she’s wearing green—well, I’d better get ready for a pre-dawn drive to the desert.

The funny thing is that she’s conservative about clothes and jewelry. The only ring she ever wears is an heirloom that was made in Spain centuries ago and has come down from oldest daughter to oldest daughter in her mother’s family. It is a strange ring of beaten silver with five diamonds in the shape of a cross. According to family legend, the diamonds are supposed to sparkle when the true owner meets the man she will marry. According to Elaine, it hasn’t sparked yet.

I’m surprised at that, because our phone never stops ringing. Elaine doesn’t have a steady. When she’s on a “going out” spree, she’ll date a different man every night for two weeks. Most of the time she and her date go dancing.

But she never can decide what she wants to do until the last possible moment. So no date is ever surprised when he arrives in a tuxedo and finds Elaine in slacks. He knows that she has decided to stay home for the evening, even if she told him on the phone half an hour before that she’d love to go to Ciro’s.

And there are three boys who’ll never talk to her again—at least not for a few weeks. The first one called at six o’clock one evening.

Elaine answered him with “Call me back at eight-thirty. We’ll do something, but I don’t know what.”

Ten minutes later the phone rang again. A different boy, and Elaine told him the same thing. At six-thirty the third call came.

“I’ll know what I want to do at eight-thirty,” was Elaine’s answer this time.

At eight-twenty-five she made up her mind.

“Come on,” she said.

She threw me a coat, grabbed my arm, and pulled me out of the apartment just as the phone started ringing. We went to a third-rate neighborhood theater, ate three bags of popcorn and watched The Quiet Man for the fourth time.

The occupational hazards involved in living with a movie star may vary—but they are not varied. They include pre-picture blues, mid-picture blues, and after-picture blues. When Elaine is in the throes of any of them, she kicks off her shoes, hurls herself face downward onto the sofa, and looks like a cocker spaniel that has just been lost.

“Leave me alone,” is all she says. Except sometimes she adds, “I was awful.” or
Give Glamour and Quality at Christmas

Gifts from SHULTON

EARLY AMERICAN OLD SPICE  A. Stick Cologne 1.00;  B. Toilet Water 1.25;  C. Dusting Powder and Toilet Water 2.35
RIENDSHIP'S GARDEN  D. Dusting Powder and Toilet Water 2.35;  E. Stick Cologne and Liquid Petals Cream Perfume 2.25;  F. Liquid Petals in new gift wrap 1.25
ESERT FLOWER  G. Body Sachet 1.25;  H. Purse Perfume in gift box 1.50;  I. Toilet Water 1.50;  J. Purse Perfume and Stick Cologne 2.50
OLD SPICE FOR MEN  K. Travel Set; Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion, Talcum 1.50;  L. After Shave Lotion and pressurized Smooth Shave 2.00;  M. Shaving Mug, After Shave Lotion, Talcum 3.25;  N. Men's Shaver Soap 1.00

Prices plus tax, except on Soap and Shaving Creams.
song and dance house

(Continued from page 48) singing engagement at the Chez Paree in Chicago, Tony was asked to sing, "Happy Birthday" to a young girl. And then the story of the teen-ager who was having the party turned out to be a lamp manufacturer. He showed his gratitude by sending Tony three experimental products.

It's a credit to Cyd's good disposition and adroit management that she can still work Tony's acquisitions into their ten-room house. A lesser woman would have given Cyd's eyebrows any more. She simply crowds the old pictures closer together to make room for the new ones. She shifts the furniture around a few more inches on the floor and before she knows it, she's heavy with the extra lamps or whatever Tony sends home.

Cyd, of course, wasn't always this relaxed and trusting about Tony's spending and his acquisitio invasive. Her first doubts were over the purchasing of their two-story, California Colonial-style house.

They had been married only a few months in 1948 when she discovered that they were paying an astronomical rent for a house that was too small. But Cyd had her way, and they moved to the West Side. She was horrified. Her Texas blood began to boil and she decided it was foolish to rent a house. She began working on Tony at once, trying to save money. She bought and sold again on a house, and Cyd managed to get a little place for herself.

The Martins looked at a great number of handsome new homes with pools to match. But always, either the price was out of the question or the location was only for the out. Disappointment settled over the new houses, like a bank of smog until Tony came home one afternoon with what he called "residential tidings." He had found an old, Mrs. by the corner of Beverly Glen and Sunset Boulevard, about the busiest corner west of Hollywood and Vine.

He was wildly enthusiastic. "It's just what we've been looking for! A little old, maybe, but what a location!"

Cyd's ardor was restrained. She had to admit the address was ideal but when she saw the house—well—it had the charm of a mausoleum. The foyer and stairs were paved in red tile. The living room was dark and heavily beamed. The whole place had a very old and attractive. She was very taken with it. She had been working on a 1920's house. She liked the old trees, but honestly, this house gave her the creeps.

Tony wasn't at all subdued. "With some paint and a few kids we can liven it up in no time."

Grudgingly, Cyd yielded to her husband's enthusiasm. A mere four years later, the ten rooms are full and overflowing. With a family consisting of twelve-year-old Nicky, Cyd's son by a former marriage, twenty-one-year-old Tony, and her nurse, Pauline, the upstairs rooms are completely occupied. Then there are Frances and Casey Casparian to look after the house, and Joan, the secretary who comes by the day to work in Tony's office-in-the-home.

"Tone was right," Cyd now admits. "We filled the rooms in short order, and the truth is we could use an even bigger place."

Before the Martins actually moved into their spacious, old, brick house, Cyd corralled a couple of painters and a carpenter and put them to work modernizing the place. She had them paint the exterior dark, unassuming. She hung new brass coachman's lamps beside the front door. Inside, she had the men slap light grey and white paint over the dark walls and ceilings. She instructed the carpenter to put more shelves in the library and to convert a lavatory into a formica and mirrored bar. The front hall closet became a powder room. To give it a different look, Cyd had the men paint it light grey and the paint they had the women paper the whole room including (home decorators, please note) the back of the door.

Under the large bedroom, the carpenters squared off the old-fashioned Spanish arches and built a mirrored dressing table for Cyd. It runs the whole length of the huge bedroom. She put all new fixtures in their Mr., and Mrs. baths. And because Tony is considered one of the best-dressed men in show business, she had to turn an upstairs linen closet into extra wardrobe space. By the time they moved into the fifteen-year-old house, it had lost its dated look, and Cyd was excited. She really didn't need to know how she would furnish her first real home.

"Most girls grow up with dreams of how to decorate their houses," she says. "They want a kind of home that's like the type of fireplace they'll have. I never gave the matter a thought. From the time I was fourteen I was so immersed in dancing that I sort of skipped over that stage. Then all of a sudden, and I was up to me to make it attractive.

"Not having any pent-up desires I simply started from what seemed to be a logical point. The living room came with the sale of the house. I wouldn't consider scrapping such a bonus so I found out who had laid the carpet and bought a new one and it was to me to make it attractive.

The previous owners gave them a fireman-red leather chair and ottoman, Cyd and Tony were delighted with the hand-down. They were in excellent condition and made an ideal chair combination for the library. For that reason and the reason alone, Cyd started furnishing the little den.

She did the room in grey and green, employing the red as a foil for the quiet colors. She tried to keep the room under $5,000, and it was. She threw in the rug for the price of the carpeting. The room was in a dining table with matching chairs and the new bar. She knew for sure that Tony's trophies and gifts would soon crowd the furniture. She was right. Since the first day of its purchase, it has had a new bar. She added a glass case for his collection of miniature liqueur bottles, half a dozen more record cabinets, a built-in radio, and a new carpet."

"The room just can't take another improvement," she says, "but that won't stop Tone. Not one bit. He'll keep buying anything that catches his eye."

Before decorating her living room, Cyd sat down and analyzed her needs. She knew she would need a lot of room with a home with song writers and music arrangers. Experience had taught her that these fellows get carried away in a frenzy of artistic creation and forget everything about their work. They plop their feet on the furniture, drop cigarettes on the rugs, spill drinks, and make a general mess. Of one thing, Cyd was sure. She would need a practical living room that could withstand
Don't just hope for it—
int for it! Glamorous
Samsonite Train Case

Tell him how thrilled you'll be if this is under the tree, and tagged for you! The fabulous Samsonite Train Case is fast becoming woman's most indispensable travel piece. Holds everything you need for overnight or several days! Inside and out, it's a masterpiece... with a removable tray, luxurious water-repellent lining, spacious pockets, fashion-accent locks, and a better-than-leather finish that stays clean with a damp cloth! Tell your Santa it's on sale at all good luggage and department stores—and it's

Choice of 5 other finishes!
Both Train Case and Vanity O'Nite featured in Natural Rawhide finish.

ON TV FOR SAMSONITE!
Don't miss Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on NBC's "Your Show of Shows."

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Carries enough clothes for a weekend. A divider keeps shoes from crushing blouses and lingerie! Mirror, deep pockets, luxury lining. Only $17.50 plus tax.

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Don't miss Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on NBC's "Your Show of Shows."

"Carry on" plane luggage!
It's small enough to share your seat on plane or train. Gets off when you get off. No waiting! Carries 52 feminine travel needs!

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dirt-proof, bought Purple, Rite-Fit rayon minute center dress peacock, crepe.

Left: A dress of graceful simplicity with an elegant air, in an exclusive A

Right: A dress of graceful simplicity with an elegant air, in an exclusive A


RITe-FiT DRESS-of-the-MONTH SELECTIONS

Left: Seeing spots? These are fascinating! They begin in minute fashion at the shoulder and hem, and grow to glamorous heights at the center of interest. A Rite-Fit exclusive print in fine rayon crepe.

Purple, peacock, navy, black . . . all with white. Sizes 16½ to 24½. About $9.

Right: A dress of graceful simplicity with an elegant air, in an exclusive A


their abuse plus the wear and tear of children.

With this end in view, she had four small couches covered in a dirt-proof, cocoa-colored fabric. She had her tables and piano done in an antique finish and then highly waxed to resist practically everything. And she chose only big, unbreakable lamps.

The task of decorating and filling a large house takes time and effort, as Cyd soon found out. She enlisted the help of her friend, Dusty Negulesco. She is a talented painter and the wife of the movie director, Jean Negulesco. Even so, the job progressed slowly. She and Dusty wanted to keep the rooms comfortable, but original. They spent weeks matching colors and choosing fabrics. They combed odd little shops for the round table that now sits in the center of the livingroom. It has removable, underneath trays that slide out and are used in buffet dinners. They also spent months finding one-of-a-kind pictures and novel accessories.

Midway in their labors Tony took an active interest in interior decorating and decided to make one of his large-scale gestures. This happened one afternoon when Cyd and Dusty had triumphantly finished papering his office and music room. They had found a book of old songs in an antique store and with that as a start, they devised the scheme of using the pages of sheet music for wallpaper. The two girls had papered the yellowed pages on the walls themselves, after which, they had adjourned wearily to the pool. They were stretched out on chaises taking a well-deserved rest when Tony walked in.

"Go take a look at your new music studio," Cyd suggested.

A few minutes later Tony returned.

"Gosh, kids. It looks great! You did a terrific job." Then, "I've got a little surprise, too!"

There was a pause.

"I bought the diningroom furniture, this afternoon."

"You what?" exploded Dusty.

"I saw a nice table and some chairs and a couple of other pieces in a store right off Sunset," Tony explained. "So I bought them. They'll be delivered tomorrow. Boy! That's another room finished!"

Dusty made a choking, clucking sound.

"Darling," Cyd said quickly, "it sounds marvelous. I can hardly wait to see it."

When the furniture arrived the next day it proved to be of fine quality. Nevertheless, it is Provincial and the rest of the house is comfortably contemporary. "But, you know," Cyd says, "I kind of like the change of pace."

For an entertainer who spends more time away from his home than he spends in it, Tony takes an inordinate amount of pride in his residence.

ONLY a few months ago when he was singing in New York, he was approached by an old nightclub buddy.

"Hear you've married a movie star and got a big mansion in Hollywood," the cronie said. "How can a foot-loose guy like you take care of such a plushy set-up?"

Tony's mind flashed back over the years when everything he owned was in his suitecase. "It's simple," he said, "I'm married to an angel, and all we need to take care of the house is a song from me every now and then, and a dance from her every now and then."

His friend looked at Tony quizzically.

"You been drinkin'?" he asked.

"Never been more sober in my life!"

Next day, he bought three oil paintings and air mailed them to Cyd. Right now she's trying to find room for them. (Cyd Charisse can be seen in MGM's Brigadoon.)
Lovely Maureen O'Hara acted as Chairwoman for the voting for the Modern Screen Fashion Star medal awarded to Playtex Magic-Controller girdle by unanimous decision. New and wonderful—favorite of Hollywood stars—this girdle slims you as nature intended and is as comfortable as your own skin. It features a non-roll top, that stays up without a single bone or stay, and invisible "finger" panels for firm abdominal control. It washes in seconds, dries like a miracle. Maureen wears the Magic-Controller girdle under her casual, career and formal clothes. Universal-International's Technicolor War Arrow is Maureen's forthcoming film.
Rhonda Fleming in Sherbrooke's glamorous, all-weather, all-purpose pyramid coat of velveteen that is spot-resistant and water-repellent. Striped taffeta lining—also with Millium lining in contrasting colors. Black, red, purple, turquoise, dusty pink or gold. About $50.

Umbrella, about $8.

Smart cover-up for your footwear in rain, sleet or snow—Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky—Norton plastic boot that is clear, tough, long-wearing and feather-light (triple-thick, non-slip soles). Easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Universal-Fit, for all types of shoes, S.M.L. or XL. Fashion-Fit, for cuban or high heels, S.M.L. Each complete with plastic pouch, about $2. Rhonda is in Paramount's 3-D Technicolor film, Those Redheads From Seattle.

Rain Dears Available At Shoe, Notion and Rainwear Counters Everywhere.
In gala holiday mood—Jan Sterling, currently in Paramount’s *Alaska Seas*, poses in Max Wiesen’s date dress of lush rayon.*peau de soie.* A full skirt flares from the flatteringly tucked and molded hipline. A glittering rhinestone shoulder pin accents the cut-out neckline. Self belt. Black only. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About $11 at Bullock’s, Los Angeles; Fries & Schuele, Cleveland; Marshall Field, Chicago. Hosiery—the new 12 gauge, 66 denier nyrons in the latest Cinerama date-time color, *Cine-beige* by Gotham Gold Stripe. $1.95.
The season’s gala clothes call for true figure glamour—these bra styles by Lovable are the perfect answer. The exciting costume jewelry is by Capri.

Top: This bra called Add-Vantage features smoothly stitched cups that are invisibly lined with soft Foamette and backed with jersey to give a fuller bosom look. Especially designed for the in-between cup size. White embroidered broadcloth—also white or black acetate satin. Strapless, white broadcloth only. About $2. Capri’s glittering rhinestone Pavé balls. Earrings, $3* and $6*. Necklace, $8*. Bracelets, $8* each.

Center: For your budget, Budget Beauty, a bra that features four-section cups and circular stitching. Seafoam, white, pink, blue, lilac, black or yellow-rose broadcloth. Also in white, pink or black in nylon or acetate satin. About $1. Fringed, gold-plated mesh String Bean earrings with pearls, $3*. Pearl and rhinestone studded bracelet on gold-plated metal, $6*. Matching necklace—not shown, $6*.


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a faith for my child

(Continued from page 60) own way. Yet I remember from my own early days that children brought into the realm of religion tend to stumble through it in beautiful innocence at first. They make their own interpretation of what they are told, and what they are told, such as are suitable to their thinking and make sense in their little worlds. I remember this story of my husband's childhood. When he was young, his mother, a devout woman, was fascinated by the hymn singing in church. Someone, about this time, gave him a teddy bear, one of those fluffy, well-made ones with buttons set close together. A few days later his mother asked him what he had named it. He replied, "Gladly." Curious, she asked where he had put it. He said he had not. "Why, don't you remember?" she asked. "We sing about him in church every Sunday. "Gladly my cross-eyed bear!"

The man shook you, whatever, he referred to was the hymn line, "Gladly my cross I'd bear."

It is perhaps more than just strange that this enduring mistake, born of the lack of attention paid to our religious life by some of us who take it for granted, is not as warm and encouraging a sign as any sermon. I have heard that there may be a greater beneficence to life than we suspect from the study of great men of the past, yet I believe strongly that we are not, as our intellects tend to persuade us, just hopeless nomads flickering briefly somewhere and somewhere in space-time.

It seems to me that when I was a small girl we asked fewer questions than children today do, when Melanie's houses in the perplexities of life entering the home via radio and TV accounts for the greater curiosity of the current crop of youngsters. We of my day went about our business, and not as much, I think, as I, I suppose, in a rash of childhood morning. It was not that I was not interested, I'm sure, but rather that the reverent voice of the pastor dealt in sentiments which were not my cup of tea. I've seen that, and even when understood, of remote significance. His words hummed and sometimes even sang in my ears, but convey very little meaning. But out of this came a love for the thoughtful tranquillity of the church. It was nice to go. You felt goodness enter into you and you were sure you left that you were once more a very good little girl.

I was a much more ardent churchgoer when I was fifteen, but not, I think, as good a churchgoer as that. I was not a young miss in the boarding school I attended, I was in love with the curate, a dark young man of imposing tallness whose face was not a pretty one.

This was in Bristol and we used to march to twos (in a "croc" as we called it) a full three and a half miles to church every Sunday, but once he uttered a word of complaint. It was the curate's job to teach the classes for confirmation and it was difficult to understand what he said, because the voice was not clear—just to him. He could have told us anything.

He must have conveyed the right intelligenctly to my friends who were members of the Church of England. Yet just a few short years later I was undertaking to study Catholicism, and just before or after this, Christian Science. This was during the war. It was tremendously moved by what was going on and impelled to find a comforting spiritual foundation for my life.

We were undergoing the bombings in England when it began to dawn on me that I had not seriously considered faith in my plans up to this time. I had gone to church, I had been a believer by rote, but I felt, with some panic, that I had been untouched inside. I think now that this attitude was a phenomenon peculiar to my generation, one brought up between two world wars who were dazzled by the rather repulsive era in man's history. I remember at least one way this affected the young people on our level, the fading middle-class assumption that we were the centre of the universe that church socials and tennis teas were the sort of activities through which we met proper young men. But occasionally, I believe, we would have been sent to school longer turning up at these functions. You met them now in the outside world, in industry and in professions. Into the outside world we were given.

But before this happened, and while living in London, an aunt of mine, a woman of deep Episcopalian piety, gave me a story of God which I accepted that was fully and greedily scanned for solace. My disturbance was great and events were aggravating it constantly. One morning I would see volunteers removing bombed victims, and I would worry with called-up preoccupation. The next morning I would be asked in church to join the congregation in prayers for the enemy men who had murdered these people, and still longer turn up at these functions. You met them now in the outside world, in industry and in professions. Into the outside world we were given.

On Salisbury Plains I stood one afternoon watching our soldiers drill and train. It came over me then that when their gargoyles got through teaching them to treat their best to kill, their chaplains would instruct them in love and kindness. To consider men capable of this state of human culture as worthy of God's grace I accepted as too much to say, and so to rationalize the horror of what I was seeing daily, with the salvation I must spell out on Sundays from the pulpit, but in the presence of the horrors, set up a conflict of emotion that left me unhappy and shaken. In my craving for a spiritual lift I not only read my newspaper, I read keels and Christianity. I read what I could, I questioned friends of these beliefs. I would think for a period that I had a belief, and then I would think and the bite would not be sure. I kept asking myself questions I could neither answer, nor allow to go unanswered, at least not without the seed of life and destined to be tossed aside when we have delivered our quota? Have I, with all my thoughts and inward desires, no way of knowing really more than a plant which turns to the sun? In my prayer book, in talking to my friends, I was trying to see past the ritual of the church to the source of it all. Would I ever?

There was much to meddle my thinking those days. In England we were fed on powdered milk and eggs, and similar make-do foods on an austerity diet. But when I went to Ireland to make a picture, just across the water a few miles, I saw pictures of a dinner given by the Italian legation there in which was meat, cheese, butter, thick cream and fabulous desserts were among the dishes served. And this was at a time when the Italians were certainly not in the best of health. I didn't begrudge the Roman diplomats their heavy-laden tables. I have been to Italy and know that for millions there during the war was worse, and I can bear even worse than for us in England, and that all of us would eat well if we could. It was just another puzzling aspect of human existence, that two men so nearly from heaven that of two men who prayed to it, one feasted and the other starved.

We were living in an altogether hectic period during these days. Not seemed to be sticking to the old values, not even the young man I was planning to marry. He seemed to place no importance at all in using any ordinary common sense to think about the living. A pilot with the British Transport Command at the time, he would send word through from France that he was late, and we were late. The appointed day would arrive, more often than not foggy and rainy, but in he would fly in a borrowed plane—once in an old crate which had been on the shelf until a few weeks before. Then we would go out to a night club considered "safe" from the German buzz bombs because it had a deep subterranean garage. I seemed to notice that after you entered you only climbed upstairs and actually had nothing between you and the sky but a glass roof. The plane was to land. I thought after that, if I were married as I was married, and with this idea of service I would think about it and tremble at our recklessness.

Despite the consideration I was giving to faith at the time, Tony and I married it was in my old church. The wedding was held at St. George of Hanover in London. I think that in the momentous nature of the very lovely old interior of this venerable place of worship, and to listening to the time-hallowed service I was more spiritually sound than ever before in my life.

Perhaps I can convey the magic of this moment to Melanie, and of those other moments, the one in Hawaii and love that surged so strongly within us that we are convinced God must be very near.

Perhaps I will tell her of a moment in Hawaii台阶 when we were in Pro Here To Eternity. On the windward side of the Island of Oahu I found a lonely beach where sea and sky melted together in colors and form so breathtaking that you could only marvel at it. Lying on the sand as grey shimmered across the heavens was like being in church and seeing the music of an organ, I suppose.

Here it was so easy to forget who I was and wonder what I was. Out of my wondering I got no sign, no proof from above. But it was in the air, and I could not help wanting to as a kind of heavenly beckoning. Why was I permitted to see beauty, to be so close to it, if I were not also a part of it? And could such beauty be born out of anything short of Someone's divine love for it?

I had been wondering all my life, where shall I go to find Him? How shall I address Him? He would be on the other side of the street. He had found me out and here He could be. He was spreading the miracle of Himself from horizon to horizon.

Out of these moments, I think I will tell Melanie and answer her questions. Perhaps men have known about this for many thousands of years. And this may be the reason why a man and woman can say to us: "Lift up thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh all strength".
The happiest time

(Continued from page 38) Without a murmur, baby Wilding, whose blue eyes are beginning to turn his mother's shade of violet, fell off to sleep.

"I'm glad there's nothing wrong with him," Liz said.

"He's just tired," Mike said. "After all, we've been flying since Wednesday."

"So am I," Liz said.

Wilding kissed her on the cheek. "Lie down. Have a bit of a rest."

A few moments later, the phone began to ring. Friends knew of the Wildings' arrival from the radio and the afternoon newspapers. Now, they were phoning to welcome them to England.

Wilding, pretty well knocked out himself, bore the brunt of this assault by telephone with his usual calm and aplomb.

The only thing that disturbed him was a phone call from his parents, Henry and Ethel Wilding. "It was supposed to be a surprise," he explained later. "Liz and I brought the baby to England to show to my parents who are really getting on in years. We were going to ring them and say, 'Well, here we are, the three of us.' But they'd heard about our plan before we ever left California."

After talking to friends and relatives, Wilding spoke to the London newspapermen. One of the reasons the actor is so well liked by the press is that he has always been cooperative and thoughtful.

Unlike many American film stars who use studio press agents to run interference for them, Mike Wilding has never been stand-offish. To him, newspapermen have always been friends, and he's always glad to talk to them.

This time he was no different. When they rang to ask if they could drop by for a fast minute or two, he said, "We'd be delighted."

"Liz, of course, loves to sleep. I'm naturally lazy," she claims—and when the reporters got to the Wilding flat, the young wife was off somewhere in dreamland. But not Wilding.

"How long are you going to stay in London?" he was asked.

"We're over here for six weeks," Mike said. "Strictly a holiday. No pictures."

"How is Mrs. Wilding?"


"Was it a rough trip?"

"Not particularly. Michael is usually so good. Hardly ever cries, but when he gets tired you can't stop him. He was very tired. I'm sure the other passengers will testify to that."

Wilding went on to explain that Liz hadn't had a vacation in six months, that after the birth of the baby she had gone directly into Elephant Walk as a replacement for Vivien Leigh and then she had done Rhapsody for MGM with Vittorio Gassman.

As for him—well, he'd just finished Torch Song with Joan Crawford.

"As soon as we find a nurse," Wilding said, "Elizabeth and I will probably take off for the Continent."

A few days later, Liz hired an Australian nurse for the Wildings were ready to embark on their European holiday.

"We tried very hard," Mike says, "to get on the jet to Rome, but all the reservations were filled, so we caught an ordinary aircraft.

"We'd both been to Rome before. In fact, Liz knew the city much better than I. We checked into the Grand Hotel, saw the sights for a few days, and then flew out to Madrid."

Elizabeth Taylor is a well-traveled girl, but she'd never been to Spain before. She

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and Mike were looking forward to seeing their first bullfight.

"I thought I was going to like it," Liz said, "but I got sick.

"She just couldn't take it," Mike adds. "Too much blood, too much gore. After the first corrida, she left the arena. I stayed and watched. I'd read so much about bullfights, I wanted to see one."

The next morning, after a week away from little Michael, Liz said she wanted to fly back to London. She was homesick for her baby.

The birth of a son has wrought a marked change in the personality and outlook of Hollywood's most beautiful actress. She is no longer the flighty, unpredictable girl of yesteryear. She has matured into a steady, easy-going, young woman. Much credit, of course, must go to Michael Wilding, who, when Liz began to worry about Junior, Mike said, "Darling, we'll simply catch the plane to London tomorrow morning."

Reassured by her husband's promise and attitude, Liz stopped worrying and enjoyed a wonderful night. The following afternoon, she was back in Grosvnor Square with little Michael locked cuddled in her arms.

**WILDING is a sensitive man who understands the moods and meanderings of his wife. He never pressures her, never disturbs her with problems or crises. He takes everything in stride. At the bullfight in Madrid when Liz got upset, Wilding merely said, "You go ahead back to the hotel, dear. You'll be all right." No fuss.

Wilding never reports his working problems to Liz. He has well-balanced values and having been married to an actress once before for ten years, he knows what upset the female histrionic temperament.

He has seen to it, for example, that Liz takes baby Wilding in her stride. There is always the tendency for a young wife to grow irritable and nervous after the birth of her first child. Unsure of herself, she worries and frets at the baby's every snuffle.

Mike has seen to it that Liz enjoys her baby. When she grew anxious about the little boy's typhoid inoculations—Junior was "shot" before he went overseas—Wilding said, "Those things don't bother babies." Apparently he was right.

When Liz expressed some fear that the child might not take his new nurse in London, again her husband stepped in with a word of assurance. "This baby," he announced, "likes everyone."

In London, when Liz expressed some doubt about leaving the child while she and her husband toured the Continent, Mike said, "The baby's much too young to miss us now."

There is never anything patronizing in Wilding's tone or manner. Although he's twenty years older than Liz, he treats her as an equal. He makes all the major decisions, but because he doesn't want to trouble his young bride. He was raised in the European tradition wherein the man of the house rules the roost.

When Liz and Mike were married two years ago, the consensus of European opinion was that the marriage would not last long. One writer in Stockholm, for example, told Liz, "Mr. Wilding is young, spoiled and unsophisticated. Mr. Wilding is middle-aged, jaded, and continental. This combination rarely works."

Now, read what this same writer had to say after Liz and Mike visited Stockholm on their recent holiday. "Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding—is it Elizabeth Taylor, the American film star—arrived in Stockholm today. They are very much in love, and Mrs. Wilding looks more beautiful than ever, and Mr. Wilding does not behave like newlyweds. They seem very well adjusted to each other. In the past two years, Mrs. Wilding seems to have developed a new personality. She is a little heavier than when I last saw her—not only in the body but also in the brain."

In Copenhagen where Liz came down with a supposed heart attack, a former critical journalist wrote, "The American film star, Elizabeth Taylor, is a most sensitive young woman. When world newspaper reports insisted that she had collapsed here because of heart strain, she said, "That's ridiculous. My back just hurt me a bit and some massages took care of it very nicely."

"Miss Taylor is not at all the zany, irresponsible Hollywood actress the American journalists would have us believe. She manages every person she meets with a gentle charm."

"Miss Taylor and Mr. Wilding went to Kastrup Airport to meet their son and his nurse."

Liz has come to a very sensible conclusion about the relative worth of her marriage and her career. To her the most important thing in her life is her marriage— which is why you will never hear about her fighting or scheming for any coveted role. Whatever the studio wants her to do is all right just so long as it presents no threat to her family life.

In London, for example, after she and Michael had visited Stockholm and Brussells, she learned that Lenny Weinergart, a Metro producer was in town. Supposedly, Weinergart was bearing news about the production of Beau Brummel, a film in which Liz is scheduled to star opposite Stewart Granger.

"I don't know as of this minute," Liz told me, "whether the picture will be made here. I want to stick in Hollywood. And frankly, I don't care just so long as I'm not separated. Then she hummed four bars of an old tune, paraphrasing the lyrics into "Michael and me and baby makes three."

As of this writing MGM says that Beau Brummel will be shot entirely in England which means that the Wildings will probably remain abroad until Christmas or little Mike's first birthday.

"I don't care where I work," Liz repeats, "or if I ever work, I don't want to be with two guys named Mike."

Liz Taylor has come a long way since her first marriage to Nicky Hilton. Now she has a son, a married husband and a baby, and she is contented.

"Let her have two more children," one of Wilding's London friends says, "and the chances are she'll never make another picture. This girl is beautiful but she also has brains. Compared to her family, her career means precious little to her."

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**QUESTIONNAIRE:** What stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue?

WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- The Inside Story
- Luella Parsons' Good News
- Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- TV Talk
- Sweet and Hot
- Happy The Bride...
- Wilding, the handsome Wilding
- Out Of The Frying Pan
- (Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes)
- My Side Of The Story (Dick Haymes)
- The Truth About Those Continental Flings
- The Hoppist Time (Elizabeth Taylor-Stanley Junior, Wilding)
- This Is A Monster? (Robert Mitchum)
- My Roommate, Elaine (Elaine Stewart)
- Anybody Here Seen Mrs. Kelly? (Gene Kelly)
- The Song And Dance House (Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin)
- The Man Behind The Face (Jack Palance)
- Friend Of The Family (Esther Williams)
- I'd Make A Lousy Bachelor (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- Now Let Me Tell It! (Terry Moore)
- "Actors Are A Dime A Dozen" (Dale Robertson)
- The Right Mr. Wrong (Judi Garland)
- A Faith For My Child (Deborah Kerr)
- Movie Reviews

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
now let me tell it!

(Continued from page 54) general, before we get on to the business at hand. Some of you may not like it—it is understandably difficult to sympathize too much with the troubles of the poor, poor movie star—but under certain conditions this is the truth: we are terribly vulnerable to what is called "bad publicity." We are in no position to fight back. Our hands are tied. Our public relations people nearly always advise us to keep still and take it—it'll blow over, sweetie. And if it doesn't blow over sweetie, what then? You're in the public eye, sweetie, the public eye. It's one of the penalties.

Yes, it's one of the penalties. But it's an unjust penalty if you are the victim of false innuendo or the lie, big or little. It can really hurt. It hurts you professionally and it hurts you personally, and I am just young enough—or perhaps naive enough—not to want to take it lying down.

Most Hollywood writers are entirely ethical and conscientious, obligated by their own code to check their facts and not print what isn't so. A few are not. These writers go on the theory that people would rather believe the worst. Virtue and normality, it would appear, are dull subjects.

However, let's go back to Terry Moore, and hear what she has to say about Mr. Cronin's article. Mistaken as I may be, I have no hesitation in taking the stand.

I t began with a picture, a picture being the part of any article that hits the eye first. It was a picture of Bob Wagner and me on location in Florida for Beneath the 12-Mile Reef, the 20th Century-Fox film we were both working on. It is not an attractive picture but it is a rather sexy one, something I hadn't guessed when it was made. It's the sort of print the studio would destroy. But it wasn't made by the studio. It was made by some photo service or other. I don't remember which one. We'd just finished the day's shooting. I was dead tired. My mother will tell you. But the photographer begged us for just a few shots. And here it was.

Linked to the picture was the first part of Mr. Cronin's article, tying Bob's name to mine, although it did explain that that was merely publicity.

I thought, at any rate, that Mr. Cronin had made that clear. The young man I was going with at the time may have thought so, too, but the consequences were not good, anyway. He is a social, conservative Los Angeles family. He and his parents did not like either the picture or the tie-up. The result is the end of our friendship.

A little later I read, somewhere, a letter from a fan. She expressed the hope that Bob was not going to marry Terry Moore, that he would wait for someone "sweet and wholesome." Ouch! And do mean ouch! Please, dear reader, don't confuse what you see on the screen or glean from irresponsible writers with what is the truth. Reading that letter, I felt like a femme fatale, complete with cigarette holder, slinky walk and the rest. I'm not. I'm twenty-three. I went to high school in Los Angeles and dated two nights a week. I live in Westwood, near the UCLA campus, with my mother and father and kid brother. I never do anything unusual unless being in pictures is unusual. And even if I were what this woman evidently thought I was, I'm
sure Bob Wagner could take care of himself. Bob is a nice boy, certainly, but he is not—and I know he would agree—as naive as some of the silly stories have it.

Mr. Cronin has followed with a brief review of his career to the present, with which I cannot quarrel.

Then he said a little with instigating the "sexy" phase of it, starting with the allegation that, in order to get the part of the girl in Come Back, Little Sheba, I walked into the office where she was being held by Mr. William Ball of Universal with a sheaf of juicy pictures of myself. A moment later, I am quoted as urging publicists that this be the "sexiest publicist campaign on record," then explaining that she wouldn't even let me wear sweaters.

What can I say? Mr. Cronin did not quote me. He did not even misquote me. What he wrote just never happened.

We come now to my marriage to Glenn Davis, a football great; a marriage which has ended in divorce. Here is something on which, I think, I am a greater authority than Mr. Cronin or even than Mr. Cronin's sources, whoever they may have been.

The article states that, "As everyone knows," Mr. Cronin says, "the real thing was Liz Taylor, nursing a six-foot-torch, and so forth. Well, not quite everyone. I didn't know it. Nor do I know it not to be so. But if he has committed a guess, if either of us was on a rebound at the time of our marriage, it was I."

In deference to taste, I can say of this only that I was meeting Glenn, I had been in love with a man considerably older than myself—and may still have been in love with him. I honestly don't know. I was caused. Many girls know how it is. But if there were doubts, I think you might say the scales were tipped when my friends urged the marriage with Glenn; we were such a cute couple, all that. It didn't last, and I can see no point in dwelling on it.

But the next part of the article annoyed me so that I had an urge to flip my lid. "Then came the red light. Mr. Cronin went on. "Once she (Terry Moore) was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A dignified stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat. "Mr. So-and-So sent this," he announced. Then he tipped his hat and left.

"A shocked silence followed. Terry has-

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Mr. Cronin's piece of fiction occurs two paragraphs later. He writes that I said to a woman columnist: "I've got a
terrific body, why not promote it?" My best recollection—and a pretty good one, it—is—of that incident is this: The woman columnist hand me a thin piece of paper and said it. Mr. Cronin said that a publicity man promptly wrote her a letter to the effect that Terry-never-said-that why-did-you-say-she-did? The columnist then went on to publish it. Without denying it, she would retract the item. I promptly did so. The item was never retracted. But neither did I ever make the necessary.
either confirm or deny them.

But there is a little more to say. If I were you, I would be asking myself at this point: Well, what Terry Moore says here may be true, but if it is why in the world should a reputable magazine print what is not? What would be the point? And besides, where there's smoke, isn't there fire?

Nor would I blame you for asking. I don't know myself. I can only guess. One thing I am sure of is that Modern Screen would not deliberately distort facts, through malice, to sell magazines, or for any other reason. I know the magazine and its editors too well for that. I think they were convinced that what they had was in essence the truth, and that they regarded it as provocative. And I imagine it is, to say realistically, a tribute to shrewd editorial judgment. It was something people would read. For example, I first saw it in Lone Pine in California, on location with Ty. I laughed at that moment, I remember, at the picture and the title, and said, 'This is one I'd read. Don't feel too bad about it.'

Maybe, as I said at the beginning, I should have taken this one: kept my mouth shut or my pen still and let it blow over. But just for once, I wanted one of us to talk back, to see if the consequences will be so dire after all.

So far as Modern Screen is concerned, I'm not afraid of retribution. They have the power to hurt me for sticking pins in one of their own stories, but I do not think they will use it simply because they also had the honesty to let me stick away. What other repercussions may come, I do not know.

But this I do know: so many of us in Hollywood live in fear of antagonizing the press. You can't blame us, any more than you can blame the press for writing what

Clifton Webb's film, Dreamboat, is being booked all over France under the title, Le Grand Seducteur, the big seducer. When told of this fact recently, Webb shook his head. "My," he said, "how strenuous!"

they believe to be so. A star who enters voluntarily into stardom waives her option to a whole private life. It is part of the game. If you yell every time you're hurt, you're a crybaby. To most misrepresentations and mistaken inferences, you should keep still. And when, somewhere, the moment comes when you should fight back.

I don't know how much Mr. Cronin's essay cost Modern Screen. It cost me the friendship of a young man I liked very much. I don't know how widely believed it was, I have heard that a denial never catches up with an allegation. If that is so, this article of mine won't be very effective.

But there are one or two things, I think, to be said for my side of the Terry Moore legend. Mine is a first-hand account, not a second-hand.

I don't mean to sound holier-than-thou. Mr. Cronin's suppositions about my attitude toward the so-called "sex build-up," I much prefer to think of it as glamour, are not entirely in error. To be perfectly honest, when I was typed as a 100 per cent Campfire Girl, I looked with envy on this sort of thing. And when fitted for a blue jean hit, I may envy this and want it again. (I am, of course, speaking professionally, as an actress, not as a person; that would go without saying, although it doesn't always.)

No, I am hurt only secondarily by what was incorrect or twisted in this "report." My basic sense of outrage—and believe me, I say this not from personal rancor but from a grievance of principle—is that I was hit from the dark, where I could not dodge or strike back.

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(Continued from page 31) "She was furious. She said she had heard nothing about a scandal. No magazine was going to run her story. A newspaperman from The Daily News was known to be a friend of her kids. He went off, she said. If she wanted to marry him, she said, that too. Who was Modern Screen to tell her what to do?"

I studied a copy and read the article. It seemed fair enough to me, because it is true that when Lex and Lana arrived in Europe, many people thought they were not there to get married, but that they weren't, there was a great deal of talk. That's what the article said, and it was correct.

I knew before she left the States that if she wandered all over Europe with Lex there would be plenty of gossip. Her studio warned her against it. Her agent warned her against it. Publicity men told her it wouldn't look good. Schemes were worked out. Maybe Lex should travel under an assumed name. Maybe she should go to Europe to organize her plans while Lex insisted upon touring Europe with Lex.

"When Modern Screen broke the story of their journey and its effect on movie fans everywhere, Lana must have known in her heart that she shouldn't have scolded at her advisers.

"In the meantime, she started work on The Flame and The Flesh in London, while Lex went to work on a picture in Italy. Now, make no mistake about Lex. He always wanted to marry Lana, and he always told her so. But while Lex is presiding over his legal affairs, he insisted upon touring Europe with Lex."

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A breath of fresh air. The Italian lensmen refused to be denied. They began to wave copies of the Italian legal code which permitted them "picture rights."

Fina}lly Lana agreed to pose for pictures, and the brief ceremony went under way. Emilio Bachi, who officiated, wore a green, white, and red sash—the colors of Italy—and translated the proceedings into English. She wore a blue summer suit and a black tie. At one point in the ceremony when Lana said, "I will," she grasped Lex by the wrist and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. That was the only unusual bit of action in the proceedings.

Lana gave her age as thirty-two and Lex gave his as thirty-four. After the ceremony, the couple kissed then hurried into their car, and were driven to the Villa Prima Sole (First Days) right in Turin, the hospital where Lana's ten-year-old daughter, Cheryl, was playing around a fishpond with Barker's two children, Lynn, also under two, and two-year-old, Guido Abrasino, was taken over by a wealthy Italian textile manufacturer who turned it over to the newlyweds.

They spent their wedding night there, then a train trip to the north for telephoning newspapermen. Lex answered the phone.

The following day the United States Consulate in Turin absolved itself of all legal impediments to the marriage. It is customary for United States citizens abroad to inform the consulate when they decide to take such a step as marriage. But Lex and Lana, of course, are not customary people.

In fact, several Italian officials are still wondering whether Lex got anyone to marry him and Lana in Turin. According to article 89 of the Italian Civil Code, 300 days must elapse before a woman's divorce becomes final and she is entitled to marry again. Lana received her Nevada divorce on September 8, 1953. She went to Barker on September 7, 1953, two months earlier than Italian law permits.

One Italian lawyer explains that the divorce law in Nevada is extremely elastic. Don't forget that it was in Turin that Roberto Rossellini cleared his way for marriage. For better or for worse, these two people are legally married.

All of Lana's fans, and she has millions, were happy that the legality of her fifth marriage is never questioned. The legality of her second marriage was. Lawyers discovered that she was married to a man who was already married. Lana had told Lana that he was divorced. He wasn't. After legally ridding herself of Steve, Lana married him again in Tijuana.

Lana has been impetuous all her life. This readiness to obey impulse, this constant putting of heart before mind, is the very opposite of disaster.

But perhaps with Lex, her luck has turned. Certainly, they enjoyed a good honeymoon. After one night at Villa Prima Sole they left for Paris. Lana had a train with her mother, Mildred Turner, Mildred Turner had brought Cheryl over to London and traveling with them was a child. When Lana went off to Turin for her marriage, Mildred had remained behind in Lana's Paris apartment.

"I had a very bad cold," she explained afterwards. "I didn't want to be in the wedding. But when Lex and Lana got to Paris, we talked things over, and we decided that it would be better for Cheryl to be there. For a while, Lana had thought she would put Cheryl in school in Switzerland, but you know how plans change."

We picked the three children and we left Paris one Saturday, Sunday, we were back in Beverly Hills. I turned the two Barker children over to their mother, and Cheryl and Mildred and I went over to this new Lauu restaurant. By Monday all three kids were in school.

"Lex and Lana were very happy when I left them in Paris. I don't know how long their honeymoon was, because there were conferences about her new picture, the one she's making with Gable, The True And The Brave.
"Anyway," she has a lovely apartment. It's a new one, and new apartments are rare in Paris. I certainly hope they're going to be happy. All brides should be happy."

In Hollywood, as usual, everyone is asking how long Lana's fifth marriage will last. One columnist says that disenchantment has set in, already. This particular newspaperwoman believes that Lana married Lex because she couldn't get out of it. She, too, believes that the aforementioned Modern Screen story, plus several others, made Lana realize that she could not foul public opinion. She attributes the marriage to expediency, not to love.

This, of course, is the pessimistic view. Some observers believe that the marriage will last as long as three or four years. No one—and this is a sorry observation—expects that this will be Lana's last marriage. In fact, one week after the lovers arrived in Paris, Sheilah Graham said in her column: "Lex Barker hired a press agent in Paris to keep his marriage on an even keel. Because, believe it or not, there are rumors already."

At Lana's studio, the official reaction to her marriage was, "No comment." Arlene Dahl, Lex's second wife, was a bit more talkative. She said, "I'm sure they're going to be very happy. They are exactly right for each other."

One of the basic truths about Lex and Lana is that they are faithful, constant lovers. In each of her marriages, Lana has played fair. She has never flirted, never suffered from a marital disease, known as "the roving eye." The same is true of Barker. With his first wife, Connie Thurlow, he was the epitome of fidelity. Ditto with Arlene Dahl.

Why then, do these two people count five divorces and one annulment between them? The sad answer is that Lana never tired of her husbands. With the exception of Steve Crane, they tired of her. Lex's two wives felt much the same way about him. Arlene Dahl, in fact, claims that she never wanted to marry Lex in the first place, but that she finally and regretfully succumbed to external pressures.

Since Lex and Lana are extremely well attuned to each other, and since they have learned a great deal from experience, it may well be that their marriage will last much longer than anyone expects.

"The key," according to one of Hollywood's leading agents, "may lie in the success or failure of Barker's acting career. Lana, of course, is a big success and has been for years. It is almost impossible for two acting careers to thrive, side by side, in the same household. The rate of progress varies with individuals. And after twenty-five years in Hollywood, I've come to one conclusion; the most dangerous occupation known to man is marrying a successful motion picture star. Look at the men who have tried it. These guys couldn't make a go of it. Is Lex Barker better than any of these, more tolerant, more understanding, more knowledgable?"

"With all my heart, I hope he is. In my mind, however, I know he ain't."

In short, everyone in Hollywood wishes Lex and Lana loads of good luck, and this is not an idle platitud. If everyone deserves and needed luck, these are the handsome, charming, wonderful two.

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this is a monster?

(Continued from page 41) believable. Late in the summer, for example, he was seated in the 20th Century-Fox commissary denying to a reporter that his responsibilities as a husband and father rested heavily on him. He intimated pretty strongly that he went his own sweet way avoiding complete moral and spiritual bickering.

Dorothy, that is. Just then his wife, Dorothy, phoned. Like millions of American mothers with frayed nerves, praying for strength to hold out the children and get them back in their classrooms, Dorothy thought she wasn’t going to make it. Their two sons, Jim, twelve, and Chris, ten, had been in her hair ever since they got up. "And I can’t stand it any more," she said.

Now Bob was in the middle of shooting River Of No Return, with Marilyn Monroe and Roger Calhoun. Because of the injuries both Marilyn and her picture was behind schedule and the whole company was working hard to catch up. Besides, Bob was Bob. Was he going to let Dorothy down by running his boys on him?

Naturally not. Naturally he would shuck off his wife’s plea and say, "Too bad. We all have our troubles. Right now I’m busy and I can’t help. You please hang back and wait for him to say it.

But he didn’t. Dutifully and considerately, he talked to his wife. "All right," he said, "I’ll throw the boys in the car and send them to the studio. I’ll take care of them for the rest of the day."

What’s this, a new angle on Bob? You ask and he dismisses your query with a wave of his hand. "Ah, they won’t bother me. I won’t even know they’re here."

But it isn’t a new angle. It’s an old angle and it’s becoming obvious. It’s repeated too often. When Bob went to Canada, to Banff and Jasper National Park for the outdoor scenes in River Of No Return, he took his daugther, eighteen-month-old Petrene. A Hollywood resident on the same train said he saw Bob many times, holding the baby on his lap and trying to sleep, then seating her in his lap in the dining car and carefully feeding her, and shepherding Dorothy and the baby every time they wound through the train.

"It’s a brand new life with every breath I draw," Bob is fond of saying. "Who can worry about things?" This is the popular concept of him—a fellow who lives for his business, who doesn’t know what’s going on around him, and doesn’t care. There was a director on one of Bob’s pictures who believed this. When an electrician up on a gantry refused to work, he sent a bodlight noise during the filming of a scene, the director furiously ordered that he be fired on the spot. No one suspected that Bob was in the box. But when the electrician was paying the slightest attention to what was going on, but when the electrician walked off the set Bob reached for his coat and walked into a close up shop. His star may take a walk.

This is not the complete story of Bob in his relationship to those with whom he is in authority. It would class him as just another of those stars who defend the small fry because they like to be known as "very democratic." With Bob this pose of need is unnecessary. Without trying, he is as democratic as an old pair of socks. By instinct, he is for the little guy, but he is not unaware that the big fellow is king. He has been a steadily gaining stature in the eyes of his directors because when the moment comes for the cameras to roll—he delivers.

Children is good is to enter the realm of opinion. To reveal that he spends from two to four weeks with every script, studying it until he knows not only every word, but all the flavors they didn’t have to mull over Bob’s words to get the idea, but he was an egotist (which he isn’t any more, by the way) and no actor was going to get the best of him. He reported Bob to the studio heads. The studio heads held a meeting and made the decision. Late that day Bob’s assistant director was knocked on Bob’s door. The crew, a “complete” crew was waiting to go back. But Bob hadn’t finished yet. The assistant director relayed Bob’s question to the director.

"Mr. Mitchum wants to know if it is a happy crew," he said. "Mr. Mitchum thinks it’s unnatural to have a crew unless every member of it is happy."

The director threw up his hands and that was the beginning of his reformation. He apologized to the electrician whom he had already restored to his job. He was sent to Bob who returned without the slightest hint in his expression that anything unusual had happened.

There are dozens of stories of this kind that could be told to show that Bob fabricates when he makes of himself a hard case, insensitive to his fellow men. He has demonstrated the opposite so thoroughly that the working people in the studio feel that he can do no wrong. You’d feel the same way if you were one of them. They believe when the director feels like bawling out someone it will never be you. He has long since learned, as have all Mitchum directors, that when and plot, is quoting opinion again. But there are some facts about his value as an actor which can be given in the form of cold figures.

He practically never misses a line. In River Of No Return he had 184 speeches and dialogues, and got a flu before the first day of shooting. A more exciting demonstration of his amazing memory took place during the filming of White Witch Doctor in which he spent 24 hours on the set and the script required that he speak a whole page of dialogue in Bakuba, an African dialect. His speech was typed phonetically in English and locked in the safe at nine o’clock in the morning. To one unfamiliar with Bakuba, as Bob was, it meant nothing but a couple of hundred odd, guttural sounds.

A half hour later he was in front of the camera, repeating off his speech without a mistake, and without any idea of what any sound meant.

There is no use in trying to get Bob to admit that he is a pretty good fellow, hard working, and with decent instincts in his possession. You can’t even trap him into "Say, I heard that you had a girl in your car at Lockhead before you got into pictures," a cameraman once told him—almost accusingly. "You were there more than a year. You couldn’t have spoken in an unconcerned as you keep pretending."

"Aw, they only kept me on me because I was frozen on the job by war regulations," Bob replied.

Yet, some of the fellows who worked with Bob at Lockhead remember that after starting as an unskilled hand he was soon in charge of fifteen men. They never got supervisory jobs like that lingering around and ducking your responsibilities.

Bob’s wild and incriminatory stories about war time are too weird a time. Last winter, a reporter spent two hours with him over a luncheon table and failed to get one statement from Bob that would ring true. He said it was done. He got it written. He had it printed. He finally put away his pencil and pad with the weary remark that he hadn’t a thing to write—the interview was a failure. That evening, having been reminded that they had sat down, Bob grew serious.

"You’re stuck, huh?" he asked.

"Sure, the reporter replied. "There’s nothing here."

"Tell you what," offered Bob. "Come to dinner at my home. Sit down with the family. Tell me anything you want to. Ask anything you want to. And I don’t make sense ask my wife, the boys, the maid. Somebody ought to give you a straight answer."

Sure, you’ll never a friend asked the reporter if he had had the dinner with Bob.

"I did," the reporter said. "I got a good story of Bob as he is with his family. When he is sitting down with family. And when it was time to go he realized it was cold outside and I had come without a topcoat. He insisted on lending me one of his. Back from a trip to Europe and he starts that in the story."

All over Hollywood, you run across fellows with little tales like that. There is the puzzle that is not going to be solved. There’s the story of how he was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. He knew Bob but didn’t hear from him until the day he was getting ready to leave the hospital. Then he received the long range.

"What do you plan to do now?" Bob wanted to know.

"Oh, go home and recuperate for a week or so better. I got my work," was the reply.

"How are you going to recuperate?" Bob asked. "You’re a bachelor and you live alone. You’ll probably bust your stitches trying to wait on yourself. What you’d
better do is come to my place till you're on your feet. I've got a wife and a maid. They'll take care of you.

It's a typical Mitchum gesture, but typically, nobody knew about it till the publicity man let it out a startled moment. Anyone who works with Bob knows that these things he doesn't want spread about. If you ask his secretary, Reva Fredericks, anything about the enigmatic, that he is a monster. But Reva is one of the best-informed and most capable secretaries in Hollywood and she doesn't have to tell her boss everything. Everyone knows she has been called by every agent in town to come to work for one of their stars at twice the salary Bob can afford to pay her. "He's a hardy little monster?" Her answer is "No comment." But other people have already commented. They say her employer is soft and easy-going whereas the average star reacts to professional worries by turning into a nervous, carving taskmaker. No one has ever seen Bob nervous or in a tantrum.

friend of the family

(Continued from page 51) encroaching jungle of wild orchids and gardenias. Up the street, you must drive carefully or risk getting caught in the backs of the trailer he keeps in front of his $75,000 hut. The next hazard is a pair of oversize dogs, a boxer and a police dog, who run through the gardens people who do not belong there. They belong to Vic Mature, who also makes life dangerous for trespassers by pitching practice golf balls up the driveway. These gorillas are hardy enough to reach the top by the ancient road that leads to the many-acred estate of June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Esther and Ben are the most authentic Early American farmhouse we've ever seen (and we've seen enough to start a new New England). They don't have a bed George Washington slept in, but they have everything else. They have a pool so big the tides come and go in it. It's a far cry from the one in which Esther broke cement every time she took two strokes. You've heard about the homes of movie stars? Well, let me tell you!

This one has a television set in every room, a projection room built in for home movies. It has two nurseries for the children. And yet, it's a home where an embrodered sampler would not be amiss.

There's no butler who precedes Esther as she comes and will use any pronounce: "Miss Esther Williams, MGM star of Easy To Love and other extravaganzas." No, Esther and Ben are, despite the million-dollar atmosphere, plain "folks."

One time Jim had a golf date with Ben, and he brought along his father, who is a retired businessman from Cleveland. Jim's dad didn't care much for trapping around a golf course, but he and the children-- Esther's invitation to hang around the pool, while the boys played golf. She entertained him all afternoon, chatting and swimming and diving.

Later, as Jim and his dad were driving home, the elder Backus exclaimed, "Say, that girl who's married to the tall feller with the widow's peak and the mustache?"

Jim took a look at the man in white and dubbed him "The Good Humor Man." I noticed his vanilla was dragging. Esther was dragged home and off to bed.

Then we saw some color movies of their trip to Hawaii, and behind-the-scenes film of Esther's two films, Pagan Love Song and Fiesta.

For one Photographers' Ball in Hollywood, Esther and Ben had our whole gang dress up as waitresses and waiters from their restaurant, The Trails. There were eight men and eight girls. We used dark make-up from head to toe, and the girls wore pretty, dainty, revealing costumes. We may not have been the most elegant looking, but we certainly overwhelmed the rest of Hollywood's great names by sheer numbers.

Incidentally, Keenan Wynn was in our group, and we went back to Esther's to eat. It took him five hours to get his make-up on. He wore white eyebrows and a white mustache over jet black make-up. Jim took a look at him and commented, "Man, you look like a negative!" A photographer came and snapped our pictures, and then poor Keenan collapsed from sheer fatigue.

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little by little, Hollywood is catching on to the well known Mitchum and the little known Mitchum. And Bob is becoming aware of it, too. His attitude that nothing is important, much less himself, earns the skeptical staff wreath that is not. But he still keeps on. A man who has known him ever since he came to Holly-wood pointed out that he must keep on.

"Bob, in a sense, is the victim of his intelligence," said this friend. "If he were a less intelligent man he could accept his fabulous rise as a natural consequence of his charm. He had worked all day, living in the chicken coop he had to clean and cover with tar paper for his bride when they first came to California. When Bob waxes cynical he is hooting at his own success. Bob, the man, loves to rib Bob, the star, maybe to make sure they both keep their feet on the ground." END

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never runs out of ideas for costume parties. Once, when she appeared to be stumped, Jim laughed her out of it by suggesting she marinate herself and come as a herring.

Parties for sheer fun aren’t Esther’s only hobby. Each year she is hostess for fund-raising affairs for babies blind from birth. And, of course, she is the sparkplug. Moreover, she devotes many hours a week teaching these children to swim, and she donated a pool. Jim does lots of odd work during the year and when they are needed, Esther and Ben always rally around.

Esther loves to laugh, even at her own expendables. Once she said: “She’s the hostess I’m afraid of. I saw her hug Ben and break three of his ribs!”

And when Jim called her “the world’s wealthiest barracuda,” her laughter was the loudest.

There’s a running gag about Esther’s housekeeping instincts. She never comes to our house when she doesn’t hang up our coat, roll up her sleeves and start emptying ashtrays, carrying trash to the incinerator and tidying up even where everything has just been tidied. At such times, Jim will say to me, “why don’t you go down to the garage and bring up two cases of soft drinks? Oh, and on your way back, don’t forget to mow the lawn.”

She’ll do her mowing before she lets out a roar of laughter and cries: “Hey, what am I doing?” Anent the same truant, Jim says, “After Esther started coming to our home, I had to get her a lawn.”

She’s always lecturing me on what she calls my “silly, New York extravagances.” She tells me ways to save money and urges me to get out of it. For instance, I never have learned to drive a car, so I spend a fortune on cabs when Jim isn’t around to chauffeur me. Once, exasperated with me, she said, “Henny is the only person in the world who takes cabs to a drive-in.”

Esther is a great floor sitter, and an articulate gesticulator, waving her arms, jumping up, striking and dropping down again at the most opportune of occasions. She also takes off her glasses when she swings into action. While she is “back-stroking” a story, she has broken a pair of glasses already.

But neither that, nor anything else, ever makes her lose her temper. She’s generally as sunny as a wheatfield in the noontday sun. “The way my grandmother Vanity cluck her tongue and say: “Oh, honestly!” She prides herself (and who wouldn’t?) on her self-control.

She loves to play tricks, but we’ve never known a practical joke by Esther to hurt anyone. When Jim first became the judge on the Married Joan TV show, the show was pretty rugged. In one episode, I played Jim’s secretary while Joan Davis played his wife.

When Esther heard this arrangement, she quickly informed me, “You’ll play Joan Davis as if you self is Joan’s Other Wife from now on!”

During that tough schedule, we usually got home after midnight pretty tired. One night we got home and I was famished, I had a cracker box (really, it’s lovely) and found it shipshape. Candelight softened our dining room. The table was set, and the aroma of the food emanating emamated from the kitchen.

Ben and Esther had stopped by, found us not at home, broken into our house, cleaned it, cooked the meal and set the table. At that minute it was a trick we’d like to have played on us every day. If she had the time, don’t think Esther wouldn’t do it.

When Jim and I returned from summer stock in August, Esther had taken a photo still of a scene from Julius Caesar in which 82 I played the Citizeness, had it blown up to mural size and papered one wall of my studio with it.

Summer stock, too, was Esther’s idea. At the end of the season, Jim broke his toe in a nosedive in our sunken living room. He broke more than that; he broke both our hearts. Jim had to have taken amongst the summer hiatus of J Married Joan, to appear opposite Judy Holliday in A Name For Herself. The accident killed that golden opportunity and about three other good roles.

We were mooning over fate in Esther’s house, and it was getting late. Later it got, the more morose Jim got. Esther, of course, felt low, but at the same time, this could have been an all-night crying session.

“All right, Buster,” said Esther to Jim, “what are you playing now? The Man Who Came To Dinner?” Without a second’s hesitation, she continued: “And say, that’s a great idea!”

It was The wheelchair role of Sheridan Whiteside was tailored for Jim, and I went along to co-star as Maggie Cutler in the Rabbit Run Theatre’s production of the great George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play. We broke all records but I’ve just been sitting and squawking if it hadn’t been for Esther.

Esther is very un-movie star with her.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When I was three years old, I was on a train with my parents.

My mother took me into the dining car and ordered our breakfast. Then she had to leave me at the table for a few minutes to return to the car. While she was away, I started to cry.

When she returned to the table, Robert Taylor was holding me on his lap, feeding me my breakfast.

Patricia McMahon
Washington, D. C.

Friends. It’s heartwarming. We’ve never seen Esther “pull her rank” on anybody. Once in a while, she puts on her schoolteacher face, especially when she sees youngsters out very late, hunting autographs. She admonishes them for being home in bed. Even then, she’s more soft than stern.

Once she got solicited and schoolteacher about Jim. It was Jim’s first day at Metro, where he was making a picture. I was seated at the make-up table at eight in the morning, when Esther bunched onto the set and buttonholed the director.

“Now, I want you to let me know if Jim is late in dressing, if he doesn’t study and want everything to go right. If there’s anything he doesn’t do right, let me know. If there’s anything—” and so on. Jim slipped off the young and felt like a kid on his first day at school.

If Esther is a devoted friend, she is a more devoted wife and mother. You must have read reams about her in this respect. We can only add, “Amen.” To us, Esther is a Brahms lullaby played by Stan Kenton.

Esther’s children round out the happiest, best-adjusted woman we know. She loves every minute of every day. She loves acting, swimming, her husband, children, her home life, her social life, doing things with her hands, knitting, sewing, cooking, reading—but most of all, she loves to laugh.

She gets a big boot out of Jim’s characterization of “Mr. Mcgoo” which won two Academy Award nominations for caricature and dodged into a washing machine (GE, says Jim), looks at the thrashing water and says: “Oh, that Esther Williams, what a sleeper.” In a five-minute swimming shower, Esther throws back her head and roars.

And we’ve laughed over “girly” stuff. We discovered that the Gages and the Biskuk have the same glassware, the same china. Since then, we poor our stuff whenever either tos a big party. It takes us hours after a party to speculate on the “Get the Gambler” which Esther Williams, that’s pretty good. (Says Jim: “In fact, I think she sinks.”)

When I worked at Metro in Caesars, Esther was around and she turned over her sumptuous dressing room to me. She’d arrive at five, go into the dressing room and leave notes of instruction (how to have on her choice of shoes, the handkerchiefs, etc.) all over the place. It was an eye-opener each day, to arrive at seven, to find that Esther had been in, and had gone to location two hours before I arrived.

She is always tipping me to rare bargains, for which she has an uncanny nose. Has Esther. Her home is filled with good buys in paintings, glass and the other articles. She does her own marketing when she can, buys her own clothes and every second-best-selling book. I buy the other best-sellers, so we can swap. It’s a good thing for neither of us ever gives anything back.

She’s the only athlete I know who doesn’t particularly care for spectator sports. So, when they were at golfing, Esther and I are home knitting, chattering or cooking.

Efficiency is another trut of Esther’s.

She and Ben love to travel, and can be read aloud in less than a minute.

It seems that everything they own zips up and has a handle. She has every conceivable traveling gadget including a lightweight dressing case. She can eat on the run. We were at their home once when she received a phone call to fill in at a benefit for someone who just couldn’t make it. She turned on the plane for San Francisco.

Esther can take spoofing; her sense of humor about herself is legend. Yet, she can give as well as take. She doesn’t mind wisecracks at the expense of others. She’s too kind to capitalize on another’s misfortunes for the sake of a yock. But she can ad lib an unforgettable.

Once, she was called to do a benefit at which every show business personality was present. There were Berle, Benny, Thomas, Kaye and many another “great” preceding her on the bill. Stars, who just came on to take a bow and frit, were making the audience hostile when there were so many good “sereus” waiting. It was for Esther. She walked out to face the waiting audience. It was awkwardly quiet.

“Now,” she said, calmly, “if you’ll just floor it, I’ll go into my act!”

She walked off to a thunderous ovation.

That’s our Esther Williams, the greatest gal in town. And we love her. Why shouldn’t we? We’ve ahead three, “G” monogrammed forks, two glasses, a best-seller... and our ash trays are the cleanest in Hollywood.

END
actors a dime a dozen

(Continued from page 56) Then I might have had High Noon. I don’t know. They looked around for years for a young Gary Cooper. He settled on Gary Cooper. But who can tell?

As for the anyone-can-act proposition, Robertson hadn’t meant that anyone could be a star. “What I do say is that workaday acting, journeyman acting, is one of the four or five easiest things in the world, and I made a good living from it—so they say a hundred-thank-you’s every night before they go to bed. Instead, some of them actually go temperamentally mad and kick up their heels, and never thinking they won’t be missed around here. Now, if you’re a cameraman or a make-up artist or an effects man, you might get away with it. But those people are into self-depreciation. A man with a rather heavy, masculine face, he has several more than one-and-a-half expressions plus a wide variety of upper lip and nose approaches: the young and the admirers of virile, outdoor fare. They should serve him for a good many years to come.

“I’d pluck up my courage if they asked me. They dish it out, I take it. But I wouldn’t like it.”

Nor is it probable he will be asked to take it or like it. The present formula is keeping the stockholders happy, both at RKO and at 20th Century-Fox, Robertson’s home lot.

“You know something?” Robertson resumed after a moment’s thought. “If you see a guy display temperament, you’re looking at a stupid guy. And an insecure guy, too. They’re like barn dogs. A dog that’ll bark at you isn’t going to bite you. That’s the oldest saw in the world, I know, but what I’m trying to say is, the dog’s trying to tell you not to call his bluff because he doesn’t want a showdown and that’s his way of trying to prevent it. Keep coming at him and he’ll beat it. I’ve worked with a director like that before, and he was only one of one hundred thousand per expression, and you know who they are. Me, I’m going to go right on practicing with my left arm.”

Robertson, like many, believes that a good horse is no longer a specialist. Robertson, his best friend in Hollywood. The Robertson—Mrs. Robertson is Jacqueline Wilson—spend a lot of evenings at the Carson’s home, playing canasta or chess or charades, and Carson has deposed at various times that Robertson is pretty fair at the first two and a brilliant livingroom musician at the last, but it’s less in the actor by profession.”

Despite his light lunches, Robertson eats like a rhino when the mood is on him, having tucked away on one occasion a half chicken, a fried steak, cream gravy, mashed potatoes and two quarts of milk. “He wasn’t drinking very hard when he finished,” is his comment on details. “In a more telling detail, Robertson’s no-liquor-no-coffee man but will belt down a Coke if the party is on the unrestrained side. His golf, which he has been working on for only a couple of years, is good and getting better. [Carmine] Carson believes that Robertson may give his business manager severe headaches. In theory, he lives on a modest allowance his manager doles out to him, but in practice he is chronically overdrawn, due to a weakness for all expensive that he doesn’t want a showdown and that’s his way of trying to prevent it. Keep coming at him and he’ll beat it. I’ve worked with a director like that and he was only one of one hundred thousand per expression, and you know who they are. Me, I’m going to go right on practicing with my left arm.”

Robertson, as most of his friends know, possesses a cracker-barrel wit, abetted by his quickness of mind. He is not unlike that of a friend and sponsor of his youth, Will Rogers. He launched into an observation that a moment, a fleshy expression of Robertson had got himself mixed up with one of his film portrayals. But his knowledge of pistols and firing techniques is what he calls all the long study and practice. He said he could beat the draw a man who had him covered, but only of any special manual fleetness because, he said, he had been in the matter would be aggressive, whereas the other’s would be static. He derided the film gunman who fleshes like a man hammering nails. Seems you can’t hit anything that way.

Robertson may have forebodings of career mortality, but he’d be around for spell anyway. Should his business ven-

Today's best laugh: On Bob Hope's show Zsa Zsa ("Moulin Rouge") Gabor mentioned she was wearing a new gown because she might be stepping out. "You," said the wide-eyed Hope, "haven't for a step." Earle Wilson, N. Y. Post

FOR ALL ABSENT-MINDED MEN (and aren’t they all) this dapper dachshund is a natural. Made for over-night parking (or even dead storage) your pet Rover has ample room for a ring, watch, keys, coins, bills and a wallet... a place for everything that’s dumped out of a guy’s trouser pockets onto the dresser. In glazed pottery, dachshund color, 6" long from tail to nose. $2.25. Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 538 Madison Ave., Dept. 679, New York 22.

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Modern Screen's ARMCHAIR SHOPPER
Here's a handy way to shop for those Christmas gifts you've been meaning to buy... as well as for the things you want for yourself. Just pick out the items you want in this column, send a check or money order to the address shown... and the postman will deliver the merchandise right to your door. You couldn't ask for an easier, more pleasant way to shop!
came of that. Rogers wanted to take the young Dale to Hollywood at a time when he, Robertson, was just learning to rope and bulldog on the family ranch. The upshot to Robertson was that he wasn't quite ready for it but they did mention dramas school to Rogers, who vetoed the notion so promptly and emphatically that Rogers has shied from the idea ever since.

"They want you natural in Hollywood," Rogers said in part. "The drama coaches will put your voice in a dinner jacket and make people like their grits and hominy in everyday clothes."

At Oklahoma Military, Robertson was a really nervous athlete, ranking up two-and-weight varsity letters, all told, at such assorted pastimes as football, basketball, baseball, boxing, tennis, golf, swimming and polo. He even had a little time left over. This was the Armistice Study of 1918, Summers, he was only a shipping clerk, a jackhammer operator, a cowboy and a trainer of polo ponies. Most of this came to an end in September, 1942, when Robertson became a unit of the United States Army. Starting as a private, he moved up to first looey with the 33rd California, which battalion was attached to General Patton's Third Army, and by and by took a dose of enemy mortar fire in one knee. That sent him back to Fort Bragg and nine months of treatment, including an excruciating period when doctors thought the leg would have to come off. But two operations fixed it—there is not even a suggestion of a limp today—and in February, 1946, he was back in civilian life, more or less ready to begin beating his head on Hollywood's disinterested portals.

The portals should have been easier to open. In the early stage of his Army career, Robertson was stationed in San Luis Obispo, just south of Los Angeles, and he came down to Hollywood one day to have his picture taken to send to his mother. Well, the photographer, a woman prophetical of the future, had seen the business, and her effort that she stuck it in the window, and right away all these agents began dropping Robertson notes having to do with pictures.

So when Robertson got his separation papers, he immediately wrote the same agents, who couldn't have cared less, now that the first team was back in the lineup.

**Robertson** had an optional career, but with infinite wisdom he declined it. He might have been a fighter. He was a good amateur boxer in the Army, and a fairly good pro later on, and he looks it, but that way of making a living shouldn't have any future in Hollywood.

So Robertson went around to the end of the Hollywood line and started all over again.

In all, Robertson made the trip from Oklahoma to Hollywood ten times. The first nine times, he struck out or fouled out or scratched an inconsequential hit down the third-base line, represented by modeling jobs at a cool $40 a week.

But he had been creating a foundation in the event lightning was really looking for Robertson. He had made tests at Fox and Metro and Warners, without setting any executives on fire, but not calling for defumigation measures either. In night classes at UCLA he was learning the business—all but acting.

One fine day a producer named Lee Brooks, who had considerable confidence in Robertson, made him do a night test at Fox while a photographer took his picture. He noticed me standing there, I gues, and said to the man with the camera, "Say, fellow, destroy that picture and get one with this boy and me instead."

"It's a great guy, as well as a great actor," that Jimmie Stewart.

**Russell McKeight**

**Phoenix, Arizona**

After that, for no very clear reason, Agent Marin brought him around to see his brother, Producer Ed Marin, and Ed Marin, still for no very clear reason, hired him to play Jesse James in an item called Fighting Men of the Plains.

It was a small picture—nearly as small, for instance, as that of Guy Madison in Since You Went Away—but it attracted the same kind of attention. We couldn't get a thing like that pass, not if you're head of a studio, and before you could say Find-me-the-chowerhead-who-let-this-kid-go, Zanuck had signed him. Nice seven-day deal, sealed on November 9, four years ago.

**Zanuck** saw Robertson, correctly, as a star of rugged stripe, nursed him along slowly, and wound up with a straight flush. But he never did instil in him any great reverence for the art of acting—or rather, for acting as an actor.

"The man in the street is going to get wise some day," Robertson is reported to have said, "and storm the gates. We'll have to depend on his bashful looks and grave. It's a wonder it hasn't happened yet."

He has added: "And it's so true that good looks or great ability haven't much to do with it. Something no one can defin and Joe Blow is just as apt to have it as Ty Cobb. The lucky thing for us is that this seldom occurs to Joe Blow. If it did, it'd get mighty crowded on this here now island."

Robert results to Mrs. Robertson on a picture set. They lobbed how-do-you-do's at each other and then forgot about it. Literally. At their next meetin neither had the faintest recollection of the incident. But that oversight was cancell in a hurry.

Today they live in Reseda (a part of the San Fernando Valley). The house is furnished in modern.

There are the German shepherd and, within striking distance, the horse-Thunder, a Morgan; Tightwad and Dor quarter horses; and Jim Dandy, describe by a scholarly breeder as half thoroughbred, half saddle-bag cap.

In the classic tradition, Robertson likes to hunt and fish, to ride, of course. There's this golf deal. That leaves Mr. Robertson a life of his own, a golf wid and a studio widow but never a hunt-and fish widow because she does those things with him. And—Robertson's a handy man, with a thoroughbred racer car.

He's a big, heavy-set citizen, around six feet, up and down, and very wide in the shoulders. KRO reports that he weighs about 230 but looks more than that. He has black hair, a gentle, drooling voice, an arrest certain intimacy in his bearing that a man would be ill-advised to fool with or get too friendly with necessarily. The Podnuh—when you say—that-smile quote comes through very clearly.

This may be reinforced by the knowledge that his public rating is somewhere between eight to two, with the win column on the left.

He has an engaging personality tr range. Hollywood is a bit, like Betty Grable, not simply as Betty. In the old way, Darryl Zanuck is Darryl Zanuck. 'Power, Ty Power and Richard Widm Richard Widmark—not even "Dick."

Film names are not left dangling in the air live or die alone, a shoddy Hollywood man merism designed to give the speaker badge of vicarious importance. It is presumed from this that Robertson, notwithstanding his protests to the contrary, must feel quietly sure of himself.

Besides, you must remember that can light a fire under his left half alone, purely in the event he ever has And most people can't.

There must be a place for such resource ful plans in the extraordinary among act who, like Dale Robertson, do not think ing is such a much.

**the right mr. wrong**

(Continued from page 59) right because for the first time in her life Judy used her own judgment, free from the advice of all those friends and relatives who wouldn't let her grow up. And it was this man, poster girl for show business, who had deserved her courage and her faith in her fellow men, bringing her back to her stature as one of the greatest stars of all time.

Three years ago, Judy Garland's fourteen-year contract with Metro had been 84 abrogated upon her refusal to do the lead, later taken over by Betty Hutton, in Annie Get Your Gun. She and her husband, Vin cente Minnelli, were being divorced. Judy was caught up in a whirlwind of doubt, fear, insecurity. From childhood, discipline in the ways of show business, she had allowed her, "elders" to guide her every move. Now they could not realize that she was a mature woman. They couldn't stop meditating in decisions that should have been strictly her own.

Judy turned her back on Hollywood, determined to cut these ties forever. In New York she met Sid Luft, a man who had been somewhat battered, too, thou not defeated, by Hollywood career pro lems. He, too, was divorced.

At the time, their romance broke because of Judy's unpopularity in the eyes self-styled "important" people in Hollywood, his great sin was that he was un popo. It didn't matter that he and Judy were both somewhat too-subsle capa paign to break them up began immediate.

Looking back at that time, Judy remem bers, "We were even criticized for spend ing so much time in night clubs. Sid and I to court me somewhere!"

From Sid's point of view, the mount
When to attack, a for was PROVIDENCE 31st. each ph. ‘fforts.

I never needed just one familiar friend as badly as I did then,” Judy remembers, but when I recovered enough to go back to the Palace my wonderful audiences gave me a roaring reception. I felt so completely at home that never again can anything frighten me so badly.”

Towels

Tony Curtis is wondering whatever happened to an expensive pair of alligator shoes he lost. Meanwhile his manager has returned home to the boottery, advising they didn’t fit. What the money-watcher meant was that they fit into Tony’s January budget.

Frank Farrell
World Telegram & Sun

So, each on a high note of personal triumph, Judy and Sid took their vows in a simple ceremony at Hollister, California. The couple left for a sixteen days stay in Hollywood. The next step in their plans, a production company of their own, which Sid set up with the financial and production backing of Wam the Barons. They began plans for remaking A Star Is Born, which was several Academy Awards when it was made originally with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor.

Tony Curtis and Janet Gaynor, the screen play by Moss Hart and music by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin.

A last Judy’s life has begun to approach fulfillment and she happily dropped out of the headlines. Judy now bogged down in their ®® called to the kitchen and she began to cry. The baby was seven-year-old daughter, usually is curled up beside Sam, affectionately scratching his big ears. And from her nearby crib, eight-month-old baby Summit, also endured miles upon miles upon miles of lonesome standing and utter colossal delicate and contented burps.

When she’s working, however, Judy and Sam rouze the whole family at six A.M., although the dog simply can’t understand the sudden frenzy. “I named him Sam,” Judy says, “for no particular reason, and I wouldn’t part with him for a cool mil-

Opposition to his love for Judy was equally puzzling. For her part, Judy had fallen in love with Sid when they met, but he did have integrity, a word that is foreign to many a Hollywood big shot.

In many ways, Hollywood is a cruel city, for the most “romance” that flits through its halls involves his dangerous job that he was assigned to, the war. Sid was hospitalized, and by the time he had recovered, the war was over. It was only then that he went back to civilian life. He got married, had a baby, and then went on to become a movie producer.

This, then, is the “wrong man” who, after they fell in love, took charge of Judy’s career. He had no interest in her career, but her happiness. Judy, however, was determined to continue to work—to wipe out the unhappy memories caused by the mounting years of her 18 months of doing what other people wanted her to do. So, with criticism from the press and his own, and years of doing live shows before the public, which would give her the confidence she sorely needed. “Forget everything else,” Sid told her, “just do your best to the truth—that millions of people love you.”

Plans for the appearance at the New York Palace Theatre were mapped out by Judy and Sid, and Judy who traveled with the married with special material by the talented Roger Dens and dances by Chuck Walters, who ad worked with Judy in several of her own pictures. A and of Hollywood rehearsals, the entire group headed for New York on the big gamble. Hollywood skeptics predicted Judy would have a short run because of the attitude of her former friends.

The Day of the Palace opening, Judy was at no newcomer that for the entire day. Despite Sid’s assurances, she had no idea how the public would receive her. She needn’t have worried. After the first curtain dropped, the crowd stood and cheered her through thirteen encore, with tears in her eyes, Judy thanked the people. That night, for the first time in months, she was completely free.

A few weeks later, while sophisticated New Yorkers stood in line every day to hear Judy’s songs, she was struck suddenly with a cough that would not go away. Her doctor diagnosed the pain as a slight heart attack, called his office and had an electrocardiograph machine rushed to the theater. When an attendant plugged the machine into the DC electrical outlet, it flew up and Judy’s nerves went sky high. Dazed and woozy, she insisted on going with the show.
tion. I’ve always been a light sleeper, and during schoolings, there was a lot of interesting. That was all right with Sam, who is part-night-hound. He took me for long walks and let me talk to him by the hour. Without my fits of exasperation, he brought me home. He is one of the finest fellows I ever knew, but I wish he wouldn’t be so much of a one-man dog. When I go shopping, he accompanies you for you can hear his hounds for blocks. Sometimes I even take him to parties. The only time he ever leaves my side is when we all go to the beach, early in the morning. Sam roars off, excited, to “outrun his edge,” snarling and baring the waves.”

While it was easy for Judy to name her dog, she couldn’t think of a name for her second. Usually when a girl went through the girls’ names ever dreamed of,” she says, “and for four days the poor darling was nameless. Then Sid came up with Lorna. Lorna Doohe happens to be one of our favorite novels, and somehow it seemed just right.”

According to legend, move children arriving with as much fanfare as a première and then retire to a close circle of nurses and governnesses, seeing their career-crazy parents by appointment only. Mother Garland is a different type. In one of her few arguments, Judy told Sid that she wanted to let both the nurse and housekeeper go, take care of the baby and run their Beverly Hills home herself. She nothing against their employees; she simply wanted to be normal. Unfortunately, with so much of her time scheduled for recording, pictures and even revision plans simply didn’t have the time. Even so, her intense preoccupation with family life caused a columnist or two to break out in a series of stories on her. One of them complained petulantly in print: “I wish Judy Garland would learn how to arrive on time for dinner parties!” Judy didn’t have a chance to reply, as she’d just played a baby performance the night before, Liza and one for Lorna, before she and Sid can go out.

No offense intended, but the children of Hollywood stars seldom show as much indication of talent as the milkman’s or policeman’s kids. Born to luxury, they never learn how to work. Judy’s little girl, Liza, is a delightful contradiction. Extremely popular with her classmates at the Buckley School, she shows early promise of a tremendous gift for dance. Currently, she is taking lessons from Gene Loring at the American Academy of Ballet. She writes little songs, and has already produced a kiddy show with the help of her friends, personally writing the plot, in addition to handling the choreography and working on the sets.

“Nora. Nore that Judy explains with pride, “she is a second mother to her baby sister. She insists on racing home from school to feed her, and is disappointed if she can’t catch her and buy her out. The other day, this busy tyke of mine came running into the house to tell me she’d worked out a dance routine for my next picture!”

But Lisa isn’t one to grab all the family attention. Lorna is really the general manager of the household.” Judy declares: “She gets the admiration of all the guests when she looks at them with her calm, almon, blue-eyed stare. She call Liza little of guidance and isn’t something that should be nicknamed ‘belle of the ball.”

Still another member of the Sid Luft household is John Luft, Sid’s four-and-a-half-year-old son by a former marriage. John and Liza are the best of friends, discounting the latter’s normal urge to boss him by reason of her “advanced” age. For time, John raised quite a squawk because he wasn’t allowed to hold the baby.

Judy compromised by announcing he could pick her up when he was five. Net result: for two weeks, Sid received a telephone call every afternoon from his son, wanting to know whether he was five years old yet. Despite these home touches, Judy and Sid aren’t just another couple like your neighbors down the block. They live in a glamorous, sophisticated world. The pressure of their mutual enterprise, however, keeps them from Hollywood’s more elegant social affairs. They usually have dinners with intimate friends, such as the Cary Grants, Ann Sothern and Peter Lawford.

They have spent a great deal of time with Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, George Cukor and Jack Warner in evening conferences for A Star Is Born. Unlike her earlier years at the studio, when Judy simply did what she was called upon to do, she has had a voice in production picture. Her wisdom acquired in years of show business is so considerable that

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Warner himself said, “You really don’t need me, Judy. You could produce this picture yourself.” It wasn’t idle flattery. Although most women have been singularly unsuccessful at this sort of thing, Judy may devote herself to it completely as a means of achieving her strength.

Many nervous breakdowns occur because people fail to recognize their limitations. They constantly strive for goals they cannot achieve. Judy’s trouble a few years ago stemmed from exactly the reverse situation. Circumstances had contrived to hem in her talents and prevent her from attaining her natural high level in the entertainment business.

This is all changed now. In addition to the level thinking of her husband, Sid Luft, the confidence that Bing Crosby had in Judy at a time when she was considered a poor prospect; is something she will never forget. And she had occasion, last year, to partially repay Bing’s loyalty. The night before Dixie Crosby died, Bing’s brother, Larry, called Judy and told her that Bing was in no condition to do his radio show. Although Judy was seven months pregnant at the time and in about as good a condition to step into a top radio effort as she was to go mountain-climbing, she insisted that she be allowed to take over. She did it, and Judy made a million dollars in half an hour’s work.

In a way, this incident is indicative of the one great danger that lies ahead for Judy Garland. In order to achieve a high standard for herself and for her friends, she says, “I don’t think we can abandon the screen. Here, however, Sid Luft provides the safety valve, encouraging Judy to slow down and take things easy.

As Judy and Sid Luft were invited to attend the debut of Jack Warner’s daughter last Christmas time in New York, Sid ruled out flying. Instead, they boarded the Gulf & Western’s Hercules for a four-day Christmas trip, carrying with them a small Christmas tree, their presents and two bottles of champagne.

“We had a wonderful Christmas,” Judy says. “There were exactly nine people on that whole train, so it was as close to traveling in a Presidential Special as I’ll ever come near.” After coming home doing The Harvey Girls on the screen, the dinners have given me super-de-luxe service. The waiters are always superb, but on this occasion I had an battalion of them and I felt like a queen.”

Most feminine stars, having arrived, turn lazy. After a “difficult” picture, normal physical rhythm is switched off for them. Instead, their exercise consists mainly of massages by a small army of physical therapists who daily make the rounds of Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

This is not for Judy Garland. When she is not working she can usually be found playing golf at the Bel Air Country Club, or sometimes tennis at the thirty minute walk with Lorna in her carriage, looking on.

Judy first took up golf in Tarberry, Scotland, where she and Sid spent a five-day vacation, “playing a round of golf in the London Palladium.” Here they played twenty-two holes a day, stopping at the eleventh, which brought them back to the clubhouse for lunch. “Sid brags that I shot a forty-nine for nine holes the first time out,” Judy explains, “but I think he must have given me an encouraging audit; I was too busy whacking away just then.”

If Judy stays with the game, she has a chance to play in the same league with her husband. Sid plays to a six handicap. Judy is a natural switch from hitting and leaving the fires of Bel Air and Bel Air. She is an expert。“I hole in one!”

On the next hole, faced with a difficult shot out of a sandtrap, Judy studied the situation carefully, took a wedge iron out of her bag and, after giving an extra inch behind the ball. For a second, she was lost in a cloud of sand, from which the ball sailed in a high arch, landing two feet from the cup.

Judy grinned with satisfaction. “There’s nothing to this game. All you have to remember on each shot is to do all forty-seven things right every time.”

If Judy should ever step up, take a swing and fall flat on her face (which isn’t likely), we hope she’ll remember: that she has banked so much entertainment happiness for all of us that from here on in she can do wrong.

---
the truth about those continental flings

(Continued from page 35) the handsome daughters of the French mind. But the French do not marry Frenchmen above their station, but they may marry foreigners or rich Frenchmen who have no social pretensions. Parisian models are seen everywhere but publicity-seeking, nobody imagines that she would be tickled to death to live on a Nevada ranch, nor that she will be invited to do so.

Gisèle laments the attention among the moviegoers because she is used to show off the creations for Princess Margaret of England. She has the same measurements as the movie star, but Gisèle is not darker and has a round, vivacious face. Crosby met her in Paris and saw her occasionally, but side stepping the social errors of his compatriots, he never gave the impression that he was taking this seriously. He was vacationing with his son, Lindsay, and he devoted most of his time to showing the French film world that Bing saw a great deal of Gisèle while Lindsay was in England to see the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Bing has loved Gisèle for a long time. "It's one of the few places where I have a little privacy," he says, and it would surprise no one if he returned summer and took an apartment there.

The French, particularly the Parisians, hold Bing on a slightly higher social plane than the other American actors. Crosby, of course, has his admirers among them, has a larger intellectual horizon, and understands French. He has sparkling wit and joie de vivre. Having made Little Boy Lost in Paris, Bing has met the citizens—Nicole Maurey, Claude Dauphin, Edvard de Segonzac. He has participated in several charity events and he has been fought over by several leaders. One of his good friends is Paul Ricou, who has been well-recognized in French society, and through him, Bing has made many friends.

In Paris they say that Bing loves continental living, saying his mind to return. They say, too, that he is a man of tact, diplomacy, and intelligence, that he never worried his heart on his sleeve, and that he chose his women with care and discrimination.

"If I didn't know that he comes from Spokane," a Frenchman told me, "I would believe that Bing is a American born."

Of Gisèle and Gary you can, of course, hear anything; that they are passionately in love, that Coop wants this beautiful portrait of him. He has devoted her time to Clark Gable for over a year, and although he was reserved about her at first, they were later seen together constantly. Toward the end of last summer, you could find them practically any evening, dining out at any of the cafes in Paris along the Champs Elysees.

There are three things any woman will make an excuse to get out of: a rainstorm, a tight girdle, and a diet.

Rex Allen on NBC

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There are three things any woman will make an excuse to get out of: a rainstorm, a tight girdle, and a diet.

Rex Allen on NBC

A N ENTIRELY different kind of girl is Su- zanne Daddole. Of all of these girls, she seems to be the one most in love and most devoted to her nine-day romance, that has devoted her time to Clark Gable for over a year, and although he was reserved about her at first, they were later seen together constantly. Toward the end of last summer, you could find them practically any evening, dining out at any of the cafes in Paris along the Champs Elysees.

The truth is that Coop doesn't want to re-marry. He just wants to have a fling. If he wanted to marry someone else, Rocky would have given him his freedom long ago to marry Pat Neol. She has said so.

Gisèle Pascal is lucky enough to have plenty of money. Her family is wealthy, and they have given her some gifts. She may have no intention of marrying Cooper, for she is said to prefer younger men.

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the man behind the face

(Continued from page 49) burned beyond recognition, even by his mother.

"I don't see much in my life to dramatize," he once told me, "and certainly not the manner of most men chosen by fate to face brutal experiences few of us ever suffer." "It's true that I was the son of a coal miner in Lattimer, Pennsylvania, and that my family was what might be called 'desperate poor,' but we didn't know it. If you grow up in a town which is almost treeless and emotionally black and grey, it never occurs to you that life has played a dirty trick on you. Yes, compared to a town in which there are trees, flowers and lakes, Lattimer can be called a paradise. But the good Lord has a way of balancing the books in favor of people like us. Among the citizens of Lattimer there is probably more of honesty, loyalty, love and pure decency than almost anywhere else on earth."

You could expect a boy like Jack Palance to grow up into a street corner rabble-rouser, or worse, living as he did in a 'company' town. His mother had to pay $1.50 for a pound of butter. She could buy the same butter in Lattimer just a few miles away for eighty-seven cents, but resisted the temptation to economize for fear her husband would be fired from his mining job.

"We were poor," Jack Palance remembers, "but we were never hungry. When the miners went on strike for months at a time, we didn't have meat on the table. We had all the vegetables we could eat, though. I weigh about 200 pounds now, which ought to be proof enough that I didn't starve to death as a kid."

With all his acceptance of a bleak childhood, Jack Palance was not a happy boy. He was a good student, he had an inatstible appetite for books and felt it made him "different" from other kids. To compensate for this, he turned to fighting, climbing into a ring for the first time at the age of thirteen and turning in a creditable performance against a twenty-one-year-old pug. The prize money was $1.50, winner take a back. They fought to a draw for a split purse—seventy-five cents each.

That's where I got my fiber. The first thing I did as a fighter, but I was scared as hell a lot of the time. The worst night I ever spent was in a ring with a guy by the name of Rough House Williams. I was fully grown before I was out of my teens. Stood six, four, and weighed over 200 pounds. But when I looked across the ring at Rough House I felt I'd either have to start fighting or he'd give the decision to Rough House.

"I went out for the second round. Rough House looked even tougher. I told myself to make a fight of it, but all the while I was running around the ring like a monkey looking for an opening in his cage. When Rough House caught up with me, I tore me apart. My eyes popped out like Eddie Cantor's. My hands hung like a couple of windmills. Then everything went blank. I felt somebody holding me back. I don't know how I got up in the air, and because I couldn't hold my head up, I stared down at the canvas. There was Rough House, stretched colder than a mackerel in a deep freeze. He didn't know what had hit him. To be frank, neither did I. I'd knocked him out by accident, and if the referee had told me I'd knocked him out I would have spotted Rough House with a baseball bat, I would have believed him."
Not, however, if you have a nose that needs a remodeling job every time it is touched by a soft jab. As for fighting for profit, Paris Brooke tried it during his ring career; still, the most he ever earned for one fight was $400. Now he earns more than five times that in a week.

It is necessary now to try more deeply into the life of this remarkable actor to understand what there is about him, inwardly, that causes his personality to project itself with such force on the screen. To put it more precisely, Jack Palance is a man who has been “to hell and back,” within himself. He can’t be blamed if he doesn’t want to talk about it.

“The little accident” Lieutenant Jack Palance had when his B-24 crashed on takeoff during the war near Tucson, Arizona, was no minor experience. The plane burst into flames. Palance dragged himself out alive and in flames. In the months that followed he wished himself dead. His face was a mass of scar tissue. Delicate operation followed, one after another.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The day was a hot one, and all the pedestrians on Hollywood’s main streets were trying to beat the heat by wearing as little clothing as possible. Imagine my family’s surprise when we saw a cowboy approaching decked out in full western regalia—and a long red beard. At first I thought, “That poor man must be ‘upset’ by the heat,” but as he came nearer I saw that the beard was a fake and that he had inflicted it upon himself. At this moment, my little brother, Buster, looking astounded, said humbly, “How do you do, Mr. Rogers?”

To everyone’s amazement the man stopped, removed his fake red beard and said, “For goodness’ sake, how did you know I was? Sure enough, there was Roy Rogers smiling down at my little brother. For a moment Buster was too overwhelmed to speak, but he finally came out with it. He had seen the initials “R. R.” on Roy’s boot, and made his own deductions.

Betsy Barron
Yokum, Texas

Those who see his face now for the first time on the screen are slightly taken aback. The expression is one of gaunt strength and contained fury, which thousands of war movies have found highly exciting. If the phrase “contained fury” is inadequate, there are no words that come anywhere near what Palance thought of his face after the accident. He avoided looking at himself in the mirror. Despite the fact that those who knew him could notice miraculous improvement, he couldn’t. His entire experience was one long nightmare, during which he had lost his original face and was being given a new one.

Courage is also an insufficient word to describe the strength with which he emerged from the fear of being seen in public and went again about the business of living, enrolling at Stanford University under the GI bill as a student in radio acting and short story writing. Somewhere along the line, he whipped the complexes about his facial appearance. He went on to New York, by way of such jobs as short order cook, life guard and ice cream salesman, at last landing an important role in a New York play. The play was titled Desires, directed by Bob Montgomery. Everybody loved the play but the critics and the audience. It folded in three weeks.

Jack had just enough money left to pay his room rent and get on to Chicago. Here his budding career sank to another depth. He understudied Anthony Quinn, as Tweet in a play called Named Desire, a job in which he was as important to show business as last week’s issue of Variety. Every night he sat in the audience uninvolved in the heavy book called The Anatomy Of Melancholy.

But he was not alone in his misery. In the dressing room next door sat a girl named Virginia Baker, who understudied the Vivien Leigh role. Although Helen Hayes has pronounced her the most capable young dramatic aspirant in New York, then she was as “nothing” as the moody Mr. Palance.

One evening, when she no longer could stand being buried beneath the street while audiences cheered the powerful play going on above her head, Virginia went to Jack and said, “Let’s go to a movie.”

The picture had a title appropriate for the two of them—Sorry, Wrong Number. They both like long, complex numbers, and Jack had the same opinion of the picture. Somewhere along in the middle, he left the theatre. At the final fadeout he came to himself and said, “You’re a charming escort. Where’ve you been?”

“I didn’t like it so I went out for a beer.”

Virginia made me realize that Mr. Palance was strictly a fool ball, square type. But a few nights later leading man Tony Quinn was attacked by a strep throat. Named Tony Quinn, he realized his big chance to rise from the dressing room graveyard and face an audience in a hit play.

“I was curious to see if Jack was a more inspired actor than he was a date.” Virginia admits, “So I sat out front that night. It was the surprise of my life. He was not just good. He was great.”

For Jack, the triumph was short lived. Virgin went to dressing room, performed, then had to go back to his basement dressing room. Virginia lovingly explained, “May-be Tony heard how sensational Jack was. Anyhow, he got well overnight. As for me, I don’t think he realized that Mary Welsh was far too healthy for me to hope to step out of the understudy role. Second, and a lot more important, he had to get out of Chicago. I was an actress trying to get started. I had fallen in love with a guy who had shown me that he preferred a bottle of beer to my company. It didn’t suit him.

Virginia went back to New York and Jack went on the road with Streetcar. But he suddenly missed the girl who had shared his life. He came to the basement, and he followed her with a series of letters climaxed by a Christmas Eve proposal. Virginia was touched and a little bit miffed. But she didn’t tell Jack why she couldn’t become Mrs. Palance.

Then, less than a month later, Marlon Brando, who made that role, New York unconsciously took an important part in their romance by breaking his nose. The producers needed Jack Palance immediately. He had quit the road show and nobody knew where to find him. They checked with Virginia, who called all the relatives she knew, finally locating him at
a cocktail party in Greenwich Village. Jack climbed aboard Streetcar again, grateful for Virginia's detective work.

"I don't know exactly when we decided to get married, but I have known for some time that I must have started the proposal. At least I know that I cued him. At any rate, we were married in New York's Little Church Around the Corner on April 12, 1944. By this time, I had been married to Virginia no more than four months, and Jack insisted that we have a honey-moon, so we checked in at the Hotel Hol-ley on Washington Square. I didn't realize that we were dead broke until I noticed that Jack began to take his suits to the cleaners and they never came back. He was hoicking them to keep us going."

Then the gods of the theater apparently went into executive session to see what they could do about these two. Immediately they came up with a couple of small parts, then the Hollywood call to play the role of the heroic Marine in Hollywood's Of Montezuma. This, of course, was followed by Panic in the Streets.

During Halls of Montezuma Virginia was concentrating on motherhood. For weeks Jack had been coming home to say, "Don't you think it's about time you went to the hospital?" One evening, Virginia was pressed to see this one, entitled Death Of a Salesman, to ease his nerves. When he arrived home at midnight she said, "Jack, the baby's on the way."

"Oh, that's not true!"

Obsequiously, he backed out the car again and they started for the Good Samaritan Hospital, which isn't easy to find even when you know where it is. He made the wrong turn off the freeway, and after checking with three gas stations finally found a car with Virginia and Jack's home members. "I insisted on staying at a natural birth, so he stayed awake with me almost all night while I tried to prove that it didn't hurt. We decided to name the baby Holley after our hotel and Virginia after the hotel where I stayed awake on the set the next day, but the ordeal must have helped because the doctor told him his work was particularly good."

Fathers is not too happy about his career, however. It seemed that all the good parts at 20th Century were going to women. They'd throw the parts of the sons away, as evidenced by the fact that Suspense for the first time is splitting itself into two half-hour shows in order to allow Jack to star in Othello. If that doesn't do the trick, persuasive movie fans may help to show producers the way. They certainly haven't been asleep at the post, as witness the flood of letters to the New York Times protesting the issue of his being cast in Viva Zapata! to break his contract.

"Probably that was stupid on my part, because Tony Quin, whose understudy I had been for so many months, took it and played it into an Academy Award. For my part, however, I was lucky. I went back to New York and into Darkness At Noon, which seemed to more or less establish me as an acting commodity."

That's putting it modestly. Audiences shook the rafters with their applause. Television and movie offers, specifically for Sudden Fear and Shane, snowed him under. Jack left Virginia and the baby in their apartment on Central Park in New York and turned to pictures.

"He was in Hollywood when Brook was born," said Virginia, "and I was glad.

Fathers have such a terrible emotional struggle at a time like this. As for me, I simply took a taxi to the hospital. The cab driver was very helpful. He never asked where my husband might be."

Even if movies don't wake up to the fact that Jack Palance is considerably more than the most terrifying "heavy" currently at hand, what they have is already as evidenced by the fact that Suspense for the first time is splitting itself into two half-hour shows in order to allow Jack to star in Othello. If that doesn't do the trick, persuasive movie fans may help to show producers the way. They certainly haven't been asleep at the post, as witness the flood of letters to the New York Times protesting the issue of his being cast in Viva Zapata! to break his contract.

The young lady never said it better. Her letter and hundreds of others may have already turned the trick, for although Jack had already been cast for his six pictures, a bulletin on his future has just come through as follows: "In his next picture, Flight To Tangier, Mr. Palance plays the part of a joker, and wins not one but two heroines."

That you've got to see!

I'd make a lousy bachelor

(Continued from page 53) one woman could change a man's whole attitude toward life. Take, for instance, my life back in New York. In high school a lot of girls would wear nylons, and I decided that I was a real woman, and that I didn't need any clothes. I called girls "dames" because that's what all the fellows called them. I knew from nothing about women. With the exception of my family, who would say to me, "Where am I?" they'd say, "Five dates this week — all with different dames." I never went that route. I had a lot of insecurities, but I had no idea what I was missing. I don't think that I really knew what a woman was.

Then I met Janet. I was scared for a long time, scared that I'd be hurt again. She was different, and I didn't want this to work, because I had good memories of this girl as I had every other girl I'd known. When I asked for a date and she said she had another date, I'd spend that evening in the bushes opposite her house. First I'd put a note under the door for her. "What's with this guy?" And when she'd come out of the house with this other joker, she'd be laughing softly to herself. I'd wait there, and I'd go home for hours, sitting on the steps and playing she loves-me, she loves-me-not with assorted daisies, and when Janet came home with her date she'd find another note. "Down and out."

The other guy never could figure, I guess, what Janet found so amusing in her mail. And then he'd come out ten minutes later and when I'd notice he didn't wipe his mouth with his handkerchief to take off the lipstick, I'd write Janet another note, "Good girl."

She'd find that one when she left the house again. She used to ask me when I ever slept.

She must have had an awful time with me when we got married. I forgot appointments as fast as I made them and I was never on time. My eating habits were non-existent, and Janet stood over me every morning until I'd stuff down my eggs and bacon and milk. She hid the orange pop. When I painted during the evening and left everything in a mess, I'd hear her tip-toe around after I was in bed, and the next morning I'd find clean rags and clean bedrooms. It was very nice of her.

By this time I'd probably be doing it all myself, but I've learned that Janet isn't happy unless she can be sitting on me all the time. People have asked me how I manage to pick up my clothes. Once she asked for a lump of stuff on a chair so that she could put it in the laundry and I handed her a whole lot of it. She promptly went down on her knees. Included in the pile of clothing had been some weights I use for lifting exercises, so she promptly got up.

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IT HAPPENED TO ME

When my husband was stationed in Wilmington, several movie stars came to the base to entertain the troops. Unfortunately, I couldn't go to see them, as I had just come home from the hospital after our first baby was born. The baby was crying and I was feeling terribly depressed. Soon, I heard a soothing voice singing a beautiful lullaby. The baby stopped crying and went to sleep. I was cheered and grateful, but I was too sick to get out of bed and meet my husband's friends. "The only thing I could do was to send him a photo of the baby and the note, 'I wish I could have been there with you.'"

Mrs. J. A. Moore
La Mesa, California

for five whole weeks I'd be able to eat whatever I pleased. Janet wouldn't be standing over me and my eggs, and if I wanted to... I could starve myself with complete abandon. The funny thing was that I ate the biggest breakfast of anybody in the company—eggs and milk and flapjacks. I ate well and regularly, and I remembered every appointment. I was even on time. I'd figured to do this and could blow the budget a little, but it turned out that the only thing I spent money for was a pair of levis. And a Chinese dinner one night when we went out with the gang. The rest of the time I ate at the hotel because I never knew when Janet might telephone. It was almost as though I was behaving myself because if I didn't, God might put the picture before me. Or maybe it was simpler than that. Maybe it was because I knew it would make Janet happy.

They kidded me a lot on the set. There were a lot of married men there who were lonely, but I don't think any of them were in such a turmoil as I was. Part of it, of course, was because of the baby we lost. It happened one day after Janet had got back home after our ten days in Hawaii together, and being away from her then was more than I could stand. I went around earlier that night, feeling that I would call every other day, and I remember that Sunday well. I had phoned the night before and was to call again on Monday, but I sensed something was wrong. I phoned our apartment, but no one answered. Then I phoned Mom and Pop's place because I remembered Janet was to go there for dinner that night. Mom told me Janet wasn't feeling well and that her parents had taken her to the doctor. I knew then why I had the urge to call. It hit me like a ton of bricks, and I floated my head in my apartment for the next few days didn't help much. I felt I should be there with her at such a time, and I'd have taken the next plane home, job or no job, except that I knew that would be my final blow and that something was missing that I couldn't quite place until I realized it was the aroma of Janet's cologne. It was these little things that made me feel I wasn't really alive.

COMING HOME ON THE BOAT TOOK FOUR DAYS (I smiled because of that crazy feeling I've got about flying), but it wasn't so bad because every hour brought me closer. I spent the days in my cabin, taking my meals there, and at night I would go on the bridge and chat with the watch officer. Janet couldn't meet me at the dock because she was working, and as soon as we got in we went straight to the studio. Just seeing her, her voice, her first instant, took all the misery away.

In no time at all we were back to normal. She finished her picture in time to go to Detron. Then off to "Johnny Dark," and before the trip started I got my fill of caviar and root beer, and Janet's cologne, and Ada May's cooking. Nothing had changed except me, and I knew then that I had a new, happier, more enterprising existence in a bachelor's life.

Last night is a good example of what I mean. I was sprawled out on the couch and Janet was sitting next to me. 'How was your day?' she said. 'Well,' I told her, 'just another day in a bachelor's life.'

She always does that and I've learned she's unhappy if there isn't anything she can get for me. So I never have the heart to say no. Last night, though, I shook my head.

"You don't want a peach?" she said. "Or maybe a pear? I'll peel it for you."

"Uh-uh," I said.

"Her eyes grew a little wider. "Would you like a glass of water?"

"Nope."

Then it dawned on her that this was a schticklok. She made a slight curtsy.

"There must be something? Sire?"

So I waved my hand at the coffee table, ten inches away. "Give me a cigarette, woman," I said. And then we both broke up, laughing, the way we do so often. This is the life for me.

END
out of the frying pan

(Continued from page 33) He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1916. As a boy Dick was sent to school in Switzerland. He lived in New York City as a permanent resident in May, 1937, when he entered the country at New York City under his mother's passport. At that time he made application for his first citizenship paper.

In 1939, when he was twenty-one and was singing with an orchestra, he fell in love with a girl who was singing in a Chicago hotel. They were married, and after a few weeks after the marriage, Haymes requested a divorce.

Strange to say, Haymes never told his third wife, Nora Eddington Flynn, about this first marriage. A few months ago, a reporter commented to her, "If Dick married Hayworth, it will be his fourth marriage. That's pretty good for a guy of thirty-seven."

Politely Nora turned and said, "Dick has Nora been married twice, once to Joanne Dru and once to me."

When the truth finally emerged at Haymes' immigration hearing, Nora was shocked that she never told me! she exclaimed. "He never told me, I get more surprises every day."

"Perhaps it slipped his mind," she replied, "It's my word, my foot," Nora said. "I'll tell you this, Dick is not about to get a divorce in Las Vegas before I file for a divorce in California. He's not going to do that to me. I am not going to cooperate with him and Rita. If Dick tries to marry without my okay, and he Hayworth will be involved in bigamy."

Nora might exactly what she said. She wanted 8,000 in a cash settlement and alimony of $100 a week until she remarries, or she'd never even file for divorce. Haymes gave her what she asked for, anything to be free to marry Rita.

After his first divorce, an event which he blocked out of his memory, Haymes fell in love with an attractive young actress named Lacoq, who later changed her name to Joanne Dru. She is the mother of his three children, currently aged eleven, eight and a half, and five and a half. And it is Joanne Dru that Dick hurt his stride as an entertainer, earning more than a million dollars a year for the last four years. During his career as a singer, Dick Crooner got about $6,000,000 and spent every cent of it in taxes, expenses, alimony, and living.

During World War II, Joanne Dru gave birth to a child. Haymes, who had been classified I-A by his draft board, asked for a deferment. When it wasn't granted, he filed an application on January 23, 1944, for relief from military service and hanger pressure.

The following sentence is on that application: "I understand that in making this application for relief from military service and hanger pressure, I am not becoming a citizen of the United States."

Haymes' attorneys claim that the application which Dick signed was an incomplete application. They pointed out to Dick's draft board in New York. The irony of it all is that after Haymes applied for exemption from military service, he went and had a physical examination by Draft Board 251 in Los Angeles. He was given a thorough going over and classified as 4-F, physically unfit.

When that news was sent back to Dick's original Draft Board 31 in New York City, the members couldn't believe it. So Haymes went to a new physical, this time in New York. He was shipped to Governor's Island and held there for three days from August 13 to August 16, 1945. (The war was pretty nearly over by then) and again he was rejected for military service.

If Dick had never applied for a service exemption, the group that he claims to be a citizen, Argentina, or if he had waited until he had taken his physical, he would have been classified 4-F and exempted anyway.

He does not think matters through. Take this deportation mess. He didn't even bother to tell his own lawyer about it until he was arrested. Then he cared for no physical, and said, "Bob, they've got me here in the pokey. Come on down and get me out."

The lawyer signed a bailbond for $500 and Haymes was released.

Dick Haymes first met Rita Hayworth in an Italian restaurant called The Netherlands on one of the hills near the downtown center of the city. Rita was with an Italian orchestra, and Dick was with his orchestra. Dick Haymes was 25 years old; Rita Hayworth was 16.

All of Haymes' former wives agree on one thing, that Haymes is a good and golden and honorable lover. He is a man of loyalty and devotion.

Rita liked that. Lonely, unhappy, depressed, suspicious, and doubtful, she suddenly found herself pursued by a tall, young, handsome crooner who wanted only to be with her, to love her, to marry her: to make her happy.

Even more than most women, Rita needed love. She appeared to receive little from her husband number one, Ed Judson, who was charming and a decent fellow. Her husband number two, Orson Welles, she got a daughter, Rebeca, whom she now supports, and a liberal education in fine arts. She used her money to help her husband number three, Aly Khan, she got a title, a daughter, Yasmin, whom she also supports, and here again, little or no love.

Rita had no money and was not about to attempt to improve Rita, to make her over, to play Pygmalion to her Liza. They thought she had potential but no polish. Haymes is the first of her four husbands to love her just as she is.

This unmasking devotion is what won him Rita's heart. It is also what lies behind his dental limit trouble. Dick was born on October 25, 1913.

Earlier this year, when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on Miss Sadie Thompson, Dick simply could not stand being away from her love. He had his agent arrange a contract for her.

In fairness to Dick, this must be said. Before he left for Hawaii, he went to the office of the Immigration and Naturalization Board and signed a statement that he was an alien resident, that he had been born in Argentina, that he was not a United States citizen, and he asked if it was all right for him to make a settlement in Hawaii.

He was given permission.

When he returned to Los Angeles, he told one of the Immigration men that he had plans for a registration card.

The Immigration man was amazed. "How did you get out of the country in the first place?" he asked. He told Dick that under the terms of the McCarran Act, no man avoiding military service by claiming alien citizenship, could legally re-enter the United States once he had left the country. Dick, who was born in Hawaii, was outside the continental limits, and Haymes was liable to deportation. Haymes had sixty days to prepare his defense.

Instead of taking up this matter at once with his attorney in Los Angeles Haymes secretly took off for New York with Rita. There he went to a legal firm who offered to re-enter him the United States under other immigration. These lawyers are said to have made an attempt to have Congress pass a private bill, granting him United States citizenship in 1937. The law of 1940 that was in effect in Washington keeps abreast of all private bills of this nature. When they learned of this there was more trouble. Dick and Rita were back in Hollywood.

One morning, early in August, Hayme was driving along Sunset Boulevard when the Federal boys pulled up alongside his Ford. "Pull over," they said. Haymes was taken downtown and arrested.

Through all this, Rita Hayworth said about her husband that Be well behind the scenes. She had her lawyer, Bartley Crum, fly out from New York. Ostensibly, Crum's trip was in connection with a legal matter, that of a financial settlement Aly Khan was said to be making on his daughter.

Crum had a conference with Haymes' attorney, Bob Eaton, and later told Rita that his client was in California and had moved to have the deportation proceedings dismissed on the grounds of an old reciprocal treaty between Argentina and the United States. The case was said to merit further study.

Once Dick began to make the headlines he suddenly became a valuable box office attraction. For years he had been sliding steadily. Overnight he became, as the agents say, "hot—a curiosity at traction."
He was booked by the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas for $7,500. His lawyer began to receive offers from London, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, and they went as high as $15,000 per week.

Things were picking up for Dick who currently is reported to be in debt to the extent of some $200,000.

Simultaneously, Rita Hayworth decided to bare her feelings. "I love Dick Haymes," she announced. "I'm leaving for Las Vegas to marry him. I am behind him 100%.

At the time, Dick still had plenty of problems. His second wife, Nora, was suing him for back support, an agent was suing him, the Bureau of Internal Revenue was prepared to attach his salary, and his wife, Nora, wanted cash at the line before she would consent to a divorce.

After she filed for divorce, Nora suddenly decided not to sign the waiver granting Haymes permission to marry Rita Hayworth in Nevada.

The next day, she changed her mind. "I just wanted time to read the paper. I wish Rita and Dick every happiness." Two days later, Haymes left Las Vegas with his bride-to-be, filed for divorce. The trial took about seven minutes.

"It was just general incomprehensibility," Dick told the judge. "My work takes me out of town a lot, and she didn't want to come with me. We grew further and further apart.

"You mean," interjected Dick's lawyer, "that she actually refused to make a home for you on the road and live with you as your wife?"

"That's right," Dick said.

"And what effect did that have on your health?"

Haymes mopped his brow. "I couldn't tackle my work with a clear head. I lost weight."

The judge nodded. "Judgment granted the plaintiff." And that was that.

An hour later, Dick returned to the courthouse with Rita. Two dozen photographers and reporters followed them into the marriage license bureau. Rita was exasperatingly nervous and unusually cooperative with the press. Beads of perspiration broke out on Haymes' face, but he remained calm.

Half an hour later, the couple sat for an interview. "Do you plan a honeymoon?" they were asked.

"No," Haymes said, "I've got to go out and sign some more papers."

"If you're deported, will Rita go with you?"

"I'm not going to be deported," Dick said flatly. "I'm going to beat this case."

At eleven-fifty A.M. on Thursday, September 24, they were married. After Dick kissed his bride, someone whispered, "He's too nice to be deported."

So far, no disposition has been made of the deportation case against Haymes. Some lawyers say that eventually he will be deported, that it may take years, but in the end, Dick will have no official residence in the United States. Others point out that even if Haymes should be deported, he could marry the country on the visitor's visa and as the husband of Rita Hayworth, who was born in New York.

Dick, before his marriage to Rita, signed an agreement which prohibits his possible inheritance of her money, property, or worldly belongings. He also stipulated that he is in no way to be held liable for any debts previously incurred by him.

The future looks good to Dick and in a short time, he hopes to be free of his debts. All Rita Hayworth wants from him is his loving looks.

Right now, that's all Dick Haymes has to offer. Tomorrow, however—well, in Rita and Dick's philosophy, tomorrow never comes. It is always today. They live each day as if it were their last.

my side of the story

by Dick Haymes

Editor's Note: Modern Screen presents Dick Haymes' side of the controversy. Here is his comment on the reputed attempt by the Immigration Department to deport him from the United States.

August 25, 1935

I was arrested three weeks ago for deportation, and since then I have been torn apart by headlines and political statements about my case that have all but prejudiced me as a murderer.

Since then, I have been pounded by legal and political angles that make me look like a traitor to America on one hand, and like a football being kicked around to prove or disprove political points, on the other.

In a time like this, when a man feels distrustful of factions and legal technicalities, I feel I must make certain facts known to the American public—not as a defense, for I feel no guilt—but rather to get certain things off my chest; to get the strength to fight for the right to remain in America, and to fight for the chance to become an American citizen.

I am not guilty of trying to evade military service for the United States. I was actually notified to report for my draft physical on June 20, 1945, by order number 2136 issued by draft board 251 in Los Angeles.

I reported, the same as many millions of other men, and I was examined at the Armed Forces Induction Station in the Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main Streets in Los Angeles.

Shortly afterwards, I received a notice from Induction Station Commander 1st Lt. J. M. Connors, stating that I was "rejected physically unfit."

The reason was high blood pressure or hypertension, the same disqualification which marked several million other men as 4-F.

I was called again in New York and examined at Governor's Island on August 13, 1945, and again rejected for high blood pressure. I still have the original notice of my rejection by Captain Edgar Montville, the induction station commander of New York.

So you see I did not try to evade military service. I wanted to pass my physical because I knew it automatically meant citizenship in ninety days. But I was rejected—just like several million other men.

The fact that I did sign a paper stating I was an Argentine national, previous to that, did not stop me from reporting for my draft notice. I was not rejected for military service and a chance for American citizenship because I was an Argentine national, but because the American Government didn't think I was physically fit for service.

I trust that the public will understand that better than all the legal arguments I can muster to explain my case. I trust the public will also understand that I was given permission to leave the country for Hawaii by the same Immigration Department which today claims I violated the laws by doing that.

The same Immigration Department knew my file, knew my case, and gave me a temporary alien registration card to go to Hawaii because I had lost my original. If perhaps I don't make it clear in any future defense in the confusion of a hearing room when the shadow of strict law hangs over the individual, I want to make it clear now to the press and to the public. I was given permission to go to Hawaii by Richard Cody of the Immigration Department and when I got back I was told I had violated the McCarran Act by leaving the country.

I was called an "excludable" although the department knew of my draft rejection. I was called an "excludable" after having been given permission to leave the country, and when I asked why I was given permission in the first place I was told, "Well, the officials can't know everything."

I was then told to prepare my defense or "get the Congress to pass a law that would give me citizenship within sixty days." I was given that word by the Immigration Department.

On the twenty-ninth day, I was called and told to call the Department the next day.

The very next day I was on my way to see a lawyer—a sacred privilege in America—when I was arrested. I did not get the sixty days I was promised by the Department to make legal arrangements. I got no explanation for their actions since then—only tight-lipped silence that keeps burrowing into my peace of mind with suspense and anxiety.

In a show trial, I'm to appear for a hearing on my case. But politicians' statements have deluded the public into pre-judging me as a criminal, a deliberate betrayer of the wonderful privilege of living in the U.S.

If, in the confusion of official hearings and through the screen of authority, these facts are not properly presented to the press and public or are distorted by the shadows of inference of deliberate violation of the laws of this great country, I will at least rest in the peace of having given my side of the story.

I think the American public, judging from the few letters and handclaps given me so far, will believe that I am right in the conviction to fight this case and that I have not done wrong nor have I betrayed the right to live in America.
anybody here seen mrs. kelly? (continued from page 45) lies!

In this midst of all this hullabaloo, Eugene Customs, Mr. Kelly was his usual, calm, assured, astute self.

Sitting in the living room of Gene Tierney’s home—he had rented it until the lettermen from the custom house were ready to go—he grinned his broad Irish grin.

“I don’t know what the fuss is all about,” he said. “Honesty! I took a plane from New York. I traveled under my own name. I went through Customs and Immigration just like everyone else. It was a Sunday. My God! That’s the only time I missed it.”

“Then I caught a plane to Pittsburgh. After all, I hadn’t seen my folks in over a year. I spent a couple of days with them, and coincidentally, had a lot of fun with reporters from the Pittsburgh papers.

“After that, I came out here. Suddenly, there’s a lot of fuss. I’m not hiding from anyone. What have I got to hide? It’s no crime to take advantage of a favorable tax law. Besides, who cares? I’ve always paid my taxes. If the Government says I owe something, I don’t pay. If they say I don’t, then I won’t.”

“It’s as simple as that. Right now, I’m working hard on Invitation To The Dance, the lovely peninsula of the three films (Kelly made while abroad) and we’re trying to work in some cartoon transitions. Betsy and Jerry will be home in a couple of weeks. We can tell you anything you want to know about Europe.”

That conversation should give you some small clue to the Gene Kelly personality. Here is a man who has no time for gossip, trivia, or inconsequential small talk. Let others rage at slandering columnists. Let others threaten to file their lawsuits. Gene has more important legal battles, rumormill denials, studio politics, feuds of any sort, or any such manifestations of the Hollywood social game. He and his wife, Betsy, stay out of it. He is quite likely the only Hollywood star earning $5,000 a week who doesn’t drive a Cadillac.

Most of Kelly’s life revolves around his work. Ray Bolgers, the Englishman who directed Gene in Crest Of The Wave, says, “Kelly is probably the most accomplished player I’ve worked with. He knows the point of what he is and raise doing. And it isn’t just Hollywood slickness. He is a man of profound intelligence who is terribly well-grounded in all the fundamentals. Also, and this is very important, he has a sense of humor.

Friends of the Kellys predict that Gene’s obsession with work may yet lose him his domestic happiness, but he says, “I doubt it. Well, we’re part of Gene’s work. Gene isn’t the kind of husband who divides his life into two segments: on the job at the studio and off at home. That doesn’t happen to us from the night Gene reserves for himself. All of us in the family are an integral part of his work. And he wants us to be.”

Despite this, those who know the Kellys well are of the opinion that Gene should deviate some of his time to his wife’s career.

Gene and Betsy have been married for twelve years; one friend explains, “and they’ve been very happy, but there is one obstacle which may throw them if it isn’t overcome, and that’s Betsy’s frustration.”

This girl has great talent. There’s no question about it. Ask anyone who has seen her perform. People still talk about her acting in The Snake Pit. When she and Jerry went over to Europe to join Gene, we hoped she might get a break overseas. She was very happy with her role in England but she couldn’t get a labor permit, so she went to work for Anatole Litvak in France and in Italy as a combination coach and script girl.

“Betsy is crazy to have a career. After all, what can she do with her time? Kelly is nine and goes off to school each day. Gene goes off to the studio. Lois is a marvellous career woman. I take care of the mail and the bills. Servants look after the house.”

“Betsy Kelly wants an acting job, but it’s the same old story. She is handicapped by being married to Gene. Why should any casting director hire her when there are hundreds of other young actresses who really need the money? This was the situation when Gene and Betsy left Hollywood almost two years ago. Gene has a great, constantly expanding career while Betsy, loaded with talent, drive, youth, and ambition, has none. We thought the situation would change in Europe, but no luck. Career-wise, Gene gets bigger, she gets smaller.”

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was at a wedding in the banquet room of L’Auberge de Los Angeles. One girl came in and reported excitedly that Ray Bolgers and Jerry Lewis were having lunch in the main dining room. The girl wanted to see them, but we didn’t think it was right for thirty girls to gang up on them. Someone suggested that she try a few more girls, and we all agreed but none of us thought they would. To our surprise, they not only came in, but they gave us all autographs, told jokes, and topped it off with the bridle-to-be luck and happiness with a great big hug and kiss!

—Anita Boeckman

Inglewood, California

Like her husband, Betsy Blair is frank, honest, down-to-earth, and unassuming. Ask her if she’s frustrated, and she tells you the truth. “Of course I’m frustrated,” she says, “but so are a lot of other actresses. I want work but I can’t find the time. But they say it isn’t Gene’s fault. Anything I want to do in the way of a career is all right with him. He has never objected to that.”

Kelly says that his young wife is a fine actress, but he dislikes nepotism, and he would never use his own power or prestige to advance his wife’s career. He would never ask the top to take it to the top, she’s going to make it through her own efforts. And he has a deep, abiding faith in his eventual success.

Gene told Betsy a few years ago, “I can’t figure Betsy, at all. Why doesn’t she give up all this pretension? Why doesn’t she have four or five children and raise a big family? Now that Gene has a new contract and all that tax-free money, she isn’t going to have any financial worries. Besides, the Kellys have always lived modestly. To my way of thinking, this girl has everything: a successful husband, a beautiful daughter, a nice home, money in the bank. Why does she want to knock herself out?”

The Kellys would like to enlarge their family, but even if they should, Betsy Blair would yearn for a career. She is one girl who has always wanted to entertain. She went to work as a dancer when she was sixteen, and she always thinks of it as in her blood, and she cannot drive it out.

She wasn’t yet eighteen when she was married to Gene in 1941, and in the ensuing years, Gene has never dashed her ambition. As she approaches thirty, however, she feels that her acting career will have to start now or never.

Kelly who doesn’t like to discuss his private life, says anything that will make Betsy happy is fine with him. He understands and appreciates her frustration, but he feels that it offers no threat to their marriage.

“Essentially,” he says, “Betsy is a very sensible girl with very sound values. She knows that it is virtually impossible for two careers in one family to be equal.”

A FOR his concentration on his work, Kelly says, “They’ll have to carry me feet-first, off the dance floor before I retire. Right now, I’m as strong as a horse. I want to act and dance and direct, and I don’t mind working.”

“Invitation To The Dance was my first straight directing job, but we didn’t shoot it for a wide screen, and if they show it on one now, they’re really advertising it from the point of view of the dancer and the choreographer, these new dimensional techniques—3-D, CinemaScope, and the others—will give the screen what it’s always lacked, depth and the illusion of dancing on the stage.”

When Kelly started out to make Invitation To The Dance, he tells, the feature was told only in mime and ballet, several studio executives called him in and said, “Why do you want to make a dance film without word?”

Gene explained what he had in mind, and the studio had such great faith in him that he was given the go-ahead. Two Decembers later, the pictures made an quickie in Munich, and then began to hire ballet dancers for Invitation. Now finished, the film has several non-dialogue balls and sequences, and finally, this picture will raise the aesthetic level of the film musical to an all-time high.

Of all his musicals, Kelly claims, “On The Town was the best. I think I danced better in other films than I did in that. I think I did my best dancing in Anchors Aweigh but On The Town was important, a different kind of a musical.”

OF THE three Kellys who went abroad, Gene was the first to return. He has been in Hollywood since August. Betsy, Kelly’s older sister, is secretary, stayed behind in Paris, and a few weeks later, Lois and Jerry flew back to the States. Jerry spent some time with his French film company, returned to New York and arrived in Beverly Hills early in September, in time for school-opening. She was elected president of her class.

They are still in an apartment the Kellys had rented in Paris and was the last of the wandering tribe to pull into Hollywood. The family lived in Gene Tierney’s old home and finally got back into their own home in October. Now that Gene is hard at work, Jerry is going to school, and Betsy is looking for an acting job, the Kelly trio that they’ve never left home. They are still one of Hollywood’s truly happy families, and should Betsy get one good break, they will be the happiest. Until then, and this is one of the French sayings the Kellys learned in France, “Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.” The more things change, the more they are the same.
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*On the Cover: John Engstead's Color Portrait of MGM's Janet Leigh, currently appearing in Prince Valiant. See page 54 for picture credits

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. What happened to the hot television show Ginger Rogers was supposed to have? —V.L., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Miss Rogers does not want to play the same character on TV each week, so a new type of stock company program is being prepared for her.

Q. How come Bob Hope's wife never travels with him on any of his personal appearance tours? —R.U., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Dolores Hope has four children to look after.

Q. Wasn't there a bang-up fight between Dick Powell and Henry Fonda at The Caine Mutiny rehearsals? —T.O., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. Powell was signed to direct the stage version. Fonda did not see eye to eye with Powell on his interpretation of the scene, whereupon Powell returned to RKO. There was no fight.

Q. I read in your magazine that Rita Hayworth does not let Orson Welles see their daughter, Rebecca. After the story was published, didn't Welles spend time with Rebecca in Connecticut? —L.T., DARIEN, CONN.

A. Yet.

Q. What is Bob Wagner's draft classification? —R.E., TULSA, OKLA.

A. 4-F.

Q. What connection does Boris Melonovich have with Peggy Lee? —W.N., MACON, GA.

A. He was her second husband under the name Brad Dexter.

Q. I heard over the radio that more motion pictures are currently being produced in Italy than in Hollywood. Is this true? —E.E., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. True for the month of October, 1953.

Q. Wasn't Van Johnson's marriage to Evie Wynn responsible for his loss of popularity with the fans? —V.E., DES MOINES, IOWA.

A. It may have cost some popularity among his bobby-sox following.

Q. I've heard tell that Marilyn Monroe uses a special bust exerciser. Where can I buy such a machine? —T.R., GREAT NECK, N.Y.

A. Rumor is false.

Q. I've been told that Gene Kelly once got engaged to a Honduran girl in the Bradford Hotel in Boston. Is that story true? —E.R., SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

A. No.

Q. In Mogambo, there is a gorilla-killing sequence. Isn't there a law in Kenya and other African territory forbidding the killing of gorillas? —E.R., DARBY, PA.

A. There is such a law.

Q. What ever happened to Howard Duff? —V.L., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. Happily reconciled with wife Ida Lapino, he has signed a new contract with Universal Studios.

Q. Does Jean Simmons really receive $10,000 a week from RKO for doing nothing? —W.G., LONDON, ENG.

A. For paying her that sum, RKO has the use of Miss Simmons as an actress.

Q. Isn't it true that the Nevada State Gambling Commission has refused to okay Frank Sinatra as a 2% owner of the gambling casino at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas? —G.Y., RENO NEV.

A. Sinatra's application is being studied. No decision has been made at this writing.

Q. I've read that Dick Haymes owes the Government anywhere from $100,000 to $250,000 in back taxes. Exactly how much does he owe? —H.T., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Haymes owes $49,600 in back taxes for the years 1951 and 1952.

Q. Under what name does Terry Moore attend classes at the University of California. Is she really a Mormon? —G.D., RICHFIELD, UTAH.

A. Mormon Terry Moore is registered at the university under her maiden name, Helen Keoford.

by leonard feather

RECORD OF THE MONTH

JO STAFFORD & FRANKIE LANE—A Musical Portrait Of New Orleans** (Columbia). Here's a recently-released LP that may have escaped your attention, although it contains some of the best work of two top singers, Jo Stafford, Jambalaya; Ramsey and Shrimp Boats; Frankie handles that fine tune Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans on his own, and they team up for Floating Delta To Cotton Town, Way Down Yonder In New Orleans and a rousing Basin Street Blues. For a pair of outlanders, they do a hock of a job!

FROM THE MOVIES

CALAMITY JANE—The Deadwood Stage and Secret Love by Doris Day* (Columbia). BAND WAGON—songs of Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, by Leroy Holmes* (MGM). This LP contains four songs from The Band Wagon and four other hits from Broadway musicals by the famous team.

BLOWING WILD—little song by Frankie Laine* (Columbia). This minor-key moan, subtitled The Ballad Of Black Gold, was expected to make as big a hit for Frankie as other Dimitri Tiomkin composition, High Noon, but it didn't turn out quite that great.

THE CADDY—You're The Right One by Bob Santa Maria (MGM). Dean Martin* (Capitol): Paul Weston (Columbia). That's Amore by Dean Martin* (Capitol): Blue Barron (MGM).

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Reenlistment Blues by Melba Moore** (Capitol).

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—When Love Goes Wrong by Hoagy Carmichael* (Capitol).

LITTLE FUGITIVE—Joey's Theme by Richard Hayman (Mercury).

MELBA—The Melba Waltz by Mantovani* (London).

THE ROBE—Love Theme by Les Baxter* (Capitol).

STORY OF THREE LOVES—Eighteenth Variation from Rhapsody (Rachmaninoff) by Jack Plats* (Decca).

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—Julie by Les Baxter (Capitol).

TORCH SONG—LP by Walter Gross* (MGM). This isn't a sound-track album, but it's an effective reconstruction of some musical high points from the film, featuring Walter Gross, who dubbed the piano passages for Michael Wilding. On Follow Me, When A Fool Falls In Love and You Won't Forget Me there are vocals by India Adams, who was Joan Crawford's singing voice in the picture. Also included is Gross' famous Tenderly.

UNDER PARIS SKIES—title theme by Mitch Miller* (Columbia).
Here Come The Girls

in opulent color by Technicolor

starring

BOB

HOPE * MARTIN

ARLENE

ROSEMARY

DAHL * CLOONEY

co-starring

Millard Mitchell • William Demarest

with FRED CLARK • ROBERT STRAUSS

Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by CLAUDE BINYON

Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and HAL KANTER • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Everybody will sing... "It’s Torment" • "Girls" • "Ya Got Class" • "When You Love Someone" • "Ali Baba" • "Never So Beautiful" • "Heavenly Days" • "See The Circus"

AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD!
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

AVA COOLS OFF IN THE SUN . . . DADOLLE WANTS THE KING TO COME BACK . . . THE PARTING OF THE WAYNES . . . LARRY PARKS MAKES A COME-BACK BID . . .

When I was in Las Vegas, Frank Sinatra called and asked, "Louella, may I have a moment of your time?"
I had a bunch he wanted to talk about his trouble with Ava—and that is exactly what he did.

Getting back to the start of this feud in New York, he said, "How could I meet her plane when she didn't tell me she was coming in? I didn't even know she was in New York until a friend told me.

"Our whole trouble started because I couldn't stay with her in Europe until she flew home. I had a show to do and I had to rehearse."

Those are the first and only words Frankie has had to say since the start of the longest feud the Sinatras have ever had.

The beginning of the near end for the Sinatras came, not with one of the violent battles splashed all over the gossip columns; not with jealous recriminations; not with the typical shenanigans that usually mark their domestic explosions.

It came with deadly calm and coldness.

Ava and Frankie had driven in from Palm Springs where they had been in the process of making up their New York spot at the home of a friend.

They stopped by a café operated by Patsy, a very popular Italian restaurateur and a close friend of Frank's.

Right in the middle of a spaghetti dinner, Ava made an amusing, but derogatory remark about a friend of Frank's.

His face turned white. Pushing back the table, he put down the money to cover the bill, and said with deadly coldness, "That does it."

Ava's mouth flew open. Her jaw dropped.

She couldn't have registered a greater expression of "surprise" to win an Academy Award.

From Patsy's, Frank went to a hotel. The next morning he left for Las Vegas for his nightclub opening at the Sands Hotel.

Ava wasn't there, although her own Mogambo première didn't take place until the following night.

The eyes of the gossip hounds watched avidly to see if Ava would fly to Las Vegas. She didn't.

"Why should I?" she shrugged to a friend. "I've heard nothing from him since he left."

With her sister Bea, Ava went back to Palm Springs to cool off in the sun. And yet, I hear the things she had to say about a certain "he" were clearly audible over the little stone wall surrounding her hideaway.

Ava's not a girl to suffer in silence.
What does all this add up to? My private opinion is that no matter if the Sinatras do stage a temporary kiss-and-make-up act, as they have many times in the past, this passionate romance is in the ice box.

And the lovers whose torrid highjinks before and after marriage made headlines—have had it.

There's no more flattering background for lovely women in lovely gowns than Edie (Mrs. William) Goetz's confectioner's-blue-and-ivory drawing room in her Bel Air home.

Of course, the fortune in magnificent oil paintings owned by the Goetzes and adorning the walls doesn't hurt anything, either.

The party they gave welcoming Claudette Colbert back to Hollywood after twenty months in Europe was itself a picture of beautiful women in gorgeous gowns.

Imagine this for "entertainment" following the cocktail and dinner hours: Judy Garland and Bing Crosby singing duet after duet!

Bing (this was before the accident in the wee small hours of the morning which wrecked his $12,000 Mercedes-Benz) brought—surprise, surprise—Mona Freeman. As far as I know, this was the first time they had seen each other since Bing's return from Europe.

I'd like to go on record right here as saying that Bing drank little, or nothing, during the evening. He never does when he is working—and he was in the middle of White Christmas. I am sure his subsequent accident after taking Mona home had nothing to do with drinking.

To get back to the party—Danny Kaye was very proud of Sylvia who was wearing a gown many people voted the loveliest in the room, white with the bouffant skirt of many tiers piped in vivid red.

It was a nostalgic moment when Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger and I stopped to remember another occasion when I had been a guest of the Goetzes. I was at the dinner table when Jane telephoned me the "scoop" that she and Freddie had eloped to Santa Barbara.

Everyone seemed especially glad to see Fred MacMurray at a party, his first since the death of his beloved Lily. Fred came with Rocky Cooper, so there's no romance angle here. Gary Cooper is an old friend of his.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, dancing cheek-to-cheek with George Sanders (whom she's constantly in the verge of divorcing) put on her usual act trying to attract attention—and she did!

June Allyson, who can't seem to tear herself away from Dick Powell's side, held his hand all evening, or sat on the arm of his chair. If there ever was a time when the
The Ice Follies brought out a huge crowd of celebrities, among them Donald O’Connor and Marilyn Erskine. Now that Donald is well again, he has resumed TV work and gone into rehearsal for a new movie to make up for losing the role in White Christmas.

Rock Hudson brought his favorite script girl, Betty Abbott, to the Ice Follies. There’s no ring now on the hand Rock is holding, but friends predict that there may be one soon.

June Allyson and Dick Powell took part in Charity Day celebration at Hollywood Park. June’s flowers come from her own garden. (Read their Christmas story on page 40.)

Ann Blyth and her husband Dr. James McNulty saw the Ice Follies with old friends Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Photographers complied with Ann’s request for a let-up on the publicity that attended her marriage, but got this shot of the happy couple.

Powers were having problems, it is long since past. I don’t believe they have ever been so close.

The two “refugees”, Claudette Colbert and Gene Kelly (he was abroad even longer than she), had a lot to talk about regarding Paris, London, Rome—and picture making abroad vs. picture making in Hollywood.

Come to think of it, there’s not a producer rich enough to hire all the talent under this roof this night—among others, Ricardo Montalbán, Mary and Jack Benny, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Frances and Edgar Bergen.

The most “hated” (so they say) performer ever to play Las Vegas is our gal, Shelley Winters, who got off to a great start with her nightclub act—and then turned temperamental.

What goes with Shell? Is she doomed to be a girl who just can’t take advantage of her good breaks—and will she always be her own worst enemy?

When Shelley said she was going to whip up a nightclub act a lot of people, including her friends, thought she was making a mistake.

But she has a lot of determination and when she tried out the act in San Diego the reviews were wonderful. The girl who almost won an Oscar for her dramatics in A Place In The Sun was hailed as a “sock” singer, clever comedienne, and a real star of the swank saloons.

When Shelley moved to the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas the critics were equally enthusiastic if not more so.

Then all brimstone broke loose! Whether the reviews went to her head or whether she was cross because Vittorio Gassman flew out for Italy right after her opening night, no one knows.

But Shelley really started exploding right and left. She demanded that a comedian on the same bill cut his time down to fifteen minutes. (The management said he’d play his full time.)

She started complaining about the lights and that customers talked and drank while she was on.

One of the executives of the hotel was quoted as saying: “We’ve had a lot of temperament thrown around here. We’ve put up with hot-headed and disagreeable stars. But the worst is Shelley Winters.”

“She threatened to walk out. If she does—that’s all right. It’s for sure she’ll never walk back in.”

Damn it, I like Shelley. I wish she’d get hold of herself. She has as much talent as any young actress in Hollywood if she just won’t insist on ruining her career with these senseless nipups.

From far off Paris comes the Wall of Suzanne Dodolle, for many months Clark Gable’s favorite doll. “I am heartbroken that Mr. Gable left Paris without calling me.”

“I was dreaming of living on his ranch in California and being happily married and
4 reasons why every woman (who's human) will want it:

1. Because you'll love Jergens Lotion when harsh soaps, detergents, and nippy winds drain natural oils out of your hands. Jergens softening moisture makes hands smooth as silk, never sticky or greasy as some lotions and hand creams do.

2. Because you're an exacting woman, you'll love the way the dispenser taps out exactly the right amount of lotion. You'll be surprised how little Jergens Lotion it takes to make rough hands soft and pretty again.

3. Because you like little conveniences like not having to unscrew and replace a bottle cap every time you need some Jergens Lotion (and that's after every household chore). The dispenser fits right into the bottle and stays put.

4. Because you can't resist a bargain and this wonderful plastic dispenser comes as a free gift when you buy a $1.00 bottle of Jergens Lotion...both for only 98¢, plus tax, wherever drugs or toiletries are sold. Also 10¢, 25¢, and 49¢ without dispenser.

* Money-back guarantee! Buy this offer. Use Jergens Lotion for two weeks. If not delighted, mail lotion back to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Your money will be refunded. Keep dispenser as your free gift.

Don't wait... get it today. This offer is limited.
Margie, movie, as attended the premiere; Bob Palance, who could make Leslie Caron or husband Geordie Hormel smile, though they denied separation.

Jack Palance, who has slid easily from his roles as gangsters and villains into romantic leads, attended with his wife, actress Virginia Baker.

Shelley and her Vittorio are denying talk of a rift, say they want another baby. But friends say Shelley is only grinning on the outside.

Bob Mitchum, who claims to be a big bully around the house, brought Dorothy to the 10th premiere; proceeded to bully on usher into tears.

Terry Moore and host Mike Romanoff exchanged quips. Terry’s necklines may be low, but instructors predict her UCLA grades will be high.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news
Continued

having children.”

I’m afraid Suzanne is dreaming about the wrong ranch. My bet is you can’t get Clark to another marriage license bureau as long as he lives.

It’s been a rocky month for marriages with many of the most circumstance being highly suspect.

The break between the Ray Millands, twenty-two years wed, shocked even the Hollywood cynics and shocked their closest friends.

It seems hard to believe that Ray, who has tried for twelve years to make up to Mal the hurt of a former parting, could again stub his toe over the same problem. The problem? A blonde who need not be identified.

I have no sympathy for her, but I am hoping that before this is printed Ray will have come to his senses and returned to his beautiful silver-haired Mal and their two children.

Apparently, “the dangerous age” for men applies to actors as well as to other males.

And, speaking of gossip about the married—Deborah Kerr has practically been drowned in rumors since her sexy success in From Here To Eternity and on Broadway in Toa And Sympathy.

Poor Deborah is touted as having had wild flings with a happily married actor, an unhappily married actor, a New York millionaire, a successful agent—and hold on—even Frank Sinatra!

This last is nothing short of ludicrous. But it all goes to show you what can happen to a thoroughly proper British lady when she reverses her field (as they say in football) and bursts forth on the screen as a siren.

Tony Bartley, the “legal” man in Deborah’s life, is fit to blow his top. Deborah, on the other hand, dismisses it with a shrug of the shoulder.

Perhaps she realizes that spice mixes well with success.

The most violent marriage eruption, of course, was the mudslinging, front-paged divorce of the John Waynes.

I’m on the Duke’s side and I don’t care who knows it. I’ve known him for years, and I’ve never known him to be other than a gentleman and a kind man even under intolerable conditions.

Wayne offered his wife an enormous financial settlement hoping to save the whole industry from this mess. It’s deplorable and shameful.

If there could possibly be any kind of amusing angle in the whole thing, it’s this: the most unhappy girl in town when Gail Russell’s name was dragged into the Waynes’ slugfest was Jane Russell.

Because of the similarity of names (they sound a great deal alike over the radio) poor Jane was a nervous wreck, as was her ever-lovin’ husband, Bob Waterfield.

In desperation, Jane’s press agent finally called the news broadcasters and asked, in the name of innocence, if they would spell out which Miss Russell was involved!

My story that Larry Parks was coming back to work with the full approval of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, plus a commendation from them for his cooperation, had hardly hit the streets when
See MAUREEN O'HARA in "WAR ARROW"
Universal-International's technicolor picture

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FABRIC LINED GIRDLE

works wonders in natural figure control

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For White Magic firms and flattens you without a seam, stitch, stay or bone! It's completely invisible under the most figure-revealing clothes.

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PLAYTEX...known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
Playtex White Magic...Carter Girdle and Panty Girdle with garters, $5.95
PLAYTEX MAGIC-CONTROLLER from $6.95
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $3.50
Extra-large sizes, slightly higher.
my telephone rang.

A soft voice from the other end said, "This is Larry Parks, Miss Parsons. I want to say thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Although it has been two years since Larry worked, and nearly three since his testimony that he had at one time been a Communist card holder "through a misdirected sense of pity for the underdog," many of you fans have continued to write letters about him.

For the most part, the writers have been willing to give Larry another chance. I would say the "friendly" letters outnumbered the others by about 70%.

Larry's comeback in a film for television is being sponsored by the Ford Theatre of Television. It will be made at Columbia, the studio where he made his biggest hit in The Jolson Story and where he lost his last contract.

These two highly reputable companies are willing to gamble on Parks.

What is your verdict?

I don't know who gave you this story, but it is as inaccurate as snow in June in California.

I just thought I'd bring you up to date, Louella. God bless you, and, incidentally, it was good to talk to you the other day. I do hope you are happy.

Bye now,

Joan

The first person I ran into entering the Coconut Grove for Tony Martin's opening was Jerry Lewis.

"Now don't bother asking me anything about England," chirped irrepressible Jerry. "Not a word. Not a word!" I didn't.

Tony's first night at the Grove was more than just another popular singing star playing for the homefolks and fellow stars gathered ringside.

It was a big charity night with the Denver Hospital and Sanitarium the beneficiary and Tony was delighted that over $30,000 was raised.
They say women never notice what a man wears but, believe me, all the girls were taking note of Tony's tuxedo, something new for men—a charcoal grey nylon silk with satin lapels.

"I think I should copy it for a cocktail suit," said lovely Cyd Charisse as I passed her table. As usual, Cyd was beaming with pride over the large turnout for Tony and because of the beautiful way he sang—mostly just to her.

I can't for the life of me imagine why Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess don't get married. They sat shoulder to shoulder all during dinner. Yet, Bob plans to return to Europe soon and Ursula remains in Hollywood.

Redheaded Greer Garson wore a bright red dress! There's an unusual fashion tip for redheads.

Donna Reed, basking in the glory of From Here To Eternity, looked very happy with hubby Tony Owen—which should stop those rumors.

The Letter Box: Francesca Franklyn, San Francisco, asks: "Did Jeff Chandler break up the marriage of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker? If not, how come she started dating him so soon after her marriage broke up?"

I can assure you, Francesca, that Jeff had nothing to do with Susan's break with Jess. They have known one another since they were struggling young actors in Brooklyn.

They started dating after Jeff broke with his wife and Susan divorced Jess.

At first, they both said there was nothing to it—that they were both lonely and were just "friends."

But, do you know something, Francesca, from where I sit, these two begin to look very romantic.

What may have started out as mere "consolation" dates may very well develop into something exciting between Susan and Jeff. We shall see what we shall see.

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

HE'S THE KIND OF MAN WHO'S OUT OF BOUNDS FOR ANY KIND OF WOMAN!

The story of Eddie Darrow, the forbidden woman he wanted and the dangerous bargain he dared to make!

Forbidden

Starring
TONY CURTIS
JOANNE DRU
LYLE BETTGER with MARVIN MILLER

DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATÉ - SCREENPLAY BY WILLIAM SACKHEIM AND GIL DOUD
PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND - A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
KISS ME KATE Here is a real movie jackpot—a musical based on a hit Broadway show that actually follows the original plot and score! It’s understandable, considering that Cole Porter is responsible for the music and Sam and Bella Swayne for the book. Kathryn Grayson, who always looks good in Technicolor, is a Broadway star who can’t decide whether to play Kate in a musical version of Shakespeare’s The Taming Of The Shrew. Trouble is, she’d have to co-star with her ex-husband, Howard Keel, whose new girl friend Ann Miller, is playing Bianca. Kathryn doesn’t know whether it will aggravate Ann more if she plays the part or leaves the show flat—but she wants to make sure she gets her, but good. Underneath all that sarcasm, you see, Kathryn is still in love with Howard. Furthermore, under all that muscle, Howard doesn’t really care if Ann is playing around with a dancing gambler, Tommy Rall, ’cause he really wants Kathryn back. In the middle of all this intrigue, a couple of talented gunmen, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, show up backstage. It’s opening night, and they’re perfectly willing to open up on Howard unless he pays a gambling debt. So anyhow, everyone, including the gunmen, winds up onstage in a brawling, ad-libbed Shrew that would have Shakespeare rolling, not in his grave, but in the aisles. You, too. (MGM)

PARATROOPER Alan Ladd’s training to be a paratrooper in England, but you half expect him to leap out of a plane with no chute on, the way he’s acting. Tenue, I mean. Sullen. He’d rather knock you silly than bother to say hello. What’s eating him, you may well ask. Some old sickness from another country. America, to be exact. He was a pilot there and still feels responsible for a pal’s death. Now they want to make Ladd an officer but the thought turns his stomach. He’s a leader, sure enough. If you can’t see it in his stiff upper lip you can tell halfway through every battle when he starts shorting orders. There’s an exciting commando raid on German-occupied Algeria, and stirring scenes of chutes floating down a Technicolored sky. The lavish cast includes Leo Genn and Henry Andrews. Susan Stephen makes her debut as Ladd’s patient sweetheart—Columbia.

TORCH SONG This movie’s too slick to believe, but Joan Crawford’s too glamorous to deny, which about neutralizes the problem. She plays one of those gorgeous primo donnas dipped in acid and swathed in mink who can tolerate almost anything but people. During rehearsals for her new Broadway musical Crawford shreds all day and sobs all night in her swank penthouse. The reason is: nobody loves her. Michael Wilding, her安排, can see why, even though he’s totally blind. His blindness may be an asset because Crawford’s looks can’t dazzle or intimidate him. He only knows what he hears and what he hears is a woman too frightened to set her feelings free. It will be a new experience for Crawford fans who’ve never seen that lady in black silk stockings. Others in the Technicolored cast are Gig Young, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry Morgan.—MGM.

THE JOE LOUIS STORY It started in Detroit where a big, taciturn teen-ager is on his way to a violin lesson. A friend laughs at him, tells him he ought to learn how to fight instead. Five years later, Joe Louis becomes heavyweight champion of the world. This movie carries Louis over twenty years, shows him on the glory road and on that last lonely walk out of Madison Square Garden after his defeat by Rocky Marciano. The people who were important to him—his mother, his wife, his trainer Chappie Blackburn, are sensitively played. And Coley Wallace, as Joe, bears a remarkable resemblance to the champ. More than a record of an incredible career, this movie reveals Louis as few could have known him. “Joe lost his wife, lost his title, lost his money, lost his beloved Chappie.” Cast includes James Edwards, Hilda Simms, Mannie Semon, Evelyn Ellis.—U.A.
ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for

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Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol®! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

Now you can get New Colgate Dental Cream—the only toothpaste with clinical proof of long-lasting protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts immediately to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the most complete long-lasting protection against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing—to further verify these amazing results!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream regularly and exclusively, can now look forward to a lifetime of freedom from tooth decay!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

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No Other Toothpaste Offers Proof of Such Results!

SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE! SAME LOW PRICES!

Large Size 27¢  Giant Size 47¢  Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!
SO BIG—a sentimental journey into the recent past—is a moving film based on Edna Ferber’s Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. It is a portrait of a woman, Selina De Jong, and a plea for true values. Selina (Jane Wyman) believes that only two kinds of people count—the creative (“emeralds”) and the productive (“wheat”). She herself is orphaned in childhood and leaves an exclusive boarding school to teach in a rugged farm community and to marry Sterling Hayden who loses his fight with the land. Their son, So Big, and the barren fields are Selina’s legacy. Beth bloor despite tremendous odds, because Selina’s faith in life and its essential beauty is unwavering. A neighbor’s boy, Roelf Pool, is inspired by her to become a musician. So Big, however, grows to reject his mother’s philosophy, preferring quick success, luxury, and so estranges the one girl he really loves, artist Nancy Olson. Old fashioned, perhaps extreme in its message, So Big is nevertheless an inspired production. Prominent in the cast are Steve Forrest, Martha Hyer, Walter Coy, Richard Beymer, Tommy Rettig.—Warners.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN This is the true story of an American boy who was fired by a typically boyish dream—to become a great athlete. For Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, the star of this movie, the dream came true. Elroy was a quiet, not very assertive kid whose parents worked hard to send him through school. Part of Elroy’s plan was to fix it so his Mom and Dad (Louise Lorimer, Norman Field) could have an easier time. But the big plan was football. It filled his life from high school where his coach (Lloyd Nolan) was, in a way, his sponsor till the afternoon he helped the Los Angeles Rams become world champions. Between times there were major crises in his life. Once, doctors told him he’d never play football again. Crazylegs came back to set new records. On several occasions his wife (Joan Vohs) wanted to give him up completely to the sport. She didn’t, though. Probably the qualities that come so strikingly across the screen were the ones that held her, too. For football lovers there are authentic scenes from major games, thrilling as the day they happened.—Hall Bartlett.

CALAMITY JANE Here’s Doria Day looking like last week’s laundry, riding, shooting and talking like a townswoman. And here’s Burt Lancaster, the legendary Wild Bill Hickok, quick on the trigger but a careful fellow on romance. Together they make this musical a joy to see. Calamity (that’s Doria) is teller of the tallest tales in Deadwood, South Dakota. One day she outdoes herself, promises to bring Chicago’s famous star, Adelaide Adams, to Deadwood. Through a small error she returns with the star’s maid (Allyn McLerie). The Deadwoodians threaten to shoot her off the stage but Doria browbeats them into reasoning and Allyn becomes the local siren. Too bad she falls for Lieutenant Gilmartin (Philip Carey). Calamity had him staked out for herself. That’s the triangle, but there’s more. There’s a lot of singing, a kind of happy glow, and Calamity turns out to be the prettiest girl in all the Black Hills. The entire film shows the fine hand of director Jack Donahue, veteran director of such New York stage hits as Top Banana, A Night In Venice, and the revival of Of Thee I Sing. Technicolor.—Warner.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MOGAMBO (MGM): Ava Gardner switches from chasing maharajahs to hunting hunters when she bumps into safari-leader Gable in Africa. Gorgeous scenery, wild animals, and Gable’s love for Grace Kelly can’t compete with Ava’s Technicolor talents.

A LION IS IN THE STREETS (Warners): Technicolor in stark black-and-white. Casablanca is the lion with corrupt political ambitions and a wife (Barbara Hale) and a blonde (Anne Francis) to help him attain them. By playing on the needs and emotions of the southern swampland voters, Casablanca comes dangerously and excitingly close to the governorship.

TANGA TAIK: Another independently produced gem, this one is a warm and simple love story set in romantic Tahiti, where the island chief’s son must earn enough money to wed his girl by capturing the prize in the South Pacific Olympics. Beautifully photographed and acted.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE (Para): 3-D, Technicolor and music! This one is just good fun, as could be expected when singing sister Teresa Brewer, writing sister Rhonda Fleming and loving sister Cynthia Bell arrive in a wild Alaska frontier town.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Col): A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones’ best seller. Excellent performances by Monty- zomney Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

THE ROSE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new Cinemascope (fancier version of 3-D) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas’ best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature and John Hoyt. Hill.

LITTLE FUGITIVE Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THE ALL-AMERICAN (U.J.): Tony Curtis as an athlete who shows a snobbish Ivy League College what football and democracy are all about. Also attending: Richard Long, Lori Nelson.

BACK TO GOD’S COUNTRY Rock Hudson and his wife, Marcia Henderson, have a schooner full of fur they’d like to sail back to God’s country (that’s Seattle). But the droll (that’s Steve Cochran) won’t let them leave Canada. He gets lonely in the winter. Has nothing to do but hully the helpless Eskimos, beat Great Danes into submission and cover other men’s brides. The trouble he goes to conveting Miss Henderson is ridiculous, considering how she loathes him. Anyway, he kidnaps Hudson’s crew, has them dumped in the great wastes. While Hudson is musing to the rescue, Cochran is marching on Marcia. Hudson returns to have his leg broken by Cochran’s buddy (Hugh O’Brian) and winds up in a doggedly behind which stands Marcia, prepared to push 150 miles to a doctor. This is where Waga, a Great Dane on whom Cochran has laid an iron hand, and Marcia hit the trail together and when Cochran catches up Waga strikes—not with snowballs, either. Technicolor.—U.I.

THE STEEL LADY You’ll think there’s sand in your eyes when you see The Steel LADY. It’s photographed in tan, presumably the answer to every other process. The color is appropriate, however. Rod Cameron and his three wild-catters (Tab Hunter, Richard Erdman and John Dehner, acting alcoholic of the group) make a forced landing in the Sahara. They’ve been looking for oil; now they’ll settle for an olive jet if only they survive. That looks doubtful, until Rod stumbles on an old German army tank. It won’t work, but Ali Baba! it is just too! Old alcoholic there finds some jewels in a secret compartment. Keeps mum, though—his pals’d think he has D.T.’s. Boy, those jewels get’em in trouble with John Abbott all wrapped up in a hurricane. Abbott wants those jewels, stolen gems, they are. The wildcatters, crippled, hungry and powerful tired, lock themselves in the tank and spray the area with machine gun fire. Help arrives, but I wouldn’t want to hang that long.—U.A.
BOB HOPE stars in Paramount Pictures' "HERE COME THE GIRLS"

BOB (Upside Down) HOPE presents the most adorable, practical holiday gift: —

**Playtex HAPPY Pants Wardrobe!**

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The most eye-catching complexions in Hollywood are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.

Isn't Anne Baxter's skin wonderful to look at? Anne takes care of her complexion with one soap and only one—Lux Toilet Soap. 9 out of 10 Hollywood screen stars believe in Lux like Anne does—and such popularity must be deserved.

If you don't agree with the screen stars about Lux, Lever Brothers will give you back the money you paid for it. But we think once you use Lux, you'll love it.

( Remember— you can see the Hollywood stars every Thursday evening on Lux Video Theatre.)
There are no tears today for June and her mother. They have faith that she will find another way to do God's work.

BY JACK WADE

JUNE HAVER COMES HOME

"Hello," said the girl's voice. "Yes, this is June."

It was a friendly voice, warm, strong and confident—and I was glad to hear it. Frankly, I hadn't expected to, not for a while. Because, the word had been passed around Hollywood press circles: June Haver will neither see nor talk to anyone. Since her sudden, startling return to Hollywood from the convent where she had spent seven and a half months as a novitiate hoping to become a nun, and after her unpreventable greeting by reporters and photographers at the Los Angeles airport, June had vanished into seclusion almost as rigid as that which cloaked her at St. Mary's Academy in Xavier, Kansas. This was understandable. She was emotionally confused and physically tired. She was in an extremely delicate position concerning publicity, because of the holy life she had essayed and abandoned and the unpredictable public which faced her again.

She had no precedent. June Haver was the first Hollywood star ever to quit her career at its zenith and retire to a convent. And of course she is the first ever to return to the spotlight, a celebrity again.

This very fact made June news. I had called her mother, Mrs. Andrew Ottestad, to find out, if possible, when MODERN SCREEN readers (Continued on page 49)
This time there was no mad, frantic scrambling for the nightbag. No wild, harrowing race to the hospital. No nail-biting impatience for Dr. Bradbury’s arrival.

This time, according to Esther Williams, “It was as easy as pie.”

A little after ten A.M. on October 1, Esther waddled over to husband Big Ben and said matter-of-factly, “I think I’d better go on in.”

Ben nodded, took the little suitcase and dropped it into the car.

Dr. Bradbury’s office was called and the hospital was notified.

The doctor had predicted that the baby would arrive around October 1. Everything was on schedule.

Ben drove the four miles to Santa Monica Hospital with great care. Esther was admitted at ten-thirty that morning and taken to her room in the obstetrics section.

The nurse who prepared her asked her how she felt. Brown-eyed Esther was bubbling. “Just fine,” she kept repeating. “Just fine.”

In the afternoon the birth pains began, and they wheeled the long-legged swimming star into the delivery room. The anesthetist gave her an analgesic.

“I hope she gets what she wants,” one of the nurses said.

“They want a girl,” Dr. Bradbury said.

In the waiting room, Ben Gage, father-to-be for the third time, plopped his six-foot, four-inch frame into an easy chair. He began to perspire like a first-time father.

In the delivery room it was three-forty. Dr. Bradbury was working with his usual competence. At three-forty-three the baby arrived.

A girl! (Continued on page 62)
Gable's gone and Suzy's lost him.
The French say he done her dirt—
but forty million Frenchmen could be wrong!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

Please don't talk about

Authorities on the love-life of Clark Gable—
and who in Hollywood is not?—insist that the tall,
temple-greyed Casanova will return to the United
States this month with his fifth bride.

Purportedly, she will be Suzanne Dadolle
d'Abadie, the statuesque, green-eyed
Schiaparelli model with whom he journeyed
all over Europe last summer.

In Paris this has been a foregone conclusion
for many weeks. French magazines have
been running pictures of the couple with such
captions as ILS VONT SE MARRIER
(They're going to get married) and LES FUTURES
MONSIEUR ET MADAME CLARK GABLE
and C'EST UNE QUESTION DE TEMPS
(It's a question of time.)

A month or so ago, when he was in London
with Gary Cooper (their films, Mogambo and
Return To Paradise were opening in England) Gable
picked up the phone one afternoon and put in a
transatlantic call to his private secretary,
Jean Garceau, in Encino, California.

"Get the house ready," he said.
"I'll be home for Christmas."

Gable has spent the last three Christmases
abroad. But the last time he asked that his
ranch house be gotten in shape, he brought home
a bride—she was Lady Sylvia Ashley, the ex-chorus
girl and former wife of Douglas Fairbanks—
and everyone in Hollywood was wondering whether
Clark would do the same thing this Christmas.

In Paris, on October 12, Suzanne, after returning to
work at Schiaparelli's, announced that she and
Gable had been engaged, "but informally,"
for several months, the implication being
that never in a million years would she have
traveled with him all over the Continent
unless they'd had some understanding.

She was also quoted as saying that, "Even
a year ago, he asked me to be his companion
all over the world (Continued on page 81)
me...
Posing for beefcake embarrasses Rock, but he takes his physique seriously, knowing it gave him his start in movies.

THAT HOLLYWOOD BUILDUP TURNED HUDSON INTO THE BEST-BUILT STAR AROUND!

SOLID AS A ROCK

by Susan Trent

- Five years ago, when Universal-International studio put Rock Hudson under contract, they signed him with crossed fingers. The shaggy young man had little to recommend himself to the movie business besides basic good looks. His physique was good but he was a little clumsy in the manner of a man taller than other men. At twenty-three, he had shown little sign of becoming a world beater. Research into his background revealed that when in school he had had little affinity to books.

In the Navy during the war he had attained the rank of laundryman, third class. Following that, he had spent two years earning his bread as a truck driver, hauling tomatoes and lettuce the length and breadth of Los Angeles. His acting talent was an unknown quantity; his experience in movies had been limited to a handful of bit parts with a minimum of dialogue.

The studio signed him because it was following a policy of building movie stars, signing unknowns and putting them through rigorous training designed to manufacture cinema celebrities. The basic requirement for such a production is a pleasing appearance, and Rock had that. He seemed to have little else, but he was signed because at least one studio executive felt that Rock had the potentialities for success as an actor.

Today, Rock Hudson stars opposite Jane Wyman in the remake of Magnificent Obsession. His salary is more than $1000 a week, he has been presented to the Queen of England, he receives 3000 fan letters a month, and is considered one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, as well as (Continued on page 52)
The strange case of Debra Paget is driving Hollywood crazy. Maybe she never leaves Mama's side—but certain rumors are getting around. After all, how shy can a gal in an orchid Cadillac be?

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Dan Dailey once pulled to a stop for a traffic light on Sunset Boulevard and found his car next to the pale orchid Cadillac driven by Debra Paget. Girls in orchid Cadillacs can expect whistles from strangers, even if they don't look like Debra Paget, but Dan was no stranger. He was a co-worker on the 20th Century-Fox lot, and in the manner of confidants, he yelled across the intervening space, "Hiya, little one!"

Miss Paget's nose lifted perceptibly as she stared rigidly ahead. "What's the matter?" inquired Dan. "Aren't you speaking to anybody today?"

Dan's nose went a little higher and her chin jutted with determined hauteur. "Well, don't sit there and turn blue!" yelled Dailey. "It's only me—old Dan!"

When she turned ever so slightly and recognized him, of course she relaxed to a smile and waved a friendly hand. Dan's story proves that Debra Paget is one girl who drives an orchid Cadillac and does not respond to wolf whistles.

It also paints a rather accurate picture of Debra. She looks like a movie star. She does not leave her home, or even answer the door, unless she is wearing a complete make-up job. She loathes the mere idea of women in slacks. Debra is never seen in public without every accoutrement of glamour, including long earrings. While her clothes are not frilly, they are tailored always with an eye to sex appeal.

It is hard to guess whether Debra actually enjoys such trappings. Only a year ago she was content to whisk through life in peasant blouses and full skirts and simple jewelry, but now that she is twenty, she has blossomed into a full-blown product of Hollywood. Debra claims she loves to be glamorous, that she always dressed up when she was a child, and then in the next breath admits she was a tomboy. "Anything the boys could do, I could do better. And I'd still be the tomboy if it weren't for my career." And then, while staunchly maintaining that such frou-frou is second nature to her, she states that movie stars should look like movie stars. "The public builds you up in its imagination. Why
let it down?” And Debra’s appearance is never a disappointment to her fans.

Whether or not Debra is happy behind her pancake make-up, her attention to theatrical grooming has accomplished one difficult feat. Having grown up on the 20th Century-Fox lot, she has been wide open to the danger of being considered a child, professionally, long after she outgrew such roles. The majority of stars who began careers in their early teens have had to resort to violent methods to prove to their studio bosses that they have grown up and are able to grace the screen without pigtails. Jane Powell bleached her hair and went into the nightclub circuit with a sexy repertoire. Jeanne Crain, despite her four children, had to dye her hair red and pour herself into décolleté gowns to convince the brass. Debra Paget has managed to escape the teen-age type-casting by attacking the problem in time. At an age when she can very well portray a siren role, she has appeared to everyone outside her family as a sultry and sexy young lady.

This is a noteworthy accomplishment in Hollywood, yet no one knows if the sophisticated appearance comes naturally to Debbie. Those who know her say it is the result of ambition, with which Debra is generously endowed. She has said: “I will do anything for my career. Anything they ask me.” She proves it by being prompt, polite, and productive. She goes even farther by contributing her share of glamour to an industry which is tardily realizing that it must have glamour, and not gas stoves, in the public lives of its players. The Cadillac is difficult to top, and for this creation Debbie went to a lot of trouble. In the wardrobe department of the studio she thumbed through fabric swatches until she found the color that pleased her most—a pale, pale orchid, almost white. Paint of this hue was sprayed on her car, which had been an ordinary shade of green, and Debbie was complete—a flawless example of a Hollywood star.

There she draws the line. She feels, and justifiably so, that her cooperation with her job ends with her job. Probes into the more personal aspects of (Continued on page 72)
When Mrs. Curtis makes up her mind, it’s no use putting up any opposition. Even Tony beats a retreat when “General Leigh” is on the march!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Hollywood taught Jeonette Morrison to dress and act—and to get the names of cities right on publicity tours. But not even casual Tony can teach her to slow down when Janet Leigh spots a job to be done.
Tony's zany crowd (including Jerry Lewis) brought out Janet's sense of humor, taught her to take kidding.

Tony and Janet adjusted to marriage. She no longer winces at his root beer and caviar diet; he has learned not to grind cigarette butts into the rug.

The brass of the Sciots' Convention in San Jose, California, was dumbfounded. Before them, on the flag-draped reviewing stand, stood the pretty blonde majorette from Stockton who had just sashayed, strutted, whirl ed and swirled to win first prize over thirty other band belles in the grand parade. They'd told her to name whatever she wanted as her prize: A gold watch, perhaps? A sterling toilet set? A nice piece of handmade luggage?

And she had told them, "I want a raincoat."

Her friends, her parents and the officials tried to talk her out of it. "Don't be silly, Jeanette. You won it. Take something precious that you can keep." But she only shook her head stubbornly.

"Uh-uh. I need a raincoat. That's what I want." She got the raincoat.

The prize has (Continued on page 66)
Energetic and restless, Gordon enjoys his pool with his family but believes vacations are meant to be short. He got an early break by refusing to sit out a CBS contract and be paid for doing nothing.

"I've known for a long time what I wanted to be," Gordon says. "Wouldn't I be a fake looking and talking humble as if I actually felt I didn't deserve it all? That kind of self-deprecation is unhealthy.

Gordon's plans always include Meredith, 9; Heather, 6; and Gar, 5—and of course, Sheila. They also include opera and a Broadway musical.
Last June, when Palm Springs was baking in 117 degrees of desert heat, the members of the Racquet Club there turned unbelieving eyes to the actions of a muscular young man in shorts. First, he pulled a deck chair out into the full sun. Then he carefully focused a wide reflector on it. After which he lay down in the intensified glare. Gordon MacRae was after a sun tan. Since it was Gordon MacRae, it was going to be a fast tan.

Nearly seven years ago when Gordon started his movie career, an early story about him reported that he was a young man in a hurry, and that what he wanted out of Hollywood was a big house, a swimming pool and a Cadillac. The first part of this was truly descriptive. He is a man who showers, shaves and dresses in well under ten minutes. He is a luncher who puts away his meal with a half dozen impatient movements of his fork, and spends the rest of the hour talking business. He is a golfer who is always asking permission to play through. He makes punctual arrivals at appointments and early departures. Before he came to pictures he had refused a radio contract settlement permitting him to loaf for a year, because to mark time for such a long period was unthinkable.

The second part of the story, about wanting only a house, pool and car out of Hollywood represented an unkind twist put on his answers by the interviewers, who thereby missed the urgency of Gordon’s ambition. Ask anyone if he likes a Cadillac and he will reply, “Sure.” Who wouldn’t? And who would say no to a house with a swimming pool? Gordon has possessed these symbols of affluence for years, but the dirtiest trick you could play on him, his friends (Continued on page 78)

It’s hate at first sight when some people meet MacRae. But those who take a second look find a nice guy who knows where he’s going—even if he has to push to get there!

“CALL ME PINHEAD”

Gordon met Sheila in summer stock. For six weeks she told her roommate Gordon was a most obnoxious boy, then switched to telling her parents he was great and she wanted to get married!
For weeks now, the welter of rumor about Doris Day has been rising and spreading.

Gossip, innuendo, exaggeration—everything but truth—has been advanced to explain her illness, and even her illness has been denied.

When Lucky Me, a Doris Day vehicle scheduled to start at Warner Brothers last October was suddenly canceled, one studio spokesman offered this alibi: "The script isn't ready yet. A few more weeks and we'll roll."

Simultaneously, a Los Angeles columnist wrote, "Doris Day has had what practically amounts to a nervous breakdown and chums claim that difficulties with husband Marty Melcher are a big part of her trouble."

Said husband Melcher when a newspaperman urged him "to level with me, Marty," "Nervous breakdown? That's a lotta bunk. Doris is just tired. She'll be okay. There's nothing wrong with her. Just had a cyst or something removed from her back. Minor surgery. What are they making such a fuss about?"

"I read in the papers that she's going to a psychiatrist," the newspaperman continued. "Supposedly she won't be okay for months. Any truth to that?"

"Of course not," said Marty Melcher. "She's just tired. She's done picture after picture—fourteen pictures in a row. She's beat. Wouldn't you be?"

"That's on the level now?"

"On the level," Melcher said.

Marty Melcher is Doris Day's husband and agent and business manager, and as president of Martin-Melcher Productions, her new producer. He loves her very much. In her hour of need, he wants only to help and protect her and if this seems to call for more tact than truth—well then, it's understandable. But the truth has a purifying and clarifying effect, and throughout the world, there are thousands of Doris Day fans who are worried about this tall, talented, freckle-faced blonde who has given them so much joy and warmth and entertainment.

The truth is that Doris Day is emotionally upset and that her neurosis may in part be attributed to what physicians refer to as cancerphobia.

For some time now, Doris has been afraid that she has cancer.

She belongs to a religious faith that holds that disease may be cured by treatment which consists basically of enlightened prayer.

In her own family and in her business circles, she has encountered some disagreement with this belief.

Several weeks before Lucky Me was scheduled to get underway, Warner Brothers insisted that Doris submit to a complete physical checkup. For a while, Doris refused. The studio pressed its point. The executives were (Continued on page 80)
Antiques on a Budget

“Nothing’s better for a budget than Early American,” claims Keefe Brasselle. And he should.
Attractive four-poster was reconstructed from dilapidated antique bed. Night-table is old-fashioned sewing machine, and lamp bases cost Keefe $17.50 as crockery set. Normie washes cotton drapes and spreads herself.

The Early American kitchen is located between the diningroom and patio for outdoor eating, has modern freezer and washer. Natural wood cabinets carry out old-fashioned motif besides being hard to soil.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, the night was clear and crisp with the smell of California winter in the air. A dog's bark cut sharply across the stillness, and the stars looked new and close.

On a corner lot, snug inside a small, unobtrusive house, Keefe Brasselle, star of The Eddie Cantor Story, and his wife Norma, were enjoying the after-Junior's-bedtime peace that only parents can appreciate.

Keefe broke the silence by getting up from the sofa and edging another log into the fireplace.

"Good night for a fire," he muttered. Then he let loose an uninhibited yawn and threw his six-foot frame the length of the livingroom couch. He closed his eyes.

Norma looked up from her needlework and smiled at her boyish husband. "You know what I'm thinking?" she asked.

Keefe opened one eye. "That the firelight makes your hair look like polished brass."

Norma made a funny face. "I've been thinking about this living room," she said. "I'd like to get an antique coffee table in front of that couch. You think our budget might stand that and Christmas, too?"

Keefe Brasselle happens to be one actor who knows a thing or two about antiques. He used to sell them. "Just how much of an antique did you have in mind?" he asked.

Deftly Norma side-stepped the issue. "That's just the (Continued on next page)"
Antiques on a Budget continued

Small enough for Normie to manage, Keefe to buy without mortgage, house stands on corner in middle-class area. Oldsmobile convertible was only big purchase when income began to rise.

Keefe spent weekends building the brick barbecue and the cushioned bench. Behind the brick wall he has a badminton court and a basketball ring. Building their home cost the Broselles $20,000.

Keefe installed movie screen behind wooden volonce in diningroom, projects pictures across intervening livingroom from projector installed behind window he cut in sliding door of bedroom hall.

Keefe did early renovating in friend’s workshop with borrowed equipment; now owns power tools but hangs curtains without them.

trouble,” she answered. “I can’t decide what kind of table it should be. We could use a cobbler’s bench, but the good ones cost a fortune.”

“Normie,” her husband chided: “Don’t screw up your forehead that way. I’ll turn out an early Brasselle for you.”

Next evening Keefe drove into the garage and Normie caught sight of an old workbench jutting out the rear window of his convertible.

“The antique” looked so old and broken that it might have been one of the rails Abraham Lincoln split. It was dirty and cracked and battered.

Normie stalked out to the garage. “Keefe Brasselle,” she said flatly. “Don’t you dare bring that dirty thing into my clean house.”

“But, darling,” Keefe protested, “don’t you believe in me?”

“Just don’t bring it into the house. It should be fumigated.”

The more Norma slandered his prize, the more the young actor was pleased. Once he had a chance to work on his bargain buy, he was sure Normie would melt. For when it comes to repairing and remodeling wooden pieces, Keefe Brasselle is an experienced craftsman. The more hopeless a job looks, the more he enjoys salvaging it.

When he spotted this disreputable-looking bench hiding under a pile of furniture in a junk store, he knew at once that it had possibilities. He cut off the legs to reduce it to coffee-table height. Then he sealed the major cracks with plastic wood. He spent nights sanding the rough edges. Then he stained and waxed until the old wood took on the patina of a well-shined shoe. Only then would he let his wife inspect her new coffee table.

“I give up,” she said. “You’re a genius.” And she flattered him with a kiss and helped him carry it into the livingroom.

That long, narrow (Continued on page 55)
A man and a baby
and a young Mexican nurse—
these people
brought Shelley
from pain into maturity—
and a fuller understanding
of those around her.

the turning point
by Shelley Winters

I do not think that any individual can make
a bilateral pact with God, an agreement between just himself
and God, leaving his fellow men out of consideration.
The man’s part of the bargain could only be that he would not sin
any more. But for some time I have felt that there can be
no heaven in the mere avoidance of evil; that this
is just a negative approach; that I have not done or will not
do any bad does not mean I am good.

Today I have come to believe that faith is positive
and that the whole basis of religion is the interlocking of man’s
responsibility to man. Until, this conviction forced itself
into my consciousness (and it had to fight its way to recognition)
I had lots more trouble accepting myself as a mature person
than I have today. When I was in the early stages
of childbirth and a young nurse stretched herself far beyond
her duties to buoy me up with hope and comfort,
I sensed that this extra giving of one’s self and time
was the only really good work. In that moment,
I tried to recall when I had done as much for another human
being. When I couldn’t, I had time in all my pain to feel
the sadness of this realization. And that is how I learned to grow up.

I was in labor three days. There were periods of doubt when
I didn’t know whether the doctors would proceed or try
to wait. The birth itself was of a difficult type. I remember
two nurses, I remember them mainly by the phrasing of their words
to me. The older one was competent and did what had to be done
with brisk efficiency. The other was far less professional in
bearing, a young Mexican girl, about twenty, and not very
prepossessing in either looks or manner.
The first nurse impressed me (Continued on page 47)
Remember Miss Gaynor's advice on love? "Stay aloof." But Mitzi has become a clinging vine—wrapped around a Bean (pole) named Jack!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

At a Beverly Hills party ten months ago you might have heard the proposal of marriage made to Mitzi Gaynor by a square-shouldered, blue-eyed citizen named Jack Bean. He has reddish-brown hair, a crew-cut, and clothes that are on the conservative side for California. The Beverly Hills host approached Mitzi who was standing with Jack.

"Would you like a drink?" he asked Mitzi.
"No, thank you," she replied politely.
"Would you like a bite to eat?" the host offered.
"No, thank you," said Mitzi.

The host departed and Jack turned to Mitzi.
"Would you like to get married?" he asked.
Mitzi looked at him and her eyes widened. "Yes," she said. "I mean . . . yes, thank you."

That was last March. The two had known each other for little more than a month. They know each other a lot better now, but the proposal and the acceptance, and all the longing for each other (Continued on page 54)
For June and Dick, this one day has to be perfect—no matter how much work it takes!

BY JANE WILKIE

California climate is just about everything it's cracked up to be, so when Christmas rolls around the population would just as soon give California back to the Indians. There isn't a chance for the white holiday that people dream about: no snow on the ground, no nip in the air, and the Christmas tree merchants must keep their wares out of the hot sun lest every needle drop off before the trees are sold. When roses are blooming and sunburn remedies are being discussed, it isn't easy to find the excitement of the Christmas spirit as it was in the old days back east.

June Allyson and Dick Powell, hailing from New York and Little Rock, respectively, are as sensitive as any transplanted easterners to California's unseasonal Christmas. But unlike many other transplants, who hastily trim a two-foot tree and then retire to the pool, Dick and June do something about it. The weather outside may be a somnolent eighty degrees, but once a visitor passes through the Powells' front door, it's Christmas. The air is cool and scented with pine, there are candles and holly and bright red ribbons, the tree's topmost star just touches the ceiling. On dropleaf tables and coffee tables are snowy scenes in miniature—a Swiss (Continued on page 70)
CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Famous appellation, "that beautiful hunk of man," was coined by anonymous débutante for early article on Mature. He thought it great publicity—which he would now like everybody to forget.

Like many other stars, such as Tony Curtis and Mono Freeman, Mature's hobby is painting. To foil any possible criticism, he prints "Not Complete" under all his works before showing them off. This landscape is his first tr...
Fifteen years ago Mature went shopping in swim trunks, false beard and toga. You say you think he's changed since then?

BY JOHN MAYNARD

One summer day, fifteen years ago, Victor Mature ran out of razor blades. At the time, he was scarcely dabbling a toe in the fractious waters of film acting. It was a warm afternoon and Mature was entertaining at his town residence, a tidy pup-tent in the backyard of a friend. Perhaps it is better to say that he was entertaining on his modest grounds. At any rate, he ran out of razor blades, an emergency to be coped with immediately.

He was wearing swim trunks and sandals; not, even in Hollywood, suitable regalia for a shopping center. Mature, although a certain nervousness over his own lack of social inhibition constitutes his only social inhibition, understood this. It was an easy matter to rectify. With spirit gum, he applied to his face a modest beard that happened to be lying around. About his semi-naked person he wrapped a bedsheets in lieu of a toga. Attired (Continued on page 74)
Hollywood Hot Rods

By Tom Carlile

It wasn't spicy enough to be mentioned in the gossip columns. And it probably won't even come out in the divorce testimony. But several of Donald O'Connor's close friends think that one factor which was overlooked in the newspaper reports of his marital difficulties with Gwen was the sleek little Bugatti roadster which he used to wheel around Hollywood at high blood-pressure speeds. Before the Bugatti, there had been a low-slung Jaguar with leopard-skin upholstery and a supercharged engine which emitted a throaty roar every night as Donald wheeled it into the driveway. Before that, there was an older Jaguar which threw a wheel while Donald was barreling it along at sixty miles an hour one fine afternoon.

Donald has always loved (Continued on page 63)

"Buy your sweetie a Jaguar for Christmas," a car dealer advertised—and everybody did! As a result...

Ty Power owns a Mark 7 Jaguar and a 1900 cc Alpha Romeo as well as the pictured (and expensive) Duesenberg.

Macdonald Carey's red Sober has Ford-Mercury engine, is impractical for large family who love it anyway.

Jan Sterling drives an inexpensive Simca. Most popular car in Hollywood is $2400 Mark IV MG.
Seriously interested in autos, Lance bought his white Morris Minor for practical reasons. The English-made car hugs the road, reducing tip-over chances; motor, smaller than a battery, gets 35 miles per gallon.

"You can get more than 135 mph out of that Jag," Lance Fuller said to Tab Hunter, was interrupted by screams from Marcia Henderson and Lori Nelson who discovered both had brought chocolate cookies.

Hollywood's famed Sunset Boulevard looks like the Champs Elysees during an international convention.

"If it were legal in California, Jeff Hunter could take wife Barbara Rush for a 110 mph drive in this German-made Porsche. A close relative of the popular Volkswagen, the Porsche has a 4-cylinder rear engine.

Rallies usually end with enthusiasts prying under the hoods of each other's cars, fighting gallantly over the relative merits of various models. With the girls along this time, the rally turned into a picnic.

Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton eluded a blue Jaguar in their 1-important marriage plans.

Gary Cooper, like Frank Sinatra, bought a Mercedes-Benz Model 300SL in Europe, paid $13,000 for it.

Dick and June Powell's Jaguar XK120 can do 145 mph, Dick claims—but has nowhere to do it!
A few years ago, an awfully nice Hollywood boy got himself involved with a dangerous dame. His name was Byron Palmer. Hers was Tokyo Rose.

This liaison took place in what both storybooks and movies paint as a most romantic setting, but you’d hardly call theirs a love affair. Each day this Palmer called Miss Rose some choice names over short-wave radio. Next day she’d return the compliment.

For his part, he’d sign off the tryst with, “This is Station WXLE—your American Expeditionary Station at Eniwetok on the road to Tokyo.” And she’d come back, “This is Tokyo Rose on the road to Eniwetok.”

Well, one day right after beaming his usual insult, Corporal Palmer almost jumped out of his suntan. A big “Boom!” resounded outside his Quonset hut and the atoll shook like an actor at option time. Bombs went off like strings of cannon crackers, zinging bullets peppered the earth and smoke and flame rolled over the tropical sky until it looked like Dante’s Inferno.

Clawing into the flinty coral for cover, Byron Palmer reflected bitterly that, except for his wife, his sister and his mother, women were bad news indeed, and if he lived through this, he would have no truck with any of them. Flashing through his addled senses was the idea that Tokyo Rose had made good her boast and maliciously sent out the whole Japanese carrier fleet just to get him.

Actually, a B-24 (Continued on page 57)
the turning point

(Continued from page 37) with her experience. She said it was too bad the baby was arriving early. She thought it would be best to wait two more weeks. She hoped that it would be a girl because in such cases girls have a better chance than boys. She said more but by this time I was listening to myself worry. Suppose it was a boy?

The Mexican girl talked in another vein altogether. In between pains I might say, "I wonder what the baby will look like." She would reply, "Don't think about that. Think about what it will think and feel, and that it will think and feel, like you think and feel. The wonder of life is happening to you now. Life is coming, this very second, and coming to extend itself into the forever, through you."

When I would cry out sometimes the other nurse would say, "Oh, it isn't so bad. . . . After all, what is happening to you has happened to thousands of others. . . . You're not the only one, you know, to go through this. . . ."

The Mexican girl never dismissed me so lightly. She sympathized and helped me; she lived and thought on a much higher plane and she took me up there with her.

I can hear her now. "This is not a bad time in your life," she is saying. "These are the finest hours, the deepest feelings, the most touching moments you will ever have. Don't miss them because the pain is big or the pain is small, or because now it is here and now it is there. This is greater, so much greater than all that."

What luck to meet such a girl! What a human being! She clothed me with such a wonderful aura of sublime function that I didn't want to take the pain pills the doctor had left. I didn't need them with her inspiring presence. Even when my pains were finally just minutes apart and I would sleep through the short snatches between them, the lull of her words that would sound when she saw my eyes open, the beat of her warm heart coming to me through her hand which held mine, bathed me in wonderful calmness. I knew I would rather be there, experiencing the birth of my child's life, than anywhere else in the world.

No, I am sure, there will be no heaven except when we are our brother's and our sister's keepers. And there is no greater heaven than that.

These evenings when I see Vittorio sit down with the baby I think of the Mexican girl and her words. Vittorio looks at the baby, She looks at him. They are both so solemn. Then he turns and says, "The baby looks like me, she acts like me!" And what I see in his face is the wonder the Mexican girl spoke about. She never once mentioned God, yet God was in all she said.

Has all this changed me? Not completely. I fall now and then from the new grace in which I would like to live. Yet I cannot help but try to be more considerate of others. I find no further pleasure, or at least not so much as before, in the displays of sarcastic and cutting wit that are so common in our day. I have a much stronger awareness that all personal beings of hope and fear and sensitivity, born of mothers who glowed in their births, who have been given love and have love to give.

I always knew this, strangely enough, and yet I didn't. I think that the preaching one hears from another's lips has little effect until, and unless, it is confirmed in one's own experience. All that I know I

RITA HAYWORTH says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Rita Hayworth—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World

4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars

use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It does not dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new Lotion Form or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on!

. . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. New Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.

47
It's surprising that any actress would have so little time that she'd turn down six lucrative picture offers in less than a year. But that's what happened to Eve (Our Miss Brooks) Arden. The filming of her TV show consumes five days a week. On top of that, although she could have done a film during her two-month summer vacation, she turned down offers that would excite a Lana Turner because she and her husband had planned for two years to take a vacation trip to Europe.

This is the key to one of Hollywood's genuinely honest love stories. Although Eve Arden as Miss Brooks is constantly frustrated in her pursuit of Mr. Boynton on TV, her private life isn't like that. Once married and divorced, Eve before TV was lonesome for a husband and a man around the house to be father to her two wonderful children, Connie, eight, and Liza, six. Three years ago, she planned a summer stock tour, asked Barry Sullivan to be her leading man. His Metro contract forbade his taking the job, but he recommended a man he termed, "one hell of an actor." So, sight unseen, Eve had Brooks West of New York signed for her tour. They returned to Hollywood and Mr. West met Eve's children. Little Liza came to a fast conclusion: "I think Brooksie is a fine man. Why don't you marry him?" Eve, who is famous for her snappy comebacks, merely blushed to the roots of her hair and urged Liza not to say the same thing to Mr. West. Liza didn't have to, for he proposed to Eve a few weeks later.

There is a wonderful marriage. They have attended art school together so that they can plan their Early American home together. Altogether a he-man, West does such things as design hooked rugs which Eve finishes. Oddly enough, while Eve still pursues Mr. Boynton on TV, West has the role of Jane's boy friend on the My Friend Irma show, playing a young man as successful with his attractive steady as he is in his business career.

Asked to comment on the current status of her life, Eve answered with a question: "Would it be naive of me to suggest that a woman can find the great love of her life after she's thirty?"

have always known, but haven't always believed. When someone told me once that I should have more faith in all things, I listened, but the words failed to register any particular significance. But these words were there, waiting somewhere in my subconscious, and when something happened to prove them true, they came to life in me.

When my baby was born I was happy as a mother, but miserable as an actress. I thought that the important part of my career was over. I could not visualize myself, physically or mentally, as the young woman I had been before. And if I were not she, who and what would I be? I couldn't answer this. I was outwardly myself when I started to work in Tennessee Chmp, my first picture after Victoria's birth, but inside I was uneasy, unsure. Little things gave me more bother than they were worth. Large problems I shrank from facing.

One late afternoon I saw the first rushes of the picture and I became terribly upset. In the first developing, color film generally comes out too dark, and later it is corrected by technical means. But I didn't know this. I just saw a Shelley Winters whom I could hardly recognize and my worst fears were confirmed.

But I wasn't satisfied with just one worry. On my way home I took on others, and none were too small. The baby, who was on an eight-to-eight schedule, had been asleep when I left the house in the morning. I was sure she would be asleep for the night when I got in and I wouldn't be able to hold and fondle her. Vittorio and I had a dinner date at Ginger Rogers' home and I had arranged for my mother to come and stay with the baby after the nurse left so that we could go. Mother would be late, I told myself, and Vittorio and I would not be able to leave on time. Ginger would be offended. I kept nagging at myself. I was a big girl, and then Sol Fielding, the producer of the picture, called to explain about the film and how easily it could be corrected. He said I had photographed better than in the tests and that he was well satisfied with the results. Metro even called and gave me a role in Executive Suite. All my desperation, I realized, had been born of surmises, of lack of faith in myself and in others, and of a new kind of anxiety—the kind you feel when a person walking around with her hair fixed permanently on the ground.

I try now to keep my eyes raised. I see more of what is happening to others and less of what is happening to me. This is the "seeing" that counts.

I am odd how this has benefited me as an actress. If you ask anyone in Hollywood about the one thing I have always been most concerned with in my profession they will be able to give you the answer in a word—opportunity. I think it is the no-opportunity to act, until it is written. And the way it is written, the quality of the insight into character and human emotion used, is the keynote of any film's success.

Ever since the baby's birth it seems to me that the scripts I am given to read are getting better. How could this be? Are the scripts actually better or am I now able to see the thing in the way I was before? I couldn't explain it by saying that formerly I had eyes only for the part I would do. Now I look for the picture of life it paints generally, and not necessarily one that will make my fortune. If I would contribute myself. I am more content to be part of something very good than that the best of it should come only from me.

I feel this about my marriage and my home life. This did not come about as I planned it, nor will it necessarily go on according to any blueprints that might have been in my mind as a girl. My husband, my baby and I all have, or will have, individual desires and somehow these must all be accounted for and allowed for if we are to live within the framework of one continuing home. It is lucky for me that I have come to this realization. Perhaps the old Shelley would not have been able to bend and fit as she must to keep her own together. The old Shelley wished for many things; now these things have become fewer, but just as important.

When Vittorio and I got to Rome, we got to know each other and knew that we wanted each other, but there were problems. We were both actors. Many people do not think this is a good life. A great many of his interests would allow me lie in Italy and mine in the United States. Certainly this was not a promising background for marriage. Neither of us were passive personalities and this pressed stormy times.

When we had rationalized about all this and told ourselves we had worked out all the complications, there still remained another—our difference in religion. We didn't dismiss this lightly. We gave it deep consideration and, in effect, this is what we told each other:

If we eliminate the names by which we are known, Protestant, Jew, Catholic, Buddhist, and come down to the actual power we have, we are all the same. We can all do unto others as we'd have them do unto us. We can give even more than we seek for ourselves—unless we will not try to solve this problem of turning point of humanity. We all know this in our hearts. It reads the same in all prayer books.

Vittorio and I were married in Mexico in a civil ceremony, and we were flying back I got a sudden urge that I am sure any girl will understand. I turned to him and told him I wanted to stand in a church with him before I got to Los Angeles.

"What church?" he asked.

"Any church," I replied.

We got off the plane in El Paso and went walking down the street. We saw a church and entered and we stood there together. I felt a blessing on our marriage. I don't know what kind of church it was.
Three

I haven't done, not even with a train, did only. I am said."

June was June. 1

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sense.

"And I continued to good things.

I was a marvelous time, because it was Ten-Ten festival—like the Fourth of July—the day the Chinese republic was founded. So Grant Avenue was gay with lanterns, perfumed with its scent. We ate cheese and shopped for little little things. And then we dropped in to see Anne Baxter—you know she's there in John Brown's Body—look, I'm talking too much.

Very pleasant talk, I thought. "Yes," agreed June. "But," and an anxious tone crept into her voice, "I must stop now. I've already talked to you longer than I have to anyone else . . . no, I have no personal plans at all now, except catching up with myself, building my health and gathering my family around me. Mother's had some family dinners and everybody's been so sweet to me. No, I haven't been out in Hollywood—nowhere. I'm staying between here and my sister Dorothy's. No, I don't know where I'll live. No, I haven't any picture plans. I don't know yet if I am interested. I don't know what I'll do. If," said June, "I should want to go back, I want to act now with dignity and good taste. You see, there's really nothing whatever that I can tell you now and I shouldn't be talking to you at all. In fact, my agent called from Italy and told me not to talk to the press, and Harry Brand at the studio advised the same thing. So—I'll have to say goodbye. But it was nice."

"Goodbye," I told her. "Good luck—and God bless you." And I received a benediction, too.

That was my interview. Not anything to stop the presses or win a Pulitzer Prize—but still—it told me a lot about the present state of the girl I've come to know so well and admire so much.

It told me, first of all, that she was the same sweet, friendly girl I had always known. It told me her outlook was sunny, not defeated, depressed or sad. It told me she was gaining strength, and was physically and emotionally under control. It told me she was interested again in the world around her, able to go on a pleasure excursion and enjoy every minute of it. It told me she still held a deep reverence and respect for the path she had tried to take. But it told me something else, too: She is looking forward, not backward. Right now, what is really happening to June Haver is a profound struggle with herself to determine her future.

There is no one in Hollywood or elsewhere who can make her decision for her. The problem is as personal and private as her decision to desert her career and enter the convent. But this decision is more complex and more pressing than the other, arrived at over a period of years. It is complicated by typical Hollywood rumors and speculation, wild offers and proposals bombarding her. In her position, she cannot reply.

Only a few days after she returned, for instance, a producer who owns the screen rights to the late Jean Harlow's life story, announced that he would try to persuade June to play the part of the platinum blonde bombshell of the Thirties. He explained that he was not attempting to capitalize on June Haver's new value; he had long thought of her in the role. In fact, his lawyers had tried to contact her about it at the convent. If they did, the producer was very much out of line. Even though he declared any profits of such a film would be given to charity, it is an ill-advised, ill-timed suggestion.

Besides the fact that both were blondes and both experienced tragedy, the characters of Jean Harlow and June Haver do not match. The themes of their lives and the auras surrounding them, are completely different. When I asked June if she was considering such a thing, she replied, "Of course not. Someone is apparently trying to exploit the publicity." She said it sadly. That is only a sample of what June
THE POWER OF A WOMAN

Lori Nelson can hold a man or toss him over with no effort at all!

Lori’s motto is “Be Prepared!” Not even judo expert Dad can take her by surprise.


- Lori Nelson looks young and pretty and blonde and as helpless as a kitten. Of course this always brings out the chivalry in the opposite sex, as you know if you’ve seen her two new pictures, All-American and Walking My Baby Back Home. But she knows a few tricks that would be a surprise to a burglar, a purse-snatcher or just a plain wolf.

She’s a jiu jitsu expert.

Five feet, three, in her stocking feet and tipping the scales at 103, Lori can throw a 160-pound man over her shoulder and have him helpless and handcuffed quicker than you can say Mr. Moto.

She learned this ancient art of self-defense from her father, Robert Nelson, a civic-minded citizen who is an Auxiliary Deputy Sheriff in addition to being employed as a studio technician. All deputy sheriffs in Los Angeles County are required to know something of judo. Mr. Nelson has taught Lori all he knows about judo and how to handle firearms. She’s an excellent shot, right handed or left handed.

“They get up in the middle of the night to go deer hunting,” Lori’s mother complains.

“I’ve never had occasion to use judo in either my personal or professional life,” says Lori. “But it’s fun, practicing with Dad. And it might come in handy.”

Haver faces in her struggle to return gracefully and discreetly to Hollywood and to pilot the course of her future. When she had her close-cropped hair done, the word was out: June Haver is getting herself ready for screen tests. When she buys a few new clothes, which she obviously needs after half a year in a convent, she’s re-entering the glamour lists. When she lunches with her former agent, Ned Marin, they are talking picture parts. June’s dilemma—how to keep out of the news, comport herself with dignity and fight out her vital decisions alone—looms large and almost impossible to resolve. That’s natural and inevitable.

If there are no facts available, reporters must survey the scene and draw conclusions from whatever they see, especially on a subject of such interest and importance to Hollywood and June’s devoted fans. What they see, in her case, may be colored by wishful thinking. Everyone who knows June Haver wants her to return to a full, happy and useful life. It may be a wish, but I believe that June Haver will soon come back to the screen, to the career she renounced in good faith, but the one in which I believe she rightfully belongs.

At this writing, June Haver has signed no contracts, talked no picture deals, read no scripts. Yet, already there are straws in the wind indicating that—whether she knows it or not—June Haver is reaching for the threads that lead back to the life she had led and loved since she was eight years old.

The people who have advised June so far—and whose advice she admitted she is heeding—are all picture people. Some qualify as old friends as well. Many former colleagues from Fox have talked to June and, in her mother’s words, “offered to help June if she wished to resume picture work.” They are friends—June made friends with everyone she worked with—so the advice and assistance which all these friends have to offer June Haver is really valuable only if she is considering going back into the movie business.

Of course, when June alighted from a TWA plane at the Los Angeles International Airport last September 29, she expressed a different intention and desire. “I want to go back,” she said then. “I am on temporary leave. I am home to rest and to do God’s will.” At the same time, she stated flatly, when asked if she’d take up the career she had abandoned, “I gave that up.”

At that time, June was surprised and confused by the swarm of reporters and photographers who surrounded her. A TWA ticket clerk had recognized her and tipped off the press. She was registered on the plane as Junie Flynn (her sister Dorothy’s married name) and had planned to slip back home unheralded. “I’m not a celebrity any more,” she protested, and after her happy laughter when she greeted her family, she hinted that she was also afraid she was not wanted in Hollywood when she was asked to pose again and again.

She must have known, even then, that for her the attempt at holy life was ended, and again not by her but with the hope of success. This was strongly hinted by church officials whom newsmen asked to clarify June’s status. One, Archbishop Edward J. Hunkeler of Kansas City, said, “I have never heard of such leave being granted novitiates.” Another stated, “If she plans to return, she will have to apply through the regular channels. No such action has been initiated.” Another pointed out that, except for a death in the family, no “temporary leave” is ever granted from the Sisters of Charity Convent. And as June’s own mother pointed out, “The fact that June left in street clothing is proof that her training to become a nun is over.”
The reason June gave for her return to secular life was poor health. That was undoubtedly the immediate cause. She suffered severe migraine headaches, and had undergone an exhaustive series of physical tests revealing no alarming metabolic rate. This was another in the chain of sicknesses and accidents that had dogged June ever since she left California. She had, for instance, entered St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica four separate times, for an appendectomy, an ulcer, a sprained ankle and a bedbug abatement operation. It was the Sisters there, incidentally, who inspired June’s own desire to lead a life of service in the Catholic Church. The Girl Next Door took almost two years to film, largely because of June’s illnesses.

But one of the requirements for admittance to St. Mary’s Academy was a certificate of sound health. June had been in what amounted to physical training for her convent life long before she made it. She never looked better than she did in The Girl Next Door. At the convent and back in Hollywood; all novices do. But even though her chores were in the kitchen and the laundry, they were not back breaking. June described them, incidentally, as a chance to drag all of the time.” But even as she said that, reporters who quoted her were unanimous that despite her plain brown suit, cropped, untidy hair and about make-up, she was more physically than when she left. She was heavier, had better color and, even under the tension of that meeting, seemed to be in good spirits.

This is not to cast any doubt on June Haver’s reasons for abandoning the personal crusade which she had entered with such high expectations. It is but to point out that poor health is not the only reason June Haver missed her goal. Other more complex factors evidently helped destroy June’s hopes.

It was not disillusionment on June Haver’s part. “I found the religious life everything I hoped it would be,” were among her words at the final decision. At the convent and back in Hollywood. “It was beautiful. I was very happy and all the other nuns were wonderful to me.” But there is evidence that the emotional and mental adjustments to her religious life were not entirely successful. “Dragging all the time,” is a complaint familiar to psychiatrists.

I remember talking to a close friend of June’s when she was in the midst of her startling decision. This man is active and experienced in the work of the Catholic Church. He had acted often as a go-between, when June first talked of entering the convent. I have no understanding of how many people worry about her sincerity or faith. But you must remember that a girl who enters a convent must change completely, not only in the way one understands. The religious life is a different way of life.

Archbishop Hunkeler said, “I think the real reason, in fairness to June, was that it wasn’t the life for her . . .” Another high Catholic official said, “I was not surprised she returned. She’s a convert and it is difficult to adjust in any way to the Catholic life, especially if the individual is not healthy.”

June joined the Catholic Church in Hollywood when she was sixteen and already in pictures. According to her mother, June herself soon sensed this insurmountable psychological barrier at the convent. “I believe,” she has said, “that June was right and that she had made a mistake. All her life she has been devoted to her family—a real home girl. You can see how homesick this woman is. She seemed to have come just to the secluded religious life . . .” June’s mother was the most broken up member of the family when her daughter left.

Whatever the reasons why June Haver abandoned her quest after seven and a half months of staying seven and a half years to take her final vows, there was no disgrace or even embarrassment reflects or should reflect from her action. June certainly doesn’t feel that it should. Sensible here or in her present decision. “Many people seek to do God’s will as they understand it,” she has said. “That is all I did. I don’t think I failed.” Nor does anyone else who knows the facts.

June was merely what her rank in the religious order was termed—a novice. She was an apprentice on trial. She had achieved the lowly position, an archbishop seeing that it was the kind from which she defected in returning to Hollywood. Mother Mary Ancilla, Superior of St. Mary’s Academy, stated June’s position very clearly: “All young women who come here on trial until the time when they take their final vows, are privileged to change their minds from day to day . . .” The Kansas Archbishop cleared her even more officially, “June left in a candid and proper manner,” he stated. “She leaves with the good will of everyone.”

Danny Kaye at Palace opening was cute when he said, “I tell you a little secret. There is nobody in the world who can entertain better than me.”

For years in Hollywood before she tried to become a nun June devoted far more of her time, talents and energies to religious and charitable endeavors than she did to her career. Her date book was chronically filled weeks ahead—not with pleasure appointments—but dates for church benefits, hospital visits, appearances to raise charity or the like. She was always ready to help. Whether the requests came from an obscure padre with a tiny church that needed help, the football team at Loyola University, whose mascot she was, the University of California, which she sponsored, St. John’s Hospital, the Stella Maris Girls’ Home, or just a friend who needed comfort—I never heard her say “No.” She can spare an hour a day, if and when she gets back in harness. Actually, she was more valuable to her church and in a position to do greater good as a nun than she was as a heathen. June Haver has been blessed with great talent since the days when she used to sing, dance and spread sunshine around Rock Island.

There are practical reasons, too, why June must do what she can do best. She is not wealthy; she must make her living. In fact, when June entered her novitiate she signed, along with the vows of chastity and obedience, the vow of poverty. Before she entered the convent, however, June had throughout the years worked and saved. Never did she need much money for herself and there is no reason to believe that she will now. But there are others she loves for whom she would like to do things.

What else could she do to support herself? Well, it is possible that she could earn a living with interior decoration. June took it up as a hobby several years ago, decorating apartment buildings and homes, but always as a dilettante. For a while, she thought of studying for a teacher’s certificate at the University of Tennessee, so that she would have to start as a college freshman.

It might be folly for June to attempt a new vocation—after her hard-won, established success as a movie star. But it is hard to change your stripes. It is conceivable, of course, that by some special concession church officials would give her a new religious name and a physical strength, and a clear mandate from her spirit and conscience, June could try again the path she traveled so briefly.

What influence has June’s unset- tled success in Hollywood? I asked a prominent agent that question, also a producer. They agreed. June Haver could go to the opera and play “Miss Perfect.” “After all,” said the agent, “there’s been no time break worth mentioning in June’s career. Her last picture is still playing. For months after she left for Kansas her face was in the paper. Seven months is only a tick of the clock, careerwise. A lot of stars take that much time for vacations and nobody knows the reason. Hollywood is the only client. I could sell her tomorrow and she’d be worth as much as ever—maybe more.”

The producer said, “Of course, right now the only thing is to find one who puts June Haver into a picture quickly—if he could—would risk being accused of trying to capitalize on the publicity. June’s comeback role would have to be selected carefully. Not necessarily a religious role but certainly a wholesome part. June, of course, knows that—that’s why she didn’t say anything right now—and maybe not for quite some time. But if and when she comes back, she is sure to succeed.”

You can be sure that by now June herself has cast everything from all points of view. Probably she has made her decision, already, or at least, is close to reaching it. In time she will tell it and time will tell if she keeps her secret. She’s just a friend about them to herself. But sooner or later she will have to act.

There are many gifts to offer if they come from the heart, and those that do are particularly blessed. Although the special capacities for Catholic sisterhood seem to be beyond June Haver’s present powers, she still has such an offering to make in her young life. There is no reason why she cannot make it right here in Hollywood.
solid as a rock

(Continued from page 25) one of its best-liked stars.

In a way, the transition is a product of the studio's manufacturing program, but it never should have happened if Rock were not the man he is. About one out of every thirty players who are signed are able to make the grade. The studio gamblers on-rate, even, that young Rock of the unknown Declaration to the limit of its wealth and power, but in the long run it is up to the player himself. In Rock Hudson, U-I had a diamond in the rough.

It was told to stand straight and once he had improved his posture, his appearance was perfect. But this was the easy part. The rest is an endurance contest, and Rock had the stamina of a Hercules. He worked every day for two years with the dramatic coach, the late Sophie Rosenberg who kept assuring worried producers that the boy did have talent, but needed work to bring it out. Rock studied diction and drama, doing pantomime and improvisation. Everybody else under contract did the same thing, but Rock went at it harder, perhaps realizing that he had to. He exposed a seriousness and an ambition that nobody was sure he had. He learned fencing, Furbury, riding, sailing, card tricks, football and "gun work." For his role as a boxer in The Iron Man he trained three months in exactly the same way a professional fighter trains. He submitted to having his chest shaved for Indian roles and to wearing his hair long for frontier parts. He seemed tireless, and he was willing. In 1951 he worked five months without a day off and never once complained, "I asked for work when I signed up," he said. "And I got it."

They put him in one picture after another, and his appearance was sandwiched between. A shy young man, he found meeting the public a torturous ordeal, but he persevered and followed instructions. He made friends. He began to acquire poise.

A MERICAN's teen-agers discovered him and flooded him with adulation. He took the treatment up and without thinking his head. One adolescent wrote him of her bitter loneliness without him, and added, "My dear, darling Rock, I shall die if you don't marry me."

To a sensitive and impressionable young man like Rock gets lots of letters like this, he does well to be able to accept the fact with bewildered amaze, yet continue to wear the same size hat.

He viewed his public chores with a similarly sane attitude. He answered the same questions a hundred times over with remarkable coolness and patience, and when asked to pose for beefcake pictures, grumbled only to his co-workers. He knew that such shenanigans were necessary to his personal career, but at times would, in part, repay the studio for its tremendous investment in him. He has been acutely embarrassed every time he has been asked to remove his shirt for a photographer, yet he has done it with a minimum of complaint. With interviewers, he shows irresistible charm. When asked about women or give advice on the problems of life, he has flinched as politely as possible, declared his lack of authority on the subject, and has done his level best to stem it into oblivion.

That Rock had been a solid bet is more and more obvious each day. As for his health, he has cooperated beyond the line of duty. His popularity had been a worry for several years. During his training period there had been no time for an occupation, and now came a string of pictures, one after the other. The appendix didn't bother him much of the time, but as Rock said, "Every time I go down in an elevator, my appendix goes up." His doctor warned him that it should come out immediately, but the schedule planned for him by the studio allowed no time. While on location for Gun Fury in a fairly wild spot of Arizona, he had another attack. It was bad enough to make him pause and consider. His next picture was to be Taza, Son Of Cochise, and five weeks of the shooting were to be spent near Moab, Utah, a desolate stretch of country with the nearest settlement more than two hours from the location site. Rock finally submitted to the operation and soon after he was gapping over the plains of Utah.

Home from Moab, he was rushed into rehearsals, fittings and tests for his role in Magnificent Obsession. During his two days off in the midst of the chaos, he went to Laguna Beach and was dashed into the hard sand by a wave. That broke his collarbone. Proper treatment would have included traction or an operation, but Magnificent Obsession was set to roll, and

february's exciting issue
of modern screen

takes you through the closed
doors of the john wayne

divorce—for the truth

behind the mudslinging!

At your newsstand

January 8

Rock Hudson isn't one to hold up production. He went to work with an improperly set collarbone and a good sized bump on his shoulder.

By now, executives knew that Rock was serious about his career and anxious to make a success of it. This, in addition to good looks, was good news. They had yet to find out about his acting ability.

The films to which he had been assigned had not given him much opportunity for acting. They had been blood and thunder concoctions, not depending on dialogue for their success, and Rock's lines had required little in the way of talent. And so, when the first rushes of Magnificent Obsession came through, the studio brass hurried to see them. They were more than surprised at the results. Rock showed up, in his first difficult dramatic role, as a seasoned actor. In previous pictures his love scenes had left a lot to be desired. He had made love like a truck driver or, as he put it, "I just go in and mash the make-up." Now he was different, different in many ways. It was almost as though they were watching a stranger up there on the screen. His delineation was sensitive, beautifully timed, his heavier scenes were professionally underplayed. The brass whooped with joy. Their gamble had paid off.

Rock had the looks, the ambition and the talent. They couldn't want more. But they got more. They found that Mr. Hudson, who had slipped through his formal schooling with the least interest in studies, reads incessantly. Their new star is a student in many fields. It is hard to draw him out, but when pressed Rock will admit to being interested in the ancient philosophers. This is the only flunked history in school. It just goes to show that you never can tell about boys who don't study when they're told.

More important, his book learning was his level head. A sought-after bachelor in Hollywood, he had kept out of trouble—a neat trick in the tinsel town. He knows he's wanted. But he must establish his career first. He's so serious about marriage that he is marking time. He doesn't want to make a mistake. People who don't know him well have surmised that he's single because of studio pressure. Bachelor stars are considered more valuable than married stars. The assumption is unlikely, because, while Rock cooperates in other respects, he is considered to be a career man and is not a man to brook interference in his private life. When he decides to marry, it is a good bet he will marry despite any objections anybody might have. It turned out that all in all, the ex-laundryman third class had brains. And he had something else—something perhaps more important than brains, but hard to put together. He had appeal. He made friends both on and off screen, because he is a likable guy.

His generosity covers the both the concrete and the abstract. He not only reaches for the check, but likes to take others to lunch. When he goes on location he invites friends to live in his hotel while he's away. "I'm home," he says. "And bring the dogs," he says. Thoughtful and considerate, if he likes you, everything he has is yours. He is one of those rare people who say, "Why aren't you?" and really wants to know. He listens to others' confidences and troubles and plain conversation—really listens. Rock is everything's listener, as a matter of fact, that it contributed to the twenty-eight for shyness. It isn't that. Rock listens and learns instead of talking to make an impression.

These things make other men like him and for a studio it is a happy thing to have on its roster a man's man. Even more important, from a career standpoint, is his appeal for the ladies. In this respect Rock has exceeded expectations.

Why does he have sex appeal? For a woman who is insecure and likes dominant, large man, Rock fills the bill. He weighs more than 200 pounds, towers six feet, four inches, and gives the impression of suppressed energy. He is tall enough to have a distinctive walk, and in work overtime, would find Rock's boyish charm all she could wish for. He appeals to both types because he has great pride in the same time, considerable humility.

He is innately kind. He loves kids and animals and is soft-hearted. He frets about people's illnesses. He lives outside of himself, and except for worrying about his work, he seldom thinks about himself.
He is impressed by those he admires. When he met Jeanette MacDonald for the first time, he recalled how he had adored her on the screen. He impulsively bowed and kissed her hand.

He has been serious only in unguarded moments, seemingly hiding the fact that he can be serious, and for a long time nobody suspected he was more than a big lovable clown. He was so much fun on a date—"so crazy you never knew what he was going to do"—that girls got happy about seeing him hours before he showed up at the front door.

Not only extremely handsome, he is elusive, intentionally or otherwise. He has dated many girls in Hollywood but few have felt they really know him, and the tall, dark and mysterious man has always been a magnet to women. He is forever on the move and hard to find. In five years he has lived in nine houses and is currently looking for another. The result is that his phone number is constantly changing, and even if a girl wants to sink her pride and phone him, the number she has is usually outmoded. More often than not, he is on location. In the past few years he has made pictures in France, in Portland, the Channel Islands, Tucson, Arrowhead and Gallup. If he is in town and working, he's likely to be playing football in the Rose Bowl or a love scene in the zoo. He leads a typical bachelor life in that he spends his days impulsively when not working. A man like this is hard to pin down.

And to add to his appeal, there is always competition. Even during his sojourn at the hospital, Rock gained new fans. According to reports, a good part of the nursing staff was smitten in one degree or another, and when Rock asked for a private room (so that he could study surgery for his doctor's role in *Magnificent Obsession*), the staff split into two factions. Half the nurses arranged a private room for him and the other half managed to keep him where he was, under their own loving care. The fact that this attention from women of all ages (they write they would like him for a husband, brother, lover, son, and even grandson) doesn't affect Rock's opinion of himself, makes him an even better catch. And all the more exasperating to those who would like to become Mrs. Hudson.

In the past six months Rock has settled noticeably. He is not as gay as he was. He has traded in his fire engine red convertible for a more conservative yellow one. His role in *Magnificent Obsession* has at last allowed him a normal haircut, and the new Rock emerges as a well groomed, mature man with considerably more dignity than anyone suspected. He is looking for a house again, but this time he is searching for a house to buy, rather than rent. For the first time in his life Rock is living alone, and hating it. All signs point to the fact that Rock has grown up and wants to settle into a routine home life. With each passing week, he seems ripper for matrimony. He hasn't announced any intentions, and no one knows who the girl will be, perhaps not even Rock himself, but those who know him can see marriage in the offing.

Rock's career seems to be as solid as his name. "This picture will establish him as a star in his own right," says a man who has carefully watched the rushes of *Magnificent Obsession*. "He's no flash in the pan, and deserves only the best roles from now on." The studio can well claim that they found him and trained him, but it is Rock himself who has assured them a fat dividend on their investment. As the local wags say, he is the best built actor in Hollywood.

9 OUT OF 10 LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER

**SWEETHEART SOAP**

"Its More Luxuriant Lather

Keeps Me Fresh All Day"

"Beauty is my business," says Hope Lange, "and SweetHeart is my beauty soap. SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather, so wonderfully fragrant, keeps me fresh all day. Best of all, SweetHeart Care helps prevent chapping...keeps my skin soft and smooth as a flower petal."

Try pure, mild SweetHeart for your skin! In just 7 days, see how much softer and smoother your complexion looks.
the man for mitzi

(Continued from page 38) that inspired the first and assured the second, is stronger than ever.

Mitzi and Jack Bean will be married. It will be a church wedding. It will take place soon. The couple will make their home in Hollywood. They expect to live there happily ever after. All these things Mitzi has been heard to say; all these things she is looking forward to.

Mitzi isn't wearing a ring yet (or wasn't up to a few weeks ago) but that isn't of any concern to her.

JACK, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, where he majored in psychology, majoring in psychology, and he has been making the varsity football team. He is with an advertising agency in Hollywood. Six years ago, he was employed as a psychologist in a Brentwood hospital. Then he got interested in the advertising business and then found a niche where a knowledge of psychology can be usefully applied. While he has no desire to become a professional psychologist, he is a talented pianist. When Mitzi wants to go over a song she doesn't have to send for an accompanist. He's right there—probably holding a hand, too.

Mitzi's musical taste has always run to the classical but since she has been with Jack there has been a strong strain of jazz. There is an end of big band who needs only to listen to a jazz or Dixieland group to tell you who is playing the piano or strumming the guitar strings. He has no aversion to classical music but more likely than not when they go out for a musical evening they will wind up in a place like the Lighthouse on the beach where the "blue notes" rule.

Jack proved to be provocative from the first moment Mitzi met him on the evening of February 9 of last year. He was the "mother fellow" on a foursome date, brought in for Mitzi's friend by Mitzi's date. But the friend phoned that she was sick and Mitzi went out with both boys. Someone other than the girl she was with.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"I'm in show business," was Mitzi's answer.

Jack let it go at that, the first man she had ever met who didn't press for details, so that they remained sort of bottled up for the rest of the evening. He seemed content with the fact that he had been with a girl and that they got along nicely. And for Mitzi, too, after a while, just being a girl and not being a celebrity along with it, was strangely new and pleasant.

They went to the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador hotel that first night. Since Mitzi's official date was an agent who had a client in town, he spent a lot of time away from the table on business and Mitzi and Jack were left together. The romance went high from that moment.

There are a number of incidents and stories revealing how important Jack has become to Mitzi—in fact, there are facts and figures that show it. Down in the wardrobe department at 20th Century-Fox Studios, where they keep dummies in the form of every star there, have been some changes made in Miss Mitzi's figure costume. In the wardrobe dummy used to measure thirty-five inches around the bust, twenty-three at the waist and thirty-six and a half inches at the hips. Those measurements are thirty-six, twenty-one and thirty-five. The reasons for this looking can be traced to several conversations Mitzi had with Jack.

On a evening magazine and Jack pointed out a gown he liked. He said he thought he'd like to see Mitzi in it.

"Don't you think I'm a little too round for it?" she wanted to know, and leaned back, waiting to hear him protest that this wasn't the case at all. But when he answered she was surprised. Jack's roundness for that?

"Well, you don't have to be," is what he said.

"Oh," came from Mitzi, in a small voice.

"And the subject of bathing suits came up when they were looking at another magazine and he told her the kind he thought she should wear. She tried the same answer andMitzi's straiteniound for that?

"Well, yeah," he said.

Fare out, and fade in on Mitzi doing a lot of thinking. And she has put the regulations that have come out of her thinking to work. As a result, the wardrobe people have to do some modifying of her dummy so that the gowns selected for Miss Mitzi would fit. Mitzi intends to set nicely into any sort of gown or swim suit Jack fancies for her.

When Mitzi recently went to Durango, Colorado, for her for her newest picture, Three Young Texans, an assignment that was to last two weeks, Jack gave her to understand that he was going to miss her. Mitzi twice wrote her a very nice letter for forty-eight nights he phoned her and talked forty-five minutes at each session. Cost (even if she did reverse the charges) was $15 a night at the rate of a dollar for each conversation.

There was a moment in the filming of Three Young Texans when Mitzi thought it would be the last picture she would ever make. She had never been the sort to take a real riding before, and her role called for a bit of horsemanship. She had to take lessons, and along with her, as pupils, rode her oldest two co-stars, Mitzi and Hunter. They, too, were new to western stuff.

In one scene the script called for Mitzi to kick at the sheriff and gallop away. Mitzi kicked—and found herself under the horse's hooves.

"What did you do?" asked Jack, hanging on the line in Hollywood when she reported this.

"Nothing," Mitzi told him. "The horse blew his lips at me and danced away as dainty.

MITZI, it seems, never forget to agree.

Readers of Modern Screen will remember perhaps, that not long ago Mitzi wrote a column in which she talked about you new boy friends. Somehow, Mitzi isn't following her own counsel in her relationship to Jack. She said that a girl should be very independent and never call up the boy. But when there's been a spat about anything, Mitzi reflects later that she might have been wrong, to the phone she goes, to call up Jack.

Mitzi meant what she wrote in Modern Screen, as she puts it, "New conditions call for new customs always held that the best way for a girl to introduce her beau to her friends is to have them all meet him at a party or a place. She is the only one to introduce Jack Bean has yet to be thrown. She has been with Jack so steadily, and has made known her thoughts that "introduce" him now would be anti-climactic.

She also wrote in her column that she would have a few things to say about the way she dressed. "My figure," she repeated, "could be improved. Jack, who runs to the Brooks Brothers type of clothes, quiet, restrained, and who says his hair is getting gray, where he is to arrive more than three quarters of an inch long, must look perfect to Mitzi. She admits that there are only approving glances from her. It's the only way is it when you're in love. Maybe that's why Mitzi didn't root for the University of Southern California at the Minnesota game last fall. Jack took her to see the game; he yelled for his alma mater and so did Mitzi—all the way. It didn't keep Minnesota from being beaten but it made Jack feel better.

JACK had a chance to root for Mitzi when she had her appendix removed some months ago. Friends of Mitzi's at 20th Century-Fox there at the hospital there were so many flowers in the room the only place to sit was on the floor—and there Jack was, every day. He kept her spirits before and after the operation, he took her home from the hospital, and he was in attendance all through her convalescence. "What an operation!" Mitzi sighs fondly as she talks about this. "You are trained for something that Mitzi has come to depend on. Like all performers, she is nervous about an impending personal appearance. When the operation, he took her home from the Hollywood Bowl rolled around last summer. Jack seemed to step right in between her butterflies and herself. They never got to have her new his heart of psychology he seems to know just what to say and do— and when.

He has given Mitzi a new attitude toward marriage. When she is with others, she will explain about being terribly tired after a strenuous dance rehearsal he withheld his sympathy. "Dancing is your business," he told her. "You're trained for something. You should know your capabilities in terms of time you spend in each session and the effort you put it into. Guide yourself accordingly and don't overdo."

This makes sense to Mitzi. She knows she will last longer and do better with such a formula than if she continues to throw herself into her dance until completely exhausted.

Mitzi and Jack are close enough to marriage to have discussed the bad influence Hollywood has on marital happiness. Jack is not affected. "A place is what you make it," he has told her. "Hollywood has been good to both of us.

The way Mitzi feels about it is that what's okay with Jack is okay with her. She just wants to be with him, she says, from one week to the other. She talks to other people she talks about him. When she is alone she thinks about him. She even likes to drive his car instead of her other best one. With his, she says, short-cuts, girls just like Jack.

"Everything about it is like him," she says. "It starts, stops, turns, decisively, as if he knows just what it's doing. Just like Jack. It's the next best thing to actually being at his side!"

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page, the photographs which appear in this issue:

6, 7, 8, 10, 13—Parry, Beerman; 19—Modern Screen staff; 20—MGM; 22, 23—Modern Screen staff; 24—Beerman; 25, 26—20th Century-Fox, Modern Screen staff; 28, 29—Beerman, Parry; 30, 31—Beerman; 33—Modern Screen staff; 34, 35, 36—Beerman, Parry; 37, 38—Parry, 40—Modern Screen staff; 41, 42—Modern Screen staff; 43—420th Century-Fox, Parry; 44, 45—Beerman, Parry; 46—Beerman, Parry.
antiques on a budget

(Continued from page 36) Table is still crude, design-wise, but it's perfect for the Brassel's informal room. Sturdy and practical, it holds a raft of magazines, ashtrays and briar-a-brac, and guests put their feet on it all the time without Norma's ever turning a hair.

Although the Brassel's can now afford to pay for genuine antiques (like their cherry-colored secretary and beautiful mantel clock) most of their Early American furniture was collected in the same way Keefe acquired the coffee table. The furniture was bought secondhand and renovated.

Keefe and Normie would poke around antique shops, secondhand stores, and junk yards until they found a good but dilapidated piece of furniture. Keefe would size up the state of collapse. If he felt it was capably repairable, he'd go up to the dealer and say "You want two bucks for that worthless, rotten, old rocker over there?"

More times than not, the dealers would say yes. Most of the early furniture repair work was done with borrowed tools in a friend's workshop. Finally, Keefe picked up a set of power tools, secondhand, of course, and set up a workroom in his two-car garage.

Two years after moving into their own six-room house, the Brassel's can truthfully boast that not a single one of their antiques is a reproduction. Among antique collectors this is considered a rather hefty claim. The Brassel's regard it as a major accomplishment.

Back in 1946 when they left Elyria, Ohio, to catch Hollywood, they were a young married couple, struggling to get along. Keefe was an ex-G.I., and they had an infant daughter, Erin, whom everyone calls Mickey, and their only stake was Keefe's Army severance pay and a few hand-me-downs from Norma's family such as a patchwork quilt, a brass teakettle, and some little old kerosene lamps which Norma's mother had used as a child to light her way to bed. Their car was also an antique and they had a budget.

This budget changed every day. By the time they reached Hollywood, the Brassel's discovered that their budget had reached the disappearing stage. Impressed with the need for getting work, Keefe hurriedly installed his wife and baby in the only kind of home he could manage at the time. "We used to say in letters home," Norma recalls, "that we were living out of the high-rent district. This is the same pitch we hear nowadays by used-car salesmen on the radio. Actually, we lived in a one-room apartment on North Hoover Street. The rent was $35.50 a month."

While trying to land a movie role, Keefe ranged from job to job, from Christmas card salesman to bartender. Nights, he auditioned for radio roles. Lunch times, he hounded the casting offices. He managed to get one small part in a film called River Gang with Gloria Jean, nothing afterwards for a long time, and then a lucky break. Ida Lupino cast him in her independent production, Not Wanted, and paid him $3,000 for his work.

"Most actors," Norma says, "would have taken that good luck as an omen. The tendency is to tell yourself that prosperity has arrived, and the temptation to buy all the things you've stinted on is almost overpowering."

"The show business tradition," Keefe points out, "is to live up to your biggest salary. And I must admit Normie and I were tempted to do something extravagant. We'd been poor so long that we deserved..."
to have things a little easier. Before we splurged, however, we sat down and talked things over. We both agreed that what we were working for and working toward, was a home of our own. We wanted a house large enough so Mickey might have a room of her own, and we wanted the house to be small and compact so that Norma could take care of it alone. And we wanted it outright so that no matter how our luck changed, a bank or a mortgage company couldn't foreclose.

They talked the subject out from every angle, Normie, who's particularly clear-sighted about this sort of thing, pointed out that they would afford a larger apartment with a "better address" but the accompany rent would only postpone the day when they'd have enough money for the down payment. She figured there was no avenue for disagreement. They both chose to stay in the one-room apartment with Murphy bed on North Hoover.

They lived there for a year and a half even after Keefe, with fair regularity, began to get some good motion picture parts.

But they did buy a new car, an Oldsmobile convertible.

**During those lean years, the Brasselles used to look for inexpensive ways to have fun and was the Olds turned into a compact car shopping and buy nothing that cost more than twenty-five cents. They bought fruit dishes and odd bottles.**

When they got their Oldsmobile, they began visiting the model homes that operated builders construct, furnish, and open to the buying public around Los Angeles. It was fun day-dreaming in a gloriously furnished bedroom or trying out the latest kitchen appliances. "We visited every open house," Keefe says, "from Pasadena to Malibu."

On one particularly lovely Sunday they tossed Mickey in the back seat and began the twisting, turning drive through Laurel Canyon to the San Fernando Valley. They told Mickey to keep a sharp lookout for the advertising signs that real estate men put out to attract customers. Halfway through Laurel Canyon they spotted the offices of a builder and land developer named William Mellenthin. On an impulse Keefe stopped the car, rang the bell, and asked if any new houses were available for inspection. Mr. Mellenthin himself happened to be working behind the desk and offered to drive the whole Brasselle family to a couple of new homes.

Keefe and Normie liked what they saw—the modified farmhouse style of architecture, the careful detailing, the outsized picture windows. In fact, they liked everything but the price—$40,000.

"We think your homes are great," Keefe said. "But honestly, we can't afford them. What are you looking for is a two-bedroom house in a good middle income neighborhood."

"Tell you what," Mr. Mellenthin suggested. "Why don't you look at my model home in the Valley?"

The smaller Mellenthin house located in a beautiful walnut grove the company had subdivided, was priced at $20,000.

"We walked through the model," Norma says, "and we knew our free game of just looking at homes was over. We were sold. The house was the size we needed. It was near a school, a shopping district, and a church, and the neighborhood had children and kids in school. We were so happy. It was completely sold on the model that we picked it out a lot that very afternoon and asked Mr. Mellenthin to duplicate his model for us."

The Brasselle house features many of the good floor-plan details adopted from the larger Mellenthin homes. For example, the central corridor and the breakfast area. They beave at one end runs across the front of the house. This one large living area makes the small house seem more spacious than it really is. The two corner bedrooms are square rooms equipped with built-in closet space. A restful, pine-paneled den with its own fireplace is built at the back of the house leading on to the patio. The practical kitchen is sensibly placed between the dining area and the patio for outdoor eating.

**While the house was under construction, Keefe and Norma worked hard at getting their furnishings.** Norma began to take lessons in rug-dying and purchased a braided wool rug for the den. Eventually, she hopes to compete two more for the bedrooms.

Keefe located practical pieces like two ancient dough basins on which he put legs so that they could be used as lamp tables. He also found two authentic farmhouse-type dry sinks. He scraped the larger one clean till it blushed pink. He used the smaller as a powder box. He refinished it as a buffet for the dining room. He outfitted the smaller one with a turntable, transforming it into a cabinet for the record player.

He made the plate rack in the kitchen and wooden curtain valances over all the windows. He also worked out an ingenious way to show how the movies were made. On the movie screen behind the valance above the dining room bay window. Then he cut a small projection window in an ordinary sliding door that leads to the bedrooms. By placing his projector in the hall and projecting his movies through the window in the sliding door he achieves the quiet effect of a professional movie theatre.

In the woman's room Norma was equally practical. Wherever she could, she used cotton fabrics—in the curtains, upholstery, and bedspreads. "This makes the upkeep very simple," she explains, "I wash the curtains and spreads at home. When the upholstered pieces get dirty I clean them myself, too. I just take some detergent, a vegetable brush, and cold water. I scrub the soap suds over a small area. As one spot gets clean I blot up the suds with a turkish towel, then move to another area. The whole job is done. You'd be surprised how well it turns out."

A few months after the Brasselles moved into their new home, Keefe got the good bonus of his career. He won the coveted role of Editor in Denver's Screen biography of the famous banjo-eyed comedian.

"Normie and I," he says, "were bursting with pure, unadulterated pride, but about all we could think of doing with the extra money was to budget some for savings and some for wiring and mounting a couple of lamps we've never gotten around to. When you've been poor as long as we have, it takes time to get used to spending money, even a little of it."

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**DO YOU FEEL NEGLECTED?**

Do you love the newspaper page where this picture hasn't appeared in MODERN SCREEN lately? Or are you irrationally in love with an off-screen romance that hasn't been getting enough attention? Well, here's your opportunity to change all that. Just let us know who you want to read about in your magazine by filling in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because (just to make it fair) a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT OF your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

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Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

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What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What 3 MALE star do you like least?

Who is your favorite?

**What MALE star do you like least?**

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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**ADDRESS TO:** POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
the ham got results

(Continued from page 46) with a bum landing gear had plunged into Navy replacement planes loaded with ammo and bombs. It was like tossing a torch into a fireworks factory and seventy-eight planes were destroyed, some 12 B-29s, too. That night Corporal Byron Palmer turned on the heat more fiercely than ever. Of course he forgot those irate resolves about the feminine sex. It's a good thing he did.

Because as things have turned out, it was girls who made Byron Palmer what he is today—one of Hollywood's top romantic ringleaders. Ladies have been beautifully decisive in his past, as they are in his present and obviously will continue to be in his future.

Curiously, even that Tokyo traitor boosted his ambitions by proving he could fascinate an audience with words and music. Later he got his first show business breaks—twenty-four inches tall and thirty-one-inch waist. He landed in Hollywood, there's no getting around it, to set all over the U.S.A. in dashing roles in romantic operettas. Slightly over a year ago, Byron sneaked into a preview at Inglewood, California, where he wasn't supposed to be. There was enough room for a forty-five-inch chest and a thirty-one-inch waist. His build looks like Johnny Weissmuller's twenty years ago. He's gentle, courteous, engaging and he sings easily and beautifully. One mesmerized girl wrote to him rhapsodically: "If you put Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Cary Grant in a film together, I'd buy the tickets to see it without hesitation." Byron finally realized that—would be you, Byron! All this, while reassuring, is a little embarrassing to Byron Palmer. Extravagant words are not his, and he's ashamed to admit he's too old and too mature for grandiose romantic ideas. When you mention the name "Palmer" around Hollywood, people think right away of the leading ten-gallon-gate, the Hollywood Citizenship Grant, Byron Palmer, that publishes the paper. His big brother, Harlan, Junior, is assistant publisher and his younger one, Ralph, is the San Fernando Valley editor. His aunt, Zuma Palmer, runs the radio page.

By tradition, Byron Palmer ought to be interviewing Hollywood stars instead of being interviewed. The Citizen-News doesn't write about him. There's a copy desk rule there: No stories about Byron Palmer—at his own request. He's too touchy about his past and he's afraid of the idea that he could or would use the family rag as a puff sheet. He's independent. A boy who calls Hollywood his home town has to be independent to get anywhere in show business. Nobody knows that better than Byron Palmer, who was born there July 21, 1923, in what was really an earth-shaking event.

He arrived at seven o'clock in the morning and that afternoon the California terra was not so firma. It heaved, quaked and rolled. Lava, sand and wood were dashed out of their stucco palaces in repellant terror. It was the worst shake the place had suffered since Gilda Gray hit town.

Of course Byron Palmer doesn't remember anything about this. All that geological upheaval did was rock the tiny guy to sleep. But they've told him about it since. And they passed on a rather shattering bit of information. He was supposed to be a girl named Doris. The switch to Byron has turned out to be a pretty happy idea. He has something in common with the great Lord Byron—volumes of poetry and a hopeless, broken heart. He's romantic and dramatic, too, and he has even scribbled some poetry, although the less said about that the better. By is a brunette with blue-black hair, inky whiskers, tan skin and flashing teeth.

Byron Hunkins Palmer, as the Presbyterian minister christened him, couldn't have landed in more important, respectable and secure setup if he had been born in Minnesota, where his parents came from, instead of Hollywood. His father was a judge before he entered newspaper publishing. Everyone in the whole Palmer clan (eighty-five of them showed up at a recent Fourth of July gathering) were and still are super conservative. The only one in the family who had ever dallied in the arts was his mother, Ethelyn Hunkins, who once studied operatic singing for an hour. "I just all just like middle class people," By sums it up, "all of us, that is, except me. I'm the freak. But I must have been born with this streak of ham. And seeing as how I can imitate any glamour ideas. It was just my home town."

One reason was that while he lived in the heart of Hollywood and used to lose himself over the nearby RKO or Paramount Studios, the family sent him to the University Elementary School way out in Westwood Village. University is a pioneer in progressive education and the Palmers were firm believers in giving all their kids a chance to develop any skills they liked. Although he might have been a professional athlete (kind of a black sheep and a moron) by some of his relatives when he went in for show business instead of the family newspaper, he's managed to complete his lessons or tried to tout him off of whatever he chose to do.

"Fuzz" Palmer (he got that still-clinging family tag from an early butch haircut), first reacted to scholastic freedom by falling desperately in love with his pretty blond older sister. At the same time he fell in love with Hollywood and he remembers scribbling passionate billets doux to her when they were only six. He still has a scar on his right eye, collected when he tried to save her by jumping over five concrete steps, only to crack up on the third. Romance and recklessness were coupled throughout Fuzz Palmer's boyhood.

Once, he slashed his finger half off whitening a doll for a lady fair, and another time, absorbed in making a model boat to sail for another cutie got run over by a two-ton beauty, doing squashed. Doing flips to fascinate a third, he broke his arm.

His ma called him "the middle-sized boy." Byron is two years older, but he was perpetually embroiled in sniping matches when one or the other was muddled in a romance. Neighboring houses wet towels on the clothes line in protest and report that Cain and Abel were at it again in her front yard. The first money he ever earned—three bucks—he socked granilly into a young lady and for another doll, who most ungratefully carried it home without giving him a piece. That ill-spent stake, by the way, Byron could have used. Byron Palmer was not really a good kid. He used to steal, and he used to get caught in Hollywood, but out at Malibu Lake.

The Palmers kept a summer cabin there near the Hunky-Dory—and By's brightest kid memories center around that shack. Malibu is a lovely lake set in the heart of the coast range and yet only thirty-five

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was a copy boy. By the second season he had progressed to cub reporter. Unfortunately, most gems of prose By was assigned to write were in the obituary department, at a job he detested. Once he found himself on an interview with Sonja Henie and actually saw his byline on the scoop. But none of this excited Byron enough to wink out the sting in his job.

As usual, his folks backed him up and sent him to Occidental College, which has a top drama and speech course. Byron lasted almost a year, and a pretty good year it was. He turned these grades, acted in college radio skits, got a part-time job at Station KFAC in Hollywood and made the foreswimming and basketball teams. It all sounded as if something else was crowding his mind and his heart. One of those girls he used to give red roses.

Her name was Joanna Ransom, a tall, striking girl who was the beauty who actually got around The Red Shadow from that operetta—all over the place. "I ran around looking like Flash Gordon for weeks," he recalls fondly. "I was a sensation, I was the new kid in school, I could do anything."

A record of this glory still exists in the Palmer family archives in the form of a home-made film thriller, The Nose Hongs High. Byron was a contributor and the whole family emoted. "Dad was the villain. Oh, the hero, of course," grins By. That's how Byron Palmer's folks staked a claim on any family project. "They always went along with any crazy notions we had," he says gratefully. "They even bought—and what's more, didn't try to control—me once we were squeezed with our dirty mitts and tried to sell, I really can't remember a crack-down in all my life."

With his wheels-off-wheeling homelessness it was only natural that skinny, gangling, handsome Byron Palmer should pack few inhibitions once he put on long pants and got a job. The problem was how to immediately become a big operator in school politics, a leading light in shows and a juvenile Don Juan on the side. There wasn't much on either campus that Byron Palmer wasn't in. When he took the lead or the stage, his successes were there originaly printed the performing bug deep in his noggins. "I was a show-off," he cheerfully admits. "I bought my first suit and tenor saxophone and the whole neighborhood could hear him. One evening, when I was visiting my friend, she decided she couldn't stand the disturbance anymore. And so the young tenor started singing on the back porch, my friend began pounding on the piano as loud as she could. What a good job she did of drowning out the tenor! A little later that evening, the young hopeful came over to the house and inquired about the piano plans. When he was told it was my friend, he replied, "That's the best I've ever heard you play."
The young man's name was Mario Lanza.

By graduation time he knew what he wanted. It wasn't the newspaper business. Like all the Palmers, he had already been exposed to printer's ink just to see if it took. Two summers his dad gave him 58 a job on the Citizen-News. The first time he went there was in every June and stayed until Labor Day while the Judge commuted. Picture companies went out there and shot the old cowboy fare there. And Byron would sit and watch while kids were rounded up and pressed into service, if they were old enough to lift their arms.

While these studio visits were pleasant vacations from his room and his work, he was learning his father's big charges. Those were swimming, riding, fishing and climbing the rocky knobs—with a female audience if possible and Byron always fought that battle that was won. When that started, Byron found himself on the stage. Byron was to see The Desert Song. That did it. Byron asked Santa for a scarlet hood, cape and mask so he could be The Red Shadow from that operetta—all over the place. I ran around looking like Flash Gordon for weeks," he recalls fondly. "I was a sensation, I was the new kid in school, I could do anything."

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Then Byron had a better idea than sitting up all night telling people the time. He signed up with the Air Corps, and in no time at all he was on the Arizona desert near Tucson at the Marana Air Base, a barren spot which later moved Red Skelton to observe feelingly, "The Army can find places that God forgot!" The Byron Palmers sweated out fourteen months there until Byron was "transferred immediate- ly" to Los Angeles on account of prepa- ratory to shipment overseas. That's what he got for telling everyone he was a radio announcer.

He learned his stuff at the Armed Forces Radio Service right back in Holly- wood where he started, under Colonel Tom Lewis, who is Mister Loretta Young's days. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Johnny Mercer and about every important Hollywood star who could carry a note, he would appear alongside Command Performance and various G.I. transcription shows, but Byron had little contact with them. He was in the latter half of the show and was shipped out ignominiously from Se- attle crammed in the steamy bow of a liberty ship. He came up for air in Hawaii, but before he could buy a grass skirt for Joanna he was whisked off to Eniwetok. Neither sheltering palms nor dusky vohinis with hibiscus in their hair swayed on Byron. Like most G.I.'s he had thoroughly scalped the place when the Marines landed, and only two palm trunks stuck up like drunken telephone poles. As Byron put it, "They didn't say anything in skirts on the whole atoll.

Still, By Palmer looks back on Eniwetok with a special fondness. Not only because it was the closest he ever came to doing—act—and but because he put over his first real man-sized job. Bucking Tokyo Rose wasn't easy. GI's laughed at him in the beginning. But when he later learned that she had a typical American co-ed voice that made pleasant music to girl-starved ears, also a stack of the solid Stateside rear similar to the sounds she used to put their transmitter under one of those crazy palm trunks straight news was all they had to compete with T.R. A morale job needed more than that, Byron reasoned. He added a big silver and put a pat in a piano, a couple of sailors who could sing, and with his own baritone "The Music Mates" went on the air. The clicked. Byron Palmers were in for a golden G. I., Betty Grable. And that's how he started thinking seriously about his post-war plans.

Byron wrote, produced, acted and sang on his WXL program in Eniwetok for eight months, cutting Rosie down to size. The mission broke up when an inspection officer took one look at hiscadaverous figure—shriveled from 189 to 130 pounds —and hustled him back to Hawaii for re-education. The climate, canned rations and winning chorus girls were to much for Lee, Virginia. He was almost through the course when V-J Day came and as By says, "I sure wanted those bars, but I wasn't going to go overboard and ask a lot more." He came out a staff sergeant.

Young men in grey chalk-striped uniforms and a money bag pinback on the back in 1946. And Byron Palmer found himself with a wife to support and a baby on the way. He didn't let go his dreams but he took a chance on a chance and sold a while, that was announcing girlie-girlie shows at Earl Carroll's. Then understudy and bit jobs in operettas like New Moon, The Firefly and Rosalie at the Green Theatre in Los Angeles, playing things like
cadets, soldiers, waiters, and gentlemen of the ensemble. Sometimes he got a chance to sing but not often. All the time through, Byron was polishing his voice with lessons, and it finally paid off.

He hooked on to a touring skate show, "Hollywood On Ice" as a between-the-acts singer and emcee. In the midst of one of his Hollywood pals sent him a wire, collect. "Hurry back—they're casting Magdalena for Broadway. You'll be a pinch," By quit his job that night and hopped home. But that evening's "Hollywood Citizen-News" had news for Byron: The show was already cast and gone to New York! "Sorry," said his pal, "guess I gave you a bum steer."

What keeps a guy gambling for a break however, is exactly the kind of crazy reverse that happened to Byron Palmer next. He hadn't been kicking jobless around Hollywood a week until a new agent he hired took him to see tunesmith Frank Loesser and producer George Abbott, cooking up another musical for Broadway, with Ray Bolger.

He sang his medley from "Oklahoma" that he'd used on the ice show tour and they all said "Fine, fine—we like you very much." Well, Byron had heard that plenty of times before. His blood pressure remained down where it had sunk for the past week. "Just another audition," he told Joann that night and grinned a little wryly, "They said they'd call me." He had no hope that they would.

He didn't know of course that after he'd left, there was a huddle and a quick verdict: "He's our boy." He certainly didn't know that the new agent, who had neglected to get his home address and phone number, was frantically trying to track him down over the weekend without success. It was Monday morning when he connected—and that was no blue Monday for Byron Palmer.

The show was "Where's Charley," which was a hit on the big street for two very good seasons. While Byron Palmer fattened up on $300 a week, brought his wife and daughter to New York and lived like a respectable citizen for a change. Studio nibles arrived but to those Byron Palmer had to say "No!" because his contract was for the run of the show. It's one of the ironies of Byron Palmer's saga that he'd never been on a sound stage in his life until he went to work. And another that—up to this writing—the guy hasn't sung a recorded note for the movies, although singing has been his big pitch ever since the Battle of Tokyo Rose.

After "Where's Charley" finally bowed out, Byron Palmer began the next season or so rocketing around the country in this musical and that—at Dallas' Starlight Operetta, the Pittsburgh Stadium, St. Louis' Municipal Opera, the Greek Theatre again—San Francisco to New York and way stops. He sang for radio and he sang for tv. He tuned up his lungs on "Robert, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", "Showboat", "Girl Crazy", and another Broadway revenge, "Bless You All", which the customers blessed only too short months. When things slowed and he came back to Hollywood, the only job he could find was selling Christmas cards in the family stationery store next to the Citizen-News at $50 a week. It was the old roller coaster routine—up and then down—with a sinking sensation at every dip.

Now, a stop-and-go budget is not what most marriage counselors recommend, nor is the kind of hello-and-goodbye life that Byron and Joann Palmer led. By was in the service almost four years and most of his post-war years were spent skipping around wherever the chance of a job led him—and usually by himself. Under those strains his marriage broke up—and mend ed again—three separate times. But it fin-

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― Dale Robertson wants to be a millionaire. Right away.

This ambition is not unusual in Hollywood, but Dale is giving it all he's got.

From the moment Dale persuaded a couple of aunts to stake him to a start in Hollywood, he has had but one thought in mind—money! Now he's paying the loan back, bit by bit, working hard at his career and figuring up schemes on the side for increasing his income. Scuttlebut around Hollywood is that he devotes so much time to these extra-curricular affairs that the Robertson's have little if any social life. And, whenever you hear a hint about rifts in their household, don't figure it's another man or woman. It's just plain work.

In the first place, there's Dale's career. And he'll be the first to tell you he isn't too keen about romance and musicals, even when he gets a co-star like Betty Grable. He prefers to do Westerns.

"I'm in this picture game for the money that's in it," he'll tell anyone who will listen. "Cowboys are the fellows who cash in, but big. Not only do people like Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and Hopalong Cassidy pull down a big box office and a hefty pay check but look at the fortune they reap from by-products."

Practical Dale figures his horses and dogs might as well add their bit to the family bankroll and he's disappointed when he can't ring them in on a picture he's doing. He managed to get his favorite horse into "The Farmer Takes A Wife" but lost out when the animal followed him about like a dog from one end of the set to the other and refused to take orders from anyone else. And the wonderful big German shepherd who Dale's shadow raised such a rumpus during Dale's love scenes with Betty Grable that the dog had to be locked away.

On the extra curricular side, Dale has a tire deal on that should hit the jackpot for him—if it works out! Then there's the waterless hand-cleanser. And there are his horses.

All of these interests take time and thought and investigation. And they take money. Dale isn't a man to gamble away his hard won cash.

To add to his other talents, Dale writes red-hot Westerns for himself to star in. Recently he sold one of his stories to 20th and he hopes to play the leading role.

All of this adds up to what, people ask. Those who know him best suspect that these activities are not only an outlet for his tireless energy but that Dale has a dream.

He wants security for himself and his family. He wants a ranch—a big, big ranch. And he wants both while he's still young.
ally hit the divorce court a year ago last April Fool’s Day.

Byron doesn’t like to talk about that, because there are plenty of stories he’d explain it briefly with, “We were awfully young when we married, we especially. I think Joann tried to mother me too much, but after all, a girl’s a lot of trouble for a boy, so I said, ‘Okay, I’ll try it. Anyway, all the odds were against us.” The ironic part is that just when his home was breaking up, Byron Palmer’s best career chances arrived. Byron worked with Matt Nelson in three days he had three studio offers.

The triple play started when a friend took him to Louis B. Mayer’s house one evening. Byron was a devotee of Mayer and what he heard and promised a test at MGM. The next morning producer Leonard Goldstein asked Byron to Universal to look him over for the important role of the manic comic opera star in a Ma And Pa Kettle picture—and he liked what he saw. The next afternoon Billy Gordon, Fox’s casting director, called Byron into his office, handed him a script, and said, “I know this will be rough—but take this home and make every note on it your own. Come back Monday and George Jessel will see you.”

That, Byron knew, was the big payoff—if he could swing it. Jessel was producing Tonight We Sing, based on the life of impresario Sam Winter, the eccentric operatic star Jan Peerce going through a tricky aria from La Traviata—slightly out of By’s league. The try was for a romantic young concert singer, apart from Peerce’s star. Not entirely the way he’d have liked it—but when it’s strictly from hunger and there’s a new movie career at stake—well, Byron wasn’t proud.

That was on a Friday and the weekend which followed is one to remember for Byron Palmer. He had no place to master the part except his own room apartment. He locked himself in, spun the turntable and cut loose with the platter. He kept it up days and most of the nights Friday, Saturday and Sunday. He recorded it, and pouted on the floors and the ceiling,” grins Byron. “I didn’t stop. They banged on my door and yelled, ‘Turn it off! Turn it off!’ I didn’t know what they meant. Luckily, nobody called the cops. By Monday I could sing that thing backwards.”

He didn’t have to do that. He sang it only for his own needed, By knew he was in. The funniest thing about it all was that Mitch Leisen, the director, exclaimed after Palmer had let loose with the song, “Byron, you can sing, can’t you?” That’s how far Byron Palmer’s vocal fame had penetrated his home town.

By now the folk homes know it a little better. While he was making Tonight We Sing, Leisen sang his praises so loudly to Mocambo’s Charlie Morrison that they can’t help but know that Byron—and Leisen—opened in five days.” The Mo attracts probably the toughest audience in the world. Though he never sang in a night club before, Leisen had packed a room in and lured the place. Variety raved, “This is local-boy—make—good week at Mocambo.” New York’s St. Regis hotel hired him an offer for the Maisonnette Room, but he couldn’t accept with things popping right at home. One was a chance to show he could act with the title role of Mister Roberts, the Ernst Lubinsky venture. He did that so enthusiastically that he husked his nose in the big fight scene one night.

And another comes under the head of pitching in the clutch, which is what Byron Palmer is dedicated to right now. He is doubling his voice lessons and dramatic lessons. At thirty, Byron Palmer figures he can’t coast. He knows he’s getting a late start in pictures—and that even the contract Fox handed him after Tonight We Sing is not career insurance these days. The only one sure of his and his landlord’s like hot grounders. After all, he’s had only that one picture—the Ma and Pa Kettle thing he made first is still unreleased—but at least he’s all right finished and The Girl In The Dark Glasses is on deck.

But nobody who knows Byron Palmer expects any of this to send his handsome head spinning off into space like. All the Palmers’ heads, his is screwed pretty level to his shoulders. While he made Tonight We Sing, By helped pump gas at a service station which he owned with his father, and only recently sold. All last year he hustled over to UCLA nights for a course in accounting and business investment. He is a crack jockey in every important money. He drives a three-year-old Pontiac, has a rack of carefully mothproofed suits that date back, cooks his dinners at home, and figures for the two-room furnished apartment where he presently rests atop Laurel Canyon. “I have learned by necessity,” he’ll tell you, “to be a tight miser.”

He isn’t kidding there. Right now, although he makes a good three-figure salary a week, Byron has to scratch to put away a few dollars a week that a few dollars a week many more shares of the family newspaper. His alimony is heavy and his daughter’s ex

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I D IDN’T SEE IT HAPPEN

I don’t know if it’s because I’m near-sighted or just dense, but I can’t see the casting directors giving elbows with movie stars and not realizing it till hours later. I guess they expected stars like Susan Hayward or Mona Freeman to ride a bus like ordinary mortals.

However, you’d think anyone would recognize Eve Arden getting on the creation in Westway with Warners’ main gate especially when she had to stand in the aisle. I stared fascinated at this girl with the flexible features whose face muscles were never still a minute and didn’t recognize her till I was thumbing through Modern Screen days later.

While dining at the Smoke House across the street from Warners, I peered earnestly around looking for stars and then became more interested in a familiar-looking family at the next table. I had been absorbed in feeding the three well-behaved children. For hours I racked my brain to place them among my neighbors. Then I thought of the name, MacRae, the children, and the back of Gordon’s neck.

Next week I’m getting new glasses.

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by PETER L. PHILP

Burbank, California

Penses are growing. Maybe that’s why he’s been foaming at the mouth and his landlady’s next door recently popped his head in and explained, “Just wanted to know if you still lived here.” He found Byron deeply emo, “I don’t know what you mean. I actually have a book, The Power Of Positive Thinking. A night owl by nature, Palmer often stays up all night with a book or a script. Sometimes his soll roll off in the car in the middle of the night for Santa Barbara or south to Mexico, all alone and just for the ride.

That doesn’t mean he’s a hermit or any kind of a male Garbo. Byron likes all sports—swimming, skating, tennis and golf particularly. He likes to dress up in tails and dance the mambo too. He’s a hot redhead, drinks a lot, and is dedicated to his work and drink. He likes people, parties and fun as much as the next guy. He’s as friendly as a pup, has a hard time saying “no” to anything and has a weakness for a nice new ride. Success has caught up with Byron as a bachelor, but he’s frank in saying he doesn’t like it. Once you’ve been married, you’re never quite sure if that’s what you want again. The first time, “I want to get married again some day,” he admits, “but I’m in no hurry and for heaven’s sake don’t say I have any plans.”

There have been lots of girls lately. Byron’s current date list does include names like Patricia Alford, daughter of the famous harpist J. B. Alford, and Wendy, Merry Anders and Wanda Hendrix. How much is for romance and how much for sweet publicity now that he’s single? Byron is certain that his new romance with a girl when you don’t even know where she lives?

It wouldn’t surprise Byron Palmer’s close friends if he and Joann got back together one day for another try. Under pressure, even he’d admit they just might. That’s happened three times before and there’s a deep feeling there, going back to school sweetheart days. There’s another tugging attraction in the girl who is Byron Palmer’s most regular and adorable date—his daughter Linda.

This dainty blonde, now seven, is a steady item for Wednesday dinner and an all-day Saturday whirl at the amusement parks. As usual, she does not know she is the Palmer charm. Linda can effectively cool off her old man sometimes. By one time to see some rushes of himself in Man In The Striped Suit they had been switched off, Masteress Palmer asked, “When do you come on, Daddy?”

“Sure,” she replied. “You mean that funny looking man with the whiskers?”

Last time I saw Byron, he was itching to introduce his picture and shave off his cloak-and-dagger mustache—to please a lady.

PleASING ladies is always attractive work—and now Byron Palmer has it. By now too, he knows it’s his business—one that he’s made for and one that he likes. He hopes to stay in this business a long, long time. He was born, grew up, and—after a fairly rocky road—came back to make the Palmer name mean something in radio, on stage and on the Warner’s screen. To make sure that situation sticks he’ll knock himself out to please every girl in the world—even Tokyo Rose.

But Byron is only half the work, they always want to do,” By says, “living just where I want to live. I never want to leave Hollywood again. I hope things never change. Because of the kind of work they will—with one exception, of course. That ban they’ve got on Byron Palmer stories down at the Citizen—News will not have to be broken if Byron is not invited to the Winter’s ball, an important sheet like the Citizen has to cover the news. Publisher’s son or not. Byron is making some and he’s sure to make more. Besides, they’ll have to think of their feminine readers.
JEANNE CRAIN may never again make another picture in Africa. What she went through during the filming of *Duel In The Jungle* is more harrowing than the most imaginative adventure fiction. One afternoon, for example, on the banks of the Zambezi River, she stood petrified as Assistant Director Anthony Kelly was overturned in his canoe by the swirling rapids. The powerful current carried Kelly into the opened, ugly, waiting jaws of a dozen crocodiles.

Following this death, Jeanne was on the brink of collapse, but director George Marshall insisted upon the immediate resumption of filming. He wanted no brooding. With husband Paul Brinkman and actor Dana Andrews on hand to lend moral support, Jeanne went on to finish the picture.

Despite the fact that she worked at close range with lions, elephants, and other native beasts in the Krueger National Park, Jeanne, mother of four, showed no fear. "Maybe I didn't show it," she says, "but I certainly felt it.”

LANA TURNER, plagued by the European rumor that she is pregnant, may be back in the States from Amsterdam as you read this. Originally, Lana and Lex hoped to be home for Christmas, but the weather was very bad during the production of *The True And The Brave*, and the picture was held up. Lex's agent, Paul Kohner, has been in Europe trying to set up some deals for Barker, and if these jell, Lana will remain abroad with her husband.

While *The True And The Brave* was in production, Barker and Vic MATURE tried to play golf each day, but the Dutch Resistance leaders insisted that Lana was much too glamorous to be cast as a real secret agent. The film tells the story of the Dutch underground movement. Clark Gable plays the part of a Dutch Army colonel who matches wits against the Nazis. Lana, of course, supplies the love interest.

When asked why the Dutch were objecting to the film, J. K. Douna, one of the heroes of Arnhem, explained that "the first requirement of any underground agent is to be as ordinary-looking and unobtrusive as possible. Do you think," he asks, "that Lana Turner falls into this category?"

FARLEY GRANGER rates as the most eligible bachelor in the Italian film colony. Farley has an excellent musical ear, and now speaks Italian competently enough to help him carry the subtle marriage proposals of Rome's prattiest startlets. He has rented a villa and plans to stay in Europe as long as film work is available. He makes it a policy to go out with no girl more than three times. "I don't want another one of those Shelley Winters buildups," he says good-naturedly.

VIVIEN LEIGH, the beautiful, fragile, international star who suffered a greatly-publicized nervous breakdown six months ago, is now all recovered and back at work. She opened recently at the Manchester Opera House in *The Sleeping Prince*, a play in which she not only sings, but also dances. Doctors attribute her quick recovery to the constant vigilance of her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, who never once left her side in the weeks of need. One physician said, "He made her re-entry into public life his cardinal interest.”

LIZ TAYLOR, back in London with her husband and son, in fact, hard at work with Stewart Granger in *Beau Brummell*, is still busy denying that she suffers from heart trouble.

"I really don't know how these stories got started," she said, "If I have a headache or a stomach ache, right away it's heart trouble. My heart is in fine shape. Everything's in fine shape. The baby had some typhoid shots and cried a bit when we first got over here, but now he's perfect.”

Liz returns to Hollywood when her picture is finished, probably in December or late January.

GENE TIERNEY continues to scoff at all the stories concerning her alleged breakup with Aly Khan. They are very much together in southern France—they play tennis almost daily on the courts of the Carlton Hotel—and Aly gets on extremely well with Gene's mother and her daughter. Rumors notwithstanding, Gene is very well-liked by the Aga Khan and the Begum.

KIRK DOUGLAS grew a long beard for his role in *Ulysses*, and now he lets the girls run their fingers through it. His favorite: Brigitte Bardot.
no trouble at all

(Continued from page 21) "My, but she's a long one," someone said. They held the baby up, and Esther smiled as her third child's infant cries began.

She weighed the baby, measured her, and then sent for the proud father. "You've got a fine daughter," Dr. Bradbury announced. "Seven pounds, fifteen ounces, and half inch long." Big Ben was all smiles. "We're going to name her Susan Tenney Gage," he said. "If I had been a girl," he added, "that's what my folks would have named me."

Presently, they wheeled Susan's mother down the corridor and into her private room. They let Ben stay there for a few minutes; then he shook his head and dropped off to sleep. Originally, it was planned to have mother and daughter room together, but there was a shortage of nurses which made the rooming-in system an impossibility. Susan Tenney was placed in the babies' room.

The birth of Esther Williams' third child was a particularly happy event in view of the birth of her second, Kimball Austin Gage.

Three Octobers ago, Kimmie arrived one month ahead of schedule, and since eight months had elapsed, it didn't, to deliver, had an easy time of it. Her entire pregnancy period with Kimmie had been pretty much of a muddle. She was in hospital all winter, long enough to deliver the Song and just as production got under way, she thought she was pregnant but she wasn't.

She had spent several days in waiting she got back to Los Angeles to make certain. There was then some question as to the arrival date. Finally, Esther was told that her mother's day would be in a few days.

In September, she and Ben bought their Mandeville house, and while no one knows for certain, it's entirely possible that by working late and getting to furnish her new home, Esther inadvertently brought on the premature birth of Kimmie. He was born in October.

Esther's first child, Benjie, was also a little early, so that Susan is really the only Gage child to have been a full-time baby.

Esther and her new daughter stayed in Santa Monica Hospital for a week, and on a Thursday, Papa Ben, proud and grinning, came and took his two girls home.

When little Benjie, four, saw his sister for the first time, he shook his head in dismay, and turning to his mother, said, "Boy, there sure are gonna be an awful lot of kids around this house."

Kimball, who has been sleeping downstairs in the Gage household, but when Esther announced that another child was en route, Ben got busy and had the attic remodeled. He bought two boys' rooms upstairs, and Susan has the nursery on the street level.

"So far," Esther says, "she's been a perfect little doll. Just sleeps and eats. No trouble at all."

"No trouble" are the two words which best describe Esther Williams' family setup. Ever since her marriage to Ben Gage after World War II, the tall, leggy, nearsighted mermaid has known practically nothing but happiness.

Over a year seems to have gotten everything she ever wanted: career, fame, money, security, marriage, and children. "The trouble," she said to Williams' personal staff, "is that she has no trouble. At the ripe old age of thirty-three, this dame has got it made."

"Wholesome" is the word to describe the Williams personality, and it can be followed by athletic, fun-loving, clean-cut, healthy, attractive, antiseptic, bright, cheerful, and sexy.

No one ever calls Esther sultry or intriguing or fascinating or complex. Supposedly, she's the ideal, right-thinking, successful young woman you can find in many American neighborhoods.

She was brought up by parents who loved each other deeply and still do. One of five children, she enjoyed a normal, healthy childhood with no apparent antagonisms or soul-searing complexes.

A friend of hers is of the opinion that "the only secret chamber in her mind involves her first husband, Leonard Kovner."

"He was really her first love," he pointed out, "and he is never discussed in their household. As a matter of fact, Ben gets furious when the subject comes up. I don't know that he is ever going to mention him in an interview. But I'm sure that deep down Esther has never forgotten Leonard."

"She was about nineteen when they were married. Today, of course, he's a successful physician, but then he was in medical school, and Esther was working as a stock clerk at I. Magin's. I don't think he was really suited for the wedding ceremony, but Esther has always been a strong-minded girl. She wanted to get married, so that's what she did."

But Esther and Leon got separated. "I don't know how the marriage began to come apart, maybe because they had no common purpose. I think Esther got the divorce in 1944 after Bathing Beauty," she said in New York.

"But as I say, nobody mentions the first marriage to Esther. I've never heard her refer to it in any way. I'm sure that she has no conscious bitterness but deep down, I'm sure the memory lingers. You can't really forget a man who was your husband for four years. Sometimes you can hear a whisper of it by a pang of guilt or a memory of pain."

"Then again I may be attributing to her introspection which she never really experiences. Anyway, with a brand new baby to look after, she doesn't have too much time for reminiscing."

I overheard a woman describing her beau ideal: "The man I marry must shine in company, be musical, tell jokes and dance, stay home, be up on his novel, beпорт of the present to be cut."

I think she should marry a television set."

TV quiz master

Most of Esther's fans have always coupled her with her present curvy-headed giant of a husband, Ben Gage. One of them wrote to her at the studio: "You and your husband have the motion picture industry. Every time the columnists say you are breaking up, you have a baby. Maybe after you and Ben have had five kids, the gossip will know what your fans already know—that you and Ben are one of the most happily-married couples in Hollywood. Why do the columnists refuse to believe that, anyway?"

Most of the columnists do believe that Esther and Ben are blissfully married, to the end. But they predict that the happiness will not last. In Hollywood's long history there are relatively few successful actresses who have managed to hold on to their less successful husbands. In nearly every case, sooner or later, the husband came to resent his wife's success, her greater earning power, her tremendous fame.

Gossipmongers who predict that Esther Williams will tire of Ben Gage and vice versa after the children begin to grow up, don't seem to realize that Esther and Ben are both intelligent, discerning, and well-adjusted.

By nature, Ben Gage does not happen to be a driving, rabid, ruthless man. He is not particularly ambitious for fame and money. He is, however, a studio employee who had a CBS television show of his own. It was a good show and he made a personable master of ceremonies, but the program just didn't take.

Ben has show business talent. He could have pestered his agent into finding him more work, but as Esther's business deals began to branch out, she began to demand a personal assistant and show coordinator. And what better coordinator than a sensible, conservative, prudent husband. So Ben took over, and he has done extremely well. He took a broken-down restaurant out on Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles, and re-organized it and re-staffed it. Now, the Gage's Trails restaurant is one of the best family eating spots in the city. And it's doing a thriving business.

Ben Gage happens to be a big hulk of a man, like most tall men, he's always been a target for jokes. Ben Gage is the ideal husband for Esther Williams. They are tall and handsome, and in character complement each other.

One of Ben's virtues is that he never has attempted to trade on or take personal advantage of his wife's position.

In 1951, when Esther was negotiating a new contract at MGM (she signed at $2,500 a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for ten years) Ben might very easily have said to Edmond, "We're married now, you know."

"You know, Eddie, Esther and I could work very well as a team. Why don't you hire me as a producer and let me turn out our picture?"

Many a husband has refused to let his wife sign a studio contract or make one picture deal unless he went along with the production.

And husbands of some movie queens insist upon acting as their wives' agents.

Ben Gage has never wallowed in the cash and nepotism. He has never gone to MGM and demanded special treatment, or favors of any sort. He has always gone his own way, a man of independence and self-reliance.

Success of the Gage marriage lies in the mutual dependence of its constituents. Esther and Ben need each other. They rely on him," Esther says, "for his strength and judgment and consideration."

And Ben, in turn, loves Esther because she is capable, competent, decisive, feminine, gracious, and altogether without guile. It is no easy job being a mother, wife, and actress. Ben admires Esther for being able to pull it off.

He doesn't resent her accomplishments. He glories in them. That's something the man of a normal marital gloom don't seem to understand.

It has been said of Esther that she is cocky, aggressive, and stubborn. Her father claims this is true. She learned at once that as she made her bed, so would she lie in it. She had no wealthy or influential

Acutally, the key to Esther's character is her self-reliance. She started working as a salesgirl in Newberry's Five and Dime as a teen. She learned at once that as she made her bed, so would she lie in it. She had no wealthy or influential

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holywood hot rods

(Continued from page 44) fast-moving sports cars, still does, and probably always will. Gwen never did, doesn't, and most likely, won't. It's far more coincidental. Gwen didn't appreciate Donald's spending so many hours out in the backyard with his head stuck under the hood of his car, tinkering with the carburetor and the framing with the carburetor. Nor was Gwen well entertained during the many evenings when the conversation would turn to “twin-pots,” “valve-in-head” engines and other studio lore. And which is usually the route the conversation takes when Donald meets someone else who owns a whippie little piece of sports machinery. Hence, why, says Donald O'Connor, glittering star of stage, screen, and television, is a hopeless case.

Real gone. Lost.

Nor is Donald alone in this fate. In Hollywood, love affairs have come, within the last few years, to be sometimes a matter of “Love Me, Love My Jaguar.” Romanticism, it seems, should include some serious talk about their preferences in cars in their marriage plans. Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick did just that in the early part of this year, and they decided to start married life with a brand new XK 120 Jaguar. On the other hand, if you will recall, it wasn't too long ago that columnist Frank Sinatra was romancing Berry Gordy, Jr., and he was re-locating in his Jaguar; when he bought it, he put up his motorcycle and he hasn't had a spill since. One by one, the stars are switching; although the Terence-Clift-Movie-with-six-chars is the real thing, it is the Jaguar that is more often than not the center of attention. In fact, one famous man, Charles Boyer, has an XK 120 Jaguar, and he has even been known to drop his director's assistant, Vivien Leigh, off at an airport in his. And it is no wonder that the automobile has become so popular in Hollywood, because it has become more than just a car. It has become a symbol of success and power for many of the stars.

The average Hollywoodite, however, is not so fortunate. Most of the people who own cars are not members of the Hollywood elite. They are just ordinary people who have chosen to purchase a car for transportation. But even for them, the automobile has become an important part of their lives. It is not just a means of getting from place to place; it is a symbol of status and class. And for some, it is a way of expressing their individuality. For example, a young woman who lives in the outskirts of Los Angeles has a car that is painted in the colors of her favorite sports team. It is not just a car; it is a reflection of her personality.

Despite the fact that the automobile has become so popular, there are still those who feel that it is not the right thing for everyone. Some believe that it is too expensive, and others feel that it is too dangerous. But for those who can afford it, and for those who have chosen to make the automobile a part of their lives, it is not just a means of transportation; it is a part of who they are.
car design of Europe, and they started a new fad. It wasn't long before the fad picked up volume and became a trend."

According to Pete, who drives several stylish foreign creations of his own, Hollywood sports car fans could be divided roughly into three categories. "First, there are the serious car addicts. Donald O'Connor, for example. This type of guy is primarily interested in engines and their smooth performance, and he'd rather tinker with his car than eat breakfast," Pete explains. "Then there are the well-to-do stars who like the more expensive European cars with their prestige value, their luxury looks, and their high speed performance. But by far the biggest group of sports car owners are the young players who have been attracted to the less expensive sports cars like the MG, Simca, Singer, and the Morris Minor because they are cheap to run, sharp in appearance, and easy to handle in traffic. This group is growing by the dozens every month."

In fact, Hollywood MG owners are already too numerous to list, but because it delivers, F.O.B. Hollywood, for about $2400, the Mark IV MG is by far the most popular sports car in the movie colony today. George Money is so attached to his little MG that she ships it over to Europe every time she goes. Bob Wagner, the handsome young star of Prince Valiant, used to hot-rod his MG around Hollywood like a dirt-track driver. He gave up sports cars for the duration of his career, after cracking it up in a nearly fatal accident. Alec Nichol, who stars with Shirley Booth in "The Ex-Mrs. Humble," fell in love with his MG in London and had it shipped home. Unfortunately, another sports car fancier got at it while the car was sitting on the dock and drove it off the automobile and other vital parts. Now Alec is in the market for general replacements.

Since sports cars have come to be such a common part of the Hollywood scene, many young players have taken to assembling on pleasant Sunday afternoons for rallies. In sports car jargon, a "rally" means a gathering of enthusiastic drivers who decide to take a brief drive over the hills, considerable snipping around underneath the hoods, and much lying about their cars' performance on the highway. With a group of dyed-in-the-wool car fanatics like Lance Fuller, Tab Hunter and Jeff Hunter, the arguments get pretty heated, except when they are accompanied by the ladies. With a group of humdrum individuals like Larry Nelson, Kathleen Hughes, Barbara Rush and Marcia Henderson, a rally is more likely to turn into a gay little picnic, with dainty sandwiches and cold drinks.

On this particular day, Lance Fuller, the handsome U-I discovery whom you will be seeing in Taza, Son of Cochise, was explaining to Tab Hunter why he had recently sold his American-made car and bought a tiny Morris Minor in its place. "I blew a tire on the freeway doing fifty miles an hour and flipped my car over three times," he told Tab, as they rolled along through the Hollywood hills. "I felt I was lucky to get out alive, and right then, I decided to find a car that would really hug the pavement. This baby is it. It's got a motor like a Swiss watch, gets thirty-five miles to the gallon, and as a conversation trap for pretty girls, it's better than walking the dog."

"Oh, my goodness," said pretty Lori Nelson, who was sitting between the two young men in the Minor.

"What's the matter?" Lance asked, afraid that his frank talk had shocked her.

"I forgot to bring the pickles for the picnics," Lori gasped. Which may give you some idea of how girls usually follow car talk. But perhaps it's just as well.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for

The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Their intimates don't think the marriage of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes will survive many setbacks in her career, so unless Rita starts getting better roles than she got in Salome and Miss Sadie Thompson, it's bye, Dick! A stymied career means no money coming in; no money means rough going . . . Olivia de Havilland, as you know, inherited the sexy role Princess Rita was supposed to play in The Human Beast. So Livvy is now encouraging the same kind of sexy publicity for herself that the Princess—plus Anne Baxter, Jane Powell, Deborah Kerr and other erstwhile goody-goody types—have been "enjoying" of late . . . Everybody in town was saying Shirley Temple was going back into movies and then Shirley confounded the gossips by dating the stock . . . The 1954 Academy Awards are lining up for the big night this coming March. Contenders for the gold-plated Oscars include Frank Sinatra, Monty Clift, Debbie Kerr and Burt Lancaster for From Here To Eternity; Bill Holden, Stalag 17; Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck, Roman Holiday; Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, The Robe; Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Shane, Jane Wyman, So Big; Bing Crosby, Little Boy Lost; and several others still to come. Who do you like for the Oscars?

June Haver's return to acting probably will not be in the lavish type of musical she used to make at 20th-Fox before she entered the convent, but in dramas, which would be the more dignified course for her to take. It's a foregone conclusion that June is back in pictures for good. After all, as her mother points out, "What else can June do but act? She never learned any other trade and, since the life of a nun is not for her, acting is the only thing left!" . . . Jeff Chandler keeps phoning Susan Hayward. It looks serious for these two, who were kids together in Brooklyn.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Odd wasn't it, that Garry Steffen, who saved Boni Buehler's life when the airplane stewardess lost an arm and leg in a speedboat accident on Lake Arrowhead, should be sued by Boni? He had been sending her a rose every day, then (what?) that lawsuit heard by Mario Lanza has lost more friends than anyone I know because of his temper. Latest are Andy and Della Russell, the singers . . . When Leslie Caron took off for six months of making movies abroad without her husband, Geordie Hormel, everyone said this was The End. Could be . . . Jeff Donnell said, when both she and Aldo Ray received their final divorce papers, "Everybody is marrying off Aldo and me—but us!" . . . Friends claim Pat Wymore won't continue to put up with Errol Flynn's shenanigans—such as the piggyback ride with the Paris chorus . . . Susan Hayward's ex, Jess Barker, has a pal who burned all of his copies of a book called Wayward Susan. So there! . . . Everything was going serenely with the Marilyn Erisken-Donald O'Connor amounging until a role in the stage revival of Our Town came along for Marilyn. It was no coincidence that Tab Hunter got a part in the same play. How's that for a new twosome? Marilyn and Tab!

Piper Laurie has been playing Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Mo with four fellows, and this is the order in which they rate with Piper: Carlos Thompson is Eeny, Brad Jackson is Meeny, David Schine is Miny and Leonard Goldstein is Mo. In other words, his gal's career comes before romance . . . More than several femme hearts were broken when Terry Moore showed up at Henry Willson's cellophone-wrapped, candlelit garden gala for Annabell and Jim Radford of Texas—with Rock Hudson! Don't take this one too seriously, however. One date doesn't make a
romance... Van Johnson refused to cover his obvious facial scars with makeup for his role in *The Caine Mutiny*. The studio criticized him but he stuck to his guns and the results are great.

**FUNNIES**

My favorite line of dialogue by Marilyn Monroe in *How To Marry A Millionaire* is: "Men seldom jump hurdles for women who wear girdles."

Errol Flynn signed his bill in the dining room of a Swiss hotel instead of paying cash. The waiter said, "Please add your room number after your signature, sir—there may be more than one Errol Flynn staying in the hotel!"... I saw John Wayne rehearsing for a scene in Jimmy Durante's television show and asked, "Are you between pictures, Duke?" He replied, "Pictures my eye. I've been sued by so many people lately I'm between trials!"

**HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS**

Johnnie Ray has been telling pals he wants to get married again. Meanwhile, the Weeper's ex-wife has been dating Donald O'Connor, whose ex-wife, Gwen, has been bouncing back and forth between Dan Dailey and Liz Taylor's ex, Nicky Hilton. Musical chairs, anyone?... Dorothy Dandridge has been driving Farley Granger's convertible around Hollywood while Farley's been in Rome dating Dawn Addams, among others...

Audrey Hepburn told me, honor bright, that there is absolutely nothing to the gossip that she and Greg Peck are shooting *Roman Holiday* in Rome, despite Greta Peck's unhappy announcement of her separation from Greg. Audrey said that the realistic amounging of herself and Greg in that movie was what tricked the blabbermouths in this gossipy town of Hollywood into thinking it was the real thing...

**SEX APPEAL**

Barbara Stanwyck has been wearing extra short evening gowns so I guess this means she agrees with Christian Dior on the short hem lengths... At Warners', Virginia Mayo's dressmaker is using her dress form as a guide for Virginia's dresses after the baby's arrival... I'm one of those who can remember when Jean Simmons didn't act so "actressy" in public—but wasn't she wonderful in *The Robe*?... Tony Curtis' crew haircut in *All-American* made no hit whatsoever with his fans. They've been bombarding the studio with letters demanding he let it grow long again. But Tony assures us he had to have his hair dyed black and permanent- waved for his role opposite Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar*.

Speaking of La Crawford, she came to the year's most elaborate premiere, *The Robe*, with Nick Scatton—but didn't wait to see the movie because there was a seat mixup and somebody else had her seats. So Joan and Nick left in a huff. I talked to Joan later and she said she went back to see it with her four children the following Saturday matinee... Incidentally, while standing out in the lobby before the movie I heard the announcer proclaim Joan as "the greatest star in Hollywood"...and I was watching several other stars when the announcement came over the loudspeaker. They didn't think too much of it... Bob Mitchum, at the same premiere, said something uncooch to an usherette. She broke into tears, blubbered and said, "That's no way for a gentleman to talk," and fled her post... I also heard Stewart Granger complaining that a columnist had separated him from his wife, Jean Simmons, in print. Then Stew said, "Oh, well, we should worry—at least they spelled our names right!..." Jerry Lewis looked around at the hundreds of fans seated in the bleachers at the Chinese Theatre, got flustered, and blurted to his wife, "I'm very exciting, aren't you, dear?"

**FINANCIAL PAGE**

The old-timers still make the most money in Hollywood: Bette Davis asked $150,000 to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in *Sir Walter Raleigh* and Humphrey Bogart got a flat $200,000 for co-starring with Audrey Hepburn in *Subrina Fair*... Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Crain's husband, who started his career in pictures, has panned his way in Hollywood on a shoestring five years ago, netted $90,000 this year. We've been terribly impressed by Guy Mitchell's quiet determination to fight the $500, de-mands of his estranged wife, Jackie (Miss America) Loughery... Rory Calhoun's salary has just gone up from $1,750 a week to $2,500 a week at 20th... Same studio's Bob Wagner has a new contract too. Bob had been earning $350 a week. Now he gets $1,250 a week for his fifth feature. He gets $2,000 a week for the third and fourth year, $2,500 a week for the fifth and sixth, and $3,000 for the seventh. That ain't hay, hey?... With three movies completed and in the can and a nightclub tour on her agenda, Shelley Winters is feeling her old confident self again, almost as though she were still going with Farley Granger and not married to The Gassman! She also owns ten percent of a foreign-made movie, Paris Express, that's being released in this country by her uncle, Ben Shrift.

**THE REAL LOWDOWN**

Betty Grable is no longer under contract at 20th, which is why that studio's Marilyn Monroe gets top billing over Betty in *How To Marry A Millionaire*. This is the first time Betty has taken second place to anyone since Alice Faye got top billing over her in *Tin Pan Alley*... Did you know that Princess Rita was Xavier Cugat's first band singer? She was a mere slip of fourteen at the time, and it wasn't too many years ago... Fernandolamassaro of MGM has to unkink his hair with special lotion every day.... Shirley Booth has lost sixteen pounds since she made *Come Back Little Sheba*... Regardless of her denials, Murena O'Toole has been dating that Mexican tycoon again—the one who plied her with expensive baubles.

Were you as upset as everyone in Hollywood over Liz Taylor's collapse in Copenhagen and those reports that she had suffered a heart attack? Actually, Liz has always been delicate.

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65
janet rules the roost

(Continued from page 29) long since been regrettfully consigned to sheds in the junk heap. Hollywood and its madding and businesslike Scotch nature of Jeanette Morrison has not been altered a whit, although her occupation has changed, and her name has changed. She's now a movie star called Janet Leigh.

A few weeks ago, Janet busted into the Beverly Hills salon of the swank hatter, Rex, and bought a type of hat that hadn't been made. She had to appear at an important party and she needed a new cocktail hat. During the protracted feminine process of picking out a hat, her hat designer sat looking at her. It was a cute, stylish cashean with fur trimming at the neck and cuffs, just her color, just her size. This one was made for her.

When Rex boxed the bonnet, he started to wrap the sweater, too. To his surprise the girl said, "No, wait. I love it, but I don't know that I can afford it. I've got to ask my business manager and let you know tomorrow." The movietown milliner could hardly believe it. "Look," he exclaimed, "it's just a sweater. You like it. Why don't you try it on?"

"Nope," repeated Leigh. "I'll have to check first."

Hedda Hopper happened to be in the shop, and when she overheard that exchange she almost flipped her fancy lid.

"Now I've seen everything," she gasped.

"Tell me what other Hollywood gal would buy a sweater first and then out if she could afford it later?" Nobody told her.

One day last October, a sharp-eyed investigator from the Bureau of Internal Revenue paid an impromptu call on Fred Morrison, who is Janet Leigh's father, and her private accountant as well. He said he'd just heard that at Miss Leigh's 1951 income tax return.

Ordinarily in Hollywood—or anywhere else—such a visit is prone to chill anxious hearts and tug at sweat glands. That's good enough for me," he announced, scribbling "Audit Approved" on the return and rising. "I thought this would take two days. It's only been two hours. I wish they were all young girls and Mr. Morrison, Maybe then I could catch up on my golf."

It's a hopeless wish. There aren't many stars in Hollywood as tidily, thriftily and industriously on the ball as Janet Leigh is. In fact, while that quick audit was taking place, television cameras were on three flights of stairs in her Wilshire Boulevard penthouse and then racing down again to her Olds convertible loading in this estimation of her personal income and the mowers tried to keep up with her. Wearing sneakers, a pair of blue shorts, a T-shirt and scarf tied around her blondined mop, Mrs. Tony Curtis was moving, in person and in charge. At times the mowers wondered what they were doing there.

It was just the hottest spell Los Angeles had suffered for the past three years, 101 in the shade, if you could find any. This didn't daunt Janet. Nor did the fact that Tony was working and couldn't help, nor their daughter Jan who lives in London three months before she had lost her baby and was still shaky on her pins. Moreover, two days before the melee began, Janet had finished Prince Valiant, a long and exhausting job. She's one of those cocked hat types who should not do the job during this free week, as planned. Besides, if she didn't, the Curtises would lose a month's rent.

All that week, while other stars not caught in a picture kept their precious skins carefully immersed in swimming pools, Janet carried on the project—a double duty job, because she had to pack up and move out and in—but before she could do that, she had to pack and store everything in the eight-room Beverly Hills house, where the previous tenants were in Europe.

One evening during the resolute resettling, Tony Curtis came home from his job on Johnny Dark, stripped down to his shorts, cut himself a fat slice of salami, parked in an easy chair and munched reflexively as he watched his wife continue to skimp and save and then in a clever patch checking this and that from a fifty-page inventory.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Do you know two show busi- ness careers where two people have been successful and not been married?"

"No, what?"

"You worry too much, Jan, and you work too hard." "You know what?" his girl friend came back. "I like it."

Tony tried another tack. "You'd better knock off and come up to Reno on this location with me. I might need you. When I get near those dice tables I might lose my roll."

"If you lose your roll, replied Janet, "I'll shoot your roll."

Tony grinned. He knew that if he didn't come back, Janet would chase up and haul him home. But behind the kidding was an underlying worry over his elevation of him on her a time or two before. He was married to a very efficient, entergetic and capable doll.

"Jan," Henry Fonda's answer would all agree. Her best friend, Patti Lewis, calls her "Miss Efficiency," Jerry Gershwin calls her "Fussbudget." And her business manager, George Merck, backed up his opinion recently with an out-and-out offer: "Janet," he said, "if you ever stop acting you can work for me." But maybe what pleases Janet most is the tag her own family has for her, "General Leigh." Because, what Janet Leigh has become and what she has accomplished since she hit Hollywood, she has had no personal victories which "Marse" Bob himself would be proud of. And it's all from a flatfooted start, or worse.

Seven years ago MGM signed the nineteen-year-old Jeanette Morrison Reames to a stock contract, without even a test and strictly on her small-town-girl cuteness and her determined attitude. She was a little girl who had popped into the Hollywood pot. At that point, Jeanette could barely distinguish a dramatic role from a hot cross bun, for which she was well qualified to play. She played it as eagerly as the first check for $50. The day before her summons arrived (incredibly, on the strength of a photograph which Norma Shearer had spotted at the Sugar Bowl), Fred and his parents worked Janet and her husband, Stanley Reames, had spent their very last buck on hamburgers. The four-rate hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard where they were staying was getting nasty about the overdue bill and listening in on their conversations to make sure they wouldn't skip. Then they received word of a $4,900, which might as well have been ten million—because Stanley's project of launching a sixteen-piece dance band in Hollywood had failed.

In the seven years since, the picture has changed radically. Today, she has not only paid off her $7,500 share of the community debt, but purchased a spacious Hollywood house, a house where her parents live, a nice wardrobe, including a minik stole, various articles of furniture, a $33 Oldsmobile, a secretarial allowance and practically any type stock and bonds—all on a cash-and-carry basis. She has learned her craft well enough to list a string of twenty-three hit pictures, to name only the outstanding, and also highly successful. The family income averages $3,000 a week. All this has not been done with mirrors—although for a while the consensus about Janet was that she was a studio waif no more, because she had stepped through one of those and was a helpless Alice In Wonderland who should not be let out without a nurse. Since Fred and his wife now both work, the mowers are still Hollywood classics. One of the best known concerns the time she was informed by Morgan Hudgins of the MGM publicity department that she was in the Sierra with the first picture, Romance Of Rosy Ridge. "But I can't possibly do that," Janet protested. "There'll be onlookers, and besides, someone has assured me that MGM would assume the expense of an actress sent out of town to make a picture. When Janet first met Van Johnson—America's present prince—her voice was still gagged in beet-faced confusion. Her first day on set a she blurted to the director, "Oh, I'm so nervous I just don't have bloppers. I'm saying 'durned' instead of a while she didn't. She had no clothes to attend her first premiere so the studio wardrobe department rallied, dressed her up like a doll. But when Van Johnson saw her in the spotlight, he rushed out, kissed her and boomed, 'That's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen!'" She went limp with confusion and had to be practically carried inside.

Janet was so shy, uncertain and bewildered by the big league social life into which she was plunged that when a tele- gram came from the late great Hollywood party man, Atwater Kent, she called Van and Evie and begged them to take her and
her husband with them. They had already sent their regrets to Kent but sympa-
theticly, Janet had accepted, and Evie lent Janet an evening dress. For all this—
for everything, in fact, Janet was so grateful and gushing with appreciation that people took her aside and tried to tell her that the photographers who took her pictures, the publicity people who arranged interviews, even the studio cops who let her out of the studio, all five of them essentially—had to be rewarded for every
gesture with effusive thanks: that was simply their business.

For months, Le Harve's was Janet's favorite spot. Her scatters were clean-
gages were laugh lines for the Hollywood columns. There was the time, for instance, when Janet entered the Chica-
grocery store, and in a routine manner, saw a lovely green cotton-headed egg,
which she bought, and she was right back to Jeanette Morrison's life in
Stockton, California.

For one thing, she learned very early in life to phrase her stage
ing the lie in kidding herself or pretending to be
what she plainly was not. This lesson was
learned one day at the Weber Grade school
when she was only six and already sensed
that her grandmother was a lot more than
she had. She picked an easy escape
to glamour, which boomeranged.

Walking to the schoolyard, she caught
up with a new pupil who didn't know
the local score. The rare opportunity to go
grand was irresistible, so when the girl
asked her where she lived Janet described
her eleven-room mansion on the lake.

Janet Leigh was the youngest of three
children. Her older brother, Howard, is
a successful stockbroker in New York.

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time, since Ida May is a very capable domestic, but was still no mind reader.

The only way Janet could figure to get through this thing was to do them herself. Each evening she’d bustle around fixing this and that, hoping that Ida May was observing the touches. She was. True. And way she wanted Janet was to do them herself. Janet wants them run, with no orders yet issued.

In acquiring the art and armor necessary for this grand, success and survival in Hollywood, very little of the friendly small town girl has been rubbed off. Janet’s favorite line is still, “There’s nobody like me.” However, she does make professional contacts. Each Christmas, Janet writes letters to everyone in every studio with whom she and Tony have worked—a colossal feat. She still scribbles thank-you notes to the nice people and worships anyone who’s been nice to her. Marge and Gower Champion, who toiled half a year teaching her to dance for Tony, is one of the few homesick friends wherever she goes. Last year, she pitched all out with Janet to groom her for the Young Bess part which she lost to Jean Simmons. In this disappointment, though, Janet didn’t make Leigh mad at anyone. Very little does, unless her propriety is unjustly put in a bad light. Then she can flare with provincial indignation.

Judy, the MGM-camera, who taught her to act, (“Janet was my hardest-working pupil!”) is still her mother-confessor. Janet’s Aunt Ida, cigarette in hand, comes around when she is away, but probably only her hurried way of saying they were switching homes. On the other hand, when Janet is really biding, like now, in July-August, when Marge and Gower Champion opened at the Coconut Grove they invited Janet and Tony to their table. At the Coconut Grove, the phone rang, and then Janet got promptly rapped in print, like this: “Marge and Gower Champion held priceless places at their table for their good friends, Tony and Janet, but the good friends didn’t bother to move. Marge and Gower both knew exactly why Janet and Tony weren’t there and thoroughly approved. Janet was at home an Bits bids a few years ago as her pain-wrecked body of her Grandmother Wastergaard, who was dying of cancer. Janet is still a fervent family girl. Her dad, Fred, keeps her business account straight and he with him Janet shares her Aunt “Poppo” (from Janet’s kidde attempt to say ‘Pear’) as secretary. Aunt Poppo’s two-year-age daughters, Jody and Dee, and Graham, are a little sight, now eighty-three and totally blind, makeup up the rest of the clan most intimately mixed up in Janet Leigh’s affairs. Or vice versa, because Janet comes over she cleans out my dressers drawers and re-arranges the furniture—just as she always has done.”

This is a cream-skimmed by Tony’s folks, is still not big enough to satisfy the expansive personality of the girl who, as an only child, always feared and hated the holidays. But Janet to the underprivileged boys at the LeRoy Boys’ Home in the small town of LaVerne, California. Janet adopted the home an Bits bids a few years ago as her special project. She makes the seventy-mile round trip as often as she can and on Christmas plays Santa Claus with a party and a show, at which Janet’s Hollywood star friends, if they’re friends, come along, too—in a big bus she rents. After the gifts, songs and show, the big feature of the event is a kiss for every boy, six to sixteen. With typical enterprise, Janet has raised $7500 in time and $2550 another toward a new kitchen by promoting her films and benefits for her boys. In fact, where any kids are concerned Janet’s Scotch blood evaporates. She was on the poor side herself, once.

A couple of Christmases ago, Janet and Tony were in Paris during the war orphange entertainment tour they made in England and Germany. It was the first Christmas Janet had ever spent away from her family, and despite Gay Paree and Tony’s Champs Elysees rund through on a homesick touch of the blues. A phone call to Hollywood helped a little and dinner with friends in a little Russian restaurant on the Left Bank helped some more. There, violinists played music of Nativity, and Janet and Tony came out on the street still singing them, with generally delivered in the Curtis menace these days—from either side of the house. The state of Janet and Tony’s union has long since shorn them through a local, psychological or social state through a lot of living, loving, learning and understanding on both sides. As Janet’s dad says, “Janet and Tony have tied down to each other.”

The kid from the brawling streets of New York has brought some of the beautiful belly laughs of life to the attention of the audience. In the revival of the comical farce Stockton has learned to like them. Right after they were married, the Curtis tossed a pay-back party for fifty friends in their apartment. It broke up around three o’clock and Tony, a healthy male animal, promptly dived for the hay. But Janet couldn’t shut her eyes to the sets, the plates, glasses, ashes, and party delights. She got herself out clean to help in the kitchen and when Tony came to next morning she was still at it. Today she’s different. She makes Tony stay and help.

Right now there’s one subject they agree on completely: They want some kids in their home—four, to be exact. That’s why Operation Stork is the campaign at hand for Janet.

The first chance at parenthood for Tony and Janet ended last July when, after the delivery of a Cuban baby. Analyzing that disappointment with typical thoroughness, Janet reconstructed everything and made mental notes. She had just seen a picture and was dead tired. Then she had to go to bed for a week, on to New York for three more, then off to Honolulu. Two days after they came home, Tony’s father suffered a heart attack. A month later he took a critical turn for the worse, so there were anxious nights. There was Prince Valiant to prepare and house-hunting, too. Janet has a house and apartment, but is afraid her energies might be like a midget racer. As her doctor told her, “You run without a reserve tank.” Then there were these three flights either way if Leight ever does preside over a houseful of kids, they will be the tidiest, best cared for, most sensibly brought up and most secure moppets outside the National Baby Show.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis will have to appease their parental hunger with Houdinia, their French poodle, and the couple of Russian mermaids they bought. Houdinia doesn’t like to duck outside and is afraid of stairs—that’s the real reason why Janet was in such a hurry to move from their penthouse apartment to a one story place.

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City_ State_ Age_
the way Christmas should be

(Continued from page 41) chalet, Santa’s reindeer and sleigh, the Nativity. There are Christmas Dickens knock-knocks from the world over. They all find a place each year, despite the fact that each new Christmas brings more gifts and more new decorations.

In the middle of last December, Dick came home from work to find the living room sparkling with holiday spirit. There wasn’t a single inch of table surface without snow or a manger or a tiny chimney.

“Hi,” said June, who was arranging a vase of poinsettias.

“What all this is to it,” said Dick.

“We’ll have to get a divorce.”

“What in the world are you muddling about?” asked June.

“We can no longer live in the same house. We can’t even get into the living room at the same time. Where would you suggest I put my car keys?”

“Hang them on the light switch inside the front door,” said June.

“I can’t find it. You’ve got it covered by pine branches.”

She laughed and turned to face him. “You didn’t?”

“Sure,” he said. “It’s like walking into Connecticut. But there are just two things. I’ll have to take down the holy wreath over the garage. My antenna got caught in it when I drove in. And where’ll I put my car keys?”

JUNE has decided that this Christmas she will restrain her decorating. Not that it hasn’t been attractive, but it’s grown more crowded every year. Guests at the Powells’ annual Christmas Day have been forced to hold their teacups or highball glasses in one hand, their gifts in the other, and have spent minutes fruitfully searching for an artifact.

This year, too, they are thinking about taking the children to Sun Valley for the holiday. Sun Valley may not be home, but it invariably has snow, which neither Dick nor Pam has ever seen. June and Dick remember with particular fondness the Christmas they spent at the ski resort. It was their fifth Christmas together. They had spent an entire day skiing in the mountains, after the initial festivities on Christmas morning they left for Sun Valley for one week. They found it so enchanting they stayed six.

An incurable romanticist, June’s fondest memory is the day she and Dick set off for a five-mile drive in an open sleigh. The horses’ hooves beat a soft staccato on the freshly fallen snow, the bells tinkled and the snowflakes, big as half dollars, fell silently through space.

An incurable comedian, Dick has never forgotten the sight of June on skis for the first time. “Let me tell you about it,” he chuckles. It is unfortunate for him that he keeps bringing it back to memory, because June can recall a particularly hilarious spill taken by Mr. Powell. This was Christmas the way Christmas should be, and phone calls back to Hollywood, during which six-month-old Pam burbled into the telephone, gave them assurance that all went well at home.

For Christmas, both report, they’ve ever had. The rest of them, eight, in all, have been widely assorted. The first one, in 1945, was spectacularly miserable. They had just moved into their Brentwood home, which had been ripped apart and put together again on Dick’s orders. It was improved but the contractor had finished the work much later than he had estimated. So the Powells moved in on December 24, determined to be in their nest for Christmas despite the wet, wintry, 70-dearth of furniture, and the strong odor of paint. Dick immediately caught a thumping cold, which put him to bed with a fever of 106°.

After dinner that night, an unromantic repast out of cans, June drove into town and bought what looked like (and might have been) the season’s last tree. It was a scraggly affair much in need of trimming, but all it got in the way of decor was what June had on—hand one dozen red balls. Or rather ten, as she dropped two of them. These small crashing sounds were the only noises in the house, besides an occasional muffled sneeze from the bedroom, where Dick was wrapped in flannel. Outside it was raining, and while ordinarily June enjoys the sound and solace of rain, it only served to irritate her this particular evening. She went into the bedroom and gave Dick a hot toddy and a chest rub and left orders that he should go to sleep. With nothing better to do she opened her gift and then, figuring to be prompt for once, wrote her thank-you notes. She was sealing the last envelope at ten o’clock when she became aware of another presence in the living room and turned to see Dick, her husky dozed husband, wrapped Indian fashion in a blanket.

“What do you think you’re doing out of bed?” she demanded.

“The radio is flooding,” he announced miserably.

“I beg your pardon?”

“The radio,” he said patiently. “The raid. It’s raining down so hard the radio is flooding.”

“So it’s flooding,” said June. “You can’t do anything about it now.”

“I’ll be right back,” she said.

“Bail yourself into bed,” ordered June.

The next day was Christmas and despite June’s logic, Dick spent the day bailing out the patio. By this time she was so angry with him she didn’t care. She had presented him with a handsome antique silver stationery chest, which he had promptly declared much too expensive. He suggested that she return it.

HER FEELINGS were damaged, but she has learned in the ensuing years that Dick usually does take back whatever she buys him. This is understandable. June’s imagination often runs away with her head, and she has bought him a selection of objects and gadgets which he doesn’t want and can’t except a stomach pump. “That,” says June acidly, “he’d probably keep.”

Gifts from his wife which he has kept include a non-portable camera, portraits of the children and a Shopsmith set. He takes the camera everywhere but to bed; the portraits adorn one wall of the living room, and the tools hang neatly in his workshop. June has trouble restraining herself from giving presents long before Christmas. She gets into such a pleasurable snit about her surprises (whether or not they are likely to be accepted permanently) that she hits them in early December. The Shopsmith was the worst. It arrived in mid-December, in a bulky wooden case, which June stowed in the back of the garage. Every time Dick went into the garage, which was often, considering his penchant for putting, June did a nip-up. Should she show it to him, or keep it as a surprise? She always decided to regard him anxiously, whereupon he would turn and ask if she wanted to go with him.

“Go!” she would say vacantly. “Are you going somewhere you were going to hammer or something.”

When he headed for the workbench she would hover around like an anxious hen for fear he was going to destroy the hidden case.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m making a cabinet for the new speaker.”

“Hush.”

Hiding gifts from Dick was difficult enough, but as the children grew older June was hard put to find inaccessible spots for them, by Christmas Eve each package has suffered the loss of one corner. This is the trade-mark of Pam who can seldom resist an exploratory gesture, although she never rips anything but the paper and can’t peek inside the box. In each new house June devises a cache, but wherever it is, the package inevitably finds light with only three untouchable corners.

It seems that whenever the Powells move into a new house, they pick the Christmas season to do it. Pam’s first was spent among packing boxes in Brentwood, and on their third they had just moved into the big English house in Bel Air. This time they were more settled by Christmas. While this made things pleasantly pleasant June discovered that year that Dick had fallen into the ways of most third-year husbands.

“Here,” he said, handing her a sheaf of papers. “Would you get gifts for these people?”

June cast a bewildered eye over the endless list. “But—I don’t even know most of these people. Last year you did all your own shopping. Couldn’t you—”

“Too busy,” said Dick. “I don’t have a free day before Christmas.”

“Who’s Edward Applegate?”

“I went to school with him.”

“But what’s he like? Is he married? And what does he do?”

June’s voice grew hoarse with panic. “How can I—”

Dick patted her on the head. “I’m sure you’ll think of something,” he said.

It was the same way with trimming the tree. The second Dick had markedly joined in the ritual, but the third year, the minute Dick had dumped the boxes packed with trimmings on the floor by the naked tree, he disappeared. “Where’s the tinsel?” June screamed after him, but got no answer.

By this time, June has it down to a system. So far as the Powells buy literally hundreds of gift cards for fifty of their children they know, June shops all year round for Christmas presents. By the time November arrives, she has a good part of a room filled with boxes, all neatly labeled. There are large drawers filled with a gay selection of papers, ribbons and small package decorations, and this is on
chore June thoroughly enjoys. She insists on wrapping each gift personally, much to Dick's relief, and only lately has had offers of help—from the direction of Pamela. The Powells' seventh Christmas, the last they spent in the Bel Air house, when Pamela was three, June had left a small page torn from the "wrapping room." Before long there was a small hand tugging at one end of the ribbon with which June was wrestling.

"Pretty," said Pam, and offered up her own sash as wrapping material. The upshot was that Pamela hung most of her hair ribbons on the packages, and June ceased all operations when her daughter became imprisoned in an entire roll of Scotch tape.

Their fifth Christmas followed a trip to Honolulu, his June, and giving home after the long vacation June had muscled to complete holiday preparations. It was this Christmas that she said to Dick, after he had sentenced her gift to be returned, "I know some gift I'd like to give you a son for Christmas some time. A little boy who'd look just like you."

Life seldom grants wishes in such detail, but that very night 2nd Lt. John Powell was born, and despite his five pounds and one ounce, looked exactly like his father. Ricky was the best Christmas present Dick had ever had, but his coming completely upset holiday plans. June herself was very much in the hospital on Christmas day, and as soon as Dick had helped Pam's guests to bed, he took off to spend the day with June. He gave her her personal gift that day, a golden baby angel to accompany the angel he had given her when Pamela arrived. The day before, as June was wheeled out of the delivery room, he had slipped on her finger an exact duplicate of her wedding band, a gesture of his love.

On each visit he made to the hospital he took one package from under the tree so that they could open their gifts together. It seemed an ideal solution to the holiday and one that helped make the long hospital days pass more quickly, but it turned out to have its drawbacks. Once June was back home she would try to see the rest of the gifts. Dick had opened each package and put them all neatly under the tree, with the contents spread carefully to show, but there were no cards enclosed.

"Richard," she said, "where are the cards?"

"What cards?" he said, looking up from his newspaper.

"The gift cards! The cards that—if I could find them—would tell me who sent them what."

"Oh—those. I threw 'em away. Didn't think. I guess you didn't," said June righteously, and proceeded to write a pile of notes which all said the same thing: "Richard and I thank you so much for your love and gift. It is just what we wanted." Whatever it was, June thought. Some donors were neglected, and some people receiving one of these notes sat down and thought hard, for they could have sworn they didn't send a gift to the Powells.

Thus sixth Christmas passed, with all its confusion, and left them with a baby boy who grew to look more and more like Dick. The following holiday was a combination of Ricky's first birthday and his first Christmas, and to celebrate the double occasion Dick hauled out every camera, every tripod and every flashbulb in the house. Ricky ignored the flashing lights and delightedly examined the sparkling tree and his shining new toys, He cooed with joy when the new puppy bounded into the room and then he nuzzled his face in the pup's warm fur. "Look at him!" said June with wonder. "He acts just like a boy should!"

Before the children came, Dick and June opened all their gifts on Christmas Eve, but now that they must adhere to The Day for the sake of the youngsters, they save all their surprises for Christmas morning. On Christmas Eve they open only their gifts to each other, after the children have been put to bed. Christmas Eve is always spent with Edgar and Frances Bergen. Frances is June's closest friend, and it has become a habit that the foursome spend the evening together.

Last Christmas was the first in their Mandeville Canyon home, and again they were barely moved when in the holiday rolled around. Nevertheless, the house was decorated, courtesy of June, and by the time Christmas Eve arrived the interior was sparkling with seasonal spirit. A huge green corner of the living room and beside it, on the floor, a spray gun and a can of suitable white paint. Dick wasn't to be found, of course, so as sundry guests dropped in, June smiled her most charming smile and handed them the spray gun. "I'll help," she said, "as soon as I get Pam into bed. I'm tape-recording her Christmas prayer."

Upstairs, she sat by Pam's bed, listening to her daughter's husky voice, which is amazingly like June's, go through the prayer she had been taught. One line included the phrase "in my simplicity," and as Pam came to it she attacked it confidently. "In my simple city," she said. "Amen." June smiled, turned off the recorder and tucked her daughter into bed. By the time she got downstairs the assembled guests had transformed the tree into a shimmering white. "It looks beautiful!" June exclaimed. "Now, where's Richard? Richard?" Her voice came echoing back to her, but no male voice replied. "He's probably out in the garage," she said. And then she smiled apologetically at her guests and handed them each a bauble for the tree. "Would you please help?"

For this Christmas, June has a plan. If she's to cut down on interior decoration, she has fifty-five acres to fool with on the outside. Unfortunately, all of the trees on the property are oak or maple—anything but fir—but she figures on buying a fir tree and planting it in the front yard. "Then every year I can hang everything on it," she says. "And besides, if it's good and tall, Richard will have to help."

(June Allyson can be seen in Universal's The Glenn Miller Story.)
Is the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage too good to be true?

To put it mildly, Eleanor Ford was miffed at the annual story out of New York that she and Glenn were nearing the end of the matrimonial road. For some reason neither of them can fathom, ever since their marriage in 1943 some New York columnist starts a rumor once a year that they are on the outs—no doubt on the theory that no movie star marriage can last forever.

The facts are that Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford spent six months of 1953 in Brazil. It was the first time they had been abroad together. Their son, Peter, now nearly nine years old, went along with them on the combination vacation-work trip while Glenn appeared before the cameras in The Americano. There were dozens of complications, but none of these were domestic—only such minor irritations as waiting for several weeks in that magnificent country while the Mexican-born leading lady learned English. The financial problems of inter-country movie financing had to be straightened out.

Now, with Glenn's picture, The Big Heat, in which he co-stars with Gloria Grahame just being released, they are back in their Beverly Hills mansion. It has taken them five years to complete the redecorating of their home. The reason? Glenn and Mrs. Glenn don't order anything unless they can pay for it spot cash.

To pursue the truth still farther, let it be known that when these two wed, they decided on a policy that cost them at least a million dollars in potential wealth. Eleanor Powell, before she married, was one of Metro's greatest stars. She could have carried on for years, earning at least a quarter of a million or more, annually. Instead, Eleanor hung up her dancing slippers when Glenn was mustered out of the Marines in 1945, and is one of the few great stars who ever really turned her back on stardom.

No matter what you hear, the truth is exactly as Glenn put it to Modern Screen in November, 1949. He said: "I met her first in Pat O'Brien's living room. I couldn't resist her. Of course, it wasn't my first glimpse of the glamorous Eleanor Powell. Back in New York, when I was stage manager at the Empire Theater I used my day off to see her in the musical hit, At Home Abroad. I admired her charm and talent, but from a balcony a fellow can't do much more. I had to meet her to love her. I had to marry her to know her well."

Today Glenn says: "Nothing has changed. I wouldn't dignify the current rumor with a denial. It's too ridiculous!"

running wild

(Continued from page 27) her life are met with a wall of silence. It is typical that Debra, driving her remarkable car, would not deign to acknowledge a greeting if she thought it came from a stranger. Miss Paget looks at life down an extraordinarily narrow road. The bypaths are the doings of her career, filled with friends associated with that career. The road itself is peopled only by her immediate family. What they do and the way they live, is considered by Debbie to be their own business. And what Debbie thinks and does is strictly the affair of that narrow road.

It is an attitude that many stars have tried to maintain, but few have been successful. Millions of people feel they have the right to know the minutest personal details of a celebrity's life. It's one of the prices of fame and wealth, particularly in Hollywood. Most stars attain a modicum of privacy only after they have spent about ten years living figuratively in fish bowls and then, once the public seems satiated with information, the stars are left to themselves and move in the spotlight only when they are embroiled in divorce, dope or death.

The newer crop of today's stars realizes the value of publicity and sometimes willingly, sometimes grudgingly, answers impertinent questions. Debra has been as cooperative as the next star, and even more aware than the average of the advantages of publicity. She has made a policy of requesting pictures and spoken volubly in appointed interviews. Sweet and mannerly, she told scores of reporters about her breakfasts, her reading habits, her nail polish and her pets. If Debbie had been the average new star, this could have gone on forever without a ripple.

It happened that Debbie was different. Reporters heard with surprise that this alluring bit of pulchritude had never been kissed. Indeed, she had never been dated. Much was made of this for a couple of years. Debbie explained patiently to each succeeding interviewer that she would rather stay at home with people she knew and loved than go out with a boy who didn't interest her as much as her family did. She pointed out that she was Victorian and believed in love at first sight—even in the well loved wheeze about Prince Charming.

During this time, which was more than a year ago, Debra Paget was known as a fairly shy young thing who had not yet grown wise in the way of interviewing. She never parried questions simply because it wasn't necessary. People couldn't believe that such an attractive girl could be happy with no beaux, and they began to probe for the reason for this state of affairs.

With little searching, they hit on Debra's mother, Mrs. Griffin denied that she had laid down any rules against Debra's dating. Debra and her family insist that they find nothing unusual in a twenty-year-old movie actress who goes out only with her mother.

Debra says reporters made a mountain out of a molehill. She maintains that her early statements on the matter were true, that she simply wasn't interested, and laments the fact that her mother was drawn into it. Mrs. Griffin did some lamenting of her own. "It was pretty awful, the way people pestered that girl. I've seen her tortured with questions. One night a columnist kept her from her dinner one hour, while he tried to get her to admit on the phone that she didn't date because I wouldn't let her. How could the child admit such a thing, when it wasn't true? I
married young, and two of my children have already married young, so why in the world would I suddenly decide Debbie shouldn't date any boys?"

Mrs. Griffin was on the receiving end of more criticism because she goes everywhere with Debra. "I'm with her because she asks me to be, and that's all the assurance I need," said Mrs. Griffin. "Now, take Lisa—she's only eighteen, but she's not the type who needs me like Debbie does. Lisa has her first leading role at Universal-International, and I don't go running around with her. I go with Debbie because she asks me to. That's what a mother's for."

People wonder why, if this is true, Debra feels the need for her mother's protection. She has found need at last for a weapon to keep her private life out of print. The affair of the ring added to the height of the wall Debra has built around herself. Last year, on her twenty-first birthday, she began to sport an immense sparkler on the third finger of her left hand. The diamond was reported to be five and a half carats, and Hollywood, knowing that Debbie's father is a house painter and that her own salary is not astronomical, began to speculate about the source of the ring. Said Debra, "It's a "heirloom," but guess I don't believe it."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Marilyn Maxwell appeared at Great Lakes she was good, but nobody knew she was about to dance a given for the servicemen. During the act she pulled her husband onto the stage, hugged him, and started to sing a braceable You."

Just at that time my nine-year-old son sneaked into the dance and asked a man standing near the stage, "What's a girl doing up there with that blonde?"

He still teases his father about that! Mrs. O. T. Carroll Naval Base, South Carolina

FROM "THE DAILY BULLETIN"

So Debra continues to be sweet and mannerly during interviews, and willingly tells the lighter facts of her life. She lives with her parents, and a younger sister, plus a sister and brother-in-law and their two children. She has ten rooms, is on Hollywood Boulevard, and is maintained without outside help. Debra's bedroom is done in white satin with turquoise satin flounces (one whole wall is covered in this way), and there is lavish trimming in strawberry velvet. The bed is seven inches larger than king size, the chairs are white wrought iron, the mirror is tinted in peach and framed in "white baguette," and there is a white orchid.

She prefers light perfume, always wears it, and has conquered a nailing-bit habit "because I'm not nervous any more." She claims she has never been a good mixer in large groups of people but that her personal appearance tours have helped her learn how to meet strangers. At home she is teased by her father when he sees a glass of wine or a photograph of someone he wants to know. The family lives and lets live, and says its members never interfere with each other. Says Mrs. Griffin: "The rest of the family is growing up, but Debbie is quiet. She's the different one—the only one who keeps her mouth shut."

Debra shampooos and styles her hair at home, helps with the ironing, and is fanatical about good clothes. She loves children, is moody when she's working, and dislikes cheap jewelry. "It's got to be the real McCoy or nothing at all," adds her mother.

Debbie will tell you all of these things about herself. She only clams up when the subject is steered to her mother, her Prince Charming or her ring. She likes to kid herself she says she wears earrings because her face is "too plain and needs to be dressed up," and she admits her temper is growing worse. "I can't tell you why," she smiles, "It's just a million things.

Possibly it's because Debra has lately been badgered to exhaustion by strangers inquiring about things she does not wish to discuss. She feels that her course has been made much too easy. "I've made a point of looking like a movie star and I think it has paid off. I get a lot of letters from people who've seen me on tour, and they always say, 'What a pity you don't have a husband.'" For my not batting, lots of people who write to me say they're glad I'm not a she-kelpie that I don't date just because other girls are in love with them."

As for my not dating, lots of people who write to me say they're glad I'm not a she-kelpie that I don't date just because other girls are in love with them."

Yet, when anything about a star's life is out of the ordinary, people are going to talk about it. Until the ring is no longer an open secret, she is opening her dating men, and until she feels secure and comfortable without the presence of her mother—that is, until her personal life is her own—she is going to have to put up with insolent questions and even saucier rumors.

(Debra's story can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Prince Valiant.)

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NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 5714-A, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
crazy like a fox

(Continued from page 43) thus, and with a war excuse for needings an artist and a no less drove to the drugstore and got the blades.

Now there are a few points to be made about this drug store foray. One is that Mature has never in his life been a con- conscious exhibitionist. He simply does not, in the manner of most people, double-check his impulses. The toga-and-beaver junket seemed to him a likely caper and he did not reconsider it. For another thing, nothing of his friends was especially puzzled by his action, even though they themselves would not have undertaken it. The most analytical among them had long since accepted Mature as unfathomable and spe-
cial, and all recognized his gift for making the key gesture appear entirely logical. But one who knew something the rest didn’t know.

In the long morning hours before he bought razor blades, starting at dawn, Mature had a dream. The following de-
tails: (1) combing through a script with a flair for nuance, vision and Victor Mature that then and thereafter was never to de-

decay but that the flowers of a small side-enterprise that would net him a nice little kit of money; (3) taking to a veterinarian a stray mongrel that had run away from the publisher’s office earlier that evening; (4) sitting beside the hospital bed of a friend for a couple of hours—a friend whose bill Mature would square later. Established that the last two points of this agenda may sound a bit mushy, then they happen to be true. That agenda comes about as close as conscientious scrutiny can to explain what’s with Vic Mature.

Actually, there is no pat, complete and entirely intelligible explanation. Mature has many intimates in and out of the motion picture industry. They include stars, producers, directors, restaurateurs, vaude-

via, a dialogue director, a wardrobe man, Coast Guardsmen with whom he served in World War II, dogfaces with whom he did his Army stint in a little town of Northern Delaware (Kiss Of Death"

The following day:

Victor Mature is an astute, spectacularly successful careerist. Some people see him as a saint, hawk-browed, chilly-faced scavenger; others see him as a citizen who lives in a tent, shops for blades in crepe whiskers, and yields gracefully to being photographed wafting his lawn in Prince Albert coat and shorts.

Here, at best, is safe middle ground: Victor Mature is an improbable fellow.

IT is fifteen years since the affaire toga. Mature was grown to a handsome Mandeville Canyon estate, L-shapped around a patio and swimming pool. Late last summer around the pool were gathered two of his old friends in voyage formation—many of them the same friends who were clustered about the tent that day. A studio limousine drove Mature and his companions this way and that, whence the Super Chief transported them to New York, whence the Queen Mary will see that they get to England, whence Hol-
laws, whence the Nativity (Mature is a 20th Century-Fox star) for Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer with Clark Gable and Lana Turner.

Mature’s career has grown, too. Behind him is its early lightweight phase, inaug-

urated with a strange piece of lint titled 1,000,000 B. C. and reaching its gaudy cli-

cmax with the New York-induced appella-
tion, “Beautiful Hunk of Man.” Behind him is the war and his impeccable record, be-

hind him the inexorable post-war growth of his professional life. The Robe and

Demetrius And The Gladiators.

Well, you can see that the old Mature—or the young Mature, if you like—is a thing of the past as well as a pleasant memory of an earlier era when headstrong youth did what it pleased, and who could care less?

Presently, he made his appearance at that send-off party. He stood for a mo-

ment there, listening to the windshield of an air-
terrace door of his bedroom. He was older, greyer, possibly with a faint spiritual qual-

ity in the classic features that once had made him so fun. He was there to be had around the corner.

Then he broke the spell. The new Mature, nearing forty and possibly poised on the threshold of the Academy Award honors, dashed across the patio and leaped into the pool, clad in polka dot pajamas and a battered felt hat.

This was no surprise on the part of his friends now than the toga busi-

ness had fifteen years ago. This day was not abandoned wholly to fun and games other than a rather gentle one at the Riviera Country Club, and well before dunking himself so casually, Mature had helped straighten out the inventories of his life and material. He had his wife, the well-

stopped by the home of Louella O. Parsons for a farewell interview, worked on a third commercial enterprise, and he had done rewrites for Demetrius and some other

final copy for a film he had just completed for another studio.

To say that Mature is a self-centered opportunist and nothing else is to be a man.

The man is a clown with naught behind his striking facade is to be idiotic. To say he is a bewildering amalgam of the two, com-

bining for Hollywood, the father of a fine family, a woman with a striking resemblance to Mature, still lives in Louisville whence she regards her offspring’s achievements with respectful tolerance and bemused disbelief. On a fairly recent trip to Hollywood—her only one—she left Mature with a vague feeling that the father knows exactly what I do out here.

Mature left home in 1937 without the formality of advising the family where he was going or even that he was going. He merely wanted to expedite his departure—and patched up this omission shortly with a brief wire to his father from Los Angeles, declaring for New Orleans, the great city with only a dime.” Mr. Mature’s reply was even briefer: “Cheer up. I only had a nickel.”

As a prelude to a three-part career,

Mature enrolled in the Pasadena Play-
house, a truly distinguished establishment

I

Because Keefe (Cantor Story) Brasse practicaly grew up on the 20th Century lot, he’s always wanted to work in a picture at that particular studio. His mother, Marie Brasselle, has been hairdresser to Betty Grable for the last ten years. Although Betty Grable herself championed his ambition and Keefe has said hello to head man Darryl Zanuck almost as often as the gate man has, his ambition hadn’t been realized. Finally came the day when he was signed to co-star with Mitzi Gaynor in Three Young Texans. Jubilantly, he called his mother to exclaim, “Mom—I’ve made it at last—I’m going to work on 20th.”

“I know,” his mother responded, letting the blow fall gently, “but I have news for you. The picture is going to be released by 20th, but it will be filmed at RKO!”

Keefe’s long wait to land in the charmed circle of Hollywood big stars is paying off like the jackpot he hit when he went to the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas at $15,000 a week. It’s an unheard-of figure for a boy who was almost unknown before playing the Eddie Cantor role. This booming success has made only one change in his personal life. He’s building a re-

hersal hall as an addition to his Hollywood home, doing most of the work himself. Keefe’s Las Vegas trip is one he can’t live without. At twenty-

two, he brok into show business there as a master of ceremonies at $150 a week. “What a bomb I was,” he recalls. “I was so bad, so nowhere, they fired me at the end of the second week.” Now he’s going back to collect 100 times his first price, and when he’s through, as he says, “I’m going to rush home where I belong as fast as I can run. This might be all just a dream!”
but one richer in cultural opportunities than in payroll. Accordingly, Mature, while playing back and learning the fundamentals of his craft, was, moreover, immunized cars and worked as a janitor to keep body and soul in tandem. His mentor in those days was the highly able Gilmor Brown, who from the beginning gave his student the same “A” for talent that critics were not to concede him for years. Ultimately, after sixty-six-old plays and the unexpected revelation of a gift for reading Shakespeare, a gift he has never lost, Mature got the lead in Autumn Crocus (a nice part for a romantic actor) and then in an offering called To Quito And Back. It was in this he came to the attention of film producer Hal Roach.

Mature’s first chore for Roach, and his first film chore of any sort, was that of a gangster in The Housekeeper’s Daughter, in a company graced by Joan Bennett. It went off all right except that it almost didn’t come off at all. Arriving at the lot his first day, Mature was taken to the second floor of the front office into the presence of a Roach executive who took one fast look at him, shook his head dismissively, and said: “Won’t do. You don’t look like an actor.” By the rule book, Mature should have fainted from pure chagrin or maybe shot himself. Instead, his producer, set his two palms as a director does to frame a picture, replied finally, “You know something? I’ll be damned if you look like a second-rate actor. I’ll grit my teeth and put up for it. The standoff was squared, but never fully resolved until years later when the two worked together again: the executive and Mature, producer of The Robe, Mature as one of its stars—perhaps its most applauded star.

Mature’s next effort for Roach has a more delicate bearing than its predecessor, for it doesn’t do as much damage in motion picture annals. It was the cave-man epic 10,000,000 B.C., opposite Carole Landis. To this day, Mature discusses it as freely as he does a picture he’s ever made. His jaw is apt to sag at the memory but with what particular emotion nobody knows. Certainly he has never been known to deride it. The least that can be said is that it made money and, so far as Mature was concerned, it started things.

It also got him back to Louisville for its première. His first job was setup at the coop. In a hotel room there the night before the showing, there appeared a tall tale caricat of his practicing innocence. Mature’s father, as a young lawyer, had so outraged him with its content that he kicked the door of his room. That might have been all right if he’d been wearing shoes. He wasn’t. The door splintered a trifle but so did Mature’s big toe.

MATURE’s second professional appearance in his home town, with the 1950 picture, Love Nest, made for Fox, was not without incident, either, although his body suffered no conclusions. On his way to a radio appearance, Mature passed the theatre at which Stella was to open that night. The marquee naturally featured pictures of Victor Mature, and this somehow managed to unhinge the taxi driver, who exclaimed, “Ah that fuss!” he bellowed suddenly without turning his head. “All that strictly—nothing! Listen, I know that guy. Knew him when he was a Kid. A nice guy but no

WHY DO FRANK AND AWA FIGHT?

Ever since their marriage two years ago, Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra have fought, feuded and fussed. In fact they have battled so frequently that any news of a rift between them is as startling as yesterday’s weather report. What is their trouble and why do they fight? The answer, according to Hollywood intimates, is just this: they are very much in love. That isn’t strange a reason as it sounds.

Because they are in love, each has the power to hurt the other and each employs this power with reckless abandon. First step of the current fracas was their refusal to see each other for an entire week in New York last fall, although they were living at separate hotels only twelve blocks apart. A temporary reconciliation was effected at Frank’s mother’s home in New Jersey, but a week later Sinatra refused to escort Ava to the Hollywood premiere of Mogambo, and she in turn refused to attend his opening at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas.

Frank’s mother tried to explain their behavior after the ill-fated reunion at her home. When Ava was still in London, Frank had taken his mother to Atlantic City for ten days. While they were gone, Ava planned an in Europe. Frank didn’t know which flight Ava would be on. If he had, he would have met her. Ava misunderstood and checked in at a hotel. The newspapers gave a big play to rumors of a split and Frank, who hadn’t intended to insult Ava, was confounded and annoyed.

When the ten days in Atlantic City were over, says Mrs. Sinatra, “I started out for home. I was almost home when I thought, ‘No, I’m going to go over to New York to talk to Ava and see just what’s wrong, what happened.’ I called her up at her hotel and she said to please come right over. She kissed me and after a few minutes she began to cry. She had been tired, she said, when the plane came in, and when she didn’t see Frank, she felt bad. Then she found out he was in Atlantic City with me and she said, ‘Mama, I don’t know how to explain this, but I know how little you get to see him. I thought for once you just two, just the two of you, and I didn’t want to spoil it. I thought I might spoil it.’ Then I said to Ava, ‘What are you doing tomorrow night for supper? Because I want you to come over to the house and eat and I want Frank to come too, and for the both of you to talk this over like two grown-up people.’ Then Ava laughed like a girl and said, ‘I’ll come, Mama, of course I’ll come.’ So that was easy.

“Well, the next step was to get Frank to come,” continued Mrs. Sinatra. “I know he can be a little stubborn sometimes and I decided to do this my way. I called him up, and told him I was going to make a nice Italian meal the next night, Monday, and he would come over between shows. He was singing at (Bill Miller’s) Riviera right then.

Frank, he says to me, ‘Who’s gonna be there? And I says ‘Never mind, you just come.’ Ava got there first, at about six-thirty. Frank got there at seven. He walked in and I think he almost expected to see Ava there. He looked happy. They both did. But they were just standing there, not saying anything.

‘This is where mothers come in. ‘Hey,’ I said to both of them. ‘Come into the kitchen and see what I’m making for you tonight.’ They both followed me in and we walked to the stove and I took the big spoon I use for stirring the gravy and I made them both taste it. Then they both began to laugh and talk and before you knew it they were hugging each other and then they grabbed me and the three of us stood there just hugging and laughing and I think we all felt like crying a little bit, too.

Mrs. Sinatra’s happy ending lasted just a week. But keeping these two highly emotional people together is no easy assignment, even for a mother. Ava has never been a balanced, well-adjusted young woman, and for years Frankie has been self-centered and temperamental. Mrs. Sinatra is all for Ava. “Ava is one of the most wonderful young girls I’ve ever met. She’s beautiful, more beautiful than she looks in the movies or on magazine covers. And she’s natural.” Mrs. Sinatra wrinkles her brow. “But I’ve noticed sometimes when there are more people than just me and Mr. Sinatra and Frank, Ava gets to acting a little shy. She clams up just a little, like a little girl at a party with a lot of big people. I don’t know why. But you still love her, and you still feel her being here in the same room with you, being warm. I tell you—I’d like to tell this to the people who criticize Frank and Ava—I’d like to tell those hypocrites who send me letters without signing their names that say ‘Aren’t you ashamed, Mrs. Sinatra, aren’t you ashamed that your boy divorced his wife and left three children just so he could marry that actress?’ I’d like to tell them that Frank loves his three children as much as he loves anything else in the world, that he never fell in love with Ava until after his separation, that I, his mother, am proud that he married a wonderful girl like her Ava.”

Ava says that she really wants is a baby. Friends think she might consider adopting one, if Frank agrees. Other than their tempestuous, unpredictable, nerve-shattering kind of love, what really solid basis do Ava and Frank have to hold their marriage together?

Edward De Blasio 75
Here's how Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross got around
to that big question

I was living at Benay Ventua's house, when one day she said, "I want you to
meet Frank." I turned to face Frank Ross, the writer and the producer of
The Robe. He was in the middle of his
divorce from Jean Arthur at the time.
I, too, was rather unhappy.

He said, "Will you have dinner with
us?" I said, "Yes," and Benay suddenly
disappeared with a blithe "See you
later!"

Frank gallantly took me to Roman-off's, Benay came along later, and said,
"I'll give you the keys to the house, and
you come home whenever you want." And she disappeared again.

Frank was really a perfect stranger
to me. I had met him two years before,
on a golf course, at a time when I was
concentrating on golf. (When one is
unhappy, one concentrates on something
like that.)

Frank took me to hear some music,
and home by one A.M. Benay was still
up, waiting for my news. "Did he ask
you for your phone number?" she
asked eagerly. I admitted, unhappily,

"No." I believe I had fallen in love with
Frank that night.

A week later, Benay called me excit-
edly at the golf club to say Frank had
inquired about me, and that she had in-
vited him to her house for a dinner
party. Nothing fussy, of course. Just a
party for twenty-four people.

After that dinner, Frank took me
out, and I stopped seeing other men.

We started to go out two or three times
a week, and then every night. Then one
day, when I called him at the studio set,
his secretary told me that the last time
I had phoned, he had scolded her for not
calling him to the phone at once. For
the first time, I was sure he liked me!

One night we were at a party at the
Alan Ladd's! It was about eight months
after our first date. We were sitting
on the patio. The moon was gleaming
bright, and I said, "You know, you're
the kind of man I'd like to marry!"
And, he, being a perfect gentleman, did
not deny it.

Benay arranged the wedding at her
house, practically at once.

Barrymore, you ask me. So he's in lights
now. Me, I'll be home wit' me slippers on
when the yokels are givin' him the double-
O. Who cares for a movie star? Who cares
for Mature?" By and by the cab arrived
at its destination and Mature made some-
thing of a ceremony of paying the fare
himself. The driver looked squarely at him
for the first time and appeared to lose
consciousness for a moment. When he re-
gained it, his apologies were abject.

"Listen," said Mature, "you stay here
until we get out, and keep the flag up.
You and me, we talk the same language.
And get the egg off your face, for Pete's sake.
You're my driver the rest of the time I'm
here, and I don't want you looking unhappy
about it." Mature was as good as his word.

For the whole three days of his stay, he
kept the one cab with him, presumably
putting the drivers up in the middle tax
brackets. By the time he left, they were
fast friends.

It figured. This apprehension would
surely impress me on Mature. Although
certain persons and situations, usually
those bearing the trappings of phoniness,
can rouse his hostility with the quick,
hand, flare of a scratched match, he is
deliberate, peremptory, and with iron,
hostility against himself. Yet he understands
it—more accurately, he divines it—and
instead of meeting it with a challenging
true spirit, he is inclined to keep some
people to meet a film star on aggressive
terms, to display rudeness solely to con-
vince themselves or any onlookers that
there are not impressed.

Fortunately, he's a deadly man in this
particular clutch. A friend has said, "He
can charm the ears of a brass monkey"—
and I've tried. An, even closer associate once
remarked: "He can walk into a crowded
room and feel, right away, if there is a
resentment and where it's coming from.
He then proceeds right to the source
and won't be happy until he has broken it
down. And he does break it down. I don't
think there's another man in the world
who's had said about him so often, in that
rose, you know: 'Hell, he's a swell guy!
I thought—' And so forth. The Louisville
cab-driver was a mild case in point.

Mature and his companions had to make
a side-trip to Cincinnati that time, where
Mature produced two corollary instances
of his persuasive power. One was at a
swank Cincinnati rooftop dining room
which positively is never open for lunch.
Mature stepped in simply to look the place
over. Three hours later the entranced
maître d' was still serving him special
Gallic dishes and carrying on a fervent
conversation, interesting in the light of the
fact that Mature knows no French. Next
day, Mature boarded the Cincinnati air-
port limousine to fly back to Lout limousine to fly back to Louisville.

But the afternoon was lovely, he had not
been in the East, the good, green East, in
years, and he thought there must be bet-
ter ways to travel than by flying. He
leaned forward and began talking to the
driver—and twenty minutes later sat back,
en route to Louisville on Cincinnati airport
service wheels.

Following the quasi-memorable 1,000,-
000 B. C., Mature made for Roach an
item called Captain Courage and then got
an electrifying break. Playwright Moss
Hart had written for Gertrude Lawrence a
gaudy inspection of psychiatric difficulties
titled Lady In The Dark and needed a man
who could portray a handsome film actor
built like a professional strong man. That
turned out to be Mature.

New York, a difficult town to stagger,
was staggered. Mature became society's
No, 1 boy, café and otherwise. He charmed the 200, 000 not being conspicuously charmed by these in return, and for a brief period he solved a severe apartment shortage by sleeping nights stretched out on the banquettes of the Stork Club's Cub Room, most sumptuous of all Manhattan night club inner sanctums. A picture magazine of vast circulation took note of all this and featured Mature both on its cover and in its pages. The man has long since been forgotten but one tiny fragment has survived. An unnamed debu
tante was quoted as saying rapturously: "What a handsome fellow!"

Mature's feeling about it today is that it was a very lucky publicity stroke—at the time. It was the strongest incidental factor ever to militate in favor of his service. If it could be forgotten now, he would not be angry.

On his return from New York, he joined 30th Century-Fox and began the second phase of his climb. Pictures he did there before the war were light but pleasant. One of them, My Gal Sal, made an amazing bundle of money.

He served in the Coast Guard—first the temporary reserve and then the regular—for thirty months during the war, overcoming with ease the short-lived prejudice of enlisted personnel against tall beautiful hunks of men, and came out of it with much honor, a commendation from the commandant and the will to start making civilian money again.

Besides movie housing difficulties, which he solved first by living in his dressing room, and then by buying a cottage in a non-fashionable section of West Los An
geles, Mature, born Dorothy Stanford in Passa
dena, is as lovely a stabilizer as a mercu
tial temperament could ask for.

Despite a small parade of run-of-the-mill pictures, the Mature luck—"Everything breaks right for me; I just relax"—held. Earlier,成熟 for Delilah, could think of no one more desirable than Victor Mature, and Victor Mature he got.

The merits of demerits of Samson And Delilah are not beside the point—Mature himself, arguing his case for a strong follow-up picture, admitted that his part in it constituted a "freak" success. Its tremendous financial reward was not, nor was the power of Mature's com
tainment and performance. He did make lighter films after its release, but almost unques
tionably it set the stage for The Robe and Demetrius. That, as it turned out, was what counted.

Today, Victor Mature lives a pleasant, slightly chaotic life in his two-year old Mandeville home with his wife and son, Mike, his friends, his work and his golf. Golf is the most recent of a long series of interests, but even then he has the distinction of being with him to stay. Within a year of taking it up, he broke eighty, and he'd only been at it ten months. His game, say Rose, is "foul down but never one. He is a natural athlete and this outlet serves his abundant energies well. It has also proved to be of therapeutic value. In the middle of one professional crisis, he went out and shot fifty-four holes by him
tself without thinking anything or saying anything. When it was over, he felt thoro
ughly cleansed and knew exactly what he had to do.

Some idiosyncrasies, as well as many of the old sensitive points, stay with him. He still eats whatever, however and whenever he wants. He does not balk at en
chiladas and root beer for breakfast. He can for sake an odd, touching compa
passion for the plain, the timid or the lonely. Entering one of the large parties he covers so rarely feels moved to attend. Mature maintains toward its more influential or beautiful ornaments an air of pleasant re
serve. But a neglected, frumpish or anony
mous guest is more than he can bear.

He spends hours exercising his charm and flattering attentiveness on a wallflower who otherwise would have been stranded. And in whom he has not a thing in the world to gain. In Hollywood, this is maver
cick behavior. In Mature, it is the norm.

Although any generality about Mature is ill-adviced, it is safe to say that he takes his career seriously, himself not at
all. He is a master of the self-derogatory. Confronted with a complaint from DeMille during the shooting of Samson, he replied gently: "Yes, but where else can you find anything so big that moves on two feet?"

He was likewise embarrassed by the early publicity for the same part, well aware that Samson threw charlots around and pulled down temples. Mature, actually a very powerful man, was moved to confide to a writer: "You know, I'd smoke more if I had the strength to tear the cellphone off more than one pack of cigarettes a day." Barred from admission to a posh local golf club on the grounds that he was an actor, Mature denied the allegation bitterly, averring he was no such thing and that he had his press notices to prove it.

Convention moves him little. Dining one night at the old Trocadero, he overheard a girl with his party order lamace, an Italian dish. She was told it wasn't on the menu. Without mentioning his intent, he went across the street to LaRue, a more or less competitive establishment, fixed the order, and brought it back to the Troc.

The waiters were indignant but couldn't have said at just what. Since the problem was solved, Mature was of no further concern to him.

In the last week or so the Mature craze for canasta, he, Dorothy and another couple stopped for dinner at a hotel. Mature was as present as a dead peacock because it was off season. Wishes for canasta be
gan to gnaw at Mature and soon the four had chartered the hotel's super-bungalow, to play night and day in what must have been the longest sustained session in canasta's history.

But if convention does not touch him, human grief and suffering do. When the fiancée of a close but monetarily harassed friend was injured in an automobile acci
dent, Mature footed all expenses, sent acres of flowers and drove miles across town to sit with her at the hospital. When a waitress in the Fox commissary became critically ill at a time she happened also to be critically broke, he very quietly picked up that tab, too. This from a man whose shrewd business sense is indis
tputable. When a suicidal publicist was 
died, with interment many long and in
convenient miles from the place he had lived and been loved, only one star both
ered to come to his funeral: Mature. And if Mature should see the fore
going paragraph, there is one thing to be noted: it will gash him.

So we end as we began—in a state of considerate confusion having come to only one conclusion—trying to describe Victor Mature is like trying to parse an eggbeater.

Photograph by Barra

COMPETITION'S WONDROUS!

It's one reason we all have so many of the good things that make life worth living!

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's friendlier smile, or her name on the sign, made him choose her lemonade. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—we all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this land of ours—it makes you feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

Their keen competition is the chief reason we can all choose today from the biggest line-up of top-quality brands of merchand
ise ever offered to a purchaser anywhere in the world! It explains why makers of brand-name prod
ucts never stop trying to improve their brands to increase our satisfaction. And why they keep us up
to-date about them in magazines like this.

Yes, today it is truer than ever before—when you name your brand, you better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
“call me pinhead”

(Continued from page 31) all agree, would be to convince him he is a success. “Not to have anything further to attain or accomplish would demoralize him," they say. "He'd fall apart." Gordon is still very much a star for Gordon, and out. First only for them restricted almost entirely to movies at a time when the whole field of entertainment was widening excitingly. It's a big difference.

She wiped her eyes dry. "Just call me pinhead," Gordon told her. "But don't make me look like one, honey." And then she smiled.

Paul Coates, a columnist for the Los Angeles Daily Mirror, once happened to be at Fort Ord when Gordon, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope were on the program to entertain the troops. Just as they started to hear, Gordon appeared to Bing and Bob. "Hey, fellows," asked Gordon, his manner impatient, "Let me go on first, will you?"

They looked at each other and shrugged. "Go ahead," said Bing. "Hop to it," said Bob.

The next morning Paul Coates blasted Gordon in his column. He could a singer player be so arrogant as to shove in ahead of two men like Hope and Crosby? he asked. He added that he would hate to be the wife of a fellow like Gordon. "What a life she must live!" he said.

When the column came out both Gordon and his wife, Sheila, were thunderstruck.

Macdonald Carey was once named West Coast chairman of National Sunday School. What is this Mr. Carey is not what you'd call the Sunday School type. He's an ex-Marine, but he's the father of three children, it seems that Mr. Carey, who would rather front for something as normal as a church school, instead of the usual crackpot organizations, and experience when he was in the Marines.

He and some buddies heard about an island that sold head hunters on it. So they rented a launch from some Seabees and went to have a look. After a half- day climb up into the mountains, they found a party of the head hunters and they asked the chief whether he'd like to trade a few good skulls for some of their knives and gadgets. The chief, who had been carding up to then, was horrified. "Why," he said, "that's impossible. This is Sunday and we're all good Presbyterians!"

Carl Schroeder

Gordon wrote a letter to Crosby and Hope immediately, telling them why he had been so rude to them and regretting it. They both told him to forget about it. "If I took to heart all that's been written about me," wrote Bing, "I'd be a total wreck.

Paul Coates heads a new TV panel show called Our Famous Husbands, and among the members of his panel is Mrs. Sheila Coates. And like his fellow, Paul, too, knows what happened that day at Fort Ord. Gordon's grandmother was desperately ill in the East. His sister had promised to telephone him. But he was away, o'clock that evening about the results of an operation which would show whether or not her condition was incurable. Only by going on the show first could Gordon get back to his hotel in time to get the call. When he did get back, it was to learn the worst. The death of his grandmother was the first tragedy in Gordon's life. He could have explained the circumstances to Crosby and Hope that night, as anyone else would have done, but to do so as they were about to go on stage seemed too like a way for him to burden them with his personal affairs.

Last fall Gordon went to El Rancho hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, to play a two- week engagement. When he got there, he learned that an act called The Redcaps was on the same show; seven singers whose repertoire not only included everything she planned to use, but who also did the same type of impersonations he presented. This sort of mistake in booking will send any performer into a panic. Gordon was about to give it off.

"All right, we'll cancel their act," the manager told him. Gordon quieted down and shook his head. "Wait," he said. "I'll work some way to 'work it out.' And he went for a walk through the hotel's public and gambling rooms.

Word of his protest had reached The Redcaps. They had been in situations of this kind before with the inevitable result. They let it be known that Gordon MacRae was a heel and started packing—standard operating procedure for actors when they clash with each other. The night came they were still in El Rancho hotel and working, not in the main room but in the cocktail lounge and later in the going room. Gordon was about to go out.

"He's got to get out of the way," either. He broke the hotel attendance record for his two weeks' stay. On top of that, The Redcaps withdrew their unkind remarks about him.

Among the people who disliked Gordon at first sight is his wife. Sheila was a member of the Millpond Playhouse in Brooklyn. When he first saw her, she was taking down the names of a line of forty aspirants to a single opening on the cast. He yelled at her from half way back in the line. "What is my name," he was saying. "From Scarsdale, New York. I'll be back for the tryouts."

She had to put it down. But when the results were held for the part that was to be filled, her resentment was still very much with her. The play was Christopher Morley's The Trojan Women, and the people voted against Gordon's getting the role. One was Sheila. The other was her roommate whom she had talked into also blacking out. In fact, the roommates had heard nothing but daily stream of anti-MacRae chatter.

"He was pushy, he was fresh, he was impudent," Sheila recalls. "For six weeks I had to stand in the room to figure out how obnoxious he was. He was all over the place, getting his nose into everything—the scene painting, the setting arrangements, even the place where we ate. One morning he sent his eggs back to the kitchen because he didn't like the way they were done. Next day he sent them off. I was so mad that he would make up for this by not causing another commotion. Instead, he went back to the kitchen and told them to fry his eggs. From that time on, he used to spend a lot of time back there, leaning over the cook's shoulder and giving her advice. And she loved it! She seemed to sense that he meant no offense. After a while, I got the
same feeling about him. He was just so
chock full of confidence about himself that
any sort of shyness would be sheer pre-
tense."

Gordon will be thirty-three in March,
gets $15,000 a week for club work, $5,000
for guest appearances on TV or radio, and
will command upwards of $150,000 for a
picture. He was twenty years old and earn-
ing just $50 a week when he married Sheilla,
and it is certain he was as sure of himself
then as he is today. "His band was in Cle-
veland and I was in New York when he
proposed and I said yes," she reports.
"He had me take a train there right away.
We had no house, no furniture, no funds besides his salary, no plans about
how or where we would live. That was
what I had gone to Cleveland to talk about.
But we didn't get to that conversation
until after he marched me down to the
city hall, got a license, and had the mar-
riage ceremony performed.

Gordon was under contract to Columbia
Broadcasting System and had a year to
so go on his contract when war broke out
and he joined the Air Force. He was in
Austin, Texas, when his discharge came
through and he immediately wrote CBS in
New York that he wanted to finish out
his year. They replied that they were so
surfeited with singers that they had no
place for him. They would simply pay
him off for the year his contract had to
run. By this time, their first child was
born and Sheilla was worried. There was
an opportunity to work on some small
stations in Texas and she thought they
ought to look into it. Gordon shook his
head. "We're going to New York," he
announced.

They went. CBS officials repeated what
they had told him by letter. Gordon coun-
tered by suggesting that they might be
able to use a boy-girl program if they
couldn't use single male singers. They
agreed to listen. By the next day, Gordon
had worked everything out so that after
he could exchange with a girl between
songs. The girl was Sheilla, the audition
was piped into the offices of William Paley,
president of CBS. When it was over, Mr.
Paley was on the telephone. He couldn't
remember the name of the singer, he told
his program heads, "but whoever he is,
and the girl with him, put them on a regu-
lar weekly show.

This meant that Gordon's voice was once
more to be heard regularly, which was
far more important to him than just sit-
ting around and being a shadow car-
icularly. Four months after he and Sheila
got on the air Gordon had two more
radio shows of his own, Jello and Gulf-
spray. He had been signed to appear
in a Broadway musical, 3 To Make
Ready, and had been selected on We The
People as the male voice heard most in
radio.

"That's what I like," he told Sheilla at
the time. "Action!" He was to get more.
A year after he went back on the air he
was signed by Warner Brothers and shipped
down to Hollywood.

A writer once asked Sheila if Gordon
ever relaxes. She reported that he does,
usually on a Sunday afternoon. She finds
him sitting out in the yard under a tree,
listening to a record player.

The music is always operatic. And in his
eyes, she can see that he isn't listening
just for amusement. He is making plans.
She doesn't waste time wondering whether
some day she will see Gordon stride out
upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera
House in New York and burst into an
aria from La Boheme or Don Giovanni.
She knows they won't be able to stop him
when he makes up his mind he is ready
for it.

When Bing Crosby was a young man,

Lady Luck
has jilted her
favorite.

Now Bing
Crosby has
something
to groan
about

DASHING Mercedes cost $12,250, sports English plates.

END

SMASHING Mercedes cost $3000 to fix, more in suits.

concussion and for a while it was touch and
go as to whether he would live. Fortunately,
he has.

Bing told a State Highway Patrolman, "I
slowed down and came to an idle stop when
I reached the intersection. I looked both
ways, saw no cars and started across. There
was a crash, and I lost control. That's all I
know."

After Bing made that statement, he left
the accident scene in a hurry. His Merces-
Benz, which he bought in Stuttgart last sum-
mer, was so badly smashed that it had to
be towed away. Garagemen who later submitted
a $3,000 repairs-estimate, say, "He's a lucky
guy to be alive. If he'd been driving some
ordinary car, it would've buckled like an
accordian and the steering wheel would've
gone through his chest. Either that, or he'd
have been thrown through the windshield."

In the weeks to come, Bing, who has always
been an extremely careful driver, will un-
doubtedly become the target of several law-
suits. The Groaner has something to groan
about, for a change.

Typically, when Hollywood heard about
Der Bingle's smashup, no one asked if the
crooner was hurt. What the movie colony
asked first was, "Where had Crosby been,
that he was coming home at five-thirty in the
morning? Could he possibly have been visit-
ing the future Mrs. Crosby?"

Bing didn't and wouldn't, say. But Mona
Freeman did talk. "Bing was out with me,"
the young actress admitted. "It was our first
date since he'd returned from Europe. We
went to a party for Claudette Colbert. When
it was over, he took me home. He was on the
way to his home when the accident occurred.
I can tell you that Bing was cold, stone sober."

79
what really happened to doris day

(Continued from page 32) worried about her. She looked drawn and tired. They didn't want to start a picture and have her collapse midway through. After all, she was never too strong when she made "Calamity Jane with Howard Keel.

The front office boys talked to Marty. Where Doris is concerned, her husband is the only court of appeal. A new contract was coming up. Why couldn't Doris be reasonable? The studio had worked her too hard. Everyone agreed to that. Yes, she deserved more money. But that was only part of it. She demanded, too, that they give her a cut in the gross, not only in the profit, if there was a profit. She said, "If I make $2.50, I'm going to buy a diamond necklace." What happened was that her husband also insisted on a cut in the gross. He was paid a percentage of box office receipts, rather than a salary. They couldn't agree, so the picture was dropped.

Doris went to a doctor, a great doctor, and she was given a complete physical. A tumor was found near the left breast. She was told honestly, but with tact, that she had cancer. She would have to have surgery. She was told that if she could stand the operation, she would probably be all right.

You can imagine the thoughts that raced through her mind. She was sure, first of all, that they would never sign her pictures again. She thought of Dixie Lee Crosby who had been killed by that disease. She realized other people similarly afflicted. She wondered what would happen to her, her young family, her career, her friends. She suddenly realized she was going to die at thirty! Her emotions ran amuck. Tears ran down her cheeks and she cried in her heart.

But her staunch faith in her religion brought her strength. She wondered if the answer didn't lie in prayer. Prayer has brought her great happiness in the past. Prayer has given her a conqueror and rectify and cure. And she started to pray, but around her there were people, kind people whom she loved and respected and admired, including the great doctor, and he said, "Look, honey. There's only one way we can tell about the tumor, only one way we can find out whether it's malignant or benign. We've got to take it out. At least, we've got to take out a piece and have it analyzed."

You can imagine the conflict that raged in this lovely girl's mind—this conflict between her religion and medicine. She was prevailed upon to enter a hospital and on September 24, she was admitted to St. Joseph's in Burbank. A biopsy was performed on the left breast. A small tumor, no more than two-by-four centimeters was removed and taken down to the pathology laboratory. Doris was kept on the operating table for four hours.

If they should find that the tumor was benign, then Doris had nothing to worry about. The surgeon would merely suture the incision and home she'd go, as new.

If the tumor were malignant, a radical mastectomy would have to be performed to stop the possible spread of cancer.

In his laboratory, the pathologist took the tumor and placed it on the microtome, a slicing machine. A blast of carbon dioxide instantly froze the tumor so that it would be firm enough for dissection.

While he worked, the doctor, the nurses and Doris Day, their patient, waited. They waited and they prayed. Doris, of course, was anesthetized. In the operating room, there was only silence and hope.

The pathologist took a glass rod and picked up a small sample from the tumor, placed it in a jar of acetic acid and stained the tissue with toluidine blue so that the cellular structure would be easier to determine.

Then he dropped the tissue fragments onto a pair of glass slides. Delicately, he placed them under his microscope. He looked at them, then at the other. Then he smiled.

"Benign," he said. "Benign."

The word was flashed to the operating room. Everyone was smiling. The doctor closed the wound. When Doris awoke she was told the truth. Absolutely no cancer.

She could go home with peace of mind. Physically, she was okay.

But peace of mind did not come easily, and at home she developed an anxiety neurosis, a constant apprehension, a psychogenic illness of sorts, and the doctor recommended that she see a specialist.

Doris complained of nervousness and fatigue and a tendency to be easily upset. To her, this was frightening, because all her life she has been an energetic, hard-working girl who never had a flagging ambition and a disinclination and partial inability to work or even to play.

Fatigability in girls like Doris Day rarely comes as a result of metabolic exhaustion, although Doris has frequently suffered from a marked anemia. More frequently, the fatigue is a result of emotional difficulties, the foibles of nature which can be traced to childhood conflicts.

I went to grade school with Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati, and while I never knew her well, I knew something about her family life.

The Kappelhoffs lived in the ground floor of a three- or four-story brick building, and I remember first-born child, a boy, died before Doris was born. She was born in 1924. She's Shoshone baby, and there's another brother, Paul.

Her father was one of those rigid, too-strict fathers, a Teutonic mixture of sentimenality and discipline, a deal of music, and I think Doris was afraid of him. I'm sure that practically all of her nervousness can be attributed to her relationship with her father. When they divorced when she was eleven or twelve, and I think her youth ended then.

Her mother, a sweet and thoughtful woman, enrolled her in dancing school and later took her to Hollywood where Fanchon & Marco signed her and her youthful dancing partner, Jerry Dougherty, for a series of kiddie stage shows. I think she was thirteen, maybe fourteen at the time. Already she was becoming a bread-winner.

I am not a physician and I do not know the underlying causes of the psychoneuroses. But I do know that Doris Day, a naturally shy, reserved girl, didn't have as much freedom—no such a man to look after her finances.

Un fortunately, Marty looks after everybody. When he was going with Doris, he helped move her furniture, he repaired things around the house, he made fast friends with her son, Terry. He advised her, and in a way, he became her father substitute, and psychologically, this may turn out to have been a very bad thing. As I say, it all depends on the childhood relationship between Doris and her father.

There is a psychological process termed, "recall," and it is hampered by another, termed, "repression," but in the weeks to come if Doris can look back into her youth and recall emotional experiences she has sought to repress, the answer to her nervousness and her current instability may be found.

Perhaps she will discover that she disliked her father because he refused to remain with her mother. Perhaps she disliked him for theSame reasons. Perhaps in her subconscious, she has transferred that dislike to her father-substitute, to Marty Melcher, the overseer of her career.

Perhaps she refuses to admit of any of this to herself and herein lies the basis for her personal conflict.

These are all possibilities and I suggest them because in similar cases they have been found valid.

To my way of thinking, Doris, in her situation, has not only a husband as a father-substitute and a psychological crust but as a figure synonymous with career. And her career, as I've said, has never been particularly pleasurable to her.

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Her career was responsible for her meeting with Al Jordan who used to play in Jimmy Dorsey's band. They got married and soon she had a child. When the marriage went to pieces, she had to use her career to support her boy.

One time when she was flat broke, she begged the program manager of W.W. to hire her at sustaining rates. He paid her scale, $64 a week.

She sang with Les Brown and Bob Crosby and Barney Rapp. The singing was an economic necessity. She was both mother and father to her Terry and there were long periods of time when she saw neither her son nor her mother. As recently as six or seven years ago, I remember watching her shuffle into the lobby of the Plaza Hotel in Hollywood, (after she had been divorced from George Weidler,) a lonely, weary, tired girl, disillusion on her face.

I've seen Doris Day smile. I've heard Bob Hope call her just-right. I've watched her give out with that gay, deceiving, flip air of enjoyment. But to me, her blue eyes have always been sad eyes. This girl has never hungered for fame or money or adoration. All she has ever wanted is to leave the rat race, to get away from it, to settle down with her husband and family in a nice, middle-class neighborhood.

You may well ask—Well, why doesn't she do it?

If she quits tomorrow, if she renounces the whole crazy world of show business, can she retain the love and admiration of her friends, her husband, and her mother? Doris Day is probably the best-loved actress in Hollywood. She has never harmed anyone. She has never climbed the ladder of success, lad by lad. She has never engaged in subterfuge or underhand politics. She has achieved success through her own effort and talent.

The success she has achieved, however, has brought her fame, money, and position. It has brought her practically everything but the one thing she has always needed most—peace of mind.

In the weeks to come, let's all hope she finds it. A better, kinder, sweeter, more unselfish girl was never born.

Please don't talk about me...

(Continued from page 22) and for the rest of his life.

The press associations picked up the announcement, and next day readers throughout America were convinced that Clark and Suzanne would return to Hollywood as man and wife.

In Amsterdam, Gable was making The True And The Brave with Lana Turner and Vic Mature. When he was asked to confirm Miss Dodelle's statement, he was stunned.

The actor is not the quickest thinker in the world, but by nature he is a prudent man, so he turned the whole matter over to Paul Mills, his press representative.

Paul gave out with the following denial:

"Clark Gable has no plans for engagement or marriage and hasn't given his promise to engage or marry."

In Paris, when Suzanne read this, she was hurt. After all, she was wearing the topaz ring Gable had given her, and while the ring may or may not have been an engagement ring, it showed in a way that Gable regarded her in a special light.

At Wolfheze, Holland, he was asked, "Any truth to these stories about you and Suzanne Dodelle?"

"Stories about what?" he countered.

"About you two kids getting married."

"No truth to that," Clark Gable said. "I'm not getting married."

• When Leslie Caron's husband, Geordie Hormel, was called up by the Coast Guard, the pert little French ballerina clapped her hands with delight and said, "Oh! I am the happiest girl in the world!"

This was not because her husband was in the service, but because Geordie, heir to the Hormel meat packing fortune, had been assigned to duty in San Pedro, Los Angeles harbor.

This meant that he could spend alternate nights at home, accompany Leslie to previews and parties, and never break the ecstatic rhythm of their marriage. To Leslie...this was unheard-of luck, and she enjoyed it to the fullest.

But a few weeks ago, the dancing star suddenly made a puzzling move. She asked MGM for an indefinite leave of absence and left her husband to rejoin and travel with Roland Petit's Ballet de Paris.

Immediately, this gave rise to the rumor that another of Hollywood's young marriages had foundered. Coast Guardsman Hormel quickly denied it.

"I doubt," he said, "if anything can ever disrupt our marriage. Leslie and I have problems, of course. For example, I'm not nearly the artist that she is, and I probably never will be. As a musician, I've yet to make a full-fledged success. Despite stories of my great wealth, Leslie has much more money than I have. In fact, I owe around $40,000. Years from now, I may inherit some money, but only if I go back into the meat packing business."

While Coast Guardsman Hormel is busy with such denials, his cute young Leslie is back in the ballet she loves, dancing all over Europe.

When the Hormels were first married, Leslie said, "Compared to being with Geordie, my car...means nothing."

Unhappily, in this household, times have changed.

Uncle Sam gave Leslie Caron's marriage a break, but she and Geordie are doing a split.
STORK OVER LANZA LAND

It was all the kids’ idea—they want another tenor in the family!

It happened at Sunday breakfast a few hours before Mario Lanza was scheduled to fly to New York to negotiate his RCA Victor recording contract.

The two little Lanza girls, Colleen, five, and Lissa, three, were sitting at the breakfast table with their parents when Damon, the littlest Lanza, now aged one, was wheeled in by the nurse for his good morning kiss.

Lissa looked at her little dark-eyed brother and pinched his cheek. The baby cooed. “He sure is cute,” Lissa said.

Now it was Colleen’s turn. She inspected her little brother with approval.

“I think,” she announced imperiously, “we should have another boy in the house. Don’t you think so, Daddy?”

Lanza grinned. “It sure would even things up,” he agreed.

Then Lissa and I would always have someone to take us to dances,” Colleen continued. “That’s what brothers are for.”

“Speak to your mother,” Mario suggested. “She’s in charge of the baby department.”

Betty Lanza looked around at her family, at Mario and her three offspring, and even over matter-of-factly said. “I think maybe I can get you another brother around June or July of next year.”

Lanza spilled his coffee on his trousers.

“Daddy,” Colleen cried, “look what you’ve done.” She took her napkin and began to repair the damage.

But Mario could look nowhere but at his Betty. He looked into her soft brown eyes, and almost imperceptibly, ever so lightly, her lovely head nodded and her eyes said yes and that’s how he knew.

“Are you engaged?”

Gable shook his head. “Not engaged, either.”

That doesn’t square away with Suzanne’s announcement in Paris last week.”

“What announcement?”

“You know—that the two of you are engaged, that you want her as your life’s companion.”

There was a moment of silence. “She was misquoted,” Gable said.

Have you been spending any time with her of late?”

“No, she’s back in Paris. She returned to work.”

“Have you been talking to her on the phone? Or writing her any letters?”

“I’ve been too busy for that,” Gable answered.

“Then how do you know she was misquoted?”

“I’m sure she was,” Gable countered. “I know her, and she wouldn’t say a thing like that. She probably said she considered me a good friend and some reporter took it up from there.”

“That may be, but aren’t you in love with Suzanne?”

“She’s a wonderful friend.”

“Of course, but are you in love with her?”

“We’re just friends.”

“Are you bringing this good friend back to Hollywood with you?”

“No, I’m not.”

“When do you expect to get back?”

“It’s hard to say. Depends on how this picture goes. We should be finished by the end of November. I should get back by Christmas.”

Then you’re definitely coming home alone?” he was asked. “Is that right? No chance that you might change your mind and bring Suzanne with you?”

“I don’t think so,” Clark Gable said.

“No, she’s on her own.”

There you have it, out of the actor’s mouth. Will Gable abide by his decision to leave Suzanne in Europe? Will he bring her with him? Will she come to Hollywood herself and join him? Or was it all a summer romance?

Al Menasco, one of Gable’s best friends, toured Europe with “the king” and Suzanne a few months ago. He is of the opinion that Gable will never marry Suzanne Daddole.

“She’s a lovely young woman,” Menasco concedes, “and they got along very well, but Gable isn’t in the marrying mood. My own opinion is that he’s had it for a while. Marriage, that is.”

“He’s fond of Suzanne, but only as a friend. Of course I could be wrong, but that’s my opinion.”

Another friend of Gable’s, a beautiful young woman who dates him between marriages, says, “I know the guy pretty well and unless a girl has money and position, prefers, both, Gable won’t think of marrying her. Hell, he’s going around with her, the way he has with this French babe. He’ll take her all over and date her exclusively, but he’s not going to slip that wedding band on her finger.”

“At his age, you’d think he’d wise up and marry some average doll who’d appreciate him. But no. He marries the society belles. And a funny thing, it’s these dames with dough who make him pay through the nose when divorce time rolls around.”

“Take Maria Langham, his second wife, and Sylvia Ashley, his last one. These babies were loaded, and they’re old enough to know the score. I think Gable’s divorce from Ria cost him at least $300,000 and of course he’s still paying Sylvia. He tried to get out of it by saying that she was an extremely wealthy woman in her own right. Of course it didn’t work.”

“You’d think the guy would wise up in his old age and marry some dame who wants to spend her life loving him and taking care of him. But no. He’s got to have a show-piece. I guess that’s why he’s an actor.”

As for this Suzanne Daddole, I think he just took her around Europe for the ride. His intentions were friendly, not matrimonial.”

They are saying in France that if Gable does not marry the Schiaparelli model, not only will Suzanne be disappointed, but the star of Magma will lose thousands of fans among his French followers.

A model who has lived in America and France to this country a few years ago, when she came on a trip deal for a hosiery firm, says, “I feel sorry for Suzanne. So do most of the models in Paris. She is in a very awkward position. She left her job to travel with Monsieur Gable.”

“Furthermore, and this is very important, Suzanne has a family. French families. People like all families—if in the end the girl gets married then everything that has passed before is of no matter. But if in the end, the girl is left in the care with just one person—there is hell to pay and it is the girl who pays it. That’s why I hope with all my heart that Monsieur Gable marries Suzanne. Really, she is a very nice person and she has a lot of savoir faire. She worked for General de Gaulle during the war, and she would not shame your Monsieur Gable in Hollywood. She is very much in love with him.”

“And well, it is not as if she were one of those girls who can always turn to her work or that ambassador’s daughter Gable is going with. When a girl has wealth or prominence, then she can afford these unhappy love affairs. One can say, ‘We are still good friends,’ and let it go at that, because one knows there will always be more men.”

“But right now there is no room in Suzanne’s heart for anybody but Clark Gable. I have heard it said that he broke the heart of Poor Minka. Probably doesn’t know that the women who have fallen in love with him, and I know it is not his fault. He is a charming, wonderful man, and women throw themselves at him every day. But if he marries Suzanne, I promise he will not regret it.”

What from Suzanne herself?

She spoke to one reporter and made world-wide headlines and now, justifiably, she is afraid to talk to others. Gable doesn’t particularly like girls who talk to reporters.

Suzanne has gone on record, however, as saying that she and Clark are more than good friends. It is her understanding that she and the actor are engaged and that when he asked her to be his life-time companion, she was thinking of marriage.

One English writer suggests that semantics is responsible for the difference between Suzanne’s allegiance and Gable’s frontal.

“Whatever happened,” this writer offers, “that he might have said, ‘Susie, you’re swell. You’re my friend for life.’”
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ELIZABETH TAYLOR has had more than her share of hard luck in Europe. She
not only collapsed in Denmark from nervousness, fatigue, and "an upset
heart," but while touring the Continent on vacation, before she started to
work on Beau Brummell, she lost or had stolen from her most of the jewelry
Mike Wilding had given her.

A pearl, ruby and emerald pin, a gold bracelet and a beautiful pair of
jade and gold earrings were missing when Liz arrived at the London airport
from Rome.

Whether the jewelry had been stolen in Italy while the Wildings were vaca-
tioning in Capri, or whether it had been stolen or lost on the plane, no one
has been able to find out. Liz thinks the jewelry was insured but whether or
not the insurance coverage takes care of theft outside the U.S.A. she doesn't
know.

Her secretary believes that the insurance does not cover it, but whether it
does or not, Wilding knows now what he can buy his wife for their second
wedding anniversary.

YVONNE DE CARLO, who has made more films overseas in the last three years
than any other Hollywood star, keeps giving out information about her new
European romance. Newsmen in London, where the actress has just finished
O'Leary Night with David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald, are now convinced
that Yvonne has no romance either in Europe or in the U.S.A.

One reason de Carlo makes so many pictures abroad is that her agent
is able to sell her in London for $50,000 a picture. In Hollywood she has
virtually no takers at that price. Involved with many lovers by a hard-working
press agent, Yvonne now claims, "I will no longer be a party to those phony
love matches." The last one involved actor Carlos Thompson, who finished The
Plame And The Flesh a few months ago. This one was played up as a
tempestuous love match. It subsequently fizzled, Yvonne is now in the familiar
position of the boy who cried "wolf." If she should find a serious romance
now, she would have no trouble keeping it a secret.

DAWN ADDAMS, rumoured to be engaged last year—both to Farley Granger and
French actor Claude Dauphin—announced in Rome that she plans to marry
Prince Vittorio Massimo there this spring.

"How about Farley Granger?" someone asked the British-born actress.
"Weren't you going with him?"

Dawn shook her head. "At various times," she explained, "a girl gives her
heart to various people. Then, when the right man comes along she gathers
up all the pieces."

GREER GARSON, a sweet beauty with hair the color of carrots, was in London
to plug Julius Caesar, a film which had received rave reviews. Greer dis-
illusioned many of her countrymen. Wrote one critic, "She not only looks as
glasy as a Hollywood star, she also talks like one."

What exactly could Greer Fagelson (her married name) have said to the
Englishmen?

"Hollywood is misunderstood," she pointed out, "especially by English
people who go out there, accept its hospitality, then come back and malign
it. There are plenty of people of culture and understanding in Hollywood.
There are Hindu groups, musical circles, stamp collecting groups, and psychiatry
circles."

Miss Garson was then asked why so many talented Englishmen who had
gone to Hollywood at one time now refused to return.

"In all probability," the actress explained, "they did not have good enough
offers."

Did Miss Garson miss her homeland at all?

"Oh, yes," she admitted. "I miss the antiquity, the accent, and the green
parks. But then I also live a quiet, simple life in my paneled country house
in Bel Air. There are two sycamores and a swimming pool. You would think
it was England."

General British opinion of Greer Garson—she is irrevocably lost. She has
gone completely Hollywood.
Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-blue underneath.

**THE Eddie Cantor STORY**

**COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR**

IT'S BIG AND BRIGHT AS THOSE BANJO EYES!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

The fabulous Press Photographers' Costume Ball brings top stars to balloon-filled Mocambo for social

Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's Robe costumes; Janet continued the family classical motif by wearing a Grecian Goddess dress.

Vera-Ellen, who came as a Christmas tree with real lights that could be turned on and off, received a souvenir from m.c. Art Linkletter.

Mitzi Gaynor's belly dance received a lot of publicity so did her new, slim figure. (Her steady, Jack Bean, had asked her to lose weight)

A LMOST MORE startling than the breakup of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen over Gene Nelson was the out-of-the-blue breakup of Jane and Gene as a romantic team when they seemed so much in love.

Certainly they had paid a high price for their love in the shocked criticism of fans and friends.

Two homes had gone on the rocks.

And yet Jane calmly announced one day, "Gene and I shall not continue seeing each other. It's all off between us."

To ask why is certainly not unreasonable and I must say Jane was honest when she tried to explain:

"I guess I high pressured Gene too much; forced too many decisions he was not ready to make."

"No, not seeing Gene any more won't have any effect on my divorce from Geary. Our marriage was over before I ever met Gene. I mean it was finished in spirit and heart."

Asked if she thought Gene might try to woo back his wife, Miriam, Jane said, "I don't know. I really don't know"—her voice trailed off.

Obviously, Jane feels that Mrs. Nelson asked so much as a property settlement to divorce Gene that his hands (and who knows?—perhaps his heart, too) are tied.

So, if he can't move one way or the other—it's best to say goodbye.

Make no mistake about it, she is a broken-hearted girl no matter how many dates she makes with other men—and she's dating Nicky Hilton, Pat Nerney and Jacques Mapes.

Strange, isn't it, that one of Hollywood's most startling "triangles" should end like this—something a little sad about the whole thing.

P.S. Not trusting Hollywood "triangles," I should say, this is the way it's ending as of now.

B ARBARA STANWYCK, who was seated on the right of Bob Taylor, looked across the dinner table at Eleanor Parker and said, "I predict that you and Bob will be the next big Hollywood romance!"

To say that you could have knocked over the other guests with a cocktail napkin is the understatement of the social season.

Bob had borrowed publicity agent Helen Ferguson's house for the purpose of a little farewell party. MGM had cast Eleanor and himself in The Valley Of The Kings and they were leaving the following day for Egypt.
season's most elaborate party.

Joan Crawford arrived in blackface and the greenest, tightest dress of the evening. She wore sequined stockings on those still-famous legs.

Bob and Eleanor had known one another around the MGM lot and were on a friendly basis—and that was all.

Eleanor had been too busy having babies by Bert Friedlob—and more recently, divorcing him—to know any other male was alive.

She had arrived this very evening at the party, her eyes still red from the crying session she had had following her appearance in court divorcing Bert that morning.

Eleanor was so surprised at what Barbara said, she gasped. Bob flushed a bit.

But perhaps Barbara is a better fortune teller than either realizes.

Eleanor is at the end of an unhappy marriage. Bob is at the end of a two-year romance with Ursula Thiess.

At this crucial emotional time in both their (Continued on page 10)
JUST FOR THE RECORDS
by George Frazer

The era of the 1920's had its enchantments, but good dance bands were not among them—or at least there were none that still sound fresh and exciting when we play their phonograph records today. The golden age of the dance band did not arrive until the late 'thirties. Anyone who doubts this has only to listen to RCA Victor's new album containing two 12-inch, long-playing records of broadcasts made by Artie Shaw from the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln and the Café Rouge of the Pennsylvania during 1938-39. It is magnificent.

These broadcasts are evocative of the barrelhouse (the "cool" of its day) years when the giants in the land were Benny Goodman, Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, and Shaw himself. Those were the years when people shagged in the aisles of the New York Paramount and when Shaw occasioned more than a minor furor by branding his followers morons. Nowadays Shaw, his head shaved and his autobiography, The Trouble With Cinderella, behind him, is a com- placent and amiable man. At the time of these broadcasts, he was anything but.

Artie Shaw, who was born in New Haven, Connecticut, came from a poor family and grew up to become one of the most gifted clarinetists in history. He was never less than good copy. He had a habit of marrying extremely attractive girls—Ava Gardner, Betty Kern, Lana Turner, Kathleen Windsor—and divorcing them rather peremptorily. (It should be stated as a matter of record that he is now married, and blissfully so, to the former Doris Dowling.

FOR MODERN SCREEN READERS ONLY:
SPECIAL ARTIE SHAW COLLECTORS' ITEM

The new Artie Shaw Album is going to be one of the most prized additions to your record collection, and we know you'll want to be in on the first edition.

That's why MODERN SCREEN has made special arrangements with Artie Shaw to reserve your album in advance, plus a personally autographed inscription page with Artie's photograph and special message to you, made to fit right into your album. This offer is limited, so hurry!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO: Fill out the coupon below and take it to your favorite record store. Reserve your first edition of The Artie Shaw Album. If you wish, place a small deposit or pay in advance. Have the dealer sign this coupon; then mail it directly to Artie Shaw at the address below. Your personally autographed collectors' page will be sent to you at once.

Artie Shaw
Department M. S.
RCA Victor
630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, New York

Please send my collectors' page, inscribed to:

NAME

NO. & ST.

CITY & STATE

I have reserved my first edition of one Artie Shaw Album through:

DEALER'S SIGNATURE

DEALER'S ADDRESS

They had a son last July 4.) He was a romantic figure, trim and darkly handsome. Had he wished, he could conceivably have become a successful motion picture leading man. He handled himself with enormous effectiveness in Second Chorus, a movie he made with Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, and Burgess Meredith. But he was also, as he would be the first to concede, a complicated and confused individual who was undergoing the pain of psychoanalysis. He always had his talent, though, and that was bountiful. The band that played the Café Rouge and the Blue Room has rarely been equaled. One night without warning he failed to appear for work. The next day it was announced that he had departed for Mexico. Fortunately, before he left he had made the broadcasts you'll hear in this album.

This is vigorous, high-rising music, with the brass biting against the cushion of the reeds, and the Shaw clarinet, and every minute the band swinging like mad. Here are redoubtable interpretations of "Caribeca," "At Sundown," and "El Rancho Grande." Here, too, a version of "In the Mood." That runs more than six minutes and is completely out of this world. It is my own opinion that the Shaw band had a greater variety of soloists than Benny Goodman's. This album confirms that impression. Frankly, I cannot imagine anyone's reluctance to spend $8.95—an authentic bargain—for one of the most stimulating albums of dance music ever released.

Mention of the (Continued on page 71)
The Greatest Hit
In Entertainment History

The

Greatest
Hit

In

Entertainment

History

20th Century-Fox
presents

The

Robe

TECHNICOLOR

CINEMA-SCOPE

THE MODERN MIRACLE
YOU SEE WITHOUT GLASSES!

The first motion picture in CinemaScope is shattering all world records as audiences everywhere hail CinemaScope as the greatest innovation in motion pictures since sound! The Anamorphic Lens Process on the Miracle Mirror Screen achieves life-like reality and infinite depth. The Stereophonic Sound System achieves new heights of participation. You become part of the eternal Miracle... in the greatest story of love and faith ever told.
NEW HELP FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS

If your skin is acting up—it's just nature saying you're growing up!

All at once the oil glands begin to overwork. The skin turns lazy—can't throw off its daily pile-up of dead cells. Soon these flakes build a layer over the pore openings. Then "pores" enlarge, blackheads begin to show.

NOW—if you are tormented by oily skin, large pores, flakiness, blackheads—you will find real help in Pond's special greaseless corrective! Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems said they saw a real improvement in less than 2 weeks!

Now—special corrective for oiliness, blackheads, flaky skin

Cover face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-white Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the Cream on a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off that "choking" layer of dead skin cells. Frees the skin gland openings to function normally.

After 60 seconds—rinse off with cold water. Now—greasiness is gone, your skin has a brighter, clearer freshness! Start your "Young Skin" treatments now. See results right away!

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresher powder base!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

lives, late (and MGM) brings them together for a movie to be made in far away Egypt.

Two lonely people...two very good looking people...thrown together for many months in a strange country, yes, I'm inclined to go along with Barbara and predict that the first new "romance" news of 1954 may very well be Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor.

I might add that Barbara's prophecy also proves that she knows Bob better than any other human being in the world—and perhaps her real understanding is the reason he always comes back to her friendship time and time again—no matter how many romantic interludes ensue.

There is a tiny little strawberry birthmark on the cheek of Shelley Winters' baby, Vittoria, which Shell says will be removed when her daughter is a little older.

There's an old superstition that babies with birthmarks are destined for unusual and important paths in life—many of the world's geniuses had birthmarks.

I stole a month away from Hollywood—and had a time for myself in New York, even if it was a bit like a busman's holiday seeing all the Hollywood movie stars in their Broadway successes.

Deborah Kerr gives one of the most inspired performances I have ever seen in Tea and Sympathy and of course I went backstage to congratulate her.

We also talked about the absurd rumors linking her with Frank Sinatra and Deborah laughed and laughed about them. (But I must keep most of this for my feature story in this issue on the Frank-and-Ava affair.)

David Wayne got me wonderful front row tickets to his hit, Tea House Of The August Moon, an enchanting play. I'm afraid we've lost David from the movies for a while. He's moving his wife and family East because from all indications the show will run for years.

I ran into Van and Evie Johnson while on a shopping tour. I saw them before they saw me, so I said in a loud voice to the clerk, "Charge my purchases to Van Johnson." He nearly fell over when he saw his old pal from Hollywood.

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac passed through the big town on their way to Paris where they will make a movie together. Earl Blackwell gave them a party at the Pen and Pencil and there were so many stars present I wondered who was left in Hollywood.

I say it does us all good to get to New York, particularly in the heady-windy months of the autumn. Sort of recharges our batteries—or something like that.

If there had not been so much at stake, the meeting between Susan Hayward and Jess Barker in the Children's Court of Conciliation might have been the comedy highlight of the month.

Jess had insisted that a reluctant Susan be brought to this court where the State of California does everything possible to reconcile divorcing parents for the sake of the children.

At the appointed hour, Susan, Jess and several newspaper photographers arrived and Judge Georgia Bullock stepped down from the bench to be photographed with the movie stars.

With this, Conciliator Margaret Harpsstrite who was to have the actual job of trying to reconcile Susan and Jess, broke into tears and rushed from the courtroom weeping:

"She (Judge Bullock) gets all the publicity—and I do all the work. Let her try to reconcile those movie stars. I'm not going to miss my lunch hour again listening to their troubles!"

Suddenly, Susan and Jess who had not previously looked at one another, were around the weeping woman, putting her on the shoulder and telling her they wanted her to hear their troubles.

Susan and Jess sat out for coffee and sandwiches so their "reconciler" wouldn't miss her lunch again and pretty soon they settled down into a discussion—with the snippets not from Susie.

But apparently, even the smiles the Barkers could hardly restrain when they looked at one another, did not help their private situation.

Susan says she no longer loves Jess. Jess will file a countersuit asking for half of the $400,000 worth of community property he says Susan has tied up and for half-year custody of the twin boys.

Everyone is hoping this divorce will not become as bitter or black as the John Waynes'. Not even in March has there ever been a gayer première than the one the California...
RITA HAYWORTH
JOS FERRER

On The Prowl...
In The Torrid Story
Of A Lady And
A Hundred Men!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

SING HITS
YOU'RE HEARING!
"Sadie Thompson's Song"
"The Heat Is On"
"Hear No Evil"
"A Marine, A Marine, A Marine"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

WITH ALDO RAY

Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Based on a story by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM • A JERRY WALD Production
Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT • A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PICTURE
weather man blew up for Joan Crawford's Torch Song. By showtime a gale forty-five miles an hour was howling through the lobby of the Warners Beverly Theatre and the lovely gals, arriving in their best finery, were literally "gone with the wind."

Zsa Zsa's (Gabor) white satin bouffant skirt was tossed so far over her head the tv cameras had to hastily turn away!

Jerry Lewis kept running up and down the sidelines sandwiching himself between the gallerant, but frozen, fans and squealing in his little high voice, "I'm cold. I'm cold!"

Rory Calhoun took off his overcoat and wrapped it completely around his tiny Lila—already completely wrapped in ermine.

Everybody laughed when the tv camera boys asked Marge Champion to stop long enough to show her new Italian hair-do. A blast of wind hit her at just that minute and her hair stood straight up on her head like a fright-wig or as though it had been stiffened with an eggbeater.

But when Joan arrived, to the tune of much excitement and hurrahs from her loyal sidewalk fans, even the wind cooperated. It died down long enough for her to make a graceful little speech with neither her beautiful gown blowing nor a single hair getting out of place.

Envy me, girls, envy me. I had to come all the way to New York to get kissed by Robert Wagner who had always seemed a little nervous and buck-shy about me in Hollywood.

I guess New York just helps us let down the barriers because when I ran into Bob at a nightclub he threw his arms around me and gave me a big kiss.

He said he would take me out on a date and we'd do up the nightclubs except that he had to leave for the coast that same night.

I suppose, back home again, when he sees me he'll call me "Miss Parsons" again.

Of all people, Marilyn Monroe (who usually is a mouse at social affairs) and Shelley Winters (who isn't) had a "set-to" at Nunnally Johnson's house following the première of How To Marry A Millionaire.

The cause? Bob Mitchum!! No, the girls weren't battling over his favor. Far from it. It was over his ability as an actor and whether he managed his career wisely! I ask you!

Later, Shelley said, "We weren't fighting—it was just an argument—about another actor's work."

Honest little Marilyn agreed, but piped up, "I guess we did raise our voices and talk real loud so it might have sounded like a fight."

HIGHLIGHTS of the Press Photographers' Costume Ball at the Mocambo:

Vera-Ellen was the cutest and most original. She came as a Christmas tree, covered from neck to knees in ornaments and wires. You could switch her on or off by pressing a battery in her hand.

Joan Crawford came in blackface for all the world a feminine Al Jolson, only her dress was the tightest, tightest and greenest of the season.

Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush were the most gruesome—ghostly pale, in long, ragged, black garments, straight out of a Charles Addams horror cartoon. Barbara even balanced a stuffed (dead) bird on her hand all evening.

Janet Leigh's Grecian Goddess outfit was just a bit of this in front and that in the back, but what there was of it was beautiful—and so was Janet.

Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's costumes from The Robe.

Debbie Reynolds was a cute clown with a big red nose as bulbous as Cyranos.

After promising to show up, the boys were a little miffed with Marilyn Monroe when she didn't.

Ann Blyth, the happiest girl in the world, hopes her baby will be born on the first anniversary of her wedding to Dr. Jim McNulty, June 27.

"The doctor (not Dr. Jim!) says there's a chance," softly smiles Ann.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: The Ray Millands have made up—which is as it should be. The actress who, 'tis gossiped, caused all the trouble between them, has brought her mother to Hollywood to live—just as well, too. All the redheaded glamour girls, Lucille Ball, Rhonda Fleming, Greer Garson, Arlene Dahl are wearing bright lipstick red dresses. On some it looks good. On others (?)

Donald O'Connor seems to have snapped out of his difficult mood—and high time. He

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

The pages of Modern Romances brought to life! Intimate, exciting real-life dramas of the problems that people everywhere have to face... just like those you may have faced yourself... on

"MODERN ROMANCES"

The true lives and loves of your favorite movie stars dramatized from the material selected by the editors of America's greatest movie magazine on...

"Hollywood Starway"
both good to read...
and good to hear...
both on the ABC Network

*Tune in daily—Monday to Friday
Check your local newspaper for time and station

The ABC network

both Popular Magazines
are now popular
Radio Programs
on the air everyday*

modern screen

Sloan Simpson's love story

JUNE HAVER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Gallant Times

12

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

The true lives and loves of your favorite movie stars dramatized from the material selected by the editors of America's greatest movie magazine on...

"HOLLYWOOD STARWAY"
both good to read...
and good to hear...
both on the ABC Network

*Tune in daily—Monday to Friday
Check your local newspaper for time and station

The ABC network

both Popular Magazines
are now popular
Radio Programs
on the air everyday*
Mrs. Jane Carlsan of New York City is a busy wife and mother, and as pretty as a picture.

"I use detergents 2500 times a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Six years ago, pretty Jane Carlsan had never even heard of "detergents." Now she uses them (just like you) thousands of times a year!

Detergents are a blessing when they dissolve grease and grime. But when they dissolve away natural oils and softness from your hands, they're a problem!

But Jane's hands stay so smooth and lovely, you wouldn't believe she ever touched a dishpan or mop. How does she do it? After detergents — after any harsh soap or cleanser, Jane puts pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

A few drops help replace necessary softening moisture. Jergens penetrates instantly, doesn't just "coat" hands. It contains two ingredients doctors use for softening. (That's one reason why it's the world's most popular hand care.)

For Jane, the best proof of Jergens Lotion care is the flattery her hands get from her husband.

Detergents are here to stay. Make sure your hands stay pretty, too. Keep Jergens Lotion and use it regularly after each chore. You can do a housewife's job, but it's nice to have a sweetheart's hands.

Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands

Only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax
was really getting to be a headache.

Too many of our young stars are not paying the right attention to health: Joanne Gilbert has again dodged an appendix operation the doctor says she needs.

Rosemary Clooney has been working through White Christmas with a severe cold. Ava Gardner's doctor tells her she must undergo surgery either here or in Rome before starting Barefoot Contessa.

The way Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea quickly shifted the "M. C." they'd already had embroidered on the baby things from Michael Christian to Mary Catherine—was pretty cute.

THE LETTER BOX: Lillian De Becker writes such an interesting letter from Obaic-Bragant, Belgium, I'm going to let you peek over my shoulder:

"Maybe the views of a Belgian movie fan will interest you? Well, here they are:

"Are there so few interesting things going on in Hollywood that only Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis do! Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas supply copy? We like them all, but fear indigestion.

"Unlike (what we read) American fans—we wish Rita Hayworth happiness in her marriage to Dick Haymes and want to see her in more pictures.

"On the other hand, we were definitely shocked by Jane Powell's behavior. Falling in love can happen to anybody—but her cynical attitude is beyond understanding." (Jane is more cynical than ever, Lillian. See our "lead" story this month.)

"We fans here believe that marriage to Michael Wilding has been a fine thing for Elizabeth Taylor whether or not he is 'too old' for her.

"Will you ask Olivia de Havilland why she never answers requests for letters or photographs? Isn't she interested that many of us think she is the finest of all screen actresses?

"Something must be done to get Mario Lanza back on the screen. We really miss this great artist.

"Other stars we hold in affection here are Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and William Holden—and you, Louella Parsons."

Thank you for your kind and interesting words, Lillian.

---

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Continued

If you had three wishes

for your magazine, what would they be? A feature story on a new starlet? The inside tale of someone's rise to fame? Or perhaps an article on the happy home and family of your favorite personality. Well, you needn't rub a lamp or bribe a leprechaun. You can have your three wishes—or any three-and-what-you-like—just by telling us about them. Read all the stories in this issue of MODERN SCREEN and then fill out and mail the form below. Just to make it all a little more magical, a brand new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT OF YOUR first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE star would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is: 

My address is: 

City: 

State: 

Occupation: I am... yrs, old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps you keep it that way, too!

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing.' How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night Cream: Medicated Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! It's greaseless, too! No smelly pillow!

3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then as your long-lasting powder base, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

It works or money back! In clinical tests the Noxzema routine helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier-looking complexions. Try it for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time only, get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

NOxzEMA
clear
HONDO is a little like Shane but has a charm of its own. John Wayne's charm. He may be a goodsman but if he couldn't draw first he'd have been dead long ago. It's the Southwest in 1874 which means he's just lost his horse—and nearly his scalp—to the Apaches when he appears on the ranch of Geraldine Page. My husband isn't here today, she tells him. From the way that ranch looks, he hasn't been there in months. Geraldine's small son (Lee Aaker) likes Wayne immediately. So does Geraldine. And Wayne—tough, cynical, a lone wolf—finds himself changing under their spell. There's still that husband, though, and those Apaches rising like yeast. Chief Michael Pate gallops in after Wayne's gone and looks longingly at Geraldine's blonde hair. Her son saves that day. Wayne saves all the rest in this moving Western. With Ward Bond. Warner-Color.—Warner.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The huge screen of CinemaScope lends itself beautifully to MGM's spectacular Knights Of The Round Table, to the cavernous, baronial halls, the masses of armor glistening in the sun during jousts and battle scenes. The story itself, based on Sir Thomas Malory's epic Le Morte D'Arthur, is rich in romance and sweeping in movement. Mel Ferrer as King Arthur (who easily draws the sword Excalibur from its anvil thus asserting his right to rule) and Robert Taylor as Lancelot, star in the tale of a kingdom rescued from darkness only to be plunged once again into desolation. Arthur ascends the throne, despite the scheming of Modred (Stanley Baker) and Morgan Le Fay (Ann Crawford), with Guinevere (Ava Gardner) as his bride. Guinevere is Lancelot's only love whom he must forsake because of loyalty to Arthur. Lancelot weds Elaine (Maureen Swanson) who lives far from royal Camelot and has a son, Galahad. But Elaine dies and Lancelot returns to have his pure love for Guinevere distorted into a plot to overthrow Arthur's rule. Tragedy follows but Lancelot, tossing Excalibur—symbol of England under Arthur—into the sea, pledges his life and the life of his son to the restoration of peace and union.

THE MAN BETWEEN is set in postwar Berlin, a city torn in half. Hildegarde Neff lives in the Western Sector with her English husband Geoffrey Toone. They're visited by Toone's sister Claire Bloom who is paralyzed by Hildegarde's tense, wary behavior. Hildegarde introduces her to James Mason, an ex-lawyer turned black marketeer. As it happens, Mason is Hildegarde's husband (she had thought he was dead) and he works with a kidnap gang that snatches Claire by mistake. She and Mason fall in love—their feelings heightened by a pervasive sense of doom. In a thrilling flight over the rooftops, through the broken down houses, across the.runed foundations of East Berlin they share a brief if somewhat frantic happiness. This is a poignant film, beautifully acted. In the cast are Aribert Waecher, Duter Krause.—Carol Reed Production, U.A.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY It starts on New York's East Side in 1904 where a lonely runt wants to be part of the Henry Street Sluggers (whose leader winds up in the electric chair). Richard Monda as little Eddie Cantor probably resembles him more than Eddie did. The runt's grandma (Aline MacMahn) fears he'll grow into a "bummer," reluctantly lets him join Gus Edwards' kiddie revue. The rest is the building of one of the biggest names in show business. Keeve Brasselle (displaying remarkably athletic eyes) plays Cantor, the man whose single-minded devotion to fame almost cost him his marriage and broke his health. You'll hear all the songs, sense life's strength (Marilyn Erskine) and the strange emptiness a life in the limelight sometimes brings. Cast includes Arthur Franz, Alec Gerry, Jackie Barnett. Technicolor.—Warner.
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The Glass Web

John Forsythe is a crime writer for TV and an otherwise honorable man. How did he ever get mixed up with siren Kathleen Hughes? How is he going to pay all those thousands she demands to keep his past a secret from wife Marcia Henderson? That's a problem, but nothing like the one he has to face when Kathleen gets murdered. She had lots of admirers, among them Edward G. Robinson, researcher on Forsythe's show. Robinson's ambitions; he wants Forsythe's job and is so convinced of that boy's guilt he's willing to write a script about it for Crime Of The Week. Go ahead, says director Richard Deming who likes to keep his boys on their toes. Forsythe's mad—but that Robinson is a croker! Anyway, a couple of detectives are in the studio that night. They watch Forsythe, watch Robinson. They're so suspicious they even watch the commercial. The Glass Web is slick and suspenseful. —U-I

Escape From Fort Bravo

Captain Bill Holden gets a bad reputation among his Civil War prisoners when he comes into camp dragging a runaway Southerner at the end of a rope. But Holden's not mean—just hard. It would take a woman to soften him—someone like Eleanor Parker who floats into camp for the wedding of the Colonel's daughter (Polly Bergen) to young officer Richard Anderson. Holden falls in love so fast it startles him. That's what Eleanor wanted—while his head is in the clouds her feet are covering ground with Southern officer John Forsythe. She's planned his escape from the fort along with buddies William Demarest and William Campbell. Holden tracks 'em down, would drag 'em back, too, if those crazy Indians would stop shooting arrows. But they don't. Maybe the pikefaces are doomed, maybe not. Either way, Eleanor Parker makes those last few moments worthwhile for Holden. —MGM

Forbidden

Some girls are just unlucky in love. Like Joanne Dru. Every guy who proposes turns out to be a gangster. Except Tony Curtis—and she fell for him. When her last husband was bumped off Joanne had to leave the States or his ex-partner would've done her in. All around the world she goes, to Macao where Lyle Bettger tops the question between dodging assassins to Tony (Curtis) for love, for the money he'll pocket by bringing her back alive to Philadelphia (his boss wishes to lay hands on the incriminating evidence she has tucked in a vault). One look at Joanne and Tony knows he's still nuts about that mixed-up kid. And vice versa. Lyle doesn't take this kindly. And Tony and his boss don't having him shadowed by a thug (Marvin Miller) wasn't planning a wedding party. —Universal
EASY TO LOVE There's a water sequence to end all such sequences in Easy To Love, but it wasn't Esther Williams comes skimming over the Atlantic Ocean on skis in the company of a flotilla of 4-H boys waving banners. Suddenly she hoists herself up on a trapeze conveniently suspended from a helicopter and dives into what looks like Niagara Falls (if you can picture Niagara falling up instead of down). This movie is spectacular, to say the least. Water, water everywhere and not a plot to speak of. Well—there's Van Johnson. He owns The Cypress Gardens concession in Florida. Esther is the star of his aquaead. She's mad about him but he can't see her for the money she pulls in. John Bromfield, her muscular swimming partner, would woo her. Singer Tony Martin would woo her lavishly (no ring, though). Esther strings them both along for the love of Van. Technicolor—MGM

FLIGHT TO TANGIER Jack Palance is stuck all the way out in Tangier because the folks at home think he's a war hero when all the time it was some other guy. So here he is flying cranes for anybody who'll pay him, and some pretty shady characters have money in Morocco. Lucky for Palance he wasn't flying the plane that just blew up. His friend was flying it, delivering a man who'd bought his way out of Communist territory. No bodies in the debris. Could be Palance's friend forced that poor multi-millionaire to parachute right into the arms of Commissars. Nice scenario. Corinne Calvet, Joan Fontaine. Joan says she's engaged to the flyer who "crashed" but she didn't flick an eyelash at his disappearance. Corinne is in some funny business with men who have "spy" written across their faces. It gets hot in Tangier for those girls. Also for Palance, who's being hunted by everybody. Confused? Wait till you see the movie! Technicolor.—Paramount

BOTANY BAY Eight months at sea can be real boring unless you have the ingenuity of James Mason. Mason is sailing this load of prisoners to Australia and to pass his time he metes out justice in the form of fogging, keel-hauling and wees in solitary. You don't have to be guilty to get justice. Just handy. Alan Ladd always is. I don't belong on this ship, he keeps crying as they wrap him in rope and pull him under the keel. A lot of people don't belong—like Pat Medina who belongs at the Copacabana. Anyway it's a tough voyage full of small dramas. A little boy (James Hardy) pays for his heroism with death. His mother (Dorothy Paten) tries smearing Mason but you can't stab stone. Mason gets his, though. In Australia which begins to look like heaven. Technicolor, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke.—Paramount

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THE WILD ONE

Marlon Brando is the leader of the Black Rebels Motorcycle Club. What they’re rebelling against they can’t tell you. Forty men, looking like hopped-up hoodlums, zoom over the highways in an endless flight to nowhere. Violence rides with them into a small town where Mary Murphy lives with her ineffectual police officer father. Brando goes for Mary who is attracted but mainly frightened by this inarticulate, quick-tempered fellow. Another bunch of cyclists led by a treasure rolls out. Lee’s bunch are enemies of Brando’s bunch. Pretty soon there’s a lot of fighting and hysteria. The Wild One is a study of lost men lashing out at a world they can’t claim. It’s also a graphic account of what happens when others, no less lost, but perhaps more resigned, try to control them. Stanley Kramer production. Jay C. Flippen, Hugh Sanders, Yvonne De Carlo—Col.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE

This is 20th Century-Fox’s second venture in CinemaScope and all it proves is: a good movie is good, no matter how you serve it. Three models—Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable—rent a penthouse they can’t afford. It isn’t the view they like, it’s the vision of millionaires. Bacall won’t even talk to a man unless he’s grooving under the weight of thousand-dollar bills. Marilyn will talk to anyone (she’s so blind she can’t even tell if it’s human) and Betty, the naive, warmhearted type, goes up to a lodge in Maine with Fred Clark on the assumption that it’ll be swarming with Elks. The adventures of these three are too long and complicated to relate. For Bacall there are wealthy William Powell and “gas pump jockey” Cameron Mitchell. For Monroe, Alex D’Arcy and nearsighted David Wayne. For Grable, Rory Calhoun. See Go see How to Marry A Millionaire. It’s lavish and lots of fun. Technicolor.—20th-Fox

MURDER ON MONDAY

Ralph Richardson is a bank clerk and so methodical you could wind him instead of a clock. He and his wife (Margaret Leighton) live in a cozy English town, belong to a social club, grow chrysanthemums. One night, precisely at seven, Richardson crosses the threshold of his home into disaster. His distraught wife assures him he’s been away for twenty-four hours. Absurd, he says, isn’t today Monday? Well, no. It’s Tuesday. Whatever happened to Monday? Doctor Jack Hawkins calls it amnesia. Police Inspector Campbell Singer demands a better explanation. Because on Monday the social club’s steward was murdered. Richardson bated that steward. He also needed money and it seems that the club’s treasury has just been looted. Is Richardson capable of such heinous crimes? With Michael Shepley, Meriel Forbes.—London Films
SINS OF JEZEBEL: Paulette Goddard, as "the most wicked woman in history," descends on Jezebel in the 9th century, B.C., to become the crafty bride of Eduard Franz. Franz is King of Israel. Paulette is the Phoenician Princess Jezebel who has some ideas, all of them crazy. Bewildered Franz builds a temple for Paulette's god, Baal, and sits there waiting for rain. As Elijah (John Hoyt) prophesied, there'll be no water in Israel while Baal's burning bright. All Baal's prophets get in a circle on Mt. Carmel and ask the sun to move over. It won't budge. Elijah steps forth, opens his mouth and—Bam!—lightning strikes. Shortly followed by Paulette. She orders Elijah and all his followers (Ludwig Donath among them) killed. Franz goes forth to fight the Syrians and that's the end of him. As for Jezebel—her days are numbered. Pity—Ansco Color, Lippert.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KISS ME KATE (MGM): A glorious, riotous dish that has just about everything—Cole Porter tunes, Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel to sing them, Ann Miller to dance to them and top comedy performances by everyone in the cast. Technicolor.

THE JOE LOUIS STORY (U.A.): Coley Wallace giving a sensitive performance in this fine film about the great champion. An honest and moving portrait of the Brown Bomber on the Glory Road as well as a picture of the years before and after he earned his title.

CALAMITY JANE (Warners): Doris Day and Howard Keel at their top singing, loving and comic form, straightening out all sorts of improbable and hilarious mishaps involving the charming Miss Allyn McLerie. Technicolor.

SO BIG (Warners): Jane Wyman giving a beautiful performance as Edna Ferber's beloved character, Selma DeJong. The picture takes Selma from young womanhood through her life as a wife and mother on an almost barren farm. Sterling Hayden and Nancy Olson are around to make it all worth while.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN (Hall Burtlett): The true story of one of the greatest of gridiron heroes, with Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch playing himself, assisted by Joan Vohs and authentic football scenes.

TORCH SONG (MGM): Joan Crawford as a spoiled and gorgeous prima donna, rescued from a nervous breakdown by blind, but affectionate Michael Wilding. All this and Crawford's gorgeous gams, too.

MOGAMBO (MGM): Ava Gardner switches from chasing maharajahs to busting bunglers when she bumps into safari leader Gable in Africa. Gorgeous scenery, wild animals, and Gable's love for Grace Kelly can't compete with Ava's Technicolored talents.

THE ROBE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new Cinemascope (realism without goggies) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE (Para): 3-D, Technicolor and music! This one is just good fun, as could be expected when singing sister Teresa Brewer, writing sister Rhonda Fleming and loving sister Cynthia Bell arrive in a wild Alaska frontier town.

Never let them go!

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly . . . leaving no sticky feel, no oily film . . . just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

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Jerry Lester, whose career is not exactly booming, still thinks he's a big star. Jerry is followed everywhere he goes by a small retinue that knocks itself out laughing at all his sallies. The followers look daggers at anyone else around who doesn't double up in hysteries every time Jerry pulls a funny. It's not the way to win extra friends off-screen... Yet someone like Milton Berle, whose career has never been in better shape, has never been so subdued. When you hear about Uncle Millie's temperament, throw in a few grains of salt. He still blows his whistle during rehearsals and clammers around demanding changes in everything from the cues to the music. But he is a changed man—just as his show is a changed production. Milton knew he was in trouble with his old show, and he pays off his own pocket every week to Goodman Ace, who writes the new one. He also knows his lines most of the time now. Remember how he used to stumble and ad lib his way through the hour? Watch him closely now, and you'll see that he's learned his lines. He's also learned his lesson: You can't slough through and come through. A few other comics could profit if they'd wake up, too... Milton and his steady girl, Ruth Cosgrove, are the center of attention everywhere they go. Ruth—who gave up her publicity job to give more time to Millie—is not beautiful; she's the handsomely, full-blown type. She dresses simply and wears vibrant colors that go with her dark hair and eyes. She's very quiet. One thing's for sure: You can't even hint that he's ever had a fault around Ruth... Some of the best reading around is the mail that's written to Dorothy Collins. Some of the HR Parade viewers want to know if her father was killed in an accident at a tobacco plantation—and if that's why her cigarette sponsor hired her. Tain't so, of course. And some people still wonder if the little white blouse she wears is her only one. It used to be, but it isn't now. What with her income, and her husband's (the show's bandleader, Raymond Scott) she can buy a lot more now... Eve Gabor is more than just one of the fabulous Gabor sisters. She is also a very kind lady who will pitch in and work for a friend. In her summer stock appearances, she's been known to paint posters, sort tickets, and all but sweep out the theatre—just because she liked the people who were running the place... Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy almost didn't get married because Peter's mother, the famous vaudevillian Grace Hayes, hated Mary. She's changed her mind now, and they're the best of friends... Mortin Agronsky is one of the happiest married men in Washington or anywhere else. The little dark commentator lives in a rambling modern house on the outskirts of the city with his ebullient redheaded wife, Helen, and their four young children. It's a casual-seeming household, with the children and the Agronskys' cats running in and out; but Helen can whip up a meal faster than anyone in town. She never has to fix breakfast for her husband, though. Martin's up and out of the house and off to work before the baby cries in the morning. He just grabs a quart of milk and heads for his office... One way Theodore Gronik gets the high-caliber guests he does for American Forum Of The Air is with his yacht. He takes people sailing on the Potomac, and first thing they know they're on his program... Mortho Rountree, the thin girl with the so-Southern accent, uses her elegant Washington home to snag her guests. They show up for cocktails and go away committed to the next Rountree show. Most of them are quite happy about it, however, because then they get to spout on television without paying for the privilege. It's a rare Congressman who would pass up that opportunity... Ed Sullivan, in person, is one of the slowest-talking gents around. His low-pressure introducing on Toast Of The Town is no act. Ed's just a careful man when it comes to talking. He can take forever to get through a sentence, both on and off the screen. He and his trim wife live in a small New York hotel-apartment. It's so small that it doesn't even contain a diningroom. They don't really need one because they eat out all the time. Ed wouldn't be much fun to cook for anyway. He's had ulcers for years, and his diet is almost as restricted as Fred Allen's (Allen eats hardly anything but fruit and lettuce). The Sullivan apartment is also his office. He writes his column and plans his tv show there. Now that their daughter is married, he and Mrs. S. have no one left when the secretaries go home except Boj, a barking black poodle named after Ed's old friend, the late Bill "Bojcables" Robinson... Sarah Churchill's slim and handsome husband Tony Beauchamps (pronounced Breecham) watches every detail of her work. When
they look at kinescopes together, Tony watches every little camera angle .... Of all the people making television films, Lilli Palmer is probably the most definite about what she wants. She saves her ladylike charm for when the cameras are rolling ... The Continental (Renzo Cezana) is one of the most intelligent, unassuming men you could meet. He's likely to carry on a conversation about the 17th century popes if you don't watch out. And, in private life, he doesn't try to impress the ladies. He'd rather talk to the men than court the women ... Arthur Godfrey is still scared about the public's reaction to him after the firing of Julius LaRosa. One trouble with Godfrey is that he cannot be diplomatic with the press—as CBS well knows. When he starts talking, he talks too much and ends up with his foot sticking in his mouth. The whole incident about Julie would have blown right over if only Arthur had kept still. But he had to go and start talking about "humility"—a word that will dog him forever. He's still sulking, saying that the press gave him a raw deal. He thinks they had it in for him, and some of them might have, too—because for years the great Godfrey had been one of the most inaccessible and aloof of all stars. One thing that no one mentioned during all the publicity was Godfrey's aim to hold a government post. He very much wanted a job in the Eisenhower administration, but he doesn't have a chance now ... It may be sour grapes, but Eddie Fisher's rivals talk about how he can't stay on key. It doesn't seem to hurt his popularity any, though ... Ezio Pinza takes his onstage lovemaking more seriously than anyone else, or so the ladies in his show say ... People are still talking about Orson Welles' temperament when he slipped into New York to do King Lear on Omnibus. He kept everyone hopping with his demands, even sending abroad for certain garments that he could not go on without. The shops in New York were full of the same thing, but Orson had to have his own imported ... Faye Emerson writes her column in record time. One day she called her lunch date and said she'd be twenty minutes late because she had to do her column before she could leave! She's been the envy of every other writer ever since ... Another by-product of the Godfrey-LaRosa incident was the publicity about Janette Davis's age—thirty-six ... Away from the TV screen, Ed Murrow leads one of the most luxurious lives of any of the stars. The main reason, of course, is that he is also a member of the board of CBS—which would help anybody's income. Ed also owns part of his new show, Person To Person, which gives him a nice capital-gains deal. The Murrows—Ed, Janet, and young son Casey—own and live in a very large, quiet apartment on Park Avenue. A subbed place—which suits Ed and Janet—its only really informal note is Casey's room. It's full of the paraphernalia of all boys. The final touch: His electric trains are sometimes set up so that they go from his room into the hall, through the guest room, across the bathroom, and back into his room! The Murrows' home life revolves around Casey, who was born many years after they thought they'd never have a child. The Murrows' country place—which Ed, in his typical understatement, calls a "log cabin"—is a real layout. Now that his shows have been shifted to weekdays, he's free to use it, too. And he's a mean duck-hunter. One of the hardest-working people in the business, Murrow still manages to have his fun ... Peg Lynch, who writes Ethel and Albert and plays the part of Ethel, is a fanatic gardener—and a good one.

Men found Sue extremely attractive in the clear, bracing outdoors where it wasn't noticeable, but indoors where the air was heavier and contacts closer, her trouble became all too apparent. Admiration turned quickly to indifference ... the penalty a girl usually pays when she is guilty of "halitosis" (bad breath).

And one of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes ... absent one day, present the next ... and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of proven performance.

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Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

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No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against?

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LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste
Q. Is Joan Crawford a tyrant as a mother? Do her four adopted children really love her? —C.L., FINDLAY, OHIO.
A. Miss Crawford is a well-loved disciplinarian.

Q. What is Zsa Zsa Gabor’s real name and when, if ever, was she elected Miss Hungary? —T.W., WOONSOCKET, R. I.
A. Zsa Zsa’s real name is Sarri Gabor; she was runner-up in the Miss Hungary contest of 1938.

Q. Is it true that Lou Costello of Abbott & Costello is slowly dying of a rheumatic heart? —E.C., COLON, CAL.
A. Costello has had several bouts with rheumatic fever.

Q. I understand Humphrey Bogart is renouncing motion pictures in favor of television. True or false?
—R.D., CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.
A. Bogart plans to do both. Right now his agent is offering co-star Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, in a filmed series of TV shorts.

Q. In pictures like Mighty Joe Young and King Kong, are the gorillas real? —M.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.
A. No.

Q. I understand that Loretta Young, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver, and Betty Hutton were all raised without fathers. Is this true?
—T.C., TRENTON, N. J.
A. Each of these actresses is a product of a broken home.

Q. I keep reading all the time of the many trips Spencer Tracy takes abroad. Never once have I read of Mrs. Tracy’s going with him. What goes with these two? —R.A., ALBANY, N. Y.
A. Mrs. Tracy has devoted much of her life to the John Tracy Clinic for the benefit of deaf children. She is one of Hollywood’s really great women.

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford wears a girdle? —B.V., WEST SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
A. No.

Q. Is it true that Liz Taylor’s hair went straight after the birth of her baby and that she gained fifty pounds?
—P.K., HUTCHINSON, MINN.
A. There was no hair change but an eighteen-pound increase in weight. Diet has now removed this excess.

Q. Will you please tell me why Doris Day puts her tongue against her teeth when she is photographed? Also what happened to her first two husbands?
—J.T., COLUMBUS, S. C.
A. Miss Day does not put her tongue against her teeth before being photographed. Her two former husbands are musicians who play with bands.

Q. Did June Haver ever receive a Papal annulment of her marriage to Jimmy Zito?
—F. B., SINYNA, GA.
A. No.

Q. Michael Rennie, James Mason, Stewart Granger, Ronald Colman, Michael Wilding, Ray Milland, Cary Grant—why is Hollywood filled with so many British actors?
—E. E., WORCESTER, MASS.
A. These men are competent, well-trained professionals who like the California climate and the American dollar.

Q. What has Lauren Bacall been doing the past few years?
—G. E., DES MOINES, IOWA
A. She is a busy mother.

Q. I understand that the Nevada Tax Commission has granted Frank Sinatra a State gambling license for a 2% interest in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas. How much did Frankie pay for that interest and what is his financial condition?
—G. T., RENO, NEV.
A. Sinatra paid $4,000 for his 2% interest. He owes the Government $90,000 in back taxes which he pays off at the rate of $1,000 per week when he’s working. He also pays his first wife a minimum of $25,000 a year for the support of their three children.

Q. Is it on the level that Ann Blyth and her older sister, Mrs. Dorothy McElligott, have had a long-time feud and that Dorothy was not invited to Ann’s wedding?
—G. E., NEEDLES, CAL.
A. Ann and her sister are not on the best of terms, but Ann insists she sent a wedding invitation to her sister at Barstow, California. Dorothy claims she never received the invitation from Ann.

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart own a cattle ranch next to Bing Crosby’s in Elko, Nevada?
—Y. E., DENVER, COL.
A. Stewart paid $700,000 for a one-third interest in the 150,000-acre Wilkins ranch which adjoins Bing Crosby’s.

Q. About the Arthur Godfrey-Julius LaRosa case: they tell me that everyone in show business has known for years that Godfrey is an absolute tyrant on all his programs. Is this true?
—B. E., BALTIMORE, MD.
A. Godfrey has long ruled behind scenes with an iron hand.

Q. Why is it that Shelley Winters can’t get along with people? Why was her salary attached at Las Vegas?
—E.D., ELLENVILLE, N. Y.
A. Miss Winters is temperamental. Her salary of $15,000 was attached by her ex-agent Russell Birdwell for alleged unpaid percentage fees due him.

Q. We have a very large bet, Can you tell me who said, “Flowers in Hollywood smell like dirty old dollar bills”?
—T. D., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Writer Dorothy Parker.

Q. What is the exact relationship between Deborah Kerr and a tall dark man named Bert Allenberg? Is that why Deborah plans a divorce?
—H. E., LONDON, ENG.
A. Bert Allenberg is Miss Kerr’s agent. She plans no divorce.

Q. Did MGM really refuse to take Mario Lanza back for The Student Prince?
—A. Yes.

Q. Is it true that Richard Widmark was offered the lead in The Caine Mutiny but that Fox refused to loan him out, whereupon Columbia signed Van Johnson?
—V. R., VICTOR, COL.
A. Yes.
Sought-after models have it... so can you!

“If your income depended on your complexion the way mine does,” says famous Mary Killeen, “I’ll bet you’d do what I do—wash your face faithfully every day with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Believe me, it works wonders!” Ivory can work wonders for you, too!

That Ivory Look
Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Nursery cuties have it... so can you!

You and Baby Nan Lynn both have reasons for preferring the mildest possible skin soap. And that’s Ivory’s special claim to fame, mildness! More doctors, more skin specialists advise Ivory for baby’s skin and yours than any other soap! Let Ivory baby your skin!

You can have That Ivory Look... a week from today!

Yes, that’s how fast this lovely new look happens! Just change today to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. Then watch your skin grow prettier! In only 7 days your complexion will be dramatically softer, smoother, younger-looking! You’ll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
You—yes, you—can know the thrill of silken hair! After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient! Instantly—thrillingly—Drene *silks* your hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That’s what you’ll find in Drene’s new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it’s milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silks your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

**Lathers like lightning—**

*no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.*

**Milder than castile—**

*so mild you could use this new formula every day.*

This is a **New Drene**!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTOR & GAMBLE
Modern Screen's editors are devoted to the job of making this magazine exactly what its readers want it to be. We make no bones about it. We ask your advice each month in selecting the stars you want to read about; we ask your criticism of the way we cover your favorites. And you really tell us! This year's list of winners, announced on this page, is your list; you chose the winners and you did yourselves proud. Let's look at the record, as you set it down in Modern Screen's Popularity Poll.

The Duke is King once more. You crowned him for the first time in 1951 and none of the cute youngsters has deposed him yet. The Crown Prince, again, is Alan Ladd; his European-made movies (you're seeing them now) are the latest proof of his consistent top performances.

The Queen this year is our June. She slipped from her seat of state in 1952 after holding it for two years, to make room for Jane Powell—who holds fourth rank this time. And your favorite couple, our figures tell us, is Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. We couldn't agree with you more heartily.

A newcomer to the poll (but no surprise to anyone, especially to you who put her there) is the most talked-of doll of 1953—Marilyn Monroe. Right now she's busy proving her claim to third place by turning out top-notch comedy performances. Last year, you remember, you placed her on the list of promising new stars. This year you've chosen Keefe Brasselle and Elaine Stewart as the screen's most hopeful discoveries. Next year their names may appear on the Modern Screen Popularity Poll as two of your favorite ten stars. We're sure you're as (Continued on page 65)

JUNE ALLYSON 1 John Wayne
Elizabeth Taylor 2 Alan Ladd
Marilyn Monroe 3 Bing Crosby
Jane Powell 4 Rock Hudson
Susan Hayward 5 Jeff Chandler
Doris Day 6 Robert Taylor
Lana Turner 7 Clark Gable
Barbara Stanwyck 8 Tony Curtis
Ann Blyth 9 Gregory Peck
Betty Grable 10 Dale Robertson
Childhood sweethearts?
Tearful twosome?
Or Hollywood's hottest new romance? What's with these two from Brooklyn?

BY JIM NEWTON

The

IRON MAN
and the

REDHEAD

Jeff Chandler is a nice guy—frank, self-effacing, straight-to-the-point.

Ask him about his relationship to Susan Hayward, and he cocks that handsome, greying heatl of his to one side and gives you a slow, sheepish grin.

"This is a pretty ticklish spot we're in," the iron man says. "I'm separated from my wife. Susan is separated from her husband. Sure, we're allowed to go out, but technically we're both still married. What do you want me to say? That she's a very fine actress?"

You know that. What you'd like to know is whether or not he and Susan have any plans. How friendly are they?

An actor whose conduct has always been exemplary, Jeff says honestly, "I'm not qualified to talk about anyone's future except my own. Right now, my wife Marge is shopping around for a lawyer, so I can say definitely that in the future I'll be divorced. After that, who knows?"

According to the newspapers, Jeff and Susie Hayward are a big romance. Supposedly, they were high school sweethearts and now that they are both in Hollywood and both getting divorces, they are taking up where they left off in Brooklyn twenty years ago.

Jeff smiled. (Continued on page 64)
AVA AND FRANK
Tell the Truth to Louella Parsons
Behind the mocking headlines is the true and tragic story of the Sinatras—too much in love to tell each other so!

"I'd give up my career and anything else to be with him," Ava says. But she failed to appear at his Sands opening, claiming he had not invited her. To Frank's anger and dismay, she consulted a lawyer.

If Ava Gardner had only picked up the telephone and talked to Frank Sinatra, or if Frankie had overcome that innate stubbornness and said, "Let's forget it, darling. We love each other," Frankie would not have been in such a state that he landed in Mount Sinai Hospital and Ava wouldn't have consulted a lawyer and threatened divorce.

But this was much too simple a procedure for two people who have always chosen the hard way and let their quarrels become public knowledge. The night before Frankie's doctor put him into a New York hospital, he was in a state bordering on a nervous breakdown. He was so bitterly depressed that he told me he didn't care about his career. He wanted to give it up. He didn't care whether he lived or died. Strangely enough, it was the first time he hadn't berated Ava since their separation. On the contrary, he told me what a great girl she is. But he couldn't understand why she had accepted a picture in Rome that would again put miles between them.

In Hollywood Ava was just as sick and unhappy as Frank but she confided to a close friend that she couldn't stand any more and it was for her own health and peace of mind that she decided she must leave Frankie even though she adored him. So she accepted The Barefoot Contessa that would take her miles away.

But when she heard that Frankie was sick she telephoned him three times—and he rushed to the coast to see her. If they make up again, how long will it last? No one on earth can possibly answer that baffling question.

I was in Las Vegas twice while Frank was singing at the Sands Hotel at that fabulous resort which is becoming the entertainment center (Continued on page 74)
"Even when they dance," a columnist said, "they seem to be putting on an act." Later, in public, they had nothing to say to each other.

Jane and Gene

destroyed two homes,

and did it all for love.

But now the idyll seems over

and Hollywood is asking,

"How long is a temporary goodbye?"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

The prophets of gloom and the countless members of the I-Told-You-So League have gathered to mourn the passing of the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson love affair. Undoubtedly, you have read their comments:

"That Gene Nelson! Why doesn't he marry the girl?"

"Right at the start, I knew no good would come of it."

"I feel sorry for Jane, but it serves her right for leaving her husband."

"Maybe Geary Steffen wasn't glamorous, but at least he loved her. How long can she say the same about this dancing fellow?" That's the kid of post-mortem currently making the rounds in Hollywood.

At this writing, even though they have separated, Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are still in love. Eventually, if this love stands the test of time and the test of separation, they hope to get married.

"We have decided," Jane announced through her studio last November, "that this is the best thing for both of us at this time. We hope that the situation can be worked out, but in the meantime we both will be seen with other people."

The significant part of the announcement is, "We hope that the situation can be worked out."

No one said, "This situation is hopeless. Gene and I have decided that we're finished. We have no intention of seeing each other again."

All of this means simply that Jane and Gene have decided on a trial separation to test their love.

They must find out what their lives would be like without each other. They want to date other people in order to evaluate the constancy of their affection (Continued on page 70)
IT TOOK A SPECIAL BATHING SUIT FOR TERRY, A STRONG PAIR OF LUNGS FOR BOB, AND AN AQUA LUNG TO

a fish-eye view of
TERRY & BOB

story and pictures by Peter Gowland

Modern Screen sank a photographer, camera, stars and all, to get these amazing and exclusive underwater color shots.
This is the story of one of the wackiest days I ever spent with a couple of actors. Wacky, but instructive, exciting and a lot of fun. I am a photographer, probably because I once wanted to be an actor. After 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International looked at the tests they’d made of me, they turned thumbs down. I had enough sense to pick up a camera to earn a’ living.

But I still like actors, which leads me to this day with Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. As you know, they appear together in a whale of a good picture called Beneath The Twelve-Mile Reef. When I ran into them in the studio commissary one day, I kidded them about not being able to play their scenes under water.

"Don’t be ridiculous,” Terry said. “It’s just that the love scenes in the script were set above the ocean. We could do the same scenes under water if anybody wanted us to.”

So I took up her challenge. It was a lot of work, but I’m right proud of the results. First I had to send up to San Francisco for a French Aqua Lung. Then I had to find the exactly right (Continued on page 74)
When the shouting was over, John and Chata passed each other without speaking. Accompanying the Duke as he left the Los Angeles courtroom.

Possibly next Duchess of Wayne is Peruvian beauty Pilar Pallete, John’s constant date.

A MYSTERIOUS LAST-MINUTE CHANGE IN BATTLE PLANS BROUGHT

- A few months ago when the sensational divorce trial of John “Duke” Wayne versus Esperanza “Chata” Wayne began, it was expected that this headlined case would last at least five weeks, so extensive, lurid and detailed was the planned mudslinging. Both Chata’s lawyer and Duke’s lawyer had filed lengthy bills of particulars.

Chata said that Duke, after drinking to excess, had frequently struck her without provocation. Wayne said his wife was all wet, that she “has consumed intoxicating liquors in such amounts that she frequently became intoxicated and was thus prevented a great portion of the time from properly attending to the customary household duties ordinarily performed by a wife.”

The lank, lusty, forty-six-year-old actor also charged his wife with:
1. Staying out all night.
2. Sleeping until three and four in the afternoon.
What really happened at the John Wayne Divorce

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS!

By Imogene Collins

where, on October 8, Judge-Allen Ashburn awarded each party a divorce, were John's business manager, Bo Roos, and press agent, Bev Barnett.

THE WAYNES' FIVE-WEEK SIEGE DOWN TO A THREE-DAY SKIRMISH.

3. Spending his money on drinks for strange men.
4. Gambling in Las Vegas to all hours of the morning and then returning home with swollen ankles.
5. Falsely accusing him of striking her.
6. Impolite, discourteous behavior.
7. Periodic intoxication.
8. Extravagance and viciousness.
9. Against his protests and without justification, walking out on their marriage for long periods of time.
10. Drinking bouts and fisticuffs with her mother.
11. Feigning illness and claiming to be in a highly nervous and exhausted state.
12. Staying out all night and returning the next morning with grass stains on her clothes.
13. Entertaining a male guest for one week at their residence in California while Mr. Wayne was working on a (Continued on page 66)

Definitely ex-Duchess of Wayne, Chata lost Cadillac, was reduced to driving truck.
There's nothing wrong with sex appeal, according to Jane. It keeps the world going 'round—and Jane out of the kitchen!

BY JANE WILKIE

She and Bob Waterfield are opposites who attract!

Editors usually send men to interview Jane Russell. Naturally, they like to give the boys a break. But this time Modern Screen sent me. “You've never met Russell? Good. We'd like to know how she impresses another woman. And while you're at it,” they said, their eyes gleaming, “find out how she keeps that sex appeal routine rolling along with the years.”

“The years” alluded to the ten that have gone by since The Outlaw was released. With the splash of billboard advertising for that film, Jane Russell's name became familiar throughout America. (Continued on page 77)
For more than a year the gossips have asked, "Why don't you leave Greg?" But it isn't divorce Greta thinks about.
According to Hollywood legend the typical actor’s wife is a spoiled, fatuous, self-centered zany who has little to do but waste her husband’s money on an ever-growing army of leeches—psychiatrists, interior decorators, and cloying perfume salesmen. She is the kind of grating chatterbox Billie Burke used to play so perfectly in the movies. Admittedly, many motion picture stars have mates who still fall into this caricatured category, but lately Hollywood has produced a new kind of wife—brainy, tactful, understanding, and incredibly tolerant. Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Mrs. Mario Lanza, and Mrs. Gregory Peck are all cases in point.

It’s been a year now that Greta Peck has been separated from her wandering husband. In those twelve months she has been subjected to the most aggravating and constant questioning about her marriage. Week after week, friends, well-intentioned acquaintances, and travelers from Europe have been urging her to divorce her tall, gaunt, Lincolnesque actor of a husband.

“How can you let him play around with all those European beauties,” somebody asked Greta, “and not do anything about it?”

“Pride, if nothing else,” they tell her, “should compel you to file for a divorce.”

“What point is there in perpetuating the fiction that in the end everything will work out?”

A few months ago, just before she left for Mexico with Valery and Donald Nelson for a much-needed vacation, Greta gave a small party for Audrey Hepburn with whom Greg had starred in Roman Holiday. Following the party, one gossip turned to another’s receptive ear. “I wonder if Greta knows about all those dinners Audrey and Greg supposedly had in Sam Spiegel’s London (Continued on page 72)
Located in new La Brea Towers, the Hestons' apartment overlooks the Sierra Madre mountain range and Hollywood's famous Farmers' Market.

FIVE HOMES IN FOUR STATES HAVE CHUCK AND LYDIA—BUT

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER

by Marva Peterson
In Hollywood, there is a relative newcomer who has four homes. His name is Charlton Carter Heston. To the unsophisticated, this broad-shouldered, young giant lumbering down Hollywood Boulevard, might give the impression of a young man taking a day off from his milking stool.

Dressed in T-shirt, blue jeans, and moccasins, his customary get-up, Heston looks like a charter member of the Marlon Brando Institute for Sartorial Splendor.

In short, he gives the impression of not owning a bean, and yet he pays rent on a Tudor City apartment overlooking the East River in midtown New York, more rent on a beautifully furnished duplex around the corner from the Ambassador East in Chicago, taxes on a hunting lodge and 1,388 acres of timberland along the Osaba River in northern Michigan, and still more rent for a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood.

Heston at thirty is a movie star. He has (Continued on next page)
Chuck and Lydia have spent six of their ten happily-married years apart—usually at opposite ends of the continent. They need and keep homes in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles for under $500 a month.

The dark, Chuck-resistant corduroy spread allows him to read and listen to music comfortably stretched out. The shantung draperies are repeated all over the apartment for spacious appearance.

The spare bedroom serves as a den for Chuck; provides a quiet place for him and Lydia to learn lines. The turquoise cotton covers turn the daybeds into couches when the Hestons have no houseguests.

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER continued

appeared in Greatest Show on Earth, Ruby Gentry, Pony Express, Arrowhead, The Savage, Naked Jungle, Legend Of The Incas, and a few others. His latest apartment is typical of Hollywood apartments leased by successful young actors, and it's the most dramatic and glamorous of the four Heston residences.

You may well ask why a new actor like Charlton needs four homes for his T-shirts.

In addition to T-shirts, Heston owns a wife and an original Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph. This wife, whose name is Lydia Clark, is also in the acting business. Maybe you caught her with Chuck in Atomic City and Scalpel. Right now she's in Chicago starring in a play, The Seven Year Itch.

Before that she starred in several other plays, all of which took her away from her husband.

In the ten years of their marriage, the Hestons have spent approximately six years away from each other. That's why they need all of these apartments.

Charlton and Lydia were college sweethearts at Northwestern University, both scholarship students majoring in dramatics. Lydia's first impression of her husband-to-be was that he should be returned to the cage from which he'd escaped.

Heston, however, who has a primitive sort of appeal and a persistent approach of rustic simplicity, extended the coed a carte blanche marriage proposal.

"I just love you all the time," he once told her, "and whenever you get ready to marry, just say the word."

In 1944 the Army Air Forces had laid claim to the Heston bulk and shipped him off to Greensboro, North Carolina, for a little basic training. Lydia, in a moment of common sense she has never regretted, decided to make life easier for the boy and for herself.

She became his wife. A two-day honeymoon, and Charlton returned to the base and was subsequently shipped off to the Aleutian Islands, nobody's favorite Army location.

Chuck Heston says now that dreams of his Lydia kept him safe and sane, and when he returned to Chicago at the war's end, he was heavier and healthier than ever before. 'Only I didn't have any money, so we took a small furnished flat and lived on about ten bucks a week.'
Acting jobs weren't numerous in the midwest, so the young couple moved on to New York. They rented a small, cold-water tenement flat in Hell's Kitchen—“it cost us thirty a month and we kept it until the building was condemned”—and then started making the rounds looking for work.

Chuck landed a job in Boston with a play, The Leaf And The Bough. Lydia was signed for the Chicago run of Detective Story.

The Leaf And The Bough had a short run and Chuck returned to the New York cold-water flat. Lydia stayed on in Chicago for over a year, and it was during that year that Chuck Heston caught on in television.

Hal Wallis offered him a job in Hollywood. Just as Detective Story ended in Chicago and Lydia returned to New York. This exit-and-entrance schedule is an occupational hazard when there are two acting careers in one family.

"Neither of us pretends it's the greatest way to live," Lydia points out. "But Chuck has his work, and I have mine, and somehow geography always stands in the way."

A larger family might take care of geography and do away with the necessity of having apartments in New York and Chicago, but the Hestons haven't got around to children yet.

The Hollywood apartment started with Toulouse-Lautrec. The Hestons' Lautrec lithograph is a sketch of the great actress Sarah Bernhardt playing the role of the tragic character, Phèdre. Chuck and Lydia were so thrilled when they found themselves in actual possession of the work that they decided to furnish a Hollywood apartment around it.

"Ever since I saw my first Lautrec in college," Heston recalls, "I've wanted to own one. Then when I really started studying drama I realized that Lautrec was one of the few really great artists who spent a lot of time painting actors and actresses. Just as Degas immortalized the ballet, Lautrec immortalized the theatre. To me he has always represented the perfect alliance of art and theatre. I don't want to sound hammy about it, but owning one of his originals represents a milestone of accomplishment in my life."

The Hestons bought their one great picture with the help of Chuck's agent, Maynard Morris, who for years now has been collecting the works of the French artists, especially the impressionists.

A few years ago when his salary began to hover above the $100-a-week mark, Chuck casually approached Morris. "Maynard," he said, "if you ever run across a reasonable Lautrec, let me know."

Six months later, Morris called Heston to his office on the pretext of reading a script. Instead, he showed the actor the Lautrec. "Take it home," he urged, "and show it to Lydia. Try living with it for a few weeks. Don't rush into buying something you may not want to keep for a lifetime."

Once Lydia glimpsed the beautiful little picture, there was no turning back. The Hestons not only bought it immediately but decided that the time had come to stop tramping around Hollywood from one hotel to another. What they wanted and needed was an apartment they could furnish in their own way. You don't want to hang an original in a hotel room.

Last January they moved into the La Brea Towers, an enormous housing project erected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. These "Towers" are enormous apartment houses unlike anything Los Angeles had ever seen.

They are the most un-California-like buildings in California. They look as if they belong in New York or Chicago. They were built tall (Continued on page 72)
Dig this crazy Elaine Stewart!

She takes great pains to avoid the men who fall for her because she’s afraid she might meet the right man too soon!

BY JACK WADE

Describing her role in an early picture (A Slight Case Of Larceny) Elaine Stewart says, “I fall in love with Mickey Rooney—but not for long.” And she sighs thankfully.

Elaine means to cast no reflection on Mickey. She’s just shunning the state of emotional bondage known as love. She wants no part of it right now, not even the faintest ache. Serving tea the other afternoon, she remarked, “Marriage—that’s all I need! Just as my career is getting started! Please! Let me have just a couple of years as I am.”

She was holding a new brown teapot as she said this—holding it fondly. She loves the teapot as she loves everything about her one-flight, one-bedroom apartment: its random layout, the warm walnut furniture pieces, the gay prints on the wainscoted walls, even the flower-decorated garbage can which she doesn’t mind emptying herself. She loves them all; she reminds you of a bride in her new home.

She waves a scoffing hand at such a suggestion. “That’s an illusion,” she says. “Actually, the apartment will help to keep me from becoming a bride for a while. It gives me a chance to express my domestic instincts without going domestic. At twenty-three a girl ought to be thinking of marriage. I’m thinking about it, all right. I’m thinking about avoiding it until I have had a chance to realize my investment—the years and the work I have put into becoming an actress.

“People simply don’t take the ambitions of girls seriously unless those ambitions are matrimonial. I can remember my friends laughing at me and my hopes to get on the stage. ‘You’ll forget all about that when you grow up,’ they said. ‘You’ll meet someone and suddenly the dream of acting will fly out of the window as love flies in.’

“Well, that’s no way to treat a dream! Love can fly into my life and love (Continued on page 60)
Venetian Countess Marima has twenty-eight pocketbooks, loaded.

Accessories to this strategic stuff are titian hair, aquamarine eyes to match her name, a treasure-stuffed palazzo in Venice, a house in Paris, one in Rome, a villa for summers in the Italian hills, another for hibernating among orange blossoms and Arabs in North Africa.

The Countess is not without shelter and carfare.

Of all her treasures, the one attracting the most attention now is her grey chromium, red-leathered convertible. It contains Mr. Farley Granger.

Placed in his service by the Countess, it enables him to highball from location each evening to the crested motorboat waiting in the Venetian canal.

Romances between well-muscled, well-heeled young Americans and European countesses, not so young nor so solvent, are old seasoning for Sunday supplements. This is no such horse-radish.

Countess Marina Cicogna-Mozzoni is nineteen; her title is authentic and she holds it in her own right along with her properties; she is related to the noble Volpi family which can shoot marbles with Rockefellers.

In her palatial bedroom a maid attends her rising in the morning and some twenty others stand by (Continued on page 62)
For five years the O’Sheas dreamed of their family-to-be.

But baby Mary Catherine was worth waiting for!

BY SUSAN TRENT

MAMA MAYO

There’s a new baby out at the O’Shea place, name of Mary Catherine. There is also a new house, or practically a new one. For a creature who weighed in at seven pounds and three ounces, Miss O’Shea has displaced more than her share of plaster, roofing, bricks, paint and wallpaper.

It all began quite sensibly, in what Virginia and Mike prefer to think of as an orderly routine. When they got married back in 1947, they agreed that they wanted children but would prefer to postpone them until such time as their careers were on an imperturbable beam. This decision is wise in Hollywood, where careers are easier to build if they are not interrupted by maternity and the consequential inactivity. Said Mike, whose own place in show business had been established with the years, “We—meaning myself and any children we might have—will make way for Virginia’s career. It has begun to go, and if anything interrupts it, her success might get sidetracked.” In tune with this decision, he turned down a handful of movies in order to stick by Virginia while she was on her way up. When she went to Europe to make Captain Horatio Hornblower, Mike planned to go with her. “But—” his agent spluttered, “but we have pictures for you.”

“You do ‘em,” said Mike. “I’m going to Europe with my old lady.”

He believes that marriage thrives when the man and his wife stay together, instead of wandering around the world separately. So when Virginia had chances in Hollywood, Mike turned thumbs down on a couple of Broadway plays (one was the smash hit Goodbye, My Fancy) knowing that if they were successful he would be away from home for at least a year.

So it went, and (Continued on page 58)
They did it the hard way

Ever work for two years for exactly no dollars and no cents? Ever been accused of ingratitude toward a friend? Been broke, in debt and had the credit company come after your automobile? Or still more incredible, have you ever tried to get out of a job paying you upward of $2500 a week?

Any one of these experiences is enough to send the average citizen into an emotional tailspin. For an actor to go through them all is sufficient to send him bleating to the plush offices of a Hollywood psychiatrist to have his emotional wounds bathed and treated.

It happened to Rory Calhoun—all but the psychiatrist.

He is not trying to be a real life hero when he says: "I guess I could go around finding reasons to snarl at the acting business. Granted, it seems a little crazy, but that goes for any profession, whether you're a sandhog or a sculptor. The breaks come and the breaks go. I've had my share of them, both good and lousy, and now I'm on what you might call my third movie career. There have been some mighty bitter years, and some wonderful comic opera experiences."

Perhaps you have read about Rory's romantic ranch which is situated near Ojai, California, about seventy miles north of Los Angeles. That (Continued on page 80)
STORM over hollywood

Gale is the hottest star since the California fire—but it took a TV screen and My Little Margie to tell Hollywood so!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Gale (then Josie Cottle) and husband Lee Bonnell won first prizes, movie contracts, new names and each other on a radio talent show.
As a child, she had heard the phrase, “God is a father who knows the needs of His children.” As an adult, she found it very active and very true. Whenever she did anything wrong retribution came not in two weeks or two years, but instantly. God seemed to be right there when she went astray, and a lot of times she found out so quickly! It was quite natural to acquire the idea that He was never far away. From that idea, the habit of talking to Him was formed, and it continued even after she moved away from home. The first very person she met was a woman on her way to see Mrs. Ball.

There were other quick failures. Once she had answered a question on her quiz and have the year’s biggest thunderbreak over her head. No wonder she began to feel that He was right at her elbow always, quick and ready to help. She made a great idea and even quicker to make sure she didn’t carry it too far.

This youthful conceit of God’s proximity is still with her, but today she is doing something about it. She is taking a step even closer to Him. By the time this is read, or soon afterward, she will have finally joined the church. Not the church into which she was born, but the church toward which, by marriage and blood ties, she has been moving for some time. Events have proved to her that its spiritual comfort is something she can grow close to her. She firmly believes that her happy wifehood, her long desired motherhood, are closely and intricately interwined with the faith she is now embracing.

UNHAPPINESS first came into her life when she was four years old. Her father died. To her, it meant sorrow and be mother caused a real illness and for some time she could not handle the burden of maintaining a home. Lucille was placed in the care of Mrs. Ball. And in whose ideas were still those of nineteenth century Europe. She meant well, but under her old-fashioned restrictions, Lucy withdrew.

Play was sinful. So, certainly was vanity, even if it was but the natural vanity of a little girl. Any boisterousness, any impetuosity, or craving for fun was interpreted simply as some sinfulness which required, and got, suppression.

She did not like to see Lucy look in the mirror. Girls’ would get wrong ideas about themselves in this way, she said. She didn’t favor Lucy’s playing with other children and restricted it severely. Whenever she was active at all, whenever she was caught running or jumping, Lucy was set to cleaning house. This was the sensible way to use up excess energy, her guardian declared. She frowned upon sudden joys. She thought of Lucy as a little girl. When other relatives planned a surprise party for Lucy, she told her about it in advance so it wouldn’t be a surprise for Lucy.

Lucille was resentful then, but she doesn’t resent this treatment now. She still thinks it was wrong, but she can understand that it was done with the best of intentions. Lucy was put in the care of a more refined family, and in a more enlightened country, where custom established that girls could look forward to becoming chatel wives and nothing more when they grew up, and that their mothers knew would never be too gay. It was considered wise to minimize expectations. Lucy’s expectations were minimized plummeting Lucy, and when she was deserted her home and Lucy went back, she was a mess.

She was withdrawn, frightened both of other children and of grown ups, and always possessed of an urge to find a corner where she could curl up and not bother anyone. Yet, her return to her mother’s house was in a sense something she knew would happen. It was as if she could talk to God steadily, not about why he wasn’t going to make a change in her life, but, with all confidence, why it was taking so long.

Mrs. Ball worked hard (and still does) trying to get rid of the concept of “old country” inferiority Lucille had picked up while she lived with her relatives. She filled the house with other children, and it seemed as Lucille grew up, so there would be young people for her to talk and live with all the time. When she saw that Lucille was interested in plays, she sent her to school, anywhere people would fall in with such an idea. All of her children had music lessons. They had a piano, violin, and cello going.

Whatever their problems, she was always in there, helping her children to lick them. It was wonderful, and, to Lucille’s mind, an argument against the theory that the work done in first grade should be moved up to the sixth grade in grade of life, the classroom of the school, at school, anywhere people would fall in with such an idea. All of her children had music lessons. They had a piano, violin, and cello going.

“Do you think it will really happen?” she asked her mother.

“Will happen,” she answered. “It is happening. You’re living it right now in your

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was thrilled and a bit awe-struck to meet the famous actress, cover girl Hollywood businesswoman, Anita Colby. She was as glamorous, bold, and brilliant as I had heard. But I was shocked when I noticed that the lovely lady bites her nails quite a bit to the quick. Phyllis Warren, Sacramento, California

heart and that’s the best place to live anything. The best life in the world doesn’t mean anything unless you feel it in your heart and once you feel it there it’s exactly as if you have it!” Remembering, Lucille says, “I’ve never forgotten that in my work I must let the nubmers to the hearts of people—the only place where it counts.”

When Lucille was eleven she was already as tall as she is now, five feet, six inches. “All girls are too shy and don’t appreciate anybody but short guys. At dances I never had anyone to talk to—just heads of hair.” So she fell into the habit of stooping to get down until the face.

Because of her height, because of her old feeling of inferiority (she says “may be for the reason”) she had always considered herself an ugly duckling. All right, not the ugliest duckling, but no swan, just the same. She prayed about it but never got an answer. But to go to the stage it didn’t seem to her that any great change for the better had transpired. Whereupon a great thought was born in her busy head. “All right,” she told herself, “if you are afraid you are going to be laughed at for trying to pass yourself off as a beauty, beat the world to it. Be a comedienne and go after the laughs. As far as she can judge, the biggest—most important things in life is that she has four goals instead of three. In addition to seeking love, marriage and motherhood she has the prior (and in Lucille’s case not always the other two) goal of success. She said that with each success and without love, life would be quite empty.

Marriage should mean parenthood, but for years it means it to her to do long years. This was certainly something to take up with God, and she did, but to no avail. As time passed, both Lucille and Desi had with the second marriage was a long one. Nine years later they were married again—in the Catholic Church.

Lucille wanted the second ceremony. During all the years of their marriage, she had seen how much comfort Desi derived from his faith and could understand how much the marriage ceremony has to him if it were a sacrament rather than a civil arrangement. But almost immediately, and without any intention then of assum- ing his faith, she felt the warmth that came great comfort. And something happened to their feeling that they would never have a child. It disappeared. They felt sure they would not have the child.

She says, “I am not proselyting, attempting to convert, nor preaching a revelation. I have always known that I could assume any and all the ungodly things of the world, and if I were a sacrament rather than a civil arrangement. But almost immediately, and without any intention then of assuming his faith, she felt the warmth that came great comfort. And something happened to their feeling that they would never have a child. It disappeared. They felt sure they would not have the child.

When people ask Lucille Ball where she’s from, she tells them she’s a small town girl. She was born in Jamestown, Celeron—a town just outside Jamestown—Celeron—that Jamestown citizens used to call a “small town.” Lucille’s way from Celeron to Hollywood was a long, wandering trail with some rough stretches here and there. It may still be rough ahead, but there will be no more wandering.

“I’ve picked a straight road now. And on it I walk with my husband and my children and all the loved ones of my family all of us together.”

(Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are soon to be seen in MGM’s The Long, Long Trailer.)
mama mayo

(Continued from page 50) Miss Mayo eventually was contracted by Warner Brothers and became a fixed star. Five and a half years after their wedding, Mike and Virginia said, "Now is the time." It happened just like that, as though they had written the order on a sales slip. To this day Mike looks in wonder at any one who suggests that the O'Sheas were lucky to have their order filled so promptly. This was the way they had planned it, you see. Why shouldn't it happen that way?

So, things were going along just right. The baby would be born in November. That gave Virginia time to finish Devil's Canyon and Mike the opportunity to clear up some TV chores before the late stop, at Should Happen To You. Then all they had to do was sit and wait.

"We ought to get the space problem settled, though," said Virginia. "Space problem?" said O'Shea. "A baby doesn't take up much space."

"Well, with your room and my room and the housekeeper's room, where shall we put him? Her?"

"Build a room."

"But where? The kitchen's on one side, and our storage room's too close to the property line to put it on that side, and if we put it on the back—"

"We'll build up," announced Mike. "Put on a second story. The foundation should be able to take it."

From that moment, orderliness disappeared from the atmosphere, and a cloud of confusion rolled with Mike. They decided they might as well have a baby's room take up much room, but as anybody knows who has remodeled a house, every stone unturned means another $500 worth of work, and to Mike this was out. There was also a point of Mike's optimism about the strength of the existing one turned out to be a mistake, and a good deal of shoring up had to be done. This was followed by the problem of slicing off the roof. It had to be sliced low, or the second story would sit up so high that the whole house would look like a shoe box standing on end. So it was decided to rebuild. That large spoilt old house, they had spent a week of evenings sitting in their livingroom and looking up at the stars. They lived in the dining room, kitchen and bedrooms, skirting the hole in the middle, and thanking Providence that it doesn't rain in the California summer.

The chimney had to be raised nine feet, so they decided to build a new one. They had the whole thing rebuilt with new brick. The new roof made the old roof look like a stray cat, so the entire thing was recovered. The entrance, in order to match the new facade of the house, was graced by a new porch, and Mike decided they might as well have new screens and new seat cushions all over the house. The additions had to be painted, spanning new, of course, so they repainted the whole house white.

They agreed that the room and bath upstairs be set aside for the baby, that a baby should be downstairs. Mike relinquished his old room downstairs for the nursery and planned the new one upstairs for himself. Virginia's bedroom was redecorated in yellow and shades of brown, adjoins the nursery. This leaves Mike free to continue his nightowl habits, reading his newspaper in the early hours, while Virginia, hits the hay, at her customary early hour.

Midway through this Operation Upset, it occurred to Virginia that the nursery might be advisable. It would keep the neighborhood noises from the baby's ears and the baby's noises from the neighborhood ears. In addition to new roof, new ceiling, new foundation and new paint, they found themselves with new walls. And, naturally, new paint and new wallpaper.

It was a bumpy, busy four months of construction, and before it was over, Virginia announced that it was time for her appointment at St. John's Hospital. That was on the morning of November 12. On hearing the news Mike made a motion as if he intended to kick the garage and the car.

"Sit down," said Virginia. "Eat your breakfast."

Mike insists he was not nervous, that in any case, he was Hubert Danger, who grows gimlet-eyed, his nerves become steel, that the adenaral surges through his system, making him icy calm. He cannot, however, conceal the fact that he had become Mrs. O'Shea, Fatso, as he lovingly called her in those days, ate a substantial breakfast and sat around a while before she decided to begin the trip. On the way they contracted, to ogle the furniture in Wilshire store windows. She wanted a lamp for a table in the front window, and the lush lamp was expensive, and had the look of Hollywood's. Mike's foot down when Virginia showed a willingness to tour an open house.

"Oi-veh!" he said, taking his hands from the steering wheel and holding the sides of his head.

"Couldn't we go in?" suggested Virginia. "There's plenty of time."

"No!" said Mr. O'Shea, who was silently calling on his system for a fresh supply of adrenaline.

At the hospital they found a substantial group of acquaintances, all being notified by Virginia's studio that the event was about to take place. The collective press was one jump ahead of a feat. Virginia spent several hours there and there which, read, "No Admittance," but no one seemed to care, so Mr. O'Shea passed blithely by them and under them.

The long row of labor rooms leading to the delivery room sheltered several women in the same boat with Virginia. In spite of their condition, some of these patients took time out to notice that Mike O'Shea was foreman and supplier. Mike is a gregarious guy, and summoned by some of these damsel's in distress, he trotted happily into their respective rooms and chattied left with them. "A maternity ward in a hospital is like a jail or the Army—everybody there is everybody else's friend." Nevertheless, he was shucking his head at the fact that he hadn't been asked for his autograph. Of all places!

Virginia was wheeled into the delivery room shortly before seven o'clock that evening. The doctor, leaving Mike, shook hands and said cheerily, "Well, this is it."

"Don't be nervous," grinned Mike, "We've done it before. Everything's going to be all right."

It was, Mike says, the greatest performance of his life.

Virginia, on the doctor's suggestion, went back to Virginia's room to wait. It may have been an eternity to Mike, but by Greenwich mean time, it really wasn't long before the nurse came in and told him his daughter had been born. Mike went down the hall to the waiting room where the press gang was sitting, minus Mike. His expression was one of depression and rocked on his heels several minutes, building suspense. Finally somebody giggled nervously, 'What's new, Mike?"

"It's a girl," said Mike. "When the reporters, half of whom were women, buckled into a mass of sentiment, Mike fled.

He scurried down the hall toward the nursery, and posted himself where he couldn't be seen. By this time he knew the layout and he was sure that the next
I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Los Angeles on vacation, we saw a grey convertible rumbling right up on the sidewalk. A policeman was standing nearby. We were so curious about who could get away with that kind of thing, that we backed up to look. And there was Spencer Tracy, parked on the sidewalk.

Carmen Allred Ogden, Utah

baby to be admitted to the nursery would be Mary Catherine O’Shea. It was a name chosen by Virginia and Mike as a salute to the grand old names. When they had discussed the problem they had concurred on the fact that people nowadays tend toward embroidery. Names like Snap, Clutch and Katch seem to be fashionable for boys, and girls are being snowed under with tags like Dawn, Sundown and April. The O’Sheas wanted something simple, a name that was a name and not a cereal slogan. “Mary Catherine” seemed to fill the bill. Where did the choice come from? “From nowhere,” said Mike, “except from a couple of pretty good saints.” Besides, they figured that eventually their child will be called Kate O’Shea, a moniker that tickles Mike because it is the name of the only illustrious ancestor he could dig up—the colleen who was the sweetheart of Charles Parnell, Irish Nationalist leader of years gone by.

Standing near the door, he didn’t have long to wait before a nurse wheeled a newborn infant toward him. Mike stepped into her path. “Whose little demon is that?” he inquired.

The nurse stiffened. “This is no demon. This is a beautiful little girl—the O’Shea baby.”

Pop O’Shea grinned. “She’s mine. Let me have a little look at her.” He noted with pleasure that the baby had red hair. This would please Virginia. All these months she had said that, boy or girl, she hoped the baby would be a redhead. Once the nurse had taken the baby inside the warm nursery, she unwrapped her and held up a naked Kate O’Shea for her father’s inspection through a big window. Across the baby’s diaphanous was a strip of cloth labeled, “Girl O’Shea.” Mike smiled. “Okay,” he said. “We’ll keep her.”

He went back to Virginia’s room to wait for her, and when she was brought through the door he kissed her and she said, “Mike—she’s a redhead.” Mike told Virginia he had already seen their daughter and that her first performance had been a strip-tease.

He wandered around a bit after that, visiting various new acquaintances who had become mothers since his first meeting with them in the labor rooms. Being Mike O’Shea, he sat on the beds and shook hands and asked about their babies—and the husbands sat there and beamed. He went back and told Virginia about it—“What a place, a hospital!” When she laughed at him he suggested that if any strange men came into her room, she should throw them out.

The next morning Mike mixed cement for the patio with the air of a man not quite in this world, and for the next few days kept himself so busy with mortar, brick and flagstone between hospital visits that he managed to talk himself out of noticing the emptiness of the house. Mrs. Young, the baby’s nurse, arrived before Homecoming Day, and he bragged a bit to her about having a daughter. “Girls are wonderful,” he said. “Boys—well, men want sons as sops to their own egos. Give me a girl any day.”

He didn’t give Virginia a gift. The O’Sheas are not gift-giving people, at least on holidays or occasions. They pick up assorted surprises for each other on odd days of the year, and dislike any custom that makes people obligated to buy presents. When a baby shower was suggested for Virginia, Mike had said, “No, please—she wouldn’t like that.” Nor did he give cigars after Mary Catherine’s arrival, or send out announcements. “That’s a corny bit,” he said. “It’s like saying ‘Look at me—Look at us.’ It’s nothing special to anybody but us.” And so, when asked if he gave Virginia a gift, he smiled and said, “I gave her the baby.” That is Mike’s way of saying that if a man gives his wife love and devotion all through his life, it is the best gift he can give.

One day, several weeks after Virginia and Mary Catherine were settled in the new house, Mother O’Shea had a thought. “I want more, don’t you, Mike? More children, I mean?”

“Sure,” said O’Shea.

“There will be a space problem.”

“What would we do?”

“This one,” said Mike, “this one room cost us as much as a complete five-room house. Next time we’ll build same, and make it all bedrooms to accommodate the influx.”

“Yes, dear,” said Virginia.

END

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(Continued from page 46) can fly right out again—until I'm ready for it"

The most sensational bouquet to hit Hollywood since Ava Gardner came west from Greece, Elaine is getting resounding reactions around Hollywood. According to her escorts, she is not kidding. Among the men who have taken out Elaine Stewart it is pretty well agreed that her dark beauty has an instarmacable "Mona Lisa" quality to it; the better she likes you the less chance you may have of ever dating her again. Any time a friendship gives itself up growing into a romance she makes sure it doesn't. She has admitted it. "I get to thinking I don't want it to go too far and from that point on I shay away, I guess."

As one man reported after he had taken her to a few parties and considered himself a suitor for her hand: "Suddenly I got closed out." Yet this man is better off than some notable eligibles who can't even get a date with her.

More than one fellow has been driven to Elaine Stewart's door to have a sartorial and hanky-panky[:] journey to Hollywood. A rich Hollywood business man felt sure he would win her favor by sending her a lovely, gold-backed mirror together with a note saying she would see herself in beauty. Elaine returned the mirror, automatically rejecting the poem.

When he telephoned her for a reason she gave him an old fashioned answer: "I don't know you well enough to accept presents from you."

ELAINE'S stand against romantic hanky-panky at a time when she is getting her career under way was apparent from the moment she arrived in Hollywood. It took just a little time for the word to get around. The first major star to have a party by her first agent and was standing alone for a moment when Scott Brady introduced herself to her. There ensued an exchange of dialogue that was quite large and full that they both cringe when recalling it. Here's the way it went, word for word.

"I'm Scott Brady. What's your name? I can be as friendly as you know you."

"Elaine Stewart."

"Where've you been keeping yourself?" (He stopped the question there—he didn't say anything to me.)

"Around."

"What's your telephone number?"

"I wouldn't interest you."

"Scott, look! She was crazy and assured her, "I'll get it!"

Elaine never gave Scott her number and did get it—through studio connections. Her telephone number was the best she could get. She telephoned and got a date with him one day. But from that day to this, when Elaine has control of the conversation, they talk about the business and the conducting of one's professional life in Hollywood.

When Elaine faced the problem of changing from Hal Wallis to MGM which eventually became a problem of changing agents, too, it was Scott who came to her rescue and introduced her to Johnny Grant. And Johnny Grant, as far as Darrow is concerned, it might be mentioned, is a presentable and successful man, still in his fortieths, who finds no hardship to escort her because he has found that Elaine makes no bones about the fact that she spends a lot of her weekends down at Johnny's Malibu house. The house is almost always filled with many of his other clients, including Jane Powell and Gene Nelson.

The fellow most people talk about as Elaine's steady escort is Johnny Grant, popular Hollywood disc jockey and a leader in waterfront activities. John-ny's comment is, "I wish it were true." They are good friends, but the friendship is without a romantic future.

"Johnny knows it," says Elaine, "and I know it. But no one else seems to be aware of it."

Some of Elaine's friends criticize her for being too systematic about herself. "Maybe you can plan a career but you can't plan love," they say. "Love has to happen. Elaine is trying to live a time-table existence without the proper foundation."

To some extent Elaine agrees with her friends. She believes that nineteen is the ideal age for a girl to marry, and that after that it is too late to hope for happiness decrease directly as the years increase. "I'm sure that living alone tends to make a girl more and more complete in herself. In that sense, it is good for both men and women."

She is at the age where her friends believe she should be married. "I'm twenty years old and I should be enjoying myself," her friends say. "You should be married."

Actually, Elaine has been a nineteen-year-old one. She has always felt that the ideal husband for her would be a man ten or fifteen years older than she. The reason for this feeling, she thinks, stems from her childhood. She was the eldest daughter in a family beset by debts. In such a situation, children tend to grow up fast, mentally and emotionally. Elaine grew up with the economics of work. John-ny's comment is, "I wish it were true." They are good friends, but the friendship is without a romantic future.

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essarily been heavy for her age is not going to be lightheaded about romance. Her head isn’t likely to whirl because somebody is holding her hand. Since she knows this, Elaine realizes that married happiness for her is possible only if her husband is mature. “I want him to be a man with widespread interests. I don’t want to be the only thing on his mind,” she says. “From what I have seen of love it dies more quickly from strangulation than from any other cause. I want both of us to drink the same wine, but not from the same glass, as the poet writes. I don’t want each of us to live narrowly just for the other, but to live together in a big, wide world.”

When Elaine was still in high school in Montclair, New Jersey, she had a long talk about her future with her mother, Mrs. Hedwig Steinberg. Her mother delivered a pronouncement Elaine says she will never forget.

“I don’t think it is good for a girl to know too many boys,” said Mrs. Steinberg, “because she tends to think that only boys matter and that her happiness will depend strictly on whether and how she chooses the right one. It should work the other way. First the girl should choose the kind of life she wants to live, and with this to guide her it is easier to decide what kind of man would make the best partner. She already has an interest in life so she doesn’t expect so much from her husband. In the second place, her interest makes her a person in her own right as well as a wife, and that adds to her stature in her husband’s eyes.”

Few men realize when they meet Elaine and take her warm, dark beauty that her attitude has such a solid, rational foundation. But they soon find out, as do all her friends and professional associates. Elaine considers all of her steps carefully, whether it’s a question of getting an Italian haircut (which she didn’t) or one of buying a sily-looking but cuddly doll (which she did).

After her fine work as the star of Take the High Ground and the news that her studio had cast her in two of its biggest new pictures, Brigadoon and Athena, many of her friends advised her to change her personality. They thought that she was too approachable and would benefit by taking on a degree of reserve. They suggested a manner somewhere between Olivia de Havilland’s aloof sweetness and Greer Garson’s regality. Elaine didn’t laugh it off. She thought it over and she talked it over. And she decided to remain as she was. She felt she would fool herself more than anyone else if she carried her play acting into real life.

Her salary, heading toward the thousand-a-week mark, has not dazzled her because she knows how to subtract. Take away all the deductions and professional expenses, and she has to live quite modestly if she is going to save anything—and Elaine does save regularly. She spends very little for essentials. That apartment of hers, in which she lives with a roommate, Suzanne Scheiner, is nice but it’s just like hundreds of apartments in Beverly Hills. Any two girls with fairly good jobs could afford to live on the same level. Her car is not a Cadillac nor a Mercedes-Benz nor a Jaguar—it’s a 47 Ford. The dress you’ll see her wearing is not likely to be the product of a famous designer, but the handwork of a girl who can sew and whose name is Elaine Stewart. It was because of their mutual interest in sewing that she and Suzanne first met.

All of this makes Elaine sound like a very sensible girl, the kind of girl who would make a fine, thrifty, intelligent—and beautiful—wife. And that is perfectly true. But the man who wants her has better not show up just yet. The lady is too busy.

HER POOL RUNNETH OVER

Debra Paget’s all wet—and loves it!

Debra Paget has four swimming pools!

One pool is standard equipment, taken for granted. Four pools rate a raised eyebrow even in Hollywood.

But Debra needs four pools. Her folks all live together in one big house, but they can’t all swim together in one big pool.

One night Debra read “The Three Bears” to her little sister Meg. You remember about the three bears and their three chairs—big chair, little chair and middle-sized chair.

Miss Paget got the idea. Big bears, big chairs. Little bears, little chairs—mama Griffin, papa Griffin, big sister Lezli, little sister Meg, brother Frank, married sister Tela with her husband and two babies, all in the swim.

First Debra got a tiny pool, hardly bigger than a dewdrop for Tela’s Kim, aged one. Then she added a wading pool for niece Jeanine, aged three. Little sister Meg, who is six, had to have a slightly larger one and there is the big pool for adults only.

The four pools sit side by side and everybody stays in his own depth.

Extravagant?

“Goodness, no!” says Debra. “The four together cost less than the average pool. And I can even take them with me when we move!”

They’re all made of plastic.
Broken any Yeo?

Resolutions, that is. Oh, we know—you made them only a few days ago. But it's so much easier to write them down than keep them up. Nevertheless, there are some exceptions. MODERN SCREEN, for example, has a long record of resolutions faithfully kept—for your benefit! Want to get in on them? Well, if you subscribe today to MODERN SCREEN, we resolve that you will receive your copy every month without fail, that you will save forty cents over the newsstand price and that you will take no more chances on missing the latest issue! Just fill out the coupon below and send it to us with your remittance. It will get your New Year off to the best start ever!

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NAME

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CITY ZONE STATE

G/W
Hollywood have The New Classroom $2500, like In picture the ability. Countess eight rent Sensuality hension. posing increased person an possibility. Her own fleshy Wolf. “We,” His “La Wolf” raced for the director on her campaign, no doubt, for that dialogue director’s job.

Farley appeared on the set in the uniform of an Austrian officer of the year 1806 when Italy fought the war of Risorgimento against Austria.

His natural altitude of six-feet-two was increased by high military cap and accentuated by long white cane. He was as imposing as the Empire State building.

His sky-blue pants were so tight they appeared to be painted on his legs. He lowered himself into a chair with apprehension.

“They say the material is strong,” he said, “I hope.”

The picture for which Tennessee Williams wrote the script and dialogue is from an Italian novel titled Sasso—roughly Sensuality in English. Farley’s own current romanticism so resembles that of the picture a Hollywood press agent would be suspected of cooking it up for publicity. In the film, he makes love to a rich Venetian countess he knows.

Of course Countess Marina’s twenty-eight pocket books are safe, none missing. Mr. Granger is no monster in person. The Countess did not give him her car though she did offer it for 1,500,000 lire, around $2500, which is three thousand less than she paid for it.

Being no monster, Mr. Granger replies like a gentleman to all inquisitors. The Countess is a friend. A wonderful person. A noblewoman in the true sense of nobility. Telephoning him when he was ill in Venice, a stranger to the city and a person she had met only casually, was in the tradition of noblesse oblige plus the natural kindness of a sweet nature.

“La Wolf” also is wonderful, an old friend, who was invaluable to him in Italy. He calls her Janet.

“Janet!” he howled suddenly. “Janet, get me a couple of raw eggs. I have had no lunch! Janet!”

Janet apparently was on business of her own at the moment.

Later when asked if she thought Farley would buy the Countess’ car she smiled and shook her head. This led the mug to observe that Farley wouldn’t need to buy it if he married the Countess.

“She will not marry him,” said “La Wolf” authoritatively. “They marry in their own crowd.”

The Countess’ car was all right, she said, a special job, but Farley thought he wanted in Alpha Romeo. “La Wolf” thought that foolish.

“We,” she said plurally, “are going to buy a Jaguar.”

---

**3 quick tricks to eye beauty**

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set “up-swoop”) For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

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**Maybelline**
the iron man and the redhead

(Continued from page 28) He'd heard and read all that before, he said tolerantly.

Sure was funny how some people could louse you up. He had taken Susie out. He'd been doing this thing with thousands of people saw them together. And he was proud to be Susie's escort. But the very next day, that fact was blown up into a full-blown rehabilitation. Thousands of people had slumped their shoulders.

Susan had left for Mexico and The Garden Of Evil on November 18. He hadn't seen her since.

Jeff and Susie were never high school sweethearts.

"Look," the iron man explained. "She attended Girls' Commercial High. No boys stowed. She went to Erasmus Hall High School. Both his high schools are in Brooklyn, and they're not far from each other.

"We did go to elementary school together. Public School No. 181. I guess we were cousins. I don't suppose she was five years older. After that I didn't see her for years.

"When I came out to the coast, we ran into each other a couple of times. Once we took a train to the countryside and another time on a Hedda Hopper program. Susie and Lew Ayres were playing the leads in Magnificent Obsession. I was in the supporting cast. That was it until a few weeks ago. Then I called her up. We were two people who used to know each other, and I said, 'How are you? Would you like to go out with me?' And she said, 'Okay,' and that's it.

"Right away the newspapers played it up as a big thing, and it became embar- rassing. It wasn't just to me but to my wife. That's the whole truth."

Jeff is scrupulously honest. When he talks with the press, there are no curves, no so-called, no fast ones. It's straight down the middle.

SUSAN HAYWARD corroborated Jeff's ex-

Jeff riration when she appeared at the Court of Conciliation to frustrate her hus-

band's final legal attempt to reconcile their marital differences.

"She came by with Mr. Chandler once," Susan said, "and it was a purely professional affair. Right now, all I'm interested in is getting a divorce from my husband. If there's an arrangement for reconciliation. The only reason I'm down here is because I believe the idea of this court is an excel-

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grow better. Domestically, they didn’t, but her pride held her back. She wouldn’t admit failure.

“Now that she has admitted it, she’s got a fight for freedom on her hands. I don’t know what will happen to her after she gets the divorce. She has many qualities which will frighten the potential husband she wants and needs. After all, you can’t find many men who can equal her earning power.”

You read a lot about Susie and Jeff Chandler. Jeff is a well-balanced man, and a strong man. As an actor, he hasn’t realized one half of his potential. He would make her a fine husband if in another five years Susan would abandon her career and let him take care of her.

“In another five years she’ll be forty-one, and maybe by then she will be ready for domesticity. But for the last nine years, she has not only worn the pants in her house but she has controlled the purse strings.”

When Susan filed for divorce, she asked the court to issue a restraining order to prevent Jess from visiting her and slurring her.

“Defendant,” she claimed, “has more than once during the two months inflicted physical harm upon defendant. Since the separation of the parties, defendant came to defendant’s residence and used physical violence on defendant. Because of defendant’s conduct, defendant has reasonable grounds to fear that unless restrained, defendant will attempt to see defendant, will attempt to annoy and molest her by physical violence and otherwise.”

m. s. top ten for 1953

(Continued from page 27) right about them as you were about Marilyn and we wish them as much success. For you are discriminating judges. You may promote stars slowly, run by run, up the ladder to popularity peaks or you may whirl them high on the strength of only one performance. They have to be good to make it—and they have to be great to stay there.

So don’t go away. We’re proud to present your choices and we congratulate you on your good taste. The editors join you in congratulating the winners, and extend our thanks to all of you who voted in our monthly popularity poll. Thanks, too, from Hollywood’s movie-makers who recognize in your opinions the most accurate indicator of star popularity. They are grateful, as we are, for your judgment.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On the night of President Truman’s Inauguration Ball in 1949, I was among those gathered outside the back entrance of the Armory. We were waiting to get a close look at President Truman. After a long time, someone from behind the crowd shouted, “Attention!” And Luke Costello bowed, skipped, and hopped into the Armory. He was such a cute little man I wanted to hug him. And after the long wait he left the crowd laughing— and happy.

Delores Ligon
West Paducah, Kentucky

Noted Beauty Authority Advises

‘Don’t Fool With Pimples’

by MARCELLA HOLMES
(Former Beauty Editor of “Glamour” Magazine)

“As a beauty editor many people have asked me, ‘What should I do for pimples?’ I always say, don’t try just anything on them! Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimplers and not multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be ‘also good for pimples.’

‘No general purpose cream or ointment provides in a fast-drying greaseless base the specific medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. Fortunately, today, there’s a modern, scientific medication developed especially for pimples— actually tested and proven by leading skin specialists. This medication is called CLEARASIL.

New-Type Greaseless ‘Base’

“The specific medications in the CLEARASIL formula are contained in a new oil-free base! This new base material is not only greaseless but is also oil absorbing. Thus this new scientific formula may be said to actually ‘starve’ pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples ‘feed’ on.

CLEARASIL is antiseptic, stopping growth of bacteria that may cause and spread pimples. And since it is non-greasy, stainless, it may be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Skin-Colored—Hides Pimples

“This new CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it works, and to end the embarrassment of pimples instantly.

So again I advise, don’t fool with pimples. General purpose creams and ointments have their proper uses, but don’t depend on them for treatment of pimples. Treat this specific condition with a specific pimple medication.”

Proved Effective By Doctors

—Guaranteed

In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in the doctors’ and nurses’ tests or money back. Only 59c and 98c. At all drugstores. Get CLEARASIL today.

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behind closed doors

(Continued from page 37) film in Honolulu.

14. Going to Mexican night clubs with men other than her husband and dancing in the music. All of this, Duke charged, caused him such "grievous mental suffering, embarrassment, and humiliation" that he wanted a divorce at once.

She had a thirty-one-year-old Mexican wife, charged America's number-one movie attraction with:

1. Pulling her out of bed and beating her.
2. Insulting her in the hallway of the Del Prado Hotel in Mexico City by the roots of her hair.
3. Blackening her eye.
4. Calling her obscene names.
5. Manhandling her in the presence of guests.
6. Smearing at the servants and thereby causing her great pain and humiliation.
7. Refusing to escort her home from parties.
8. On occasions too numerous to specify covering her body with bruises which were sometimes inflicted with a club.
9. Excessive drinking and resultant intoxication.
10. Violent temper and abused manners.
11. Going out with actresses Gall Russell on a party and not returning home until the wee hours of the morning.
13. Throwing towels all over the dressing-room of their residence because he was dissatisfied with the number of towels in his own.
14. Belligerent attitude and demeanor which once manifested itself when at a party he tossed his wife's shawl into the crowd.
15. Attending a stag party where call girls were brought in and strip teases performed; "and when defendant returned home in the early morning hours, he was very intoxicated and had a large black bite on the right side of his neck."
16. Throwing alcohol in her face.
17. Barring her to escape into another bedroom, screaming and calling her vile names through the door.
18. Without her consent, moving her effects out of the large residence in Encino into a small Beverly Hills apartment.

Despite all this potent ammunition, the Wayne trial ran only three days.

What happened? Who called a halt to the proceedings and why? Why, after weeks of fruitless out-of-court bickering, was it not simply agreed that both parties reached a matter of hours?

Before they went into the courtroom Duke Wayne had offered his wife $40,000 for two years and $35,000 a year for the next seven years. He had insisted that there was no community property to divide because Chata, in their seven years of marriage, had never once shown where she had earned Chata, in turn, had demanded approximately $9,000 a month in alimony. Whereupon Duke had said, "I hate to do it, but I'm going to fight this one through."

They saw in the weekly magazine with the inside story of the Wayne case—why it wasn't battled out according to plan, why the trial was cut short and how the settlement was reached.

On the morning of the trial's third day, half an hour before Duke, Chata, the lawyers and witnesses were scheduled to appear in Judge Allen Ashburn's courtroom, Lloyd Shearer, a writer who was covering the trial, rapped on the door of the judge's chambers. He introduced himself to Judge Ashburn, a stern-looking bespectacled man of sixty-eight, and asked permission to use a noiseless wire recorder while Mr. and Mrs. Wayne were testifying.

"I'm very sorry," Judge Ashburn said kindly. "If I let you use a recorder, then I've got to let the newsreel men come in and the TV men come in, and the whole thing will become a circus. It's hard enough to keep order as it is."

Mr. Shearer nodded. "I know, Your Honor," he conceded, "but the recorder doesn't make any noise. I also know both of the principals in this case, and neither of them has any objection."

Judge Ashburn ran a hand through his short iron-grey hair. "If you know them," he said good-naturedly, "why don't you get them to settle this mess?"

The writer then agreed that the case was getting out of hand and he said, "The terrible part of it all, Your Honor, is that nothing is involved but money. If children were involved or a matter of principle were concerned, I could see a last-ditch fight. But to parade this sort of evidence because we want more money and the husband won't give it to her seems pretty senseless."

Judge Ashburn expressed the opinion that both Duke and Chata had employed competent counsel. He assumed that every effort had been made to settle their clients' differences out of court.

"There's no doubt about that, Your Honor," Shearer said. "They were pretty close to a settlement at one time. I still think, however, that they can work it out and insists that a settlement be reached, such a deal can be made."

The writer asked once more for permission to use his wire recorder, and again the judge denied him.

Fifteen minutes later when Chata Wayne strode into court—she was late because she'd been stopped and ticketed for speeding by a highway patrolman—she learned that her lawyer and Duke's lawyer, Frank Belcher, were closeted in chambers with Judge Ashburn.

What Ashburn said in essence to both lawyers was that the case was being taken in a nasty turn and that he felt a property settlement could be reached if all the parties concerned really got down to business. He was receding court until two o'clock that afternoon, and he wanted both lawyers to return with a settlement.

While court was recessed, Duke, Chata, their two lawyers, and Bo Roos, Duke's business manager, succeeded in making their way into an adjoining court room. The door was locked and the final settlement was made.

There was much haggling over financial details. Chata wanted her debts to be paid. She insisted upon having her community property rights recognized.

In the end, Duke agreed to pay Chata approximately $50,000 a year for the next six years, to pay all of her debts (estimated at $22,000), sell the property they own and give her half the proceeds, and pay her legal expenses. The settlement ran to $500,000 a give a little, take a little.

One reason Duke wanted to settle was that the newsman had revealed that Chata's children might be subpoenaed and asked to testify against their father.

Duke felt sure that if the trial continued, his children would be forced to share his humiliation, that they would be compelled to answer the most soul-searing personal questions, that the battery of photographers and cameramen who invaded upon them and that the two children, Mike, eighteen, and Tony, sixteen (the daughter's name is Mary Antonia but everyone calls her Tony), would bear the stigma of this exposed evidence and would carry the memory forever.

He was determined to avoid this no matter what the price in cash or future financial indebtedness.

What he did not and could not know was that before the trial got underway, Chata had emphatically told her lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, "I love Duke's children, all four of them. They are fine children, and under no circumstances must they be called or connected with this trial in any way. If Duke wants to fight, I'll fight him. I'll fight him all the way. But those children are not to be called. Is that understood?"

"I agree with you 100%," Rosenthal had said. "They will not even be mentioned."

"Good," Chata said. "I will fight him alone."

And what a fight this fiery Mexican lady put up. Sparks flew the very first day she and her lawyer stalked into court. The lawyer, shrewd, boyish-looking, well dressed, painted face ashen and alert as a frightened, innocent young girl from Mexico who came to Hollywood only to find herself enmeshed in an alcohol-saturated net. Help you going to show," the judge asked, "that her husband taught her to drink?"

"I surely am," Rosenthal said. "She was swept into a mode of living where life came from the mouth of a whiskey bottle."

He offered to prove that naive Chata came to the United States and lived with her "hard-drinking" actor for two years with the understanding that her seven-year-old son, was given to his first wife, Josephine Saenz, the mother of his four children.

Chata Wayne then took the stand. She was dressed in a smart blue suit ($165) a white and blue pin-striped blouse ($15.95) and white gloves ($2.98). She toyed nervously with her fingers as in an almost inaudible voice, she told of Wayne's alleged mistreatment.

Here are random excerpts from her testimony:

November, 1946, we went to Honolulu with friends (Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Grant. Grant is Wayne's writer) ... We were at the Grants' suite at the Moana Hotel. Mr. Wayne was intoxicated. Mr. Grant was even more so. She was talking and I was tired, so I lay down on a twin bed.

"Mr. Wayne grabbed me by the foot and dragged me to the floor. I said, 'What's the matter?' He just insulted me and berated me and I cried. I was so upset. My eyes
were swollen from crying and I was unable to go to another party we were supposed to attend. Mr. Wayne later apologized and asked me to forgive him."

"What did you say to that?" Rosenthal asked.

"That I would," Chata replied. "And then I said, 'If that's what liquor does to you then you shouldn't drink so much.' He said he would never strike or swear at me again."

But not long after when they were in Mexico City where Wayne was producing The Bullfighter And The Lady, they were staying at the Hotel Del Prado, and one night, "He grabbed me and threw me against the wall and pulled my hair. He kicked me, then dragged me the full length of the corridor. He called me terrible things and punched me in the eye. Next morning my eye was black and swollen. I wore dark glasses to hide it."

While Chata was testifying in this nautical vein, Duke was shaking his head. He looked around as if to say, "Where is she getting this stuff?" During periodic recesses, he said, "She must be awfully nervous, or maybe she doesn't feel so well. There's no other reason why she should be making up these stories."

Chata wanted more money than Duke was willing to pay, and she was determined to prove that life with the handsome actor had been no bed of roses and that she was entitled to a high standard of separate maintenance. Any sum from $9,000 to $13,000 a month would do.

At the home of actor John Carroll, she testified, she once made the mistake of objecting to Wayne's drinking. "So he knocked me down, hit me while I was on the floor, and kicked me. I was completely bruised the next day. And quite upset, of course. I was sore all over and had to stay in bed."

Their first separation came in December, 1931, after they had fought all over Acapulco, Mexico. "He threw a glass of water at me, and then I threw a bucket back at him. Then he threw rubbing alcohol straight into my eyes. It blinded me for a moment and I said, 'That wasn't water.' And he laughed and said, 'Of course it wasn't water. It was alcohol.' I stumbled into the bathroom and splashed my eyes to see. The next morning I packed and left for Mexico City."

On another occasion, Chata testified, she almost shot her husband when he broke a glass panel and let himself into their home in the early hours of the morning after spending much of the night with actress Gail Russell. She thought he might be a robber.

"I asked him if he had been at a motel," she said, "and he said no, that he had actually gone to Miss Gail Russell's house with his brother and let himself in. He said he left the restaurant with Miss Russell—just the two of them—and went straight to her house."

"I was quite hurt and very upset for two or three days. He apologized but didn't explain why he had done it and asked me to make up."

She then told Duke that she had been given a tip that he had given Gail Russell a new car, and she wanted to know if that were true.

"He said he had given her the down payment. I wondered why unless there was some relation between them, some friendship or closeness. He said there was nothing wrong and that he wasn't running around or going with Miss Russell."

"I told him it was very strange that he would spend the night with her and give her a down payment on the car."

"And what did Mr. Wayne say at this point?" Chata's lawyer asked.

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"He said," she replied, "that I shouldn't be upset about it."

When Chata finished testifying, one little old lady sitting in the rear of the courtroom, turned to her friend and reflected the way she had heard everyone say that she had kissed the quarters. "I don't believe a single word that woman has said," she whispered.

Duke Wayne was prepared to take the stand and tell him about the marriage dispute when Judge Ashburn sent for the attorneys and ordered them to reach a final property settlement.

Once it was announced that a settlement was reached, the case was postponed for a week so that the final agreement might be couched in the proper legal terms.

One week later, the property settlement signed, and sealed, all the principals returned to the offices of the Los Angeles City Hall Building.

This time Chata had amended her plea to include a divorce. She no longer wanted separate maintenance. She wanted to be rid of Duke, and he wanted to be rid of her.

Now that a settlement had been reached and Chata was willing to give her husband a divorce for everything but the legal — Duke would take the stand and elaborate on all the charges he had made against his wife. Or would he say just enough to get a decree of separation granted?

Lloyd Shearer, who had been instrumental in bringing about the financial settlement, asked him, "You going to blast her, Duke?"

Duke Wayne shook his head indecisively.

"If I were you," Shearer said, "I wouldn't. Why put yourself in the same muddling way you don't just tell the judge that you could say plenty but that you'd rather not. Just give one or two examples of mental cruelty."

"I wish to God I'd never heard of you," Duke Wayne said. "I hate this. The whole mess is re-pugnant to me. I didn't want any of it. You know that. I offered to give her every buck I could afford, but she was really unreasonable.

"If she had merely testified against me, that would be a different matter. But getting up on that stand and making white lies about me — and the maddest — someone like Gail Russell. You know Gail. The poor kid went to work for us on a loanout from Paramount. She was getting practice in playing a good job. I took her in our picture that we tried to get her some of the loanout money but Paramount said no soap. So what happened? Jimmy Grant — it was the first picture he directed — he and I chipped in $500 a piece and gave it to her. Chata knew all about it. Jimmy and I had discussed it half a dozen times.

"Sure I took Gail home after a party. But her folks were there and her brother came in. This attempt to make everything look dirty! I hate to do it, but I'm going to take the stand. I've got to tell the world what really happened. I've got an obligation to defend my friends, and I'm going to do it."

But on this final day of the trial, it was Chata who took the stand first. Having obtained the settlement she wanted, her testimony was now brief and generally that the pain she had endured had been emotional and mental grief. I got sick several times. I went to the doctor regularly, and he said there wasn't—well—there wasn't much he could do.

It was now Duke's turn.

He was sick with the flu, and his glassy blue eyes showed it. He took the stand and not once in the next forty minutes did he ever sit comfortably on that chair. He leaned forward all the time, playing with his USC ring or his gold king of hearts cuff links and rubbing his left eye. Once in a while when he couldn't find the right word, he snapped his fingers impatiently.

Of his wife he said, "She put me in a position where I had to cover up the fact that she was romantically involved with her lawyer. I had to keep up the public relations for it. It was humiliating to have her get drunk, fall down in cafes, cause disturbances at private parties. It affected my work and embarrassed me on many occasions."

One time, Duke testified, after Chata had had too many drinks and called the police, he said to her, "Chata, you are really acting like a bum."

Another time, he continued, when she was drunk and dancing with Bill O'Connell at Charley's, he stammered and fell to the floor and then accused Duke who was twenty feet away, sitting at a table, of having thrown her down.

OF his evening with Gail Russell following the party celebrating the completion of their picture, Angel And The Badman, Wayne said:

"I happened to me.

It was my first day in the hat-check room at Linda's, twenty years old, and I was awed by the tradition of the restaurant, fascinated by its Broadway customers. I was scared.

As I stood alone near the door, I was approached by a very attractive young lady who appeared to be about my own age. She was dressed elegantly and she wore little make-up on her turned-up nose and freckled face. I was not especially impressed—and not so scared any more. She was just another pretty New York girl.

"My, it's cold out there," she said. I replied easily. She stood there a moment, looking at the blazer I had rented.

"I'm expecting some friends," she said. "If they come in will you tell them where I'm sitting?" And with that, she walked toward the other end of the room.

I went after her. "Who'll they ask for? What's your name?" I stammered.

"Garland," she said, smiling at my embarrassment. "Judy Garland."

Howard Jay Friedman
Tallahassee, Florida

"I offered to drive Miss Russell home in her car. We went out with a few friends who wanted to stop in for a bar. We lost them in traffic and couldn't find them again. We looked in several bars, then wound up at Carl's cafe on the benchfront.

"We had some food and I saw some old friends from Glendale where I went to high school. They called me Marion (Wayne) and said my friends in Marin Michelle Morrison) and then an artist did a charcoal drawing of Miss Russell, and I took her home. Her mother was there and we talked. I got a chance to come at some time to one A.M.

ATTORNEY: Were there any inappropriate between you and Miss Russell?

WAYNE: Absolutely not.

ATTORNEY: Were you together at a motel at any time that evening?

WAYNE: Absolutely not.

ATTORNEY: What happened when you arrived home?

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Wayne: All the doors were locked. I could hear Chata and her mother inside—buzzing all the time, and I said, "Come on, Chata. You wouldn't. I rang the bell and she still wouldn't open up. Finally, I broke a glass pane, unlocked the door and went in. I lay down on the floor of the living room. Mrs. Wayne and her mother were in another room blabbing, blab, blab. Then they came charging in with a 45. They talked it over for a few minutes. Then they left and I heard a couple of them on occasion, but nothing else.

He said, "She had nothing to do but see that the servants kept the house in order and she wouldn't do that. Sure, I got irritated when I stepped out of the shower to find that I had no towels. So I sneaked into her dressing room and took all her towels so she wouldn't have one when she got out of her shower. It was kind of silly, I guess, but I was mad as a poignantly." He said, "Apoignantly." His words. Wayne:

"There was a State-Aotion. You wouldn't have to go to his house then.

He said, "I was never asked why she doodled Nicky Hilton's name on her stationery if Nick was being looked after by Betsy von Furstenburg.

Reporters asked her that question after the trial, however, and she said, "Oh, I doodle all the time. There was never anything between me and Nicky. He's such a nice boy." She said, "I was never asked why she doodled Nicky Hilton's name on her stationery if Nick was being looked after by Betsy von Furstenburg.

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"But didn't you secretly hope to marry him?" one reporter asked.

"Not at all," Chata insisted. "I'm an incurably single girl. Only this morning I was doodling the name of my lawyer. I was doodling, Esperanza Rosenthal."

The reporters laughed, and so did Chata. None of them asked her why Hilton couldn't have called a hotel doctor to treat him, or why Betsy von Furstenburg couldn't have taken a next-door suite to him. After all, Nicky's father, Conrad, owned the hotel. Why did he have to move in on Chata Wayne and impose upon her hospitality?

When Duke had finished his testimony and both sides had split their venom into the public record Judge Ashburn took a deep breath. "In a case of recrimination such as this," he announced, "the court may grant to each of the parties a divorce. The court finds that this is a case in which it is eminently proper to follow this procedure."

When Duke had finished his testimony and both sides had split their venom into the public record Judge Ashburn took a deep breath. "In a case of recrimination such as this," he announced, "the court may grant to each of the parties a divorce. The court finds that this is a case in which it is eminently proper to follow this procedure."

He reminded the couple who were originally married in the Long Beach, California, Presbyterian Church on January 17, 1946, that they would lay themselves open to a jury if they remarried before a year had elapsed.

"Do you understand that, Mrs. Wayne?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Chata said meekly.

"And do you understand, Mr. Wayne?"

Duke nodded. "I do," he boomed, shouting the very same words which had gotten him Chata and all the trouble.

After the trial, Duke went home where the doctors put him to bed and prescribed a long rest. A week later he was vacationing in Mexico City.

As for Chata, she began living the hectic social life long denied her. She showed up at the premiere of How To Marry A Millionaire with Steve Cochran.

When asked if she and Nicky were serious about each other, the former Mrs. Wayne described him in terms she had previously reserved for Nicky Hilton.

"He's such a nice boy," she said.

As she entered the Fox Wilshire Theatre on Cochran's charm, one of the many autograph hunters swarming around the place, pointed to her and said, "There's the dame who dragged John Wayne through the mud for thirty pieces of silver."

A photographer who happened to overhear the girl, tapped her on the shoulder. "You're wrong," he said, "by exactly 450,000 pieces of silver."
Jane's strange interlude

(Continued from page 33) for each other. Before they plunge ahead into second marriage, they want to be as sure as possible that they are right.

Jane married the first young man who came into her life. Before she met Geary Steffen, (Marshall Thompson introduced him) she had a successful career in Hollywood. But that's all she had.

"I have no real friends here," she used to say, "If you don't drink, smoke or go partying, you're left to yourself. I'd like to get married."

She was unhappy at home; her parents were involved in divorce; she was drown- ing in loneliness, she felt that she was a wayfarer between two worlds; and un- willingly used her marriage to Geary Steffen as an escape. Maybe that's one reason the marriage didn't last.

Of course there were lots of reasons. Although Jane had been miserable at home, she found that marriage per se is not the answer. From the outside her marriage to Geary Steffen looked idyllic, but Jane didn't find it easy.

That was the situation when she started working on Three Sailors And A Girl. That's when she fell in love with Gene Nelson. And that's why Jane left Geary and Gene left Miriam.

Jane doesn't want to make the same mistake twice. She doesn't want to try to escape from an intolerable situation by the first route she finds open to her—only to find her situation intolerable again. Gene Nelson agrees.

That's why they are not seeing each other for a while. They have not made a per- manent break. The day after MGM issued Jane's statement, Gene telephoned her to say, "Darling, I think I'll go down to Palm Springs for a few days. The phone's been ringing like mad. Everyone wants to know about you and me. You'd think the world had come to an end."

That Saturday, Jane had custody of his little son. He went fishing with Chris in the morning, took him to a horse show in the afternoon, returned him to Miriam that night.

A day later, Jane was down in the desert, away from it all. He takes flying lessons and he managed to add four hours in the air to his log. From Palm Springs he called Janie again, just to find out how she was. Does this sound like a final, con-clusive break?

Newsweek from Los Angeles, Sept. 16, 1954.

Jane couldn't go to Palm Springs because she was rehearsing for a picture. She went to the Julius Caesar premiere and the Mocambo and the annual Screen Photographers' Ball escorted by Pat Ner- ney, the former husband of Mona Free- man.

Twice during the evening, she ran into her former husband, Geary Steffen. Some- how or other Steffen always seems to be seated near Jane. At the Photographers' Ball with Ann Alexander, he sat right next to Jane. Jane asked to be moved.

"I don't mind these things myself," she says, "but it is sometimes embarrassing to my escort and the other people around."

If Jane wanted Geary back, she could probably have him. Apparently, however, Jane is determined to maintain her free- dom for a while.

It cost her a great deal. In the divorce settlement, she gave Geary three lots worth $15,000 adjoining their apartment house in New York and the other $16,000 note which she has been paying off at the rate of $200 a month plus interest. She agreed to assume all the financial obliga- tions and liabilities of the marriage, in- cluding income tax. Gene got his insurance business (in which policies on Jane's life are a major asset) stock in an automobile business, and some other financial advan-
tages.

Jane Powell's lawyer was against this kind of financial settlement, but Jane was adamant.

She believes in making firm decisions and plans and acting on them at once. She cannot abide temporizing and indecision. Gene Nelson goes slow.

She gave up the worldly goods and some debts, on August 6, 1953, Jane ob- tained an interlocutory divorce decree scheduled to become final on August 6, 1954. She agreed that she would follow suit and that his wife would file for di- vorce a few weeks later. At this writing it hasn't happened. That's the "situation" which Jane mentioned in her announce- ment.

Gene Nelson has been discussing divorce with his wife for months. Through her attorney, Bernard Silber, Miriam Nelson has agreed to give Gene a divorce "but she wants a fair and equitable settlement for herself and their child." She wants 25% of his gross earnings and a minimum of $450 a month as a guarantee.

Gene says, "The way my lawyer figures it out, that comes to about 65% of my net income. I think that's a little too stiff. I don't see how I can pay that and have enough money left to support another household. I don't want to go into another marriage and get behind the eight ball, psychologically, because I can't hold up my end of the expenses."

In other words, Nelson doesn't ever want to find himself in the position of Geary Steffen's position.

"I can't commit myself to an agreement," he says, "in which I am prevented, finan- cially, from re-marrying."

What does Miriam Nelson have to say about this? "I'm not talking to anyone about Gene and me," she states. "Ever since he and Jane decided to stop seeing each other for a while, my phone has been buzzing every few minutes. Reporters want to know if Gene and I are reconciling. They should ask Gene, not me."

Just before Gene took off for New York to appear on Omnibus, he said, "There's been no break-up between Jane and me. We sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk. We've been seeing an awful lot of each other, maybe too much. I've got problems to solve and at the same time I've got to go on making a living and planning for the future."

"I want to do what's right for everyone," I explained that to Jane. She's a wonderful girl. She understands. She's willing to give me time to put my house in order and to take the steps to get Geary back."

"Under these circumstances, it wouldn't be fair for her to sit around, twiddling her thumbs, waiting for me and my lawyers to reach a decision, if a decision can be reached. She's entitled to do anything she wants to do. It certainly is not fair for

**IF IT HAPPENED TO YOU...AND IT WAS AMAZING...**

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JANE doesn't say this but it's hard for her to understand why—since she was willing to work gratis, as a matter of fact. And to every-thing he asked for—Gene isn't willing to do the same thing. She feels that Nelson should give Miriam what she's asking for, get his divorce, and then make plans with her for a 1954 marriage.

Gene, on the other hand, knows that he must be able to support two households. But his lawyer and Miriam's had reached an impassé and Jane, having divorced her husband, ostensibly to marry Gene, was finding her position untenable.

Gene asked for the right to work things out in his own way without pressure. Jane said okay, but she just wasn't going to be caught holding the bag. Suppose Gene didn't? Suppose the financial settlement was never reached? What was she supposed to do?

It was then that both Jane and Gene decided to stop seeing each other until Nelson can work out his problem. Once he decides what he wants to do, he and Jane can take up where they left off, provided Jane finds no new loves in the interim.

Once they reached this decision, Jane, forthright as ever, said, 'I'm not going to sit around the house waiting for Gene to make up his mind; now he doesn't feel like talking about this things. I know he wants to be, and maybe I've been pressing him too hard, but while he's making up his mind, I'm certainly going to have other dates."

"Stories to the effect that we've had a big fight are not true. It's just that the timing has been bad. Our agreement not to see each other for a while was a joint decision. We're not mad, and we feel friendly toward each other. I speak to Gene on the telephone all the time."

Gene Nelson may well worry about his financial status. Last year, after grossing $43,000, he lost his job; and, as a net of only $1,400. If he were to give his wife 25% of his total earnings, he would wind up with about $8,000.

Now, $8,000 is not an awful lot of money for a Hollywood star. As a single man, Gene might get along on that sort of thing very well—he has gotten along on much less—but that $8,000 annual income would look extremely small in comparison to Jane Powell's earnings. Her Metro salary is $2,500 a week and in night clubs she's good for as much as $10,000 a week.

Gene has no intention of becoming "a kept husband."

We are still in the midst of the 1953-54 record sales war. It is likely that the market for complete sets will be down significantly a year from now. Last year the number of sets sold was 300,000, while this year sales are expected to be 100,000. This is a disappointing prospect, but if we are to be realistic about things, we must face the fact that people are not as interested in record collecting as they once were.

The reason for this is that most people have been eager to buy complete sets and now they are tired of this. They are looking for something new and different, and they are not willing to spend as much on records as they used to.

In conclusion, I believe that the record industry is on the verge of a new burst of activity. We are going to see a great deal of new and exciting material in the near future, and I think that the record industry is going to make a big comeback.
heston's ivory tower

(Continued from page 45) and sprawling, because that's how profits are made in rental units.

The La Brea Towers are near all the motion picture studios. This is particularly convenient for Chuck since his contract with Paramount is a very special one. He not only has the right to appear on as many TV shows as he can crowd into his schedule, but he also has the right to do outside pictures. He doesn't have much opportunity for outside work since Paramount suffers from a dearth of contract players who can play straight dramatic leads.

Last January, the Hestons signed the lease for their new apartment and had worked themselves into a fever of enthusiasm about furnishing it when Paramount decided to shoot The Legend Of The Incas in Peru.

"Just think of it," Chuck was told. "You can take Lydia to Peru with you.

"But I want to furnish our apartment," Heston pointed out. "After all my time out here, we finally got a place of our own." "Let her stay behind," someone suggested. But the only trouble with the Heston marriage has always been the separation of wife and husband. Now, they had the opportunity for a trip together.

There was a link to Lydia's mind. "I'm going with you," she said, and with that, she called up three friends and turned over the job of decorating the Heston apartment to them.

Two of the friends, Milburn Stone and Walter Sande, are actors who own a custom cabinet shop on the side. They made all the pieces for the Heston apartment. They designed the intricate music cabinet that houses all the electronics devices—the TV set, the wire recorder, the high fidelity unit. They made the simple birch dining table and the marble-topped coffee tables in the living room, also the all-inclusive lamps that go with the Hestons' over-scale bed.

This fine example of well-wrought cabinet-work contains everything but a towel rack. There's a speaker that connects to the hi-fi system. Reading lights snap on when you open the little compartment doors; and night tables are integral parts of the heads of the Heston's unbreakable beds.

The third friend helping to decorate the Heston apartment was Gladys Miller, an interior decorator who was responsible for most of the sets for Paramount's War and Peace, D. C. and supervising the decor of the new Statler hotel in Los Angeles.

Before Chuck and Lydia left for Lima, they told her, "What we like is good contemporary furniture, solid colors, and things without legs."

"I hate chairs with thin, pipestem legs," Chuck said. "I have a feeling they'll never be able to support me."

For Gladys Miller, decorating the Heston place was no snap. Every time she found some exciting new fabric or an interesting rug, she'd have to fly samples and snapshots to South America for her clients' approval.

The interior space was extensive but eventually it was agreed that she would furnish the living-dining room in two contrasting woods: dark mahogany and birch. Gladys covered the contour couches in denim and added the splashes of solid color for the two oversize hassocks and the dining chairs.

For economy and for a pleasing uniformity of style, Gladys used one continuous carpeting, and she repeated the same shantung draperies at every window.

On the master bedroom which also serves as Chuck's den, she slip-covered two day beds in eye-opening turquoise cotton. She arranged them at right angles with a lamp table at the head of both beds. When the Hestons have no houseguests, these serve as couches.

By now Chuck's habit of stretching full-length while listening to his recordings, the decorator used a wonderfully practical bedspread of moss green corduroy on the master bed.

Through the years the Hestons have been traveling so much that they've made many state calls over the years. Now that they regard their Hollywood spot as "more or less permanent," they've begun to acquire modern candleabras of wrought iron and mahogany, a fad of ceramic ashtrays, and other bric-a-brac.

Up to now, they have tried to limit their possessions to clothes, books, recordings, and a certain stand-by. When Chuck and Lydia returned from Peru, their apartment was just about done. They had moved in and settled down when Lydia was offered the irresistible lead in the Chicago company of The Seven Year Itch.

The same old story. Only this time, Lydia had such fond memories of the Hollywood apartment she'd lived in that she rented one in Chicago and had it redecorated.

The great three days of show business in the U. S. are New York, Chicago, and Hollywood. Between them, Chuck and Lydia have all three centers covered. No matter where he's working, whether it's on screen, stage, TV, or radio, Chuck Heston has a home for his T-shirt. It is more economical for the Hestons to pay rent than it is for them to pay hotel bills.

All in all, the Hestons are spending more than $500 a month, and the way the big boy from the Michigan backwoods has been going lately, five bills a month is not extravagant. On any headboard, Charlton Heston is climbing quickly and he's getting close to the highest rung.

the waiting game

(Continued from page 41) apartment? I understand she and Greg took up in Lon- don from where they left off in Rome.

Greta Peck has been accused of being dull, blind, skittish, naive, stubborn, foolish, fearful, and unknown. Actually, she is the world's number one authority on the loves, the trials, the thoughts, the moods, and the ways of Eldred Gregory Peck.

No one need tell her about Audrey Hepburn, Hildegard Nef, Veronica Pasianie, Jane Griffiths, or any of the women with whom her husband has been linked. She knows how many girls know him when the affairs were professional, which were innocent, and which were flirtatious. And she holds none of them against Greg.

And if he is a Hepburn, she asserts, as she is sweet and honorable as any young actress who has ever stepped in front of a camera. Audrey is, in fact, much closer to Greta than she is to Hepburn.

In Mrs. Peck's own words, "She is one of the nicest people I have ever met. My house and hospitality are hers whenever she visits. She is a woman who has been to school on a scholarship, never had much money. She came up the hard way, and he's always worked long and hard.

"I think he should have a terrific right to it. He would never deliberately hurt anyone. Neither of us discussed anything personal."

"I think he should have as much time as he wants to think things out. It's not as if he were some foolish young playboy. I think he has a certain wisdom and cumpsect. He has been working, working, working. He has been going from one picture into another. I know it sounds very romantic here, but jumping from London to Berlin to Munich to India isn't exactly a picnic.

"Wherever he has been, he has thought of his family. He writes frequently, and as you probably know, he's an extremely generous man. When his agent, Lou Wasmann, flew over to Europe a few months ago, Greg loaded him down with all sorts of delightful gifts," Mrs. Peck says.

"I think Greg is entitled to do whatever he feels he must do at this point. No matter what you hear or what you read, we are perfectly happy. Greg can do for himself, I certainly will do. He is still my husband, and I am still his wife."

There is no rancor in Greta's heart, no hate in her soul, no bitterness in her mind. Many people in Hollywood, petty and smug and venomous, cannot understand the fundamental goodness of this woman. They cannot abide her patience and understanding.

They say, 'She just doesn't know anything.' That's true. She is letting Greg have his cake and eat it, too. Anything he wants is all right with her. Just imagine her sending the boy over to Paris to spend Christmas with Greg!"

They were referring to the flight of Jonathan Peck, age nine, across the Atlantic a few weeks ago to see his father. In a New Yorker, the celebrated Night People in German, Greg wrote to Greta, saying he was scheduled to make The Purple Plain in India early in 1955. He said he was feeling lonely over the Christmas holidays with him in Europe before he pulled out for Asia. Greg has always been close to his three sons. They used to take long hikes together, go on beach parties, and attend ball games. Apparently, none of the children has any idea that there is any strain between their mother and father.

Had Greta Peck been a vengeful, preda-
It happened to me

I was operating the elevator in a big department store in Miami. One busy morning I glanced at the floor markers and startled to see two beautifully manicured bare feet and two rouge-tinted calves! My own feet were killing me, and I looked up to see who could be courageous enough to go shopping barefoot. Gall Russell and Guy Madison smiled pleasantly at my dumbfounded stare. Mrs. William S. Wiebur Miami Springs, Florida

Gregory Peck is a complex introvert and a married man. Words don’t form rapidly on his tongue. He launches them one by one, and when he is asked such questions as: “What, exactly, is the status of your marriage?” Radia for a moment, starts to answer, and then, as he answered in Berlin recently, he says, “I’d rather not talk about it. Any word on the subject would be from him.”

When pressed, he does answer. Of Hildegard Nef: “You can take your word for it. That’s all nonsense, just nonsense. The only time I met her was in London, before the Christie-Peck split of 1952. We met at the premiere of Snows of Kilimanjaro. I haven’t seen her since.”

Of Audrey Hepburn: “I haven’t seen Audrey for months and months. She’s been in the States and I’ve been in Europe. We played together in Roman Holiday. She’s a wonderful girl and a talented actress and has the whole family.”

Of Veronica Paasian: “Well, sure I know her. I’ve seen her in Paris a couple of times. But there’s nothing to it.”

“Nothing to it,” Gregory Peck says—but how about a few months ago at the Villa Sunshine in Sardinaux on the French Riviera? How about a few months ago at Cannes? How about last year in Italy? He was always with Veronica Paasian. When he had to fly back to London, who drove him to the airport from St. Tropez? Who met him the last time he arrived in Paris? Who flew into a rage at photographers who took her picture?

Of Veronica Paasian, the half-Italian, half-Russian journalist, who knows how to slip into a resort unobtrusively, who has no fame, arouses no attention, and lives seemingly only for Gregory Peck.

One of Veronica’s friends who lives not far from her on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt, says, “Veronica is one of those European girls who has lived more in a few years than most American women live in a lifetime. She speaks half a dozen languages, and has seen many sights, some good, some terrible. She hopes that Gregory Peck will marry her. But she is too smart to broach the subject of marriage. She is content to do whatever Greg says. If he says, ‘Meet me at Cannes,’ she will meet him at Cannes. If he says, ‘I think I’ll go to St. Moritz,’ she will turn up at St. Moritz.

“In France, except for Paris, there are no such creatures as career women. That’s true of most European countries. In America, they will marry women work. In Europe, wifehood is a girl’s career. If Veronica can ever marry Gregory Peck, that is all she wants. Why does Peck like Veronica so much? She is imaginative, attractive as Mrs. Peck. She is younger, maybe more knowledgeable in a way. She never talks of marriage, and she wants only to please him. It is funny.

“I have seen him and I have talked to him. He is a prudent man, and I don’t think he will ever marry her. But he is tremendously fond of her, all the same. She never nags, never complains that he does not want to go to night clubs or prominent hotels, or that he won’t have her around while he is working.

“When he was in Berlin and Munich with all those people from Hollywood, the 20th Century crowd, Veronica was back in Paris.

“Maybe she will show up in India when he goes. The chances are good. But I don’t think she will win him from Mrs. Peck. This Mrs. Peck is a smart woman. Gown designer, and she has a European background. She was born in Finland, you know, and in Finland, too, they teach young girls that marriage is not one eternal law of society.

“If Mrs. Peck were the typical Hollywood wife, shouting and screaming and threatening to ruin her husband, the contrast between her and Veronica would be great that Greg wouldn’t have so much to think out. But she is not the mother of his three sons. She is behaving like the Christian lady she is. No temper tantrums, no marriage interviews; only impeccable calm.

“He wants to see his son; so she sends his son. He wants to come back to Europe after working for a while with John Huston, so she says, ‘Fine. Do whatever you think best.’ There is no traditional American high-pressure.

“I know Veronica Paasian, and I have seen her operate. She is very smart, but not the smartest young chick can triumph over a tolerant wife. The wife who finds interesting men is usually happy.

“Greta Peck is not such a wife. She knows what all European women know, that transgression is a factor in most marriages, and that it must be handled with tact, forgiveness, and leniency.

“Greta knows that fundamentally her husband is a good man, a kind man—and such men are hard to find.

“I predict that some time this year Greta will have her husband back, and Veronica will have her memories.”

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**Tony Throws No Bull**

When Anthony Quinn arrived in Rome he soon found that he had to have rapid transportation from one studio to another for the three pictures he was working on simultaneously. He asked the director of one of the films to help him buy a car.

The director took Tony to a popular automobile agency. The first car he was shown was a beauty, costing four and one-half million lire, approximately seven thousand dollars. Tony was flabbergasted, trying to conceal his shock by saying nonchalantly, "That's a little more than I want to pay."

The next car Tony looked at cost about six thousand dollars in American money. He said, "Too much money." The director seemed a little upset but he took Tony to another agency where they found a pretty snappy car for about five thousand bucks.

Tony told his friend that he did not have that kind of dough, either. The friend exploded. Throwing his hands up he said, "What's the matter with you? A big American movie star can't go riding around Rome in a cheap car! You have to make a good impression in a suitable car. I give up. You can find the automobile you want without embarrassing me!"

Tony let the matter drop. When he went to Paris for a short vacation, he happily bought a secondhand Jaguar. When he returned to Rome, he didn't have the nerve to tell his friend that he had purchased a used car. His story is that a friend in Paris who was going to America for six months lent him the Jaguar. And he sticks to it.

**He's a hard guy with a car or a cow but**

**Terry and Bob**

(Continued from page 35) Swimming pool, because most pools are not clear enough for color photography. Finally I found it—a small, forty-foot pool on the estate of author John Tucker Battle, who wrote The Frogmen, and is now working on the Walt Disney epic, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.

Then I called Terry and Bob, my wife packed a picnic lunch and we set off on our underwater adventure, deep in the heart of Encino.

Me, I never had it so easy. With all my equipment, including the watertight French Undiphot camera case, I just sank to the bottom of the pool, ready to take pictures. With Terry and Bob, it was different. First we had to find the right bathing suit. Terry—a special tank suit designed by Jo Lathwood. It's sort of like the suit that famous oldtimer swimmer, Annette Kellerman, used to wear back in grandma's day, except without the skirt.

Bob was no problem, except that he put one toe in the water and yelled, "Wow!"

I didn't blame him; Mr. Battle's pool is completely unheated, and no matter what they say about the famous California climate, the water in December out here is so frigid the fish sometimes come up to shore hoping to spot a bonfire.

At any rate, my two actor folk jumped into the ten feet of water and began to act. These two kids are terrific swimmers. I don't have to say this; the pictures speak for themselves. My wife timed them as they went under water, and they stayed down as long as a minute, enabling me to shoot two color pictures at a time. We started at ten-thirty, then broke for our roast beef sandwich lunch and fifteen minutes later we were at it again. I know you're supposed to wait for an hour before going back in after eating, but these kids had studio work to do and couldn't play all day.

Fun? Bob and I turned blue, but that incredible Moore girl—while we climbed in and out to get warm, she stayed right in there, splashing merrily around between shots.

I just wish we could have had an audience down there with us, but the next best thing is to have these pictures reproduced in Modern Screen's terrific color. Any resemblance between these pictures and honest-to-pete love-making is real and not coincidental, but I promised both Bob and Terry after it was all over that I would make this announcement.

Once someone announced the engagement of Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. It wasn't true. "Don't," they said in practically one voice, "let it happen again."

I won't. The editors of Modern Screen won't. But can we blame you for suspecting that it might really happen one of these days?

**Ava and Frank Tell the Truth**

(Continued from page 31) of the west. Ava was in Palm Springs, but she and her crooner husband were much more than miles apart. They were widely separated by that ole dehul "pride."

I saw Frankie many times during his singing engagement in Las Vegas. At his opening he sang his heart out. Never had he sung love songs with such feeling. He was singing right to Ava. This we all knew. He expected her momentarily and he was a happy boy. He was also proud that he had put on weight. Every time I saw him he said, "I think she will be here
any hour." But the hours lengthened into days and no Ava. The impulsive, unpredictable beauty chose to go to Palm Springs instead of joining Frank in New York, he had expected her. Ava says Frankie had never invited her to come to Las Vegas.

Finally, when his tension had built up to such a point he couldn't stand it any longer, Frankie opened his heart to me.

"I can't eat. I can't sleep. I love her."

You should be telling that to Ava, not to me," I told him, in heaven's name, don't you telephone her and tell her how you feel? I know she's carrying a torch for you a mile high."

Frankie's eyes set. He shook his head and said, "No, Ava doesn't love me anywhere. If she did, she'd be here where she belongs—with me. Instead she's in Palm Springs having a wonderful time."

In vain I argued that Ava was just as unhappy as he was and had poured out her heart on more than one occasion.

"Cynical, Frankie," I said, "why don't you telephone?"

"No," he replied. "Ava's wrong this time. I've been wrong other times, but this time it's all her fault. She'll have to call me."

"Why 'wrong'?'" I queried.

He hesitated a moment as though he was afraid that what he was going to say might be a bit hurtful. Then he went on like a small, hurt boy. "She doesn't understand that I've got a career to worry about, too. Why, Louella, she didn't even come to my show last week. She'd do a thing like that to me?"

"That's only part of it," he continued.

"Ever since our marriage, I've been at her beck and call, and when I wasn't, Louella, I've flown to her regardless of the fact that I also had some important engagements. But I was willing to neglect them for her."

I said nothing—just listened. Frankie has a way of disappearing when he doesn't want to talk, and then I defy anyone to locate him. Now he wanted to talk. In fact, he had sought me out. It isn't the first time he's told me his troubles.

Perhaps he wouldn't have been so eager then, though he has been so deeply hurt by Ava's failure even to send him a word of greeting on his opening night at the Sands. Frankie is much more sensitive than you'd think. He takes every little thing to heart.

This wasn't a little thing. It was his love for his wife. But a series of little things had piled up until they became overwhelming mountains in his mind.

"Things happen. The public reads about them and in time forgets them," he said sincerely, "but it isn't as easy for those who experience them the supposedly trivial incidents to forget about them."

"For instance, that incident in Italy, at the theatre," he explained. "I've never told anybody what really happened there. I'll tell you so you can see why I wasn't very happy in England afterward."

I knew Frankie was referring to all those stories about how he refused to go out and sing in Naples.

"I was already shopping," he said. "My representative in the wings beckoned for me to get off the stage. Seemed he had a disagreement with the management over money. Walla walla walla. The press said I didn't keep my part of the bargain. Then when we were in England, I was upset about it."

"Well, Frankie," I said at the risk of his walking out on me, "you can't blame Ava for that!"

"I'm just trying to show you," he said defensively, "that I needed her sympathy and understanding."

"She wanted me to stay on in London. I didn't want to leave her, of course, but I had to get to New York to rehearse my part at the Riviera. I only had three weeks to get it ready. Ava had to stay in England those three weeks to finish her picture. She simply couldn't understand why I wanted to try and get away."

I nodded sympathetically. Career vs. Career is an old, old story to me after my years in Hollywood.

"You see, "I mean," Frank said eagerly. "My career didn't seem important to her. We were cool when I left England, but I didn't know it was a definite break. Then when I read in the New York papers that Ava was in town and hadn't even let me know when she was arriving, it made everything worse. She simply couldn't understand why I'd want to try and get away."

I had the Riviera opened. We didn't talk. Finally, she saw my mother. My mother said to her, "All this fighting is no good. Why don't you telephone Frank?"

I didn't get out of Frankie whether it was he who first called Ava or whether it was she who telephoned him. The important thing was that they did make up. Ava went to the Riviera and became a wild Sinatra fan. When she's with him, she never can resist him.

So once more they made up. Ava and Frankie are going to enjoy a spectacular career. I remember well when they were separated in Hollywood about a year ago. Frankie was on the Adlai Stevenson referendum and the Democratic Rally. I didn't happen to be there, but those who were did a double take. There were Frankie and Ava on the stage together as his beautiful happy couple.

I have learned through years of experience to stand on the sidelines and watch with the rest of the world for their next move.

All I know is what Frankie and Ava tell me. They both say that they love each other. Well, this is a curious kind of love, but the most beautiful women in the world are so madly in love anything can happen.

When he repeated to me that this time it was all Ava's fault, that she would have to be the one to knock down the barrier between them, I took his hand. "Frankie," I said, "you're wrong. Ava's no more at fault than you are. You're proud. She's no one. You're thinking like tvang-rags. If you love a girl and she calls you, you forget about the things that have happened and try to salvage your life together."

Shortly after that, I returned to Hollywood. I telephoned Ava. She had been avoiding me, saying, "Oh, you're all on Frank's side and wouldn't understand my side of the story.

"You're making the mistake of a lifetime, Ava," I told her. "Frank loves you dearly."

But I voice trembled. "Do you mean it? Do you think he does really love me?"

She asked again in wonderment, more like a shy school-girl who isn't sure of herself than a famous movie star and one of the prettiest women in the world.

"You know he does," I said.

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Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

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If he really loves me and thinks that my career interferes, I'd give it up and anything else, just to be with him," she said softly. "He means more to me than anything else in the world."

As for Ava, Ava called her attorney, Neil McCarthy.

That added fire to Frankie's already burning resentment. The finality of consultation can be assured, and everyone was sure to be out of a bad situation. Ava is reported to have said, "You can't compete with three children." She never said it to me. Frankie does love her children, but Ava has never objected to his seeing them.

Perhaps Ava is right. Perhaps the shadow of Frankie's three beautiful children is too much for him. He took me aside one night in Las Vegas and said, "Have you seen the kids?"

"I told him I had seen the children."

"Aren't they wonderful?"

"Did you ever see anything cuter than little Tina? She's a smart one!"

Little Frankie has inherited his father's talent for mimicry. Nancy, Jr., thirteen, seems keenly any adverse publicity about her adored and adoring father. Perhaps Ava is right.

Yet there is a tiny spark in his heart that he can't forget her. I believe that Ava loves him, but she's so jealous she believes everybody else does. Maybe it seems incredible that a girl as beautiful and famous as Ava Gardner could be jealous or unsure of her own ability to hold a man. Yet it happens all the time in Hollywood. The make-believe lives of actors and actresses go on and on for years. Movies are over when they leave the studio. Offscreen, they can be scared and uncertain about their ability to hold a man. Ava is not stupid. She believed everything she heard or read about him. The most ridiculous story was the one about Deborah Kerr's being the girl Frankie was in love with. It was the real reason for his split with Ava.

Deborah talked to me about this. She scoffed at the gossip and said how foolish it all was. She said the little darkie didn't have a chance. Deborah knew he was unhappy and miserable over his estrangement from Ava and he told her his troubles. Deborah and Ava have worked together in From Here To Eternity.

"We were never anything more than friends," Deborah told me. I tried to comfort her. I suggested she should try to forget about him.

Unfortunately, Ava believed that Deborah and Frankie were talking about their love for each other.

When I arrived in New York recently, I saw Frank several times. We first met at a party. I thought he looked bad. His nerves were on edge and although every woman was after him, his eye went on his book. He drew me aside and sit on the stairs with me so we could talk. Frankie, however, was as stubborn as ever.

"You can't," he said, "I don't know her number. She changed it. My mother telephoned me yesterday," he told me, "and she said to me, 'You should get in touch with Ava.'"

"I asked my mother, Why didn't Ava call me?"

She still thinks Ava and I should get together again.

Do you telephone Ava?" my mother said.

"Why don't you, Frankie?" I asked him.

"She has to come to me first," he said. "You mean you want to wreck your whole life just because you're stubborn and she's stubborn?" I asked him. The time and place were different but the situation had not changed. Neither had

What can you do with two people like that? I read that Ava had said to some reporter that she couldn't take Frank any longer, that he was ruining her life. Ava never said that about the other girl. She was a very unhappy little girl who spoke of her love and her problems.

Ava and Frank have had anything but a peaceful marriage. They were married in Philadelphia in November, 1951. Almost from the beginning, there were bickerings and quarrels. Frank would leave home in a burst of temper, and reports that Ava had said it was all over between them, that she had all she could take, reached my ears.

Before they were married, Ava went to Spain to see the veteran actor. The papers were full of the love letters and poems dedicated to her by Mario Cabre, the handsome bullfighter, actor and poet.

"Sure was crazy about Ava. Many men have been crazy about her. When Frank heard about this competition, he hurried to Spain, taking along an emerald necklace as a bejeweled token of his love.

It was then that the tempestuous romance between the singer and the actress came out into the open. They had to overcome considerable differences. Frank is much more finan-

Sawit Happen

As beautiful as Ava is, I've never known her to look twice at any other man since she married Frank. He seems to think she does, but he's wrong. Ava's whole heart has belonged to Frankie from the time they discovered they were in love. She took me there and again and again of her love for him.

Curiously enough, Ava was much more tender, kind and thoughtful when every- one was watching. She worried over him and worked as hard as I have seen anybody work to get him the part of Maggio in From Here To Eternity.

"Why didn't you take the part?" I asked.

"I have in mind to take the part of Marge. I want to do more than anything in the world. He paid his own way to the coast to take the screen test. He received only $10,000 for his work. That was too fast for Ava, who is worth to Frank who's earned over $50,000 a week in theatre appearances. He seemed to have an intuition that Maggie would save his career.

And it did. He needed that success. Frank had throat trouble shortly after his marriage to Ava. His voice seemed to have left him. He couldn't get a job mak-

ing a picture. He had one terrific flop, Meet Danny Wilson, an embarrassingly bad picture, a sort of semi-biographical story of Sinatra's own career.

Frankie, who is very sensitive, felt he was finished after this film venture.

But happiness, not with Ava but with his book, brought back his voice. He started to sing as the old Frankie had sung. As one critic said, "There has been nobody any good as Sinatra since Sinatra.

It had been a bitter pill for this boy born in New Jersey to feel he was losing his grip on the glamour of Hollywood. When everyone was asking, "Is Sinatra finished?" no one was more anxious to know the answer than Sinatra himself.

Ava and Frankie were seen closely dur-

ing those worried months, never for a moment doubted that he would recapture his hold on his fans.

Ava's stock at Sinatra's stock soared. Offers poured in. His voice which had troubled him so long was better than ever. Despite this, Ava insists careers have nothing to do with her. She says, "Why will you say that careers have nothing to do with our separation? There were many things leading to it, but they are private. We are getting along fine.

That was as much as Ava would say, as much as she ever said about her troubles; beyond assuring me she loved Frankie, adored him and would give up everything for him.

I'm sure she meant that. Frankie's high temper and his many quarrels with her were too difficult to take. On the advice of his lawyer, she has said little, but what little she has said has had a lot of meaning.

Ava has always felt I was completely on Frank's side. That's because I know Frank so much better. I've known him so much longer and I've been so much closer to him. He was a friend of my late husband and used to come to the hospital to see me. Many times he would come and tell me a story. I could never forget that.

This hasn't influenced me, however, in trying to be fair to Ava. I know she has her good points. She doesn't need anyone to tell her how beautiful she is or that she's one of the world's greatest actresses. She doesn't need her and she shouldn't let her little silly things break up their marriage. In Holly-

wood, the town is sharply divided. Frankie's friends fight for him and Ava's friends think she got a raw deal. As for me, I'm on both their sides.

Ava, like Frankie, has tasted the sweet need of publicity. She has said, "If that's what you mean, I want to know it. That's a thing that's hard for any man or woman to give up. There have been instances in which an actress retires at the height of her career but she's not found out by any woman's being really happy about it.

Giving up her career doesn't seem to me as the solution to Ava's problem. It's not that simple a thing to do. There's a high-strung, highly emotional people believe now that it's all over because this is the first time an attorney has been con-

sulted. Martin has been especially consultat an attorney hurt Frankie deeply and every time I've seen him since, he has men-

tioned it with great bitterness.

I'm afraid there's no way to go but to talk to some people to some group of us. He reached out and kissed me and said, "I love you, but I'm going any place in the world with you. I'm not going out on a party where there is girls."

How can you figure out a man like that? He didn't want to hurt Ava by being with her. He seemed to be calm and indi-

cantly, and yet he is hurting her much more by his stubborn silence.

Once more I said to him that Ava was magnificent and that she, too, hasn't been seen with anyone.

"Then why is she going to Rome to make a picture? How are we going to make up if she's going to be so far away?" he pleaded.

"Do you want to make up again?" I asked.

The look he gave me would have melted Ava had she been anywhere in sight.

END
Jane Russell doesn't look like the girl next door. She looks like a movie star. I don't mean that she shashas into a cafe dripping with diamonds and wearing a Monaco headdress. The day of our interview she wore a black velvet vest over a red silk blouse opened at the neck, and mata- toga pants with some kind of gold print. But you don't pay too much attention to her clothes because the first thing you look at (if you're woman) is Jane's face. In reality it is almost giving a split second impression that this is a haughty creature. The illusion is dispelled the minute she speaks, and then her face is saucy and friendly. In short she is not a humor. The contrast makes it an interesting face, but the most fascinating thing about it is the smolder. That's the only word for it—a kind of smolder from eyes, tip-dilted and dark amber in color, that seem to reflect an inner fire. This face has done more than its share in giving Jane Russell her long-standing reputation.

"What about this sex-appeal business?" She threw up her hands. "I've had it for ten years," she said. "It can be over-done. It's like—well, it's like too much of one thing. You've got to have something else. I think a person who has nothing but sex appeal might as well drop dead.

"Maybe I've just resigned to it by now. I get awfully sick of it—and of those awful hair shrinked. But I have to remind myself, where would I be without it? No, place, probably. So I go along with it." Still, she isn't the kind of star one photographs on an average day.

She laughed. "I'm never in the kitchen. And even if I did slave over a hot stove I wouldn't want to talk about it. Me, I'm just a housewife. I'm not into that at all, and I don't like to know about my favorite movie star's talents with mixing spoons, or how much starch she puts in her old man's shirts. You wouldn't catch me in the kitchen if you tried.

"Do you want to kill the legend of Jane Russell?"

"I guess you can't kill it. I don't think I'd want to, not entirely. But I want to do something besides curl my lip and sither."

"You've already done it. I should think you'd consider Gentleman Prefer Blondes a milestone, because in it you proved you can handle comedy. And now they've given you French Line, I think it's got to prove even more to a lot of doubting Thomases."

"It was a milestone," she said. "For years I've wanted to do a musical comedy, and from the way it's turning out it looks as though I'll get my wish."

"Is that all you want to do? Musical comedy, I mean?"

"Yes, I was dropped a fork and banged it on the table with the exuberance for which she is famous. "I want to do everything! Musicals—comedy—tragedy—"

"Sure!" she laughed. "I probably can't do it, but I want to try. I was reading yesterday about another actress and the writer said she was smart because she knows her limitations. I can't! I'll tackle anything to find out if I can do it, even if I fall flat on my face."

"Have you noticed any difference in other people's attitude toward you since Gentleman Prefer Blondes?"

"Lots. The mail is a lot heavier. And people keep coming up to me and saying, ' Gee, Jane, I didn't know you could sing! Gee, you can carry a tune!' And you know something, all this ballyhoo coming comes a little too late to please me. I've known I could sing since I was in high school, but nobody would give me a chance to prove it. Through all these years people have found out about it, I'm ready to make another move. Do a Camille, or something like that. If people compliment me on something else, I can do, I think they learned that appreciation. But that doesn't go for this amazement at my singing. Singing's old hat with me, and I'm not even gracious when people ask me to sing."

"Asked if she'd always wanted to be an actress, she shook her head. "Nope. Because my mother was an actress. When I was in high school I came near to flunking any subject there was. I'm not a mathematician."

"But you got top grades in art and music and drama. So I thought I'd do one of those three. I picked on designing and started three years ago in school, but always ended up going to a dramatic school with some buddy of mine. She grinned. "I don't say I learned anything in dramatics classes. It was just the line of least resistance, and okay as long as Mother wasn't pushing me into it."

"I guess I was doomed for it, though. I used to raid Mother's old trunks full of show clothes and dress up in all those silks and satins. I even put make-up on my brothers and draped them in all that stuff and we'd give shows in the back yard."

THERE is one question I consider a clincher; its answer can tell a lot about a girl. "As a rule, do you like other women?"

"Sure, I like 'em. I think women are real great—I have a lot of friends. Some, there's a lot of types. Here she grimaced. "The kind that drop broad A's when they didn't grow up with them, the kind that put on airs and are real grand and off the wall. I'm not Miss Russell to anybody. I'm just old Jane."

As I went on talking with her I found out a lot about this girl whose name has become a household word. I learned that Jane Russell says what she thinks and has about as much subterfuge as a mirror. She is uncontrovertably honest. If she likes someone then she likes them immediately, but if she dislikes a person and them before they are aware of the great void. She has little conceit. When asked if she is easily recognized she said, "Only when I look like the devil and am trying to scuttle from one place to another without being seen. When I'm dressed up, they think I'm somebody else."
In clothes she prefers opposites: extremes, loving slacks or shorts around the house, best fave, a red velvet taffeta glad rag. "When I dress up, it's got to be the end. Then I'm still in my mother's trunk."

This decor of her house stems from Jane's vivid imagination, and here again her taste leans toward the exotic. Her bedroom is sparkled by a headboard and tables in the shape of a leaf. The walls are mauve, there is an immense couch in deep purple, and the cushions are assorted colors which Jane terms 'strange.' It is a job, done entirely by herself, to be admired by professionals, decorators, and Jane says she will turn to decorating if the day ever comes when she leaves the movie industry. "This is a house," she says, "I should go dripping through it in gold lamé and a long cigarette holder. But I don't. It's blue jeans for me."

She admires feminine women, and periodically determines that she will surround herself in a cloud of trailing chiffon and perfume, but somehow there is never time. She adores perfume, but keeps forgetting to get it refilled. "I always go to the adorer by professionals, decorators, and Jane says she will turn to decorating if the day ever comes when she leaves the movie industry. "This is a house," she says, "I should go dripping through it in gold lamé and a long cigarette holder. But I don't. It's blue jeans for me."

JANE RUSSELL has been known for some time around Hollywood as a character. She is dimly aware that such is her reputation, but she has not complained or rejected it for years. The reason is that Jane's personality is refreshing; she is honest and direct in everything she does. She says what she believes, does what she feels like doing, without giving a thought to the consequences. She moves fast, with a characteristic forcefulness. The saying goes that if you are going to New York and Russell makes an entrance, you will be knocked flat by the door when she bursts in. She enjoys an occasional tantrum, not because she wants to hurt anyone, but because she likes to express herself. There isn't a drop of malice in Russell, and if anyone is ever cut by her, she is completely unaware of it. There was once a new publicist assigned to her. He called her and said, "I'm going to call Jim Jones. He is ready and willing to work with Russell, but it so happened that every time he got near her she went barrelling, so he gave up."

Jane's eyes opened wide. "Who is Jim Jones?" she said.

She is unconscious of time and space, with respect to fashion. She never wears a watch, figuring that somebody else can tell her the time. Once she agrees to do something she can be depended upon to do it. This is due, not only to her frankness, but in great part to the way everyone—her husband, her mother, her Japanese houseman and the studio personnel—of the appointment. Russell herself would not think of keeping an engagement book.

Hers is a one-track mind that concentrates on the job of the moment, while everything else is going on in the background. She will tackle any chore with every confidence that she will accomplish it. This, despite repeated proof that her stamina is not sufficient for constant physical strain. She awakens in the morning like a bronze released from a chute and goes through life on a whirlwind until she suddenly collapses. Production of her last two pictures has been held up because of a brief illness, yet she is anxious to do much, much more. This type of movie requires twice as much work as the straight drama, with long weeks of song and dance rehearsals. Is Jane aware of this? "Sure, but I'll go anyway. Just give me a week in the middle of the picture to break down, and I'll be okay."

She once went on a fox hunt in Georgia, repele, with a red coat and bowler hat, de- spite the fact that she had never been on an English saddle in her life. "They asked me if I could ride, and I said sure I could ride. I'd grown up with horses in the west, I tell you."

There are a few things Jane doesn't like. One is tennis and swimming and skiing because for football muscles. She likes to hunt—she can't bear to shoot a deer. She likes New York, for the fun-side. She won't go to the pictures, or shows. He likes basketball—she can't play so she doesn't go. "It's a good thing," she says, "that opposites attract. Robert and I don't have a hobby in common. If he goes to hobbies, so it's sort of to each his own. Home is our center, with the kids—and we're nuts about the house—and this is our real life together, not really happy unless we're at home."

So when they're in New York Bob goes off on a hunting trip with other men, or to play golf with other men, or to see a basket- ball game. He has never been known to make an offer in the West, however."

There she is, the personification of Hollywood, as she looks through the West End Window, as she reads the newspapers, as she appears in films, as she appears in life."

Jane gets very positive ideas, not all of which make sense. Such as her refusal to fly on a night flight. "I can't sleep on a plane, and an announcement on the flight makes me lose my sleep."

So she always leaves California at eight in the morning, and the minute she lands in her seat makes preparations that have become ritual. She takes a bistro lunch—she won't eat unless she plugs her ears, wraps a blanket around herself and, wearing slacks, curls up in the seat. "Wake me when we get to Chicago," she says. "I want to knock off for eight hours. The stewardess comes and goes with trays of food, but Russell sleeps on. The stewardess invariably asks whether the lady who is basinet is air sick, and they pass by in clucking sympathy, never knowing that the bundle is only Russell, who claims she can't sleep on a plane."

These are things she does that build her reputation as a character, but she is bilthely unaware that she does anything differently from other people. She talks to everybody, talks to all her acquaintances, and when she appeared on Talmah Bankhead's Big Show, was wildly happy that she could observe at close quarters such people as celebrities, and, well, she is happy to actually be classified as a character. It never occurred to her that they might be interested in her.

The fact that a fan mail service in Hollywood reports Jane Russell's mail now ranks second in the long list of Hollywood personalities helps prove that Jane has at last arrived. There has been a long interim between the Duffield era and the present day during which Jane felt she was coasting."

I was waiting for the chance to spring, she says with a laugh. "It is kidding when I say that, but it is true, and when you start coming to know her a bit better she comes to blowing her own horn. She has been quiet about it, but she has known all along that she could turn out a professional job that would fuse the myth of the glamorous personality and the reality of her personality into one."

There are some who claim that Russell's drive, her force and her personality have been so strong that she has never known a man. They say that she has greater potential than most people realize, and that given the opportunity, she could become a truly great personality. Certainly, Jane Russell has more than sex appeal and a reputation for being a character. She is a great dame.
storm over hollywood

(Continued from page 55) That's what Gale Storm did to Las Vegas. In Hollywood she has spent some mediocre years since 1940. She was delighted a couple of years back in a picture with Donald O'Con- nor called Curtain Call At Cactus Creek, but all she got out of the studio were little six-month contracts and parts in "B" pictures.

Today, with or without Charlie Farrell, her television daddy, Gale is as "hot" a girl as there is in movies. She is not excited about all the furor. She is concerned about something more important.

"What worries me," she said recently, "is whether my sons should have a mother who works. You know—whether I am really able to give them the right amount of attention. Nothing, but nothing, has gone wrong, you understand. Honestly, I think I see more of them than a lot of mothers who go to bridge parties or play canasta see of their children. Every hour I'm away from the studio goes to them. Every night, and Saturdays and Sundays, particularly, they come over to the studio lot with me.

This is an incredible note. As a rule, Hollywood mothers never bring their off- spring to work with them except for public- ity photos. But then, much of what Gale does happens to be different from the things most Hollywood actresses do. Work ing or not, she rises about six-thirty A.M., does a few light setting-up exercises, feels momentarily debilitated as a consequence, and goes back to bed again. By seven, Mrs. Bonnell is at the table. Her husband gets up at dawn, too, and they tuck away a steeplejack's breakfast. Life as Margie can be strenuous.

The Bollens live in Sherman Oaks, part of the San Fernando Valley, and Miss Storm is honorary mayor out there. It's a thirty-five minute drive to the Reech lot, which makes Miss Storm precisely five minutes late each morning. She never has figured a way to get around that. The best she has been able to come up with is to set the shooting schedule ahead five minutes, but there seems to be a slight flaw in that somewhere. More logically, the thought happens to be a few of the curves. Gale Storm takes all of Margie's wacky stunts in her stride. She is a Texan, born in a place named Bloomington and moved to Houston before she was old enough to shave. She is the youngest of five children and never did get to meet any oil well folks or even any ranchers. "I did, however," she says with a sly grin, "once hear of a neighbor who struck it rich and decided to collect miniatures as a hobby. The first thing he bought was Rhode Island.

By and by, Miss Storm, who was then Josie Cottle, quietly started working in amateur theatricals. One fine day she won a statewide competition for her appear ance in a number for Miss President, a one-act affair. She was a good student, too, walking off with first prize in a Houston declamation contest. It was about then she began to feel the pull of the movies. She is, according to Miss Storm, a homesick sly when it comes to a return to the stage. She has been a little allright in the form of a nationwide talent hunt radio show titled Gateway To Hollywood. Gale won the girls' title, and just in time, because the boy in the boy's category was a fellow from South Bend, Indiana, who turned out to be her future husband, Lee Bonnell.

Part of the content of the gimmick was that the girl winner was to be re-named Gale Storm, the boy Terry Belmont. Terry Bel mondt does not translate into much and doesn't have much of a movie star name. Gale Storm, however, means roughly the same thing as Frightful Hurricane or Helluva Wind. At the time she does happen to be one of these of these names, and introduced herself without a fight, even though she was not ashamed of being Josie Cottle. "The thought of becoming a girl named Gale Storm stuck up on my morale," she recalls. "I needed a change of name, but bad."

Be that as it may, Terry Belmont fell in love with Gale Storm and vice versa while he was how Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell today. Gale was a spirited girl and it wasn't long before she realized that winning a chance to act in Hollywood is a long way from being a movie star. It was actually the third contract at Monogram Pictures which at the time was shooting its films almost as fast as TV films. Gale was introduced to the population. Gale was a lot of trouble to her bosses. One of them called to ask her bluntly, "Can we cast you in a picture, or are you pregnant again?" Gale remembers that one picture was shot so fast that they never did bother to finish it. On the last scheduled day of shooting, time was up, they had brought in a new director and re leased it. "No one," she swears, "ever noticed the difference."

Happily, not being a top star never bothered Miss Storm. If being a top star doesn't bother her now. She has an idea that she is lucky enough without being a star of any kind, and that her success with Miss Margie is just as much gravy. That is about the way she says it. And she says it without the heroic sighs and misty looks. She can't see much of this kind of declaration from a Cinderella in show business. "Here's what you're supposed to say," someone reminded her recently during an interview: "It's all like a wonderful dream. I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

"It's all like a wonderful dream," said Miss Storm. "I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

Mrs. Lee Bonnell is a very happy woman whose professional life is now in the middle of a staggering turn for the better. But she does have a few minor crosses to bear. There is the matter of socks. She busses herself in her spare time by (what did you expect?) knitting socks for the electricians
they did it the hard way

(Continued from page 53) ranch has been one of his pet dreams ever since his grandfather used to take him prowling over the ten-acre farm. When the big movie money began to roll in, and Rory had himself a bride, he acquired that property and a lot more—a some 150 acres. He was as sure as a gold mine gave and feeding pigs—he learns in manhood that being close to the land is mighty important.

To cut a long story to simple tragedy, Rory managed to buy his ranch. Many were the pictures taken there. He even planted a hay crop which almost paid the running expenses when he was eased out of his contract byParamount. He had a lot of ground to keep his feet on.

Let Rory tell it: "When the contract was gone things were no picnic. I had an agent who tried to lend me every time he suggested myself for a part producers screamed politely. 'Rory Calhoun? He hasn't learned to fall off a log yet. Meanwhile, I didn't care. I knew I could make it. I went to the ranch and put in some more crops while I worked, I was happy because I was happy."

Then one day a guy with a brezy suit and a cigarette stuck out his big fat finger in front of me and said, "I am the man who has made you happy."

IT WOULD BE nice and cozy to say that with all this hard work between the two of them, Lita and Rory saved the day and became an important star at 20th Century-Fox. Recently, that studio shaved a lot of actors off the payroll in switching over to CinemaScope, but they kept Rory on at big money for such pictures as "Never on No Return and How To Marry A Millionaire."

He was kept so busy that he decided to turn the ranch into a sort of guest hotel, in which he and Lita could have been stayed at and cared for if a sudden there was no water. For two whole years Rory and Lita had been making personal appearances and tucking the money into a pipe that was set up, and then the days when your options may be picked up in slightly pleasanter style. For Gale, that day has come with a bang—and has now fitted itself quietly into the smooth, happy pattern of her life.

on the set. But knitting is a slow business, and up to now, she has only finished one pair each for the boys upstairs—the ones up on the catwalk. That leaves the boys downstairs walking around in their bare feet with the toes of the slippers delivered Miss S. an ultimatum: no socks, no lights! That would leave Miss Storm lighted only from above and looking like Dracula in the dark. But why are her oils aren't turning out well, at all. She says she painted a landscape and it looked like an impressionist interpretation of a barn with feet on a pine cone and it looked like a wicker basket. She painted a friend's portrait and he looked like a drunken mastiff. She tried a gouache, too. Gouache is not easy painting. Her hair, charms terrible. Well, besides awkward painting, has Miss Storm any vices? Non-punctuality? Furtive gnawing on marshmallows? Taking a little dollop of cooking wine now and again?

"I can't keep a checkbook," conceded Miss Storm. Few things bother me more than addition. Three things, to give you a round number."

Would she tick them off?

"Gladdly. Subtraction, division and multiplication."

So she messes up the family accounts?

"Certainly not. I don't go near them. Lee figures them."

Doesn't she believe in something revolutionary—like woman's place is in the nightclub?

"What's a nightclub?" said Gale Storm.

Y et, who is to say Miss Storm's life has been so much whipped cream? By and large, things have worked out nicely, but there's been adversity to push along the growing and maturing.

Sometime ago, her oldest son, Philip, was born. "They came back from the hospital," Miss Storm recalled, "I told Lee what had happened. He stripped off Philip's night clothes and sent me for white vaseline. The child was burned from front, back, and screaming. And screaming. Lee applied the vaseline and quickly rejected an idea I had about wrapping him in a bath towel. Too rough. Lee knew that. He asked for a sheet and my woolen comforter. Maybe there's not much to it, but I want to tell you. So we wrapped him in the sheet and the comforter and the doctor who gave emergency treatment told me later that what Lee had done was exactly right. The wrappings didn't change."

But I'm afraid, Gale, there is a question. When the good ones break come, they are something to be grateful for. Succes, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of life. But I'm afraid, Gale, there is a question. When the good ones break come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of life. But I'm afraid, Gale, there is a question. When the good ones break come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of life. But I'm afraid, Gale, there is a question. When the good ones break come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of life. But I'm afraid, Gale, there is a question. When the good ones break come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of life.
jacks, but you seldom hear of one who has the courage to go back to menial labor once he has had a taste of the soft life.

"When I was a kid, I could have taken a job as a miner or something, but I liked acting and decided to hang around. When some people say they are bused, burned out, and that the big boys have a few thousand dollars in the bank, plus a few stocks and bonds and a paid-for mansion in Beverly Hills. When I say I was broke, I mean that I didn't own anything except the clothes on my back, and that the only way I made it was in hock $300. So I worked during the day at a brickyard, where I stacked and fired bricks. Then at night I slung gas in a service station, and before I knew it, Hollywood thought I'd gone off my rocker. 'You're an actor,' they said. 'You shouldn't do menial jobs like that.'"

It struck me as funny that people should figure that way. In the first place, just because he had been slapped in the face a couple of times with greasepaint and a full-dressed actor. Besides, as he puts it, "If a guy's got two arms, why starve?"

Rory admits that he's had his low spots. And that he used to think that he was a big shot when he got his first $300. He was feeling lousy and admits that it was a foolish thing to do. But if he makes mistakes, he alone is responsible for them. Criticism of the way he lives doesn't bother him.

Rory Calhoun says that his becoming an actor was nothing special, and finding the great love of his life was just one big series of lucky situations.

"From the time I left high school I'd been bouncing around the western part of the United States, working any job that came along. I never had a meal in my life that I didn't try my hand as a forest fire fighter. I didn't go for that because it paid a lot less than what I got at logging. Lee was a friend of mine who used to be a lumberjack and had a whole string of jobs. He'd been a good enough gold miner to be able to support himself and my only regret is that I didn't try my hand as a forest fire fighter.

"The life of my life didn't have any focus at all until I met your mother. She lived in Los Angeles, and I was out there working about the same time. We had a few meetings and decided to try my hand as a forest fire fighter.

"And Lisa and I have their first home now—a two-bedroom place in Beverly Hills. They have a living room in an apartment, none of them elegant, and one of them consisting of a single room. They kept moving around, but Rory liked to putter around the house and Lisa and he had been there for about a year. He'd been there in it a couple of weeks. He felt that it was the studio contract list that was the real star of the show, and that I'd be able to see tough times again if he goes on it, but there'll be water on the ranch again soon, so he won't starve.

He and Lisa have their first home now—a two-bedroom place in Beverly Hills. They have a living room in an apartment, none of them elegant, and one of them consisting of a single room. They kept moving around, but Rory liked to putter around the house and Lisa and he had been there for about a year. He'd been there in it a couple of weeks. He felt that it was the studio contract list that was the real star of the show, and that I'd be able to see tough times again if he goes on it, but there'll be water on the ranch again soon, so he won't starve.

"The house isn't anything elegant; it isn't so much anything to it. Lisa is busy decorating, and between pictures and on Sundays we drive up to the ranch.

"It took her about a year to get used to the rugged life. She's got a little horse and a saddle, and now she rides with me. I think she's pretty well converted. Guy Madison and I took her duck hunting for the first time last fall, and she bagged her full quota. Not only that, but when we got home she announced that from now on she's going to stick that I go duck hunting at every opportunity. And I'm going to stick with her because I've bought a fourteen-foot boat and built a half deck on it. Lisa and I have spent many a night aboard it, tucked in sleeping bags up in the cabin."

"The ranch is coming along nicely, too. With water I can plant a crop of alfalfa, and as soon as we can get the feed, we'll raise calves and make some money. There's no point in having a cow to graze cattle, but we'll have sheep. I'll share crop with the man who lives on the place, and it will be a place to go if times get bad."

"We're hoping to have children and already Lisa has decorated our extra bedroom as a nursery. If I figure three boys, I'd have a pretty good chance. The only thing I'm worried about is the time when they'll be working the ranch and I'll be an old man, sitting in a boat all day long and fishing."

That's a problem that's not going to go away for a long time, but right now we're on top of the world. Once I was insulated at being mistaken for an actor; now I'm insulated if people think I'm not an actor. To top off my blessings, Lisa looks wonderful in blue jeans."

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*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that you will never have to worry about excessive cavities again.

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing.

Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours). And the directions are right on every Ipana package.

Important to new Ipana's effectiveness is its anti-enzyme ingredient, WD-9. In stopping the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Children enjoy new minty flavor

As you know, your youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana has a wonderful new minty flavor so that children will enjoy using it. It has new built-in foaming and cleansing power to reach "danger spots" the tooth brush doesn't touch. For refreshing your mouth, we think you'll find that no other tooth paste is quite like it.

Don't forget your gums

Ipana with WD-9 does much more than help reduce tooth decay. Brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. And as for bad breath, a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor as long as 9 hours.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

Reduces Tooth Decay up to 60%
...Stops Bad Breath All Day

Product of Bristol-Myers

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9
modern screen

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The Command

in WarnerColor and the engulfing realism of Stereophonic Sound

Starring "The Command" Guy Madison, Joan Weldon, James Whitmore

Screen play by Carl Benton Reid, Harvey Lembeck

Music composed by Dmitri Tchesnokov

Produced by David Weisbart

Directed by David Butler
Tampax

can even be worn in tub
or shower

If you’re used to bulky external pads, this may sound unbelievable. But the reason Tampax sanitary protection can be worn in tub or shower is because it’s worn internally.

Everything about Tampax is small and dainty. The throwaway applicator, for instance. The fact that Tampax is easily disposed of. The discovery that a whole month’s supply slips into the purse. Yes, once you change to Tampax, you’re due for many pleasant surprises.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that when he first came to Hollywood, Marlon Brando moved in with his agent, Jay Kantor? And is it true that a little while later, Kantor’s wife, actress Roberta Haynes, divorced her husband, hoping to marry Brando? —R.M., N. Y. C.

A. Although Jay Kantor is now divorced from Roberta Haynes, he is still one of Brando’s few close friends, and he still handles him for MCA, a talent agency.

Q. Can you give Zsa Zsa Gabor’s exact age? —E.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. No. According to some of those who knew her in Budapest, Zsa Zsa is somewhere between forty-two and forty-seven.

Q. Are Walter Pidgeon and Irene Dunne grandparents? —F.E.R., MUSKEGON, MICH.

A. Pidgeon is; Miss Dunne is not.

Q. Before Michael Wilding married Elizabeth Taylor wasn’t she a chorus boy in London musicals? —S.A., SALEM, MASS.

A. Yes, seventeen years ago in Home And Beauty.

Q. Would you please give me the name of the Paris plastic surgeon who performs uplift breast surgery on Hollywood actresses? —J.G., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Dr. Jean Boivin.

Q. I knew Gail Russell when she was the prettiest girl in Santa Monica. Will you please tell me why she has turned so frequently to alcohol? —G.V., SANTA MONICA, CAL.

A. Insecurity and unhappiness, according to friends.

Q. I understand that Bela Darvi is scheduled for a tremendous buildup at 20th Century-Fox, that she will play the top feminine role in The Egyptian, that she is a Polish refugee. True or False? —Y.M., ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

A. True.

Q. Why has Janet Leigh bleached her hair? —E.L., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. She considers it attractive.

Q. Is this a good time for a young actress to try her luck in Hollywood? Who are the biggest agents there? —G.F., DANTÉ, ILL.

A. This is not a good time. The largest talent agencies are MCA, William Morris, and Famous Artists.

Q. Why does June Allyson refuse to have anything to do with her father? —J.R., PATTERSON, N. J.

A. June and her father have been estranged for years.

Q. Is there any possibility of Bob Wagner’s marrying Barbara Stanwyck? —H.R., FRESCO, CAL.

A. Practically none.

Q. Is it true that Jacques de Bergeac cannot get a top role in a Hollywood movie unless his wife, Ginger Rogers, plays opposite him? —R.O., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. That’s about it.

Q. What lies behind the Martin & Lewis-Abbott & Costello feud? —B.L. SEA GIRL, N. J.

A. Costello once advanced Martin some money for surgery, had him sign a personal management contract, later threatened a lawsuit. It’s all been amicably worked out, and the feud is no more.

Q. Can you tell me what part a girl by the name of Edna Murphy played in the life of director Mervyn LeRoy? —T.E., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. She was his first wife.

Q. Isn’t true that for the past several years Robert Taylor has been seeing Gary Cooper’s old friend, Countess Di Frasso? Haven’t they secretly met in Rome? How old are they, anyway? —B.I., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. Taylor is forty, the Countess Di Frasso is sixty-five; they have met in Rome on a purely social and business basis.
IT'S A PLEASURE

YOU'LL BE ALL SMILES
AND SINGIN' WHEN YOU SEE
THESE WONDERFUL YOUNG
STARS IN THE YEAR'S
HAPPIEST, NEW MUSICAL!

RED
GARTERS

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

starring
ROSEMARY CLOONEY
JACK CARSON
GUY MITCHELL
PAT CROWLEY: GENE BARRY
CASS DALEY: and introducing
JOANNE GILBERT

Produced by
UNITED ARTISTS
Directed by
GEORGE MARSHALL
Written by
DICK BECK
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The most likeable young
cast that ever was corralled! And in the warmest
musical story ever to come gallopin' out of the
old West. More whoopin' and hollerin' than at a
Saturday night Wyoming steak fry . . . More
romancin' than on a Sunday Picnic Grounds in
Iowa . . . An unusual story that's bigger than all
of Texas! And it's in the kind of beautiful color
that you never, never see in real life, dam it!
It's the sort of happy show you call wonderful,
'cause that's how it'll make you feel!

* PLEASURE: (Webster) State of gratification; delight; enjoyment and joy.
A gala studio talent show, "Inside Universal International," brings the charms and skills of the lot's young stars to light. Susan Cabot, Barbara Rush, and Mamie Van Doren formed a trio. Appearing before live audiences gives the performers poise; U.I. believes that these shows, drama lessons, rigorous training can produce good actors.

After the show Kathleen Hughes and Hugh O'Brian confer with their pleased coach, Estelle Harmon, who directed the production. Hugh's two humorous skits got a big hand and lots of laughs from the audience.

Barbara Rush, of Magnificent Obsession, joined her co-star Rock Hudson and Mamie Van Doren, of Yankee Pasha, for a scene. Besides acting many U.I. hopefuls take courses in diction, fencing, riding and singing.
WHEN ESTHER WILLIAMS was alerted that she had won for two years running the dubious title of "the year's most uncooperative actress" from the Hollywood Women's Press Club, she glanced at her brand new baby daughter asleep in her bassinet.

"Anyway," she cracked, "I'm cooperative with my husband!"

But make no mistake—Esther is deeply hurt. I must say, myself, I am a bit puzzled by Esther's getting the raspberry in 1953. I am sure the press girls have their good reasons for voting the way they did—Roy Rogers and Dale Evans as the "Most Cooperative,"—Dale Robertson and Esther as the booby-prizees.

But I took a little time out to investigate and here is the Swim Queen's record for 1953:

For two months she was out of the state making Easy To Love in Florida.

She was pregnant when she returned and went on automatic suspension from MGM—which means off-salary during which time studios are prohibited from calling stars for publicity.

Nevertheless, during the time she was pregnant, Esther granted eight interviews.

After the birth of her baby daughter, as soon as she was able to be up and around, she gave nine interviews to newspaper and magazine writers.

It's an unwritten rule that publicity departments do not ask stars to pose with new babies until the infants are three months old. Esther posed with her daughter when the baby was two months old.

And I doubt if you would get the man in the various branches of the service, stationed near Hollywood, to vote her uncooperative.

At the invitation of the Navy, Esther officiated at the launching of the newest sea plane in San Diego.

She has also appeared twice in shows at the Veterans Hospital in Long Beach.

Not a bad record for "Miss Non-Cooperation of 1953," I would say, not bad at all.

THE LOOT was terrific this year. The Hollywood wives and sweethearts opened Christmas gifts more like booty from the Arabian Nights tales, and this is supposed to have been an off year for many stars.

Ray Milland's combination Christmas-and-reconciliation present to his lovely Mal was a huge square-cut diamond ring.

Tony Curtis did no economizing on his gift to Janet: an antique silver cigarette case from London encrusted with diamonds.

Janet gave Tony a 35-mm imported German camera with all attachments and a hand-tooled leather carrying case.

On the romantic side, Pat Nemey commissioned artist Paul Clemens to paint an oil of Janie Powell.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz gave each other a week's vacation trip to Honolulu, with Lucy wearing a beautiful new diamond link neck-
"Believe me! Paying 60 CENTS IS SIMPLY NONSENSE!"

Nothing Out-Wears--Out-Shines--Out-Glamours Cutex

HERE’S POSITIVE PROOF!

U. S. TESTING CO. PROVES*: Regardless of price, you can’t beat Cutex for lasting wear! Case-history results of tests made by this impartial laboratory prove that even expensive 60¢ nail polishes don’t outwear the sensational new Chip-pruf formula brought to you by Cutex!

THE REASON—ENAMELON! Only Cutex, world’s largest selling nail polish, contains this miracle ingredient that prevents chipping and peeling... keeps fingertips lastingly beautiful!

WHY PAY MORE? When Cutex gives you long wear—prettier colors—plus the safe Spill-pruf feature, not available in the 2 tested polishes!

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Continued

lace with her cocktail gowns.

Even the sunglasses went snazzy. Debra Paget gave her ever-present mama, Margaret Griffin, a pair framed in pearls and rhinestones.

Didn’t sound too much like the Michael Rennies are separating, either: he wrapped up a Black Mist mink coat and sent it to her in London.

Jeff Hunter surprised Barbara Rush with two complete outfits, including accessories—one for daytime, one for formal evenings.

JANE WYMAN and Freddie Karger separated (for a week) while I was in New York and as they were still apart on my return, I called Janie on the phone.

"Come on over here and tell mama all your troubles," I said to my girl friend. "Don’t you know you’re almost like a daughter to me and I’m not going to have you unhappy?"

Jane arrived about five in the afternoon.

For the next two hours we sat talking, or rather, she was talking and I was a’listening.

When she had finally poured out all her woes, she looked at me for my reaction. I promised her I wouldn’t reveal what she said. But I didn’t promise I wouldn’t tell what I said:

"Honey," I told my favorite star-child, "you’ve been making mountains out of molehills. None of this is really important. I can’t think that Freddie has done anything terrible, and if you stop to think it over, I’m sure you’ll agree."

Just at this moment the doorbell rang and who should walk in but Freddie? Now how in the world did he just happen by at this particular time? I couldn’t have been less surprised.

For about five minutes there was a bit of a strain. Then suddenly we all broke out laughing. "Mother," chided Jane, "you planned this."

"How could you ever think such a thing," I protested as modestly as I could under the circumstances.

Anyway, the important thing is that when they left, the Kargers walked out hand-in-hand and the next day I broke the story that the Kargers were back together again.

I’m not saying that Janie and Freddie are completely out of the woods, mortally speaking, yet.

But, if they just use a little common sense,
sprinkled with some good, old-fashioned give-and-take, they can save their marriages. If they don't—it will break up again, and I would feel as bad as they do. I love Janie and I have grown fond of Freddie, too.

JANE POWELL is trying to play it cozy with her new romance, Pat Nerney. "I don't want to fall in love again," says the little blonde singer who got her fingers burned in Affaire Gene Nelson.

But, from the looks of Jane and Pat when they are together, maybe she can't help herself.

There's no doubt that the Janie of these days is a married girl. She doesn't want to be hurt again—but I repeat, there's a warm, warm gleam in her eyes when she looks into Pat's.

SOME ASTOUNDING STATEMENTS OF 1953:

Esther Williams: "I will have many more children. I have them so easily. Bea (Gage) and I are the best baby-making factory I know."

Robert Mitchum (after speeding away from a traffic cop giving him a ticket): "Sorry, Dad. I thought you might be a bandit."

Arthur Godfrey anent Julius La Rosa: "He's lost his humility. What a cloud of dust that blew up!"

Dolores Donlan, new starlet: "My husband owns a medical building he could fill with just psychiatrists—they are so busy taking care of Hollywood people crazy for fame!"

Jane Powell about her break-up with Gene Nelson: "I suppose I'm high-pressured too much, forcing him to make decisions he didn't want to make."

Ava Gardner after her estrangement from Frank Sinatra: "I wish he had left me with a baby to remember him by."

Errol Flynn, describing his co-star Gina Lollobrigida: "What a department store! Something desirable on every floor!"

I CRIED SO HARD at The Glenn Miller Story première that it's a good thing I looked around before the picture started to see who was there. I was too busy sniffing and wiping my eyes when it was over.

Jeff Chandler and Marilyn Maxwell sat behind me, holding hands.

"What happened to your engagement to Jerry Davis?" I asked Marilyn, not too tactfully as I look back.

Jeff looked real pleased when she shrugged, "It didn't work out."

All the way inside the theatre you could hear the fans screaming and yelling as Jimmy Stewart and his lovely Gloria arrived. In fact, Jimmy was pushed so many ways by radio announcers, autograph hounds, photographers and press agents that he got separated from Gloria.

"My wife, I tell you," yelled Jimmy, "Let me get my wife!"

Of all things, Donald O'Connor, with Sheila Connolly, forgot his tickets! "Just wait till the house fills up," he told the usher philosophically, "and just put us where there's a gap for two!"

Whoops! Was Shelley Winters in a low-cut gown? She was half in and half out of a startling gown of salmon and gold. Cute old Charlie Coburn's monocle almost fell out of his eye as he stood up to let Shell get to her seat.

Debbie Reynolds was surprisingly subdued (for her) with Richard Anderson.

And what's all this steady dating with Rock Hudson and Julia Adams? This is beginning to look very serious.

I thought Janet Leigh looked beautiful but much too thin. Tony's on the thin side, too.

After the delightful musical was over I kept thinking how sad it was that little June Allyson, who is so wonderful as Mrs. Miller and who gives her best screen performance, had to miss the première. She was in the hospital following an appendectomy.

Bravo, Junie and Jimmy! You are both great.

TERRY MOORE looked cute as a button when she dropped by to tell me goodbye before taking off for her Christmas show in Korea.

She was wearing a white jacket trimmed with white fox collar and cuffs, a white skirt with red and green Christmas trees of sequins, red and green jewelry and a tiny white hat.

"Terry," I accused her, "did you ask to go to Korea because B. Johnson is stationed there? And are you going to marry him?"

"Maybe," Terry dimpled, "If he asks me."

If Terry does become Mrs. Johnson she'll become a member of the fabulous Texas family which owns the even more fabulous King Ranch.

FRANK SINATRA celebrated his birthday dinner with his three kids at home.

His thirteen-year-old glamour girl daughter, Nancy, Jr., baked him a cake, coconut, with six candles.

"What's the six for?" asked her old man.

America's longest lasting — creamiest lipstick! Stays on after eating, smoking, even kissing. So rich in creamy lanolin, Stay Fast with "Moisturizing Action" keeps lips soft as a rose! Choose from the latest, loveliest colors.

WHY PAY MORE?
Stay Fast in a golden case, only 59c or 29c plus tax.
“Oh, it’s just a good round number,” replied the eldest Sinatra offspring.

Frankie grinned. “It had enough that your brother is another George Burns? Do you have to be Gracie Allen?”

All in all, it was a very festive occasion. After dinner, Nancy, Jr., and Frankie, age ten, played piano duets for Daddy—and very good, too.

Five-year-old Tina Sinatra sat on Frank’s knee during the recital and suddenly piped up with:

“I can’t play the piano. I can’t even tell time!”

P.S. All right, all right. I know what you’re wondering—where was Nancy Sinatra, Sr., while all this was going on? She was very much present and a charming behind-the-scenes hostess at the children’s party for their father.

ANA TURNER and Lex Barker slipped back into Hollywood so secretly they had time to move into Lana’s house and get the phone number changed before friends and business associates realized they were here. Obviously, they didn’t want any welcoming “Hello’s.”

Steve Crane, father of Lana’s little Cheryl, didn’t like that unlisted telephone number business. “Maybe they want to be alone,” he said, “but no one is going to keep me from being in touch with my little girl.”

Cheryl and her father became fast friends during the time Lana was making two movies in Europe.

Almost every night she was having an early dinner at his cafe, the Luau, with Steve and Lana’s mother.

As of this writing, Lana has taken her $200,000 home off the market. It was for sale during her absence, but apparently she’s changed her mind for a couple of good reasons:

First, no one came up with $200,000 even for the privilege of living in a glamour girl’s house.

Second, Lex is assuming the payments on the house—his Christmas gift to his bride.

WENT TO LAS VEGAS to see Marlene Dietrich in her nightclub debut, and believe me, no one can see more of Marlene than is on display in a gown that creates the impression of being completely nude on top. It isn’t—it’s net covered chiffon—but it might as well be.

It isn’t often that Hollywood people are too shocked about things, but Frances and Van Heflin and little Joan Evans and her handsome husband who sat with me at the Sahara were—well, disappointed—that the fabulous Dietrich would resort to such burlesque-type costuming.

I covered all the Las Vegas spots before I returned home. Vic Damone was on the same bill with Jimmy McHugh and his singing stars at the Sands, and between shows I had a talk with Vic.

He told me there’s no real, serious romance in his life these days. He is devoted to Joanie Beany, Jack and Mary’s sweet daughter, “but, we’re just pals now,” is the way Vic puts it, “more like brother and sister than the engaged pair we’ve been rumored to be.”

THE LETTER BOX: Marie Pitter writes from New York to thank me for the two fine friends she has made, via letters to Korea, through names of service men I have printed from time to time in this department. And, thank you, Marie, for making it happen for two G.I.’s in the bitter loneliness of Korea.

In this season of assorted polls, I got a kick out of the letter from “ten grade schoolers” in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who sent me the results of a poll of the fifth, sixth and seventh grades as follows:

Favorite actor: Bob Wagner
Favorite Girl: Susan Hayward
Most Beautiful: Ava Gardner
Favorite Musical Girl: Betty Grable
Favorite Musical Boy: Donald O’Connor
Favorite husband and wife team: Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Marge and Gower Champion, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, tied.

Amusing, in view of the above, that Mrs. Pia Szykmiewicz, Stoughton, Mass., writes: “Frankly, I’m sick to death of opening movie magazines and reading about Robert Wagner, Robert Wagner. What has he done on the screen to rate all this ballyhoo? He is just a fair actor—and just fairly good looking.”

Mrs. S., let me refer you to the winner of the grade school poll as to why Bob rates all the attention.

Rosemary Clooney goes out with brother Nicky when husband José Ferrer cannot squire her.

Shirley Temple, now expecting her third baby, attends a première with husband Charles Black.
"Why Be Fat?" says Mrs. Tyrone Power
"I Lose Weight Without Any Trouble!"

Nowhere in the world will you find women so figure conscious as in Hollywood. You know that Ayds really works when lovely women like Linda Christian tell you how it has helped them lose weight easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!
With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.

Linda loves the sea, the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."
THEGLENNMILLERSTORY. In the early forties when everybody went wild about
dance bands Glenn Miller's name was on top of the heap—and that was no accident.
Here's his story to prove it—the story of a musician who was searching for a sound he
couldn't recognize until he heard it, a sound no other band had. Five years after he'd
found that sound and with it opened the door to fantastic success, he disappeared some-
where over the English Channel in a single-engined Norseman C-64. That was in Decem-
ber, 1944; he was on his way to Paris to lead his service band in a Christmas Day
program. This film is a tender, moving tribute to his memory. James Stewart's per-
formance as Miller is so subtle and sensitive he actually seems to resemble him physi-
cally. June Allyson, as his wife, reveals a warm, courageous spirit. Their crazy courtship,
their marriage, their struggle not to compromise and finally, their coming into their own,
is the fabric of this sentimental but never mawkish tale. If you liked Miller's music,
you'll enjoy the soundtrack—it took work to make any band sound that much like
Miller's old crew. Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Ben Pollack, Frances Langford and
The Modernaires are around, and they, too, make some pretty noises. The cast includes
Charles Drake, George Tobias, and Henry Morgan, all of whom do justice to a carefully
researched script—which, by the way, had to have Mrs. Miller's approval of every page
before production was begun. You might be interested to learn that the trombone Jimmy
blows was the one Miller actually used, and even the glasses he wears were copied from
a pair worn by the band leader. Technicolor.—U.I.
how to be fitted comfortably in

YOUR BRASSIERE

It's worth a lot to get a comfortable brassiere—so be sure to get the right size. Your trained corsetiere will measure you around the diaphragm. Add 6" to that measurement and you have your brassiere size. Say you measure 28"—add 6", and your size is 34. If you measure an odd size and you like your brassiere snug, try the next size smaller. If you like it loose, try the next size larger.

Most brassiere cups are sized A, B and C—"A" being the smallest. Your corsetiere can best tell you which of these sizes you need. The cup size is right when the bra rests close to the body at the breastbone.

When you put your brassiere on, be sure that it is pulled down in back to follow the bra's natural cut. If you don't it may gap at the armpits. Adjust the shoulder straps comfortably. When you try on a "Perma-lift" Bra the support comes from the base of the bra cups and not from tight shoulder straps. If you follow these simple steps, you'll get more bra wear and comfort than you've ever had before.

A "Perma-lift" Brassiere has one very important exclusive feature—the patented Magic Insets at the base of each cup. The Magic Insets gently support your breasts from below—and, best of all, neither washing nor wearing will ever affect its uplift or support.

"Perma-lift" Brasieres are priced so reasonably—from $1.50 to $7.50. You'll find them in most fine Corset Departments, so be sure to get yours soon.


Perma-lift
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
OTHELLO  When Orson Welles puts his hand to something it's often overwhelming. Grandioso, ponderous, sensually sating are ways to describe his production of Shakespeare's Othello. You know the plot—Othello, a Moorish general, woos Desdemona, daughter of a Venetian Senator and marries her against her father's will. He takes his bride to the Isle of Cyprus and with great good will puts Cassio (Michael Lawrence) in chage of a general celebration. This enrages Iago (Michael MacLiammoir) who is ambitious and hates Othello. That very night Iago plants to destroy Othello's love for Desdemona (Su- zanne Cluett). Patiently, cunningly, he arouses Othello's jealousy which grows very quickly into a towering rage. He murders Desdemona, then learns of her complete innocence and kills himself. At the state funeral given them Iago is imprisoned in a cage hoisted in the air, grey to circling vultures. The photography is magnificent, the settings are vast, gloomy, lordly. The acting is sweepingly rhetorical. Perhaps you'll be impressed. Cast includes Robert Coote, Milton Edwards, Fay Compton, Doris Dowling.—U.A.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON  Rita Hayworth in 3-D is a heck of a lot of Hayworth, and when she starts to sing her sultry songs you dig them, brother. Miss Sadie Thompson is based on W. Somerset Maugham's famous short story, Rain. Hollywood's done it before—but now they've brought it up to date which doesn't mean it's an improvement, but still, it's new. A bunch of Marines stationed on a tropical island are transported with joy when Sadie—beweved, perfumed and awfully democratic—lands. (The boat that was to take her from Honolulu to New Caledonia is quarantined.) Also landing, though, is Alfred Davidson's party, Davidson (Jose Ferrer) is a fanatic reformer bent on keeping "evil" out of the island. One look at Sadie tells him he has a job. Sadie and Marine Aido Ray pet romantic. This agitation Ferrer to the point of apoplexy. He digs into her past, confronts her with accusations, arranges to have her deported and finally agrees to save her soul. Poor Sadie is overwhelmed with guilt and submits to Davidson—until he stops acting pious and, to her horror, starts making passes. In the cast are Harry Bellaver, Russell Collins. Tech- nicolor—Columbia

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU  One of the most delightful comedies of the normal screen, It Should Happen To You starts Judy Holiday. Peter Lawford and Hollywood newcomer Jack Lemmon. The scene is New York, the gimmick is that Judy, who appears to be a startlingly average girl, has a terrible yearning for fame and fortune. With her hard-earned one thousand dollars she rents a huge billboard overlooking Columbus Circle upon which she has her name emblazoned. Gladys Glover, it says, for all the world to see. Peter Lawford's soap company has traditionally used this billboard and to get it back Lawford offers Judy half a dozen other signs strategically located throughout the city. Soon her name is a byword, although no one knows for what. Until Michael O'Shea makes her his client and they rocket to giddy heights of notoriety. The humor is so fresh, the romance between Judy and Jack Lemmon so charmingly real, the acting so deceptively natural you're sure to love it. With Vaughn Taylor, Connie Gilchrist.—Columbia

Are you in the know?

If your hero's cronies leave you cold—
☐ Hold your fire  ☐ Demand a showdown

Though your new Sigh Man's old friends may be stellar characters—seems to you they could do with plenty of polish? Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn't it be nicer to try winning them over, for his sake? (You'll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for "assurance" at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you trust for softness that holds its shape; absorbency that saves panicky moments.

What can't a sharp dresser do without?
☐ A wolf call  ☐ Knit wit  ☐ Cashmere

You needn't put all your cash in cashmere! Just put your wit to knitting your own sweater wardrobe: those new, long, bulky jackets that copy-cat your beau's. Nylon and wool; won't stretch; wash easy. So, for a "purl" of little price—needle up! But on certain days, bulk's what you don't want—napkin-wise. Choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And Kotex gives extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How to cut a gabby phone belle short?
☐ Drop dead  ☐ Disconnect  ☐ Thank her

Connie's got you hooked—for hours. Just when you're expecting a Very Important Call! Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semicolon, thank her for calling; say you'll see her soon. To free yourself from calendar dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You'll find the very one you need.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?
☐ Romeo & Juliet  ☐ Kotex and Kotex belts  ☐ Moon 'n June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change?
Jackpot Of The Month
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES In 1946 the war was over and fathers and sons came home. That was when The Best Years Of Our Lives was released and almost everyone who saw it felt personally involved. Now, eight years later the movie is back and a lot of people won't even notice it was about another war in another decade. They'll be thinking of Korea. Fredric March, Dana Andrews and Howard Russell are the tired heroes who discover that fighting was almost easier than readjusting to civilian life. March is a family man, a banker, Andrews is a soda- jerker for whom the Air Corps opened new vistas. Russell is an amputee. The lives of the three intertwine as each searches for his identity. Pathos and drama are still powerful in The Best Years which threatens to become not only an American classic but a perennial best seller. Cast includes Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Cathy O'Donnell, Virginia Mayo.

ACT OF LOVE A once gay, always romantic Paris is brought to nostalgic life in this film based on Alfred Hayes' novel The Girl On The Via Flaminia. Written by Irwin Shaw, directed by Anatole Litvak, Act Of Love is a poignant story haunted by the knowledge that if these lovers had met somewhere else at some other time they would not have lost each other. Kirk Douglas, an ex-soldier, sits on the terrace of a Riviera hotel and his thoughts go back to 1944 when he sought one thing of beauty, one moment of peace amid the coarse, ugly monotony of war. He meets Lita (Dany Robin), a waif of exquisite, child-like loneliness. She accepts his offer of food and shelter which necessitates her sharing his room. Frightened and resentful, she nevertheless falls in love. But a broken city full of angry or apathetic people, full of black markets, suspicious police and an army of men leaves little space for fulfillment. Prominent cast are Barbara Laage, Serge Regiani, Robert Strauss, George Mathews. U-A.

THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL When you join the Navy you're supposed to see the sea and not come messing around Broadway with $25,000. These three sailors (Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and Jolting Jack E. Leonard) gathered the loot from their crewmates, planning to invest it in stock. In stock! cries scheming Sam Levene. You mean show business! And proceeds to outline a script that will shortly lose them all their money. We're with you, say the sailors three, after sighting Jane Powell, Levene's star. She feels guilty about involving the boys, especially when she falls in love with MacRae. But a girl's got to eat and life is tough and oh, does that show flop in Boston (or New Haven). But bark! One of the ills can sing and one has feet that fly and one is so at and funny you'll faint. I didn't faint. Technicolor. With Archer MacDonald.—Warner's (Continued on page 29)

Never let them go!

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly... leaving no sticky feel, no oily film... just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLuxe bottle with handy pump dispenser
... 69c; other sizes, 25c and 47c

Cashmere Bouquet
HAND LOTION

Continued
What to do when
"Young Skin"
problems attack your face

Try to cover up with heavy make-up?
"Operate" on blackheads yourself?
Give up and hope you'll outgrow it?

If your face has started spraying blackheads, excess oil, enlarged pores —you can find remarkably quick help in Pond’s special greaseless treatment. Hundreds of girls with complexion troubles like yours tell us how amazingly effective Pond’s treatment is!

Now—
a greaseless corrective for oiliness, roughness, blackheads, large pores

In Young Skin, the oil glands often become over-active, the skin sluggish. Flaky particles pile up, roughen the surface. Dirt and oil, trapped by these dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pores. Then — blackheads and "bumps" are on the way.

Do something about "Young Skin," now! Just cover your face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-cold Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away clogging oil and dead skin cells — frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls who use the treatment say: "Pores look much smaller"

"Young Skin" doesn’t like heavy make-up!
A powder base of Pond’s Vanishing Cream gives a fresh, unshiny look.

The last time I spent much time with Joseph Frank Lavecchio, a former Chicago choir boy better known as Frankie Laine, was when we went together to Johnnie Ray’s opening at the Copacabana in New York City. As things he has proven with his wife, Jo Stafford, All in all, “Mr. Rhythm” is a good addition to anybody’s record library.

RCA Victor has finally brought out its long and eagerly awaited 12-inch LP called "Show Biz." Aside from its infinite appeal as unadulterated entertainment, this is an altogether remarkable document, spanning, as it does, the annals and personalities of show business from, according to the notes, "Caruso to Pinza, Smith and Dale to Milton Berle, Nora Bayes to Dinah Shore, Vaudeville to Movies to TV to 3-D." Based on the monumentally informative book of the same title by Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., "Show Biz," which is narrated by George Jessel, is a cavalcade of fifty years of one of the most exciting and re-splendent occupations imaginable.

One of the “hottest properties around today,” as the expression goes, is Frank Sinatra, who, only a year or so ago, appeared to have finished his performance in "From Here To Eternity" helped to re-establish him, of course, but so did his singing. Like Frankie Laine, Sinatra sings with immense conviction. If he is happy, his singing reflects it. If he is sad, it is almost impossible for him to conceal it in his voice. His new Capitol album is touching proof of this. It was made at the height of his difficulties with Ava and the fact is apparent in almost every selection. Here, in a collection that includes such enchantments as "Funny Valentine," "The Girl Next Door," "A Foggy Day," "Little Girl Blue," "Lilac Time," "Love, Love, Love," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "They Can’t Take That Away From Me," and "Violets For Your Furs," is one of the best Sinatra presentations in a long, long while. It is also an authentic torch song by a man who wants the whole world to know that he’s in love.

The success of Universal-International’s "The Glenn Miller Story" (in which Jimmy Stewart sometimes manages to strike an uncanonical resemblance to the late orchestra leader) has, as was to be expected, inspired a number of record companies to get in on the act. Far and away the most successful of the efforts to capitalize on the movie’s appeal is, of course, RCA Victor’s "Glenn Miller Limited Edition," which includes many Miller broadcasts and costs a staggering $24.95 per album. It has astonished practically everybody by selling close to 100,000 copies. (Continued on page 8)
YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America’s most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme “shines” as it cleans...leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn’t dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on...or cream it on!...Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.
At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only Creme Puff makes you look so pretty so quickly... stay so pretty so long!

Just the kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder—brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly... yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups... blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff comes in 7 complexion-true shades. In star-studded compact, $1.25 plus tax; in De Luxe golden-tone compact (refillable), $3.75 plus tax. At department and drugstores.

Smooth, lasting loveliness— with just the kiss of a puff.

Creme Puff
made only by Max Factor
Hollywood

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.
The heroic story of Suzan Ball is one to be read and re-read for its message of courage and honesty—and the faith that can move mountains.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Extensive treatment, operations, have not injured the beauty that gave Suzan her start.

out of the shadows

• Fate wrote a bitter script for Suzan Ball.
  It marked her early as a beauty, it let her grow into a striking young woman with a record of small and large successes. She won recognition in Hollywood, and then, unbelievably, though she was only eighteen she was struck down by cancer.
  The excitement of her proximity to fame faded. The loneliness that loomed ahead overshadowed everything else in her life.
  That was the script—but that isn’t the way Suzan Ball is playing it. Out of her courageous wisdom, and the new love that came to her, the will to rewrite fate was born. The new scenes are not filled with despair but with hope, not death and the dread of death, but life and the special joy of new life.
  Suzan Ball was born in Buffalo, New York. She remembers running through the streets there when she was a child with such a surge of life that she once cried out aloud: “I’ll just never be sick. Not in my whole life I won’t! I won’t even get old. Not me!”
  When her parents came to southern California (Continued on next page)
"I love that man!"

...and every wonderful minute we've been together. He's the sort of a guy who'd keep you waiting six months for a date...promise you the world without a dime in his pocket...or even propose to you by long distance phone...These are the things about Glenn I'll remember forever...and that's the way it is with his music...it goes on and on...in the dancing hearts of the world!

(Continued from page 19) she was delighted. She attended North Hollywood High, won fair study marks and with her dark-haired, hazel-eyed beauty won a new beau every two weeks. She discovered she had a good singing voice. After her graduation at seventeen her parents wanted to move again, this time to northern California, but Suzan refused to go with them. There was a family scene. "I've got a future here!" she cried. "I know I have. I'll succeed." She hoped to get into musical comedy. Finally she won. She went to live in the House of Seven Garboes from which Ruth Roman and Linda Christian and others have gone on to success in motion pictures. Her family went off to northern California.

She sang with small orchestras...sometimes for as little as $15 a show. She took a job in a Beverly Hills cleaning shop, taking bundles in over the counter. And, incredibly, she got into pictures! The husband of a girl she knew was a writer. He arranged an interview for Suzan at Universal-International. They liked her, signed her and started her training. Then in a dance routine in the studio, her foot slipped and her knee was hurt. Two months later, on a personal appearance tour in Boston, the same knee was hurt again in a minor automobile accident. Last April after a thorough examination, she heard the frightful diagnosis—not just the possibility of cancer, or the beginning of cancer, but cancer full-blown and raging through the bone of her right leg just above the knee. Her life was in danger unless the leg were amputated. The time for decision was short. So much of the bone had been invaded by the tumor that if the malignant tissue were removed there would not be enough bone left to support her weight, she was told. Unless surgically removed the cancer would spread, leaving her, perhaps, only a few months more of life. This would be the rank she would take if she sought to treat the tumor with X ray; the chance of curing her leg would be slight, and the chance of fatal consequence unless she had surgery was considerable.

Suzan had to take it from there alone. Roughly her choice seemed to be to lose the leg and live, or to keep it and die. Besides pure horror, she experienced then her first entirely honest moments with herself: "After eighteen years of self-concern," she recalls, "the prospect I faced was so awesome as to seem impossible. Already, there was a dirge in the air. It came in the form of conditions. 'Gee, Suzie, I'm sorry to hear about it. If there is anything I can do...they'd say, and then they would be gone. There was something frighteningly familiar about the phrases. And then it struck me. They all sounded just like I used to sound when I professed sympathy for someone and immediately forgot about him.

"It proved to me that I was worrying about what was actually a small indrawn life, this one I had led. It must have been so if I had not been able to muster up an honest sentiment for another person. Really, I asked myself, did my life amount to enough to be worth saving? Not until this question failed to shock me more than the fact that I had cancer shocked me, did I believe I was getting properly objective about my problem. You see, if I overrated Suzan Ball I might talk her out of taking a chance she perhaps should take."

This little conference with herself took place last April when she had been at Universal-International for a year and a half. Even though Universal had high hopes for Suzan and had starred her in several pictures, she felt that she still had a long way to go.

Universal-International presents

JAMES STEWART • JUNE ALLYSON

The GLENN MILLER STORY

HEAR THESE MEMORABLE GLENN MILLER HITS:

"MOONLIGHT SERENADE" "LITTLE BROWN JUG"
"IN THE MOOD" "PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000"
"STRING OF PEARLS" "BUDDOKO JUNCTION"
"CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO" and many, many more!

Color by Technicolor

with CHARLES DRAKE • GEORGE TOBIAS • HENRY MORGAN
and these Musical "Greats" as Guest Stars!
FRANCES LANGFORD • LOUIS ARMSTRONG • GENE KRUPA
BEN POLLACK • THE MODERNAIRNES

Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BROONEY • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

20
Now that she had taken a good square look at Suzan Ball, Suzan Ball decided she was not so important that she couldn’t take the risk of X-ray treatment. Her doctor’s plan was to control and eradicate the cancer by X ray and then restore missing bone structure by the process of calcification. It might take a year or more and Suzan would certainly have to wear crutches through all this period.

Having made up her mind to go ahead, Suzan also decided there would be no dramas about it, no living with pent-up hysteria ready to burst forth if she found that she had guessed wrong and the malignancy became general. To be even more thorough in her self-reformation she did not permit herself to brood. Rather, she sought ways of keeping herself busy.

Instead of avoiding the studio and curious stares, she reported regularly. She began a course of study in English, Spanish and French. She even tried to talk writers into creating wheelchair parts that she would be able to play.

She talked to everyone and overcame her sensitivity about her misfortune. She didn’t, as she first thought she must, avoid running into Tony Curtis. His favorite greeting to everyone was always “Hi’ya, Gimpy!” and he would be sure to forget himself and say it to her. She was right. He did forget. But she was able to laugh it off, much to his relief, too. She was able to do more than that.

Her parents were divorced after they left North Hollywood. Her mother stayed in northern California with Suzan’s younger brother, and her father came to live with her. Suzan needed help now and she advertised for a maid, staying home one afternoon from the studio to talk to applicants. The bell rang and on her crutches Suzan went to open the door. A young girl stood in the hall. Seeing Suzan she involuntarily cried out, “Oh, you’re a cripple!” Then she looked terribly embarrassed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say that.”

Suzan felt the blow but she was delighted to find herself smiling and answering easily, “Yes, a cripple, but just temporarily, I hope,” she replied. They talked and the maid is with her to this day. She is a fine person and a mainstay at Suzan’s apartment.

Suzan achieved an air of self-sufficiency despite the fact that she had to depend on her crutches—an air that stood her in good stead when she began to feel that a tall, brown-haired fellow around the studio was taking more than a passing interest in her.

Richard Long had come to Universal as an actor before Suzan but had left in 1950

Anthony Quinn and his lovely wife, the former Katherine DeMille, attended a cocktail party given by Kirk Douglas at his villa on the Via Appia Antica outside Rome. The Quinns, with their four children, planned to take over the villa when Kirk left. In preparation for the move, Kirk showed Katherine around, pointing out the beauties of the place, the grounds, flower beds, rose gardens, swimming pool, terraces, and the spacious house with its Italian architecture, art and furnishings.

“Well,” he said to his guest at the end of the tour, “pretty great, huh?” “Lovely,” Katherine said quietly, “but you left out the most important part of our tour. Where is the linen supply? And is there a place in the back yard to hang diapers?”

—Wanda Hale

Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn’t take chances with her hands.

“I scrub 1600 sinks a year... but I’m proud of my pretty hands!”

Dolores Dalzell’s shining home is proof of the good detergents can do. She uses them to scrub over a thousand sinks a year. (You scrub that many, too!)

While detergents cut through grease, they can rob her hands (and yours) of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

Dolores’ solution? Right after detergents — after using any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion.

It penetrates instantly (instead of just “coating” the skin), with two softening ingredients used by doctors. You’d never guess how often Dolores uses detergents. Her hands are as soft and pretty as the day she was married! Use the world’s most popular hand care — keep your hands safe, too!
Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's exclusive, new, miracle ingredient, gives lasting protection against tooth-decay enzymes!

**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!**

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

*A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.*

For two years in Korea and Japan with the Army. While he was in Tokyo he saw a picture called Yankee Baccusizer, made by his old studio. Suzan was in the cast. He made up his mind to meet her as soon as he got back to Universal.

When he resumed his career, playing a featured role in the Barbara Stanwyck—Richard Carlson co-starrer, All I Desire, he saw Suzan in the studio commissary, got an introduction and talked to her for a minute. The next time he saw her they talked for ten minutes, the time after that for an hour and the fourth time they lingered at their table for three hours after lunch was over. It was then that Dick found the courage to ask Suzan what was wrong with her leg.

Suzan remembers this as the first crucial test of her acquired policy of honesty—to others as well as to herself. She felt a temptation to soften her answer, to lead up to the truth by speaking about a treatment which gave every promise of curing something that might have been serious. She finally gave a one word answer: “Cancer.”

It shocked Dick all right. He’ll tell you that. “But also,” he adds, “I felt an admiration I had never felt before for anyone I knew personally. I detected no self-pity in Suzan’s face nor heard a trace of it in the tone of her voice. I said to myself that when I saw her on the screen in Tokyo I considered her beautiful, merely beautiful, but now I had found dimensions to her character and nature that made her well—inspiring!”

After a beginning like that neither of them was going to stoop to kid each other about anything, about themselves or their romance. When Dick worked in a scene and wanted honest criticism he knew just where to go for it. And he knew that was what Suzan wanted from him; her fling with pretense was over.

Handicapped as Suzan was, she was far from a restful influence on Dick's life. "She has a dynamic nature," he reports. "She is always on the go, impetuous, eager for every moment of life." But Suzan's impetuosity had its limitations, Dick learned, when he asked her to marry him last October. Before she could answer that one, she told him, she would have to do a lot of thinking. She didn't have to tell him that her thoughts would include the question of survival. Was she going to be around for any length of time? Up to now there had been medical reports that bone calcification was proceeding satisfactorily, but there was no assurance that cancer was gone. So Suzan kept saying no.

Late last November Suzan's dog brown miniature French poodle named Cezanne, brought on the hour of decision in Suzan's life when he knocked over his drinking bowl on the kitchen floor. Suzan entered a few minutes later, slipped on the wet tile and broke the twice-injured leg in the very same place where the process of bone building had been going on for such a long time. She remembers being conscious just long enough to think of this with a great pang of regret. Luckily Dick was present in the livingroom and heard her fall. He picked her up, telephoned the doctor and Suzan was in the hospital before an hour had passed. There, after an examination made on the operation table, she got the finest news she had heard in a year. There was no trace of cancer. Surgery could now be used to graft bone from her hip to the leg and within a few months she could be back on her feet. Cezanne had in effect told his mistress, "If you're going to be well, let's take the shortcut." There was another shortcut. Dick, who had been pro- posing on the average of every other Thursday, suddenly woke up to the fact that Suzan was saying yes.

"When?" he asked.
Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of Truly beautiful hair

Try this famous 2-step hair beauty treatment today!

STEP 1...a gentle thorough non-drying cleansing with Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich, golden lotion creme sudses quickly even in hardest water. Completely rids hair of loose dandruff scales and dust. Gets it really clean!

STEP 2...a quick after-shampoo rinse with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse takes only a minute more, and gives your hair a fragrant beauty-finish! It leaves your hair soft and curlable; tangle-free, easy to set, easy to keep in place. Do as Richard Hudnut advises, and you'll be proud of your new hair beauty!

IT HAPPENED TO ME

The year was 1924 and I was visiting Los Angeles. Funny man Ben Turpin was the first movie star I met. I chattered, "It must be wonderful to be able to make millions laugh as you do. It seems so easy for you."

To my amazement, I saw that his comical eyes were full of tears and his face had a pained expression. I thought he was clowning until, with a little catch in his voice, he said, "No, it isn't easy. You see, I love my wife very much, and she is dying a lingering death. I have to keep working or hold up production. Besides, we need the money. But it's very difficult." Then, two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Since then, whenever an audience howls with laughter at a fine comedian, I always wonder if some secret sorrow may not be eating at his heart.

Maurine Hatherly
Omaha, Nebraska
It's a real BENDIX... the kind you just fill and turn on!... and it only costs...

$169.95*

why, that's even less than lots of wringer washers!

It washes or rinses, drains, damp-dries, turns itself off... all automatically!

It's wonderful! Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action! Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty wash-water from straining through clothes to re-soil them. Completely portable. Rolls anywhere, stores anywhere. New Flexible Metalexoy Wondertub is so durable, it's guaranteed, in writing, for 5 full years! Honestly, what other machine could possibly give you so much for your money?

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

"GO, MAN, GO!" You don't have to be a basketball fan to know about or enjoy The Harlem Globetrotters. Like all champions, they're bigger than the game; they use the game to express themselves. Many years ago in Chicago there was a man named Abe Saperstein who could think about basketball the way other men dream of music or painting. He was driven to create a team that would be the best in the world, that would function like a perfect machine. It would be his work of art. The team had its beginning in barns, dry swimming pools, hilly courts all over the states with Saperstein looking for men who loved basketball more than food and played that way. But perfect teamwork wasn't enough for the big leagues when prejudice, slick operators and phonies called the plays. What made the difference, what pitched The Globetrotters over the barrier was Saperstein's frenetic energy, his stubborn defiance of all odds. Dane Clark plays him with boundless charm. The Globetrotters appear as themselves in this unique and rewarding film. With Patricia Breslin, Sidney Poitier-U.A.

BAD FOR EACH OTHER Real inspiring story about a fine young man (Charlton Heston) from Coalville, Pa., whose fingers keep itching for money. He's a doctor, late 'of Korea, who returns to his rural coal pit to be socked on the jaw by an old friend. What'd I do? he says. Not you, says this old friend. Your brother. Not only did he die in the mine explosion, he was responsible for it. My brother! says Charlton. Yes, says Mildred Dunnock, mother of both, your brother. I'll make up for it, says Charlton, falling into the silken arms of Elizabeth Scott. Liz is such a vampire her father (Ray Collins) must trot around warning boys away. She endears Heston to the idle rich and pretty soon he has an all-leather office. But in the back of his mind lurks an old sickness. That mine. That rotten brother. And Heston's nurse, big-eyed Dianne Foster, keeps looking at him sadly. He goes back to Coalville, her eyes say, that's where you belong, boy. A mine explosion brings him back and nevermore does this fine young man wander from home.—Columbia

WAR ARROW Out in Texas the Kiowa Indians are having a ball. They can't build tepees fast enough to hold all those scalps. But do you think Colonel John McIntire is doing anything but holding his head? He is not—which is why Major Jeff Chandler arrives. Chandler's plan is to enlist the Seminoles' aid. However, the poor Seminoles had the fight knocked out of them years ago and now roam about quite listlessly. McIntire sneers at Chandler. Maureen O'Hara doesn't. She lures him on to a proposal which, strangely enough, engenders in her a feeling of absolute hate. Chandler can't worry about that. He has the entire state of Texas to save and several dozen Seminoles to stir up and one Seminole (Suzan Ball) to simmer down. Chandler manages fairly well. With Charles Drake and Noah Beery, Jr., assisting, he gives the Kiowans a run for their wampum. McIntire objects to his tactics until the bloody end, though. As for that O'Hara lady, she has a dead husband to worry about. That is, she hopes to heaven he's dead. Technicolor.—Universal-International
BORDER RIVER I always thought the right side won the Civil War but now they tell us a Confederate (Joel McCrea) who's got more guts than Dick Tracy and I'm thinking someone's putting the wrong slant on American history (even though most of my best friends are southerners). Anyway, McCrea divests a Union mint of two million dollars and swims all the way to Zona Libre which is on the other side of the Rio Grande. Smirking Pedro Armendariz rules this little province (but his days are numbered) with his captain, smiling Armando Bedoya. And Yvonne De Carlo runs a little café to which repairs every renegade of almost every country. Like Baron Kurt von Holder (Ivan Triesault), whose days are also numbered. McCrea wants to buy arms from Armendariz. Armendariz wants McCrea to believe he'll sell when actually he, Pedro, is waiting to lay his hands on the two million and sink McCrea in the Grande. Therefore there is much secrecy, much moving among the brush at night, much suspense and intrigue afloat in the Early Cosmopolitan air. Well, McCrea gets his supplies—and Yvonne De Carlo, but history maintains it didn't do much good. Technicolor. —U.J.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE (MGM): Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, Cinemascope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Stapleton.

MONDO (Warner): Another big western, this one stars John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond and lots of Indians. Wayne defeats them all with the help of a small boy. Warner-Color.

THE MAN BETWEEN (U.A.): James Mason and Hildegarde Neff meet and fall in love in postwar Berlin. Like most pictures turned out by Carol Reed, this one has excitement, suspense and a little more—fine acting and a poignant, tender story.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY (Warner): Sure to be one of the year's big hits. The story of Eddie's rise to fame stars Keefe Brasselle and Marilyn Erskine as the understanding Edi plus Cantor's hard-luck song on the sound track. Exceptionally fine performance by Alina MacMahan as Grandma Esther, Technicolor too.

THE WILD ONE (Col.): Newcomer Mary Murphy falls for Marlon Brando, but he and his crowd of restless, motorcycle-happy friends bring hawling and hysteria to her small town.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE (20th-Fox): Another lavish Cinemascope production, this one stars Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall in a raucous story of three models who rent a penthouse as headquarters for their man-trapping expeditions into New York's night life. David Wayne, William Powell, Carol Welker, and Janet Blair get trapped, Technicolor.

MURDER ON MONDAY (London Films): Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton in a tight, well-plotted English murder mystery, about a bank clerk who may be an amnesia victim—or a murderer.

KISS ME KATE (MGM): A glorious, riotous dish that has just about everything—Cole Porter tunes, Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel to sing them, Aan Miller to dance to them and top comedy performances by everyone in the cast. Technicolor.

CALAMITY JANE (Warner): Doris Day and Howard Keel at their top singing, loving and comic form, straightening out all sorts of improbable and hilarious mishaps involving the charming Miss Allyn McLerie. Technicolor.

THE ROBE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new Cinemascope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the large cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

As Laura read Jim's old love letters, she had no idea what had broken their engagement. She spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold ... exquisite in every detail.

Listerine, Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly ... and not just for minutes but usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This ... Instantly

Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do.

Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly.

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Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. But Listerine kills bacteria by millions. It gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against. With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Every morning ... every night ... before every date, gargle Listerine . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Product of The Lambert Company
Kilgallen is not for beguiling... What makes Linkletter blush?

... Tallulah is svelter than ever.

Did you notice Tallulah's brand new figure when she played Hedda Gabler a couple of months ago? If you missed it, watch for it the next time La Bankhead appears on TV. She may do a weekly panel show à la Groucho, so you'll have plenty of chances to catch her. She's proud of her svelte new look, which she achieved by dieting and by surgery... All the talk about the Gary Moors breaking up was misinterpreted. As usual, everybody figured the husband was the one who wanted the end of the marriage. Twas on the contrary. But it's all straightened out, and the Moors—who have been married for years—will stay that way... Have you noticed how Burt Tillstrom, the creator and the voice of all the Kuklapolitans, always appears at the end of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie with one of his puppets? Next time notice how careful Burt is to make sure the puppet is still behind the stage while he stands to one side. He refuses to be photographed holding or maneuvering any of his creations because he's afraid it will spoil the illusion that they are real. This insistence may be one reason why people talk about Kukla and Ollie and Dolores and all the gang as if they were friends instead of puppets. Both Burt and Fran Allison talk about all the Kuklapolitans as if they were real people, and they want all the viewers to have that attitude, too. Kukla, by the way, has a bright yellow face and a red nose. And Ollie's hair is a chic shade of auburn. You'll all see for yourselves when you get a look at color television. It's not as perfect as Technicolor yet, but it adds a lot to shows... Many people are relieved that Mike Wallace is appearing without his wife, Buff Cobb. Buff is a cute little blonde whose looks complement Mike's tall, dark handsomeness. But when they were together on TV, she outtalked him and upstaged him. Now he's getting a chance to work by himself, and he's making a real hit... Dave Garroway is seen around New York with more good looking women than any other unmarried man in town. But he isn't hunting for a second Mrs. G... When Joan Crawford works in television, she takes more pains with every little detail than any other actress. She watches all the camera angles and all the costumes and all the staging. If more stars had this conscientiousness about their TV work (instead of looking down on it as an easy way to make a fast buck), they'd be bigger TV hits—and get more jobs on the small screen... Carleton Carpenter, who left MGM before his contract was up to appear on Broadway, has a couple of routines reminiscent of his old ones with Debbie Reynolds. But he certainly could use Debbie to add that wonderful pep... The reason Dorothy Kilgallen seems to ruffle so many viewers is the same reason she was hired—to get the right answers. She's a smart girl—very quick and very shrewd—and she's on the panel of What's My Line to guess the occupations. The others members are around for charm and humor. So don't hate Dorothy. She isn't getting paid to beguile you. That's Arlene Francis' job... Marlin Perkins really loves those snakes he fondles on Zoo Parade, and Jim Hurlbut really loves them. Jim can't get used to working with the crawling things, but Marlin has been batty about snakes ever since he was a kid. The happiest time of the year for him now is when he can go out in the field and hunt for rare specimens... Alistair Cooke is one of the most debonair men around town. He's much more casual on TV, however, than he is in person. Off screen, he plays his cards pretty close to his chest. He's more consciously charming than anything else. You get the feeling, when he makes a bon mot, that he's made it before and liked it—so well he memorized it... Mrs. Milton Berle is an old and dear friend of Henry Morgan. They used to be seen together all the time—for years. And there probably aren't two comedies less alike than Henry and Millie. Ruth has always been able to be all things to all men. With one, she'd seem shy, with another, smart. Maybe that's how she finally got Milton... Don't let anyone try to tell you Maria Riva is as gorgeous as her mother, Marlene Dietrich. She never has been, and she isn't now. Marlene's unique, and not even her own daughter can match her. Marla, who is the mother of two young children, is a clothes horse just like her old lady—but no one has the class grandma has. Maria's marriage, by the way, is not as steady as it used to be... The rumors about Red Buttons are growing and growing. A year ago you couldn't have found a more humble lad. Now a week doesn't go by without another tale of how he's changed... Have you ever wondered why Ethel Merman never looks as good on TV as she does in the movies? There's one reason, of course, that holds true for everyone: movie lights are kinder to the older stars than TV's. But Merman also doesn't seem to care about how she looks. When a wardrobe woman gives her a dress to wear, she puts it on and wears it. She never even looks in the mirror to see if it's flattering. As a result, it isn't... Another girl who could look better if she tried—and easily—is Nina Foch. Nina seems to go out of her way to look bad. She wears hardly any lipstick—and no other make-up at all. If she just wants to look "interesting," she succeeds... You'd never guess it to hear him talk, but John Henry Faulk has a Master's degree and used to teach English in college! His heavy Texas accent—which is heavier than any Texan in Texas—is an acquisition—on purpose. Although he was born in the Lone Star State, he never dawdled that much until he was teaching in the University of Texas. Then he found out that the easiest way to hold his students' attention was to be corny and lay on the drawl with a twodel. He even keeps it up in his private life. Every now and then he slips back and talks like the rest of us; but then he suddenly remembers and starts layin' it on ag'in... Mark Stevens was re-cruited from Hollywood to become Martin Kane, Private Eye for one main reason—to add "class" to the program. The producers decided they wanted "high class" murders—whatever that means—and so they needed someone like Mark to give the show a glamorous touch. He has succeeded, too: the rating's higher than ever... Did you know that Sheldon Leonard, whom you've seen in a thousand movies, is now directing the Danny Thomas show? Leonard has given up acting for work on the other side of the camera. This big switch has long been stand-and with established movie actors—it could become a TV fad, too...Nobody has ever seen John Cameron Swayze looking messy, disheviled, or even casual. He is always as neat as that proverbial pin. And he's so fond of ties that he sends them as presents to women... Art Linkletter pretends to be embarrassed every time anyone says anything risqué on one of his shows, but there never was a man less embarrassed—or more frank-talking. The best acting he does is when he ignores a faux pas from a contestant. There are one million gay retorts on the tip of his tongue. But Art knows which side of his bread is buttered, and he keeps up the wholesome routine. He can even manage to look as though he's blushing on black and white TV. And that's a neat trick, too!
Here's the wildest chase, the craziest race, the funniest pace that ever rocked you with laughter!
On stage, Shelley was Las Vegas' biggest hit. Off stage, everybody wanted to hit Shelley!

- "I won't stay another minute in this hotel!" Shelley Winters stormed at the fabulous Flamingo in Las Vegas.
- "That's all right with us. We'll send up a man for your bags."

No hotel management sends a movie star packing. It isn't done. But this time the man meant what he said and amazingly, Miss Winters calmed down. Shelley had had a great deal to say about the comic who appeared on the show with her. She didn't like the way he kidded her act, nor the way the orchestra played, just for a start. According to the management, by the time she had finished ranting, they weren't too sure who was running the hotel.

About this time a Modern Screen reporter-photographer arrived in Las Vegas to find out what the fuss was all about. There was no fuss at all, after Shelley kept him waiting a couple of days for his pictures. Then she showed up with her little daughter, Gina. They were all smiles, and not once did Gina show any evidence of the tornado temperament of her mother. After Gina had smiled for enough pictures, she was put to bed. Then Shelley set sail to investigate the wonders of Las Vegas gambling.

First stop: the dice table. Shelley barged in, picked up the dice and announced, "This is a practice shot."

The croupier turned grey. "Look, lady. There are no practice shots at any table anywhere in Las Vegas. Nothing is for free."

"This is a practice shot," Shelley announced, ignoring him and tossed the dice. The cubes came up seven and everybody winced. The customers egged her on, but Shelley would play no more. "The hotel is paying me a lot of money now; if I too! any more away from them, they might start charging me for ice water."

Grabbing the photographer by one arm, she dragged him to the nearest quarter slot machine. She didn't have a purse and the photographer didn't have a quarter. She walked up to the cashier and said, "Gimme some money!" The cashier nearly swallowed her gum. She looked at a house man standing nearby. "I said," Shelley repeated, "gimme some money." The house man shrugged and the cashier shelled out two quarters. Shelley planted them in the slot machine. There was the usual grinding of the wheels but no payoff.

"See?" Shelley exclaimed. "This is no way to get rich!" Wit that she disappeared to rest for her evening show in which louder and longer than any performer in months, she sang an swayed to rocking applause. Evidently, although she was a thor in the side of the show managers, she did please the customer and she was well worth the $15,000 a week they paid her.

One boss said: "Next time I hear that doll is headed this we I'm heading for Paris—fast." He'd better not; Shelley may talk her show to Paris. With all her startling behavior, she is belove by the press, because she makes news a mile a minute. That the press. As for her press agent, he's suing her. He claims she hasn't paid all the money she owes him, and he hints privatel that she has exploded once too often.

Shelley retorts, "I'm the easiest girl in the world to get along with. What's wrong with everybody?"
it's a secret...
(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

Max Factor discovers a way to put “stay-on lustre” into a lipstick

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with “stay-on lustre” that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later . . . after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss . . . its satiny “stay-on lustre” will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick

Max Factor can't blot away the lustre
There's Cold Cream  
Now in Camay

Pamper your beauty with new Camay!  
Wonderful for complexion and bath!

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. It's yours at no extra cost, and Camay alone among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before!  
Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure—...the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!
At last one of
Hollywood's most popular
reporters (and man-about-
beautiful-women) bares
his soul. For the first time,
Sidney Skolsky tells all
about his love-life—and the
private lives of his loves—
including some of
Hollywood's hottest stars!

Sidney Skolsky gives
the lowdown
on Hollywood Women

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
Modern Screen
261 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Chuck:
Once upon a time in a Marx Brothers
picture, Chico, having a lot of trouble with
Harpo, said to him: “I'd like to buy
back my introduction to you.”
I'm tempted to say the same thing to you,
Chuck, because when you asked me to write
an article exposing the Hollywood female, I
thought you must be kidding. Who am I
to be exposing these lovely creatures? Besides,
anyone who tells you he knows all about women
is either a fool or a phony, or both. The only
thing I know about women is that

(Cont'd)
I don't—and it took me many years to learn this.

So I'm wising you up fast and cheap, Chuck. I'm a real friend and I don't like to see you buying an article from me about Hollywood women just because I know Marilyn Monroe so well. After all, Marilyn isn't the only girl in town.

During my years of covering Hollywood I guess I've come to know Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Joan Crawford, as well as a lot of others among them, maybe better than some of their husbands. It's part of my job and I learned a long time ago that life is much sweeter if you like what you're doing.

One of the beauties of my job is that I'm not always aware that I'm working. Take Lana Turner, for instance. When I first knew Lana, she had only one sweater to her frame, and if I had told my readers what I knew about her they wouldn't have known who I was talking about. It takes every glamour girl a little while to become Somebody. For instance, Chuck, when Lana was in the first flush of her popularity a famous European visited (Continued on page 81)
Actresses are not like the girl-next-door. Stars are dolls with a malady—more than any other women, they want to be loved!
Jean cries "Peace! Peace!" and there would be

They Fight for each Other
While her towering, lusty, free-talking husband was hard at work with Elizabeth Taylor making *Beau Brummel* in London, Jean Simmons was out on the town. With Frank Sinatra and her agent, the dashing Bert Allenberg, the bewitching, brown-eyed little actress dropped in at the Coconut Grove to hear Lena Horne.

Jean Simmons loves nightclubs and Stewart Granger hates them. So while he was in England, Jean was indulging herself — and enjoying herself.

The very next day Hollywood was trying mightily to blow the Sinatra-Simmons item into an incipient romance. Ava had called it quits with Frankie and flown to Rome, and Granger was in England. Otherwise, Sinatra and Simmons do not seem to have much in common.

Hollywood seers have always insisted that the Stewart Grangers' marriage simply cannot last.

Is it because Granger is seventeen years older than his wife?
Is it because he does the cooking and all the planning?
Is it because he is over-protective and masterminds his wife's career?
Is it because two careers in one family rarely mix?
Is it because he is an intellectual and Jean is a talented child?

Is it because eventually Jean (Continued on page 85)
When a top star decides to give up his career, a lot of people want to know why.

His studio, for example, his public . . . and his wife.

BY THELMA MCGILL

No matter what people say about Dale Robertson—that he takes himself too seriously, that he won't cooperate with his studio's publicity department or that he is a horse-crazy, frustrated cowboy, the fact remains that he always tries to tell the truth about himself. When this drawling young giant tells you something, he means what he says.

When he says, as he did a few weeks ago, "I'm gonna quit acting in another two years," he means it. He isn't reaching for a headline or a mention in a gossip column.

Robertson has always insisted that, "I came to Hollywood with one goal in mind. Wanted to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch."

"The way I figured it back then, the way I still figure, is that anyone can become an actor. I reckon you can walk out on Hollywood Boulevard right now and make good actors out of the first ten folks you run into. I'm not saying they'll develop into stars. Nothing like that. It's the public who makes the stars, not Hollywood. But anyone can act. When I learned that, I decided to do something about it."

So he went out and raised all the money he could and bought interest in a manufacturing concern called Everlast Laboratories. Now he's president of the corporation.

His business manager, Morgan Maree, who used to limit his spending money to $20 a week, tried to persuade Dale not to buy into this business. "Why don't you invest in an (Continued on page 73)
From the first, Susan felt her marriage was a mistake. Now she's paying in public heartbreak for ten years of hidden bitterness.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

All married couples fight. Some verbally, some physically, some in subtler ways.

In the last ten years Susan Hayward and Jess Barker have tried them all, apparently. Some of these fights have resulted in temporary separations followed by loving reconciliations.

A few months ago, just after Susan had finished *Demetrius And The Gladiators* at $5,000 a week, she and Jess were sitting in the livingroom of their Longridge Road home. The atmosphere was frigid. Whatever love they had once had for each other had now turned into a battle of the sexes. The only pond which held their marriage together was the twins, Timothy and Gregory, who will be nine years old this month.

Susan Hayward, as Hollywood knows, is an iron-willed, tenacious young woman of thirty-six, who has long been suggesting that her husband give up his not-too-successful acting career. For years she has been advising Jess to "get into something else." Jess has demurred.

"After all," one of his friends explains, "How could he possibly take a job in a filling station? People would drive up and say, 'See that guy over there? He's Susan Hayward's husband.'"

On this particular night, Susan again brought up the unpleasant subject of Jess and a new job. According to intimates, she salted her conversation with one or two aspersions on her husband's manhood.

Provoked, Jess slapped the beautiful redhead. She bit his hand. He cuffed her again. "He has slapped me many times," Susan said later, "but this time I could tell it was going to be worse, his face was so distorted with rage—"

Susan began to scream. Jess, according to her version, came after her again. She tried to get (Continued on page 78)
Despite co-workers' reports that Frank's career has hit new peaks and his disposition is remarkably cheerful, he suffers "nervous exhaustion."

Ever since last November when he was admitted to Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, because of "nervous exhaustion," Frank Sinatra has been the target of suicide rumors.

It was whispered of Frank then that when he learned of Ava's determination to divorce him he grew depressed and in a subsequent fit of despondency tried to slash his left wrist.

Sinatra's physician said there was no truth to this report and that his patient had been suffering from fatigue.

Although Sinatra is not indefatigable, he is close to it. Thin, wiry, with an almost inexhaustible supply of energy, Frank has burned the candle at both ends for years with practically no sign of physical deterioration.

The one exception has been his hair. Despite consistent and expensive treatments it is thinning and he will probably be as bald as his father is.

When Frank checked out of Mt. Sinai Hospital on November 19, one of his acquaintances said, "With him suicide is always a possibility. He is a volatile person. He is either way up on top or way down on the bottom. No medium level for him.

"But I don't believe he would ever commit suicide because of a woman. He has known too many and he is too much in love with himself to love anyone so desperately that her withdrawal would make his life meaningless.

"A year or so ago, he was really low, and maybe he contemplated it then. As an entertainer he seemed to be all washed up. He made Meet Danny Wilson at Universal for practically no money, maybe $10,000 and a percentage, and it laid a bomb. His recordings were selling almost zero. His attempt to buck Milton Berle on tv was hopeless and the network dropped him. He had left Nancy and the three kids for Ava. Then he fought with Ava all the time. He was in hock to the Government for back taxes. Besides a few gambling characters, most of his friends and employees had pulled out.

"If Frank had put a gun to his head then I could have understood it. But now? I don't think so. Maybe he scratched himself or took an extra pill in order to (Continued on page 66)
His friends say
lost love could not make
life meaningless for
Frankie. But this is not
the first time Sinatra
has touched tragedy.

FRANK'S ONE
SECURITY IS HIS LOVE
FOR HIS CHILDREN.

Despite the fact that much
justifiable criticism has been
launched against Frank Sinatra
and his personal life, his
singing, and his negative attitude
toward friends and press, he has
always been an exemplary fathe
When Frank divorced Nancy
Sinatra in 1951 to marry Ava,
he never once quibbled about
the resulting financial settlement
He agreed that his family
was entitled to a minimum of
$50,000 a year and a percentage of
his earnings. Since his divorce
from Nancy, the crooner has always
provided well for his three
children and their mother.
Last Christmas he took his
children holiday shopping in
Hollywood and spent more time
with them than he had
the entire previous year when he
was traveling in Europe
and Africa with Ava.
All three children resemble
their father physically. In
background and bringing up,
however, they are very
different from Frankie. For this
he is profoundly grateful.
“I had a helluva youth,” he
has sometimes remarked,
realizing that in many ways his
boyhood was responsible for
his being the restless, intense,
driven, unpredictable firebrand
he is today—though it also
contributed towards making him
a charming, popular and
hard-working public idol.
For Sinatra's children, perhaps
life is better in Hollywood
than it might have been for
them in Hoboken.
When little sister becomes big competition, hair-pulling usually results.

But Debra isn’t scalping me—she says her throne is big enough for two.

by Lisa Gaye

If my sister, whose name is Debra Paget, ever plays the part of a twin in a movie the role won’t be too unfamiliar to her. Once she was a near-twin. I, born eighteen months after her, was the other. That was the closest our mother ever came to getting the twins she had always wanted. She made the best of it. She dressed us alike and as soon as my size caught up a bit with Debbie’s we actually began to get the kind of stares twins get. There was a resemblance, of course. The report on my first movie test (the first of nearly a dozen!) was unfavorable because I looked too much like Debbie to be accepted as a personality in my own right.

I can still remember that Debbie and I liked being twins. There was a special allure to it because we had our big secret (that we weren’t twins really) and any time we wanted to be individuals again we could. That time came permanently for Debbie when she was nine years old. She fell in love with a pink and white dress which could not be duplicated for me and that was the end of our “twin” period.

Almost everyone asks me, sooner or later, what Debbie is like to live with. I guess what they have in mind is the question one girl put to me bluntly. “Is she like a queen or something?” she wanted to know.

Well, if by “queen” she meant someone who floats around in an aura of unapproachable regality, the answer is no. It’s nothing like that. In fact, the queen is no queen. She is more accurately described as one of four sisters or as a girl who is interested in two things—her family and her (Continued on page 67)
RETURN FROM NOWHERE

Contrary to the prediction made by Hollywood almost ten years ago, Guy Madison does not live in oblivion. In those days people said his popularity was a freak in show business, that his appeal was based only on the fact that he was young and handsome. They said that since he couldn't portray emotion much more effectively than a wooden Indian, his burst of fame would shortly dwindle away.

The prophecy came close. Guy's wave of publicity subsided, he dropped out of sight, and for a long time hardly anyone knew what had happened to him. Then last summer Warner Brothers gave him a contract which pays him $100,000 per picture and guarantees him at least five pictures at this remarkable salary. The brass hats who run movie studios have been known to make costly mistakes, but the promise of a half million dollars for the services of one young man implies confidence backed by solid reason.

The reason is Guy himself. He is different from the boy of eight years ago, but he hasn't lost his appeal. Gone is the roundness, the stolid muscularity of the curly-headed youth who attracted thousands of bobby soxers during the last years of the war. Guy is thinner, harder, a powerful man of thirty-one. His face is lean and his body has matured into a lithe suppleness. On the surface his personality has changed very little. He is even more taciturn, limiting his conversation to terse "yups" and "nopes." Outwardly, he is developing into a young edition of Gary Cooper, with the same quiet appeal of a man who is happiest out of doors.

Naturally, there is more to Guy than meets the eye. In these last years he has learned that life is a difficult and exacting school. There is an old wheeze in the theatre that a man must have suffered in order to be an actor. Guy is living proof. He not only has the Warner contract in his pocket, but also the Wild Bill Hickok show, on radio three times a week and on television every Sunday. The long climb back to the top has been difficult for him, yet it is perhaps because of it that Guy has found his niche in acting.

At the beginning, it wasn't easy for him. His picture on the cover of a Navy magazine attracted the attention of an agent who eventually interested David Selznick in the young sailor. Guy was given a role in Since You Went Away, appearing in his Navy uniform for three minutes on the screen. The three minutes were enough to bring tons of mail to the studio, inquiring about the "handsome (Continued on page 75)
It takes guts to fall from phony stardom and climb back to the top again. Guy Madison made it the hardest way—but this time, it's for real!

BY ROBERT MOORE

Now separated, Guy and wife Gail Russell look back on early days of marriage with tenderness. Guy hopes for eventual reunion.
Forty feet long and built of polished aluminum, the New Moon, as Lucy and Desi call their trailer (right) handles like a baby carriage. Living-room (above) is tailored to Lucy’s coloring, has two extra-big windows.

Drop-leaf table, matching chairs, seat six in livingroom. Partly hidden by partition, Youngstown Kitchen (below) features Florence Stove with window allowing Lucy to watch her cooking without opening oven door.

Lucy and Desi worked with it in an One afternoon after she had finished her umpteenth I Love Lucy television film, Lucille Ball, in her delightfully addle-pated but highly efficient way, decided to organize a weekend vacation trip to Palm Springs.

In the livingroom of her ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, the tall carrot-head began to check a list of essentials required for the desert holiday. Bed linen, spice cabinet, stationery, canasta decks, paints and easel, and scrapbooks.

As she checked off each item, Lucy added it to the pile of paraphernalia in the front hall. As the pile mounted, the hall receded until Desi, coming in from the sunlit outdoors, tripped and fell across the fishing gear.

“Lu-cee,” he shouted ominously.

From the kitchen: “Yes, dear?”

“Wha’s all thees stuff?” Desi demanded, his Cuban accent growing hotter with the throbbing in his ankle. “Is pick-up time for the Salvation Army maybe?”

The preoccupied housewife, Mrs. Desiderio Arnaz shook her head. “We don’t have time for jokes,” she said. “Get up on your feet and load these things into the car.”

(Continued on next page)
living on wheels

MGM MOVIE—AND LIKED IT SO MUCH THEY GOT A TRAILER OF THEIR OWN!  

BY MARVA PETERSON

Compact Crosley Shelvador refrigerator boosts extra storage room in door; freezer holds 28 pounds. Ingeniously recessed, refrigerator door opens into kitchen, doesn't block entrance.

Even the floors are warmed in winter by the Coleman heater standing unobtrusively near door; in summer the unit becomes an air cooler, circulates fresh outside air through the trailer.
In simulated agony—after all, he is an actor—Desi slowly raised himself. He looked at the pile of equipment Lucy had stacked for the trip. He looked twice because he couldn’t believe it the first time.

"I’m not going," he declared. "I’m not going to Palm Springs, have people say, ‘Look those crazy gypsies. Everything they have they take with them!’ ” Pointing an accusing finger at his wife, he continued, "Last time you promised that if we take a trip, we travel light. You call thees”—his arm swept the room—"light?"

"All I promised," Lucy said sweetly, "was that I would bring the bare essentials. And if I’m going to enjoy my vacation, these things are essential."

"But, honey, we can only stay three days."

"Three days or three months—I need my home right along with me to be happy."

Desi muttered something dark and bitter and husbandly. To Lucy, however, he said, "Why don’t you put thees house on wheels? Maybe then you be happy?"

Many months later when he and Lucy had signed to star in The Long, Long Trailer at MGM, Desi recalled this particular conversation with his wife.

He was talking to director Vincente Minnelli. Vincente said, "We’re having a forty-foot mobile home driven here from Alma, Michigan. What you’ve got to do for the picture, Desi, is to practice parking and driving the trailer before the actual camera work begins."

Desi’s eyes popped. "Did you say ‘mobile home?’ "

Minnelli nodded. "That’s a fancy name for a trailer."

Desi smacked his hands with glee. "That’s exactly what we need," he said. "Lucy and I—whenever we take a trip, she has to take everything. How much do thees mobile homes cost, Vince? Where can we get one?"

Minnelli shrugged a shoulder. "I don’t know much about them," he said. "There’s a fellow on the lot somewhere who represents the New Moon people. Maybe you can talk to him."

"You say his name is New Moon?" Desi asked.

"That’s the name of the company that makes these trailers."

Two hours later, Desi Arnaz walked out of MGM with a smile as wide as the east gate. Via long distance telephone he had arranged with Jim Redman, president of New Moon, Inc., to have one of their (Continued on page 62)

THE AMAZINGLY COMPACT FLOOR PLAN OF THE EIGHT-FOOT WIDE NEW MOON MOBILE HOME:

Divided into four rooms, the trailer has extra sleeping space in livingroom where full-scale daybed stands; wardrobes and closets line one wall, are easily accessible from all sleeping quarters.
On Metro lot Lucy and Desi use trailer as office, guest lounge, private diningroom when Lucy wants to cook.

The children's room has nursery-size beds instead of the usual double-decker, allows Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz to take the kids on otherwise impossible trips.

The cheerful master bedroom has windows on three sides, ample space for either a double bed and nightstand or the twin beds Lucy and Desi prefer.

Lucy's much-used theatrical make-up mirror and dressing table were installed along one wall of the bedroom by Doris Christensen, New Moon decorator.
The years of fear are over for John Derek. The birth of his daughter has ended the anguish that made him Hollywood's moodiest guy.

BY SUSAN TRENT

new baby-
new happiness

When Pati ended career to marry John, she was a Zanuck European discovery, John an unknown. They quarreled occasionally but believe trouble solidified their marriage.

Born with a split esophagus, 4-year-old Russell underwent major surgery when 14 hours old, still chokes dangerously sometimes. New daughter Sean is completely healthy, brought John new outlook on life.

One of the advantages of having a child by Caesarean section is that the mother-to-be can call her own shots. She can make an appointment for the birth of her baby. This method of delivery is also extremely convenient for such nervous husbands as John Derek. His wife doesn't wake him at three or four in the morning. There is no sudden panic, no mad race to the hospital trying to beat the stork. Everything is placid, measured and arranged before time.

John Derek's wife, a beautiful, pixie European named Pati, took care of all the details. Last October she called on Dr. Benbow Thompson, an obstetrician who has delivered the babies of more screen stars than any other Hollywood physician.

"I wonder, Dr. Thompson," Pati said, "if I could have my baby at eight or nine in the morning. Then John and I could have a good night's sleep?"

Born in Turkey of Greek and Russian parents, Pati Derek has been in the United States less than ten years. Her English grammar is perfect but she still speaks with a soft foreign accent.

"You can have your baby any time you want," Dr. Thompson told her. "Have John drive you in tomorrow and we'll do it then."

Early the following morning—a little after six—John loaded his wife into their 1952 Cadillac convertible and drove the eighteen miles from their home in Encino to the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.
At eight A.M. on October 16, his second child, a seven-pound, three-ounce girl, later christened Sean Catherine Derek, came bawling into the world.

A few minutes later the twenty-seven-year-old actor, one of Hollywood's most handsome men, was called to the delivery room. His daughter was held up for his inspection. He was permitted to count her toes and fingers, to see that she was born in perfect shape. As John Derek looked at his red-faced, black-haired infant, he smiled as all fathers smile, but in his heart he prayed that this tiny girl would be saved the near-tragic suffering of his first-born.

You must have read or heard at some time that John Derek is immature, moody, difficult and humorless; that he is as tense and high-strung as an overtrained colt; that he is quick to anger and easy to annoy.

For the most part these stories are true, but John is not like that naturally. There was a substantial reason behind his displays of nervousness and irritability.

Four years ago his son Russell, a good-looking child, was born with a split esophagus.

The esophagus or gullet is the food tube in the body which delivers the chewed-up food, after swallowing, from the throat to the stomach. About one-half an inch in diameter, it extends from the pharynx to the opening of the stomach and is located behind the windpipe.

A few days before Russ was born the nurses at the (Continued on page 64)
Just outside Barstow, California, a sleek streamlined train called the Super Chief made its brief stop after picking its way slowly through the Los Angeles slums and suburbs. Here, this de luxe train with a cargo of business tycoons and show world celebrities takes on ice and provisions for its swift dash across the Mojave desert. Inside, insulated against the withering heat, Betty Grable fell back luxuriously on the great sea-green cushions and exclaimed, "Think of it! Nobody to disturb us for the next thirty-five hours. Harry, what a blessing! The telephone won't ring an even once!"

No? On the heels of Betty's happy statement came a loud prolonged beep! It was the compartment door buzzer.

"That's something we'd better have disconnected," Harry James suggested, answering the summons.

"Telegram for Mrs. James," a grinning porter announced.

Into the outstretched hand, Harry dropped his usual oversize tip and closed the door. He dropped the Western Union message on Betty's tummy.

"I don't even want to look," Betty said, keeping her eyes closed.

"You'd better," Harry advised.

"It could be important."

"Nothing," Betty intoned, sleepily, "could be more important than you."

"Than me? And the kids?" Harry asked.

Betty Grable sat bolt upright, clutching the yellow envelope and tearing it open. Wordlessly she scanned the message. She snatched a (Continued on page 88)

LO! THE POOR BETTY! SHE LEFT HER STUDIO, LEFT HER CONTRACT. NOW SHE HAS NOTHING LEFT BUT HARRY, HOME, HORSES AND HER HEPPED-UP CAREER! — BY CARL SCHROEDER
Pat Stanley, who played in Broadway's ill-fated *Carnival In Flanders*, is one of the girls Tab takes to Macomba on twice-weekly nights out.

Debbie Reynolds is a favorite date. Tab finds her gay and lots of fun, but capable of real warmth and sympathy when the occasion calls for it.

Good listener Lari Nelson is the girl Tab likes best, but there will be no going steady for him until he feels that he is really ready for marriage.
A lot of girls in Hollywood are keeping tabs on Tab. And as for him, his motto is simply "Love and learn!"

What I Learned from Women

by TAB HUNTER

About women they say, "You can't live with them and you can't live without them." That first part I wouldn't know about, because the only woman I've ever lived with was my mother and I get along pretty fine with her. Once in a while she forgets herself and starts ladling out small warnings and reminders to me. Things like "Drive carefully" and "Don't forget your keys." When that happens I turn the tables.

"Say, Mom," I tell her, "you're getting too thin. Are you eating enough?"

She flusters a little and then looks straight at me and says, "Stop treating me like a child!"

"Okay, okay," I tell her, "and you let go of me."

It's my only kick against Mom, so it rolls off my back. For the rest of it, my mother is a rare woman. Once she felt my brother Walt and I had the necessary upbringing, she adopted a hands-off policy and contented herself with cheering from the sidelines and giving advice only when asked for it. So Mom has been pretty easy to live with.

As for the tag part of the bromide, "you can't live without 'em," I am inclined to agree. I suppose I would have lived, all right, but if it weren't for the girls and women I've known I wouldn't know half as much as I know now. Not that I know a lot—if you talked to me about suspension bridges, for instance, you'd find me silent—but I feel that the fair sex has done more than its share of teaching me (Continued on page 90)
crawford meets the
When Joan indulges in three feuds in eight months, even her best friends say it’s time to stop telling people off and start telling people why!

BY JACK WADE

Nobody can please everybody. For a long time Joan Crawford came close. She has more fans and more friends than most of Hollywood’s headliners, but she has enemies. Her fans are legion, spreading to every cranny of the world, of all nationalities and ages. Closer to home, she is treasured as a friend by many people, commendably including perhaps more “nobodies” than “somebodies.”

There are others who feel that Miss Crawford should be put under wraps, and it is noteworthy that lately this small band of dissenters has some new members. Crawford is a smart woman in the ways of Hollywood, and it is surprising that at this stage of her career she should suddenly begin to create ill will.

Hollywood never was an easy town for making and keeping friends. Competition is wicked; jealousy and temperament spill through the tinsel air; feuds are rampant. For many years Miss Crawford did a remarkable job of staying off the battleground, and except for a long-standing miff with Claudette Colbert which was entirely personal, Joan managed to keep peace.

Then in the spring of 1953, eight years after her latter day movie life had been assured by the award of an Oscar, Joan burst out of her shell of security and her role of Hollywood’s First Lady by blasting Marilyn Monroe. It would be more exact to say that Miss Crawford blasted about Marilyn for she had no idea that her searing criticism of Miss Monroe’s plunging gowns and ungirdled curves would be repeated, much less printed.

It happened when an AP correspondent interviewed Joan. They talked about a recent award dinner and he asked as an afterthought if Miss Crawford did not agree with him that Marilyn’s dress had been vulgar, also her behavior. This opinion was shared by many in Hollywood. Marilyn’s own studio was trying to quiet the storm of protest arising over the Monroe’s projected voluptuousness. Most people thought somebody ought to tell Marilyn, for her own good, that things were going too far. Which is precisely what Joan Crawford replied to the AP correspondent. She said, among other things, “It was like a burlesque show. The audience yelled and shouted and Jerry Lewis got up on the table and (Continued on page 92)
ONE morning last fall the middle-aged owner of a small ranch in Tarzana, California, prepared for a trip. From his stable he led a brown saddle pony into a horse trailer which he hitched behind a maroon sedan. When all was secure a woman came out of the house and joined him in the front seat of the car. They drove out of the yard and headed for the first mountain pass leading out of the valley to the east. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cernik were on their way to Las Vegas, Nevada, to see their eldest son. The happy, husky boy who had always wanted to be a cowboy had somehow become the newest singing sensation of the entertainment world.

He wasn't called Albert Cernik, Jr., any more. Now he was known as Guy Mitchell. They knew that all over the country, in big theatres, hotels and nightclubs, his singing was in demand. He had even sung in England. They knew that he made records which sold by the millions and they knew that he made pictures in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Cernik were still a little dazed about all this and about the Tarzana ranch he had bought them because he wanted his father to retire from work.

Sometimes they even found (Continued on page 71)
The gone-est of Guys is Mitchell—and he's going far and wide!
You can't fence in a crooner who busts broncos on the side!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK
whenever His purpose...  
by June Allyson

Sometimes when tragedy strikes, we cannot see the blessing behind it. But it is from our most despairing moments that trust and love can grow.

I don't think I have ever made an entrance on the stage, or walked in front of a motion picture camera without the security of having prayed for confidence and command of myself—and having gotten it.

That habit was a great help to me when I first came out to Hollywood and ran into a curious problem. It was all due to my efforts to avoid being known as a "Five-line Actress." A five-liner, if you haven't run across the term before, is a girl who can remember just about five lines of dialogue at a time—no more. After she has said them, the filming of the scene must be interrupted, and everybody waits while she tries to commit to memory another bare five lines. I didn't want to be like that so I went too far the other way! I learned my scripts so well that when the director ordered changes in the lines, as he generally does at the last moment, I couldn't change. I had the original words ground into my memory and those were the words I spouted out when my cues came!

It may seem silly but actually it was serious. It made me feel as though I were dense. The director would explain to everyone in a scene how he was
changing the dialogue; everyone except me would quickly absorb the corrections and remain engaged as we talked. It was time to speak. Then, I, Cement Head, would talk and we were back where we started.

It began to look as though I needed more than a little self-control and, particularly, in elasticity of memory, to make good in Hollywood. There was a lot I could do to help myself, mostly technical things, tricks of acting, to give myself greater freedom. I think the main thing is to be flexible yet not violate it. But the biggest thing I did, and that which gave me the greatest help, was to pray daily.

The feeling of a greater-than-mortal help to be had if one asks for it, and particularly if one has lived so as to deserve it, has been in me from earliest memory. The woman who is a man or a woman in the world who doesn't, somewhere within, feel the same.

The first prayers I ever said were not so much prayers as conversations with God. I was the mostgifted of kindred and I was suffering my first tragedy. My grandmother, who had been a woman of the highest character, seemed to me, could be finer than one devoted to healing the sick. And with this purpose as my secret, I gloted for weeks and months—a skinny, cracked-up moppet, lying content in her bed of pain because she visualized herself curing the lame and the halt and bringing ease to the sick of heart. I don't know a better way to suffer than to imagine curing the suffering of others. It not only makes you forget your own pain; it makes you glory in it. And time and again I saw myself as a physician, stethoscope held to the hand of a patient as I told him comfortingly, "Yes, yes, I know just how you feel. I, too, have suffered!"

With the aid of a metal and leather back brace I finally left the hospital. Since I was now a person with an important mission in life I expected to be greeted with joy, with happiness, with general approval at work, but this didn't work out that way. They were a little awed by anyone's having been kept so long in a hospital. At the same time there was this blankness, this sense of not knowing how to react to anything. Even Grandma, I expected, didn't look right and I was convinced she wasn't happy because God hadn't taken her to Him. Back I ran to my room to plead with the God who didn't want me to know that Grandma looked happier and more at peace after that.

I didn't know it, of course, but I was about to have an opportunity to get really chummy with God. This opportunity fell on me in the form of a tree which cracked off as it was waving under it. The branches were broken, my skull and a leg and an arm were fractured, the rest of my body crosswise with scratches and bruises. When my mother came running to me I kept repeating, "I wish I had that that wasn't bandaged, plastered or tied up in pulley arrangements was my right eye. This must have looked none too healthy because I was asked, "I lay there, eight years old and sort of screeched off from the living world for weeks in my cotton, canvas and plaster of paris cocoon. I kept asking God why He was mad at me. It seemed incomprehensible to me that He would cause half a tree to fall on anyone He liked!

I can recall going over my past and checking for sins I might have committed of such a nature that God should require me to be all but shattered in the course of peneance. I was puzzled and I had to ask my mother to interpret the ways of God. When I was told the only thing my mother didn't have was the funds to finance medical training, and I made a slight switch in plans. Instead of treating people I would sell pictures into show business. Before I really decided on my future I had two oddly unrelated ambitions for which I constantly solicited divine cooperation.

1. to be a great doctor.
2. Some day I would dance with Fred Astaire in a movie.

I never even made a start toward medicine but, you know, I almost did dance with Astaire! We were talking one day at the studio and he said, "We must make a picture together." I thought he was kidding. Not long afterward I was told that he wanted me to play opposite him in The Gay Purr-ee. It was the biggest thrill I ever had and I was just on the point of cheering when I suddenly became sick at my stomach. The timing for this role was almost perfect. I was very bad; I was on the way to motherhood at the moment and this was the first hint that I was not going to have a serene pregnancy.

When this dismaying fact became pretty well known that working was out of the question, Judy Garland was named to replace me. By the time the picture was started Jane Powell had not forgotten the biggest thrill I ever had; I was on the point of cheering when I suddenly became sick at my stomach. The timing for this role was almost perfect. I was very bad; I was on the way to motherhood at the moment and this was the first hint that I was not going to have a serene pregnancy.

Because of the curiously personal relationship I had with God as a child, it seems natural to me that my children speak of Him as someone close to the family. For instance, after we had entertained at dinner for a series of evenings, little Pamela casually asked when we were having the table card with her name on it.

The only answer I could think of was that God is always with us. If Pam prays and doesn't think her prayers are being answered she talks of it as people will talk of things that didn't go through. "I don't think God is home today," she will say. "I'll have to try again tomorrow."

Sometimes I, too, have to try again, and there are times when I have been filled with misgivings as to whether or not I would face another day. I am afraid I have had remonstrances. When my husband Richard was seriously ill more than a year ago, and seemed to be getting worse after his operations, I suddenly, in God's hand, so to speak, I realized that a period in which the doctors said nothing could be done and time must decide whether he would recover. I was seized with the feeling that the treatment was continued he would die.

I remember this crisis as the one time in my life when I withdrew into myself so completely that I cut off all communication. I know that in my anxiety I became resentful of what had happened and there was a morning when I told myself there could be no way of getting even a hint to blame someone or something for personal tragedy. Looking backward, I realize I was blaming myself not for being a bad wife—just as I blame myself for not being a better mother whenever one of my children is ill.

Just the same it was prayer to which I finally turned. I am convinced Dick's recovery was due to his desperate need to get a new doctor and follow his instructions completely. The situation reminded of a picture I made with Mar- garet O'Brien, Made for Each Other, but this was to be a means of getting back on my feet. I was telling a writer how the story stayed in my mind. He said that when the greatest novel is finally written it will be the one I have been trying to write, and I am inclined to agree with him. In my scripts I sometimes run across bits of such prayers and they always give the picture its most glorious moments.

This, then, is my form of worship—prayer. And it may take place at any time, any place—on the sidewalk, on the street, as I happen to be. If I do not get His response I am resigned to the fact that I am left to wait about it right—principally because I am not right with Him. Pamela has asked me about this and so have you.

"How do I know when I'm doing the right thing?" she'll ask.

Here I try to associate her conscience with God, the conscience being the innermost part of each of us, showing us what is right and what is wrong. Like all children, Pamela is well aware that when mischief is afoot there is an inner knowing which cannot be recorded as it happens but won't be heard unless one keeps listening for it.

To follow your conscience, even to the extent of going back and rectifying a wrong you have committed, will seem difficult; but it has its compensations. You appreciate it during those moments in your life when you are alone and perhaps assaying your life's work and wonder how much satisfaction there is if you can honestly conclude that you are a pretty nice person. If ever you are close to God, if ever He loves you . . . that is the moment!

June Allyson can now be seen in Universal's The Glenn Miller Story.
living on wheels

(Continued from page 48) deluxe trailers
driven to Hollywood. The $5,500 gift
was to be a complete surprise to Lucy.

In answer to a few company queries, Desi had specified that he preferred
twin beds, twin sinks, and a combina-
tion of trailer and mobile home. Instead
of the customary double-deckers, he requested two nursery-size beds for
his children.

"As for the decorating," he told Redman,"I've got all that up to you. Just remember:
my wife is a redhead."

Lucy's surprise package was timed to
coincide with her arrival for work at MGM.
Under the guise of showing his wife where
he had been taking trailer-driving lessons,
Desi drove out between the sound stages
to the extremely realistic small town street
known at the Metro lot as Andy Hardy Village.

Parked in front of Judge Hardy's white
cloakboard house was forty-one feet of
streamlined, polished aluminum on wheels.
"It's a beauty," Lucy said, "but can you
really drive that giant, Desi?"

Arnaz grinned, "Handles like a baby car-
rriage." And taking the ignition key out of
his hand, he slipped it into Lucy's hand.
"Go ahead," he suggested. "Try it."

Attached to the key was a tag reading,
"To Lucy, with Love, Desi."

Lucy read the tag. Eyes brimming, she
turned to her husband. "Does this mean
that—"

Desi took her in his arms and kissing
her near the ear, he said, "Surprise for
you."

Lucy pulled back. "I don't believe it.
This must be a gag. That trailer can't be
real. It's a studio mock-up."

Desi howled. "Go inside and make sure."

To Lucy the interior of the trailer proved
twice as exciting as the gleaming ex-
terior. Within its bright framework, it
boasted four separate rooms and a full
bathroom.

Each section of the Desilu mobile home is scientifically engineered for maximum
comfort, efficiency and beauty. It was the
beauty of all that first took Lucy's breath
away.

The living-room, which is located at the
tail section of the trailer, is equipped in traves
to a redhead—rust brown, coral, and turquoise. The accessories add a
bright, cheerful note—brass lamps, plant-
ers, and secret little table lamps. The trailer is only eight feet wide, the living-
room also boasts a full-scale couch taste-
fully upholstered in a durable tweedy fabric.
The bolster of this piece are easily removed so that it makes up into a single
bed. A wing chair and a wrought-iron
swivel chair make up the main conversa-
tion area of the trailer.

Another corner of the same room features
a drop-leaf table with matching chairs that form into an expandable dining
unit, capable of seating four to six people. Under the stairs is a laundry shoot.
The compact Coleman 3 Cond—Air combination
heater and air cooler. In the winter it
keeps the mobile home as warm as a home;
in the summer the blower cools the
trailer by a continuous flow of fresh air
outside.

When Lucy first stepped into her trailer
and saw the spaciousness in such a compact area so much furniture
did not look crowded. Knowledgeable
planning has prevented that. Two large
windows on opposite sides of the trailer
give the room a look of spaciousness. The
mirror behind the couch creates an illu-
sion of extra length and even the storage
shelf which now holds Desi's collection
of kitchen has more drawers and more cup-
board space than you'll find in most Holly-
wood apartments.

It so happens that Desi and Lucy are
both good cooks which means that they can
appreciate their carefully designed Youngs-
town, as her eyes drifted in all the fur-
nishings, she turned to her grinning hus-
bond and said with amazement, "This
had to move cribs, play pens, clothes,
baby food, the whole works. Now, life is
more well-stocked and ready to roll at a moment's
notice. If Desi wants to take a few days off
and go to the desert or do some fishing off
Balboa Pier, he can toss the children into the
nursery and we're free."

"At one time we thought seriously of
building a weekend house. First, we
thought we'd build it in the desert near
Palm Springs. Then we changed our minds
and decided to build one in the mountains.
Then Desi said he'd like to have a house
near the ocean."

This new trailer came as the perfect
answer. In Palm Springs we own a piece
of land near the golf course and connect
our New Moon to the club's electric out-
puts. Now we're building this trailer which
is an exact duplicate of the Villa Marina Motel
where we've always stayed to be near the dock. While Desi
fools around on his boat, I can be at home
with the children.

The trailer is more than a vacation home
to Lucy and Desi. For the last several
months they've used it constantly in their
work. At Metro it followed them around
from stage to stage to wagon to specia-
locations. They used it as an office,
snack bar, private dining room, and lounge
for visiting guests.

As soon as the Long, Long Trailer was
finished, they had the mobile job moved
to their home business location at Mo-
tion Picture Center where from Monday
through Thursday of each week, they labor of
Lucy.

Here again, it serves multiple purposes.
The trailer's master bedroom has enough
floor space to accommodate twin beds or a
double bed, the kitchen counters which are fin-
ished in grey formica. She opened the six
foot refrigerator which also has freezer
room for twenty-eight pounds of food, and
the electric stove is made for twenty pounds
of meat. For Lucy, the bathroom was a
triumph of design or as Lucy puts it, "For
a living room, it's the greatest."

"The greatest" is the phrase she used
and still uses in describing every room
in the mobile house. The yellow and white
kitchen is partly hidden behind a corru-
gated partition of plexiglass. When the tal-
ented comedienne saw that, she was
charmed.

"If this isn't the most compact, utilitarian
kitchen!" she bubbled. "Really, this is abso-
lutely the greatest!" She looked into the
four-burner stove, then ran her hand
over the stainless steel. "Go ahead," he suggested. "Try it."

Attached to the key was a tag reading,
"To Lucy, with Love. Desi."

Lucy read the tag. Eyes brimming, she
turned to her husband. "Does this mean
that—"

Desi took her in his arms and kissing
her near the ear, he said, "Surprise for
you."

Lucy pulled back. "I don't believe it.
This must be a gag. That trailer can't be
real. It's a studio mock-up."

Desi howled. "Go inside and make sure."

When April's issue of modern screen
comes your way
lovely Liz Taylor
will be on the cover.
Watch for it at
your newsstand
March 5.
Announcing the first appearance on the big, big movie screen and in color of America’s most mirthful married couple! Their first picture together since they became the nation’s love-and-laugh favorites! And what a wonderful story! It thrilled millions as a best-seller and in Reader’s Digest!

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz

"The Long, Long Trailer"

It’s fun on a honeymoon with Lucy and Desi driving a house on-wheels into hilarious adventure!
new baby—new happiness

(Continued from page 51) hospital were given a lecture which included the symptoms of a false epi- sodes. In this case, the child the tip-off is the inability of the infant to swallow anything.

On the day Russell Derek was born, the nurse told her husband that she couldn't get her sugar water. She reported her suspicion to Dr. Louis Earle, the pediatrician, who promptly examined the infant. He confirmed that Russell had been born with a damaged esophagus.

Unless major surgery could be performed at once, John and Patti Derek would have no son to take home from the hospital. And even if surgery were performed, the chances were only fifty-fifty that the child would survive.

Patti Derek lay on her hospital bed, chatting happily with her husband. John sat beside her, holding her hand and telling her what a great horseman he would make of their son. He was proud of his son. Both he and Patti had wanted a boy. Then the doctor walked in to speak to the unsuspecting couple. "I sensed something was wrong," John now recalls, "but I didn't know what it could be."

"I want you to brace yourself for a shock," the doctor warned Patti. Then he told them. Their little son was dying. No food of any sort could pass down the baby's throat. Intermittent feedings might keep him alive for a little while, but not for long. There was only one thing to be done. The infant would need an operation immediately. He recommended that Dr. J. N. Norton, who had specialized in that particular technique, be called in to perform the operation.

They spoke to John. She could not speak of the anguish in her heart and the fear in her mind. John was immediately decisive.

"I want to do it," he urged. "For God's sake, let's get Dr. Nichols here at once."

They called the surgeon and he came. Fourteen hours after he was born, little Russell would be called into this dining room. He was anesthetized, and then the nimble fingers of Dr. Nichols went to work. The scalp cut through the baby's chest, laying bare the trachea and the gullet. He removed the baby's heart, the esophagus and repaired it. The chest incision was sutured. The surgery took hours. Patti and John waited in Patti's room. They half expected to see John's face look at her, then silently praying. Waiting was eternity, a seemingly endless torture.

Finally, the doctor came in. "I think he's going to be all right. He'll need a lot of care for a long time."

They stayed Russell in the hospital for weeks. And even now that he's four, Patti and John have to be careful that nothing gets into his throat and that he doesn't gag on food.

This vigilance is part of the reason John Derek has been so edgy and nervous. In the last four years he has made many a wild dash to the doctor's office with Patti clutching her son, seeing the boy's face turn blue and turn white and then turn blue again. He wouldn't touch even a piece of bread before they could get relief for him.

With this kind of torture you can understand why John Derek's worry was to know when he was about to see his baby daughter for the first time.

"Was she really perfect?" he asked himself. Maybe she just looked fine and then when the pediatrician came, he'd find something wrong. Maybe it would be Russ all over again; the near-tragedy, the surgery, the countless hours and weeks of strain and worry.

There's nothing like that. Sean is a healthy, happy baby. Her big brother is coming along fine, and now that they've both had their survival battle, John and Patti Derek seem to be more in love than ever.

"Quarrels and differences that we had in the past will be small, so insignificant, just part of our adjustment."

People used to say that John and Patti quarreled over the marriage, that it would never last. Too many differences in background, taste and outlook. For instance, John likes meat and potatoes. Patti, born in the Near East and brought up on a diet of rice and beans, has a tendency to prepare elaborate dishes, garnish them with rich sauces.

A few months after they were married, John came home from the studio to find that Patti had worked all day preparing a gastronomic delight—crépes Suzette, chicken cooked in wine, some other tasty delicacies.

Her husband took one look at the lovingly prepared food. "Looks great, honey," he said. "But this sort of stuff isn't for me. Throw on a steak. I'm all in."

Patti, discovered by Darryl Zanuck after housekeeping chores after a day's work.

"Not that John hasn't done these things. When I was pregnant with Russell, I had to think that he would have to get up at six in the morning to take care of my dog and make breakfast for me. He would serve it to me in bed. At night he would carry a dinner tray and he would clean all the dishes and straighten the house. That's when I learned that what counts most in a husband, what counts more to any man, is the way he acts in an emergency when his family really needs him.

"Like the trouble with Russell, I don't know what I would have done had John not been there. He was his strength, his how do you call it?—his drive, his will power—that has made things turn out well. It is very difficult for an actor to work and concentrate and at the same time to realize that he has a baby son at home and that maybe the son can die any minute."

It has not been easy but I think we are now out of the woods."

In contrast to Patti who is quick to ex- pressed her feelings, John Derek has lived within himself for so many years that he finds it extremely difficult to talk about the crises in his life.

When you ask him to tell you about the solidifying effects of his marriage, he talks about the terror he experienced in the hospital as he waited for the doctor to bring some news about the success or failure of the operation. He could not lose his son.

Nor did he ever talk about the monthly trips with Russ to the hospital. He never described how the little boy's esophagus was stretched with a glass tube. He never talked about how his own child or child's care or nerve-racking meticul- ous care was necessary. He never talked how, despite this precise care, the baby would sometimes choke. He didn't talk about the clenching the infant to her breast, and they would race to the car. Then the life-saving dash to the doctor's office.

John Derek is an only child and the child of divorced parents. He was born into the motion picture business. His mother was an actress and his father a director. They separated when John was five.

The boy was passed from parent to parent. He was insecure because he didn't know his father and what he might be like. Children need to conform. When circum- stance makes this impossible, they develop defenses or compensatory reactions. John became a type-A man.

Later, he tried to kid people into believing that he was the happy-go-lucky type, but he never succeeded. In his youth he didn't know what love and discipline he needed. He went from foster mother to foster mother. He was ejected from the University of Southern California to Los Angeles and Santa Monica but didn't graduate from high school.

Fortunately, he was handsome. He had the fortune of meeting Harlan, a photo- grapher at the studio where his mother worked. Harlan was a kind of father to John. "He taught me how to ride, how to box, how to hunt, how to do all the things every kid wants to learn. My son is named for him."

One night when he was bowling at a bowling alley in Westwood, John was spotted by

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was just a cub reporter on a San Antonio newspaper a few years ago when Dorothy Malone, one of the stars of Two Guys From Texas came to the Alamo City to promote the film.

It was Miss Malone's biggest role until then and since she was a Texan, she rated an interview. I got the assignment. I was excited. It was my first press breakfast with a real movie star.

But Dorothy Malone was nervousness, Miss Malone." I bluntly said. "But you're my first movie star!"

"You never forget your smiling response. 'I know just how you feel,' she said. 'Dorothy Malone.' "You're my first reporter!"

Keith Elliott
San Antonio, Texas
New Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens

Beauty in an L-shape kitchen! Includes cutlery base cabinet, 36" Diana ensemble sink and rotary corner base and wall cabinets.

Beautiful, compact, efficient. A 42" Diana ensemble sink combined with other units for plenty of work surface, storage space.

A compact kitchen in 72". Includes 24" Diana ensemble sink, cutlery base cabinet, tray cabinet, base cabinet.

Storage space, work surfaces aplenty. 42" Diana ensemble sink flanked by 4-drawer base cabinet, tray cabinet, base cabinet.

Cabinets of steel for lasting appeal.

The first all-new kitchen advance in 19 years can be yours now, for as little as $2.25* a week!

The revolutionary new concept in Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens is the first major improvement in kitchens since the cabinet was put under the sink.

You start by planning the sink itself . . . choose the new Diana ensemble sink model with bowl arrangement best for you. Add base and wall cabinets from a wide variety of widths and styles, at low prices made possible by mass-produced steel units.

Whether your kitchen is large, medium, or small, your new Youngstown Kitchen will have that streamlined, built-in look which results from full custom planning. You can also include the Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower** Dishwasher and Food Waste Disposer.

Let your factory-trained Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you your dream kitchen in perfect miniature. If building or buying, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll save!

*Installation extra

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© 1954 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Henry Willson, a talent scout who has discovered more than one handsome young man. Willson was working for Selznick then and he signed Derek at $150 a week.

John attended drama classes and was given a bit in I'll Be Seeing You. "He looked real good," a director recalls, "but he was only a kid then."

After serving with the Paratroops in the Pacific, after eleven and a half months in the service, he returned to Hollywood as a man. Again his face, not his acting ability, got him a contract—this time at 20th Century.

It was then that he fell in love for the first time in his young life. He fell in love with Pati Behrs, a young dancer Darryl Zanuck had discovered in Paris.

"Pati was making a good salary," John says. "She was living it up in the Bel Air Hotel while I had a crummy little apartment, and it looked as though the studio wanted to make her a big star. They kept her around for three years, gave her a few bits, and then out.

"We took a liking to each other while we were in dramatics class, and then we began going around in the same social circles around town, a few shows. No night clubs. I hate night clubs. And then one night in 1949 we decided to drive over to Las Vegas and get married.

With his marriage, John at twenty-three found screen success. He had read a novel, Knock On Any Door, and was convinced that he was born to play the role of the juvenile delinquent. He begged his agent to get him in to see Humphrey Bogart who was producing the picture independently.

The agent tried to high-pressure Bogart.

"You'd better sign this kid right now," he told Bogey. "He's so hot, Metro is dangling a big fat contract in front of him."

"Nobody is distracting anything in front of me," Derek interrupted. "I just want to play this part, Mr. Bogart. I want to play it real bad."

Bogey took a chance on the kid, and as he says, "He was tops. Just tops. Gave the performance of his life."

Columbia Pictures signed John to a seven-year contract (with options, of course) on the strength of his performance and then cast him in All The King's Men, which won the 1949 Academy Award.

Anxious to capitalize on his popularity with the teen-age crowd, Columbia cast Derek in a couple of Grade D pictures. He didn't mind them but he was in no position to complain.

When Alfred Hitchcock wanted to borrow him for a role in Stranger On A Train and the studio said no, John began to gripe. A few weeks later, Paramount, having been notified of Alan Ladd's intention to leave the lot, tried to buy Derek's services. It was a desperate move. Again, Columbia said no.

This time, John gave vent to his feelings. The studio boys accused him of getting the "fat one". "The kid should take it easy," one of them explained. "This high-pressure routine won't get him anywhere. He's doing okay."

"But John wasn't doing okay. Russell Andre Derek had been born. The medical expenses were astronomical. The repeated operations, the special care. This was an ordeal that was almost impossible for outside help."

Not only did Pati and John see this ordeal through together but they decided to have more children and face another kind of ordeal. John was determined to get out of his contract with Columbia.

All during Pati's second pregnancy he clamored for his release. The studio refused. They pointed out the millions of dollars they were investing in Thunderbirds. Then they cast him in two adventure spectacles, Posse and Prince Of Pirates. Then they made him star in a TV film for the Ford Theatre. And only when the video picture was completed would they finally consent to give the young man his freedom.

Now that he has his occupational freedom, John doesn't have a daughter, John's entire behavior pattern has changed. He is again the relaxed, cheerful young man that he was before he came close to losing his son. And he is again ready to devote himself unreservedly to his career.

"I've already done one picture for Republic on my own; Fortune Hunter it's called. I worked there for a month working in fourteen pictures and I know I can make a go of it. I like this business and I want to work hard in it."

"In four years of marriage, Pati and I have grown and gotten over all those worries. With Sean's birth, I've got a feeling that our luck is changing. When that little girl was born she brought glad tidings with her."

Yet this is not the first time that rumors of Frank's attempted suicide have reached the ears of Ava. A month before he and Ava were married, they did have a fight at Lake Tahoe. Then Frank took a few too many sleeping pills.

Sheriff's deputies and other persons who were present said that it looked like an attempted suicide.

Los Angeles newspapers duly reported the news. Frank said the stories were untrue and correspondents for other newspapers who went to the Christmas Tree restaurant, When I got back to my quarters I found that I didn't sleep well. I took two pills and Ava was to be flown out to the plane back to Hollywood I drank two brandies and later broke out with a rash. That's all there was to it."

That was in August, 1951.

Most of Sinatra's unhappiness might be dated from the time he first began to go with Ava. Miss Gardner has a way of sending her lovers to great heights and great depths.

Howard Duff, for example, who was her steady before the "Thin Man" moved in, was desperately in love with Ava and more than aware of the fact that he wanted to marry her.

Ava's attitude was to refer to him as "Puppy," a dog she might lead around on a leash rather than a partner. And this humiliation and the mention of Ava Gardner still inspires his friends to say bitter things.

There is no doubt that Sinatra had tremendous and overpowering love for Ava. Otherwise he never would have defied convention, the church and the world by leaving Nancy and his three children.

There is no doubt that he still loves Ava and would do practically anything she asked of him to get her back.

One actress who knew Frank well ex-

the trouble with sinatra

(Continued from page 40) frightened Ava into returning to him, but the chances are he wouldn't."

That was on November 19, 1953.

The next day Sinatra flew into Los Angeles, seeking another reconciliation with Ava Gardner. At the airport he was surly, irritable, and unsmiling. He wore a long overcoat, completely covering his wrists. Reporters asked questions him were brushed off with "no comment."

On November 26, Ava announced that she had talked to Frank and had decided finally and definitely to divorce him. Then she told the world where she is starring in The Barefoot Contessa.

On November 29, after moving into a suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel, Sinatra traveled to El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood for a rehearsal of the Eddie Cantor television program. He was to be a guest on Eddie's show along with singer Eddie Fisher.

At the rehearsal where visitors are allowed, a fan of Eddie Fisher asked if she might take a photograph of Sinatra talking to the two Eddies. Permission was granted, and when Mary, the maquerues of San Bernardino, California, began to shout. In one of his poses, Sinatra put his left hand up to his jaw, thereby exposing his left bicep.

When Mary developed the film and made a print she noticed the inch-long scar on Frank's wrist, a scar which, you can see, looks as though it were an accident to the knife wound, perhaps a superficial slash, but a slash deep enough to have drawn blood.

Mary sent her photograph to a Los Angeles newspaper. The paper sent reporters around to talk to Sinatra. As he had previously refused to talk to the representatives of Modern Screen, Frank at first said, "I feel that I would be far better served by speaking through Los Angeles Mirror. Later, however, he agreed to talk, spoke to them over the hotel house phone.

"Is it true that you recently attempted suicide?" he was asked.

"That's ridiculous," Sinatra snapped. "Don't you have a deep cut on your left wrist?"

"No," the crooner said. "But we have a photograph showing your wrist with a slash mark," Sinatra was told.

"Oh, that," Frank suddenly recalled. "I got it when I jumped up in a corner of a desk and snapped it—and that's all there is to it."

"When did it happen?"

"Don't remember."

"Where did it happen?"

"I told you," the singer repeated. "I don't remember what that's the truth. Why should I lie about it?"

Actually, there are several reasons why Sinatra should lie if he had made a suicide attempt.

First and most important of all, it could reveal an instability, a neurosis, great unhappiness, and an inability to adjust to circumstances.

In fairness to Sinatra, however, it must be said that besides Ava's loss, he has no apparent motive for suicide and had none as far as we knew as December 15.

Frank's career, in fact, has rarely been better than it is now.

His role in From Here To Eternity has sent his film stock soaring. His salary for the picture was $500,000 plus $100,000 from the book. He received $5,000 to $7,500. His agent is asking and getting a minimum of $75,000 per picture. He has just made a new recording contract with Capitol Records. There is no segment of the nightclub salary has jumped to $10,000 a week. He owns 2% of the gambling casino at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. He has been offered a new radio show.

Moreover, people who are currently working with him on the set of Pink Tights say he has never been more jovial, has never worked harder, and has never been more cooperative in his life.
plained his behavior when she said, "This boy specializes in the dramatic approach. I don't think he really attempted suicide. I think maybe he was just rehearsing—firing blanks.

"I do think these rehearsals were done well enough to fool his friends who picked up the phone and called Ava from New York."

"You've got to take Frank back," they probably screamed, "He tried to kill himself. We got him in time, but you're the only one who can save him."

"It's my guess," this actress said, "that Ava refused to fall for this routine after it had been worked a couple of times, and called it quits.

"Ava is a soft-hearted dame, a good dame and a nice dame. And I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that when she returns from Europe, she and Sinatra will announce a reconciliation. Unless, of course, she finds someone in Italy she likes much better than Frankie. Chances are against that.

"When Frankie wants to pour on the charm, he is absolutely irresistible. I think he is the greatest charmer the world has ever known. He has a tremendous ego, too, and because of that I think his suicide is completely out of the question.

"He would never think of suicide, genuine, complete, death-producing suicide, unless maybe he could do it in the Los Angeles Coliseum before 120,000 people and be promised a twenty-year contract in heaven."

the queen and I

(Continued from page 42) work. She is quiet. She not only does her chores regularly (cleans her room, dressing room and livingroom and cooks dinner if she is the first one home) but she loves to do them and does them well. (Maybe I ought to list my chores: the two upstairs baths, the playroom, my father's room and also the cooking if I get home first.)

She doesn't parade her likes and dislikes, nor her ability. She talks less about boys than I do, but it is pretty well agreed around our house that she knows a lot more about them. She is more analytical about men than I am. She can tell the true from the false more readily.

I can remember having dozens of crushes when I was in high school—some so devastating that I used to go running to my mother convinced that "this is it!" Debbie had few, if any. Today I can't remember what half of my mad crushes looked like, and I can't imagine what I saw in those I do remember. All this waste motion (and emotion) was something Debbie didn't have to go through. She already knew puppy love for what it was (it was "for the birds," she said) and saved her energy for more important things.

She thinks a girl, particularly one whose career places her before the public, should always be self-possessed. I don't know how she does it, but Debbie keeps her head even when she has lost her temper. What I know about handling a flirt I think I've learned from observing her. She likes good-humored kidding, but she hates the hand patters. ("Hand pattery is a dis-ease," she says.)

Some of our friends think Debbie is a little too serious in her relationship with people; not easy to meet and certainly not easy to get to know. The answer to that is simple—Debbie, whom I can recall as a regular tomboy in her childhood, has had sobering responsibilities for a girl of her age—both as an actress and as an elder daughter in her family. The

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Bing loses a match and takes a town!

Bing accepted a toupee from Arthur Anderson of Everett, Washington, mc of ceremony.

- Know what an "eagle" means to a golfer? Bing Crosby does, and he ought to! It's a hole-in-two—exactly what Der Bingle shot on the third hole at an exhibition match he played in Wenatchee, Washington, to raise funds for a new municipal golf course. The club that done the deed, lifting the ball over 110 yards, was a nine iron.

Just luck? Maybe. But every one of the spectators crowding the galleries felt it was luck well deserved. Bing was playing with spectacular golfers. His partner was Washington's own Jack Westland, Congressman and National Amateur Golf Champion for 1952. Opposing them were a pair of youthful champs, Bruce Cudd, Northwest Open Champion for 1953, and Eddie Draper, Washington State Amateur Champion for the same year. These three thrilled the gallery with long drives, good approaches and phemonenal putting. But it was only Bing, Mr. Lucky of the day, who took time to chat amiably as he walked down the fairways, turning every fan into a personal friend. It was Bing who despite the blistering August heat joked good-naturedly when he was introduced to the crowd and when he was presented with a toupee! "Thanks for the divot!" he quipped, and then spoke briefly about his love for golf. "If it helps a little," he finished, "I'm happy to be here."

Maybe it did help. Maybe it helped not only the fund drive and the spirits of the perspiring spectators—but Bing himself. Maybe it was just this air of casual, friendly good nature that made it possible for him to beat three top golfers on the third, fourteenth and eighteenth holes and sink that beautiful eagle. Bruce and Eddie took the match that day. But it was Bing who took with him the hearts of the crowd. And that takes more than luck!

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work she has had to do and the decisions she has had to make were at the expense of her playtime girlhood years. She has always known that her career is not only important to her (and not meant, for that matter) a lot to all of us. I'm in pictures simply because Debbie got me into them. She encouraged me, she helped me along, and she practically placed me in my study.

Actually, Debbie has gone to a great deal of trouble to keep from growing away from people. I can remember when she decided to give up going to school like the studio, even though it was so convenient, because she thought she would develop normally if she went to a regular high school. Even today, of her friends even now she ever made such an attempt. She applied at Beverly Hills High, was admitted, and attended classes there for exactly three days! The girls there just wouldn't accept her!

We realized later they couldn't understand why a girl who could spend all her time at a movie studio would want to waste any of it in a school. They were actually suspicious of Debbie, as if they felt there must be something wrong with her! And Debbie, who was friends of her own age and the kind of life that went with them, was broken-hearted when she had to give up the idea.

I am pretty sure that our twinnship, even thought all last year, set a patte. And close relationship that is with us even today. We do a lot of our dreaming and planning together, and certainly our working and playing.

Many nights we talk acting; we concoct wonderful roles and then the stories to go along with them. No writer has ever worked according to the formula we follow! We start creating for ourselves the kind of role we feel we can best portray; then we sit in the plot any old somehow! The way we figure, Shakespeare was wrong when he said "The play's the thing!" (You know I'm just kidding.)

We do it, we practice and vocalizing together; that takes some of the monotony and hardship out of it. And if you want to go bicycle riding and the nearest place to a city street you know how silly you can make yourself, whereas it becomes fun when there is another girl along.

As we grew older Debbie and I learned that we were different in number of ways—including one that really hurts me. I shall refer to it as our rates of metabolism. Debbie, who has a wonderful shape, can eat anything she wants and, like without gaining an ounce. The food gets burned up and disappears without burdening her down in any way. What I eat, however, is food to people more quickly and I never can keep a healthy weight, as long as I am eating. It seems as though I am always on a diet. Even on those rare occasions when I fast, I find myself craving something that someone else is eating. I feel as though I am always trying to catch up with others who eat more and seem to thrive on it.

As we grow older, Debbie and I find that we are different in number of ways—including one that really hurts me. I shall refer to it as our rates of metabolism. Debbie, who has a wonderful shape, can eat anything she wants and, like without gaining an ounce. The food gets burned up and disappears without burdening her down in any way. What I eat, however, is food to people more quickly and I never can keep a healthy weight, as long as I am eating. It seems as though I am always on a diet. Even on those rare occasions when I fast, I find myself craving something that someone else is eating. I feel as though I am always trying to catch up with others who eat more and seem to thrive on it.

Of course, just as I was leaving the house somebody had to think about it and somebody had to call her mother to call me back, and then we had to go into it all again, the talk running something like this:

**MOTHER:** Lisa, slip did you put on?

**ME:** Who, me?

**DEBBIE:** She put the black one on and I'll need it today because I'm wearing my Moulin Rouge gown. (This gown was created for Debbie by Nikki, of Hollywood, and a semi-cocktail and evening gown.)

**ME:** I'm wearing my strapless gold and the white slip won't do for that. Goodbye. Debbie? Mother! She's going!

**MOTHER:** Oh dear.

**ME:** Who, me?

**MOTHER:** Take it off.

**ME:** Who, me?

**MOTHER:** Take it off, take it off, take it off!

And so I sniffed at everybody and said something about some people who are so soft that they forget to take the dress slips off after a little old slip. And I took it off and I was sore. But when I got back from the studio that night I'd forgotten all about it. And the same with Debbie. I mean in cases where she has lost the argument, and sometimes she does, she harumphs resonant no longer than I do.

Of course Debbie can get really angry if sufficiently provoked. Then she is something to handle! Nobody who knows her quiet ways today would ever believe that as to real inheritance she is a dare taker and a yells leader of the neighborhood gang. For that matter, no one who knows my reputation as an extrovert (compared to Debbie, anyway) would believe that I spent most of my spare time in school writing poetry.

I could imagine you read a sample so you would know I'm not kidding and be curious of my story. Debbie gets some ideas out of my poems, she says. Also some laughs. I love to hear her laugh. When Jimmy Stewart and Dey Foy played in Kenny's color picture, she had to wear contact lenses over her blue-green eyes to make them look brown because she played a brown-eyed Indian maiden. In a scene that ended with a clinch, Jimmy was supposed to whisper, "I love you." He did. Then he added, "but your right eye is slippering." Debbie howled so loudly that Jimmy claimed he disgraced her whole tribe.

Debbie had less trouble getting started in pictures than I did. She made it on her second test, but not until ten terrible days of waiting had passed. I'll never forget the night we got the news. We were having a date and she sat and fumed halfway through when the telephone rang and someone asked for Debbie. She went to the telephone, talked quietly for a few moments, and then returned to the table to announce, still quietly, that Billy Gordon of 20th Century-Fox said she had been accepted because the studio had nobody like her.

Two years later I took my first test at 20th and was turned down because the studio already had someone of my type—Debbie! Five years ago, until last year, I was tested periodically by every studio in town. The answer was always no. Then one day my progressive studio, Universal International, wanted to borrow Debbie from 20th for a picture. She couldn't accept but she suggested that they test me for it. They did and signed me, but not for the role they were going to give me. I didn't care. I was started. Since then I have had small roles in a half dozen pictures but, in my last film, Drums Across the River, I play opposite the star, Artie A llenby. Next on the list for me is Francis Joins the WACS with Donald O'Connor. From now on nothing can stop me except, maybe, hot fudge sundaes. (And how I wish I had one!)

It is still much easier for me to meet people in small groups than for Debbie, but why shouldn't it be? People don't get that odd "Oh!-she's-a-celebrity" look in their eyes when they see me. They don't recognize me from the back of the stage. When I do seem familiar to them it's because they think I'm Debbie.

But anyway, Debbie is no queen, and I shall fan myself be a princess for the cause of the lady who is our mother. Margaret Griffin (Mother's stage name) knows what life is about and has given us the benefit of her knowledge. She has been a big leaker in that pretense belongs strictly on the stage—not off it. She can spot false temperament, or even just plain temper, while it is still aborning. That is why Debbie can't be the star. After all, why I'm not even a princess! We're just two of mother's four daughters—the middle two. Let us know if you want to come to see us. We'll ask Mother if it's okay.

Debra Paget can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Prince Valiant.
This new **star** will steal your **heart**!

From Hollywood to New York, the news is out: the stunning new 1954 Mercury is a dream car come true.

You'll love Mercury on sight for its longer, lower lines and fresh, trim air of modern smartness— for the way it takes the spotlight wherever it goes. Inside, you'll find still more excitement in Mercury's glamorous new color combinations, striking upholsteries, and rich appointments.

And Mercury's trend-setting styling is complemented perfectly by Mercury's new 161-horsepower engine—new ball-joint front suspension, and 5 optional power features to make your driving as easy as you wish.

Mercury's years-ahead Sun Valley—America's first transparent-top car—joins Mercury's smart convertible as the nation's new stars of road and boulevard. See and drive a 1954 Mercury soon.

**MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

Be sure to see Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, and Mercury in M-G-M's "The Long, Long Trailer"—coming soon to your favorite theater.

**NEW 1954 MERCURY**
Guy Mitchell

(Continued from page 58) themselves thinking of this Guy Mitchell as maybe a stranger. That's why, when he had telephoned them to be his guests at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas where he was now playing, they were secretly pleased when he also begged them to bring his pony along so he could do some riding. That boy, always crazy over horses, they knew well, no matter what you called him!

That's Guy Mitchell, a surprise to most people, even to his own folks—but a pleasant one.

You'd think that a boy who actually broke wild horses to the saddle at the age of fourteen would be a rugged-looking customer by the time he reached his middle twenties. Guy Mitchell is. He stands medium tall, weighs 175 pounds, has a heavy cast to his features and probably the biggest pair of fists in show business. Extraordinary fists which can probably check a horse dead when wrapped around a pair of reins. But the face smiles easily into blond, blue-eyed friendliness and those fists open to become unusually expressive hands when he is singing in a baritone that can boom or croon over a range of two and a half octaves. More characteristic is a wholehearted impulsiveness about everything he does. When his mother and father got to Las Vegas he not only fell on their necks with joy but had to run back to the trailer and kiss his horse, Scotch Boy, as well.

This combination of outer strength and inner warmth makes for a telling personality where he is before the public. He bounces onto the stage and hits his full-swinging stride within the first three notes. As an English theatre manager put it: "He works close; he reaches right out from the stage to tap the shoulder of the fellow sitting in the last balcony seat." In his first two movies, Those Sisters From Seattle and Red Garters, it was quickly decided by his producers to let him be his natural self rather than make him conform to any specifications of the writers or directors. Even when he is not seen, but just heard, as in his recordings, most of his personality comes through in his voice. "He sings inside of you," the song experts say when talking about his style.

Guy's first real taste of success came only three years ago when he recorded "My Heart Cries For You," his sixth platter for Columbia Records. It has sold almost 50 million copies. Since then, with such hits as "Sparrow In The Trap Tree," "The Roving Kind," "My Truly, Truly Fair," "Feet Up, Pat Him On The Po-Po" and "She Wears A Red Feather," the cumulative sales of his records have reached the million mark. Figures of this kind, including the multi-thousand dollar salaries he receives today for his radio, TV, theatre and nightclub appearances, still amaze him. He wants nothing to do with the business end of his work; the figures mentioned in the checks and contracts are always for amounts of money which convey little meaning to him. After all, just before he made good as a recording artist his income was in the sub-low brackets; he used to find it difficult to pay a New York landlady who asked only $5 a week for her room. She would be sad for months about him, generally two months' worth of sadness or $40 in back rent.

When he was in New York his only income came from making demonstration records for a firm who nowadays prefer to submit their compositions to music publishers in this form. Guy made his

He's the quiet kind you suspect is really a Man of Mystery—

Mr. Tracy:
Keener Than Most Persons

- Funny thing about Spencer Tracy. He's made more big, quality motion pictures than any other star in Hollywood. Yet in the last decade, practically no lengthy stories about him have appeared in the magazines.

Tracy, with his practiced understatement, says, "I lead a quiet, simple life."

Known to directors as "the quiet type of lover" or "the kind of husband most women want their husbands to be," Tracy's favorite home is his San Fernando Valley ranch.

When he is working, he keeps an apartment in a Beverly Hills hotel convenient to MGM. He gets up at five A.M. and with the help of a pot of black coffee he goes over the day's dialogue. He is on the set by eight-thirty, ready for work and sore at players who turn up late.

His heart is as soft as custard. His ranch is stocked with horses, turkeys, hunting dogs, and two or three polo ponies. The horses never race. No one ever kills the turkeys because Spencer likes them for pets. The dogs haven't hunted for years, and the polo ponies haven't seen a mallet since Tracy gave up the game before the war.

He loves to worry. He insists that his last role was always "my worst. I did a really lousy job." He has said this so many times, even about Captains Courageous and Boys Town, his two Academy Award winners, that no one pays attention to him any more. After he finished a picture, he used to drive up the coast highway, park his car, and do a little painting. "It's good, nerve-soothing occupational therapy," he used to say.

The last few years, however, he has left for Europe upon completion of films. He has a son, John, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, Susie, who looks very much like him.

He is with them practically any night he's in town. He usually takes them to dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's in Hollywood.

He began his acting career almost thirty years ago and he has never been out of work for more than two consecutive weeks.

When he first came to MGM, he was placed in a series of films in which the other fellow always got the girl, "the other fellow" usually being Clark Gable. Tracy wasn't handsome enough to sweep a beautiful woman off her feet, they said.

During World War II, however, when most of the lovers had gone to war, Tracy tried their parts.

In Cass Timberlane he snatched Lana Turner. In State Of The Union he won Katharine Hepburn, and as a Romeo, he's still winning, although he is now fifty-three years old.

His hair may be white and his weather-beaten Irish face lined and he may be as he says, "on the verge of retirement," but he generates enough quiet sex appeal to make him one of the most reliable box office attractions in the country.
headquarters on the sidewalk in front of the publishers' offices on Broadway and you could get him to sing for five dollars a song. It was hard to bargain. One afternoon he cut his regular rate to help an impromptu songwriter with a novelty tune. The writer sold the song and it became one of the biggest hits in the history of popular songs. It was "Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer." The writer made a small fortune out of it. So did almost every artist identified with it. Guy, the first man ever to sing it, got two dollars for his efforts, and as he says, "I could use the money, too."

Guy, whose folks are Yugoslavian, was born twenty-seven years ago in Detroit on Washington's Birthday, but he has been caught telling lies in his time. His mother was the victim of one of his biggest fibs. While attending Mission High School in San Francisco after his family came west he would come home day after day with various injuries—skin lacerations, muscular sprains and even suspected concussions. His story was that he sustained all of this damage in football practice. The truth, as she found out years later, was that he was having fun.

He was spending his spare time at the local stockyards, helping the cowboys in their corral work and trying to ride the wild horses which were occasionally shipped in. As Guy's skill grew, he seriously decided to take up rodeo riding.

When he spent $25 for an outlaw colt headed for the glue works because nobody could break it to the saddle. A month later he was able to sell it for $100. It was a well-behaved animal, amenable to final training. That summer and the next he found cowboy work on ranches in the San Joaquin Valley.

Guy lied to his mother because the family had agreed that his destiny was singing. Whenever there was a spare dollar or two it was used to pay for singing lessons. This didn't bring much training because spare dollars were rare, but the idea was there. He knew his parents wouldn't consider it a bit of sporting of him to go around courting a broken neck with his horse wrangling.

But he could not stop. He had western fever and he still has. He even apprenticed himself to a saddle-maker when he was in his teens because he loved the feel of leather. He still makes all his own riding gear. Playing anywhere in the west he will usually be seen sporting riding garb. If he happens to be missing in a new town his road manager, Marty Horstman, checks saddle and leather stores first. Invariably, he finds Guy at one of them. That little ranch he bought for his parents in Tarzana is not the last land transaction Guy plans; there will be another one some day, in Nevada probably, and it will be for a real cattle outfit, he says.

Guy's family moved from Detroit to California when he was eleven, living in Los Angeles for a year before going on to San Francisco. At that time Guy's singing, overheard by a scout while he was riding on a Greyhound bus, won him a ganging contract at Warner Brothers Studio and regular assignments at the studio's radio station in Hollywood. Nothing came of this nor of subsequent radio work as a singer in San Francisco with Dude Martin on his kva and kvo radio stations. Guy left Dude to join the Navy in 1945 and returned to Dude in 1947 feeling that nothing was any different except the feel of a horse—he hadn't been on one for sixteen months. He decided he could never stay away from horseflesh this long again. During his tour of England, playing London and the provinces, one of his jobs was to hire horses and bring them to the stage door. Guy hadn't the time to go riding but at least he wanted the satisfaction of sitting a mount once in a while. When there were empty moments, he would have the manager appealed to mounted police for their co-operation. They would always understand and plod their steeds to the stage door to dismount and let Guy climb on.

Late in 1947 Guy switched from Dude Martin to Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra as a male vocalist. The next summer when Carmen's outfit went to New York for its annual engagement at the Astor hotel, a devastating fire looking forward to all year, he had a serious attack of laryngitis and a bad case of ptomaine poisoning. Cavallaro gave him two weeks' salary and a plane ticket home to San Francisco for a resting vacation. Guy lived in theick and with a total bankroll of more than $500 figured he had enough to invale the sanctions of those who control the music world and to thank them for all he owed them in his support. For a long time he got no cheaper than the busy curb outside their offices.

There were moments of glory. One night, while singing in a small night club, a $50 bill was thrown at him by a customer. In the fall of 1949 he placed first on an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout Show. This seemed to impress everybody and he was soon back at his sidewalk stand.

One day a tunesmith named Ned Washington and Guy Cavallaro—a demonstration record of a song called "My Foolish Heart". It was accepted for publication by Eddie Joy, vice-president of the Santly-Joy company, who liked Guy's voice and wanted to record him. Guy disliked the managers and is credited with master-minding Mindy Carson to top recognition. He placed Guy under personal contract and told him to study the leading stars of the day and to concentrate toward achieving a warmer and more personal style of singing.

Joy obtained the Columbia Records contract for Guy and his career really got under way when "My Heart Cries For You" began tearing buyers into the record stores at the rate of a quarter million a month. Guy, who was still totally trying to figure out what a successful singer did to make a hit, was told he could stop now; all he had to do was sing like Guy Mitchell.

If you are a young American citizen, man, who can sing like an angel and ride like the devil, you might as well start house hunting in Hollywood—ye'll be out there sooner or later. Guy's records caused talk and the talk got to the ears of talent heads at Paramount Studios. Both of his pictures

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**What's eating you?**

No, we're not being belligerent...we just want to know: Do you have a mad on— or a crush? Who do you think should get bigger roles, more publicity, better breaks? Whether you're in the mood for bestselling bouquets or giving vent to your gripes, we'd like to hear about it. So fill out the form below as soon as you have read this March issue of MODERN SCREEN. Then mail it to us at the address given—and do it right away, because we're sending a crisp new one-dollar bill to each of the first hundred people we hear from!

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices, then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

What of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is...

My address is...

City...

Occupation...

I am... yrs. old

**ADDRESS TO:** POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
are Technicolor musicals. In Red Garters he co-starred with Rosemary Clooney, Joanne Gilbert, Pat Crowley and Gene Barry. The cast of Those Sisters From Seattle included Rhonda Fleming, Agnes Moorehead, Teresa Brewer and, again, Gene Barry.

During his months at Paramount he got to know everyone in the studio and had only one unhappy day. This was the afternoon he was handed his new cowboy outfit, made in resplendent white and tan, for his role in Red Garters. Strictly a blue jeans man himself, Guy was ill at ease in his new costume. He slunk in and out of doorways and killed time on the set in dark corners.

His parents and his younger brother, Donald, who is seventeen, paid him a visit at the studio. They met Bob Hope and afterward Guy thanked him for being so affable with them. "That's all right," said Bob. "You just be nice to my folks when they come. I'm no fool." This, according to those who know Bob, is no mean compliment to Guy's talent and his future, even if it sounded like kidding.

It is fairly certain that for the next few years he is going to be a busy boy; he is one of the most solidly booked entertainers in the world, and in every medium of show business. Working so steadily and with so many different kinds of performers has extended Guy's talents. He used to confine his work to the singing. Now he has added some dance steps, does nice things with a guitar and has developed an easy, conversational relationship with his audiences. There may be more to come. He has been caught practicing tumbling tricks, acrobatics and bouncing about on a trampoline like a circus clown.

His only serious illnesses occurred before he was seven years old when he had pneumonia a couple of times. Since then his health has been perfect. He can sleep up to fourteen hours a night, preferably on what he calls a "basketball court"—two three-quarter beds shoved together. He likes to ride, but because he hasn't much time he reads only best sellers. He insists that he was a good student in school but his mother remembers him as "just a passing one." He was a half credit short when he left Mission High School in San Francisco. He recently went back there and sang for the students in the assembly hall. Afterward, principal Alvin C. Morse awarded him the missing half credit.

In October, 1952, he married Jackie Loughery who was Miss U.S.A. in the annual Miss Universe contest at Long Beach, California. The cast and crew of Those Sisters From Seattle gave a surprise luncheon for the couple at Paramount on their six months wedding anniversary. Five months later they had separated. Jackie is suing for separate maintenance, charging cruelty. Guy has said, "I want to be married. I want children. When I get my ranch my life won't be complete until I have a wife and children on it."

I'm gonna quit

(Continued from page 37) apartment house?" he suggested. "Why don't you buy some real estate?"

"That's not for me," Dale said. "Whatever money I've got saved up, I reckon I'll put it in this Everlast setup. I like the looks of the place. I've talked to the chemist down there. We can turn out some wonderful products, products the country needs."

Other friends listening to Dale told him he was nuts. "Look," advised one, "it's only been a year or so that you've been earning a thousand bucks a week. Why

**DRY underarms have no odor**

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only FRESH has this "Moisture-Shield" formula to keep underarms DRY!

What's the use of looking so enticing ... wearing fashion's new crystal-tipped earrings ... if your allure is spoiled by underarm moisture.

For sure protection, protection that lasts, trust Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh has a special "Moisture-Shield" formula—up to 180% more effective in astringent action than other leading cream deodorants tested. And it is this astringent action that keeps your underarms dry!

- Trust your loveliest clothes to Fresh.
- It's fluffier! Never sticky or gritty.
- Be lovely to love always—use Fresh every day.

Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada. Fresh is a registered trademark of the Pharma-Craft Corporation.
Robertson had heard that kind of talk before. After World War II when he returned to Oklahoma City and told people he was going to try his hand in Hollywood, they gave him the same routine. Too risky, you'll spend all your money. Dale drove out to Filmland. It was plenty rough before he got his break. "But once I made it," he recalls, "they all became back-slapers. Now you'd like boy."

"Same with this Everlast thing. We're turning out an innerube rubber coating, makes the tires on your car absolutely puncture proof. You squeeze the stuff into your tire tubes. They do it for you at filling stations. Cost $2.50 a tire. An' for ten bucks you've got yourself four puncture-proof tubes. It's a good deal."

"We've been selling the compound all over the country. Safety Seal. It's our own secret formula. And we've been in the black since we got under way."

"Funny thing. All these folks telling me I was plumb crazy, now they're coming around. Dale boy," they're saying. "How about buying in with you? How about selling some stock? Nothing doing. There's no stock left. I hocked myself to get things going. Now I reckon I'll just sit back a bit and see what goes."

"In this company of mine, we got lots of plans. We propose to turn out a special hand lotion for secretaries. Then we got a face cream. We got big plans but we're moving slow. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'm getting as big a kick out of this business as acting in films."

The thirty-year-old Oklahoman explained that his acting was pleasant and exciting. He was grateful for the opportunity. "Only thing about it," he pointed out, "is there isn't no one can tell you how long you gonna last."

Dale was first signed at 20th Century-Fox some of his fellow employees were Linda Darnell, Anne Baxter, Betty Grable, Joanne Dru, Bill Lundigan, June Haver and Gary Merrill. Today, for one reason or another, they are no longer there.

Early this year when Robertson's contract came up for renewal, it was some good money, and go-whether nor not his option would be picked up, despite the fact that for the last three years he has been ranked one, two, three in Hollywood. Dale began to look for additional income. He had met a chemist, an elderly European, who said he had worked out formulations for many salable products. Dale decided to do some careful investigation.

It all seemed very complicated and anyone else might have dropped the whole thing to avoid acting altogether. After all, he did have a good job. He did have to report to the studio and he did have to learn his lines. Could he possibly do the job well at the same time? But then he decided as did others such as Bing Crosby, that every star should have a financial pillow to weather bad times. His friend Betty Grable had her Baby-J ranch with seven race horses, three of which, Big Noise, Laughin' Louie, and Jane's Section, have won more than $150,000 in prize money. What did Dale Robertson have?

"The answer," Dale says, "was nothing. So I decided to get me into something just the way all the smart money men have done. I got me into Everlast Laboratories."

"I brought my brother Chet out from Oklahoma, his my old buddies, and we went to work." Dale's factory in West Los Angeles is a fairly large plant. It employs twenty-four people and it is growing.

One of the employees who prefers to remain nameless says, "I've worked for an awful lot of men in my time, but I've never worked for anyone like Dale Robertson. He's a new breed of boss. You can knock at three or four in the afternoon. He doesn't care just so long as the work is done."

"He wants you to get that work done, and afterwards he's a thorough gentleman."

How was Dale's wife, Jacqueline, feel about her husband's business venture? The Robertson's still live in a $35-per-month G.I. tract house.

Her friends say that Jackie deserves better. After all, she was accustomed to a much faster level of living, such as a silk dress girl. Her father is Sering Danum Wilson, of the social Philadelphia Wilsons and her mother is Fary Burney, the actress. Jackie was born in Princeton, and sent to private schools.

"I wouldn't say that she married beneath her, exactly, but I would say that now they live in Hollywood, if he had to do it over again, he should have moved his family into a more comfortable home. Instead he takes everything and plunges it into this business, and in all, he makes only a few dollars a week. If I were my husband, I'd demand a higher scale of living."

But Jackie Robertson is not the sort of wife Everlast Laboratories. Her faith in Dale is limitless. He is not an easy man to live with; he tends to be moody, opinionated, and a little spoiled. But Jackie is in love with him, and now that she understands what makes him tick, they have made a satisfactory marital adjustment.

Dale's absence does not come out of the mould that usually makes an actor. He is no self-centered exhibitionist. He is a man who loves the outdoors and a great deal of action. He likes to work with his hands as well as his head. He knows his first responsibility is his family.

He likes being an actor but he dreads being a "has-been" actor at forty. When Michelle Lores and people ask what her dad does for a living, Dale doesn't want her to stammer and pause and finally say, "Well, my father used to be a movie star." He dreads the day he has to tell his children that he was a movie star.

"Reckon that's why I'm beating out my brains," he explains, "holding down two jobs at once."

End
DESPITE his wooden performances his popularity increased, and along with Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson, Guy became the idol of the teen-agers. He had hit the movies at the right moment. Most of Hollywood's actors were away in the service, and those who weren't needed 4-F papers to excuse themselves for being loose. Guy was in the service, and therefore a double-dyed hero. He was exceedingly good looking, and twenty-one, a proper age for the adulation of girls whose lives were so empty of young men.

He was loaned to RKO to make Till the End of Time following his discharge from the Navy, and then to make Honeymoon with Shirley Temple. Selznick never used him in a picture after his brief appearance in Since You Went Away, but instead cashed in on him as a popular property. Possibly Selznick knew how unprepared Guy was for starring roles and preferred to let other producers take the chance. At any rate, Guy was released in 1947 from his Selznick contract. On his own, he found that the going was not easy. Producers had seen him struggling with his lines and concluded that Guy Madison was, after all, only a flash in the pan.

Guy had mixed emotions about it all. He figured the publicity was still heavy enough to insure future movie roles, but if anything drastic happened, he thought, he could always go into commercial fishing. He hadn't asked to be let in, and now if they wanted to let him out, he could find something else to do. But in his heart he wanted the movies to be his livelihood, and braced with optimism, he married Gall Russell in July, 1949, after a courtship of three years. That the two were deeply in love no one doubted but in April of the following year they had their first spat. There was an argument at a party, after which Gall moved to an apartment and Guy went hunting. "He always goes hunting when he wants to think," she said when they were back together again. The rift lasted only a short time, but it was the first indication that all was not well with their marriage.

At that time, Guy had been a year without work, and shortly afterward Gall asked to be released from her contract with Paramount. Gall never wanted to be an actress, any more than Guy wanted to be an actor. Her sultry beauty had been discovered while she was in high school in nearby Santa Monica, and she had been brought to stardom, much as Guy had. Both of them, but especially Gall, lacked self-confidence. After years of leading roles she left Paramount. It was a

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This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's medicated—helps heal skin look clean and fresh!

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, half-dead look of many so-called normal skin colors.

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1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing!'

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3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40c size Noxzema only 29c plus tax. Get this trial jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89c plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

*externally-caused.
Join the Millions who listen in daily...

move that helped their marriage. But Guy wasn’t doing well. He did theatre work around the country and made a few pictures for independent producers, notably Red Snow and Drums In The Deep South, but without the backing of a major studio these films were scarcely noticed.

In 1950 a pilot test film was made of Wild Bill Hickok, with Guy in the title role. The series was never produced, and though the show might have been a hit, it never was. Guy didn’t make a go of it, and the doldrums made a lean and hungry period of waiting.

Ironically, this was the period during which Guy, for the first time since finding himself within the gates of Hollywood, had confidence in his own ability. During the years of erratic employment he had been working with dramatic coach Eda Edson, who after talking with him two hours gave him his cue. Guy was not an actor, per se, but he had the makings of an excellent performer. And so Miss Edson told him, “To thine own self be true.”

That was a valuable bit of advice for Mr. Madison. He began to realize that if he felt out of place wearing a tuxedo in real life, he would be unconvincing in a tuxedo on the screen. He knew that if he wanted to be a success in Hollywood or in the theatre, he must seek out roles he could understand, parts in which he could react naturally. It is a method that has paid off handsomely with many of Hollywood’s top performers—John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Esther Williams—the list is endless. Guy had his cue, at last, and chafed with impatience for the chance to prove himself to his former critics.

When Gail went home from Paramount to be Mrs. Madison, the budget was cut. Guy’s income was sporadic, yet his new confidence gave him the courage to hang on and wait and hope.

Perhaps all would have worked out had it not been for Gail’s tragic addiction to drinking. It was a habit brought on from long years of insecurity and a childhood that left much to be desired. Gail was, and still is, one of the best-liked girls in town, and her friends have understood the fact that she was a sick girl much in need of help. Modern medicine has proved that the alcoholic is not a person, but rather the circumstances which have led him to drink. From those who knew her secret there was no censure, but understanding and sympathy for Gail in her battle to conquer the habit. She tried hard, with Guy at her side to do all in his power for her.

This sort of thing is tough on any marriage. With this friction, their incompatibilities began to show every day, and soon Hollywood was speculating on how long was planned for television, but as is true with every TV program, it took time, and lots of it, to find a sponsor. Because the show might be sold at any time, Guy couldn’t make other commitments, and the doldrums made a lean and hungry period of waiting.

In the time that has since passed, they have remained the best of friends. This is a speech worn thin by Hollywood divorces, but it is true of the Madison. They have deep feeling for each other, but they cannot make a go of marriage, and have given up trying. The decision wasn’t made without a great deal of effort. Only last August Guy said in one of his rare statements to the press: “I admit I am heartbroken over our separation, but for various reasons we can’t seem to make a go of it. I am still devoted to Gail and anything she needs from me she will always have. I hold my marriage for the wonderful years she made possible. I have no regrets. After all, I’m lucky—I had the chance to experience a strong and honest emotion.

At this writing there is no legal separation but chances are that Guy and Gail will make the situation legal, either by separation or divorce. Whatever happens, there will always be a bond between them, and Guy’s continued support of Gail, acting still as a pillar of strength to bolster her extreme insecurity, is one of Hollywood’s most admirable stories. Whatever happens, both of them have the respect and good wishes of the whole town.

By the time the Madison had separated Guy had become known once more to the public, this time through his TV role of Wild Bill Hickok. It had been rolling for Guy and Edson in Bickfin, was a familiar sight to the kids of America. Many of their mothers, seeing him ride across the screen in their living rooms, remembered the days when they too had been a TV fan and renewed interest. The Hickok role brought him his chance for a movie comeback. During the first

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flaring of 3-D fever, Warner Brothers studio planned a batch of these films and one of them, to be called Charge At Feather River, was hurriedly prepared for production. The stumbling block was the casting of the leading man. Gary Cooper, John Wayne and many of the screen's outdoor men had been approached but none of them could take the role because of other commitments. Only one week before start of production Warner executive Steve Trilling mentioned the problem at home. His eleven-year-old daughter said, "Why don't you get Wild Bill Hickok?"

Trilling took his child's suggestion, and Guy was brought to the studio.

His performance in Charge At Feather River surprised everyone, not the least of whom was director Gordon Douglas, whose serious reservation about Guy changed to astonishment. After working with him a few days, Douglas saw to it that the script was strengthened to give full play to Guy's surprising new ease before the camera. Television experience had made movie work much easier for him, and he stuck to his cue from Eda Edson and acted like Guy Madison would act. It was important, too, that Guy's new job came only two weeks after his split with Gail. To erase his unhappiness he dedicated himself to doing the best job possible, and as a result the press did rip-ups of surprise that the movie had been previewed. As one young fan put it in a letter to Guy, "I have seen all your tv shows plus Charge At Feather River. My big sister said she didn't think you could make love until she saw you in that movie. Now she says gee."

Guy's appealing love scenes were only a small part of his charm for his new-found public. They discovered another quality—the lithe, panther-like way he moves. Director Douglas told him, "You give the most beautiful action since Tom Mix," and director David Butler has nicknamed him "The Cat." Women were quick to notice this agility, and the fan letters once more poured in for Guy, this time more than 3000 a week.

His appeal stems from the fact that he is a man's man, and therefore a woman's man, too. He is quiet, not in the shy way of ten years ago, but in the way of a lone wolf. He is the kind of man who gets along more easily with children and animals than people his own age, and greatly prefers conversation with a man to that with a woman. Still ill at ease among strangers, he doesn't talk much when he's with a crowd. Some say Guy wishes he could unbend, but he doesn't know how. He has been known to be closely associated with people for more than two years before they feel they have broken through one small part of the wall that surrounds him.

Without knowing what he is thinking or what makes him tick, they do know he is generous, thoughtful and sincere. He is completely unaffected, deeply sensitive, and has a horror of hurting people's feelings, though he hides the sensitivity and shies away from obvious sentiment.

His thoughtfulness is shown by his refusal to help his brother break into movies. "There are too many people out of work in town," he told Wayne, "If I went in and pitched for you it would only create resentment." Instead, Guy invited his brother to visit him at the studio, and when his directors saw Wayne they put him to work as Chad Mallory.

Guy thinks nothing of appearance for appearance's sake. He drives a pick-up truck "because it's useful for hunting, and for the rest of the time it takes me where I want to go." He has been criticized for wearing his cowboy clothes around town. "Guy Madison is taking the Wild Bill Hickok thing too seriously," was a typical comment. The reason was that Guy had no other clothes. One afternoon he kept an appointment at a swank restaurant with Louella Parsons. He had come directly from work, wearing a dress cowboy outfit, and somebody said they wished he had taken time to go home and change into street clothes. "I wish I could," said Guy, "but I don't have a suit. I've been too busy to grab time to buy one."

He pals with men who also shun the elegant life of Hollywood—Rory Calhoun, Andy Devine and Howard Hill—with whom Guy often goes hunting with bow and arrow. It remains his chief interest in life, besides his work, and because of these two things Guy is seldom home. He lives in a small Westwood apartment which is sparsely furnished. The living room contains only a television set and his archery equipment. He sleeps and showers at home, and sits on the floor to watch television. He eats at the homes of friends or in restaurants and doesn't even make coffee in his kitchen.

He has a new respect for money—"A couple of bad years taught me"—and his way of living allows for a nest egg which he hopes to apply some day to the purchase of a ranch up near Marysville. "Some people spend money on Cadillacs," he says, "but I probably put just as much into hunting. It's more important to me."

Last November he went on a month's hunting trip in Idaho, packing in twenty miles up in the mountains, and except for eight free days in the previous six months, this was his only time off. Guy devotes himself to his work and allows little time for living. Now that he is so earnest about acting, he is showing a surprising understanding of plot, script and dialogue. After reading the script for The Command, his 77
Ann Pinkham* reports

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"*Ann Pinkham, modern-day voice of Lydia Pinkham.

still slugging

(Continued from page 38) away but he caught her outside at the edge of the swimming pool. She had just walked out with a short left jab to the cheek.

Her screams of "No, Jess, no!" and "Somebody, please help me!" aroused the neighborhood and called the police. By the time they arrived, Susan's eye had begun to turn black and blue. She looked like a battered passenger emerging from a wrecked airplane.

Now there are some wives who don't mind an occasional beating. They absorb the punishment as a manifestation of their husband's lack of control.

She called her lawyer, Martin Gang.

"This is the end," she wailed, "the end, Martin. He almost killed me. I want you to file for a divorce as soon as possible."

A week later Dr. Martin Gang tried to discourage a divorce before this, he had recommended that the Barkers consult Dr. Maurice Karpf, a marriage counselor in Beverly Hills.

Susan and Jess had gone to see Dr. Karpf rather regularly. Their problem was a simple one; for Hollywood, an ordinary one. The wife had trained her lawyer, sue her husband, in an uncommanccessfully one. She was earning $250,000 a year while her husband was earning $50,000.

This situation would hurt any man's vanity. Jess' ego was suffering badly. While Susan was at work in the studio, he was staying at home and taking care of the children.

In short, their marital positions were reversed. Jess was playing the mother and housekeeper and Susan was playing the dominant wage-earner.

The solution, according to Dr. Karpf, was for Jess to take any job of a kind that would restore her self-respect and Susan's.

But that brings up the other problem of pride. When Susan and Jess were married, they were equally successful movie actors. Although Susan has far outripped him, professionally, Jess is still an actor.

At thirty-nine, it looks as if he is too old to canvass new employment fields. He has no second profession and of course he would have a difficult time finding a job in a field in which he has never worked.

Gradually, he began missing his appointments with Dr. Karpf. Then came the fist fight with Susan.

In living with Jess Barker for almost ten years, Susan Hayward was deceiving herself. She must have known that she didn't love his slender, handsome husband.

Susan must have had a marriage after a short marriage, but the twins came along in the first year and she decided to make the best of what she already considered a mistake. She hoped that things would improve. Instead they got worse.

By 1947 she had decided that life with Jess was impossible. She went to see her attorney, then Kenneth Chantry, and divorce papers were filed. Chantry suggested that Jess and Susan talk things over with Dr. Paul Popeone, the Institute of Marital Relations counselor.

This advice prevented a divorce but never reached the heart of the Barkers' marital problem, possibly because Susan failed to tell the whole story of their marriage.

Anyway, as Susan's marriage disintegrated, her career reached new heights. In 1947 she was nominated for an Academy Award, and in the last two years she has been an alcoholic in Smashup. She has always been single-minded about her career and as she achieved more and more prominence, this held her more time to worry about her domestic difficulties.

Once those difficulties deteriorated into fist fights, Susan decided that she could not stay with her husband any longer. She filed for divorce, claiming that there was no community property and that Jess was entitled only to visitation rights.

Jess' lawyer, Sam Hahn, countered, "My client is not interested in his money. He is thinking of his children. He wants to preserve his marriage. Miss Hayward has no cause for divorce. We want this case to be heard on the merits and I advise you to stay, Susan."

You all know what happened then. Susan agreed to go to the Conciliation Court with Barker but she was adamant about getting a divorce.

"I just want to be free of him," she said.

"There is absolutely no chance of reconciliation, I simply do not love him."

She asked the court for an order forbidding Jess to go near her or go near her home. He also agreed that he might have the two boys every weekend.

After putting her mother in charge of the twins, Susan moved to Mexico to star in Garden of Evil. A few days later, in violation of the court's restraining order, Jess Barker moved into Susan's apartment. According to Mrs. Cleo Miller, the housekeeper, Barker said, "I'm back and I want you to start cooking for me as well as for my mother."

Susan's attorney, Ben Leck, turned on his heels.

"It's past their bedtime," Cleo told Barker.

"But do you worry about that," the actor allegedly announced, "I'm the boss."

Barker picked his boys up at the Buckeye School one afternoon and didn't bring them home. The next night. Aggravated and agitated, Mrs. Macerant, Susan's mother, called the lawyers.

Immediately, they filed a show cause indicating that Barker be cited for contempt of court and punished for violating the previous restraining order. It looked as though Jess Barker might go to jail.

Jess explained his violation of the restraining order as due to "the demands of the business." Because I learned that my son Timothy was sick. When I dropped by to see how he was..."
feeling. I found that the person left in charge of the house was not in and the children were not under proper supervision.

"My wife's mother wasn't on the premises when I arrived and she hadn't been at the house for two days."

"I am fully concerned about my children as any normal and right-thinking parent would be. And I think any parent has a perfect right to be with his children—especially since the other parent is in a foreign country."

Susan in Mexico unaware of the goings on at home. Her mother and her housekeeper were ordered to appear at the California Superior Court in Burbank for a new battle against Jess Barker.

When Barker, nattily dressed in a brown plaids suit, yellow shirt and brown tie and carrying a thick red-bound law book under his arm, showed up in the court lobby with his lawyer, Susan's lawyer engaged them in out-of-court conversation.

"Now, look," he said, addressing himself to Barker's counsel, "you promised the last time that your client would not occupy Miss Hayward's premises. You said he'd stay away. As soon as my client left town, Mr. Barker was back."

"We don't want to get tough, Sam. We don't want to ask the judge to throw Mr. Barker in the jug, but please understand this, Miss Hayward is afraid of her husband. She's afraid that he's going to beat her up. That's why we got a restraining order. We don't want him around."

"We understand that very well," Sam Hahn said. "But there are extenuating circumstances in this case. My client learned that his son was sick. This was an emergency. As an emergency move he went back into the house. He wanted to make sure that his son was taken care of.

"The mother-in-law was supposed to look after the boys. But where was the mother-in-law? Don't forget that Miss Hayward is in Mexico and that these boys are entitled to some parental love and attention."

Susan's lawyer said he realized all that but Barker had been granted visitation rights. Moreover he had the boys every weekend and could take them wherever he liked in California.

"I know," he went on, "that Mr. Barker hasn't been getting on with his mother-in-law, but I don't want to get into that angle of the case. All I can say is that she was in the house when he was there. Mr. Barker wouldn't even let the boys talk to their grandmother. All he would let them say was 'Goodnight, Grandma,' and then they were shoed off to bed.

"I'll tell you what, Sam. We are willing to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker this time, but I'm going to ask for a new restraining order keeping him away from the property and making it mandatory that he obey the temporary court agreement. We'll drop contempt proceedings, providing you agree as his agent to accept subpoena for any of his violations."

"It's a deal," Mr. Hahn said. And then the principals in the case filed into the court room.

Susan's mother, Mrs. Kate Marriner, sat in the front row.

"I just wish," she muttered to a reporter, "that they'd give me a chance to testify. Boy, I could tell them some things. Tried to kill her. Yes, kill her. That's what he did.

"Really wasn't that bad," a reporter said, "was it?"

"Just shows what you know, young man," Mrs. Marriner sniffed. "Fell into a tub of butter. That's what he did. Never had it so easy in his life. My girl going to work every day while he hung around the house. Unnatural, that's what it was."

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And those poor little boys. All mixed up. The Lord knows what ideas he puts into their head.

"He's spent so much time with the boys. He's been mother and father to them. Of course they love him. I came home. The boys were gone. Didn't know where he'd taken them. He'd picked them up at school. I was worried sick. I called the lawyers right away.

"I hope my daughter doesn't hear of this. Think she'd hear down there in Mexico? My poor girl. What a life she's had! Lord knows how long this has been going on, his beating her. Too proud. Too much pride. That's the trouble with her. Tried to keep everything to herself. Should've left him years ago, years ago." Roy L. Herndon, the presiding judge, entered the courtroom and looked at the calendar. The case of "Barker versus Barker" was called.

Both attorneys stood up and asked the judge for a private conference in his chambers. Jess Barker went with them. After fifteen minutes, they returned to the courtroom.

Barker was given a seat at a desk next to the judge and told to listen carefully. "Your Honor," began Milton A. Rudin, speaking on behalf of Susan Hayward, "we are prepared to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker at this time, pending two stipulations. We want him to stay away from the premises at all times except when he is calling for his two sons.

"We have agreed, Your Honor, that Mr. Barker is entitled to have custody of his boys from Saturday at ten A.M. until Sunday at six P.M. until such time as a definite custody ruling is made.

"With reference to the Christmas holidays, we agree that Mr. Barker is entitled to pick up the children when the boy conferences on December 18. He is to keep them until ten A.M. Christmas Day. Their mother is flying up from Mexico where she is currently employed on a picture, especially to spend Christmas Day with them. She is to have them until December 27, after which Mr. Barker is to pick them up again and return them when school begins which I believe is January 4, Your Honor."

The judge turned toward Barker. "You understand you are restrained and enjoined from occupying the premises?"

"Yes, Your Honor, but I've got my clothes there. I'd like permission to go back there and get them."

At this moment, Mrs. Marrerner jumped up and whispered something to Rudin. "I've been told, Your Honor," Rudin interrupted, "that Mr. Barker's clothes are no longer at the residence. They've been packed and moved to Bekin's Warehouse.

"And Mr. Barker's lawyer, Sammy Hahn, was on his feet. "See, Your Honor," he shouted. "It's the mother-in-law's fault. Right away as soon as my client's back is turned—gone! The clothes were gone. That's it, Your Honor. My client is a professional man, needs his clothes. She has no right to move them out. A man's house is his castle. My client is a professional. You see what I mean, Your Honor? This trouble with relatives. Right away the mother-in-law, who asked her to send his clothes out."

Opposing counsel grew angry. "Your Honor," he said, "we're not arguing a custody case here. Neither is Miss Hayward's mother on trial. We entered into an agreement with Mr. Hahn to drop contempt proceedings against his client who was definitely violating an existing restraining order. Now, all of a sudden he wants to try my client's mother."

The judge agreed with Susan Hayward's lawyer. "Eventually," he said, "the conduct of relatives will be considered by the court in granting custody of the children. But right now, Mr. Barker, I want to impress upon you the importance of giving complete obedience to the pending court order. You are not to occupy Miss Hayward's premises and you are to have visitation rights with the children only as previously stipulated. This Court will view any violation or breach of that order as a very serious matter and will take suitable action. I want to impress that upon you. Is it understood?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Barker said, "I understand."

"But how about his clothes?" Barker's attorney asked. "How does he get his clothes?"

"After this case is over," Rudin said, "I'll go to the warehouse with Mr. Barker or have someone go with him and see that he gets his clothes. I realize, Mr. Hahn, that he's a professional man."

"Jess Barker got his clothes and custody of his twins during the Christmas holidays, and when Susan Hayward found out what had happened during her absence, she saw it as another manifestation of her husband's aggression."

Unfortunately, the divorce trial is going to be ugly. Susan refuses to give her husband one cent of their community property which comes to about $350,000.

Susan maintains that she made Barker sign a waiver to all his community property rights before they were married. In a deposition given to Miss Hayward's lawyers, Barker says that perhaps he did sign such a document, but he signed it without reading it and without benefit of counsel.

The question arises as to what sort of woman, in love and about to be married, would expect her fiancé to sign such a document.

The Hayward-Barker marriage, according to one friend of the family, "was a mistake to begin with. Susan has paid for that mistake in pain and heartache. Now, she doesn't want to pay for it in money."

"The battle rages on. No matter who gets what, the twin boys of this marriage will wind up the losers. In this kind of struggle, it is the innocent children who suffer, always."
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WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Suddenly things begin to happen!)

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking...

lowdown on Hollywood women

(Continued from page 32) this country, and he asked, "What is a Lana Turner?" It sounded like a gag and it made the newspapers. But it really wasn't so funny. And what's more, it isn't easy to answer.

If I really intended to expose Hollywood females for Modern Screen, I'd have to explain that a long time ago I was well acquainted with Lana's best friend Zelma, who worked in the studio publicity department. Zelma lived only a few doors from Schwab's drugstore, my real home. And it happened that I had a friend in Zelma's apartment house who shared her telephone party line. It was only natural that while visiting my friend I'd pick up the telephone and find myself in the middle of Zelma's conversations with Lana. Normally, I'm not the sneaky type, but a sort of paralysis would set in, and I couldn't put the telephone receiver down. That's how I happened to learn that Lana was rather fond of a young attorney by the name of Greg Bautzer—and that her mother wasn't. And I got all the news about Judy Garland and the other MGM kidlets they talked about.

So I could tell you what a Lana Turner is. She is a good kid, for one thing. I've seen her pick up the tab often when she was on a date back in the good old days at Sugi's Tropics restaurant. Frequently, her escorts couldn't afford to. I've watched and listened in on her romances with not only Mr. Bautzer, but with Artie Shaw and a few others. Off the record, let me tell you about Lana, Chuck, and me. We're friends. That's why I'm writing this. I'd like to let you know in the way to make men pursue them." This may be true, but to Lana's misery it generally happened that her pursuit of a man either made him too sure of her or frightened him away, leaving Lana without the love and affection she sought.

Just between us, the majority of Hollywood females suffer from a common malady—the most beautiful of them and the most glamorous became actresses because they wanted to be loved. Maybe if you printed that they'd be offended, but it's the truth.

Marilyn Monroe admits it. She told me only recently that she realized the basic reason she became an actress was she was seeking a love she never got, but didn't you go printing it. In her romances, Lana has always been the aggressor, even with that Tarzan fellow who is her husband. When Lana decides she wants a man, she goes out and gets him. One night Lana defended her method, saying, "Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued men—in a way to make men pursue them." This may be true, but to Lana's misery it generally happened that her pursuit of a man either made him too sure of her or frightened him away, leaving Lana without the love and affection she sought.

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Ava has much in common with Lana. They're very buddy-buddy. Their taste in men is often alike, and they both go after what they want when shopping for emotional response in men. The difference is that after Ava gets a guy, that's it until the roof falls in. The fun for her is in the chase, after which she becomes almost a peasant-type, one-man woman, and puts up with an almost endless amount of grief before she will admit the failure of a romance or a marriage.

Lana and Ava are both ex-wives of Artie Shaw. As if this didn't give them enough in common, Lana, you recall, went with Frank Sinatra for about a verse and two choruses. Ava's marriage to Artie Shaw was a real jam session. Artie was always urging her to perform, and up. Then, late one afternoon, Artie returned to their apartment and found Ava proudly curled up with a real book, For- ever Amber. Artie grabbed it from her, handed it across the room, and shouted, "How can you read such junk?"

Artie's next wife was Kathleen Winsor, the author of Forever Amber. A few years later, Ava told her friend and former roommate, Coupled with Artie's marriage, helped her to regain her composure after the shattering effect of their divorce.

Next course Ava went right to stardom, which makes me a great man with a crystal ball. She had some other romances, climax ed by her marriage to Frankie Sinatra. She refused to admit Chuck, that in her latest breakup with Frankie she has conducted herself in a fashion that approaches real dignity and maturity.

It happens that I was present and a participant, so to speak, with Adlai Stevenson in the first makeup after the first breakup of the Sinatra-Gardner marriage. Ava adores Sinatra's blue eyes and wouldn't stay away from the first political rally, even though she knew Frankie, who was campaigning for Adlai, would be there. Ava gave me the story. I was there when she kissed and made up with Frankie. She also kissed me, and I want to tell you that no actress in Holly wood kisses as hard as Ava. It has the impact of a truck run into your face and with her, non-smear lipstick smears.

As editor of Modern Screen, Chuck, you have been around actresses for a long time, too, but you aren't on hand every day to watch them. Even in the past few days, I hadn't heard of even honest stories in your magazine can't record the real sweat and tears the effort to stay on top takes from these girls with the angel faces.

How many times have I heard a young unknown actress say she should play the leading lady in this or that novel? "I'm the girl!" she declares, and she probably is right. "The author had me in mind when he wrote it." She sincerely believes this, and the public and you know she has never met the author. I've sat in theatres and watched movies with many struggling actresses and heard them wish them up through the screen in the role. When Shelley Winters was a nobody I went to a movie with her. She suddenly pinched me and exclaimed indignantly, "You can play that part better than she does. But nobody will give me a chance!"

That was true at the time, but I knew nothing could stop Shelley. It would be easier to write a book than there was any possible way to halt the drive, determination and single-minded purpose in a Shelley Winters. Sadly, too, there is nothing to be done about the unhappy private lives of these sexy volcanoes while they are in the midst of their struggles. They know what they want and go after it, while at the same time they struggle desperately to stay normal. Observing these bitches, you have a feeling that you should run the other way. A lot of men don't, and they get hurt.

No matter how many people put Shelley on the pan, I always want to hear Shelley's side. Shelley is such a sweet girl, I don't always say she's right. But for the most part, I buy Shelley. Most actresses are over-age children. They are using the screen to show themselves off, using their dramatic abilities to hold and win approval. Shelley made her first appearance when she was five years old, and it was right in line with her present kind of behavior.

She was taken by her mother to see a vaudeville show in St. Louis. The main act featured an amateur contest. Shelley was discovered by a talent scout, and then whispered an excuse to her ma. In a matter of minutes Shelley's mother was watching her daughter on stage in the am-ateur contest, singing Shirley Temple's "On The Good Ship Lollypop."

"No, on the private life side, let me tell you what goes with Shelley. Once, long before she had even heard of Victoria Gassman, whom she married, she went on a date with a fellow by the name of John Hudson who had just come to Hollywood to do his first movie. I linked them in a booth at Google's restaurant, along with Director Jerry Epstein. All of a sudden, a stranger in a nearby booth began to make snide remarks about Shelley, both as an actress and as a person. We all ignored the fellow up to a point. When he went past it, Jerry said to him, "Are you one of Shelley's buddies?"

This was all the guy needed. He hauled off and punched Jerry in the nose and then picked up a table knife. Johnny Hudson stepped in with his face carefully avenged and his career ruined before it started. It was a comic sight and I had to laugh. The knives at Google's would have a tough time cutting butter.

After it was all over, Shelley invited us to her hilltop house where she gave Jerry a glass of wine to calm his nerves. After a engagement, I heard her say, "Shelley needed to demonstrate how she had played the role of Billie Dawn in Born Yesterday in summer stock. Mr. Hudson read the leading part and the pretty broke up around four in the morning.

When I woke up in my own bed around noon, I reached for the morning newspaper and there was a story with all the details. An unknown assi-lant had pulled a knife on Shelley. So I called her and asked if she had seen the paper. She said she had. She had given out the story before she went to sleep! She honestly believes that the worst thing in the world is a secret about Shel-ley Winters.

On the other hand, Chuck, you editors of Modern Screen have had plenty of experience with the exceptions among actresses. You recall the time your photographe r went over to Elizabeth Taylor's house and managed to put a sweater on her while an editor kept mama up-stairs calling her son. And Liz, who had not yet experienced her...
first romance turned to photographer Bob Beerman and said, taking a deep breath and filling out the sweater, "What sort of an expression do you want on my face—like I'm waiting for time to go by?" That should have been the tip-off right then.

Liz was and is more interested in her personal emotional life than she is in being a big movie star. Maybe she'll change, but I doubt it.

Women seldom change from the form into which they are molded in the beginning. Take Terry Moore. She told me: "Ever since I was four years old I have wanted to be an actress. Like some girls want to marry a millionaire, I wanted to be a movie star. Not for money and not for love. I did it because I wanted to express myself. I've got all the love I can use in my young life."

And how this young lady expresses herself! She believes not only that one picture is worth a thousand words, but she believes that one sexy picture is worth thousands of words in a movie contract. Terry started out by playing sweet little girls, but she didn't really get anywhere until she turned sexy. This got her the role in Come Back, Little Sheba, and an Academy Award nomination. When people commented on how she changed by acquiring sex appeal, Terry replied, "I've always been the same. I guess it's just how you sell it."

To draw a significant comparison, Terry works as hard as Shelley Winters at the career game, but without being as bombastic, and by curbing the frankness which can get a girl in a jam. Terry hears about new pictures before they are written; she visits producers and directors and flatters them. She can call every photographer covering night clubs by his first name. Terry is hip. She's not afraid to argue with a reporter, but she will always leave him loving her.

Not long ago, I asked Terry if she'd give up her career for marriage. She looked at me as though I'd said something obscene. She explained that today's woman can mix marriage and a career successfully, and that if a man truly loved her he wouldn't want her to stop acting. "I want," she said blandly, "to be swept off my feet by a man I can dominate!"

Yet, with all this concentration on self, Terry can take a look around at her sister stars and admit that they have class, too. "Little Debbie Reynolds," she says, "is one of my best friends, if not my best. And I admire the way she usually gets what she wants. She is a born leader. She was a leader in the Girl Scouts, and she is a leader now. When our crowd gets together, we find ourselves going where and doing what Debbie suggests."

I told Terry I had never suspected this of Debbie. "Of course not," Terry reported. "That's why it's so wonderful. Debbie's ambition is looked upon as enthusiasm, pep, youthfulness. I've often told Debbie I wished I had her qualities."

"I could hardly keep from smiling, listening to Terry on this "youth" bit. She went on to tell me that Debbie knows exactly what she wants, professionally. She said that Debbie's goal is to become another Lucille Ball. "And that Debbie won't miss," Terry continued. "She's a strong character. Once she wanted to go to a premiere real bad. Bob Wagner had phoned her to invite her that very afternoon. But as much as Debbie wanted to go, as much as it meant to her, she turned Bob down to teach him a lesson for calling so late. I admire her for it. I couldn't have done it."

You see the type of stories I'm liable to start telling if I ever do a piece for you expressing my Hollywood philosophy. Mr. Hollywood, as far as Terry is concerned, must learn that girls in Hollywood are only human. They're human.

3 quick tricks
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2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

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Editor? While I’m at it, let me ask you another question. You’ve been to Hollywood, Chuck. Did you ever try to romance a movie actress? (If your wife is looking over your shoulder, don’t answer that.) If you have tried, you probably understand why so many movie romances don’t last. You understand the behavior of a Jane Powell or a Rita Hayworth.

This is what a man is up against when he starts a romance with any actress, from Debbie Reynolds to Joan Crawford. The minute an actress comes to the studio, she is pampered and catered to. No queen in history ever had it so good as a movie queen. There’s a wardrobe woman to hand her all her clothes. There’s a make-up man to powder her face. There’s an assistant director to run and get her a container of coffee, somebody else to answer her telephone. The director is courteous no matter how sore he might have been about yesterday’s temperamental, and these are only the heads of the big parade of people who start to compliment her at seven in the morning and don’t stop until six in the evening.

It’s pretty tough, as a result, for a movie queen to go home and be treated like a civilian. The gal’s got to be supremely well-adjusted and smarter than a psychiatrist to pull the big switch and start bowing down to just one lone male to whom she happens to be married.

Sooner or later that male ego is going to explode and then there’s real trouble. But how can you hold the interest of an Elaine Stewart, for instance, when she’s used to seeing herself on the screen five times as big as she really is? No offense to Elaine. She can’t help it. She’s going to be even bigger. So are a lot of others. With CinemaScope they’re all going to be bigger than ever and maybe even more difficult to get along with.

Now, you take our girl Marilyn Monroe.

I include you in this, Chuck, because of the cover picture of her that you requested for this issue of Modern Screen. As you suggested, I asked her if she’d pose for it and she was pleased. I even went over to the gallery to watch the job being done.

The posing started at twelve-thirty and was still going on at a little past four P.M. when I left. I was tired just from watching. As maybe your readers would like to know that when you see a photograph of Marilyn or any other actress on a cover it isn’t just a case of “hold it, honey” and “then I’ll have a very much—that’s all.” To illustrate, Marilyn brought along her favorite hairdresser, Gladys, and her own make-up man, Whitey. She wanted to look her best and these efficient people understand her. Marilyn made some costume changes to get exactly the right pose for Modern Screen’s cover and when I told her I never realized how much trouble a thing like this was, she said, “I act when I’m posing. Just as hard as I do when I’m playing a role in front of a movie camera. I think of something for each pose so I’ll have the right expression.” (I don’t know what she was thinking of for this cover, but wow!)

I know what Marilyn said is true. When Marilyn is making a picture, she doesn’t care to go out. She often forgets to eat and she completely forgets such practical things as time and money. She is almost in a trance. Let me give you an instance:

She telephoned Schwab’s to send over some toothpaste, face cream, etc. By the time the boy arrived, Marilyn had forgotten all about it. She was surprised to see him, but she took the package, looked at the bill which amounted to $7.95 and said, “Wait a minute, I’ll give you a check.’
When the delivery boy returned to the store, Leon Schwab looked at the check and said to him, “What’s this? The tab is $7.95 and the check is for $2.50. What happened?”

The boy said, “I’m sorry, I never looked at the check. I couldn’t take my eyes off Miss Monroe.”

So he had to go back for another look and another check. Marilyn told me that all this happened before she had written a new script and there was a line in it about two dollars and fifty cents. So she wrote the check out for that amount, naturally.

She just never wants to get out of her dream world. And this place called Hollywood is a dream world for the girls who come here and for those who don’t. It will always be that way in spite of the nightmares most of our Hollywood females go through; sooner or later, even though these nightmares are public gossip.

Need I say more, Chuck? I hope that you will finally get it through your head that I would rather write you letters like this than to try and sell you a story for MODERN SCREEN. Exposing the Hollywood female, my hat! If I tried to sit down at my typewriter and come off with anything like that I’d tense up and hand you a mess of wordage that would wind up with the tons of publicity copy you receive every day—right in the wastebasket.

When all this is over I'll send you, but then who cares about money? And who could expect me to sit alone at my desk figuring out words about Hollywood females when I can be out on the town with one of the real live articles?

Sincerely,
Sidney Skolsky

Editor’s Note: With no apology to our readers, we publish Mr. Skolsky’s letter. Only next time we hope he will put enough postage on his letter. An editor has to complain about something!

END

they fight for each other

(Continued from page 35) Simmons will revolt against a marital setup in which she is treated as an innocent child who requires strong supervision.

Undoubtedly all of them, and many more reasons are the basis for the prediction of a short marriage.

Right now Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are more in love than ever and they are fighting for each other with such verve and loyalty that it looks as though the prospects of marital dissenion have made another error.

STEWART GRANGER has been reformed.

When he first came to Hollywood a few years ago, he was known as “Snarling Stewart” the most unpopular actor in motion pictures. He fought with practically every director assigned to his films. He seemed to have appointed himself the leading authority on cinema. He refused to see London visitors. He frightened newsmen away from his young wife. In no time at all, he succeeded in making himself unpopular in all the movies.

He spoke of hunting trips in Africa, of buffalo, of his adventures with Michael Wilding of Her Majesty’s Regent Street club, of his affairs and his friends. He argued furiously.

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As this is being written, nobody knows what will happen to the sound track of The Glenn Miller Story, which was made by a band carefully rehearsed in the Miller manner. Miller’s widow, who still keeps her late husband’s bed made, has flatly refused to permit the soundtrack’s being released in any form. Just before the public caught on to Miller’s being a hornswoggler into thinking it was by the original Miller outfit. Meanwhile, of course, several current bands are not averse to exploiting the fact that they can boast of a connection—even of the vaguest sort—with Glenn. RCA Victor, for example, lets it be dawned on the band of a friend who has a Finegan assemblage once arranged for Miller. Capitol does the same in the case of its top band, Ray Anthony’s. Anthony, who faintly resembles Cary Grant and who used to blow trumpet with Miller, has come out with an LP called “I Remember Glenn Miller.” Although I think it leaves something to be desired, particularly when compared with the “Glenn Miller Limited Edition,” I must report that it is an appealing and, on the whole, efficient job that is worth your hearing.

What most movie reviewers have failed to note is that Miss Sadie Thompson offers, in the guise of the theamelement of Rita Hayworth, some wonderful jazz in the sequence which has Rita entertaining the Marines with a sensual dance. The open cornet in particular is exciting. In any case, by the time this review reaches print, some company may have put this music on a record. You can’t miss it. As for Miss Hayworth’s husband Dick Haymes, there is little to report except that he seems to be destroying his career by his lack of responsibility toward his public as well as toward his employers. This is a great shame because Dick has one of the most exciting baritones you’ll ever hear.

The instrument field this month there are several items of more than ordinary interest. Two especially merit your attention. The first is, as they advertise it, “the world’s smallest, lightest, 3-speed portable phonograph.” Called the Capri, it measures 10” x 9” x 4”, weighs slightly more than six pounds, and costs only $29.95. It plays all 7-, 10-, and 12-inch records and has “StereoSound.” This little marvel is quite a buy. The second is RCA Victor’s “Push-Button” tape recorder, which retail for $399.95. By merely pushing a button, you can preserve on tape whatever sounds happen anywhere at any time—a child’s laughter at a playground, a collection of records that are no longer available, push the button, thereby transferring to tape those records you would like to own. Equally important, you can reduce your own collection of 78 r.p.m.’s into a comparatively small space. Tape requires little room. You can transfer whole operas to tape and save space. This machine is also good fun for those who like to reproduce conversations or what goes on at a party. You might try it once. It’s worth the price in pleasure.

Apparently, Jean Simmons is completely dependent on her husband. In their marriage it is he who handles the finances, he who chooses the furniture for their hilltop house, he who sets about and breaks the social engagements, he who runs the home.

This has given rise to talk that “in Jean Simmons, Granger doesn’t have a wife so much as a guardian.” (Granger has two sons, eight and ten, from his previous marriage.) It has also been said that “he is more a guardian than a husband.” While Jean and Granger obviously like their marriage.

Jean Simmons does not particularly relish responsibility. She loves having a fiercely protected husband who will fight to the death for her. Occasionally, this may tire the poor fellow. He may get piqed at what he considers his immature behavior, but when the chips are down, when she’s in trouble, it’s a great relief to her to turn the battle over to a burly two-fisted fighter with broad shoulders and a rapier tongue.

Take Jean Simmons’ fight with RKO. RKO maintained that it had an employment contract with Jean Simmons. Miss Simmons’ husband maintained that no contract had been signed. He said Jean was more or less a free agent, upon whom many studios offered her roles.

I SAY IT HAPPEN

When my family was vacationing in Glacier National Park we found that we had a hotel with a location movie company. We followed the busses that carried the stars to St. Mary’s Lake. While they set up their equipment I made friends with the make-up man. He introduced me to Vincent Price, an interesting man, and I had pictures taken with him and with Miss Granger.

During the filming of one scene, producer Louis King stopped all the cameras with a shout. “Cut!” I slowly turned around and faced my dad. “Would you kindly stop running your noisy movie camera so we can take our sound movies?” And then he calmly had the roll again.

Gail Farwell
Reedsburg, Wisconsin

One of the best offers came from Paramount. They wanted her for the princess role in Roman Holiday. RKO maintained that Jean was a contract player and that she was scheduled to work on several RKO pictures, and that they had no intention of permitting another studio to use her.

At this point, Stewart Granger had had enough. His friends begged him not to start a long, costly legal battle with RKO. But Granger was adamant. “Tell them to sign it by and let them do this to Jean. I’m telling you no written contract was signed. Jean has rights. She should be free to accept offers from other studios. She’s an actress. I cannot let this happen to her.”

Every argument was tried to dissuade Granger. He was told that it might be years before a final legal decision could be reached. He was told that Jean could be black-balled as a trouble-maker. He was told that Howard Hughes, chief of RKO, had never lost a legal fight in his life.

But Stewart Granger is a fighter, too. He has guts and he has courage and in the face of tremendous pressure, he refused to give an inch.

“I am going through with this,” he announced, “if it takes every penny we have. Jean is entitled to know where she stands. Is she under contract or is she not?”

Content to put her fate in her husband’s hands, Jean went along with the play. When the Grangers got married it was shown conclusively that Jean Simmons had never signed a written employment contract with RKO. So the studio had no right to prevent her from making pictures elsewhere.

RKO maintained that there had been an oral understanding but the court declined to accept this as a valid contract. Nonetheless, because RKO had brought Jean to America, Granger agreed that they were entitled to consideration.

For $200,000 his wife agreed to make three more pictures for RKO. This was a gain for RKO, but one which had any connection with her RKO loan-out deal.

Late in October, Stewart Granger was sent to London to star opposite Liz Taylor in the re-make of Beau Brummell. Stewart wanted his wife to accompany him, but if Jean left Hollywood and RKO exercised its right to loan her out, she would lose $200,000. If she remained in Hollywood, RKO would have to loan her out or pay her $300,000.

On October 1, RKO began to pay Jean Simmons $10,000 a week, although she had no work to do.

Late in November, it was announced that she was to make a film called A Bullet is Waiting for Eddie Cantor. She will play opposite Rory Calhoun.

How much Fidelity Productions paid to borrow Jean, no one knows. By February 26, Jean was in London. With her earnings from her previous films, there is little doubt that she will be Hollywood’s biggest earner for the 1953-1954 period.

When Stewart Granger left London without his beautiful young wife, everybody wanted to know why she wasn’t with him.

“Just take her heart not to be able to come home,” he said. “But she’s sitting out her contract. What a contract that was! It helped waste her first three years in Hollywood.”

“How do you feel about Hollywood?” Granger was asked. Instead of the vituperation expected from him, Granger said mildly, “I’ve no complaints. I’ve been very lucky to be home. I’m just sorry Jean isn’t with me.”

The Grangers’ third wedding anniversary has passed. Some of the memories are pleasant.

In England four or five years ago, Jean Simmons was one of J. Arthur Rank’s leading lights. She was smiling and friendly, a most cooperative actress. After the tremendous birthday party with Arthur Rank and 200 other guests and a five-tiered birthday cake and magnum after magnum of champagne.

Suddenly, “I can’t stand it any longer,” she cried. And bursting into tears she ran from the room. Everybody was a little shocked.

“Don’t breathe a word of this,” a press agent said. “But she’s hopelessly in love with Stewart Granger. He’s the one person...”
Jean Simmons was born at Crouch End, London, the fourth child of a gymnastics teacher. She lived in Cricklewood, attended school at Edgware.

At the beginning of the war the family was evacuated to Somerset. There Jean developed a great love for animals and decided on her life's work.

"When I grow up," she used to say, "I'm going to become a kennel maid." But she began to take dancing lessons, and when the family was moved back to London, she decided, "I should prefer rather to become a dancer."

Jean's mother sent her to Aida Foster School of Dancing where she won a prize as the most popular girl in the school.

When Mrs. Foster heard that the Gainsborough Studios wanted a girl to play Margaret Lockwood's sister in Give Us The Moon, she recommended Jean Simmons for an interview. There were 130 applicants for the job but on Friday, 13, Jean won it and went to work on the film.

One afternoon, Stewart Granger who had been acting on a nearby sound stage, dropped by to say hello to Margaret Lockwood. Jean, sitting alone in a corner, summoned up enough courage to approach him. "I wonder," she said, "if I might have your autograph?" She fell in love with the tall handsome actor right then and there.

Her performance in Give Us The Moon was so good that she received other film offers. By the time she was sixteen she had played in six films and was given a starring part in Great Expectations.

And by the time she was sixteen she had seen Stewart Granger on many occasions, at film premieres, at studio gatherings, at various canteens, but supposedly he was still a happily-married man. She held her young heart in check.

In 1948 Jean Simmons played Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's Hamlet. Her performance in that role is an all-time great.

The following year at Manchester, she made her only stage appearance and that was opposite Stewart Granger. She cried as the audience applauded, but only she knew whether it was because she was happy or because she was sad. Granger had decided to go to Hollywood to work or MGM.

By this time he was divorced and reporters asked Jean when she planned to marry. All she would say was: "I met him when I was fourteen, and I thought he was the most wonderful person in the world. I have known him really well or three years now, and I still think that. One couldn't find a nicer, kinder man or better friend."

Six months later, Howard Hughes flew him to Tucson, Arizona, where they were married in a simple ceremony. The only friend present was Mike Wilding who flew from New York where supposedly he had been enjoying the company of Marlene Dietrich. Three eventful, jam-packed years have elapsed since their quiet wedding. In those three years Jean and her Jimmy have experienced tremendous changes in their financial and professional status. In what they feel for each other, however, there has been no change. Their love still turns very defeat into a victory, every tear into smile.

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5. Zonitors completely deodorize. They keep your person so dainty and feminine.
6. A blessing to fastidious young wives. So convenient. Zonitors require no extra equipment. They eliminate all embarrassment.

Buy Zonitors today. They are packaged two ways: individually foil-wrapped or in separate glass vials.

For Ava had made a crack about paella.

Now, paella, Spanish rice, is the national dish. It is a culinary work of art, delicious and very, very rich, made of fried rice with fish, shell fish, chicken, meat, hot sausages and other ingredients undetectable by the untrained American palate. When Ava was in Spain she ate and loved paella; when she got home she told the press about it and was promptly asked for the recipe. The question didn't stump her. She grinned reminiscently and announced that you take fried rice and add all the leftovers in the refrigerator.

The Spaniards heard about it, and their indignation knew no bounds. "A bad thing for her to say, really sacrilegious," a lady told an American reporter, adding, "Everything we put in paella is fresh, bought the day we prepare it."

So don't ask Spanish movie-goers about Ava. If pressed, they will admit grudgingly that she is a beautiful woman. But this is merely damning her with the faintest of Spanish praise. "She's too thin!" they will add with the air of one dealing a fatal blow... and go home to a midnight snack of paella.

Ava with Spanish matador Mario Cabre.

NO OLÉ FOR AVA...

The Spanish aren't speaking to her!

Ava Gardner's much-publicized stay in Spain made American headlines because of her supposed romance with torrid matador Mario Cabre. Occurring at a time when she was only a headline away from becoming Mrs. Frank Sinatra, it brought about a flood of publicity.

But the Spanish had nothing to say. They were mad at Ava—but it had nothing to do with bullfighters.
JUST FOR THE RECORDS cont'd

As this is being written, nobody knows what will happen to the sound track of The Glenn Miller Story, which was made by a band carefully rehearsed in the Miller manner. Miller's widow, who still keeps her late husband's bed made, has flatly refused to permit the soundtrack's being released in any way that might lead the public to be hornswoggled into thinking it was by the original Miller outfit. Meanwhile, of course, several current bands are not averse to exploiting the fact that they can boast of a connection with the vacant cornet of Glenn. RCA Victor, for example, lets it be known that Bill Finegan of the Sauter-Finegan assemblage once arranged for Miller. Capitol does the same in the case of its top band, Ray Anthony's. Anthony, who faintly resembles Cary Grant and who used to blow trumpet with Miller, has come out with an LP called "I Remember Glenn Miller." Although I think it leaves something to be desired, particularly when compared with the "Glenn Miller Limited Edition," I must report that it is an appealing and, on the whole, efficient job that is worth your hearing.

What most movie reviewers have failed to note is that Miss Sadie Thompson offers, in addition to the beuglements of Rita Hayworth, some wonderful jazz in the sequence which has Rita entertaining the Marines with a sensual dance. The open torrent in particular is exciting. In any case, by the time this record reaches your pretty company, you may have put this music on a record. If so, do not miss it. As for Miss Hayworth's husband Dick Haymes, there is little to report except that he seems to be destroying his career by his lack of responsibility toward his public as well as toward his employers. This is a great shame because Miss Hayworth has one of the most exciting baritones around.

In the instrument field this month there are several items of more than ordinary interest. Two especially merit your attention. The first is, as they advertise it, "the world's smallest, lightest, 3-speed portable phonograph." Called the Capri, it measures 10" x 9" x 4", weighs slightly more than six pounds, and costs only $29.95. It plays all 7-, 10-, and 12-inch records and has "StereoSonic." This little marvel is quite a buy. The second is RCA Victor's "Push-Button" tape recorder, which retails for $189.95. By merely pushing a button, you can preserve on tape whatever sounds happen to strike your fancy at a given moment—a child's laughter, a radio broadcast, the audio of a television program, and so forth. It also can handsomely serve another purpose. It can reproduce phonograph records you may have put together on your own of this. One is that you can take the machine to the home of a friend who has a collection of records that are no longer available, push the button, thereby transferring to tape those records you would like to own. Equally important, you can reduce the unwanted portion of a record into a comparatively small space. Tape requires little room. You can transfer whole operas to tape and save space. This machine is also good for those who like to reproduce conversations or what goes on at a party. You might try it once. It's worth the price in pleasure.

Apparently, Jean Simmons is completely dependent on her husband. In their marriage it is he who handles the finances, he who chooses the furniture for their hilltop house, who he makes and breaks the social engagements, he who runs the home.

This has given rise to talk that "in Jean and Granger, Granger has so much as he has a third child." (Granger has two sons, eight and ten, from his previous marriage.) It has also been said that "he is married, not a husband." Whether or not this is true, Jean and Granger obviously like their marriage.

Jean Simmons does not particularly relish responsibility. She loves having a fiercely protective husband who will fight to the death for her. Occasionally, this may tire the poor fellow. He may get piqued at her consideration her immature behavior, but when, due to a breakdown, when she's in trouble, it's a great relief to her to turn the battle over to a burly two-fisted fighter with broad shoulders and a rasper tongue.

Take Jean Simmons' fight with RKO. RKO maintained that there was an employment contract with Jean Simmons. Miss Simmons' husband maintained that no contract existed. He said Jean was more or less a free agent, whereupon many studios offered her roles.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When my family was vacationing in Glacier National Park we found that we were at a hotel with a locationing movie camera. We watched as they followed the big red busses that carried the stars to the St. Mary's Lake. While they set up their equipment I made friends with the make-up men. He introduced me to a young lady, an interesting man, and I had pictures taken with him and with Piper Laurie.

During the filming of one scene, producer Louis King stopped all the cameras. "Granger doesn't have a cut," he slowly turned around and faced my dad. "Would you kindly stop running your noisy movie camera so we can take this shot?" Then his cameras began to roll again.

Gail Farrell
Reedsburg, Wisconsin

One of the best offers came from Paramount. They wanted her for the princess role in Angela's Ashes.

RKO maintained that Jean was a contract player, that she was scheduled to work on several RKO pictures, and that they had no intention of permitting another studio to use her. At this point, Stewart Granger had had enough. His friends begged him not to start a long, costly legal battle with RKO. But Granger was unwilling. "I'm not going to sit by and let them do this to Jean. I'm telling you no written contract was signed. Jean has rights. She should be allowed to work from other studios. She's a great actress. I cannot let this happen to her."

Every argument was tried to dissuade Granger. He was told that it might be years before a final legal decision could be reached. He was told that Jean could be black-balled as a trouble-maker. He was told that Howard Hughes, chief of RKO, had never lost a legal fight in his life.

But Stewart Granger is a fighter, too. He said he had courage and in the face of tremendous pressure, he refused to give an inch.

"I am going through with this," he announced, "because that's the only way we have. Jean is entitled to know where she stands. Is she under contract or is she not?"

Contrary to her husband's wishes, Jean went along with the play. When the case finally came to trial, it was shown conclusively that Jean Simmons had never signed a written employment contract with RKO, and that it had not the right to prevent her from making pictures elsewhere.

RKO maintained that there had been an oral understanding but the court declined to accept this as a valid contract. Nonetheless, because RKO had brought Jean to America, Granger agreed that they were entitled to consider the case.

For $200,000 his wife agreed to make three films, not for RKO, but on loanout from them between February, 1953, and February, 1954. This arrangement was signed.

Jean went to MGM and made Young Bess with Stewart Granger, then to 20th Century for The Robe with Victor Mature, then back to MGM. They made a series of pictures with Spencer Tracy. Reportedly, she got $100,000 for each of these films, none of which had any connection with her RKO loan-out deal.

In October, Stewart Granger was sent to London to star opposite Liz Taylor in the re-make of Beau Brummel. Stewart wanted his wife to accompany him, but if Jean left Hollywood and RKO exercised its right to loan her out, she would lose $200,000. If she remained in Hollywood, RKO would have to loan her out or pay her $200,000.

On October 1, RKO began to pay Jean Simmons $10,000 a week, although she had no work to do.

Late in October, it was announced that she was to make a film called A Bullet Is Waiting for Fidelity Productions. She will play opposite Rory Calhoun.

How much Fidelity Productions paid to bring Jean to London is not reported. But, beginning February 26, Jean will be $200,000 richer. With her earnings from her previous films, there is little doubt that she will be Hollywood's biggest earner her first year. Ever.

When Stewart Granger arrived in London without his beautiful young wife, everybody wanted to know why she wasn't with him.

"It broke her heart not to be able to come home," he said. "But she's sitting out her contract. What a contract that was! It helped wash her first three years in Hollywood."

"How do you feel about Hollywood?" Granger was asked. Instead of the usual, "I love it," he said mildly, "I've been very lucky there. It's nice to be home. I'm just sorry Jean isn't with me."

The Grangers' third wedding anniversary, this past month, the memories are pleasant, some sad.

In England four or five years ago, Jean Simmons was one of J. Arthur Rank's darlings and on-screen roll. Granger was gracious and cooperative through her tremendous birthday party with Arthur Rank and 200 other guests and a five-tiered wedding cake and magnum after magnum of champagne.

Suddenly, "I can't stand it any longer," she cried. And bursting into tears she ran from the room. Everybody was a little shocked.

"Don't breathe a word of this," a press agent said. "But she's hopelessly in love with Stewart Granger. He's the one person..."
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For Ava had made a crack about paella.

Now, paella, Spanish rice, is the national dish. It is a culinary work of art, delicious and very, very rich, made of fried rice with fish, shell fish, chicken, meat, hot sausages and other ingredients undetectable by the untrained American palate. When Ava was in Spain she ate and loved paella; when she got home she told the press about it and was promptly asked for the recipe. The question didn’t stump her. She grinned and announced that you take fried rice and add all the leftovers in the refrigerator.

The Spaniards heard about it, and their indignation knew no bounds. “A bad thing for her to say, really sacrilegious,” a lady told an American reporter, adding, “Everything we put in paella is fresh, bought the day we prepare it!”

So don’t ask Spanish movie-goers about Ava. If pressed, they will admit grudgingly that she is a beautiful woman. But this is merely damning her with the faintest of Spanish praise. “She’s too thin!” they will add with the air of one dealing a fatal blow... and go home to a midnight snack of paella.

BY THIS time he was divorced and reporters asked Jean when she planned to marry. All she would say was: “I married him when I was fourteen. I thought then that he was the most wonderful person in the world. I have known him really well for three years now, and I still think that. One couldn’t find a nicer, kinder man or a better friend.”

Six months later, Howard Hughes flew them to Tucson, Arizona, where they were married in a simple ceremony. The only friend present was Mike Wilding who flew in from New York where supposedly he had been enjoying the company of Marlene Dietrich.

Three eventful, jampacked years have elapsed since their quiet wedding. In those three years Jean and her Jimmy have experienced tremendous changes in their financial and professional status. In what they feel for each other, however, there has been no change. Their love still turns every defeat into a victory, every tear into a smile.
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(Continued from page 53) a newspaper, folded it neatly, stood up, took two steps to the window where her husband Harry sat, watching the landscape on its way. He said taking a crisp stance, she whacked her beloved firmly on the head with the morning's final edition of the Los Angeles Times.

“My dear wife,” Harry asked groggily, “What was that for?”

“For horses,” dear wife Betty retorted.

“Horses which do not send telegrams.”

It was a newspaper which had telegramed and read aloud: “Dear Betty. Sorry you two couldn't make it good in Hollywood. But next time you stop by a race track, look me up, I'll cop you a fortune. Signed James Session.”

“Well, bless his happy heart!” he laughed. “Good old James Session. Good old horse. It's wonderful to have somebody in the family with talent!”

You know the story. You know that after ten years of helping to make 20th Century-Fox into a kind of mint, Betty Grable was what is known as an “ex-movie star.” In this capacity she has not enjoyed the good wishes of producers, columnists, writers and hangers-oners have taken to be that unfortunate Hollywood commodity, “a—been.” And that the one thing no one in Hollywood wants any part of. How did it happen? Miss Grable stepped out.

Was she, perhaps, borne screaming and kicking from the gates of her studio? Did she demand a pension, an annuity? Was she, before the eyes of the world, thrust out into irrelevance and poverty? Well. no.

“I figured it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with any one studio for more than ten years. By this time I've begun to wage war on executives and lose the excitement about your possibilities every time you see a newcomer.”

To have parted with a star over foot, is it? Is it Miss Grable who heartlessly junked the studio, home of her youth and patron of her career? Well, no.

And if Miss Grable stepped off on a horse-opera mob scene. And Grade C at that. Take Betty Grable, for example. She's practically begging old horse to sit it out and let her make her career. I just let nature take its course.”

(The story continues on page 54)

MISS GRABLE STEPS OUT

Billy Daniel, Betty's old friend, as well as her dancing partner and director points out that this terrific show just see short and is designed to leave the audience

hungry.”

“Betty is responsible for my being in pictures,” he said. “If it were not for Betty they would not have taken the girl they threw away the pattern. She "'Honey Man" all the way through and who do you think sings the theme song. This show is "'Honey Man" all the way through and who do you think sings the theme song. This show is the only one of Betty's—she is not doing anything in Hollywood, and I think she is the most talented personality in the movies. I am the greatest and most knowledgeable one of the things wrong—it is too short. From the first note of the famous band leader's trumpet to the colorful finale, the audience applauded for more.”

MISS GRABLE STEPS OUT

By now what? Which of the two is a flop? What will that mean to a marriage? And when the register has been signed in Chicago's famous Ambassador East Hotel, does the heroine realize she has many years' success fade before the nervousness of an all-important debut? Those are questions only this long shot can answer.

You can bet that the Chicago trip is a great big house went dark. Standing in a shimmering sequin version of her famous, fabulous bathing suit pinup costume, Betty shivered a little from the backstage chill.

Suddenly, the fans. The curtained inched apart. There was a hush. A seemingly endless hush before the great au-
dience broke into a storm of applause, and back stage a husky musician's voice was heard singing "Man, you're never going to the end! The ever livin', ever-lastin' end!"

Well, he said it. He said it not only for the audience, but for the kids at home and absolutely for the anxious grable. She danced around the stage looking into the faces of her dancing and singing friends in search of her "honey man.

Then, tootoo voice, she let the audience in on a little rhythmic swing of her slim hips, Harry played hot little rills and burlies on the trumpet. Betty, with a meaningful look at the far right of the dress circle, "Talk to me, daddy boy. Listen to that, my daddy's talkin', talkin' to me."

No doubt about it, when Betty finally rushed in on "Man, you're never going to the end! The ever livin', ever-lastin' end!" the words of Harry, she had completely capitivated the toughest of critics and amazed an audience famous for being hardboiled. An audience that had been carried along by the music and fan, but driven from the stage by a rain of pennies. One unfortunate performer nearly faint ed when someone tossed an iron dollar bill. But Betty had no time to worry. The Press, Betty Grable-Harry James show both at the Chicago Theatre and afterward at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit was expressed by one reporter as follows: "The show's only fault is one thing wrong—it is too short. From the first note of the famous band leader's trumpet to the colorful finale, the audience applauded for more."

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Betty Grable is honest about her age and herself and her two children, Vickie and Jessica. Hedda Hopper once reported that when she came to interview Betty, Vickie came in and said, "Mommy, can I stay here while you talk?"

Betty replied, "You certainly may, honey. You can stay wherever mommy is."

Hedda went on to relate that she recalled another star whose child wandered in during an interview. The star stalked out of the room, hissing to the nurse the ill-disguised order, "Get that child out of here!"

She turned to Hedda, "Isn't she sweet? Goodbye now, little sweetheart."

It's just possible that Betty Grable has no harbiage lines in her face because she hasn't spent her life trying to look and be something she isn't. Her performance is consistent. When Ted Tio Rito offered her a small role and said, "It's nothing. It's just something you ought to know. I can't sing."

"Who?" replied Ted, equally honest, "is going to notice?"

*After that*

Betty suffered a couple of unhappy loves. Then she became Mrs. Harry James and the mother of two sons—James and Cathy. She's the earliest fans and the loyalty of her fellow workers. It's impossible to report honestly on Betty Grable without telling a lot that is true of no other star, largely because most of them tell you what they have to say in public. More than a year ago Betty told Modern Screen that she was going to "quit" her studio. Everyone scoffed at that, even in Hollywood, but she was serious. She went to Chicago to say they are sorry they ever let her go. Let her go? They couldn't hold her.

Then there's Betty's mother and father, Elsie and Frank. On the silver screen it takes a private detective to discover the whereabouts of the parents. Although Betty's parents are divorced, and her father remarried, she has paid a heavy price for her own success.

Although her family have not been receiving much publicity in Chicago, they were overwhelmed by this evidence of love for them both.

Then, not a few stars avoid being photographed by staying back stage. With the race track for fear that their public may resent their interest in the sport of kings. Betty figures that those who love her will allow her the sports and hobbies she enjoys. Although they need not come to the place we came in with this story, for it was the way back to Hollywood on the Super Chief with Mr. Harry James that brought her to the attention of Daily Racing Form in hand. She shook Harry awake and showed him the horse.

"What's the matter?" Harry muttered.

"Nothing, honey," Betty exclaimed, "nothing at all! But maybe you remember the horse that sent me a telegram two weeks ago saying he'd win? Well he did! Look here—James Session wins Salinas Handicap at Bay Meadows!"

Mr. James woke up a little. "What did he pay?"

"Oh, not much," Betty retorted. "At $10.50 and $6.00, if you had a thousand dollars on his nose, all you got back was a little over five grand, figuring the odds on a two dollar bet."

"What did you mean, Betty?" he asked.

"You mean we won $5,000?" Betty exclaimed.

"No," Harry replied. "I mean all I put on him was $25, so when that came in $10.50, I didn't really think he'd win."

"Oh fine!"

"I'm sorry," Harry James said. "It looks like we both have too much work to do."

And so they have. If you go to Las Vegas soon, you may be able to see their show at El Rancho Vegas. If you can't make it, you can see Betty next in the Columbia Picture, The Pleasure Is All Mine.

That, in case you've been wondering, is what happened to that ex-movie star, Betty Grable.

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Fun Fact: Betty Grable was known for her curvaceous figure due to her diet plan, which involved eating five small meals a day to maintain her body and appearance. This diet plan became popular and was often referred to as the Betty Grable diet. She also claimed that she never touched meat, as it made her figure look less than perfect. Despite her diet, Grable's weight fluctuated throughout her career, and she often struggled with weight gain and loss. Her figure was a source of inspiration for many women during the mid-20th century.
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LAUREL C.

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what I learned from women

(Continued from page 55 about life and how to live it.)

Mom, of course, contributed the most. I don't know who writes Mother's scripts, but they have taught her how to live. She said, "Soap and water are cheap," and used to tell me. She taught me to try to learn a little bit every day. I used to clam up when she would ask me questions. Today I learned, "When you meet people, speak up," she said. "You're as good as anyone else— we all come from the Infinite." Because Mom thinks that I have brains—and she's a good woman. I've tried hard to have some of those thoughts rub off on me.

There are females of all ages who've broken my heart. One of these was Marilyn. I've come a little wiser by knowing each one of them. Some guys in their teens have a lot of trouble talking to girls, but I never gave that a chance with them. Even when I was a little kid I'd walk home from school with a girl, and lots of times pick a flower for her. The gesture never was enough. When I sort of slid into friendships with girls without any self-consciousness, I never had to go through that stiff-necked stage in which a guy has to get used to a girl's idea. I was much more of a frightening creature from another world. Maybe it was because I was lucky enough to have interests in common with girls. For instance, one time I dreamed about them at night and drew pictures of them in class when I should have been tending to my algebra. There was a girl in another class who'd bought a horse after school from a barn in the neighborhood. I learned to know them easily because all we ever talked about was horses. I could have talked to her from our house, so I'd usually ride with her and always walked her home afterward. It wasn't what you'd call a romance—I guess I didn't have the chance to have one—but I always relaxed with her.

IT WAS THE same way with Joyce Lockwood, only with her, it was ice skating. We skated as partners. I think Joyce was the first woman whose quality of beauty from within struck me. It was something you could feel long before you saw her. When she walked into a room everyone turned to look at her as though she had some magnetic force. Maybe it was becauseJoyce just took on life, but whatever it was, Joyce always expressed pure beauty when she was on ice, and also when she wasn't. From then on you get beauty out of life if you put beauty into it.

Barbara Jones was another skater, a girl who was really dynamic on ice. We used to work out in the afternoon, and since she was a far better skater than I ever hoped to be she really put me through my paces. She was the way she did it that made working with her fun. She never nagged, but if she saw a point that needed improvement she put it over to me in such a way that my male ego wasn't offended. That took some doing, considering the fact that I was painfully aware that this girl was a champion and that next to her I was like a Tahitian who had never even seen ice. I have to admit that she was beautiful in the role of a metallic, disillusioned woman. I was so proud of her that I rushed into the dressing room and asked her what I'd done and she arched her eyebrows. You were wonderful! I yelled, and I was so excited that I didn't even notice that the other girls were screaming and ducking for cover. Lori is wonderful. She's intelligent and hard-working and soft-hearted, and she has that same quality I admired so much in Joyce.
I have been lucky, I guess, not to have tied in with any women who are schemers. I don’t like women who play games, or women who are cheap or vulgar, and I don’t want to get mixed up with any of them. I’ve met a lot of types, and I’ve learned what I don’t want in a wife as well as what I do want.

I remember the girl I met on the roller skating rink in New York when I was in the service. I had a buck to my name and I was lonely, and pretty soon I was talking to this girl and I bought her a cup of coffee. That left me with one thin dime. I had to borrow twenty cents apiece from her and her boy and for some reason I tagged along with them. I remember how cute she looked in her new Easter hat and how lovely I felt when Walt wouldn’t let me sit with them. I vowed to myself then (I guess I was about eight) that soon I’d have a girl, too.

Walt was always a little nonplussed at the fact that I went around with so many girls. For Walt it was girl friend No. 1, then girl friend No. 2, and then get married. “My brother’s harem,” he used to snort, but our own ways have worked out fine for each of us. Walt got a wonderful wife, and I got a better guy, having known a variety of girls. They’ve given me the self-confidence I need in this business. Heavens knows I didn’t have the proper types, but I tried my best to find girls, and I have. Now when the reporter asked me to repeat my name, my mouth opened but no sound came out. When I took my first test I was half dead to a lurch. Now I’m more of a pro after seeing a couple of movie stars and get invitations to Hollywood parties I was petrified. But then I began to think that we’re all equal (Mom’s advice coming back to me) and if other people could do it, all I could do was feel sorry for them. You must care for the complete character of the human being in this life.

It’s a little easier now, but I have so much to learn that it makes me dizzy to think of it. I’m in sort of a funny position in Hollywood. I’ve made four pictures and I’m not under contract to a studio. If these days studios aren’t rushing to sign up every new girl who comes along, I’ve been picked for a movie here and there, but not in the main. I’m on my own as far as learning about the business is concerned. Mom’s on my side—she’s happy as long as I’m interested in something and trying my best to find it. Walt is interested in my work in his own quiet way. Last time I saw him he grinned and said, “Saw you in Gun Belt, kid. How are you?” Which, from Walt, is the same as “Go to it!”

So here I am, on my own two feet, and learning a business that I love. I’m still surprised when somebody asks me to sing autographs and sometimes, when headwaiters bow and say “Good evening, Mr. Hunter,” it’s a bit much to think of. My head is out of the clouds. Already I see danger signs. Two years ago I wouldn’t have even hoped that I could take a girl to a lather. How I wish I could have a girl to lather for or shave for or eat dinner. Yet just the other night, when I took a girl to La Rue, she mentioned what a good dinner we’d have there last fall.

“Last fall,” I said, “I had to brush myself a lesson.”

If I should ever hit the top the most important thing I’ll remember being helped by you before.”

And then I remembered. It had been a great evening, and I had been so concerned since that evening with a girl. Then she cleaned across the table and said, “You don’t know how people can just sit around like this and talk. Let’s go somewhere where there’s some life. Somewhere where we can dance.”

“I see,” I said to myself, “This girl has just flubbed the whole thing.”

It seems to be a little thing, but I like a girl who can be content with quiet rather than one who has to be chasing around, running away from herself all the time. I say, if we had that kind of a thing on a date, it’s a lot of fun to count.

I’ve known girls who are naggers, whose voices tend to whine, and just having that kind of a thing on a date should steer any guy away from a lifetime of it. I’ve known some girls I liked very much but somehow I wasn’t able to get through to them. Our conversation was stilted and strange, and I sensed a wall around them. Sometimes I thought perhaps I could help a girl like that to learn how to enjoy herself. After a few dates, if I can’t break down the reserve, I’ve given up.

Walt is always a little nonplussed at the fact that I went around with so many girls. For Walt it was girl friend No. 1, then girl friend No. 2, and then get married. “My brother’s harem,” he used to snort, but our own ways have worked out fine for each of us. Walt got a wonderful wife, and I got a better guy, having known a variety of girls. They’ve given me the self-confidence I need in this business. Heavens knows I didn’t have the proper types, but I tried my best to find girls, and I have. Now when the reporter asked me to repeat my name, my mouth opened but no sound came out. When I took my first test I was half dead to a lurch. Now I’m more of a pro after seeing a couple of movie stars and get invitations to Hollywood parties I was petrified. But then I began to think that we’re all equal (Mom’s advice coming back to me) and if other people could do it, all I could do was feel sorry for them. You must care for the complete character of the human being in this life.

It’s a little easier now, but I have so much to learn that it makes me dizzy to think of it. I’m in sort of a funny position in Hollywood. I’ve made four pictures and I’m not under contract to a studio. If these days studios aren’t rushing to sign up every new girl who comes along, I’ve been picked for a movie here and there, but not in the main. I’m on my own as far as learning about the business is concerned. Mom’s on my side—she’s happy as long as I’m interested in something and trying my best to find it. Walt is interested in my work in his own quiet way. Last time I saw him he grinned and said, “Saw you in Gun Belt, kid. How are you?” Which, from Walt, is the same as “Go to it!”

So here I am, on my own two feet, and learning a business that I love. I’m still surprised when somebody asks for an autograph and sometimes, when headwaiters bow and say “Good evening, Mr. Hunter,” it’s a bit much to think of. My head is out of the clouds. Already I see danger signs. Two years ago I wouldn’t have even hoped that I could take a girl to a lather. How I wish I could have a girl to lather for or shave for or eat dinner. Yet just the other night, when I took a girl to La Rue, she mentioned what a good dinner we’d have there last fall.

“Last fall,” I said, “I had to brush myself a lesson.”

If I should ever hit the top the most important thing I’ll remember being helped by you before.”

And then I remembered. It had been a great evening, and I had been so concerned since that evening with a girl. Then she cleaned across the table and said, “You don’t know how people can just sit around like this and talk. Let’s go somewhere where there’s some life. Somewhere where we can dance.”

“I see,” I said to myself, “This girl has just flubbed the whole thing.”

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crawford meets the critics

(Continued from page 57) Whistled. But some of us in the industry just shuddered . . . . Apparently Miss Monroe, who is something of an innovator in the world of beauty, had mistaken her publicity. Someone should make her see the light. She should be told that the public likes provocative feminine personalities; but it also likes to wait until the public has found out that the actresses are ladies. She added, "I think she'd better become a comedienne or something."

When this bit of hemlock hit the papers, verbatim, those in the industry shuddered once more. What had happened to Joan, the woman who had made a ritual of keeping a straight face? Could it be that the woman who had suddenly let fly such an unprovoked attack? When they realized that Joan had been practically tricked into it these years were forgotten in the bale of their own mouths shut (inasmuch as everybody had been saying the same thing but had had the good fortune not to say it within earshot of reporters) and then they felt genuinely sorry for Joan.

It was a great spot. Everyone was talking about it and Miss Monroe was very flattered. The awful part of it was that Joan had said it. She told Louella Parsons that she wished she had saved her opinions as a bit of private advice to Marilyn, and she said, "There's nothing so fatal for both of us. I feel if I were to meet Marilyn face to face I'd say 'Hi, there' and we'd shake hands."

To our knowledge there never has been a direct apology, an omission which may be for the best, as it would have had to be a hollow gesture. Instead Joan said, "I wish I could do everything differently but I didn't say it."

NOT one month had passed before Miss Crawford was slogging around in another bit of mine. To make Torch Song she returned to MGM for the first time in ten years. She began her career there in 1925 and she spent eighteen years at MGM before career doldrums set in and she left, only to be returned by the company to Richard Quine, which resulted in Murder, She Wrote, a second starring role, and winning an Academy Award.

Metro gave her a cracking big party to celebrate the release of this, probably her best performance since her dressing of heroines. It was a neat example of the sticky sentimentality which Hollywood reserves for its own. Verbal flourishes of bygone days were used. One of the highlights was the expanse of red carpet and the glitter of brass hats on hand to welcome their own Joan. For her part, Joan retaliated with her usual generosity. Her opening day gift to director Charles Walters was a tremendous salad bowl filled with two dozen bird of paradise flowers. On her way to the theatre in her trailer, bedroom slippers, four bottles of lotion and cologne for men, the mixings of a Caesar salad, and two lamb chops. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Then they began to work on the picture. Miss Crawford's co-star in Torch Song was Michael Wilding, husband of Elizabeth Taylor. Mike was visited frequently and quite lovingly by his wife. According to reports which seeped from the guarded walls of MGM, it wasn't long before Miss Crawford and Mike were seen together. A No specific visitors were mentioned, but in the process of closing the set to all outsiders Miss Taylor found herself, despite her own importance on the lot, unable to see her husband during his working hours. A new queen had arrived and Miss Crawford's omnipotence, cemented by the fact that at the welcoming party she had been soundly enough by every upper bracket man on the lot, gave her superlativity. The result was that relations between leading lady and leading lady in Torch Song were strained.

Differences between the two leading lights never came into the open, possibly because of the Herculean efforts of Metro to keep the matter quiet. Witness the rumour that Miss Crawford tried to find out if I had the sound of singing in Torch Song. Somebody had said that Miss Adams had done the warbling. Joan was not happy over the report. Investigation proved it was In- dia Adams, wherever she had her preview, and the story went that Crawford then asked to re-dub it with her own voice. When the movie had been completely completed, however, the studio with the question, "Whose voice was used for Crawford in Torch Song?"

"We do not give that information out," declared Sam Ervin of MGM. "It is a small wonder that the tiff with the Wildings was kept within the confines of Hollywood.

JOAN'S next picture was Johnny Guitar, made at Republic, and since Republic's walls are not so soundproof as those of MGM, the whole town soon knew that Crawford and McCambridge were not seeing eye to eye. The story goes that Crawford did not want Miss McCambridge, a magnificent actress, to appear in the picture with Joan. McCambridge wasthought to be a threat from the fact that she had been the movie's leading lady. Things grew worse the day Mercedes did a scene so adeptly that the crew gave her a hearty round of applause. It is said that after that the air surrounding Miss Crawford's dressing room was below zero, and the big freeze was on. McCambridge, just as honest as Crawford, did not like lying in wait for the cold.

There are many people, however, who find it difficult to accept any criticism of Miss Crawford. One columnist even broadcast a letter from Crawford, telling her she should be ashamed of herself for saying such things.

He said: "Ever since Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge started work together in Johnny Guitar the gossip columns have been filled with hints of a feud. Joan Crawford has patiently refrained from saying anything about the situation. Mercedes McCambridge has not hesitated to make sly insinuations, among which was the statement, 'Joan's chief trouble is that she's lost her voice. If she were a man there is a case of one actress who always takes her work very seriously and another who takes herself too seriously.'

The last sentence stirred considerable speculation as to which was which. Miss Crawford was undoubtedly grateful for the comments on her behalf, and Miss McCambridge was happy about the partisan pitch, aired throughout the country. Johnny Guitar was completed without a mend in the rift, and odd are that the Misses Crawford and McCambridge never have compliments to exchange.

For Joan, this made three dips intoueling within the space of eight months. Why? It has been said that Joan Crawford, regardless of her huge success, is an insecure woman whose happiness thrives on manifestations of love and perpetual flattery. That is understandable when it is calm and benign as a June night, softly shedding silvery light on those near her. Allegedly the storms arise only with the suspicion that a letter or phone may be about some situation or a person. "Joan Crawford," said one producer recently, "is an angel as long as she's also the whole show." In this sort of thing as in everything else Joan is a perfectionist, and therefore it is believable that she would have wanted, once the news leaked about India Adams' voice in Torch Song, to remain replete in the spot-
light by singing her own songs.

And Hollywood pondered the reasons for these recent uprisings. Nobody came up with any answers nor did anyone understand why, last October, Joan Crawford was looking for the press of her life for the first time in her life.

Johnny Guitar was made in part on location in Sedona, Arizona, about 200 miles of deep canyons and luscious scenery. Joa, a celebrity in the vicinity Phoenix's Arizona Republic assigned its drama critic, Maggie Wilson, to interview Miss Crawford. According to Miss Wilson, the interview was arranged for her by the publicity director of Repub- lic Studio, and cleared by the unit public-ist working with the picture company. It

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When Debbie Reynolds was making a personal appearance in Cincinnati, hundreds of people turned out to see her. We wanted to make a picture of her, but we could barely see her over the heads of the crowd. After a long wait, we finally got a shot. "We can't see you, Debbie! Get up on the table!"

She looked doubtfully at her slim, straight-legged, then, as Crawford, and scrambled up on a table to pose for our pictures.

Jane Wehrman
Bataca, Ohio

was assumed that Miss Crawford had agreed to the impending interview. Miss Wilson set out for Sedona, via devious mountain roads, and arrived, mused and dusty, only to be told that Miss Crawford would not be interviewed, because Miss Wilson did not take it laying down. The following day her column consisted of a violent attack on Miss Crawford.

Miss Crawford said nothing. Two weeks later the Republic's competitor, the Phoenix Gazette, carried a three-column, five-inch profile. It was made by members of the Johnny Guitar company. It read: "To whom it may concern: anyone who happens to be suffering with what Miss Crawford calls a chronic nasal condition, we have not yet met him or her . . ."

The ad was signed "Members of the Johnny Guitar company who have previ- ously worked with Miss Crawford."

This enflamed defense of Joan Crawford is a typical reaction. It happens every time a word is said against her. Nevertheless, her refusal to keep an interview appoint- ment made people wonder. The press has always found Joan Crawford the most cooperative star in the industry. With both the fans and the reporters she has not been anxious to make friends and in- fluence people. She has personally an- swered every fan letter written her, and keeps a running correspondence with her admirers that consumes a wad of hours every week. She amazes reporters by remembering their names through long months between pictures. In two consecutive years, 1945 and 1946, she was awarded the golden apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club for having been the most cooperative star. Each year she ac- cepted this award and held it for tears of her eyes. It is a systematic thing with her, this minute personal attention to her re- lations with people who can be her friends, and so it is all the more surprising that she should suddenly put the plan into reverse.

On the other hand, Joan Crawford has never been noted for her stability. She has been a very moody dictator, and the Crawford part of it is that Joan herself is unaware of this inconsistency. Her interest patterns are kaleidoscopic. One month she is the greatest lover in the picture, the next month the greatest actress, the next month the greatest elegance will catch her attention. During the early days of her marriage to Franchot Tone, dinner was served on a large table for which she and Joan set one end and Joan, in the distance, at the other. One night when guests were present Mr. Tone happened to drop his napkin, which Joan, without missing a beat, seized and sprinted the length of the table to recover the linen from the floor and, kneeling, to press it lovingly into his hand. At one time she conceived a deep interest in all things Hawaiian, and she once even devoted a month to the personal search and planting of young fruit trees, determined to create her own orchard. In the romance department it is the same, and while usu- ally she limits herself to one beau at a time there was a period after her divorce from Philip Terry when she seldom went out without an escort of three, four, or sometimes five young men.

In the spring of 1945 when she was away from the movies, she had been up for Mildred Pierce silicone, Miss Volden did not attend the Academy affair because of illness. Her severer critics hinted that the excuse was a form of sabotage. She posed for the dramatic photograph of the Oscar with Joan at her bedside. It was a cruel suggestion, but these same people hoisted triumphantly the Oscar they may have been right all along. For in the spring of 1946, when Olivia de Havilland won the Oscar for To Each His Own, previously win- ner Crawford arrived on the red carpet to make the customary presentation. The reason given was illness, yet Joan was seen the next day at Palm Springs, attired in tennis shorts and a revealing off-white, short-sleeved blouse.

These events with their dramatic possi- bilities, might conceivably be Joan's own ideas. She is a woman of great imagination and one who understands the ramifications of publicity. And they are things one can expect of Joan Crawford because she is Joan Crawford. She is a legend and a myth, in some ways a Rock of Gibraltar in an endless swirl of high wind. There is no valid reason for anyone to be too deeply disturbed about what Crawford says or does in a moment or a day. It is not Joan Crawford's role to make a different kind of person, with different points of view. The real Joan Crawford was lost long ago, late in 1939.

Nor is there any real advantage in press- ing the point of an altercation, no matter how angry or hurt the antagonist may be. For every single person who attacks her in any way, Joan has an army of faithful friends who spring to her defense. Nothing, by this time, can hurt Joan Crawford.
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On the Cover: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor is by John Engstead. Miss Taylor can be seen currently in MGM's Rhapsody.
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All New and in COLOR glory...

ROSE MARIE

Thrilling love drama! Romantic songs to lift the heart! M-G-M's BIG NEW musical, eye-filling in CinemaScope color grandeur!

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SONG OF THE MOUNTIES
I'M A MOUNTIE WHO NEVER GOT HIS MAN FREE TO BE FREE

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INDIAN LOVE CALL I HAVE THE LOVE MOUNTIE'S LULLABY THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A GIRL

AND MORE SONGS

Hear the thrilling songs in the M-G-M Record Album!

AN M-G-M Picture
Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Does Cary Grant really get irritated when he is asked about his early days as a Coney Island stilts-walker? Is it also true that when he married Barbara Hutton, he signed a waiver of his rights to any of her fortune, just as Porfirio Rubirosa did? —G.U., Boston, Mass.

A. Yes on both counts.

Q. Has Ingrid Bergman really become an opera star? Has she given up all hope of seeing her daughter Pia again? —M.H., Scranton, Pa.

A. Miss Bergman made her opera debut at the San Carlo Opera House, Naples, two months ago in Joan Of Arc At The Stake, but she didn't sing. She received twenty-one curtain calls. She expects her daughter to visit her in Europe this summer.

Q. When Roman Holiday was shown in my neighborhood, the advertisements carried Audrey Hepburn's head on top of Terry Moore's figure. What was Audrey's reaction to this? —C.L., San Carlos, Calif.

A. Said Miss Hepburn, "It is an indignity and a frightful insult."
Paramount presents

Bob Hope
Joan Fontaine

in

Casanova's Big Night

Co-starring

Basil Rathbone
Audrey Dalton
Hugh Marlowe

Color by Technicolor

Now

The World's Greatest Laugh-maker...

As

History's Greatest Love-maker!

It's Hope at his funniest... in the role he was born to slay! He'll murder you... as the imposter who's shy of swords, but a devil with the damsels! Follow his hilarious trail... from boudoir to dungeon... in Paramount's fun-packed tale of romance and mirth!

Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by Norman Z. McLeod
Written for the Screen by Hal Kanter and Edmund Hartmann
Based on a story by Aubrey Wisberg
The talk of the town was the huge welcome-home-from-Korea party given at Ciro’s for Terry Moore, Ann Blyth and Debbie Reynolds. The former two were hosted by Herman Hover, Ciro’s owner, while Reynolds was Terry’s best friend. Hover, dressed in a stylish suit, was accompanied by his lawyer, Geisler. The young couple was created for them on their Pacific tour.

Ciro’s owner, Herman Hover, hosted the party. Asian-style dresses worn by Terry and Susan were created for them on their Pacific tour.

Asiatic-style dresses worn by Terry and Susan were created for them on their Pacific tour.

What the world doesn’t know about the blowup between Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman in Italy is that it did not originate in Rome as advertised via headlines, but right here in Hollywood as far back as October.

It was on October 17, 1953, that Shelley, sporting a black eye, walked into Jerry Geisler’s office and asked her lawyer to draw up divorce papers.

He advised her to wait. Vittorio was going to return to Italy anyway and their battle might subside during the weeks in which she had to make a movie at U.I.

I guess Geisler knew his client, our gal Shell. The absence from Vittorio certainly made Shelley’s heart grow fonder. She nearly broke her neck and wore out the cast and crew of Play Girl working overtime so she could fly to Rome to try to make up with Vittorio. She really loved that guy!

The first shock came when he failed to meet her plane in Rome after she had cabled him the hour. Of course he was on tour with Hamlet, but those things can be arranged.

When Shelley finally caught up with the company she was so hurt and mad she completely blew her top, not believing me, over Gassman’s acting in Hamlet but over his “acting up” with his eighteen-year-old leading lady, Anna Maria Ferraro.

Reports about Anna Maria had reached Shelley’s ears in Hollywood but she didn’t believe them.

She returned to Rome and cried her heart out on the shoulder of her old pal, Farley Granger, before she finally couldn’t stand it any longer and shouted her heartbreak to the rooftops, not to mention the wire services:

“He’ll have to give me $55,000 to support our baby and he’ll have to marry that Ferraro kid! . . . I don’t want our baby to know her father or learn to love him . . . he’d just break her heart by neglecting her . . . How dare he put me in this unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl!”—and so on and on.

Vittorio, too, had plenty to say. The parting shot was, “She’s a liar.”

Certainly it can be said on Shelley’s side that she did everything in the world to put Vittorio over in Hollywood, even to paying for his first trip here before he got an MGM contract.

Maybe Shelley is loud. But she’s honest and loyal—even to trying hard to protect Gassman when everyone in Hollywood knew how he was neglecting her.

As the old year died out and the New Year rang in, Fred MacMurray and June Haver were wrapped in a clinch, whispering sweet somethings to each other and completely oblivious of about 200 other guests dancing around them at a “private” party.

These two are the hottest romance in town and seldom have I seen such ardor as they staged, seemingly unable to stay more than two inches apart the entire evening.

June looked like a pretty doll in a very décolleté pink satin gown with her blonde hair in short ringlets all over her head. I must say that everyone seems very much

LOUENNA PARSONS' GOOD

SHELLEY VS. VITTORIO . . . JUNE HAVER FINDS FRED MACMURRAY . . .
in favor of this new love story between two people who have had such tragedies in their lives. They were two lonely people before they met at the Gay '30's holiday party given for John Wayne by Ned Martin.

Fred had come alone. Junie's escort was A. C. Blumenthal. But just as it happened in the song, "The strangers saw each other across a crowded room," and it was nothing but enchantment for them from there on.

The handsome Fred took Junie home from the party and they have been an every night date since.

Such stars in their eyes!

In addition to the almost visible physical attraction between them, another close bond will be Junie's love of children. Fred is devoted to his motherless youngsters.

In fact, right after he kissed Junie "Happy New Year," he went to the telephone and held a long conversation with his little brood, and Junie was right beside him.

Although Mel Ferrer and his wife separated frequently and spasmodically made up, they seemed to stall on an actual divorce until Mel fell head over heels for charmer Audrey Hepburn.

Then, Mrs. Ferrer took herself to Mexico and obtained a divorce so quietly that nothing was printed about it for ten days.

Since then Mel and Audrey are practically an every night date around New York, chaperoned by her mother!

(Incidentally, for your information, all the time Audrey was supposed to be having torrid romances with Gregory Peck and a couple of other attractive gentlemen in Europe last summer, Mama was also very much in evidence, keeping an eye on her talented daughter.)

Getting back to the Mel Ferrer divorce, I heard an amusing story about ten-year-old Mark Ferrer's reaction (if the remarks of these children of divorce can ever be said to be amusing).

The morning after his mother returned from Mexico, a free woman, young Mark greeted her at breakfast with, "Well, good morning, Miss Pitcock,"—her maiden name.

DALE ROBERTSONS SPLIT

Bing Crosby brought Mona Freeman to the Pebble Beach Golf Tournament. (See the real story behind their romance on page 46!) Among the stars who played in Bing's Professional-Amateur tourney were Dean Martin, Phil Harris, Randolph Scott . . . the rest of Hollywood watched.

DALE ROBERTSON and Jackie haven't been hitting it off for some time. Even so, he was completely taken by surprise when, as Dale landed in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox one rainy afternoon, a process server up and put Jacqueline's intention-to-divorce papers in his hand.

Jackie isn't being too secret about why their marriage went on the rocks. Her side of it is that Dale took his stardom big, believed everything the fans and his press agents wrote, and was generally a little potentate around the house.

So far, Dale has had nothing to say except that he is sorry they couldn't make a go of it, particularly for the sake of their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

You'd be surprised if you knew who was making a pitch for Dale the minute his wife's divorce plans became known.

ABOUT MARILYN AND JOE: He calls her "Baby," but because he doesn't like to be called by smooth names, she calls him Joe . . . He's the boss . . . Everyone of
Countless women have asked their doctors questions like these:

"Is it true that Tampax may be used by any normal woman?"

Absolutely. The principle of internal absorption, on which Tampax is based, was prescribed by many doctors long before the product was introduced. One of them decided to extend the benefits to all women. He would never have done so, had he not been positive Tampax could be used universally.

"I've heard that Tampax prevents odor from forming. How?"

Tampax prevents exposure to the air, which is the chief cause of odor. The product is easy to handle and dispose of; user's hands need not touch the Tampax.

"Will Tampax cause discomfort?"

Many women, whose viewpoints are colored by their experiences with external pads, fear that an internal protection might be even more uncomfortable. Actually, once the Tampax is properly inserted, it can't even be felt!

There is no more reason for modern women to be held to the cumbersome belt-pad harness than there is for them to wear a bustle or hoop skirts. Tampax is available in 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

When the "someone" went to the room, 204, he took a look around and walked right back to the desk.

"There's no one there," he reported.
And you know what—there was no one there!

It developed that Mario checked into the famed clinic for a complete overhaul, walked into the room assigned him and then walked out the back door and drove away.

They haven't seen hide nor hair of him since.

One report came that he had gone to Las Vegas, where they also give you a "going over," but not of the type endorsed by Scripps Clinic.

Mario's completely unfathomable behavior would be suitably amusing if it weren't so basically tragic.

MY HEART SALUTES beautiful, brown-eyed Suzan Ball, one of the most courageous girls I have ever known.

As I write this, it is only a few hours after the amputation of her leg. Her doctor just called me to say that Suzan is doing as well as can be expected. Dick Long, who was with her during the surgery, has gone home to get a little rest.

He says, "I am going to marry Suzan the day she leaves that hospital!"

The thing that hurts so deeply is that Suzan had believed right up to the time that the doctor was forced to tell her the bitter truth—that her leg was cancerous—that her faith would cure the malignancy.

And it was this same wonderful faith that gave her the courage to tell them to go ahead with the operation. At the same time she requested that an artificial limb be ordered right away, so I can get used to wearing it as soon as possible.

The real reason why Suzan broke her engagement to Dick a few months back can be told now. She said, "I didn't want him to be saddled with a cripple. I love him too much."
HAVE YOU SEEN ALL THESE WONDERFUL 20th CENTURY-FOX HITS IN

CinemaScope

The Anamorphic Lens Process... on the scientifically created Miracle Mirror Screen... in the Wonder of Stereophonic Sound!

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How To Marry A Millionaire
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ROBERT WAGNER - TERRY MOORE - GILBERT ROLAND
Cinemascope
TECHNICOLOR

King of the Khyber Rifles
Tyrone Power - Terry Moore - Michael Rennie
Cinemascope
TECHNICOLOR DELUXE

Hell and High Water
Richard Widmark - Bella Darvi
Cinemascope
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NIGHT PEOPLE
GREGORY PECK - BRODERICK CRAWFORD - ANITA BIORK - BITA GAM
Cinemascope
TECHNICOLOR DELUXE

Cinemascope is the hallmark of quality in motion picture entertainment!
Mona Freeman Tells How to
LOSE UGLY FAT
This Easy, Pleasant Way!

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news
Continued

So she told Dick that the doctors had told her that her leg was cured and that she didn’t want to get married because she wanted to concentrate on her career and make up for the time she had been forced to lose.
Susan did such a wonderful acting job that Dick believed her—but not for long. The minute he read she was back in a hospital, he rushed to her side and said, “Honey, you wonderful liar. But you don’t ever tell another one to me. You aren’t going to lose me for the rest of your life.”

Just before the operation Susan said to a close friend, “Please never feel sorry for me. I don’t feel sorry for myself.
“There are still many roles I can play on the screen. I have the love of a wonderful boy. And my studio has assumed all financial burdens and is continuing to pay my salary for life.”
“Till I have many wonderful things in my life and I am deeply grateful for my blessings!”

God bless you, Susie, and your beautiful, fine spirit.

The real reason back of the breakup of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas is that the Señor is not of a marrying frame of mind and Arlene is of a mind to have no more of it—or him.

I had a hunch that all was not well with this romance long before it came out in the open. Arlene had called to tell me goodbye when she was off to New York.
“How can you bear to leave Fernando?”
I asked this redhead, who had really been off her rocker about the guy.
“Oh, that isn’t hard,” she flipped. “All men are a pain in the neck!” When a lady says that—she usually has one particular man in mind.

Ask the real cause of trouble between himself and Leslie Caron, Geordie Hormel said with admirable honesty:
“I haven’t accomplished anything in the last eighteen months to win her respect. My career in music has not kept pace with Leslie’s career in films and the ballet.
“But she is a changed girl, not like the sweetheart I married. She doesn’t want to be married any longer.”
I hear there is another big problem between Leslie and her husband. Money.
(Continued on page 18)

The guests of honor were John Wayne and Pilar Pallete. Many believe these two will marry.
Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about

SKIN OF WOMEN'S HANDS DAMAGED
BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!

USE PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES

HAVE LOVELIER HANDS IN ONLY 9 DAYS

1. Before...
(Unretouched photo)

2. After 9 DAYS
(Unretouched photo)

- Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex.
- Water-proof.
- Fabric-lined—for "bare hand" comfort.
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- Extra-long turn-back cuffs to prevent drip, splatter.
- Easy on and off.
- Finger free, can pick up pin or dime.
- Never sticky, never clammy.

Hands protected by Playtex Living Gloves cannot possibly be harmed by soaps, detergents or cleansers.

Strong soaps, harsh detergents continually dry out the skin (see photos at left), may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleaners, bleaches, waxes, polishes may aggravate already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create fertile "soil" for germs.

Hot water, oven heat, refrigerator cold, irritating household chemicals, can complete the drying, roughening, cracking — and ruin of your skin and nails.

Yet You Can Prevent It All! Yes, All!
Proof In Only 9 Days

Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex "Living" Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world's largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —

A Daring Promise Never Made Before:
In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore the natural smoothness of your hands.

Playtex "Living" Gloves give your skin's natural oils a chance to bring back the natural loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.

Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept., 1953 Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women's hands of soaps and detergents.

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Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

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The latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment, written exclusively for MODERN SCREEN by one of America's leading record experts.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frangier

■ Of all the performers I know, the most versatile—except, perhaps, José Ferrer—is Jackie Gleason. Jackie's range of interests and accomplishments is enormous, extending all the way from trying to outdo Toots Shor to composing ballet music. I'm not being facetious. Jackie's problem as well as his great gift is his refusal to adopt partway measures. His drive is prodigious. He wants to do everything and to do everything better than anybody else. Even when he goes to the hospital in an effort to cut down his weight, he does it in a grand way. I'm always astonished when I drop in on Jackie at the suite he retains in Doctor's Hospital. I always thought of a hospital as a place for rest and seclusion, but Jackie destroyed that idea. In the genuine sense of the term, he holds court, lying in bed while a small army of attendants scurry back and forth serving his visitors food and drink. In all the years I've known him I have yet to see Jackie take things in stride. A couple of years ago, for example, he moved into the Park Sheraton Hotel in New York. Most men of his means would have been content with a good suite. Not Jackie. He had to take the fabulous penthouse—at the price. I understand, of $25,000 a year.

That's the lighter side of Jackie. Infinitely more important is his talent—and that is boundless. Singlehandedly, he has succeeded in raising the CBS-TV network to a number one position on Saturday nights. Jackie and I discussed this a couple of weeks ago. What I learned from Jackie should, I think, be of value to anybody who wishes to get ahead in the entertainment business. To paraphrase it he stressed the fact that you must—or you must try to—know everything.

"Look at me," he said. "I'm a clumsy guy, George, but you've seen me on my show. I dance, sing, make jokes, play skits—I lead the orchestra every so often. I even write tunes." Jackie does write tunes—and some pretty good ones. Anybody who is inclined to doubt it should examine a new Capitol LP called "Tawny."

"Tawny" is a ballet which Jackie composed for his Saturday night show. I dare-say other people have composed more en-

during music, but this is pleasant listening. The other night, Jackie and I spent some time listening and listening again to it. Like all of us, I suppose, Jackie has had his share of shattered romances. And like all of us, he has been affected by them. We all express things differently. Jackie's outlet was in writing "Tawny."

To those who know him only from his television show, Jackie probably seems like the complete clown. He isn't. He is vitally concerned with public affairs. He is deeply conscious of social problems. He reads constantly.

When we discussed "Tawny," he said, "You know Guy de Maupassant. Well, this cat had a line somewhere about a dame. 'She fills you to the marrow with desire.' I said, I had a girl like that and I guess I'll never forget her. But what do you do? You can't go around the rest of your life crying in your beer, can you? My own personal purgatory made me write this music. Maybe it isn't great, but it does happen to be sincere."

I agree with him. If it is nothing else, "Tawny" is sincere. But what always has amazed me—and always will amaze me—is that Jackie cannot read music. In his case, I guess it's a blessing. He does unconventional things that no trained musician would attempt and the results are exciting. Some
day, I suppose. Jackie will settle down to what most of us consider a normal life. In the meantime his prodigious drive and versatility will keep him trying rash things that most of us would shun. If Jackie marries the girl with whom he is now in love, we can expect something a lot different from "Tawny." Until then, though, "Tawny" will be the expression of Jackie Gleason's feeling about a beautiful woman. On the other side of this 10-inch LP Jackie and his band play "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover the Waterfront."

PROBABLY I've spent more than enough time in recent issues writing about Glenn Miller. You'll have to excuse me if I do so again. I do it here mostly in the interest of economics. As you doubtless know, RCA Victor brought out a Glenn Miller "Limited Edition" (limited, as one executive of the company said, to as many people as will buy it) at $24.95. It is a handsome job, wrapped in simulated white leather and adorned with draw-

(Continued on page 17)

For MODERN SCREEN Readers Only!
Jackie Gleason's New LP—Personally Autographed
Plus a Special Discount!

MODERN SCREEN has arranged for you to get Jackie Gleason's fabulous new Capitol LP with Jackie's personal autograph on your copy! You'll get Mr. Saturday Night himself, playing "Tawny," "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover The Waterfront" for the special discount price of only $2.50—including mailing costs! Send the coupon below (with $2.50 in cash, check or money order) and your autographed album will be shipped to you immediately.

Jackie Gleason
P.O. Box 125
Murray Hill Sta., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush me postpaid my autographed copy of your new Capitol LP "Tawny." $2.50 is enclosed in cash [ ] check [ ] money order [ ]

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Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!

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**Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!**

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

**A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS APPROVED THIS EVIDENCE . . .**

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

For **LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**

---

**NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE**

Offers Proof of Such Results!

**NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE**

Contains Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL

*SODIUM LAUROYL SARCOSINATE*
Mrs. Georgia Elliot, Tenafly, N. J. uses detergents regularly, yet still keeps her hands soft.

"I wash 24,000 pieces of silverware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Candlelight and gleaming silver make a perfect setting for Georgia Elliot. But to keep that silver bright, she uses detergents to help her wash and polish thousands of pieces a year. (As many as you!) Detergents cut grease, but they can also rob hands of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

But not Georgia's hands! After detergents... after any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion, right away.

It penetrates instantly (doesn't just "coat" her hands) with two important softening ingredients. It actually helps replace necessary softening moisture.

Keep your home detergent-bright, by all means. But be sure to use the world's most popular hand care daily, if you want to keep your hands soft and lovable.

Use Jergens Lotion — avoid detergent hands

(Continued from page 12) ings of Glenn. But here's really good news for the many fans who don't have $24.95 to plunk down for an album. RCA Victor is bringing out the album music on single LP's. The first of these is called "Glenn Miller Plays Selections From The Film, The Glenn Miller Story." I'd like to emphasize the fact that this is the Glenn Miller band, just as it was in its heyday. The band in the movie, naturally, is a facsimile—and a reasonably accurate one at that. But not the Miller band! (I suppose that this is what has troubled Helen Miller, Glenn's widow, so profoundly. This woman clings so desperately to a memory that she refuses to believe that her husband is dead. And for all anyone knows, he may not be.) The significant thing is that this is part of the Limited Edition at a fraction of the price.

This month the good Eartha, which is to say Eartha Kitt, is to be heard in an RCA Victor LP called "The Bad Eartha"—which may be as it should be. This is quite a gal. Just before she left for Europe, Eartha and I had dinner at the new place in New York called the Harwynn. We talked about, among other things, her choice of tunes. She told me that such things as "C'est Si Bon" just happen. Dave Kapp, who was then with RCA Victor, suggested the tunes, but it wasn’t until they were in the actual process of recording that she and he got the idea of "Cadillac car" and the other English words that have, of course, made it so very special.

Incidental reports on forthcoming items: Decca is highly excited about the faces recorded by Jeff Chandler. My information has it that they are excellent... Joan Crawford writes me that she would like nothing so much as to make some "good" recordings... For those of you interested in acquiring rare records, I strongly recommend a magazine called The Record Changer (address: 125 LaSalle Street, New York City) which carries, among other things, a complete listing of all records up for auction... Rosemary Clooney phoned a day or so after she and her husband, José Ferrer, arrived in Europe to say that she was delighted and flabbergasted to discover that she has apparently achieved international fame. Found her records everywhere.

There has been a great deal of undependable talk about high fidelity machines. I've spent approximately four months listening to all the new brands and, at this point, feel qualified to pass a measure of judgment. If you can afford something really special and expensive, by all means try a Phillips, which is of Dutch manufacture, or have a set custom-made by a firm like Fisher Radio (41 East 47th Street) which is probably tops among the companies that install equipment. Assuming, though, that you are of more modest means, try any of the sets made by Columbia and RCA Victor. They can be recommended without reservation. You might also listen to a model ($119) manufactured by Magnavox. It's one of the most exciting I've heard. Last month, I mentioned a tiny portable machine called the Capri. I've listened to it quite a bit in recent weeks and I am able to report that its assets include durability. It is just about the most serviceable portable I've come across. But it's not hi-fi.
When the petite French danseuse married the scion of the famed meat-packing family, it was believed that the bridegroom was loaded. Most of the Hornels are.

But as their marriage went on, a friend of Leslie tells me, Leslie was carrying more and more of the financial burden—toward the last, practically all of it.

Geordie didn't give up without a struggle. He went to New York to meet Leslie's boat and morosely announced later, "She granted me a ten-minute interview. Since then she hasn't spoken to me. I guess it's all over."

I guess it is.

**THE LETTER BOX:** To many of you who have written asking me to give you the "confidential diet that keeps the stars thin," I'm obliged to say there ain't such a thing. All the stars who diet sensibly do so under the care of their personal physicians and their diets are made up for their particular dietary needs. You kids get your parents to take you to a good doctor if you want to lose weight. There's no magic formula.

Lisa, St. Louis, writes that she's giving up Frank and Ava, "because they can't give each other happiness or give each other up. How juvenile can two adults be?"

Eloisene Malone, Ottawa, says I never write of Mel Ferrer in this column. Oh, yes I do, Eloisene,—this month.

More weight-conscious readers (and writers) this month. Anna Stamonova of Brooklyn wants to know the most I ever heard of any star's weighing at his or her heaviest. Mario Lanza, I believe, who once hit the scales at 235. For a glamour girl, Joan Crawford, who weighed 164 many years ago when she first come to Hollywood.

Mrs. Fred McNamara hears: "Ava Gardner is supposed to be furious because Cyd Charisse has cut her hair like hers (Ava's) and looks so much like her these days. True or false?" This rumor is, at most, only partly true. Ava isn't too pleased over the resemblance but I doubt that she is "furious." Certainly, she has not "ordered" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to "order" Cyd to "look different."

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

---

**Ringlet Bra with Dualift-Control...only $1.50**

You'd think a bra like this would be expensive...from the way Dualift straps lift oh-so-comfortably from center and sides...the way continuous single-needle stitching molds such precious curves. Yet this Lovable RINGLET with so much quality, so much flattery, is only $1.50. Ask for it by name! Other Lovable Bras from $1.

Also in Canada.

---

June Haver danced with Laurence Harvey, but spent most of evening with Fred MacMurray.
New Help
for those 81 girls out of
every 100 in despair over
"Young Skin"
problems

Out of every 100 girls, 81 have "Young Skin"—blackheads, large pores, oiliness or flakiness a recent survey shows. What is the cause? Is there any help for it?

In the teens, the oil glands start to overwork. The skin turns too sluggish to slough off dead skin debris. These dead flakes mix with the oil and choke pore openings. Next come large pores, even blackheads.

Dermatologists say oil and dead skin must be cleared off. And now—Pond's brings you a greaseless corrective based on this medical theory!

"This treatment
works wonders!"

"I saw a change
in 3 days!"

"My skin looks
clearer, smoother!"

Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" tested Pond's greaseless treatment! Many saw a real change in under 2 weeks! Just cover face, except eyes, in a thick layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves off dead skin cells! Frees skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute—tissue off. Your skin feels smooth, ungreasy. Looks fresher, clearer!

For a sheer, greaseless powder base—
Use a light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Never shiny. Holds powder!

HOLLYWOOD
ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

ROSEMARY CLOONEY, twenty-five, and her forty-one-year-old husband, José Ferrer, finally got to Europe on their delayed honeymoon. In London, Rosemary demonstrated what reporters described as "slavish devotion to her husband."

When questioned about this, Rosemary said, "Well, why shouldn't I? Joe is a real genius. There's nothing he can't do. I'd like to be in a Broadway musical. What a coach Joe would make!"

"My voice? Well, it's just a voice. I never studied. My voice had no training. I just make a commercial sort of sound that sells records. People ask me if I need a warm-up. I've got nothing to warm up!"

Ferrer was then asked if he were really a genius.

"I won't deny it," he said, "if genius is just a capacity for taking pains. The trouble with Rosemary is that she always underestimates herself.

GREGORY PECK, in Ceylon, finishing The Purple Plain, visited director John Huston in Kildare, County Kildare, Ireland, just before he took off for India.

Huston has apparently left Hollywood permanently to settle down in Ireland with his wife Ricki and their two children.

Besides working on the Moby Dick script, Huston rides on hunts with the King of Kildare and tries to talk all of his guests into joining him. When he tries to persuade Peck, the tall, Lincolnesque actor said, "I'll tell you what. John. You go fox hunting on your horse and I'll follow by car." Peck and his son had been skiing in Switzerland, and Peck explained that enough exercise was enough.

That morning, both Huston and his horse landed in a ditch. "Bad break, kid," Huston explained to Peck. "People die in their boats hunting the fox in Ireland, and all I do is wrench my back."

PAULETTE GODDARD, working in London on a film called The Stranger, took time out to give her views on life, love, money, work, and husbands.

Said Miss Goddard, now forty-three and still sleek, 'I have had three husbands, Charlie Chaplin, Burgess Meredith, and Edgar James. These marriages did not work out. I always admit my mistakes. And these marriages are my mistakes.

'I'm without a husband now and that's why I'm working, but as a general rule I don't believe a woman should make a career out of work. All she'll have is a scrapbook, and clippings are no consolation when you're old.

'But every woman should have a hobby. Otherwise, she'll go crazy. My hobby, as you probably know, is acting.'

AVA GARDNER, who was dining in Rome with Vittorio Gossman while Shelley Winters was eating with her old pal Farley Granger, has confided to friends that a complete reconciliation with Frank Sinatra is not beyond probability.

"The trouble with me," Ava said recently, "is that each time I see Frank I fall in love with him all over again."

RICHARD BURTON, who couldn't resist the temptation of squeezing Greta Garbo's leg at a Hollywood party, will be leaving London shortly. Burton returns to 20th Century-Fox for The Egyptian.

"Frankly," he says, "I have a guilty conscience about taking all that Hollywood money. In the theater you really get to believe that you're earning your keep. The work is so hard and the strain so great. But in films, especially CinemaScope, it's rather easy. In CinemaScope, as you know, the shooting is so much faster. There aren't so many different angle approaches."

When Burton was last in Hollywood it was rumored that he and Jean Simmons were developing a warm friendship.

ERROL FLYNN, now the father of a fourth child, would like to return to Hollywood. He's just a wee bit tired of Europe and just a wee bit tired of trying to raise enough money to finish William Tell.

What's holding up his return trip? Flynn is afraid of lawsuits. Second wife Nora, for example, claims that he owes her support for their two children.

Says Flynn, "I'm not a millionaire but I like living like one. My main problem is reconciling my gross habits with my net income."

Says third wife Patrice Wymore, "I intend to stand by Errol."

Says second wife Nora Haymes, "I intend to stand by him, too, only in court."
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this “Bobbi Bob”—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

Casual, carefree—that’s the “Skylark,” thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new “Starlite” style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual “Florentine” hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls...the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you’ll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
Your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal

Simple two-way treatment helps blemished skin. Suddenly your skin looks like a little girl's. Gone are hateful blackheads, pimples, oily shine, flaky dryness. That's your thrilling reward for making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your daily routine... How does Cuticura work such wonders? Cuticura Soap is superfatted, the mildest, best kind of complexion soap. It preserves the natural moisture as it cleanses. And Cuticura Ointment softens, gently stimulates, visibly improves your skin as it helps clear up externally caused blemishes. Millions of women thank world-known Cuticura for their exquisite skin—why don't you try Cuticura!

Cuticura

Get Cuticura Soap and Ointment—at drug counters everywhere!

movie reviews

by Florence Epstein

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

When Tacy (Lucille Ball) fell in love with a trailer, her bridegroom-to-be, Nick (Desi Arnaz) reluctantly gave her one as a wedding gift. They started their honeymoon-on-wheels in the wrong direction—and discovered it's not easy to U-turn a trailer.

Tacy's carefully planned first dinner landed on the floor—with Tacy—when Nick tried to jack up the trailer. They ate bread and cheese.

Trailer camps were too public for the honeymooners so they parked in the woods and sank into a mudhole.

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER TV fans don't have to read this review; they know what to expect of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. A laugh a minute. Sometimes the minutes surely drag, times when Lucy is rolling on the trailer floor wrapped in flour and salad greens. But in general The Long, Long Trailer will hit the spot. Desi is a bandleader whose home is any convenient hotel on the road. When Lucy marries him she changes that. She strongarms him into buying a trailer (and a convertible to haul it). Like turtles, they'll carry their home on their backs. The trailer is a beast—looks eighty feet long and is so compact you can serve breakfast in bed without budging from the stove. Honeymooners Lucy and Desi travel across the west in it and everything—but every conceivable thing that can go wrong with a trailer—goes wrong. Through it all Lucy wears this tentative, hysterical smile and doggedly collects boulders as mementoes. Get rid of those rocks! Desi is always shouting, and she's awfully sorry she didn't when they tackle a hill the shape of Mount Everest. I don't know—did you ever live in a trailer when all you really needed or wanted was a cot at the Y? That seems to be Desi's problem, and he's stuck with it. Technicolor.—(MGM)
Elizabeth Taylor, star of RHAPSODY, an M-G-M Technicolor picture, finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.

"Your shining moments call for misty dull stockings..."

says Elizabeth Taylor. "There's no doubt that when your stockings shine—you don't," says beautiful Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor relies on Bur-Mil Cameo nylons for leg glamour on the screen and off. Cameo stockings, the only nylons with Face Powder Finish, veil your legs with misty dullness.

And breathlessly sheer 66 gauge, 12 denier Cameo nylons are a practical luxury. These new, ultra-twist Cameos assure better fit and longer wear by actual test. Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Full-fashioned 66 gauge...$1.65. Other full-fashioned and seamless styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

BUR-MIL Cameo
the stocking with exclusive Face Powder Finish

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
Double-Crosser!

Sue blamed Marge for dancing half the night with Joe while she stood on the sidelines. She blamed Joe, too. But Sue was wrong. She had only herself to blame . . . but she would be the last to suspect why. Nobody wants to spend an evening with anyone guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And it’s so foolish to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is such a pleasant precaution.

No Toothpaste Kills Odor Germs Like This Germs are, by far, the most common cause of halitosis. They’re troublemakers because they start fermentation of proteins in the mouth. That’s why research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No toothpaste, of course, is antiseptic. No toothpaste kills germs as Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs . . . instantly . . . by the millions! Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath . . . instantly. (And not just for minutes but usually for hours on end!)

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Toothpaste Toothpastes don’t do for you what Listerine does. Recently, this was dramatically proved in scientific tests made on Listerine Antiseptic and leading toothpastes. The results: In an average of test after test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath four times better than the toothpastes!

Don’t ever “double-cross” yourself by taking a chance on your breath. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

A Product of The Lambert Company

RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO Audie Murphy looks mild as baby food but try to outdraw him, brother, and you’re dead. That’s the thing crooked Sheriff Ken-yon (Paul Birch) doesn’t realize the first time he sets eyes on him. Murphy is in town to nab the rustlers who murdered his father and brother. Sure, kid, says the sheriff, tossing him a deputy’s hodge, bring in Whitey Kincade (Dan Duryea); he probably did it. Whitey is a killer who resents being classed as human. Shoots everybody in the back and laughs like Richard Widmark. Wouldn’t you know Audie drags him lock alive? All through this movie Audie keeps bringing back everything that got lost or stolen away, and does it with such gentle manners it’s no wonder Susan Cahuot gives up her mur-dering fiancé (William Pullen) for him. Well, it gets so bad that the sheriff, Susan’s uncle, is nearly driven to distraction. If Murphy hangs around any more there’s liable to be law and order in the town. (First guy to hang would be old sheriff.) So there’s nothing for it but to wipe Audie out. My money’s on him and his (by now) best friend, Kincade, Technicolor—and good, too. With Abbe Lane, Russell Johnson.—Universal-International.

THE COMMAND Here is Warner’s first film in CinemaScope. They’d better try again. 1870 it is, in Wyoming and dang it if they have run out of Indians yet. Must be thousands of ’em swarming across the plains, screaming their heads off. And shooting arrows. An arrow in the back of Captain Gregg Barton turns Doctor Gay Madison into Com- mander. All the way home Harvey Lembeck mixes wry comments with his chewing tobacco about this Indi-guity. Indig-nity of a cavalryman obeying a doe, that is. Seasoned James Whitmore just bristles him-self for the ordeal. They come to this town where they’re attached to Infantry troops and a wagon train filled with Joan Weldon and various children suc-cumbing to smallpox. Pretty soon the Indian com-mander has a stroke. If that Madison doesn’t watch out he’ll be in charge of the entire American Army, but he takes his responsibility with aplomb. He has to escort the whole kit and kaboodle to Paradise River, Indians notwithstanding. I’ll tell you one thing: these Indians aren’t standing long—there’s a jet on 'em.—Warner Brothers.

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 times better than any toothpaste!
For fifteen years Marko (Hugo Haas) has been pointing vaguely at a range in northern California and shouting, Dere's gold in dat hill! Once someone believed him and shortly died. Not only do people think Marko's cracked but they're admitting he's a murderer. However, farmer John Agar is broadminded. He and Haas drive up a mountain and scuttle to find the stuff before snow sets in. Agar has beginner's luck. Walks around back to chop some firewood and elbows right into a mine. Haas nearly chokes with rage; now he'll have to split fifty-fifty with Agar—unless. The devil, who's been lurking around in Cedric Hardwicke's clothing (Hardwicke introduces the film), enters here. He plants Cleo Moore in Marko's shifty brain. I'll marry that gorgeous, starving waitress, bring her to the cabin as bait for the farmer, thinks he. If the farmer makes a pass—and considering that there's barely eight feet of space to dodge in it's likely—Marko can kill boldly in what you may laughingly call a crime of passion. But that devil's work is sure undone—by that farm boy.—Columbia.
I dreamed
I went to the opera in my

maidenform bra

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the rage of the dress circle—lifting, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vox are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude® in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups... from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.® Send for free style booklet.

MAIDENFORM, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE GLENN MILLER STORY (U.A.): A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart's content. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allen, as the girl in the goldfish, is delightful. If you liked Miller's music, you'll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON (Col.): Rita Hayworth, as the movie's most famous bad girl, is as some dancing that tops anything you've ever seen before for sheer, sultry excitement. Among those impressed are Marine Aldo Ray, who likes Rita just as she is, and former Jose Ferrer, who discovers to his horror, that he likes her much too much. Technicolor.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (Col.): One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that's 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and embroidering her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE (U.A.): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and fall in love in a world of black markets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the GI, who offers shelter to the frightened Lila (Dany Robin) and tries to protect her romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

"GO, MAN, GO!" (U.A.): Dane Clark is immensely charming as the man who dreamed up, organized and made famous the Harlem Globetrotters, professional basketball's most amazing team. Even if you are not a basketball fan, you'll enjoy this story of a wonderful bunch of guys—and the people who helped and hindered them.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE (MG.M): Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

THE MAN BETWEEN (U.A.): James Mason and HildegardNeil meet and marry very interesting people in Berlin. Like most pictures turned out by Carol Reed, this one has excitement, suspense and tenderness.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY (Warner): Sure to be one of the year's big hits. The story of Eddie's rise to fame will be told by itself. Among the stars are Aline MacMahon as Grandma Esther, Technicolor.

AN 11-DAY, EXPENSE-FREE
Win VACATION for TWO in Hawaii

Or One of 35 Other Prizes!
(2d) Diamond-studded Lucien Piccard wrist watch.
(3rd) Croyaud TV set.
(5th) Pedigreed French Poodle from Wilson (makers of Ideal Dog Food).
(6th) $100 U.S. Savings Bond from Daeskin Tissue.
(7th) $100 Jantzen Sportswear Wardrobe.
(8th) American Compact, Lighter, Lipstick Holder Set.
(11th) Lady's Suit by Rosenblum of California.
(14th) Croyaud V.L.P. Radio.
(15th) Lingerie Wardrobe of Gowns, Negligees, Slips.
(16th) Sportswear Separates by Tabak of California.
(17th) Leather Makeup Case filled with Master Cosmetics.
(18th) Shoe Wardrobe (3 pairs) of Grace Walker shoes.
(19th) Three Pairs of Luxite Hosiery.
(Twentieth) Two Pairs of Hams Glasses.

ENTER THIS EXCITING CONTEST:
Just name the Gayla Golden Jubilee hair style! You can win a luxurious 11-day, expense-free, vacation for two in enchanting Hawaii! You'll fly by Northwest Airline Strato cruiser to and from romantic Honolulu, stay at the palatial Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach...eat exotic foods...dance...swim...and relax under the stars! Hurry! Enter today...you can be one of the lucky winners!

Gayla®
HOLD-BOB®
World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

To mark our 50 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling bobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla hold-bob bobby pin with new Flexi-Grip, the patented, exclusive Gayla scientific design that makes the world's best bobby pin even better!

Enter Today: It's Fun...So Easy to Win!

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

"CONTEST"
Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-4
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Gayla Hold-bob pin style, the top of a Gayla Hold-bob pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less, telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must consist of only one name suggested.

1. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.
2. John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla hold-bob as the perfect bobby pin.
3. Here's all you have to do!: 1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
   2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include the top of a Gayla Hold-bob bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must consist of only one name suggested.
4. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received no later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Name. 
Address. 
City. 
Zone. State. 

John Robert Powers
World's Foremost Beauty Authority
John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla hold-bob as the perfect bobby pin.

© 1951 G.P.I.
More than a marriage may be over for Jane this time. How often can a loser pick up the pieces and start all over again?

- On January 4, Jane Wyman celebrated her fortieth birthday in what seemed to be matrimonial harmony.

On January 5, Louella Parsons reported that Jane and husband Freddie Karger had separated and that Jane had instructed her attorney to file for divorce.

Since Miss Wyman took home her Oscar in 1948 her private life, which was once free and open, has become almost cloistered as far as her public is concerned. It has become, in fact, her private life. Her marriage to musician Karger in November, 1952, took everyone by surprise and her decision fourteen months later to call the whole thing off was equally surprising. During their marriage Jane and Freddie had been hand holders. That tends to discourage gossips from hints of rifting. If two people hold hands all the time, says Hollywood, they must be in love.

And Jane and Freddie did hold hands. They held hands while they looked at houses for sale, they held hands at cocktail parties and they held hands when Freddie visited Jane on the set. They were a charming couple. Hedda Hopper said this was a popular union and the next day she received a note from the Kargers. “Happiness is difficult to find, and having found it, it is our turn to say best wishes and thank you.”

Late in 1953 Hopper had something else to say. “The marriage of Jane Wyman has hit the rocks. Freddie, who has moved into his mother’s home, verified the situation but said, ‘Please, no comment.’ Jane (Continued on page 99)
**New! a shampoo that**

**Silkens your hair!**

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers... silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, so glamorous... your silkened hair!

**New Magic Formula... Milder than Castile!**

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

**Lathers like lightning—**

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

**Milder than castile—**

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a New Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

New Luxury at No Extra Cost:
Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the only leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

Try It Yourself: Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty and your bath!

Now more than ever...

The Soap of Beautiful Women
Joe DiMaggio made up his mind to marry Marilyn Monroe last Thanksgiving. He had fallen in love with her and she with him two months after they met in June, 1952. But Joe is a shy, emotionally inhibited man and Marilyn has always been a skittish, constrained sort of girl, despite her calendar art and her sexy buildup. Although they loved each other and spent as much time together as their careers would permit, they retreated from discussion of marriage.

Both of them remembered their first marriages with regrets. Joe had been married to Dorothy Arnold and Marilyn to Jim Dougherty. As Joe says, "Each of us (Continued on page 30)
The first 24 hours were joyful bedlam for Marilyn and Joe —their honeymoon began in a motel by a roaring turnpike.

Joe and Marilyn, with Betty Barsocchini, wife of Joe's best friend and Marilyn's matron of honor, plus newsman tipped off by 20th Century-Fox, walked to Judge Peery's chambers, where wedding took place. Wedding was delayed while typewriters and marriage licenses were located. Newsman fussed impatiently; Joe and Marilyn were calm.

After a candlelight-and-steak dinner at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel, Joe and Marilyn remarked that they were heading for Los Angeles. They drove away in that direction, then, to avoid publicity, doubled back for a wedding night at the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. They left the following morning in Joe's '52 Cadillac.

Typical of the many attractive motels along the highways of California is the well-kept cottage in which Joe and Marilyn began their marriage —the second for each.
"We want six kids," the happy bride announced. Joe, who comes from a huge family, was less specific but guaranteed at least one.

In San Francisco the newlyweds hid in Joe's ex-wife, actress Dorothy Arnold, is mother of his son, 12-year-old Joseph Paul. Joe, Jr., and Marilyn are good friends.

Joe's warm, folksy, unpretentious behavior at the DiMaggio Thanksgiving Day dinner convinced Joe that he must have Marilyn for his wife.

Joe loves kids. When he saw how his twelve-year-old son, Joey Jr., reacted to Marilyn, when he saw her on her hands and knees playing with the children of his brother Mike, the fisherman who died last year in Bodego Bay, his eyes grew moist. He edged over to Marilyn and lovingly passed his arm around her shoulder.

"You're okay," he said softly.

Marilyn looked up at Joe and smiled her gratitude. In that moment, the great baseball player knew in his heart that his days of loneliness were over.

But Joe didn't ask her to marry him until New Year's Eve. Marilyn had to fly back to Hollywood. He had to take little Joe back to Black Foxe Military Academy. The time wasn't propitious and Joe delayed his proposal.

Marilyn returned to San Francisco on Christmas Eve and drove immediately out the now-familiar road to Joe's three-story ten-room house on Beach Street. Now it her house, too.

She brought a sweater for her sweetheart and gifts for the rest of the DiMap...
home—here photographed for the first time!

Newsmen established a 'round-the-clock dragnet around Marilyn's Hollywood apartment—but the honeymooners were safely hidden in Idylwild, tiny San Jacinto mountain resort.

They expect to spend much of their time in the three-storied Beach Street home Joe shares with his sister, Marie DiMaggio.

Marie, who could not attend the wedding because of an attack of the flu, keeps the house filled with pictures of her brother.

Avid TV fans, Marilyn and Joe spend many evenings in traditional livingroom. BELOW: For family dinners, Marilyn sets the table.

They are a tremendous clan, four brothers living, four sisters and a dozen children.

She was very tired. "They kept me at the studio until the very last minute," she explained to Joe. She told about posing for stills and retakes for River Of No Return. "But now I'm going to take it easy."

When Marilyn takes it easy in the DiMaggio household—well, listen to Marie DiMaggio. Joe's older sister who has kept house for him. She is closer to Marilyn than the other relatives are—"She doesn't go very late, maybe until nine, occasionally until nine-thirty. But it's her job to get breakfast, and she always does her job. "She puts on the coffee, although she usually doesn't drink any—Marilyn is a tea and milk girl—and then she squeezes the oranges and cooks up the bacon and eggs. She's really very handy in the kitchen. "When Joe first started going with her, a few of us in the family wondered what sort of girl she really was. Maybe she was one of these stuffy, conceited stars. "Not Marilyn. You couldn't ask for a sweeter sister-in-law. You can go all over this town—Joe's introduced her to all his friends and all our relatives—and find nobody who will say one unkind word about that girl. (Continued on page 84)
All Hollywood wants to know what happened to Jane and Gene. Here at last is Jane's answer—in one of the frankest interviews ever given.
BY IMOGENE COLLINS

"I loved and lost" says jane powell

In Hollywood's hectic, passion-ridden history there have been countless victims of countless unhappy love affairs. For years the community has been dotted by tear-stained actresses who have picked up their shattered hearts, cemented them with their own will power, and faced the world anew with hope and faith.

Yes, Hollywood has seen many such women. But rarely have we seen anyone with the guts and honesty and indomitable courage of little Jane Powell.

Last year when she was twenty-three, this petite, lively, singing star happened to fall in love with Gene Nelson, a blond, blue-eyed dancer in his middle thirties.

Both of them were married, unhappily so; both were parents. Both were and are respectable and both were starring in Jane's first loanout, Three Sailors And A Girl.

Both knew they had no right to fall in love. "I did everything to avoid it," Jane says. But the chemistry of attraction and the propinquity—"I'd just look at her across the table," Gene recalls, "at the cute little face and my heart would start to beat in double time"—all of it seemed to be a manifest destiny, a conspiracy of circumstance to throw them together.

Studio executives told them their behavior was adolescent. Friends warned them not to break up their separate homes, but passion was spinning the plot. The hope for the future was laden with promise. ("Gosh! When I think of how well it might have worked out. We could have had a husband-and-wife dance act. We could have done so much together. After all, Gene is such a sincere person.") It's hard to condemn Jane Powell for divorcing a husband she no longer loved.

But Hollywood does not have as many understanding people as you might imagine. Furtive love and infidelity might (Continued on page 65)
LEX BARKER:

"I didn't marry an angel"

When I asked Lana and Lex if they used “Until love do us part” in the marriage ceremony, as Eugene O'Neill did for his second wedding, I saw right away I was downbeat.

They both looked solemn.

“How could love part us?” asked Lex, casting an ominous glance at a long, antique Sikh sword with blade thin and supple as a Gillette.

“Oh, ha,” I said lightly. “It might not be an outside job. Might be too much love inside.”

Lana looked perplexed. Lex was still looking at the slicer.

“With too much love,” I plunged on, “husband gets jealous, wife possessive. The old green dragon stuff.”

Lex said: “I am not jealous. You can look at her. But don’t wink unless you want to lose your arms and legs.”

I looked at Lana and tried to control the right eyelid, but it was difficult.

Lana said: “I am not possessive. Lex asked if I would mind if he flew to Paris for a few days. I said, ‘Of course not, dear.’ He said, ‘Are you sure?’ I said, ‘Certainly, provided you leave your arms and legs with me. But would you have a nice time in a basket, sweetie?’”

In their amputating mood, they weren’t fooling. They did not want this marriage to get away from them. They slipped on a double wedlock, and they aim to make it burglar proof with bambini and Sikh sword.

They married first in Europe. To make sure (Continued on page 63)
why Hollywood
is sore at Eddie Fisher

by Alice Finletter

Eddie Fisher, the hottest kid in show business, flew out to Hollywood on a business trip. He was going to make a guest appearance with Eddie Cantor on the Comedy Hour and discuss signing a motion picture contract with Paramount.

Eddie Fisher spent his early working years singing in New York nightclubs. Since nightclubs feature beautiful chorus girls and chorus girls have a way of turning up in all show business centers, while Eddie was in Hollywood he did mix business with pleasure.

It turned out to be a sour concoction. As one of Eddie's many admirers pointed out, "This is the first time since he got out of the Army last April that the kid has loused it up."

Unwittingly, he gave the impression that he thought he was too big for Hollywood. Too big for the studios and too big for the citizens.

Paramount offered him $75,000 per picture but the twenty-five-year-old TV and recording star blithely spurned the offer because the studio wanted him to submit to a screen test.

"I'd like very much to sign with Paramount," Eddie said, "but I've (Continued on page 94)
IN FILMLAND HE ALMOST BECAME PERSONA NON GRATA—IN OTHER WORDS: THE LEAST!
From Europe's Netherlands to Hollywood's Never-Never Land comes a pixie queen, a stately sprite, a shy cosmopolitan—Audrey Hepburn!

One fine spring day, a few years ago, a slim, fifteen-year-old girl called Edda van Heemstra slipped on a sunsuit and crept out of the cellar of her house near Arnhem, Holland, into the garden where she wasn't supposed to be.

She breathed deeply and, because she hadn't sampled any fresh air for weeks, she found it intoxicating. Then she stretched out on a pad in the sun and the bees in the orchard blossoms buzzed her to sleep. But she dozed fitfully because in her dreams the "whump, whump, whump" of artillery seemed to march up the River (Continued on page 91)
Rumor says the Wildings are no longer happy.
Rumor says there may be a divorce. Rumor says so—but the Wildings don’t! ■ BY HERB HOWE

LIZ AND MIKE:
EVERYTHING’S OKAY!

Mike, Jr., has been called a trouble-maker by self-styled experts who claim that he has replaced Mike, Sr., in Liz’ affections. Liz replies, “Rubbish!”

A threatening cloud over the marriage of Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding was reported by a weather witch in America, while in London a magazine seer went so far as to finger The Other Man.

Liz was in London at the time, working in Beau Brummell at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She and husband Michael I and son Michael II, were living in an apartment in the Dorchester hotel.
Plans for the future, according to the Wildings (who claim to be the world's laziest couple) include some work and a lot of loafing at home.

When this investigating committee of one knuckled their door he was received by Michael, looking debonair and carefree in old tweed jacket and flannels. Appearance, as we all know, is often treacherous. The waistcoat of gay tartan may conceal a bleeding heart. Mike wore no waistcoat and his shirt was free of bloodstain.

At the far end of the large room on a davenport Liz was holding The Other Man in her arms. The amber light from a standard lamp made an aureole. Liz was smiling down upon the face of her baby. It was a Raphaelite study of Madonna and Child. Intent in her rapture she did not seem to notice Michael and me until we had crossed the room; then she looked up with a smile.

Michael I presented me to his son, Michael II. The blue eyes of the baby looked straight into mine and his handclasp was firm. His smile reflected his mother's. Little Mike is magnetic. He is more than a baby; he is a personality.

He is also a threat, according to the London writer who said Michael I felt Liz was absorbed in the baby to the exclusion of every other interest, such as papa.

Having known and adored Liz when her love was a scampering chipmunk and her chief interest in (Continued on page 60)
The den, equipped with private bath, cabinet space, entrance to patio, will eventually be converted to a nursery, Tony and Janet hope.

The large livingroom is set two steps below level of other rooms; there Janet hangs Tony's paintings and keeps his favorite loose candy.

Although perfect for big parties, the livingroom is seldom used; the Curtis' busy work schedules prevent large-scale entertaining these days.
The old apartment was fine for parties, but now home is casual. Janet and Tony can kick off their shoes and say, "Our very own!"

The bright blue truck from the Elgee, Beverly Hills' fanciest meat market, pulled up sharply in front of a picturesque brown and white California bungalow. The delivery boy checked the information on his order slip: "Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis, one block east of Doheny, corner house." He backed his pick-up truck into the patio entrance around the corner and hopped out. Then he heaved the meat bundle to his shoulder and whistled as he walked to the kitchen door. "Elgee!" he called, beating a fast tattoo on the screen door.

Janet Leigh answered the knock. "Hiya, Mrs. Curtis," greeted the smiling delivery boy. "How you like the new house?"

"We love every inch of it," Janet said. She opened the door. "One more month of climbing those steps to the penthouse, and we would have had it." (Continued on next page)

More pictures on next page

The Curtis' Spanish style, California bungalow occupies a corner lot.

Bungalow big enough for two

by Marva Peterson

The comfortable, shuttered den boasts sturdy custom-made furniture, framed photos and a magazine rack cleverly built into the door.

Janet smiled. "We've got so much ice-box space we'll only have to order food once a month."

"Now, you wouldn't do that," the delivery boy kidded. "You'd get lonesome without my daily visits."

"At Elgee prices?" snapped Janet. "I can afford to be lonesome!" She reached for the receipt and signed the tab. "So long, Charlie."

Last year when Modern Screen showed the Curtis home, Janet and Tony had just settled into a spectacular, $400-a-month, seven-room penthouse with a roof garden and a three-year lease. They intended to remain in an apartment for at least three years. According to Janet, who loves to plan, they would then be ready to build a home of their own. She estimated that by 1956 they would have enough money to build a really large house to meet the potential needs of an expanding family.

The news early last summer that Janet was pregnant upset the timetable. All thought of three-year leases and waiting for the fat bank balance disappeared.

Tony put his foot down and said, "When the baby arrives we must have a house. That's all there is to it." In (Continued on page 88)
Tony's hobby room holds his pipe collection (above curtains), rag rug that won't show paint spots, family collection of awards and photos.

The quiet pink and green master bedroom is simply furnished and contains many adored stuffed animals. Janet's newly-acquired love for fine woods is indulged in the attractive, light-colored cabinet.

Comfortable, brightly-patterned chairs enliven bedroom corners. The mirrored doors conceal a large walk-in closet and the light curtains are drawn to show part of Janet's convenient little dressingroom.
Meet Margot James, the girl Bing has been dating. She looks like Mona and shares her measurements; met Bing when she was Everett Crosby's secretary.
If you saw it in a movie, you wouldn’t believe it. The Crosby-Freeman romance is merely a case of mistaken identity! ■ BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

■ For eight months, Hollywood’s Monday-morning quarterbacks believed that little Mona Freeman had the inside track in the Crosby Marriage Sweepstakes. Supposedly, she and der Bingle saw each other privately and occasionally went out to some quiet, unobtrusive restaurant.

At least, they were seen together in such places. But now it turns out that there has been a mistaken identity.

Bing Crosby hasn’t been dating Mona Freeman often. He has been dating his brother Everett’s former secretary, a charming girl named Margot James who happens to be a dead ringer for Mona Freeman.

Mona is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 110 lbs., has a thirty-four-inch bust, twenty-three-inch waist and thirty-three-inch hips. Margot James has exactly the same measurements. The only very noticeable dissimilarity is that her hair is darker than Mona’s. Like Mona, she is a one-time loser in marriage. She was born in New York, brought up in Los Angeles, and she went to work at the Crosby office some six years ago when she was nineteen.

A few months ago when she began to date Crosby, she resigned from his office and took a job with a theatrical producer.

Asked about her association with Bing, she said “Why, it’s (Continued on page 89)
About the middle of December, Johnny Grant, an amiable Hollywood disc jockey and banquet emcee, decided to take off a dozen pounds, no more, no less. His chances of doing so were thin, since he was about to make one of his periodic USO tours of Korea where, he says, a man can eat like a horse. Grant, no fellow to disdain the table in any climate, sighed then and bowed to the inevitable. As he had after other Korean junkets, he would return looking like a barrage balloon and quite possibly he would have to be tethered to his microphone to keep from floating out the window.

He was wrong. He did not—in a deceptive manner of speaking—even have to worry. Five days after his arrival in Seoul, he had shed twelve pounds plus three and was still dwindling. Worry had done it.

As boss of the troupe, Grant was smack dab in the middle of the greatest fuss and fury—or so it seemed at the time—to come out of Korea since the Inchon landings. At the core of his trouble was a white ermine bathing suit, and at the core of the bathing suit a pint-size, irrepressible beauty named Terry Moore, who was about to push Vishinsky and guided missiles off the front pages for a few days. The whole episode was real George, characterized then (Continued on page 74)
Respectably clad in long red flannels, Terry is confused about the fuss. "Why, one corporal told me that whoever ordered me home must have rocks in his head!"
Some years ago a boy and a girl in Hollywood found themselves considering a unique romantic problem—they were so much in love with each other that they were beginning to wonder if it would be wise for them to marry.

It was the girl who was first so disturbed that she put her fears into words. As she talked, the boy began to realize she was bringing something to light which had been bothering him, too. What she was saying was that she thought they might be too infatuated to see what they should be seeing in each other. Their love was growing but, curiously enough, not their actual knowledge of each other. Aspects of character which should have been apparent were overshadowed by the fact that they had stars in their eyes when they were together. Facts they should have been exchanging about themselves and their attitudes were never gotten around to.

Therefore, in the courtship of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman there came a pause. The hand-holding was skipped while they discussed themselves as individuals whose habits and ideas were part of their personalities. They tried to examine these in a sober, analytical light instead of a love light. Getting down to brass tacks when they were so much in love wasn’t easy.

And if today Jeanne and Paul and their four children are one of the happiest families in Hollywood, it is not altogether a break of fortune. As well as they could...
“Whither thou goest I shall go also” might be the Brinkman family motto. They won't allow any separation, however temporary, to endanger their perfect marriage.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

A huge, elaborately scrolled silver server was discovered by Michael and commandeered as a helmet. Jeanne, proud of her purchases abroad, rescued it.

The hand-carved oak door they bought in England, reputed to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, bears his famous coat of arms on the lower panel.

With a lot to consider, Jeanne and Paul planned it that way.

Jeanne was frightened by the failures of Hollywood marriages around her. It thered her particularly because so many of the principals were people she had known all and considered level-headed. It seemed as if there was little one could be sure of.

“When Paul and I had our talk,” Jeanne tells, “we dug up differences, all right. And that was the time to get them out and go for them. If we (Continued on next page)
"You'd look sveldt in the Veldt," Jeanne's studio said. So she and Paul departed on a safari built for two!
Steaming tropical weather sent Jeanne frequently to the Zambesi River for a cooling swim. Flying over the Nile was another thrill.

From a famous native hunter, M'toka, Jeanne received lessons in holding and throwing the traditional African spear. Paul preferred to do his hunting with a gun.

"(Continued from page 51) accepted them then, we would not be so easily inclined to resent them later. But, heaven be praised, on most things we found ourselves in accord, particularly the most important things. We had a common religion which would give our union a good foundation, and each of us had projected a pattern for marriage that was not unlike the other's. I don't mean that we planned all our steps ahead. You know no one could. But we did know the kind of home we wanted and we wanted the same relationship to each other and to our home. It cut down the unpleasant surprises that can come up when two people begin to live together. We knew where we were going with our marriage."

Jeanne and Paul still know where they are going. And if they feel that they won't go the way of too many wedded Hollywood couples it isn't a case of being too sure of the unsure. It is rather a quiet confidence based on the fact that the security of their marriage is something they have guarded from the very beginning. A lot of people remember that Paul was an actor when he met Jeanne and think that he switched to manufacturing because he wasn't catching on in the movies. The real story has never been told before.

Paul was considered a fine prospect by RKO. He has a nice personality and is not only handsome but (Continued on page 79)
Modern Screen proudly
presents a truly brilliant profile
of one of the screen's
greatest, most glamorous women!

By John Maynard

What makes
Stanwyck tick?

— Those spooky members of the motion picture industry known to the public as "star makers" must have gotten something of a jolt from this magazine's recent poll showing its readers' 1953 favorites.

The amiable youths, male and female, did not exactly bulk large in the proceedings. Some might say that they hardly bulked at all. Among the gentlemen preferred by blondes were such downy-cheeked upstarts as John Wayne, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, fast-greying Jeff Chandler, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Gregory Peck. And sandwiched among the ten most admired of the ladies, up or down a trifling notch from the likes of June Allyson, Susan Hayward, Lana Turner and Betty Grable, was Barbara Stanwyck, who is not only fast-greying but greyed. You might call Miss Stanwyck's close-cropped hair "silvered," but not through any preference of hers.

Miss Stanwyck was a little surprised by her appearance on the list again, although she took it in her stride, having in the past been acknowledged as rather more than competent. But in this, the era of the star makers and the time of the Jaguar, she didn't seem to have done anything to deserve so handsome an accolade.

No artillery division had voted her "Girl We Would Most Like To Shoot Out Of A Howitzer." She had not become embroiled with a single Hollywood committee over what she did or didn't wear. And she absolutely did not sashay up and down the length of any continent with a man to whom evidently she was not wed.

All in all, Miss Stanwyck's contribution to her own career was neither more nor less than it always has been: she continued to be one of the best, if not indeed the best, actress in the business.

"That," said Miss Stanwyck recently, "I don't admit for a moment, although I'm so moved by your saying so that I would buy you a lunch if you hadn't eaten. But even if it were true, doesn't it sound sort of immaterial? It's been having a hunch that talent, as a barometer of popularity, has ceased to exist. Or maybe it never existed. Don't think for a moment I'm carping. The men who run this industry usually know what's best for the boxoffice. But there was a time—when I broke in, around 1932—when you weren't a star until you became a star. It may sound a bit medieval and fuddy-duddy now, but it was true. We thought of it then as orderly progression, like building a house from the foundation up. It never seemed practical to start with the roof. First you learned to act, then you became an actress; then if you worked very hard and if you were lucky and if the breaks came your way, you finally were called a 'star' or a 'name' and at the very end, if you keep right on doing your best year after year (Continued on page 96)
MARRY THE GIRL!

HOLLYWOOD'S WEIRDEST DIVORCE CONDITIONS

In her room in Rome's fashionable Hassler Hotel. Shelley Winters had cried her heart out the night before. Now there were no tears left, only pain, anger and the soul-racking hurt of a rejected woman.

Defiantly, Shelley turned to the reporters at her press conference. Her eyes flashed as she spat out her announcements.

"Tomorrow morning," she said, "I'm having my lawyers file for legal separation from Vittorio Gassman. The suit will be filed in Los Angeles."

"Are you Catholic?" Shelley was asked.

The blonde firebrand shook her head.

"Then, why a separation? Why not a divorce?"

"I'll divorce Vittorio," she virtually shouted, "just as soon as he pays me $95,000. And he'll have to guarantee in writing that right after the divorce he will marry Anna Maria Ferrero."

The reporters looked at each other in consternation.

"Does your husband owe you $95,000?" one of them asked.

"I want $5,000 a year for my little girl until she's eighteen years old."

"But that's only $90,000," a newsman interjected. "What's the other $5,000 for?"

"Expenses," Shelley snapped. "My daughter is now ten months old, and I don't want her to know Vittorio or to love him because all he would do would be to neglect her and break her heart."

The photographers at this point began to shoot. Shelley held up her hand. "Please," she said. "You'll have to shoot from the left. I have a bad eye and I don't want it to show."
HAVE BEEN SET BY A FURIOUS SHELL: $95,000 AND VITTORIO'S PROMISE TO WED THE OTHER WOMAN!

"Is that the result of too many tears?" a reporter asked.
"It's a little infection," the actress said.
"Do you want your daughter to grow up without a father?"
Shelley thought for a moment. "I'm sure I can still find a better man to be a day-to-day father to her and accept his responsibilities."
"Didn't Mr. Gassman accept his?"
"No," Shelley said flatly. "He did not."
"Isn't it true," one reporter interrupted, "that you and your husband started this whole fight because you didn't like the way he played Hamlet in Genoa last week? Isn't it merely an artistic difference? That's what your husband told us in Padua."
Shelley bristled. "I know. That's what he's been saying, and it's not true. He asked me to say nothing, and until now, I haven't. But he's been running off at the mouth, giving out lengthy statements.
"I guess his business is bad, and he needs the publicity. But I've been made out to be the heavy. I'm not.
"Two years ago when I met Vittorio he told me that he was one of the greatest actors of our time. I believed him. He told me that he was as good as Laurence Olivier and almost as good as Barrymore. I told this to everyone in Hollywood. I even hired a press agent to tell the people I couldn't tell.
"But our fight is not about artistic interpretations or how he plays Shakespearean characters. He has made it seem that I wanted a divorce because I didn't like his work. That's ridiculous. He has placed me in a very unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl." Shelley referred to Anna Maria Ferrero, Gassman's leading lady in his stock company. Actually Miss Ferrero is only seventeen.
Long before Shelley arrived in Rome after the Christmas holidays, it was rumored that Vittorio was quite taken with Anna Maria and she with him. When Shelley insisted that she would not divorce Vittorio without his promise to marry Signorina Ferrero, people started asking questions. Embarrassing questions.
Had Gassman compromised the seventeen-year-old dark-haired Italian beauty? Once she divorced Vittorio, was it any of Shelley's business whom he married?
In Milan where Anna Maria was working with Vittorio, each of them made it clear to the press that Shelley's unusual protection of Miss Ferrero was unnecessary.
In Hollywood, Jonas Schrift, Shelley's father, tried to explain his daughter's demands.
"Shelley has always been for the underdog," he said. "She always wants to help people. I can't tell you how many starving actors she's supported.
"If she insists that Vittorio has to marry this girl she must have a reason. She can't stand injustice, my Shelley.
"I was puzzled, too, when I read that she wanted Vittorio to marry this Ferrero girl. I asked myself why.
"The answer must be that it is the right thing for Vittorio to do. I'm sorry that this marriage hasn't worked out. He's an intelligent boy, this Gassman. Very cultured. But he's European. You know how those Europeans are. They don't believe a woman should be treated as an equal. (Continued on page 101)
Rock's religion has little to do with ritual, yet he finds strength and love in many churches, and God in every facet of his life.

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I promised to talk about my faith and it is too late to go back on my word. But I surely wish I hadn't. Discussing his spiritual beliefs, a man really leaves himself naked. Even though I did give my word, I don't think I'd go through with it if it involved an affiliation with a particular church. Every member of that church might get the feeling I was talking for him and explaining his views. This, I have no right to do.

It happens, however, that I cannot label my religion. I can hardly explain it, to tell the truth. The best I can do is define it as a sort of warm feeling within, mysterious but helpful, and in its essence optimistic.

It cannot be classified by its doctrine but I can say that its effect on me is to create the feeling that no matter what happens, all is for the best, all will be all right.

I suppose this sounds terribly informal as a religion; too simple, perhaps, or even too easy to follow, but there it is and it has given me all the spiritual comfort I have ever wanted.

It should be plain that I have great confidence in my belief.

There have been bad times in my life. But never, because of my faith, have there been any hopeless ones. There never will be.

I think the groundwork on which I have built my spiritual views was started with an incident that occurred when I was six years old. After a Sunday lunch my grandfather went out to burn some prairie grass off his land and I tagged along to watch. Somehow, I found myself with my back against a fence, angry, crackling flames closing in on me. I could not escape. The fence was too high for me to climb and everywhere else were flames as high as my head. It takes a six-year-old to get himself into a mess like this. Yet, as I remember, I wasn't worried. I just knew that I had to be saved and I knew that someone certainly would save me. I didn't understand then.
that this somebody should really be designated Somebody, a deity. God was just a word to me then, and not a particularly significant one, I think. But I was certain that someone was looking after me. And I was right.

What actually happened was that my grandfather came charging through the fire, caught me up and slung me over the fire—then he managed to climb over me after me.

But there remained in my mind the feeling that Grandfather had just been the agent of the Someone I knew I had relied on. And between myself and this Someone, at that moment, was fostered a relationship of a highly personal, very personal, and exclusive kind. As far as I have ever felt this. It has seemed to me that the intimacy of this relationship is threatened every time I begin to think of this Someone as One to be identified only with this or that religion. Many religions tend to consider Someone their personal property.

I know perfectly well that this sounds rather selfish, like an exclusive arrangement between God and me. But perhaps in this regard, and only in this regard, every man has a right to exclusive relationship. Considered this way, I hope it doesn’t sound too bad. In any case, I didn’t plan it this way. This is how it came about; this is how it is and must be associated with me.

I remember that my grandmother used to talk to me a great deal about the church in which I was born and which I used to attend. She made it come alive for me and made it a place where I felt I could belong. But my grandmother died when I was eleven. I remember that her last words to me were: “After my last (I hope) case of backache, I couldn’t continue any longer as a member of any specific church.

The religious ritual of any church interests me and often inspires me. I never count myself a stranger when I attend services; I believe that prayers offered up to the Lord encompass all and not just the selected few.

As I interpret my own particular faith, it is a benevolent one, completely. It has no fear or threat of any kind. It may be that I have conceived of myself as a convenient religion, but I have never had the sense of creating it; it has taken whatever form it has naturally.

My faith to this is like the water I swim in. I do not see water as an element in which sinking is possible, but as one which as the power to buoy me up. How else would anyone swim? How else and why would I trust myself to some real and beyond if I were not certain of love and support? Before I got to thinking about this, such phrases as “God is love” and “he who believe shall be saved” meant nothing to me; afterward, they meant everything.

The help I get from my faith is positive. My confidence in it has helped me through a bad crisis, so use of this clause or saying that things turn bad. There’ll be good to follow.

Once (anyway) I fell in love. I found out that I was pretty much of a wreck at a time; all I did was stand around moon. I couldn’t do anything else. I was awfully nice, you can imagine how hard I was hit when we decided it would best if we parted.

I can’t remember any time in my life anyone else’s ever heard about it. I’m not sure even I myself knew anything about it. Some time, away off in the distance, was the mise of good days, conveyed to me by my faith, and though it has taken me time for them to arrive, those days are here at last.

To replace the love I lost came a free-

Beach, tangled with a rock; and broke a collar bone. After it set I was resting when the feeling why my head was so sinking, when I suddenly realized that the convalescent period facing me was exactly what I had been looking for. It meant that I had nothing to do but follow my planning. It may well be that some of the decisions I made during this period are among the most important ones in my life. One of them was to stay away from rocks when swimming in the ocean. The wave that threw me in on my shoulder could just as well have tossed me in on my head.

I have had the experience of losing out on a role I wanted in one picture, only to get a better role in another picture—because I was available. It’s getting so that when anything bad happens I find myself automatically waiting the good break which always seems to follow naturally on its heels.

Down through the ages, religious arguments have turned on one question—can God be proved? Never, apparently, has one man proved this to another man. But there are many men, I believe—and I am one of them—who are confident they have felt His existence as a palpable force in their lives.

In many ways, at times of emergency and even in quiet periods, I have been utterly conscious of a Presence. I remember when I faced an abdominal operation. With all the days and nights there would seem to be little danger. Yet, like most people, I did have to say to myself, “Well, I could die. It is possible.” Having said it, I could see it was only a thought and slowly, and sincerely convinced, that I wouldn’t. It is hard to explain how sure I was; surer than I am of my name.

In my life as a surgeon I play the part of the surgeon. For technical advice we engaged a nurse from the county hospital and I asked her a lot of questions about surgery procedure. One of the things she told me which I shall never forget is that at all operations the doctors and nurses sense a spiritual presence.

When the surgeon finishes an operation he feels that he deserves neither credit nor blame. He has only been an agent of the real Doctor,” she said.

It reminded me of my grandfather’s recruiting me from England. He had the feeling that I had the feeling then that he had been delegated by the Someone I had depended on to save me.

Although I do not belong to any specific church I am strongly attracted to them when I travel. When I was in England, I made it a point to visit Westminster Abbey. Standing in St. Paul’s I found myself thinking not so much of the church as of the people who had crowded into its walls, perhaps in their house of worship, quietly praying, as they had through all the bombings, through the years of their austerity economy, and even when those were cut back a bit for them, I began to get a small measure of the strength of their character and their devotion.

When I get a yearning for this sort of spiritual inspiration in Hollywood I generally pay a visit to one of the big churches in the old part of Los Angeles, often the Third Presbyterian Church, due to the fact that my grandfather thought that which I am seeking (that which we all seek, probably), is confirmation that life is a blessed experience and not just a phenomenon that could have no ultimate meaning.

I never wanted such assurance so badly as when I attended the funeral services of a beloved friend and teacher, Sophie Rosenberg, who was coach at Universal-International. Her appreciation and understanding, not only of talent, but of the hopes and fears that fill the heart of a young girl, young woman, and when the things were going a bit for them, was, it seemed to me, and I believe the others would agree, almost Heaven-inspired.

Being there in Forest Lawn with the other boys and girls who had known Sophie, I recalled the warmth of her voice, the sympathetic, inspired insight into human nature, and it came to me that she had had a hand in it. I became convinced that no mere combination of chemical elements called the human body could produce this kind of personal-structural essence. I come to believe that there is more to make a Sophie Rosenberg, and that something could never be destroyed.

The moment this thought came to my mind the sadness of the occasion lifted. If things that Sophie had meant so much to her had gone, we need not feel bereaved. Rather, we should think of her in terms of the living qualities she brought with her. There was no end as long as these lived on as they did in our hearts.
Yes, Jane Powell uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin... foams into rich lather, even in hardest water... leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinse—choose the shampoo of America’s most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—it Beautifies!

(Continued from page 41) life outside the studio was roller-skating madly with chums along Elm Avenue in Beverly Hills, I exercised the paternal privilege of speaking freely. I asked her if the old German philosopher Schopenhauer was right in saying, “With woman, man is only the means; the end is always the child.”

“Rubbish,” said Liz.

With Schopenhauer smacked to the floor, Liz looked across the baby to her husband, relaxed in a deep chair.

“Do you suppose Mike’s love of the baby makes me think he cares less for me? How silly. It shows that he cares more.”

Baby Mike laughed and lifted a small fist of applause. He is a scene-stealer, little Mike. His eye was on the camera every minute when Cecil Beaton, the London photographer, made pictures of him. Beaton declared Mike knows all the angles.

“A real hambone,” said Mummy Liz, smiling over him.

“A born actor?” I asked.

“I hope not,” said his father. “There are more important vocations.”

“Such as?”

“A doctor,” replied Michael père.

Liz murmured, “Doctors are most important.”

Michael got up and crossed the room to a desk. He came back with a sheet of letter paper.

“This is Michael's first letter,” he said with controlled pride. “He wrote it to me when I was in Ireland.”

The first two lines of the letter read: “dear daddy came home soon

“love from michael and mummy.”

Following these was a cryptic line, apparently code. Mummy said, “I guided his fingers on the typewriter for the first lines. Then he took over and wrote the third.”

Sure sign that Mike is a writer, the kind of genius who is impatient with editorial guidance. As if to confirm the potent, little Mike nipped a bright red pencil from my pocket.

“A writer!” I said.

“A pickpocket,” said mummy.

Whatever profession Mike elects, his precocity marks him a genius. At age three weeks he looked around and uttered his first observation. “Okay,” he said.

His philosophy, summed up in a word, is likewise his mother’s. Everything always has been “okay” with Liz. She never has been known to quarrel or complain.

At three months Mike was swimming.

At eleven months he walked twelve steps. His father counted each step aloud. At the sixth step Mike took a spill, got up quickly and said, “Seven!”

Liz chortled softly. “It sounded like seven.”

“sexe did say seven distinctly,” said Michael turning to Liz. “You could not mistake it.”

Liz continued to smile. She did not dispute:

The baby’s nurse, an Australian girl named Yvonne Lang, entered the room quietly. It was the young genius’ bedtime. Liz kissed him. Then he said goodnight to all with a smile and wave of his fist.

“He is very good,” Liz said. “He never protests when we put him to bed. He smiles and falls asleep at once. He is no trouble at all.”

She added, without tone of complaint or even of wistfulness, “We lead a regimented life. I get up at six in the morning to go to the studio. I don’t get back until seven-thirty at night. I have just
Leaving baby Britches in their London apartment, Liz and Mike headed for the continent where they shopped and sight-saw with well-traveled Liz playing guide for her British husband.

QUAPISIMA ELIZABETH!

The Wildings took Spain by storm—a storm of roses, cheers and beauty!

- Bullfighting is more than the Spanish national sport. It is a rite signifying man's supremacy over beast. From April to October on late Sunday afternoons and sometimes on Thursday, the only place to go in Madrid is the Plaza de Toros. There are bull arenas in and around Madrid, but this is the biggest. It seats 25,000. It is the most desirable, because only the top matadors can fight there.

All visitors to Spain are expected to attend a bullfight. The gracious, hospitable Spanish people expect you to go and they get tickets for you before you can say no, even if you should want to.

There is as much excitement at the Plaza de Toros as there is at Yankee Stadium during the World Series. In a way, bullfighting is more exciting. It moves faster and it's always a fight-to-the-death. The bull is the loser 999 times out of a thousand.

One lovely September afternoon a flower-festooned box in the Plaza de Toros was conspicuously empty in the fully-packed arena. Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were scheduled to arrive in Madrid on Monday. But in case they should arrive early the Madrileños were prepared. A box for the bullfight was decorated and reserved.

Flash rumors spread around the bullring. Elizabeth Taylor might be coming in. The aficionados would rise en masse, look toward the vacant box and yell, "Elizabeth Taylor! Elizabeth Taylor!" with as much enthusiasm as they yell "¡Olé!" when a matador has bested a bull. It's a rare day when a bullfighter must share the attention of the crowd with a beautiful woman.

But that Sunday the crowd was disappointed. Elizabeth Taylor did not reach Madrid until Monday. She was received with a warm, in fact a rousing welcome, and further endeared herself by her charming and gracious response.

The Spanish have a word for a woman who has beauty, sex appeal and style—guapa. It sounds like wah-pah, with accents on both syllables. When a woman is guapa and has charm and graciousness besides, she is quapisima, wah-pee-see-mah. A Madrid movie critic telephoned Elizabeth's hotel:

"Quapisima," he crooned. "I worship Elizabeth Taylor and I am going to ask her if she is interested in divorce."

—Wanda Hale
it's a secret...
(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

Max Factor discovers a way to put "stay-on lustre" into a lipstick

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later ... after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss ... its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

Max Factor's
Color-fast lipstick
you can't blot away the lustre

Her favorite flowers go well with her complexion and eyes, and her husband keeps her supplied. They are lilies of the valley and violets. Though her eyes actually are a deep cornflower blue they appear to be violet in the shadow of the thick black lashes fringing them.

Press reports of her great jewel robbery amuse her.

"My jewels!" she chortles.

Somewhere between the Rome airport and her hotel in London a pair of earrings, a bracelet and clips vanished from the bottom of the vanity case. Total value, $1200.

Her treasured pieces, of great value, are gifts from Michael—two antique diamond and ruby brooches, designed in the nineteenth century by the famous Parisian jeweler Faberge. They come from the household of Nicholas II, the last of the Russian czars.

Liz was born in England of an English father and an American mother, but she went to America when she was eight and she thinks of herself as American. Still, London is home, too. She has visited England every summer since she was a child and she has countless relatives and friends there.

"Every place is home if you are happy there," she says.

Liz is happy everywhere. Rome is one of her happiest homes. Mike said he might do a picture in Rome. Liz was elated at the thought of spending a month there with him.

"I might make enough to buy you a Roman villa," he added.

Liz tossed him an indulgent smile.

"We haven't paid for our house in Beverly," she said.

Their house in Beverly is situated in the hills above Pickfair and Fred Astaire's mansion.

"We bought it for Mike," Liz said.

Mike was not yet born but he was on his way and already making friends and winning property. The people who sold the house to the Wildings presented Mike II with a pre-natal gift of one and a half acres.

The house is composed of two bedrooms, a livingroom and kitchen.

"A huge kitchen," said Liz. "Kitchens are so important. There is also a guest house with a kitchen and two rooms of less importance.

Mike's domain comprises playground, gardens and swimming pool. Besides this he has his own private property. Four dogs and four cats form an entourage for the young Wilding heir.

Liz said she wants to retire before age takes its toll. She has no ambition to die in harness.

"Career is interesting but anyone who thinks it's more important than home is plain silly," said Liz.

Husband Mike would retire with her.

That aim, she said, was to lose.

"We are the laziest people, Mike and I. We are content just to sit."

When someone asked her to make a wish she said, "I would like another baby.

Mike nodded: "Boy or girl, doesn't matter."

"Then you have everything," I said.

"I have everything," Liz repeated, looking at me with steady, beautiful eyes.

As for Mike: "I only wish that everything continues as it is," he said.

Liz looked child-size, without shoes, standing with her tall, charming husband at the door, bidding me goodnight.

Congratulating them, I quoted the first word of a certain genius: "Okay. Everything is okay."

"Okay," they said together.

(Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in MGM's Rhapsody).
"I didn't marry an angel"

(Continued from page 34) the marriage was made in heaven they flew there. To Italy, that is, which is heaven in a way, because Italian marriages stay stuck. At Italian weddings the guests do not speculate on how long the marriage will last, but on how many bambini will bless it.

In Turin, the beautiful Italian city where Lex and Lana first plighted troth, the copious bosoms of old signoras heaved rupturously. "Bellissima! Bellissima! Venus e Apollo viva!" All their children will be little gods and goddesses.

The prophecy of the old Italian soothsayers is supported by advocates of eugenic marriage, who declare that when men exercise as much sense in mating as they show in the matchmaking of live- stock they may produce a race of gods. Very, very...

Moved by the auguries, Lana said earnestly: "If wanting will do it, we will do it."

Lex said, "You can't foretell the sizes the bambini will come in. I am tall but my father is a little man. Every fourth generation you get a small one."

Lana's face clouded. "I feel ours will be a shrimp," she said. "Shrimps are all right. I like them," said Lex, always on the upbeat.

Some eight years ago, I met Lex. He had just arrived in Hollywood. Sol Lesser, impresario of the Tarzan classics, had scrutinized two thousand photographs of muscular males, sent scouts to college campuses, model agencies and gymnasium full of muscle men. He wanted the All-American Apollo for the next Tarzan. "Because," said Sol slyly, "we find women are coming to see Tarzan along with the kids."

When Lex was unvelled the old Tarzan studio hands agreed he was a production to beat the Greeks. They were staggered when they found he could give the jungle scream in French as well as in literate English.

Apollonian of brow as well as torso, Lex, a son of wealthy parents, had lived abroad with a tutor and taken on a load of culture. Consequently, he knows art and antiques and what to bid for them in the flea markets of Europe. That's how he came by that old Sikh pruning knife.

With the Tarzan jungle well behind him, he is a star of rising stock because of his linguistic talent. Wearing a tweed jacket and grey flannels, clear-eyed and fresh of complexion, he had the bounce of a cheerleader.

"You look younger than when I first saw you," I said.

"I'm happy," he said.

He was alone. Brute Lana was working with Gable in Betrayed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Lex suggested lunch. Over steak and kidney pudding and a glass of English lager which he recommended, he briefed me on the bride.

Only after lunch was safely tucked in was I so rash as to ask if Venus had no law.

Startled, Lex said: "Of course she must save. I could not live with an angel."

The effort to specify threw him into the dance of Robin's. The Prussian. After cogitating he said, "She will give you an argument."

"Has a mind of her own, hm?"

He raised an emphatic hand and laughed. That she has. She can get mad. But he cannot hold a grudge. If we have an argument at night, each tries to be first say hello in the morning.

Carefully summing up the faults she did not possess, he said, "Lana is not small.

Lana's Secret Marriage

The Barkers aren't looking for loopholes in their wedlock!

The "It-Will-Never-Last Club" has suspended operation. If Lana Turner and Lex Barker are not happier now than they were the day they were married, they are giving Academy Award performances. Lana, it seems, is not a "new" Lana, but an "old" or original one. Her hair is as brown as it was before she became a star. And that's not all.

Time was, when Lana returned to Hollywood after a long absence, she made her first appearance in a night club. This time, she was not seen at all until she turned up in the marriage license bureau in Santa Monica. She and Lex filled out the necessary papers for a second ceremony, just on the chance of legal loopholes in their European "I do's."

Not one reporter was present when Lana and Lex took their vows again at her home on Beverly Glen Drive, although Lex's press representative was his best man. An unusual switch—a press agent keeping Lana's name out of the papers. Lana provided the topper when a photographer did a double-take and touching her on the shoulder exclaimed, "Hey, aren't you Lana Turner?"

"Me? Lana Turner!" Lana laughed merrily as she took Lex by the arm and waltzed to the elevator. Later, the photographer was kicking himself for being so naive.

He needn't have. A Modern Screen reporter who has known Lana more than ten years, failed to recognize her. At the Cock 'n Bull restaurant, a friend introduced her as her luncheon companion.

"You remember Lana Turner, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the MS man. "How are you, honey?"

Lana laughed. "You don't remember me, do you?"

She was right. He had failed to recognize this face, famous the world over. He pulled up a chair and talked. He felt that for the first time, Lana has found a man she loves and will be married to for a long time. In fact, your reporter would like to stick his neck out and predict that it won't be long before a little Tarzan is on the way.

There is no pettiness about her. She is incapable of meanness, envy, malice, scheming.

Agreeing that this was my impression of Sweetie Pie, I got invited for cocktails in their apartment.

Lana with her own lustrous rich brown hair seemed to me a lot warmer than the blonde she used to be, and that blonde was salutary to the circulatory system. Lex prefers the brown hair to the blonde.

"It softens her face. The natural thing is always best," he says. This explains the theory that gentlemen prefer blondes. Gentlemen prefer Lana.

Lana's eyes have the chameleon's gift for changing color naturally. At times they are green, other times blue or grey. They accommodate by matching the color she wears. When she wears grey they are dovey. With a blue dress she says they look like the eyes of a china doll. This day they were grey. Lex was wearing a grey suit.

"If you want to see her blue eyes I will change to my blue suit," said Lex obligingly.

"I can think of something better," Lana said.

She was wearing a Christian Dior dress of Chinese red, no jewelry except her wedding ring, a plain gold band. When she disappeared from the room I assumed she was changing to a blue frock. But she was gone only a moment. When she sparkled back the room was flooded in blue radiance from a ninety-five carat star sapphire, guarded by a squad of diamonds. (Continued on page 64)
Have fun in the gayest new idea in smart footwear!

Flexiclogs

They F-L-E-X with your foot!

Here's the wonderful new idea in fashion footwear that is sweeping the nation... the winner of Modern Screen's 1954 Hollywood Fashion Award. At the beach... at home... for sportswear or lounging. Flexiclogs make walking a carefree pleasure. Exclusive "Flexi-Hinges" flex with your foot. Made of waterproofed gleaming lacquered maple with skidproof Crepe soles that cushion and comfort every step. Natural curved arch comfortably hugs your foot. Velvet-soft interchangeable plastic straps in eleven fashion-right colors to match your costume. Sizes 3 to 9 for women, 6 to 12 for men, 10 to 3 for children.

Interchangeable Straps in Eleven Rainbow Colors

Matching Belts, Handbags, and Monogram Bracelets

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"My engagement ring," she announced.

Lex discovered it in Capri and it looked like a piece of Capri heaven at the deep blue twilight hour with the single evening star.

Lana looked long at it, and when she looked up at Lex, sure enough, she was starry-eyed He was too. They were cocooned. They'd like to be that way in a picture.

Only the night before, a student of Shakespeare and of Lana who had seen a performance of Antony And Cleopatra by the Stratford-on-Avon players, declared that Lex and Lana would surpass in the roles.

"I should be terrified of speaking the lines," Lana said.

"Your lines," said the authority feelingly, "are letter perfect."

The Shakespeare pun goes for eye and for ear. Although Lana says she still suffers tension during the first couple of weeks in a production, her voice is beautifully modulated and under control. And though she was wearing this Christian Dior garment comprising more material than Cleopatra would approve, it was obvious to the naked eye that her lines might make Marc Antony go A.W.O.L. and lose an empire.

"She was wearing a swim suit the first time I saw her," said Marc Antony Barker.

"I was in a pool at Palm Springs. Behind me I heard a chug-chug-chugging. I looked around and there she was."

"It was then you first met her?" I asked.

"No. It was then I got the gleam in my eye," Lex said.

Lana in a swim suit weighs 118 pounds.

"Just right for her height, five-three-and-a-half," Lex said. "She takes bending exercises every morning with me, I am ten pounds over my average 202."

"So I take exercises," said Lana, "to reduce him."

They were sitting on a davenport, Lex with one leg crossed horizontally over the other. When they arrived with a tray of pastries Lex reached for an éclair and Lana reached for a smale at Lex's ankle.

"I thought you were keeping to 750 calories a day," she said.

Lex said: "You can eat what you like as long as you keep your stomach muscles hard."

"He eats like a horse," Lana said.

He passed her the pastries. She said she never ate them, had not touched sweets since she was a girl.

"Sugar is not as fattening as salt," Lex countered.

"I don't eat salt, either," said Lana.

Lex said salt is fattening because it calls for liquids, and liquids make you bulge. He reached for another pastry and got another smake.

"We will play a lot of tennis and eighteen holes of golf," said Lex. "Lana and I like the same things."

"Eighteen holes of golf," said Lana. "I can barely walk around nine."

I asked Lana what her favorite exercise was.

"Lying in bed," she said.

"With me," said Lex.

"With a book. You!" said Lana, smacking hard.

"With a book, me!" said Lex, getting up from the davenport to escape a busted ankle. From the secure height of six feet, three, he again helped himself to calories before resuming his place beside her.

Speaking of lying in bed, an exercise beloved by all book lovers, I was reminded of those New York socialites whom an advertising man approached for an endorsement of mattresses. He told them they would confer a great favor if they permitted a photograph of their bed in an adver-
DEAR BOSS

Thanks for suggesting an early vacation! You'll notice I got away in a hurry, too—because I bought one of those Expense-Paid Tours by Greyhound.

What a wonderful bargain! You see, it's not really a "tour"... because you're free to travel alone or with your own special friends—you can stop off wherever you choose—and there's no one conducting you around on a rigid schedule.

The whole thing is more like a delightful vacation-in-a-package. One price for the entire trip... including transportation (all arranged), hotels (all reserved and paid-for in advance), special sightseeing and entertainment.

I came down here on one of Greyhound's new "Air Suspension" buses (no metal springs in them!) and it was the most comfortable, scenic trip I've ever made. The people you meet on a bus seem to be more informal, neighborly—lots of fun... and the service was just grand all along the line.

Lots more to tell you about people and places when I get back!

Sincerely,

Jane

(Continued from page 32) be understood. But when Janie announced that she was going to divorce Geary Steffen and Gene announced that he was contemplating a divorce from Miriam, how the high and mighty bellowed!

"You're out of your mind," Janie was told last spring, "to even think of divorcing Geary. Don't you realize that all over America you have been played up as the happiest couple in Hollywood. You have two darling children and a great career. People everywhere remember you as that sweet little darling from Portland. How can you do this? You're ruining your life. For what, Janie? In heaven's name, for what?"

For love, she said. On August 6, 1953, Suzanne Burce—Jane's real name—filed for divorce.

Toward her husband, a pleasant, garrulous young man addicted to surf-skiing, she demonstrated good will. She gave him more money than he had contributed to their four-year marriage. She gave him real estate, a promissory note for $16,000, a promise to pay the income tax—everything he wanted. She did this because her heart was running over with love for Gene Nelson.

When her lawyer, Sam Barchis, said, "Now, wait a minute, Janie. Let's fight some of Steffen's demands," Jane shook her head. "No, Sam. Give him everything he
wants. I must have my freedom at once." Freedom for what? Freedom to be with Gene Nelson, freedom to sit at his table and watch as he danced for the nightclub crooner who had stung up in his arms on the dance floor, freedom to go to the races with him, to be next to him, to look into his eyes and feel his presence and know that he shared his desires and dreams freedom to be his wife.

For a fleeting months Jane Powell knew most of this freedom and luxuriated in it. She was with Gene Powell and her children and Gene was a kind of paradise. These were the three people she loved best in all the world.

Gene had recently been to see her lawyer, Berne Silbert, to discuss financial settlement preceding the anticipated divorce. Miriam is a fair and understanding girl. She and Gene had separated before. If Gene wanted someone else for his wife she would not be the insurmountable obstacle. She told her lawyer that all she wanted was a guarantee of $400 a month, less than $100 a week for herself and her son Chris. This was to come out of 25% of Gene's gross income. But it must be remembered that his net income is small by Hollywood standards.

Fred Martino, Gene's lawyer, thought this too much to ask. Gene began to think so, too. And from that moment on the great love he had felt for Jane Powell began to change. Gene began to ask himself questions. In leaving Miriam and Chris was he doing the right thing? And, if the marriage were to work, would people always refer to him as Jane Powell's husband? Wouldn't she be the big breadwinner?

If it starts to wane, it's hard to hide the waning from the girl you loved if she has any perception at all. Jane Powell knew instantaneously that something was wrong.

Jane began to ask questions. "I couldn't help myself. I'm that kind of a person. I got to know where I'm heading. I need a goal. I just can't live in a vacuum. I could tell from my sense of leisure that something was coming. I was having a lot of problems. Finally, I asked him if he wanted to stay or go."

"He said that he wanted to go. There was nothing I could do to stop him."

"Perhaps you put too much pressure on him at the wrong time?" Janie was asked.

"Perhaps I did," was her reply. "But I had no other way to condone my life any more. I had to bring the whole thing to a head. I forced the situation and I admit it. I began to ask questions and Gene couldn't answer them."

"What questions?"

"Questions about the future. You see, in many ways Gene is a wonderful person. He's self-sufficient, for instance. I'm not."

"Do you need a lot of people?"

"No, just one. Just one and I'm fine, but I'm not happy alone. I need someone."

"Did you feel that you've found someone in Pat Nerney?" (Mona Freeman's former husband.)

"Well, he's very nice."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I can't say. I wouldn't dare say. My divorce isn't final until August. He's nice to go around with. I'm very funny. I don't like to discuss my private life, or at least I don't have a steady escort."

"There's a rumor that Pat is going to Africa on a safari this summer with the Pat Neary company. I should like to take you along as his bride. What about it?"

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"It is all over between you and Gene, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, in retrospect, would you say that what you felt for Gene was more infatuation than it was love?"

"It was a real love affair. I'd never chalk it up to infatuation. It was love, all right. I loved and I lost."

"Are you heartbroken?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. After all, you can't have very nearly everything?"

"Even love?"

"Even love."

"Have your feelings for Gene changed?"

"I think of the most sincere people I've ever known and I'll never change my feelings about him."

"Have you seen him or spoken to him since he broke up?"

"No, I haven't. He's a quiet sort of fellow and you don't much hear about him around town. Have you seen him?"

"He's being considered for an Omnibus tv show, you know, and he's been down to the desert and down to Balboa and on the Ethel Merman tv rehearsals—If Gene were to come back tomorrow and say—"

**A NEW LOVE FOR JANE**

As soon as Gene Nelson stopped seeing Jane Powell, Pat Nerney, the thirty-three-year-old former husband of actress Mona Freeman, moved right in.

Nerney makes no secret of his love for Jane and his wish to marry her.

"I think of the most sincere people I've ever known and I'll never change my feelings about him."

"Have you seen him or spoken to him since he broke up?"

"No, I haven't. He's a quiet sort of fellow and you don't much hear about him around town. Have you seen him?"

"He's being considered for an Omnibus tv show, you know, and he's been down to the desert and down to Balboa and on the Ethel Merman tv rehearsals—If Gene were to come back tomorrow and say—"

W**ell, I just don't know. This whole thing was very much in love with him. I guess I still am. I thought we would have a very wonderful life together. If he was worrying about being a father to a girl of his own I never had him feel anything else. The difference in earning capacity—we'll, I never worried about money. You just have to know that he's a man who has something to stand on. He's a man who can. With a man I guess it's very difficult. I guess Gene had a lot of things on his mind."

"It was he then who suggested the break?"

"Yes."

"But would you still take him back?"

"If it were only a matter of going back."

"She has taken him back before. She'll probably take him back again. I think she understands that he's a complex man and in the past she has always been patient and forgiving. But would you take him back? That's the question."

"I just don't know. Just don't know. I hope Gene will straighten himself out and find happiness."

"Are you happy?"

"I'm very happy—don't have the time to bad. I'm finishing a picture, A Bride For Seven Brothers. Then I fly to Italy and sing the night away."

"And then?"

"Then I fly to Brazil for the film festival. I won't be home before March, and then we're moving into a new house, so you understand."

"You're sure you're not running away from something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Aren't you carrying a torch for Gene?"

"I'm not."

"If Gene hadn't come along, would you have divorced Geary, anyway?"

"It would have happened sooner or later. This I know. If I really wanted to go back to the old ways, I could have, couldn't I? I'm glad it happened when it did because now it's better for everyone concerned. And I'm still young and have my life before me. No, I don't regret the divorce one bit."

"Does Geary visit the children frequently?"

"Yes, he's very good about that."

**D**on't you ever look back and wonder how you ever got married in the first place?"

"I was insecure and always afraid of loneliness. And there comes a time in every girl's life when she feels that she simply must get married."

"How do you feel about the future?"

"I feel wonderful about it, especially about all this travel. When I was a girl in Portland who has sex appeal, top-flight talent, I could only get to New York. And now I'll be traveling all over the world. It's really very exciting."

"May I find all those exciting new man overseas. Have you got your eyes open for that?"

"In the future I hope to pick the right man. I certainly don't want to go through this again."

"Deep down in your heart, do you think the decision that you and Gene arrived at was the right one? For anyone who was the right decision? Don't you believe that perhaps you have thrown away the one great love in your lives?"

"That's the rub. It's difficult to evaluate anything when you're close to it. And love is hard to sustain when there are so many obstacles. After a while they just wear you down. And one shouldn't live in the past, I'm going right ahead and I guess Gene is, too."

That conversation with Jane helps to show some of the viewers say that no actress in Hollywood could be more honest or more lovable than Jane Powell. Hurt and disappointed she may be, but she is not bitter toward anyone. She doesn't permit herself to brood.

The wonder of it all is that any man could give her up. In relinquishing his hold on her heart, Gene Nelson gave up a young woman who has sex appeal, top-flight talent, a sunny disposition, a tremendous earning potential and the respect and admiration of her fellow-workers. Gene Nelson may look back and wonder—and this wondering, this pondering, this debate between heart and mind, this pent-up anguish may be the reason Jane Powell's love, once his, then discarded.

(Jane Powell can be seen currently in MGM's Athos.)

END
TERRY MOORE starring in
KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES
A 20th Century-Fox production in CinemaScope
Color by Technicolor

TERRY MOORE
models a new Jolene design voted
the 1954 Modern Screen Hollywood
Fashion Award

Joléne
HOLLYWOOD-INSPIRED SHOES
from $8.95 slightly higher Denver West and Canada
HOLLYWOOD LOOKS TO SPRING

- Filmland takes its fashion straight —loves basic clothes that can be glamourized with accessories and jewelry. This spring’s fare includes full, full skirts, classic blouses and a blossoming of colors. Shoes, smartly styled but practical. Jewelry exciting. Dainty underpinnings, of course, complete the perfect wardrobe.


2. Terry poses in a colorfast cotton broadcloth skirt and blouse outfit. The blouse has saddle-stitch trim and comes in a dozen wonderful colors. About $3. By Ship ’n Shore. The skirt has unpressed pleats, a wide waistband with a deep V yoke in front. Wide color range. About $8. By McArthur, Ltd. Separate belt, Caldenron. The blouse and skirt are at leading department and specialty stores. Capri’s gold ball drop earrings ($1*) and fabulous bead bracelets ($1* each). Terry takes time for college courses along with her career—we caught her doing homework at her Underwood Finger-Flight Champion portable typewriter.

3. Debbie Reynolds chooses a spring costume of navy blue—full, pleated, crepe skirt, blouse with white scarf accent. Debbie wears Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. She puts her best foot forward in her handsome pumps of navy calf called Nina Hi, also smartly accented with white trim. Shoes by Jolene (for complete details see next page). Skirt from Saks Fifth Avenue, Blouse by Lanz of California. See Debbie Reynolds in her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Technicolor films, Athena and Give A Girl A Break.

RITE-FIT DRESS-of-the-MONTH SELECTIONS


Write us—we’ll tell you where to buy them.

Max Wiesen & Sons Co. Inc., 463 Seventh Ave., New York 18
modern screen fashions
JOLNE HOLLYWOOD
APPROVED SHOES

DASH III—corded faille ankle strap high heel sandal, button on vamp. Black, brown or navy with white. About $9.

LA PETITE—calf pump with rhinestone trim on vamp collar, high heel. Benedictine, black, blue or red calf. About $9.

NINA III—navy calf pump with white stitching and trim. Also black, red or eggshell calf or black patent. About $10.

DANCE STEP—halter sandal, high heel, cobra trim. Blue or red calf; black or blue suede; or black patent. About $11.

Board members Mr. and Mrs. John Ericson look at Jolene shoes from two viewpoints—a man’s and a woman’s—and seem to agree.

Eleanor Parker, with hair cut short and career stretched long, selects a two-color pump, a practical shoe, right for almost any costume.

Whether she does dancing shoes for fun or for her salary, dancer Ann Miller chooses a pretty, comfortable shoe for a glamorous foot.

Another long-stemmed MGM dancing star, Cyd Charisse tries to make her choice between two good-looking, easy walking Jolene shoes.

Hollywood Looks to Spring

ALL ABOUT
Chairwoman of Modern Screen’s Fashion Board, Metro’s Debbie Reynolds detains Dick Anderson for comment on her new shoes.

Metro’s lush beauty, Elaine Stewart, displays two sandals from the winning shoe designs lined up at the left for your inspection.


Jolene shoes may be purchased in person or by mail from stores listed on page 81.
Right out of heaven—Stardust lingerie. Long known for beauty, it is practical, too—guaranteed for one year’s wear, no ironing and so economical. The slip shown is cotton plissé—the bodice and hemline trim are of beautifully embroidered nylon sheer. White only. At about $2. In the cedar chest more Stardust lingerie, nighties and petticoats also of cotton plissé with embroidered nylon sheer trim. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery “Personally Yours” for brunettes, Parisian Nude. Satin mules, Powder Puff with nylon net frou frou trim—the slippers on the floor, Sibyl. Both by Daniel Green. Cedar chest—Lane Company.

STARDUST LINGERIE AVAILABLE AT LEADING SPECIALTY, DEPARTMENT AND VARIETY STORES
Today’s young figure is exquisitely molded to give even more glamour than Dame Nature endowed—direct contrast to the feminine fripperies of grandmother’s time (note old-fashioned chemise, far left). The “Three-Quarter Time” bra shown here is by Hollywood-Maxwell. It has a built-in nipper waist that extends three inches below the waistline. It is made of nylon lace and fine Nyacel Leno elastic—wire support and supple steel boning for complete freedom of movement. White or black. About $11. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery “Personally Yours” for blondes, Champagne. Satin slippers, Sabot, by Daniel Green.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL BRAS AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

More fashions on page 76
involved, difficult, and could have gone on. The legal mind probably would break the business down in concise and orderly fashion. The Case, The Prosecution, The Defense, and The Summation. But the legal mind wouldn't have much fun and would be courting a nervous breakdown. The movie was shot over a period of ten months, the least not more than ten days, there is a prologue and three acts. The two pertinent scenes are Los Angeles International Airport, and a flight to Korea, where ultimately it landed. Props and personnel include:

The bathing suit. Miss Moore.

Grant.

George Murphy, screen star and head of the Hollywood Coordinating Committee (USO Camp Shows).

General Maxwell Taylor, commandant of the Korean Theatre, and subsidiary branch.

A lieutenant (unnamed).

A sergeant (unnamed).

Mrs. L. W. Koford, Miss Moore's mother.

A major (unnamed), for the master of the ceremonies, the topping around to that which touched off the mine, the camera focuses first on a Los Angeles hotel one night last autumn. The annual Hollywood Press Photographers Ball, the action a skit Miss Moore had agreed to do. The skit was just a little more forthright.

"Nothing!" camp shows would have permitted. And it involved The Ermine Bathing Suit. These two points, and these alone, are undisputed. In the following few days, things got pretty stroppy.

Newspapers reported that (1) the bathing suit was a Bikini, (2) Miss Moore had done a striptease, (3) she was going to do the skit.

"Look at it," demanded Miss Moore, a few days after her return from Korea. She had twice been ordered to leave Korea and twice held fast to have the order rescinded, while Stateside newspapers whirred and boiled and got out the red type. She held The Ermine Bathing Suit at the tip of the fingers, and asked a question.

"Is that a Bikini?" It was not. It's just a little old-run-of-the-mill ermine bathing suit, and a cute one, too.

A Bikini? An Ermine? It's nothing but a G-string for the underneath part, and—anyway, a kind of a wispy bra. Why, I wouldn't wear one!

It had been altered since.

"Certainly not! It is not now nor has it ever been a Bikini! Look, it's even cut extra high up in the top so there's no cleavage. I saw to that!"

Well, how about the striptease business?

"What nonsense!" said Miss M. For the sky was not a coat at all. Then I went offstage and took off the coat and came back in the bathing suit, but you don't call that a striptease! Do you? And another thing, while I'm at it, nothing to do with what I was going to do in Korea.

Johnny Grant confirms this categorically.

"She didn't do a thing risque there. Sang a couple of songs and worked in a clean little skit with me. The boys loved her! She really was a cutie," said George Murphy, speaking for the Coordinating Committee, "and heard by responsible newsmen saying to Miss Moore: "If you're going to wear that bathing suit, you might as well turn around and go home right now.""

More important, he was admittedly heard by Miss Moore, in some of Grant's words. She smiled and answered: "Oh, George, you don't have to worry. It isn't even packed."

But it was. Miss Moore, for defense summation: "Here's the way that happened. Mother and I had talked about the suit, and then decided to leave it behind. But at the last minute she thought she'd pack it for you—know—some publicity shots, or something like that. But she forgot to tell me. So when George was talking to me at the airfield she said, 'Don't you have it on the plane, and I thought I was speaking the truth."

On the flight from Los Angeles to Tokyo, there was friction between Terry and Grant, whatever the affability of their relations afterward, and Grant walked out of one of their post-flight discussions at a Korean base. Let the door slam while he was about it.

And for five performances, Miss Moore wore the ermine bathing suit, to the piercing delight of some of the audience. Terry has said since, "Go for months without seeing an American girl. Imagine how long they go without seeing an ermine bathing suit!"

Their pleasure was not wholly shared by the guiding hands of what their entertainment should consist of. On Christmas night, Grant dragged his weary, hungry, frame into an enlisted men's mess, where he was told that Tokyo was frantic to get him on the phone, had called five times. Experienced a premonition and an abrupt loss of appetite, he called the operator.

It was a wire from Hollywood. Miss Moore later was to tell the Los Angeles Times that the mention of her in the first notice of her recall came from the Army in Washington. That is not Grant's recollection. He can quote the wire, addressed to him, word for word, today. As a document, it perhaps should be offered in somewhat immaterial evidence:

"USO Camp Shows and George Murphy request the return of Helen Koford, known as Terry Moore, with the understanding immediately for violation of an agreement with George Murphy. She is not to appear before any more U.S. troops."

It was signed by General Grant.

Rather regretfully, Grant delivered the tidings to Terry and her mother.

After that, somebody kicked down the bathroom. At least one person, presumably close to the chain of events, has said it was Terry herself: "She and this sergeant in the Public Relations Office got together and called United Press. U.P. had five stories out but any other wire service got off its duct. Last I heard of the sergeant, he was loading ammunition within whistling distance of Manchuria."

Terry Moore, evasively no. "U.P. called me. There was a sergeant who was sympathetic toward me, but if he'd done anything like that, he would have been court-martialed."

In addition, she says, that night was a tough one. "Mother and I cried and cried. How can they say it was for publicity? Why, I've been the same as a dishonorable discharge! It could have ruined my career! It almost did! I guess it's mostly blown over now, but for a little while it might have gotten away."

Rescue came the next morning. An hour after the rest of the troupe had been flown out for a point further north, the ejection order was countermanded. Terry and her mother were put in two separate planes to follow them, and Terry arrived in time to walk on-stage just as Grant had introduced Penny Singleton, another member of the company.

"Surprise," said Terry to Grant, as Grant remembers it.

"Very," said Grant. "Shall we dance?"

But at noon that day, Grant received another call, and had to give Terry the bad news. "I've got to tell you, but I don't know, I told her, "where this one came from. But you'll still have to go."

But a second countermand came through, and that was the official word. Miss Moore, who was supposed to have called Grant and asked in bemused exasperation what in the world was going on up there, Grant told her, asked in the general assembly, "Did you hear him?"

"Listen, is everything all right? The girl and the show and everything?" Grant assured him that everything was. "Everybody," said the general. "Stop worrying."

It was too late. Johnny had shed fifteen pounds, already.

The papers state, or "zone of the immediate vicinity continued to yodel and click their heels. Korea had at last broken out something divorced from grief, stagnation and death, without immediately on her return to Hollywood. Terry was inclined to blame the Army for her humiliation. A few days later, though, she had switched to the view that darker and less idealuable forces were at work—namely, not the Army nor the USO, but a kind of pressure lobby she labeled feelingly as "You know." Everybody, she said, was pressurized.

That is not impossible. "Even before she left the country," a man well acquainted with the shambles has deposed, "Terry Moore was warning the War Department protesting against what she hadn't even done yet. They were misled by the Bikini and striptease talk. I warned the Joes who write these stories and captions would find out what a Bikini bathing suit is before they begin to use the term."

"If they would, too," Terry Moore said, again in summation. "I'd never wear one of those because I think the more you have on, the sexier it is."

Terry Moore lives a nice family life on a nice family street in the part of West Los Angeles called Westwood Hills. It is not far from UCLA. She tennis, dancing, singing for a degree and may well have one in a year or a half. Four days after her return, a friend and occasional historian showed up and said, "I saw the column this morning and I thought of you—crossed my mind for a minute to come call and see you."

She said she would be home tonight and would be there. They rode down the street, and Terry Moore, after being looked over by a pipe-smoker, invited the historian to come down and tell her all about it. The two have an informal working basis, wherein he drives his pipe, she makes her lavender. She has strong rights to say her verbal way out of whatever buzzsaw she has encountered recently. She is difficult not to believe. She is something of an unreliable expert. She hides behind double-talk. On the contrary, she may well talk herself into a kind of film purgatory one of these days. And if once in a while comes into her voice a crisp, hard undertone when she speaks of publicity values, the tendency is just to imagine you heard it. There was no doubt that her feeling was genuine.

"The terrible thing is," she wailed in part, "that from now on anything I do will be influenced. And they'll say: 'I'll do anything for it.'"

Do not write Miss Moore off as a prophet. A powerful columnist wrote: "Somebody should talk to Terry Moore. The ermine bathing suit episode has gone to her head (Continued on page 77)
KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* WITH PLAYTEX BABY PANTS

This Baby-in-Motion Picture shows how PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort and all-over protection all the time. Long-lasting. Washable—in seconds! No wonder more mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make. ©1954 International Latex Corp’n. Playtex Park, Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Amprior, Ontario...

No other baby pants have this "Miracle-Stretch." Let your hand prove it.
Precious as jewels, new as spring—Perma.lift’s mere wisps of nylon mesh pantie girdles with a new patented “Magic Oval” crotch for comfort and assurance that the pantie girdle will not ride up. White only—detachable garters. Pantie girdles—l. to r.: $5.00; $5.95; $8.50. Perma lift bras (all have “Magic Insets”)—l. to r.: nylon, $1.50; padded cotton, $1.95; all nylon with embroidered sheer upper cups, $2.95. Pearls by Richelieu. Hosiery—Holeproof’s exciting new idea called “Personally Yours” that features a particular color for every feminine type. Brownette—left, Cinderella; blonde—center, Champagne; redhead—right, Charm Beige.
(Continued from page 74) and now she'll do anything for publicity!

The same is true of another columnist, who has mellowed, attributing to Terry a sense of humor. She had received a letter from Miss Moore bearing the postscript: "I'm majoring in psychology, but I guess it didn't take."

"Publicity!" now chirped a distraught Miss M. for the second time. "That's what really hurts—those saying that. Look, I gave up my Christmas to go over there! Couldn't I have got more publicity right here at home, posing for magazine layouts and doing interviews?"

Fortunately for auld lang syne, the question was a rhetorical one. But the answer is no.

Not everyone did think Miss Moore made the trip for publicity. Another faction, not conspicuously more charitable, thought she'd gone to see a Texan friend, a lieutenant now stationed over there. What was there to that?

"Nothing," said Miss M. flatly. "I know him, sure, and we had a couple of dates in Tokyo, but there's nothing to the story. And I don't want to mention his name because his family wouldn't like it. Nobody would care, anyway."

But the romance was over?

"Miss M., it never began."

And what of the report that she'd had some difficulties getting home (via a stopover in Honolulu) but had them straightened out by a powerful business acquaintance in Los Angeles?

"Who, me?" said Terry.

And all that over a bathing suit!

"All that over a bathing suit?" she echoed. "And I almost didn't wear it. It would have been Susan Zanuck, but it was a little too small for her. I had a dress I'd much rather have worn, one that Mother made for me, with Christmas decorations" and spangles all over it. I guess I've never had the bathing suit for Christmas because the bathing suit hit could have been a crimp in Washington political ambitions he is reported to harbor. An opposite and larger faction contends he not only did not authorize the telegram of recall, but did not even know about it, and was embarrassed when he found out. This school of thought believes another USO officer primed the whole deal, using Murphy's name.

While Terry stoutly maintains that the entire troupe stuck by her, one or two of the troupe were heard to snort that it was a personal matter of having her bathing suit ruckus they'd have to wear said high-dollar pants and swallow thousand-dollar bills. Among other exhibits for the defense, Terry is able to offer a tape recording of a Army radio commentator's rhapsodic review of her performance, a high-ranking chaplain's approval both of the bathing suit and her act, and a mass of shoulder-patches, insignia and medals, and badges bestowed on her by a grateful encampment. Of this, there can be little doubt—they loved her in Korea. She murdered 'em in Seoul.

But that still left unexplained the go-for-broke question: Why, when in effect it was agreed between her and Murphy that she would not wear the bathing suit, had she gone ahead and worn it?

Terry blinked once, and said: "They ordered me to!"

"Oh, Who?

"The Army!" said Terry. "The chaplain approved the bathing suit. And a general. And Johnny Grant said I should go ahead and wear it! Wouldn't you call that an order?"

On the other hand, there is one other possible solution, perhaps not too far-fetched. It is that Terry didn't know whether she was wearing a bathing suit or a dress. At least once she has demonstrated alarming myopia toward large, flashy objects.

A few weeks ago she was out driving with a friend in a sort of beige-colored, unwashed Cadillac convertible with red leather upholstery and a back seat that suggested he had been using it to transport sheep. Bear the description in mind.

By and by they stopped at a newsstand where Terry expressed the wish to pick up a couple of magazines. She picked up $2.75 worth and staggered beneath this load back toward the car. But she got into the car parked next to it—a robin's-egg blue Ford station wagon, impeccable and glossy with pearl grey upholstery and a back seat as pristine as Tiffany's windows.

"Hey, called her baffled escort. Wrong car.

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Polly Bergen appearing in MGM's "Escape From Fort Bravo"

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77


"Oh, really?" said Terry, changing cars with no apparent awareness of the difference between them.

Of course her mind was on something else. She had to take a final exam at UCLA that night and she had been cramming most of the day.

What was the subject?

"Oh, it's a play by Bill Saroyan. I'm supposed to read it and write a review." Which one?

I forget the name. Something about 'happy.' Happy World—something like that."

The Time Of Your Life?

"That's it," said Miss M. "You know. Happy."

So it could have been this cram-session that had distracted her. But the cars were spectacularly dissimilar, almost like an ermine bathing suit and a long dress with spangles. It might have helped if the Army and the newspapers and the USO and all had known of this myopia. It might have saved everybody, notably Terry Moore, a lot of grief.

And it could have saved her a few surplus pounds. For Terry does not, like the luckless Mr. Grant, shrink in adversity. She expands. Let the ominous frown of impending misfortune show itself, and Terry begins to pack away the victuals like an escapist going for the needle.

"It's simply terrible," she has said. "My stomach goes boggle, and I have to eat to pacify it. Just like ulcers, only I haven't got ulcers. But when I'm worried, I eat like mad, and when there's a crisis—oh, my! If things get bad enough, I won't be able to get out a door without turning sideways."

Things were no more than moderately bad at that moment. The tumult and the shouting were dying down, and Terry had obliterated just two modest chili hot dogs, two root beers, and a small stack of potato chips. Dinner was a good hour and a half away, long enough for any solid eater grappling with catastrophe to work up an appetite.

She and the Modern Screen operative were sitting in the open inner patio of the Brentwood Market, a charming establishment where screen stars are a dime a dozen and potato chips not much more. It seemed a good place to be winding up The Case Of The Ermine Bathing Suit—too hot next to the fire and chilly and indifferent once you were away from it.

"I'm cold on my right," said Miss M., "and toasted on my left. Let's go."

---

**anatomy lesson**

It may be comforting to bury your head in the sand, but personally, MODERN SCREEN prefers to stick out its neck and take it on the chin. Take what? Why, your criticism, of course—if you have any you'd like to deliver. On the other hand, if you'd rather award a pat on the back, we'll be starry-eyed over it and all ears for your compliments.

Just let us know what's on your mind by filling out the ballot below. Then hatfoot it to the mailbox, because if yours is among the first hundred forms we receive, we'll send you a crisp, new, one-dollar greenback!

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- Through With Love? (Jone Wymon)
- The Complete Story of Marilyn Monroe's Honeymoon
- I Loved and Lost (Jone Powell)
- "I Didn't Marry an Angel" (Lona Turner-Lex Boker)
- Why Hollywood Is Sore At Eddie Fisher
- Dutch Treat (Audrey Hepburn)
- Everything's Okay (Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding)
- Bungalow Big Enough For Two (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- Bing's Secret Love's No Secret Any More (Bing Crosby)
- The Case of the Smuggled Ermine (Terry Moore)
- Love Is Where You Find It (Jeanne Crain)
- What Makes Stonwyck Tick? (Barbara Stanwyck)
- Marry The Girl! (Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gossman)
- The Happy Faith (Rock Hudson)
- The Groomed Elizabeth! (Elizabeth Taylor)
- He Didn't Carry The Boll (Aldo Ray)
- Power-Ful Dynasty (Tyrone Power)
- The Thrill That Failed (Donald O'Connor)
- The Inside Story
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- Just For The Records
- Hollywood Abroad
- Movie Reviews
- Modern Screen Fashions
- TV Talk

Which story did you dislike?

Which 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

Which FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

Who is your favorite, MALE television star?

Who is your favorite FEMALE television star?

My name is ........................................

My address is .......................................

City .................................................. State .........................................

Occupation ...................................... I am .... y, old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
love is where you find it

(Continued from page 53) quick and intelligent. But when he decided to marry Jeanne, they agreed that two public careers in one family was an invitation to trouble. A month before the wedding Paul quietly got his release from the studio. He is head of his own plant today, manufacturing electronic and radar equipment. He likes his work and believes that he has had far greater and more stable success than he would have had if he had remained an actor.

Jeanne has always been thankful that Paul has had studio working experience. "He knows that making a picture is hard work," she says. "He knows what an actor must contribute in terms of nervous energy and he knows that when I go to the studio I don't just sit around trying to look glamorous."

Neither Jeanne nor Paul takes any stock in reports about marriages that have blown up overnight; they cannot believe that this actually happens.

"No one breaks up because somebody has danced too long with somebody or smiled too often at them," Jeanne has declared. "This can't be. There is a bigger and deeper reason. There was something basically wrong that should have been attended to. But it was allowed to grow until it overcame the bond of attraction the husband and wife originally had for each other.

"As a matter of fact, I can't persuade myself that people who get divorces within three years were ever really in love. I don't mean that my marriage has made me an expert. But in my judgment, anyone enough in love to get married, and enough in love to stay married for three years, could not have gotten over that love over-night. On the contrary, a marriage is or should be just beginning to knit in that time. Love doesn't just fly out the window; it is killed or allowed to die little by little. That's why I wonder if they ever could have been in love.

"I remember that when I was a young girl my fanciful conception of love was a wonderful musical composition with the sweetest of that music played at the very beginning. It didn't strike me then, as it does now, that if this were the case the music would have to peter down to a most insipid melody. Marriage can be like a symphony, opening on a theme of love, and then developing and exploring this theme in ever finer and more soaring passages."

Not long ago Jeanne was saddened by the divorce of a couple who had been married for three years and had two infants. When she and Paul discussed it they both remembered that right from the start this marriage had puzzled them. In the first place, both husband and wife seemed bent on going out to seek social gaiety. They appeared happy, but they seemed to need the stimulus of convivial society to keep them happy. By contrast, Jeanne and Paul remembered, they had retreated from their everyday world during the first months of their marriage; it had seemed natural to require no other amusement.

"It seemed to us they were getting little out of their marriage," commented Jeanne. "They were awfully casual, even cold, about something which should be the most important and exciting event of their lives."

No one has yet asked Jeanne for advice on marriage but she is accumulating quite a stock of it—for good reason. She is the mother of three boys and a two-year-old girl.

When Little Jeanie gets around to ask-

\*

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sights and impermissible moments on this sort of trip and Paul and I had them together. When someone mentions Africa, I don’t remember it only through my own knowing but through Paul’s as well. This, I know, is what is meant by an extension of one’s personality in marriage and is, of course, an extension and enrichment of one’s life.

If I think of the night we reached Africa and flew over it. It was midnight when we got to Cairo and knew the Dark Continent lay ahead. The pilots told us that their course would follow the ancient Nile south for hours to the very heart of Africa. They didn’t have to tell us that there was a full moon overhead. This is a phenomenon Paul and I still have eyes for. Neither of us could think of sleeping. We sat up the whole night through, the only passengers awake on the plane, peering down at the Nile. At such a moment—mystic, exciting, romantic—it was a privilege to be together; it would have been a tragedy to have been apart.

There were other moments, much more rewarding, much more significant because we were together and could appreciate them through each other’s eyes as well as our own.

Jeanne and Paul were away four and a half months while she made Duet In The Jungle. Jeanne had to work quite steadily, but she did manage to get away to tour and camp with Paul in Kruger National Park where Africa’s wild game can be seen in its natural habitat. They slept in the little thatched huts that accommodate travelers and cooked their dinners over open fires. On the way back from Africa they spent three days seeing Rome, on foot and by horse and buggy.

They found the children, who had been left in Hollywood with the elder Brinkmans, in fine shape. Their lovely home was there waiting for them and the plant, due to Paul’s long distance supervision, was getting along fine.

Soon after their return they attended a well advertised industry affair and had to walk through a throng of movie fans waiting outside for autographs. As they passed two high school girls who overheard themselves being described.

“There’s Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman,” one miss said to the other. “They’re married.”

“Well, that’s for sure,” agreed her companion.
Ladies' choice!

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"Painful cramps of monthly periods stopped
or amazingly relieved
in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors' tests!"

*IT'S WONDERFUL news," says Ann Pinkham.
"For women and girls who suffer from those
functionally-caused cramps, backaches, headaches
and 'no-good' feelings of menstruation
who feel upset and irritable on certain
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*Ann Pinkham, modern-day voice of Lydia Pinkham.

---

When Arthur Godfrey fired Julius LaRosa,
he claimed that the young singer had been
playing hookey from the ballet sessions all the
lilting Godfrey had to. To top it off,
Arthur said he'd caught Julie practicing being
awkward. But the people who work with Julie
on Toast Of The Town swear that he doesn't
have to practice: He was born that way. One
of the girls from the dancing line has to take
Julie's hand and guide his steps around the
stage during rehearsals! There may be a lot of
singing, but there's little hooping in Julie's
future...Everyone in TV circles is wondering
why Arthur's sister Kathy came to New York.
She has a good-looking doctor husband and
two children—a boy, nine, and a girl, fifteen—
in Phoenix, Arizona. And she had a very suc-
ceeful radio and TV career there. Her husband
can't leave his pediatric practice to live with
her in New York, and she can make it home
just once out of two or three weeks. But Kathy
seemed determined to carve out a network
career for herself, and New York is the place
to do it. So she lives all alone in a hotel and
orders all her meals from Room Service. The
closest thing she has to home is a refrigerator
stuck in a closet. Kathy is better looking than
you'd think from seeing her on television;
she's a very handsome forty (ten years younger
than Arthur) with a figure that would look
good on a woman of thirty. Her limp is quite
noticeable, although not so bad as Arthur's has
been since his operation. She had polio when
she was a girl, and uses a cane for most of
her walking...Speaking of the Godfrey
family, the little-publicized mother of Arthur
and Kathy (and three more non-show business
little Godfrys) lives right in midtown New
York, and is just as busy as her son and daugh-
ter. Mrs. G., who is nearly eighty, composes
music, plays bridge, and goes to concerts and
lectures all the time. She doesn't see too much
of her eldest child and neither does Kathy. Kathy,
in fact, hardly knows Arthur. He had
left home by the time she was six, and she
has gone as long as four years without seeing
him. Now that she's in New York, too,
she visits him once in awhile at breakfast.
Arthur eats a big meal in his office right after
his morning show, and sometimes spends as
much as an hour and a half being sociable
before he goes back to work...His health,
by the way, has everyone worried. His hip just
isn't mending fast enough, and people wonder
when he'll get off his crutches and into a
better mood. One reason Arthur got so much
bad publicity when he buzzed the control
tower in his DC-3 is that reporters were still
ranking over a similar incident in Boston last
summer. When he landed at the airport there,
his plane came a little too close to the news-
men for their comfort. They thought it was
deliberate but when they interviewed him in
his hospital room the next day, Arthur almost
choked them out of their breaths. Of course, in case
anything should happen to Godfrey (like his
taking a leave of absence). Peter Lind
Hayes is the hero of the show, of course, in case
anything should happen to Godfrey (like his
taking a leave of absence). Peter's probably
going to have a hard time switching from his
sophisticated type of nightclub humor to the
folksy kind he has to come up with when he
replaces Godfrey. He has already been given a
long list of things that are "not done" on the
Godfrey shows—it took two hours for Arthur
to itemize the list. But Peter took the job
because it will leave him some time at home
with his wife, Mary Healy, and their two
children—and more time on the golf course
Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer
are pretty inseparable these days, and have
been for longer than you think. Audrey's
mother is usually with them, though. When
she isn't, Audrey is her vivacious self; when
mama is around, she's as quiet as five mice.
Audrey, as you know, is a little lady, and when
she is unhappy about something in Odette,
the play in which she and Mel co-star, she
tells Mel and he tells the bosses. Mel's divorce, incidentally, came as a complete surprise to his family. They read about it in Louise Parsons' column. It's not the first time Mrs. Ferrer has divorced Mel; she did it once several years ago when they had just one child. Then Mel married another girl, became a father again, got divorced and remarried the first Mrs. Ferrer. They then had another child. But they had been having troubles for a long time before Audrey entered the picture. Mel is not the easiest man in the world to live with. He even insists that his wife iron his shirts herself; no laundry can measure up to the Ferrer standards... You don't see him much on television, but CBS board chairman Bill Paley is ultimately responsible for every Columbia show you hear or see. He takes his job so seriously that he once wore one of those new-fangled vest-pocket radios to a dinner party. The other guests noticed that he wasn't paying any attention to their conversation, and they finally discovered that he was sitting there eating and listening to the radio! He was tuned in to the competition, too!... Barry Nelson's wife is so jealous of her husband that he sometimes can't pose for publicity pictures with his Favorite Husband co-star, Joan Caulfield. Mrs. N., who used to work for MGM, allows Barry and Joan to be photographed on the set together, but she draws the line when it comes to any pictures away from the set. Won't even let Barry and Joan pose in the restaurant across the street from the studio. Barry doesn't seem to mind, though. He told the newspaper before he started the show that he wanted it that way... Vanessa Brown, whose feud with Tom Ewell has finally quieted down, wins the prize for baby-talking. When she walks into a cocktail party in an elegant, low-cut dress, it's mighty incongruous to hear those little-girl words and that little-girl voice... Celeste Holm has never been a small woman, but you would never see her now! She has it all over Jane Russell. Celeste's hit play His And Hers, is all about a woman fighting with and reconciling with her ex-husband. One of the members of the first-night audience was Ralph Nelson, who directs Mama and who used to be married to Celeste. But he went and married someone else about a month after the play opened... Nina Foch is seen everywhere with a young actor named Jimmy Lipton who plays young Doctor Grant in the TV soap opera Guiding Light. This is a long-standing romance... Even Dave Garway's admirers admit that Dave is a hard man to get to know. They say that he doesn't have any really close friend—that even such stars as Jack Haskell and Betty Furness have trouble knowing Dave's innermost thoughts. They claim that you can get close to him only up to a certain point; then Dave lowers the curtain and withdraws behind it. He's one of TV's few real mystery men.

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marilyn monroe’s honeymoon

(Continued from page 31) "She’s plain and honest and warm and shy. Just like Joe. They were made for each other. I know it sounds corny, but it’s true. They like the same things. They never go out to night clubs. They hang around here watching television, making idle talk.

"Marilyn washes and sets her own hair. She’s always thinking of doing something nice for someone. When she was up there in Canada working on location she bought me a compact and a cashmere stole.

"I knew she was a good girl the first time Joe brought her up. Right away she was helping with the dishes. All she wants to do is to be with Joe. That’s a good sign. And another thing, so much of the stuff that’s been written about her is just bunk. It really gets me mad.

"That stuff about her not wearing any underwear. I’ve spent a lot of time with Marilyn. We’ve had a few heart-to-heart talks and we’ve also gone shopping. And I can tell you that she wears bras and panties and a girdle and all the things other girls wear.

"We went shopping for her wedding suit in San Francisco. She bought two suits, one at Joseph Magnin’s. I think she paid $149.50 for it. It was none of my business. I mean the price. But it was a lovely suit. Of course, she was recognized and mobbed by all the people in the store. She wouldn’t leave until all the little girls who wanted her autograph got it.

"I’m glad Joe married Marilyn. Best thing in the world for both of them. I’m just sorry I wasn’t at the wedding. I had the flu. But I was one of the few people who knew they were going to do it.

"They told me a couple of days before, and of course all the arrangements were made from here. And Marilyn was so happy. ‘Joe and I,’ she said, ‘Joe and I have decided to get married.’ I kissed her, and tears of happiness came into my eyes, and I said, ‘I’m so glad, Marilyn. I’m so honestly and truly glad.’"

Joe actually proposed to Marilyn on New Year’s Eve.

But that evening he and Marilyn had been at DiMaggio’s, the famous restaurant on Fisherman’s Wharf run by two of Joe’s brothers, Tom and Dom, and Joe’s best friend, Rene Barsocchini. They had gabbed with the boys and then Joe had said, “Let’s go back to the house.” They got into Joe’s 1952 Fleetwood Cadillac and drove home. They climbed the flight of stairs to the living room and sat on the rose-colored sofa before the bay window.

Joe turned on the television set. Then, he came and sat down beside Marilyn. The TV program showed various New Year’s celebrations. Presently, Joe turned it off.

“It’s 1954,” he announced.

Marilyn looked at him expectantly.

“Here’s a kiss for the New Year,” he said. Then “How about getting married real soon?”

Marilyn’s answer was a long embrace. When she decided to speak, Marilyn said, “Whenever and wherever you say, Joe.”

She made no demands, set no requirements. She knew that Joe wanted a simple ceremony—quiet and tasteful. Joe, of course, tried to keep the whole thing private. He did a masterful job.

“We planned to get married first,” she explained, “and tell all our friends afterward. But Marilyn had promised the studio she would notify them of her marriage. A half hour before the ceremony she did. In that half hour, the studio had time to notify most of the world.

“We were amazed when we walked into
the City Hall and saw that mob of people."

Marilyn's failure to report to her studio on January 4 for the start of Pink Tights caused many to speculate that Marilyn and Joe were planning to be married. Some columnists said they were already married. Marilyn's agent, however, denied it, and since Marilyn didn't report for work were money and script approval. She wanted her contract re-negotiated and she wanted to read the script of Pink Tights. The real reason was that Marilyn needed time in which to get married, time to shop for a trousseau, time for preparation.

From January 7 to January 14, she and Joe were working out all the details of the marriage. In those few days, all sorts of ridiculous rumors about them spread.

One wire service reported that "Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio accompanied by Rock Hudson arrived in New Orleans last night. They were met by a chauffeur and limousine and scurried away five minutes after alighting."

At Joe and Marilyn's this item appeared, most of the hotel managers in Las Vegas tried to get DiMaggio on the phone. Abe Schiller, who handled the Flamingo, called Rene Barsocchini.

"Now, look," Schiller said, "we have word that Joe and Marilyn plan to get married. Las Vegas knows that the Sands did for Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes. We're willing to take care of everything for your two kids if they'll get married here."

"I don't think they plan to get married in Las Vegas," Barsocchini answered. "I don't know anything about it at all."

"Tell him to buck to his guns. 'I know they plan to drive to Las Vegas,' he asserted. 'Tell them we'll charter a plane. No one will know!'"

A few hours later, Schiller was back on the phone. "We think the two are on the way to Las Vegas. In fact, we know it."

"I don't think so," said René Barsocchini. "Joe is here in the restaurant right now, eating.""

"Oh," Abe Schiller said. "Oh!"

At the time, Joe was lunching with an old friend, Judge Charles Peery, of the San Francisco Municipal Court. Joe had called the judge a day before and had invited him to "have a bite with me down at the Flamingo and find out my advice."

Joe was always direct and simple. Peery, "Marilyn and I would like to get married. Very quiet. What's the best way?"

Judge Peery suggested that they take their time and shop it up. He advised Joe not to apply for a license. "We'll have the marriage license typed in my chambers," he said. "Then none of the reporters will find out." He suggested that the ceremony be held between noon and two p.m. "When there's a lunch period and a court intermission." "What do you plan to do?" Judge Peery asked.

"Tomorrow," Joe said.

"The thirteenth," Joe shook his head. "Gee! I didn't know tomorrow was the thirteenth. How about Thursday, the fourteenth?"

"All right," the judge said. "In my chambers at one p.m."

They shook hands. Joe told his brother Tom and Rene Barsocchini.

"Reno," he said, "I want you as my best man. And Tom, will you be a witness? Tell Lee." Lee is Tom's wife.

In the meantime, Marilyn called Patty Barsocchini. She knew Patty and trusted her. When Joe had been godfather to Patty's little girl, Rena, Marilyn had attended the christening. After it was over, she had called Patty, "If I get married I'd like you to be matron of honor." She reminded Patty of that conversation. Patty was overjoyed. The details of time were worked out.

Tom and Lee DiMaggio with Mr. and Mrs. Barsocchini were to meet at Joe's house at twelve-forty-five Thursday.

These two couples would leave the house first. Marilyn and Joe would follow in their Cadillac. The whole wedding party would slip into City Hall by the basement entrance. None of them would be seen. Top secret.

Joe and Marilyn almost got away with it. But Marilyn is a young woman of honor. She had promised the studio that she would announce her marriage.

At twelve-thirty she called the studio from San Francisco. "Joe and I are going to be married in some courtroom in a few minutes. Then she hung up.

When Joe and Marilyn arrived outside Judge Peery's chambers, reporters, photographers, newsmen men, and movie fans were waiting. There were about 440 uninvited guests.

Tall and erect, wearing a blue suit, white shirt, and blue polka dot tie, Joe didn't seem to be ruffled.

Marilyn, in her dark broadcloth suit with ermine collar, laughed as someone told her that she and Joe would have to wait until an official came with the marriage license. During that wait, the photographers and reporters went to work.

"Do you two expect to raise a family?"

"We expect to have at least one child. I guarantee that," Joe said, grinning.

Marilyn giggled. "I'd like to have six."

She blinked her false eyelashes.

The photographers asked them to move closer together. "Kiss her, Joe. Kiss her!"

So Joe kissed her on the cheek. "Are you going to give up your career for marriage?" Marilyn was asked.

"What difference does it make?" she answered. "The studio has suspended me."

"When did you and Joe meet?"

"Two years ago on a blind date."

"Okay, fellows," interrupted Joe. "I don't want to rush you. But we've really got to get on with the ceremony.""

Judge Peery came out. "Everybody out," he said good-naturedly. "Everybody out. Just the proceeds to the ceremony which lasted exactly two minutes and twenty seconds. Joe was serious. After the marital pronouncement, he took Marilyn in his arms.
HE DIDN'T CARRY THE BALL!

When Aldo Ray plays football—it's kept a deep, dark secret!

Although the San Francisco sports writers overlooked the matter, a semipro football team up that way called the Crockett Rockets had a ringer in the lineup one day last fall, a linebacker named Aldo Da Re.

Da Re used to play with the Rockets but then he got mixed up in the picture business down in Hollywood, turned in his last name for a model spelled simply Ray, and turned in his helmet.

This fine autumn weekend, Ray had turned up in Crockett for odd lang syne, and was pressed into service again. Seems the Rockets were up against a deadly rival named the San Francisco Windbreakers and their regular line-backer was in no condition to perform—was, in fact, what pro football calls "racked up."

Aldo received an inquiry flavored with tart guesses about the inroads the life of a film star might have made on his physical shape.

Ray, the shape of whose nose presumably is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Columbia Pictures, suited up and went forth to do battle, schnoz or no schnoz. If Columbia President Harry Cohn had known, he might have blown his stack, Mr. Cohn being a stack-blower of considerable dimensions under less trying circumstances. But Mr. Cohn didn't know.

Neither, fortunately, did the San Francisco Windbreakers quite get a hop to Ray's identity until the closing seconds of the game. If they had, things could have been different. Pro footballers are said to have a peculiar antipathy toward film actors, even film actors from their own ranks. This may stem from the ease with which stars make 98-yard touchdown gals when Everything Is At Stake.

Aldo didn't do much galloping that day. Line-backers are for defensive action, a bruising chore with little or no headline glory in it. He turned in a good game, and he was happy. The only flaw was that the Windbreakers turned in a better one.

It is Ray's contention to this day, however, that if the Crockett Rockets had turned him loose on offense, giving him a football to lug from time to time, the outcome would have been different. It wasn't the second billing he minded, just the Rockets' refusal to make the most of their opportunities.

If Columbia's pride and joy had been given a football to lug, he might possibly have returned to Hollywood looking just enough like Rocky Marciano to be out of a job, while Mr. Cohn and his stockholders went out and got crying drunk together.

Nor is all over. The Da Re football dynasty lives on because Aldo's kid brother, Mario, is playing a lot of line for the University of Southern California under the proper family cognomen.

Meanwhile, Aldo and Jeff Donnell, who sounds like somebody's kid brother herself, continue to be a Thing. Aldo has made his stage debut in La Jolla in Stalag 17, and she was there every minute to catch him in case he fainted, which seemed altogether likely. It was another case of premature tension. Once the curtain was up, Aldo played the part as if he owned it, and the notices were superb.

Let the San Francisco Windbreakers put that in their pipe and smoke it, and kissed her. The room was stuffy and the judge turned to open the windows.

As he did, the door was thrown open. Photographers swarmed in. Joe kissed Marilyn again for their benefit. Tiring of the fuss, he clutched her hand and said, "Okay, let's go."

Joe's brother Tom and Lefty O'Doul, the baseball manager who had given Joe his start, formed a flying wedge and began to move down the corridor. Marilyn and Joe followed behind. Scores of persons tried to beat them downstairs.

"This is a fine thing, Marilyn," someone called, "dodging your loyal fans."

Marilyn waved with one hand, the one that clutched her bridal bouquet of three white orchids, but hung on to her husband's coat tails with the other. Unfortunately, Joe went the wrong way and headed for the Real Estate Department.

The flying wedge thereupon reversed itself and fought back through the crowd once again. This time Joe and Marilyn reached the elevator. They were about to disembark at the first floor, but Joe saw another tremendous crowd waiting and said, "Let's keep going to the basement."

There was still another crowd in the basement, but the newlyweds fought through to Larkin Street where Marilyn turned into Joe's baby-blue Cadillac.

As they left, Marilyn smiled and shook her head. "And this," she remarked, "was supposed to be a quiet wedding."

Upstairs, Judge Peery was also shaking his head. "I forgot to kiss the bride," he muttered. "Gosh! I'm sorry."

THE DI MAGGIOs spent their wedding night in the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. Their wedding supper, just for the two of them, was served at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel.

Both Marilyn and Joe are heavy eaters. They ordered thick steaks. In a few minutes other diners recognized them and the manager diplomatically moved them to a secluded corner, providing them with privacy and candlelight.

Supper over, Marilyn told Ned Lutz, the coffee shop manager, that she and Joe were driving south to Los Angeles, that she had to report to her studio for work.

Joe and Marilyn started down the highway and doubled back and took a room at the Clifton Motel. Marilyn's apartment house, at 98-yard Stake. Joseph F. "Joe" Maggio saw her name on his register and congratulated them on their marriage. Joe exacted from Sharp the promise that he wouldn't notify newspapers.

Sharp promised. Not until the Di Maggiros had left the next day did he reveal their whereabouts. He released his secret to radio station KFRC. By then Mr. and Mrs. Di Maggio were far away.

Actually, the honeymooners continued south. They came through Los Angeles but decided not to stop at Marilyn's apartment or the Hotel Knickerbocker just off Vine Street in Hollywood, where Joe hung his hat in his bachelor days.

This was lucky for them, because dozens of reporters and photographers were camped out waiting to interview them. In fact, the publicity men from the studio spent the entire weekend in shifts patrolling Marilyn's apartment house, and every half hour or so phoned Harry Brand, publicity director of Twentieth Century-Fox, with the same sad report—"No sign of life."

Meanwhile, reports began to emanate from various parts of the country from Joe's and Marilyn's friends saying that the couple had gone fishing off Ensenada in Mexico, that they had secretly flown to Hawaii, that they were hidden in a cabin in the High Sierras. Reporters scoured the countryside in the greatest manhunt Hollywood has ever known.

The plain truth was that while they had
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POWERFUL DYNASTY
Like great-grandfather, like great-grandson!

- Tyrone Power comes from a dynasty of actors, famed for their good looks, stubbornness and charm—not to mention ready wit.
Although great-great-grandfather Power was a minstrel of sorts in County Waterford, Ireland, it was his son Tyrone, taken to England after his father’s death, who really established the Powers professionally and financially. Success did not come to him until he was middle-aged, but when it came it was solid. He was lavish in his care of his lusty family of four girls and four boys.
But the theatre wasn’t considered respectable. Although many a proper young man boasted of his acquaintance with pretty chorus girls, the girls were seldom invited to his home for dinner. With one accord, the young Powers, established financially and socially, turned their backs on the theatre, looking down upon that profession which had made their father both rich and famous.

All, that is, except Harold, grandson of the present Tyrone. Grandpa was bored with the stuffy London life. He married a pretty actress and then decided to have his fling on the stage. The family was aghast but neither threats nor pleas could move him. To soften the blow, he agreed to carry out his degrading experiment on the other side of the Atlantic and to bill himself as Harold Page.
In New York Harold Page and his wife were an instant success. Their skit was a take-off on modes and manners then current in London and it kept their audiences rolling in the aisles. But back home the rest of the family didn’t think it was funny. They hadn’t anticipated that grandpa would title the skit, An Afternoon With Mr. and Mrs. Power!
New Medical Discovery Helps

CLEAR UP PIMPLES

Science Finds New Substance That Penetrates Pimples—Clears Skin

Now at last science has discovered a new substance with the amazing ability to get inside pimples! It's Clearoxin made with Clor- 

tin WCS 50. It works 4 ways at once! 1. Actually penetrates thru skin into pim-

bles. 2. Kills the germs inside that cause and spread pimples. 3. Helps tighten pores to force out all bacteria getting up inside. 4. Helps dry up oils that pimples thrive on. Comes with skin colored medicated ointment to hide pimples...stop embarrassment in-

stantly...while Cloroxin WCS 50 works.

Remarkable Skin Penetrating Liquid

DEACTIVATES PIMPLES

Kills germs inside that make pimples grow.

bungalow big enough for two

(Continued from page 4) A pink and blue 

fog, Janet agreed.

But before they could execute the new plans the anticipated event was can-

celled. Janet lost the baby. It was a terrible 

disappointment. The sudden end of hope and the mounting fear for his wife's health was almost too much to bear. During the ordeal, he was on location in Honolulu, and he 

was frantic. Janet refused to let him quit 

the picture and fly home because, as she 

puts it rather sharply, "These things happen 

in the business of life."

She was right. Her obstetrician 

explained that miscarriages are fairly com-

mon in a first pregnancy, particularly with the mother as intent and desirous as Julia 

son like Janet. The doctor reassured the 

young couple and advised them not to be 

downhearted. "You're young," he said. 

"There's plenty of time, so let's wait and 

see what next year will bring."

"Of course," Janet explains, "we listened to 

him very carefully. But mentally we were 

sick as a dog that's losing the baby. We 

were mad, and we were mad, and we were 

mad. But when we didn't get the news, we 

thought we had both outgrown the glam-

orous penthouse. It had been good for a 

year and marvelous for parties and won-

derful as a showplace but it was no home for 

people who intended to become par-

ents."

Fully aware that it would be at least a 

year or so before they might realistically 

expect a baby, Tony and Janet set about 

looking for a house. They sealed 

their desires down. They expected to 

find a two-story, brick house with a drive 

up and, perhaps, a convenient place that would be a comfortable home for children.

Marilyn knew Joe was in love with her 

when he began to take her with him to San Francisco to see his family. The first 

time, she went fishing with Joe and Tom. "I just sort of fell in love with him," Tom recalls, "and caught our limit of salmon. Marilyn was tops. Never a peep or a complaint out of 

her. When I came home that night, my wife 

said, 'Oh, I'm glad to see you. Have you seen 

Joe's girlfriend?' And I said, 'Funny thing. She's 

just like Joe. She's quiet and plain and 

shy and I like her very much.'"

The entire DiMaggio clan feels like 

that about Marilyn. Now that she's in 

the family, Marilyn says, "It's hard for 

me to believe that I have so many friends, 

so many relatives in the world. When I was 

very little, I had no one. Now I have so 

many fine people to love."

The DiMaggios divide their time 

between San Francisco and Hollywood. 

In San Francisco, Joe owns a large white 

house overlooking the bay. It is jammed 

with his baseball trophies. His sister Marie 

has been taking care of it ever since his 

mother died nine years ago. She will 

probably continue to live there.

In Hollywood, Marilyn rents a small, 
tastefully furnished apartment on Doheny 

Drive. Joe describes it as "a little cozy 

corner in the Hollywood hills."

One of Joe's brothers says that he thinks 

it will be too small very quickly. "Espe-

cially," he adds, "if Joe is half the guy 

he's said to be. Then we won't need nine 

kids, all big, healthy, and strong." Whenever 

Marilyn is reminded of this, she breaks 

out into a broad grin.

At the time they were married that I'd 

like to have six kids. I know that's not as 

good as Mamma DiMaggio. But would you 

call it bad?"

"What we want," Janet explained to her 

mother (who has always done most of their 

house hunting), "is a place large enough to 

be moved about Beverly Hills near all the studios.

"We made the usual list of impossible 

demands," Janet recalled. "We were having 

a picnic dinner with my folks one Sunday, 

and we told them all about our require-

ments. The only thing Tony and I don't 

have strong feelings about is architecture. I told them the only thing I want is 

a place in the country, and he said, 'I'm 

on the outside—English, modern, Spanish. 

Just so long as the inside fitted our needs.'"

"Once Janet put the housing project in 

her mother's lap, Tony says, "She felt 

much much better having something to 

look forward to and she forgot about the 

miscarriage. It's a wonderful thing to have 

a family helping you all the time. We knew 

that the baby was gone and would keep 

looking until she found something that 

would make us happy." With her 'outline for a home' in trusted hands, Janet plunged into work. She was 

playing in Prince Valiant with Bob Wagner 

and this absorbed most of her energy. From 

time to time her mother would re-

gretfully tell her that she had not been 

very well. Then, on one of her visits in 

some other occasions, her "kids," as she likes to 

refer to them, inspected vacant houses. For 

one reason or another, Janet and Tony re-

jected them all.

Finally last October, after Janet had fin-

ished Prince Valiant and had flown to 

Detroit where Tony was making Johnny 

Dark on location, her mother found what 

she thought was the right answer to the prob-

lem. "Mother met me at the airport," Janet 

remembers, "and when she started telling me 

about a little California bungalow, I knew 

intuitively that it was the place for Tony and me. I was so sure she was right that I made her stop 

and phoned the people who sold it. She asked 

if I could come right over and see for 

myself."
"They said sure and we went. Of course it was exactly what we needed. The location was perfect and the Spanish style—well, it's a lot like the house I grew up in when we were living in Stockton.

"My only dilemma was to steal the owners until Tony could give his approval. I needn't have worried. Tony took one look at the place and signed all the papers. For the last six weeks we've been happier. We look upon this as our first real home."

The eight-room house that Tony and Janet refer to as "our first real home" is a fine example of the type of compact, one-story house that everyone was building along the palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills in the early thirties. However, it is not the deceptively of "California bungalow" because of its single story, but most of these houses occupy a considerable area. They aren't bungalows like those east of the Mississippi.

The Curtis residence, for example, boasts a large livingroom, a dinningroom, a kitchen, two bedrooms and bathrooms, a bar, a book-lined den, and a glassed-in breakfast room. Some bungalow!

All the rooms are high-ceilinged and there are such conveniences as a special dressingroom for Janet, a roomy service porch, linen closets, and a sky-lighted central foyer.

Traditionally, the California bungalow featured an entrance garden and an enclosed patio in the rear to allow for outdoor living. Set on a corner, the Curtis place contains a lawn larger than most and several big old trees.

"Matter of fact," Tony comments, "it's a nice neighborhood. The fellows around here take pride in their gardening. To most of them, it's not a chore, it's a hobby.

"Mention of "chore" brings me to the fact that Tony Curtis is one of the busiest hobby men in the film colony. Janet decided that the second bedroom would be Tony's hobby room. She and Tony moved in the sectional cabinets in which he keeps his paints and modeling tools, and later Janet talked her mother into helping her line the shelves with a red and white paper. Then she covered one wall with framed photographs and awards which she and Tony have won.

"It's a pleasure for Tony to enjoy all by himself," Janet explains. "If he spills paint and glue anywhere I can hardly tell."

The room they have ear-marked for the baby is the den. This restful, shuttered room is a place where he and Janet and Tony don't. I don't know how this whole thing got started. I'm not a movie star. Nobody ever heard of me. How did they find out who I was?

We went to a restaurant and away by itself. It has its own bath and a door that leads to the patio. There are plenty of built-in cabinets and it's close to the kitchen. It would do splendidly for a nursery.

In the meantime it is fine for studying scripts, reading and practicing magic tricks, another Curtis specialty.

Of all the rooms in the Curtis house the richly-paneled bar probably gets the most use. Not that Tony and Janet are heavy drinkers—Tony specializes in carbonated beverages—but merely because this snug little room boasts the only television set in the house.

Tony and Janet eat dinner-on-a-tray here every night as they watch TV. If their friends—Jeff Chandler, Marge and Gower Champion, or the Jerry Lewises—wander in no one ever suggests moving elsewhere. The bar's cork floor, natural woods and oakmeal-colored upholstery make a pleasant, easy room.

The Curtises do not go in for elaborate, formal dinners or large parties of any kind. Six days a week they are up by five-thirty A.M., gulping coffee and rushing to their rented-furniture company's to report to "make-up."

"Of course," Janet says, "our schedule could change. It's nice to know that we have a large livingroom and a large-diningroom, just in case we wanted to invite ten or twelve for dinner!"

About the livingroom Janet admitted, "I just don't know what to do with it. I guess I'll leave it alone unless Tony gets some idea for it. The diningroom, though! I really love it. The hand-blocked linen draperies and the silver lighting fixture—you know, it's not until you've rented badly-furnished places that you appreciate a good one. This one shows real taste."

In the last year or two Janet has learned to like the feel and looks of hand-hewn furniture. She does it on unique pieces like the hanging rack in the dinningroom on which she displays some of her wedding silver. And she's learned how to bring out the room's strong points and hide its weaker ones. The white woven screen in the dinningroom, for example, masks the entrance to the kitchen. It's her idea.

Fortunately, the kitchen is practically perfect. It has counters of yellow and white tile and a big bay window to let in the sunlight. There are the two refrigerators. Ida Mae, the housekeeper, always has one of them stocked with Tony's beloved soda pop. Now that they have known the luxury of two refrigerators Janet and Tony swear they'll never have less. "In fact," Janet says, "we're thinking of putting in a third, probably behind the bar."

Tony grins. "Everyone knows," he says, "that's the best place for a baby's bottles. Kidding aside," he adds, "we've learned that it's not really living until you're living in a house. There's no one underneath to complain about the noise."

Wait until Mr. Curtis hears the cries of an infant denizen of the two-o'clock bottle. Only then will he know what real noise is.

"Even so," they answered, "it's the only noise we need to make our happiness complete. We'll welcome it with happy hearts and open ears."

(Janet Leigh is appearing in MGM's Athena, and Tony Curtis in U. T. Johnny Dark.)

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**bings secret love's no secret anymore**

(Continued from page 47) ridiculous! It really is. He took me out to dinner and right away the newspapers were playing it up as a big romance. It's no such thing. It's just that Bing has known me a long time and we went out together. And really, I don't know how this whole thing got started. I'm not a movie star. Nobody ever heard of me. How did they find out who I was?

"We went in a restaurant and the next day a reporter was sitting in my office waiting for me to get back from lunch. And when I did, right away, 'Are you Bing Crosby's girl,' goes the reporter."

"As I said before, I'm nobody and I'm not used to that sort of questioning. Bing is just an acquaintance.

"Can't a girl go out? Does it have to be a big romance? This whole thing is ruining my social life. Other men don't call me up. They think I'm Bing Crosby's girl. I'm no such thing. I guess Mona Freeman is his real girl friend."

Mona, however, denies this. "I've seen Bing maybe two or three times since he got back from Europe last summer," she asserts. "People keep calling me up and saying, 'I saw you with Crosby the other night.' I must have a double. I was never with him. All of these stories about my
marrying Bing are just bunk. Bing and I are—well, I guess you’d call us pals. But there isn’t the slightest chance of our getting together.

"He sent the cutest little puppy over to our house for a Christmas present. It’s a little white Maltese dog. We’ve named him "Skeeter" to celebrate Bing New Year’s Eve but not since then."

Croisy left Hollywood after the various New Year’s celebrations to take care of his estate in Texas. At Pebble Beach, Mona Freeman was his guest there, in spite of having denied any close friendship with him. One amateur photographer got a picture of them together, although they tried to avoid photographers. Before Miss Freeman was recognized, Bing was his usual nonchalant self.

"Of course I’m Marget," he admitted.

"And of course I’ve taken her out. She’s a fine girl—wonderful secretary, too."

"Are your intentions serious?" Bing was asked.

"I’d like to take her out to dinner again," he chuckled.

"Would you like to marry her?"

"I’m not marrying anyone right now," he answered.

"How long have you known Marget James? Is she your girl?"

"We’ve had wonderful weather up here," Bing said. "Just perfect for golf."

A few minutes after that conversation Bing called Marget James in Hollywood.

"Reporters bothering you?" he asked.

"They sure are," Marget said good-naturedly.

"See what you’re up against," Bing offered, "when you go out with me."

"I’ve got the answer, Marget said.

"Don’t go out, I just die."

Bing chuckled.

"How did they find out?" Marget asked.

"They find out everything," Bing said.

"Next time we’ll have dinner under my car."

Just how serious they are about each other no one knows, perhaps not even Marget and Bing. All Hollywood knows is that Crosby apparently prefers young, beautiful, refined women.

As he approaches fifty, a young bride might not be the only thing that is young. Conceivably, that young bride could be Marget James, Mona Freeman, or any girl of their type. Bing may not have stated his intentions, but certainly he has shown his taste—at least in dinner dates.

Certainly Crosby needs a wife. Although he has thousands of acquaintances there is a big nature that forbids very close friendship. He keeps people at arm’s length. Basically, perhaps, he is a sentimental Irishman embarrassed by sentiment. That might be why he has adopted a nonchalant façade. In the presence of women he does not exude warmth. He is a fast man with a bone mot, but he gives the impression that he will bear his soul to no one.

Young women like Rosemary Clooney and Audrey Hepburn are attracted to Bing immensely. It is hard to say why, because of their veneration for him than because of his personal magnetism.

Besides his wife Dixie, Bing has never had a girl friend. His friends, never any confidante to share his problems. Bing’s close friends have always been men, fellows like his gag-writer Bill Mor- ro, and his attorney John O’Melveny. O’Melveny and Bing plan to work here in, Bing plans to taper off. He and I are working out his gradual retirement. We’ve set up trust funds for the boys. We’ve taken care of all the other business angles. And one of these days, Bing will just slip out of the limelight. His career is fulfilled and he has plenty of money, and my own opinion is that he wants to play a little and work a little. Eventually, he’ll probably abandon his radio show. Everywhere and anywhere he particularly likes a script, I think he’ll make a movie."

No one in the entire Crosby organization will dare to comment on Crosby’s marital intentions, although Bing has confided to Marget James and Mona Freeman and Ghislaine de Boys- son in Paris last summer.

One brave girl who has worked inter- mediation for Bing is bridesmaid for a girl who is the eyes of the world upon him. He guesses he likes young girls. He’s rarely seen with anyone over thirty. But how would it seem if he married a girl who was only a couple of years older than his oldest son, Gary?

"I guess you know that he takes a dicta- phone wherever he goes. When he has a spare minute he answers his personal mail. Maybe if he knew that a secretary he’d have more time for golf!"

"Choosing a wife is a private decision, and most men can marry any girl they choose. Bing has such tremendous fame that it imposes on his private life, and that’s what he hates the most. For twenty years, he has been hounded and followed and tracked down by the press. I think that’s what he learns so much. Nobody bothers him over there."

The girl who marries Crosby will have her hands full. There are the four Crosby business enterprises, there are the four Crosby boys.

"Now that Dixie’s gone," he said, "it’s a lot of responsibility. They’re normal, healthy youngsters. If they’re not taken care of, they’ll run wild."

Bing’s wife would necessarily share in raising the Crosby clan. This would call for tact and diplomacy. For all four boys remember their mother with overwhelming love. Certainly, no one could substitute for Dixie.

Bing also owns a few homes. There’s the mansion in Holmby Hills, the big house in Pebble Beach (known to real estate men as ‘Everett’s Folly’) brother Everett built and sold. The house has been up for sale for more than a year with no buyers. There’s the summer lodge at Hayden Lake, Idaho, the tremendous ranch at Newhall, North of Los Angeles, and the newest Crosby house in Palm Springs. That makes five residences. To move in and become mistress of these properties takes courage, knowledge, experience and backbone. Perhaps the woman who could do it would be extremely difficult to find. Bing’s friends are mostly athletes, show people and plain, unsophisticated people. Where is he likely to meet a girl able to help him to oversee his vast holdings?"

A girl who wants to continue a career would hardly be suitable. When he took out Audrey Hepburn she was not too famous. When he married Margot, who was one of the few young women in the movies with the proper background for a Mrs. Crosby. As far as I know, Bing probably Audrey Hepburn would not give up her career at this point for anyone. Bing has always insisted that two careers in one family are too many. Dixie abandoned hers although she was far more famous than Bing when they married.

Bing knows there must be extremely careful in choosing his dates. That is why there have been so few. Bing likes to hunt, fish, ride and golf. Few girls are able to keep up with him in these. Presumably, they wouldn’t be expected to. A girl who has sung on Crosby’s radio show many times says, ‘I’d be scared silly to marry Bing. To begin with, he’s settled in his ways. Anyone with a wife would have to do all of the adapting.

‘Then, too, I’d always know that people were staring at me if I measured up to you, Bing. Everyone would compare me to Dixie.’

Bing is almost fifty years old. In another ten years he’ll be an old man, probably a grandfather. He should marry a woman who is forty, at least, maybe a little older. He needs a woman of experience who can cope with things.

I can see his going out with young girls for weeks and weeks on end and calling them up to marry him. He’s so sensible."

What does Bing think of a future mar- riage? What does he have to say?

‘I might get married again,’ he admits, ‘if I could find the right girl, and if the right girl would have me. It’s all up to God.’

END
(Continued from page 39) Rhine right to her garden which was smack in the Nazi battle lines. Only when the earth shuddered beneath her and a blast tumbled her off the pad did she wake up and realize this wasn't her routine nightmare. It was real. Bits of gravel peppered her skin and shell fragments whined wickedly past her ears.

Edda dug the earth with her nails. For agonized seconds she quivered there expecting to be blown to oblivion. Finally the barrage moved on and she crawled back to her cellar door, shaking. She never wanted to try that again.

Edda van Heemstra shed her Dutch alias after the war. She uses her real name now—Audrey Hepburn.

Last October Audrey faced another kind of bombardment in Hollywood where she was making her first American movie, Sabrina Fair. This time the big guns could be labeled Skepticism, Challenge, Envy and Resentment. They were loaded, aimed and set to whom away at her. After all, Audrey was a foreigner, also a one-picture sensation with a royal aura collected in Roman Holiday. She was young and deliciously attractive. Worse than that, she was extravagantly hailed as the new wonder of the film world. There were rumors of attractive Hollywood men like Gregory Peck and Kirk Douglas going mushy over the girl abroad. What a target!

But the battery never opened up. Audrey spilke it. When she flew away to Broadway in December, Hollywood had capitulated. Audrey Hepburn did more than conquer Hollywood. She enchanted it.

Humphrey Bogart, who usually snarls at his colleagues on the set, especially if they seem high and mighty, cooed like a turtledove when Audrey was around. He gave a dinner party in her honor and Baby Baccal loved her. Hepburn's other co-star, William Holden, who can be belligerent about his privacy, even served tea (which he hates) to Audrey and her friends in his dressing room. Bing Crosby, who never visits any sets around Paramount, visited Audrey's like a little boy lest with the excuse that he wanted to keep his French from getting rusty. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, on one side of Audrey's dressing room, lapsed into reverent sanity for the entire two months. Danny Kaye, on the other side, confined his brash gags to one mild attempt. "I'm going to bore a hole through this wall," he threatened. "How nice. Please do," invited Audrey.

No one was exempt from Audrey Hepburn's amazing spell. Director Billy Wilder, who spends his days prodding stars into performances over their heads, raved, "She's Mickey Mantle. She can do anything. There's no one like her." Hardbitten grips, props and juicers conducted themselves like courteous pageboys around Audrey. "I don't know exactly why," one confessed. "Here this kid has the red carpet rolled out all over the place, and ordinarily that's a sickening sight to a working stiff. But for her it looked right." Disillusioned Paramount press agents mooned like schoolboys and dug the dictionary for high flown adjectives. They produced "mesmerizing, fey, stateli, elfin, wise, ravishing and vibrant." Everyone else on the Paramount lot, from studio chief Don Hartman to the lowliest messenger boy, sang praises and cooked up excuses to collect a glance from her tilted eyes or a phrase from her Mona Lisa lips. Cynical reporters arrived primed to debunk Audrey and departed as putty-noodled as the newshawk Greg Peck played in Roman Holiday—and with blank notebooks.

During her entire Hollywood stay, Au-
dry Hepburn said and did nothing pro-
vocative enough to make the "Personals" column of a weekly paper. She never en-
tered a nightclub. She attended four dance marathons—at the Bogart’s, Jack Bennys’, Billy Wilders and Stewart Grangers’. She went to the Ice Follies and the Sadler’s Wells Ballet. On these occasions, Audrey’s escorts were much older than she. Groucho Marx took her to Bogey’s and Bing Crosby to Benny’s. Funnyman Phil Silvers beamed her to the Ice show. Audrey took herself to the ballet.

She did nothing more startling than wearing pink matador pants a time or two and riding around the Paramount lot on the green bicycle Billy Wilder gave her. A studio limousine whisked her to and from a modest two-room penthouse apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, where the only verified steady visitor was a stray cat. There she cooked most of her own meals and usually sacked in from Saturday to Monday watching TV, listening to records, snoozing and reading scripts. Her free days around Paramount she trotted over to the dance barn and worked out with ballet exercises. A couple of times she wore clown shoes, but ever wearing those, she silently sat as primly as a princess, wearing a suit by de Givenchy and kicking off her patent leather pumps to reveal pink toenails peep-
ing through her nylons. She often wore two suits: one for day, one for evening, and always satin and in different colors. Audrey could get away with any color she chose. She was more of a color woman than of a person. Her personal charm is elusive, sophisticated and subtle. It’s continental but cute—dignified but disarming.

Audrey is gracefully informal. She takes you in but holds you off. The Dutch treat with the English accent talks well but tells nothing. If you ask a personal ques-
tion she smiles sweetly and is silent as the sphinx. You wonder how you could ever get her to open up. But once you do, she seems so cor-
tact that you wonder if you shouldn’t kick off your own shoes. She can slop her coffee over the cup and it looks as though that’s the proper way to handle a tea-cup. She’s quite comfortable in any situ-
ation all of the time. Audrey’s undeniable attraction, in one word, is present. Most Hollywood stars affect it but never quite attain it. That’s why Audrey Hepburn has bowled them all over with. Her it comes naturally, as it does with some other girls known as princesses. Playing a real one, flawlessly, of course, is what brought Audrey to Hollywood.

Because that stock title sheet line, "re-
ssemble to any living person is purely cliche," is the real thing in modern Roman Holiday It’s common knowledge that the story was inspired by the English Princess Margaret’s frolics on the Isle of Capri and the picture was released when the rebellious young lady’s romance with Commoner Peter Townsend was hot news. Choosing Audrey Hepburn to play Princess Meg on the screen was a happy piece of casting. In Roman Holiday, Hepburn watched Audrey romping around Rome but you were also seeing Margaret Rose.

It wasn’t all illusion. Audrey’s resem-
blance to Princess Margaret is inexcus-
able. But a lot of what came across in Roman Holiday was the result of the same sort of disciplined, tutored childhood that the British princess had.

Audrey’s mother is the Baroness van Heemstra, of a noble Dutch family. At one time their ancestral castle was Doorn, where she was born. Kaiser Wilhelm spent his last years choosing where Audrey’s ancestors served Holland’s royal house for generations. One of them, Baron Aernoud van Heemstra, governed the colony of Surinam in South America and married a German princess. A counselor was adjutant at the royal Dutch court. Audrey’s father was J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, an Irish-Eng-
lish businessman. The family dis-
divorced when she was ten, and since then Audrey has had practically no contact with her father, who lives today in Ireland.

Audrey Hepburn was born in Brussels on May 4, 1929. Her first memories are of a big comfortable estate outside Brussels with servants, governess, pets and pleasant rooms to romp in. She has two older half-brothers, by her moth-
er’s first marriage. Serious whooping cough almost killed her at six weeks. Later she was so often ill that, by her own account, she never saw the doctor, and her health and never cooled for a minute. Her program was rigorous. She learned French as well as English. At four she was sent to school in England as her par-
ents divorced. They lived in the Isle of Wight and Holland. Audrey’s clothes were es-
specially made for her; her behavior care-
fully coached. She was introduced to operas, ballets and to the theatre. She sat still in a theatre seat. She traveled all over Europe with her parents.

This left little time for play or such friv-
olities as the other girls. She didn’t know what a ‘fan’ was or what the word ‘star’ mean’t until I made pictures myself in England,” Audrey confesses. “Until I was eighteen I had never entered a picture. A fine ballerina was lost.” Maybe so. Certainly Adriaantje (Dutch for “Little Audrey,” as they called her) was as graceful as a sprite and for a long time the silent

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**the soothsayer said it**

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chequer forty cents over the newsletter price. All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and mail it to us with your check or money order. Then fill the ice bag up again and settle down to wait for your monthly copy of **MODERN SCREEN**—delivered right to your happy home!

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cluttered life of a ballet novice. Soon she used her dancing in another way—to help raise money for Dutch resistance.

The Nazi screws tightened, Hobnailed boots clattered over the brick pavements at night and people Audrey knew vanished as the terror spread. Her cousin was executed and her uncle was shot for implication in a sabotage plot. Audrey changed her name to Eddie van Heemstra and spoke only Dutch in the streets. At night she slipped out to verboten gatherings at homes of underground leaders, dancing and passing the hat for money to help carry on the resistance. Sometimes notes that could have sent her to prison nestled in the toe of her stocking—messages to Dutch underground leaders.

Understanding Dutch—Hepburn doesn't like to talk about those days. Besides the Nazi terror there was the hunger and cold, the desperate problems of trying to exist in a plundered land. The winters were bitter with no coal and often only runty greens to eat. Audrey still drools when she sees rich food—but she still gets a stomach ache when she eats it.

The worst time of all came right before liberation. Around Arnhem hopes leaped wildly when the British picked that town for the first airborne landing. The Union Jack came out of hidden places and people cheered as Tommies dropped from the skies. But somebody blundered. A Nazi panzer division, undetected, was waiting and attacked the British in one of the greatest fiascoes of the war.

"After that," remembers Audrey, "we lived in a ghost town, although you couldn't say we lived. We stayed alive."

The Allied bombs were falling everything. Arnhem was dead. Audrey's house was outside Arnhem, right in the German lines. For seven months she huddled in the cellar, her only fear the mortar and bombmadoms made the earth shake around her. She risked her life every time she popped her head out. That's when the craving for food fanned the fear of being blown to bits and she took that sunbath and almost got killed.

In April, 1945, Arnhem was liberated by General Montgomery's forces. Audrey could breathe again, but she was still a different person. Maybe it's that background that makes Audrey Hepburn a baffling personality in Hollywood, surprisingly mature in some ways, naive in others. Things were easier for Audrey Hepburn after V-E day, but the family fortune was wrecked. Her mother went to work as a decorator helping to restore ruined Dutch homes. Audrey went back to ballet school. She studied in Amsterdam and the Hague, helping to pay her way by working as a fashion photographer. At nineteen, when she had made enough progress and saved a small stake, she went to London alone to try out for Madame Marie Rambert's famous advanced ballet school. She bought a round trip ticket to Holland, but tight money restriction allowed her to take only five pounds—then about fifteen dollars. Madame Rambert took her into her own house with some other promising pupils. There was no money from home. To keep her body, soul and ambition together Audrey didn't act like either a princess or a prima ballerina. She acted like a chorus girl.

Audrey landed first in the second row chorus of the English production of High Button Shoes. Even in that obscure spot, both her grace and appeal stood out. She kicked her willowy legs in other stippled revues like Sauce Tartare and Sauce Piquant. She picked up jobs in night clubs and bits around London's movie studios. It was a big moment for Audrey Hepburn when she actually played a talking bit—as the cigarette girl in the opening shot of The Tender Hill Mob.

She landed a honeymooning bride bit in a minor British film romp called Monte Carlo Baby, mainly because she could handle both the English and French versions. That took her on location to the gamblers' Principality of Monaco. The day Audrey played her quickie role in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris she also hit the jackpot.

The aging French author, Colette, whose novel, Gigi, was being dramatized for Broadway, spied Audrey from her wheelchair. She couldn't believe the elegance herein The Girl with Her Sophisticated Book. "There's Gigi," she said. Colette was right.

A few months later Audrey opened in Gigi at the Fulton Theatre in New York, playing the title role. She had never before acted on the stage. Besides a few dramatics lessons in London she had no training for such a debut. She had never seen Hollywood or America and knew no one. The pressure on the twenty-two-year-old untried, unknown girl was terrific. If she flopped...!... But Audrey Hepburn didn't flop—she made a hit. The first night, walking off stage, the manager complained, "I don't know how you're going to get inside your dressing room. It's full of flowers." When Audrey did get inside there were Helen Hayes and Marlene Dietrich, famous names to her, waiting to hug and congratulate her. Critics raved about the new star. They've been raving ever since. It looked easy for Audrey Hepburn. But it wasn't.

Butterflies fluttered in her flat tummy then. The next day Producer Gilbert Miller said, "Audrey, may I see you for a minute, out in front of the house?" She remembers thinking. "This is it. I'm going to be sacked." Miller gavely walked her out, ushered her to a cab, then he grinned. "Take a look!" Workmen on ladders were hanging up new letters. They spelled out, "AUDREY HEPBURN."

Later in London director William Wyler was poking around for a girl to play Princess Anne. He has said frankly, "When she first came to see me I thought she was skinny and colorless. I didn't think she had a thing." He granted a short film test anyway—the bed scene from Roman Holiday—but he wasn't interested enough to stay in London to see how it came out. If the cameraman hadn't kept shooting after the scene and caught Audrey hugging her knees with a relaxed giggle, Paramount might have spoiled "M.G.m." on the basis of a film test in Hollywood. But in that brief flash the real Hepburn charm came through and Don Hartman has a quick phrase for charm. He cabled, "Sign her." The best lines are still with Audrey. "Every night is opening night to me," she says. "After all, you have to deliver the goods." They were there when she delivered the goods in Rome for a notoriously...
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why hollywood is sore at eddie fisher

(Continued from page 38) been advised against taking a test.


The person who had talked with Eddie and his representatives said, "It sure beats me. We explained to the kid that the screen test would serve as a protection for him as well as for us. ‘After all,’ I said, ‘you wouldn’t want to be in a picture if you looked silly or your real personality didn’t come across.’ He just gave us the cold shoulder.

Fisher’s representative, on the other hand, retaliates with, "Why should he take a test? He’s on television twice a week. Anyone who’s interested in buying his picture can see exactly what he looks like, exactly how he delivers a song. What else could be necessary?"

Besides, I think it’s pretty important that the studio offered to sign him without a test a year ago. I think that was for some picture Freddie Finkelhoff had written. Now all of a sudden they want to test him. They lack confidence in his quantitiy. They can see what they’re getting.”

Sure, execution is easy, but you can’t lose something until it’s on film. Shot at the home base in Hollywood. “There was plenty of film on Audrey Hepburn,” one of them remarked, “stuff made of her in Europe. But we went right ahead and offered on her for Roman Holiday until a top-notch director like Willie Wyler tested her himself.

“I add, Fisher has made plenty of money. His records have sold more than five million copies. I know he doesn’t
need the job. But I still can't understand why he was dead the for a top.

"He says he doesn't need one, but how does he know? He's never been in pictures. He's only a kid. We think he's making a big mistake. His agents say that we're making a mistake. Maybe so. Only we can't afford to invest two million dollars in a picture and have the singing thing fail.

"I remember only a year or so ago when Metro brought out a kid, Russell Nype, who starred with Ethel Merman in *Cell Me Maddy*. He was great on the stage but on film his personality didn't come over. He's good on TV but on TV the problems are different."

In all fairness to Eddie, it must be said that the young crooner finds himself in an awkward spot. He's in the middle of an argument which he didn't start.

He keeps saying, "I've got unlimited faith in my manager, Milt Blackstone. When I was really down on my luck and things looked blackest, he's the guy who set me up. A couple of years ago when I went to Hollywood, the agency convinced me that I'd never make a go of it in show business, it was Milt who got me in at Grosinger's, and it was Milt who helped me get out of those breakers."

"It would be stupid and ungrateful of me not to follow his advice." Fisher is also represented by MCA, the largest talent agency in the world. These men know most of the answers. Probably they want Paramount to sign Eddie first; then if his screen test should not turn out well, he'd still get a lot of money.

So Paramount is testing another TV singer, Julius LaRosa; and it may well be that if he gets the right roles, LaRosa will develop into the motion picture star that Eddie Fisher might have been.

Some think Julie doesn't sing as well as Eddie, but he does have warmth, good looks and an electric charm.

This is not to say that Hollywood has irrevocably turned thumbs down on Eddie Fisher. The kid from Big Philadelphia may yet wind up on the Paramount lot. But right now the negotiations are finished, and the studio is looking elsewhere for young talent. And there's an unkind rumor in the wind that Eddie's success has gone to his head.

A Hollywood photographer who covers the nightclub beat, says, "He acted like a prima donna out here. One night he came into Mocambo with Mamie Van Doren and some other people. Naturally, we moved in and began to focus.

"Next thing you know, he jumped up and yelled, 'None of that. No pictures.' And he ran out of the room."

"We were kind of flabbergasted. He'd flown out here from the east to appear on a TV show with Eddie Cantor and Frank Sinatra. The network boys took pictures and he had no objections. We want to photograph him with this baby and he balks.

"All I can say is that if Eddie Fisher doesn't want to be photographed with any of his dates, particularly a hirsute armful like that Van Doren doll, then he shouldn't belong to the Mocambo.

Mamie Van Doren, the Universal-International starlet who dated Eddie in Hollywood, says, 'Of course he's changed. He has more confidence in himself—more assurance. It's only to be expected.

"I first met him in New York when we were doing Million Dollar Baby, a Monte Fresco show in his Cafe Theatre. I was a showgirl and I think this was Eddie's first show. He was very sweet and I guess maybe a little scared, but he'd been around and he knew the big city. I was from South Dakota. I wasn't in love with him. It wasn't anything like that—but we did go around on dates.

"I'd tell him how much money and someone, I think it was a girl in the line, told me Eddie was crazy about a little Irish girl named Joan Wynne, who was working in the Copa. But I didn't mind.

"Eddie was a nice guy. His career has always come first with him. I knew that right away. Girls were just incidental to him.

"We used to take walks near Central Park and down Broadway at midnight. And with all those neon signs and the crowds milling around and the restaurants open, it was very glamorous, very late, and it was wonderful being with Eddie.

"I'll tell you this about Eddie. He's got a very warm personality and he's very lucky because he's always known what he wanted in life. He wanted to sing and to entertain, and that's what he's doing."

"After he went into the Army I came out to Hollywood. One day he called. He was in uniform and I can't remember if he was on his way to Korea or coming back from there. Anyway, he said he was at the Beverly Hills Hotel and wouldn't I go out with him. And of course I did. He looked fine."

"And then this last time a few weeks ago. He was here for the Eddie Cantor show and after it was over he called me again and asked, 'How about dinner?'

"I'm always glad to hear from Eddie and I said, 'Sure.' First we went to Romanoff's. After we drove with an other couple to the Mocambo to hear Eartha Kitt. Eddie was absolutely a perfect gentleman. He is always his. The captain seated us, and then in a little while the photographers came over and began to take pictures of us. All of a sudden Eddie jumped up as if someone had lit a fire under him. He pushed the table away and ran out in the lobby, and there I was, sitting by myself and wondering what was wrong with the guy."

"Afterwards, he was shrewd at himself and felt kind of silly for behaving that way. He tried to make up for it. 'Look,' he said. 'I promised Guy Mitchell we'd go over to Ciro's and catch his act.' But by then I'd had enough. Just take me home, I said. 'This isn't our night.'"

"He apologized again and took me home, and he was just as sweet as he could be.

"Do I think he's changed? Of course he's changed. He's got more money for one thing. He can take a girl to Romanoff's for dinner. When I met him Romanoff's was just a place he read about in a movie magazine. And naturally money has done things for his ego, his security."

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Eddie Fisher, on TV's *Youth Wants To Know*, with moderator Chuck Saxon (Modern Screen ed.) said he was eager to be in movies.

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**INSTRUCTIONS**

Results measured in days, again. Years of suffering, gone. The results are the same for 8 to 10 yrs., when, after years of suffering, the patient has tried everything, and the doctors are at a loss. The truth is, however, that the disease is not contagious, and on the contrary, when you have tried and have failed, go to another doctor. After another of his friends interprets the Mocombo incident differently. “This kid,” he says, “is blessed with a lot of professional wisdom. There he is in the Mocombo with one of the sexiest starlets in the business. He is sponsored on radio and TV by Coca-Cola. He realizes that his following consists mostly of teen-agers. How are these teen-agers going to react to a picture of him in their newspapers with a sexy blonde at his left, a scotch and soda at his right? (Fisher doesn’t drink.) How would that Public Oil Company be affected? Can’t take chances on a question like that.

“Now, here is the right thing. He got out before the photographers loused him up. Now is the best way to do it. But he looks after himself. This boy lives a clean life. The only thing he’s interested in is his career. Anything you hear that concerns a different impression is 100% wrong.

“For some reason everyone seems anxious to marry him off. He’s young. He’s got plenty of money. He is 21.”

Eddie himself says, “I think thirty might be a good age for marriage. But who knows? I’d like to find a girl who was right for me. Just what she’d be like or where I’d find her I don’t know. But I certainly don’t expect to remain a bachelor or to rule out marriage because my career takes so much of my time. He’s probably the most fabulously lucky in that he came on the show business scene at a time when the younger set was ready for a new singer. Most of his popular recordings were originally scheduled to be sung by Mario Lanza, one of RCA Victor’s top money-makers. For the last two years Lanza has been unable to do any regular work. He has recorded only four sides.

In that same two years Eddie Fisher has been busy. He not only took over Lanza’s number one recording berth at RCA, but he replaced Mario on the NBC’s Camel Comedy Club show and inherited his tremendous teenage following.

Should Lanza ever return to the recording wars, should he start making motion pictures again or go out on personal appearance tours, possibly Eddie Fisher would lose some of his amazing populariz-ity. Although Eddie is sometimes work- tone, his voice has not developed classical range yet. Music lovers don’t make the concentrated rush for Eddie’s discs that they do for Lanza’s.

Eddie hopes to come to Hollywood and to make motion pictures. He is sorry for his behavior at the Mocombo. In the future he hopes to be a legitimate right now he is riding the crest of his popularity. The whole world seems good, golden, and glorious. Teen-age girls out-side, and Paramount Theatre are still writing on the walls in red crayon, “Eddie Fisher is the most.”

Under these circumstances it probably doesn’t seem too important to Eddie that he has ruffled Hollywood’s sensitive feathers. Next time he will straighten out everything. And there undoubtedly will be a next time. Hollywood doesn’t give up easily on money makers.

**END**

**what makes stannwyck tick?**

(Continued from page 4) and to know your business cold, you were a success. After the first few years of staying a success—and that’s no more a problem than walking a tightrope across Niagara Falls. But it helps—it does help—if you know some helluva lot about tight- rope walking.

Miss STANwyCK paused, considered, stubbed out a cigarette, got a light for another. She is considered a personality. “I chair the trim, straight-backed posture of a little girl whose mother has taught her to sit like a lady at all times, and to keep her hands off her lap. When going a short, full skirt and a sweater, a hunk or two of casual jewelry and a somewhat furrowed look around the brown eyes. Yes. I’ll be 43 this year. ’ve gone on about this before. You might even call it one of my favorite go-on-abouters. But probably there’s something to it. Look, you take a man, a young man—or a girl—who has been in your particular shop for, say, a year, and say to him suddenly: ‘You are now our star salesman.’ Or your star stringer. And then, after you’ve laid out a barrage of letters and fanfare, you say, ‘announcing you as such. Thus cus- tomer resistance will be beaten to a pulp before you’ve got, I don’t know, those there on all you have to do is keep breath- ing.’ Well, it isn’t as easy as that. Or if it is, and one in a while it is—it shouldn’t be. Where does the poor kid stand? He doesn’t know—oh, shipping—he doesn’t know production, he doesn’t know the clerical end, he doesn’t know tooling or purchasing. He just doesn’t know. But he’s Mr. Big. Without the background. So if he falls on his face, who’s to blame? A person? A system? I don’t know. But I’m not sure it’s the best way in the world to run a railroad."

"I’m not saying we haven’t offered another person, muttering about balloons. A balloon was a little, limp nothing. You blew it up and it was a big, fat nothing. But who was it?"

"That’s true and it isn’t,“ said Miss S. "Because sometimes they shoot it full of helium instead of just air and it keeps ris- ing. It’s a funny thing, but the phony infla- tion of a personality does work, and all your arguments fall apart. You’re right but you’re wrong—and they can prove it. Pictures are no business. They’re just sales tools. They’re like beer. The best beer in the world. They’re all the same. There are stars, big stars, out here who have traveled to the moon on nothing but a gimmick—and more stars, more popular and better known by the way? I wouldn’t want you to think that as one of the busy beavers myself, I envy or—or deplore success of any kind. I’m not saying a lady Seel is true, or like to see it happen, whether it’s rigged to a gimmick or what they call in the front of- fice, genius. But you have to feel sorry for the personal staff. They have to make a gimmick either, because then there’s nothing left to fall back on but the things in the middle—some talent, a capacity for hard work. But the publicity, the things, all three together, aren’t common. And even if the kid does have them all he’s pretty vulnerable to premature pub- licy.”

Vulnerable how?

“Talent’s vulnerable because it’s brought along too fast, like a flashy young
fighter being overmatched. I could name you names, but what would it prove? Please don't conjecture. I'm not talking about beauty contests or personality tests. She's trying hard to leave the launching phase of her publicity behind her and she's developing into a fine comedienne. She's really finding her true self all right. The capacity for work is blunted by a kind of surface success being handed to you before you know what work is. You see?" Two plumpies, with unny-ump magazine stories written about him, gets the A-treatment at Mocamo and he's in. Without working. So why work? And here's the trouble: the audience won't, he won't know why and perhaps he's incapacitated from ever learning, which is even worse. He's been a star, even if he wasn't using his brain or even his talent. "And ambition. By ambition, I mean wanting, truly wanting, to act, not simply to be an actor, a star. There's a world of difference. One wants in his heart and in his mind to learn to master the art. The other wants only to sign autographs and be pointed out in nightclubs. That's not an ambition, it's a daydream. What the second would not buy is the natural, healthy order of events. But the second should never leave home. They start with nothing, seek nothing and will get nothing."

Miss Stanwyck, as the foremost exponent of the husky, breathless, catch-in-the-throat type of a beautiful woman with a bit of gimmick of her own, but on her it looks incendiary. Now in her twenty-second year of unquestioned stardom, she has invited inestimable torque to itself,常务副, and the deepest sort of male breathing (e.g., Double Indemnity, in which Miss S. portrayed a troll so artfully as to make the J. P. Morgan stockholders beg her to write a new ruling just wash its hands of the whole business). For such undeviating polish, Miss Stanwyck has a word of her own, which describes splendidly succinct fashion. She necessarily does not apply to herself—although it certainly does apply—but to such highly respected colleagues as Shirley Booth, Thelma Ritter, Clifton Webb, Betty Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ralph Bellamy and many others. The word is "pro."

"It says everything," avers Miss Stanwyck. "There are in emphasis and the non-pros. The pros have it. They are the actors. One of the classic examples here in pictures is Bill Holden. I'm prejudiced, sure. The Holdens are dear friends. But Bill did it the slow way, the sure way, the quiet way. He had good pictures and fair ones and bad ones. The bad ones got him down. I told him then what I thought of what he could. He would have anyway, but I told him. He plugged ahead, another beaver like me. Bobby-soxers didn't mob him. Miss Stanwyck did. But by a month before he'd opened his mouth on a screen. But he learned and he grew. Now look at this, wonderful run of great pictures. And do you think, dear Miss Stanwyck, queried point blank on the subject, has said with a kind of tired frankness: "Certainly I know the answer. Why should I lie to you? I'm one of the few read on the matter."

"But a partial reclamation had been affected?"

"I don't know what you call a reconciliation. We've gone back to getting on well, that's what I'm trying to say. And that's all."

"And even that much had not been easy?"

"Easy? It was terrible. For a year I was so bitter. Well, I don't know. Bob wanted to be friends. Not me. Then gradually—Well, he's a nice guy to be with. Always was. You've got me off the track, though. My point was that Bob was right. He was right to try. It's the right thing to do."

The cause of Miss Stanwyck's decision to divorce Robert Taylor after more than eleven years of marriage is not, of course, wholly unknown, but neither are any of the guesses notably documented or authenticated. Apparently Miss Stanwyck, queried point blank on the subject, has said with a kind of tired frankness: "Certainly I know the answer. Why should I lie to you? I'm one of the few read on the matter."

As to whether Miss Stanwyck has a new male interest, the reply is substantially the same. That portion of her private life open to the public—yes, but not that through gossip columns, because they know how. But what can be good for the business can be bad, very bad, for the player, I have no reforms. It's the tolerances of the world that makes the one she failed to notice, heantas of his wife, could not come from Frank Merrwell. But now and then to survive—you've got to be good and tough. Or tough and good."

Well, who, for example, had been clawed and survived? "Bob Taylor was one," said Miss Stanwyck without breaking stride. "He had this 'Pretty Boy' label pasted on him. Girls fans and boys fans, both sick sense and all the wrong kind. It antagonized people more than anything else. It almost knocked Bob cold. He'd come home some nights and—Well, that's beside the point. I'm trying to talk about it. Because he's an actor, a good actor, and now he has proved it. But I don't think those days were easy."

Miss Stanwyck would please excuse it, but there had been reports that—

"No," she said sharply. "We're good friends again. At last. It took some doing. But a flat and final no. I am good at sick of conjecture, too. Conjecture is the cheapest thing in the world. We'll eat dinner together or go out to a nightclub, and you don't know what we're talking about. I know what I know; Bob knows what he knows. They don't."

But a partial reclamation had been affected?—

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occasion, "either you hit it and can't see it or you see it and can't hit it."

Evenings, she likes to have friends in for music and conversation but absolutely no word games likeabble. They set Miss Stanwyck's S.'s teeth on edge. Maybe an early movie with her close friend and personal publicist, Helen Ferguson, one-time screen star who now operates a glazier public salon in Beverly Hills. Maybe reading until four A.M. Miss Stanwyck is an omnivorous reader, who'll sail happily through anything from a pocket whodunit to Arnold Toynbee. She has no taste for nightclub and will go only to hear a favorite entertainer—and then only to the early show. Then back to Hollywood or Los Angeles as it suits her very fast ear and the Los Angeles ground rules will permit.

She is a woman to whom "order" is a word with obsessive overtones. She clocks her engagements and diversions to split seconds and is actually pre-punctual for dates. "You wouldn't think," a friend has said, "of dropping in on her without calling first. It would shatter her schedule." With intimates she is utterly relaxed; with strangers or casual acquaintances, shy but with a shyness she contains well under surface volubility and a trace of disarming tension. Like so many persons with neat minds, she is a furious ashtray emptier. Let more than one-and-a-half butts sully the silence of the stillroom, and swoosh! It is emptied, wiped and in position for the next trip.

That is Miss Stanwyck away from a studio. When she works—she works.

Ruby Stevens, as the kids around Broadway correctly called Miss Stanwyck in the last few Twenties, was born in Brooklyn on the hot July 16, 1907, and was orphaned four years later. She did not, however, go to an orphanage or to any other charitable institution, nor was there what you have heard to the contrary. She was boarded out by her sister Mildred with various families. First she wanted to be a dancer like Isadora Duncan. Second, a missionary to China. Then she went back to Isadora again and at the distinctly tender age of thirteen. Ruby was hoofing on Broadway's Strand Roof.

In those days she was one of an inseparable triumvirate, of which the others were Mae Clarke, later to crack pictures herself, and Fay, the widow of songwriter Walter Donaldson. While at liberty (a near-chronic condition then) the three hung around a tavern run by Billy LaHiff (whose niece got to be known here and there as Nancy Carroll) until Billy, apparently in self-defense, decided to get Ruby a job. Willard Mack, a local producer of the day, was the lad who took the chance and presently he had promoted Miss-Stanwyck-to-be from a chorus slot to a poignant and juicy role. This she performed right tastily and that was that and has been ever since. But while he was about it, Mr. Mack took care of her name. The story is that he was standing next to an old playbook reading, "Jane Mr. Fay played in wyck in Barbara Frietchie." And that he just took one fast look, held out his hand and said, "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck." Well, it could have been like that.

The Noose ran a year in New York and led to Burlesque, a sad and tender play in which Miss Stanwyck and the late Hal Skelly sustained performances which couldn't have been much better or more affecting. Then came Hollywood.

The role of drums that accompanied Miss Stanwyck's entrance could have been the sort of noise that indicated that the drummer had gone out for a smoke. She tested for nine roles and got none of them. Her tenth time at bat found Director Frank Capra looking for someone for an item titled Ladies Of Leisure. Would Miss Stanwyck test? "No, thank you," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already had some." According to Miss Stanwyck's official biography this moved Mr. Capra to hire her on the spot, and if that is not precisely so, it's too much trouble to check right now.

Ladies Of Leisure was a good picture (although two predecessors resisted the strongest deodorants with total success) and Miss Stanwyck, in it, a brilliant actress.

Nor has she been anything less since. Just—in the misfires—better and better and better.

Such whole-hearted conscientiousness and application deserve a footnote. A few weeks ago Miss Stanwyck was asked, as she is frequently asked, if she hadn't had enough, if she wouldn't care to get out while she was on top and raise Herefords in Calabasas?

"Nope," she said. "Herefords and I aren't simpatico. Besides, I love to act."

Or return to the stage?

"Not enough variety. In this business it's always something different."

What, then, if she did slip, if recession, as it must to all, came to her?

"Slip and act at the same time."

And if the points at which she was forced to take character roles with sleazy, run-down studios?

SALT OF THE EARTH

Lunching in the Astor Pharmacy one noon, I overheard the man next to me order a malted milkshake. To my surprise, he asked me to pass the salt and started to add it to the malt. I naturally took a second look at the next to say that he was Frankie Laine. I must have looked pretty startled because he started to laugh—and then he paid my check.

Joan Fitzpatrick
New York, New York

"Try to make it the best character performance the sleazy, run-down studio ever had."

Not mentioned by Miss Stanwyck's current history, but an item of record nonetheless, is that she had been married to Frank Fay, a superb master of ceremonies and later a gifted serious actor, but not a fellow of predictable behavior. Miss Stanwyck herself pronounced her own epitaph on this union.

She was asked if she wished to attend Harvey in New York, a spectacularly successful play in which she had played in triumph an amiable souse opposite a nonexistent, six-foot bunny.

"I think not," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already seen all the rabbits Mr. Fay has to offer."

Miss Stanwyck, for all her perfectionism in the professional sense, is not one to raise much of a rumpus while her picture is in production. She raises it all beforehand and gets it out of the way. She's impatient of small talk, would as soon use the telephone if it could be a third-hand and has managed somehow to channel her tensions into creative endeavor.

The chances are, moreover, that she is quietly really happy over your citation to her, via Modern Screen. She likes to have accomplishment designated as such.
through with love

(Continued from page 24) Wyman does not answer her phone, nor her door.

On December 29, Louella reported their reconciliation. “Jane and Freddie have kissed and made up and I told them they were equally to blame. There were a few problems, but not much. It looks as if everything will be all right because they were holding hands when they left.”

Jane was again—hand holding. It fooled everybody except Jane’s closest friends. They know her too well to be duped by a gesture. During the Christmas holidays, the couple was seen sitting at a table by themselves at a small dinning room fire in the home of a boy whose family had enough money to permit their son to play the Hollywood field. “Trav” and Jane dated steadily and nightly and after an acquaintance of several weeks became engaged. Three weeks later, when they became un-engaged, Jane explained the betrothal. Pressure from friends and from the press had led her to think a marriage with Kleeed would be advisable. Those some pressures had influenced her to break her engagement.

This is a strange statement from a woman who takes marriage seriously. Such an attitude could not possibly stem from reason; it must necessarily have been emotional. Jane’s father insisted that Jane’s marriage was a fiasco, he was never really sold on the idea. Mike had been party to everything; the couple was glad to break it off.

I t n a m a p p a n d a p a n e d p o s i t i o n to make a lasting marriage—with this, too, came an end after eight years.

Then came a four-year stretch in which Hollywood said it was worried about Wyman. She showed no signs of wanting to marry again, and Wyman, they said, was a girl who has to be married in order to be happy. There was a fiasco in a field with a young man named Travis Kleeed, a boy whose family had enough money to permit their son to play the Hollywood field. “Trav” and Jane dated steadily and nightly and after an acquaintance of several weeks became engaged. Three weeks later, when they became un-engaged, Jane explained the betrothal. Pressure from friends and from the press had led her to think a marriage with Kleeed would be advisable. Those some pressures had influenced her to break her engagement.

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W ith all this going on, small wonder Jane’s friends worried about her. Most of them, along with all of Hollywood, were stunned by the restless Miss Wyman’s marriage to Kleeed. Not that anyone disapproved with the suddenness of the marriage. She had known him three months. She had rehearsed with him her musical numbers for Let’s Do It Again. Fred Kleeed is an executive squired by a musical supervisor by Columbia Pictures when there is a musical film in the making. He comes from a family in comfort. He was a bachelor, and his suddenness of marriage had been cause enough. He and Jane seemed to have a great deal in common, and this time she didn’t break anybody’s heart. “When you are going to get married,” she said, “you don’t need opinions. You have your own.” And so they went to Santa Barbara to be married, with Freddie’s friend, Dick Quine, and Jane’s brother, Jack, as witnesses.

The marriage had a good chance. Both Jane and Freddie were very much in love. Both of them are thoroughly nice people. Jane’s two children, Maureen and Mike, got along famously with Terry Kleeed, Freddie’s daughter by his only previous marriage. Said the new Mrs. Kleeed: “It must have been a kind of providence that brought Freddie and me together. He not only thinks the way I do, but he has the same idea of life.”

She was objective enough to refuse to live in the house she had shared with Quine. Following the breakup with Kleeed, she had said, “I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You have to change your whole life.”

She was happy enough to hold her collection of pianos (three) and children (three).

T heir careers went booming along. Jane made So Big the following summer and Magnificent Obsession the following fall. Freddie was out of Columbia with the fin-
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You won't have to dig down to the lining so often if you stay with the manufacturers' branded products that never fail you.

Buying what gives you consistent good value is the only real economy. Even if these products sometimes cost a little more, you're spending wisely and well. Nothing's a bargain that isn't good. So buy the brands that serve you faithfully. No mistakes, that way, no losses... no losses, and your money lasts longer.

Nobody's giving anything away, mind. Nothing's for nothing. But nothing's wasted either, when you are buying what is good.

Lots of more-for-your-money ideas in the ads this magazine carries.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
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A NON-PROFIT EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION
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WANT VALUE? PATRONIZE THE DEALER WHO PROVIDES YOUR FAVORITE BRANDS

Isch of Let's Do It Again but back to write the theme song for From Here To Eternity and back again at the end of the year for The Pleasure's All Mine. Between picture assignments he had his orchestra, a band much in demand for private parties.

The marriage should have gone along swimmingly. Instead, within the space of one year, something went terribly wrong. At first there had been a tremendous physical attraction. If that were the sole basis of their love it would naturally lead to trouble. When attraction wanes the problems seem bigger than they do in the first flush of a marriage. Jane herself has said, "I'm madly impulsive. I do things and then I think. What did I do?" When I live that doubt I must pause and get things straightened out."

Did Karger's health have anything to do with it? It is said that his doctor has warned him against strenuous physical exertion because of his heart. Did this mean any loss of activity for Jane, who loves activity? After her marriage she said, "I'd like the chance to travel now. I've been too busy up to now. In the past, they stayed home, pinned down to her work or his, and somewhat confined because of his health.

Was the financial situation too difficult to bear? In his capacity of musical supervisor, on and off, Karger's income did not nearly measure up to the sums brought in by his wife. There must have been the old Hollywood bugaboo of the husband who ran second as a breadwinner. The man whose wife receives a jeweled bangle as a Christmas gift from her agency while the best he can afford is a nightgown, must always be in a difficult position.

The Kargers were on an eternal house hunt, but they never bought a house. While house hunting one day the Kargers looked at a mansion priced at $96,000 and Mr. Karger said, "Now, this is one I can afford." This leads to speculation about Karger's income and is whose money the Kargers were living on.

It must be remembered that it is hard for any man to be married to a woman so prominent that he may be self-effacing. To be Mr. Wyman is no fun. It was embarrassing when the Kargers were invited to a party and Freddie Karger's hand was brought up to the occasion. It happened several times and Karger had to turn down the job. This meant less income provided by him.

You will recall that Jane told Louella Parsons, "Believe me, we parted very amicably." "Believe me" has the sound of a plea and suggests that the lady doth protest too much. It could not have been so very amicable when both parties, within the span of a few days, filed for divorce from each other.

Freddie Karger is, above all, a gentleman, and a gentleman does not file for divorce unless he is very, very angry, or unless he is a publicity hound. Karger is far from being a publicity hound. He has always been the kind of man who would not, from the glare of the spotlight. So it must be assumed that Mr. Karger had reason to be angry.

A lawyer who handles many Hollywood divorces has said, "Whenever two people file simultaneously for a divorce, it's a sure bet their respective attorneys have had a finger on the falling pulse of the marriage. They know it is spilling for a fight and when the moment comes for it to break into the open it becomes a race to see who can file first."

Karger's lawyer, Milton Cohen, said: "There will be no fight. All Mr. Karger is interested in is his freedom."

It would appear that Freddie Karger is a proud man who wants to live again in a house that belongs to him, that he is a man who believes in an old-fashioned marriage. And that Jane Wyman is a proud woman who is not going to give in to circumstances, a woman who admires a modern marriage. It is possible that she realizes that sooner or later such a marriage would reduce Karger to a man without self-respect. Perhaps, in a way, the divorce will be the best thing for both of them.

KARGER might have had a better chance if he could have married Sara Jane Fulks. Jane Wyman has changed great deal since her initiation into Hollywood. In the early days she was a bouncing blonde known by everyone from the gate- men on up. She has come in love with life, merry and unspoiled by success. She wanted desperately to do a dramatic part rather than the chorus cutie bits that were handed her, and when she got her first crack at it, in Johnny Belinda, she walked away with an Oscar. They say this did something to her. She became inaccessible, aloof, and suddenly high-strung. Jane Wyman fell victim to what all's most of its stars. She had so much that there was little left for her to want.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

At a party I once gave for the drama department students at the University of Miami, I tripped and fell down several steps and cut my face on a tray I was carrying. A guest named Bob ran to help me clean the cut. I was about to wash it with tap water, when, remembering his Army medical experience, Bob stopped me. He looked over the cut and chose some articles with which he made a dressing. My doctor later told me that Robert Horton had probably saved me from having an ugly scar on my face.

Nancy Chapman
New York, New York

This sort of thing lies coiled behind almost every Hollywood divorce. Divorces here are asked for and granted on the same grounds as in the rest of the country—someone who believes in a mild-fashioned marriage, etc. But in Hollywood there is something else, something that doesn't go into court records. Many of the plaintiffs aren't aware of it themselves. It is that restlessness that underlies the lives of stars, an unhealthy restlessness that comes when there is nothing left to want. It comes, too, because a star is accustomed to having everything wish granted, and when a mate refuses to agree with him or her, the star blows a gasket. When you are a movie star there is less inclination, down to working out disagreements than there is when you are a housewife dependent on your husband's weekly take-home pay. Hollywood feels free to do it both Freddie and Jane. It was a good try, but it failed. Like every divorce, in its wake lies a lot of bitter memories, as well as the sweet ones that are even harder to bear.

We wish Freddie good luck. And we hope that Jane is not yet through with love, that she will find what she is looking for.

END
marry the girl

(Continued from page 57) My Shelley says what's on her mind, that's in her heart. "She was very much in love with this fellow. But after all, he's an actor. You know how actors are. The whole world revolves around them. Very selfish, these European men.

"My Shelley, she says what she means and she means what she says. At least she has a wonderful girl out of the marriage. Of course the baby from the nose up looks just like the father. But even so, she's a wonderful child. Not because she's my baby. If you just have to look at her and you know that she is a superior child."

In Milan Gassman heard Shelley's stipulations for divorce: (1) $8,000, (2) marriage to Miss Ferrero, (3) abandonment of all visitation rights to his daughter. He clenched his teeth in anger, his face redden and for a few moments he couldn't talk. When he could, he exploded. "Absurd! Who ever heard of such a thing! She must be out of her mind!"

The business of not letting me see my own child is crazy. As for my marrying Miss Ferrero, why, that's absurd.

"Maybe you and Shelley will reconcile," a reporter suggested.

"Not likely," Gassman snapped. "Not after this.

"I am a friend of them both," interrupted Pietro Ardenzi, Gassman's manager, "and I will try to reconcile them. But many of these things Mrs. Gassman has said about her husband are not true. Not true. He has never used a publicity agent in the United States. Vittorio is a great artist. You cannot deny such a man the right to visit his child.

When Shelley read her husband's statement, she summoned reporters again and told them that she would fight tooth and nail and exhaust every legal possibility to retain complete custody of her child.

"Vittorio was too busy acting on the stage in Italy even to come to Los Angeles when Vittoria's wedding day came. He was on tour. Then he finally did come. He stayed with us for a couple of weeks, and in all that time, he played with her maybe for five minutes.

"It has always been his work—his work and his work and himself—that mattered. Nothing else. "Why, I had to throw his clothes out on our front lawn before he finally agreed to take out and wash them."

"Tell me, do you think in a case like this, our courts would have such a judge living in America who would give him custody of the child after I get through testifying."

While Shelley was discussing the legal aspects of the case, her attorney in Los Angeles, foxy old Jerry Geisler was paying roundelay to a reporter down in the Superior Court House in Santa Monica and unobtrusively filed, on behalf of his excitable client, a suit for separate maintenance.

In that suit Shelley charges mental cruelty and agrees that her husband is entitled to reasonable visitation rights.

She wants to trade him his present freebie, to the Superior Court House in Santa Monica and unobtrusively filed, on behalf of his excitable client, a suit for separate maintenance.

That the Shelley-Vittorio battle is that Anna Maria Ferrero had little to do, with the marriage, which she, understood, caused Shelley's jealousy. Before Shelley left for Rome, she had a pretty good idea that her marriage was finished. She had talked with Gassman all over Beverly Hills, according to her, of selfishness, egoism, lack of consideration, conceit and a dozen or two additional inadequacies as a husband.

Most of all, she could not tolerate Vittorio's seemingly cold attitude toward their child, about whom she is completely daffy.

Gassman is not an emotional man. "I don't get excited," he once said. "I am logical and self-controlled. Shelley is just the opposite. I put my work first. A man does not throw away his life for love or lose all he has. My work dictates to me how I must live. My work, not my love."

"I always have been calm. I practice intellectual control. Other people say that show business is hectic, all mixed up. Not for me. I like to know what I am doing and what I am capable of doing."

"To me love does not mean childish things. It means companionship. But I can't remake mine."

Vittorio has another daughter, Paula, eight, by a previous marriage, and although she lives in Rome, Vittorio's headquarters, he sees relatively little of her. He is always working. As a member of his troupe put it, "He's married to the stage. He is not the perfect father."

Shelley tried to mask her feelings but when Vittorio failed to show up for the birth of their child last February she was badly hurt.

She felt in her heart that he no longer cared for her. Perhaps she was right. Apparently, he had appealed to her infinitely more than he loved her. The sad part of it all is that she still loves him.

Perhaps by now they have reconciled or are reconciling. It is not beyond them.

Shelley will take her Vittorio on practically any basis, even one which permits him the privilege of being a part-time husband, which is exactly what he wants.

Shelley's lawyer, Jerry Geisler, admitted that "Shelley is still in love with that guy. I think she hoped for a reconciliation when she went to Italy. That was misunderstanding. But after she left this country in December I didn't hear from her.

"Not until the middle of January. Then she called from Rome and said, 'Go ahead with the suit. I want you to file it first thing Monday morning.'"

Gassman has said many times that Shelley, a great saleswoman, has tried to Americanize him too quickly.

"She wants me to dress like an American, to talk like an American, even to drive like an American. After all, I am a human being, entitled to retain my own nature."

"The demands of my work have kept me very busy. But in eighteen months I have spent $3250 in long distance calls to Shelley and more than $6500 in plane tickets. How much can you ask of a man?"

"I cannot help it if the movies I have been in have been shot in Mexico and New York. I cannot tie myself to Shelley's apron strings."

"I believe our daughter just as much as Shelley does, I swear. I cannot get as emotional about her as Shelley does because that is just not my nature."

Shelley and Vittorio were an unlikely combination from the beginning. It is not true that Vittorio married the blonde because he has said many times he wanted to gain entrance into the United States and Hollywood. But perhaps their great love for each other wasn't quite that.

She was ripe for marriage. For years she and Farley Granger had been involved in a phony love affair for publicity. She had really loved Marlon Brando and Lian O'Brien. Those loves came to nothing in 1950 and 1951. She had played according to their rules, and was left with memories, presumably not happy. The happier Shelley's professional life, the emptier her private one.
In November, 1951, when supposedly she was touring Europe with her "Farfel," her favorite name for Farley Granger, she left him and flew to Rome. Frank Lattimore, the English actor, introduced her to Vittorio.

He moved in quickly, with charm and tact. Poor Shelley's Hollywood romances had hardly prepared her for such an approach.

Gassman took Shelley to the Passetto, then to the Caballa, another wonderful little café on the banks of the Tiber. He introduced her to his brother and sister. Soulfully, he confessed that although he was separated, he was still married to the daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci. He told her of his seven-year-old daughter, Paula. He told her how he had been drafted into Mussolini's army. It wasn't long before Shelley was giving out with her biography. They stayed up until five-thirty a.m.

They spent one week together in Rome. In that one week, Shelley fell for Vittorio like an atom bomb. When she got back to the States, she sent him a cable: "I'm lonely and I'm sending you a kiss."

"I'm lonely, too," he cabled back, "and I'm returning with a smile."

She left for Hollywood, then down to the TWA office in Rome and got a reservation on a flight to Los Angeles. When he turned up in Hollywood, Shelley was overjoyed.

"But I can only stay six days," Vittorio said.

"You mean you flew six thousand miles just to spend six days than a week here?" Vittorio nodded.

"It must be love," Shelley cracked. And she really felt that way. She took Vittorio around to all her friends, showed him off with great pride, and left him there. Left him to himself. In Spain, they discussed his impending annulment and their subsequent marriage—by proxy in Mexico, or a regular marriage in Mexico, Shelley couldn't decide. The details: "All I know is that I'm going to marry him."

Vittorio is sharp and observant. In his first week in Hollywood he learned a lot about Shelley. He saw that she was aggressive and verboso in order to hide her insecurity. He learned that childhood rejection lay behind her unbridled ambition.

Stories of her childhood in St. Louis and London were pretty little to him but he was impressed because Hollywood respected Shelley as an actress. Maybe she was sloppy; maybe her posture and her frankness left much to be desired. But certainly she was a grade A actress.

To Vittorio that was 90%. He loves talent.

Shelley was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in A Place In The Sun and that, too, added luster.

Vittorio was sure he was right in obtaining his divorce and Shelley joined him in Italy. Then they flew to Hollywood and when the annulment came through, down to Juarez, Mexico, where they were married. This was in April, 1952.

PEOPLE are optimistic everywhere, but especially in Hollywood. They believe that marriage changes the partners involved. It doesn't change their basic personalitites, although after her marriage Shelley kept saying, "I'm a new person, a new woman. Honestly. You have no idea how much I've changed," she elaborated. "I guess it's because I'm in love with an Italian man. He's given me security. For the first time in my life I have security."

"I'm not so frantic any more. I wasn't upset when I didn't win the Academy Award. Two years ago I would have cried my eyes out. Now I just don't care. I see everything in its proper perspective."

"Remember that he has to be about money, how frightened when they took me off salary? Now, I don't worry. I have someone to take care of me, and he's just wonderful. In all the time we've been together we haven't had a single fight."

Soon the fights began. Shelley tried to get Vittorio to take an American haircut. But Shelley was old, not so funny, she said. Vittorio told her to mind her own hair.

She said she loved Italian food and was going to specialize in learning how to prepare it. Vittorio said, "Never mind. I really prefer French cooking."

In a little while it became obvious that he preferred Italy to California. He agreed to sign a contract at MGM but only if he could have six months free to return to Europe and his stock company.

Shelley, of course, went all-out for her new husband. She praised him to the skies, took a lot of interest in the trade papers. She told everyone who would listen that he was the greatest actor Italy had ever produced. She clung to him with a desire that seemed pitiful, as if she secretly knew that her time and her happiness with him was limited.

THERE were many quarrels. Presently, she was pregnant. It was a miserable pregnancy, and most of the time Vittorio was out of the country. When the child was finally born, she seemed linked to death and had to be put into an incubator. Shelley needed help and encouragement and a husband. But the husband was 6,000 miles away.

"Shelley is a mature young woman," Gassman told a reporter. "I know she will understand. I will be in Hollywood in a few weeks and the encouragement was entirely by telephone."

When Vittorio arrived last spring and saw his daughter, Vittoria Gina, for the first time, he was exulted but not over-demonstrative. Shelley was bitterly hurt. In a voice that might have been heard in Cucamonga she gave vent to her feelings. She started singing the theme of Sunset at the Academy Awards. She went to Switzerland after he finished Rhapsody with Elizabeth Taylor. Then he told Shelley he had to return to Rome. She recognized an awful truth in his words and seemed to be anxious to leave.

Hollywood suspected last December that the marriage was almost over, but Shelley publicly refused to admit its failure. After Vittorio met Shelley, she almost felt that their relationship was excellent and that she would follow him in a few weeks and that they would co-star in a picture, Mamba. Then, but before she left for Rome, she asked Jerry Geisler to draw up separation papers and hold them until she telephoned from Europe. If she didn't phone, everything was fine. She and Vittorio had worked out their differences. If she did phone then Geisler would file the suit.

On January 16, the call from Shelley to Winter's in Rome came through.
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For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of these tooth-decay acids.

*To get the best results from new Ipana, use it regularly after eating—particularly after sweets. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweets they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweets with new white Ipana containing WD-9.

Enjoy your sweets and protect your teeth with Ipana®

Your youngsters will love it, too. Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor actually encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste. But new Ipana with WD-9 makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9
NEW!
Doctor's deodorant discovery* safely
STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG
New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

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On the Cover: Color portrait of Esther Williams, now appearing in MGM's
Jupiter's Darling, by Jack Albin. See page 75 for other movie credits.

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ROMANCE...
RAPTURE...
“Rhapsody”

In thrilling color by
TECHNICOLOR
with all the romance of Paris,
St. Moritz and the French Riviera... and the popular music of the world's greatest composers!

"I must possess the man I love...heart, body and soul!"

M-G-M's "Rhapsody" starring
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
in her most daring role as a gilded girl obsessed with insatiable desire!
VITTORIO GASSMAN
JOHN ERICSON
LOUIS CALHERN

Screen Play by FAY AND MICHAEL KANIN • Adaptation by RUTH AND AUGUSTUS GOETZ • Based on the Novel "Maurice Guest" by Henry Handel Richardson
Music Conducted by Johnny Green • Piano Solos Played by Claudio Arrau • Violin Solos Played by Michael Rabin
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
AN M-G-M PICTURE
Quiero Tampax

They all mean

“I want Tampax”

Yes, women all over the world—from Capetown to California, from Sumatra to Saskatchewan—want Tampax and only Tampax. This modern internal sanitary protection is not only sold to millions of American women, but it is distributed in 75 other countries as well.

How could this product—unknown 25 years ago—have achieved such outstanding popularity in such a relatively short space of time? Because Tampax is really what women want. They like the way it eliminates belts, pins and bulky external pads. (It’s worn internally.) They like the fact that it can’t be seen or felt, once it’s in place. They like its easy disposability, and they particularly like the way Tampax prevents odor from forming.

Tampax was invented by a doctor. It consists of compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators. It can be used by any normal woman. And whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, you can get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Here’s the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

9. Stewart Granger is supposed to be such a he-man. How come he was invalided out of the British Army?—T.E., New York, N.Y.

A. Stomach ulcer.

9. Is it true that Bob Wagner and Dan Dailey double date, and that Dan taught Wagner everything he knows about women?—H.C., Salinas, Calif.

A. No.

9. I’ve been told that Red Skelton is impossible to live with, impossible to work for. How much of this is true?—B.V., Chicago, Ill.

A. A lovable character, Skelton is nevertheless eccentric and difficult to live with.


A. Gleason rides his tv show with an iron hand.


A. Yes. He plays with Judy’s two daughters at the Luft home several days each week.

9. Is there anything to the Fred MacMurray—June Haver romance, or is it publicity?—C.I., St. Paul, Minn.

A. There is a genuinely warm friendship between these two.


A. No; he recently held a reception for them.


A. Muriel Smith.

9. Is Jack Benny’s daughter who just got married a natural daughter or was she adopted?—E.O., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. Joan Benny was adopted.

9. Does Terry Moore ever talk about her first husband, Glenn Davis?—N.Y., Richfield, Utah

A. No more than she can help.

9. Doesn’t William Holden see to it that his brother gets a part in each of his pictures?—B.D., Denver, Col.

A. No, although his brother, Richard Beedle, did have a small part in Stalag 17.

9. I recently saw Jack Palance in a picture that reminded me of The Lodger with Laird Cregar and Merle Oberon. Can you tell me how many versions there have been of this picture?—N.F., Detroit, Mich.

A. Four.

9. Is there any chance of an eventual marriage between Shelley Winters and Farley Granger? Is it true that Vittorio Gassman married Shelley so that he could get into the United States?—B.V., Perth Amboy, N.J.

A. No on both counts.

9. Who is the Hollywood executive with whom singer Eartha Kitt has been seen?—K.G., New York, N.Y.

A. Arthur Loew, Jr.

9. Is it true that the wives of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis don’t mix socially?—H.F., Memphis, Tenn.

A. Yes.

9. Will John Wayne marry Pilar Pallete when his divorce becomes final?—E.L., Dallas, Texas

A. Probably.

9. What is Rock Hudson’s real name, Roy Scherer or Roy Fitzgerald?—J.U., Columbus, Idaho

A. His father’s name is Fitzgerald; his stepfather’s name is Scherer. His stepfather brought him up.

9. I heard a rumor that Doris Day dislikes Bob Hope and will never work with him again. Why is this?—C.L., Lincoln, Neb.

(Continued on page 28)
DORIS DAY AND CINEMASCOPE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

A gal is just a girl until a guy starts chasing her . . . a song is just some notes until a doll like Doris sings 'em . . . and this is just a hint of all its huge happiness—the fastest-paced pleasure that ever spread a wide smile across the face of the screen!

WARNERS' "LUCKY ME" IS ULTRA-NEW LOOK IN MUSICALS!
When Arlene Dahl broke up with Fernando Lomas, the redhead said, "I'm through with love." But love, apparently, isn't through with Arlene.

Head over heels in love with her is Rudolph Schirmer, son of famed music publisher Gus Schirmer. Arlene and Rudolph did not date for months after he was separated from his wife and he thought the lady had obtained her Reno divorce before he and the Dahl doll started going around in Hollywood.

But after more than seven weeks in Reno—Mrs. Schirmer changed her mind for some reason (you can guess why) and for a rather frantic forty-eight hours denied that she would divorce Schirmer.

Arlene was really frantic at the implication that she had broken up a marriage—which she certainly had not.

"I know both Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer," Arlene told me, "and it was she who first told me that she and her husband were separated."

Whether or not he and Arlene will be married all depends on the lady.

If there were hard feelings between Doris Day and her boss, Jack Warner, you'd never have guessed it at Jack's beautiful party for Pierre de Gaulle, former Mayor of Paris.

Just twenty-four hours previously, Jack had blown his top when Doris failed to show up to record the final musical number in Lucky Me.

He ordered the cast dismissed, said the song would be cut from the picture, and also said quite a few other things about temperamental stars and one star in particular!

What got Doris' nose out of joint was that Judy Garland had been given four days of rest at Ojai Valley before she (Judy) recorded her songs for A Star Is Born.

When I first heard that Doris was AWOL, I called to get her version.

"I have an earache," she said, "but really I've had no trouble with the studio." Oh, Doris!

"When Mr. Warner hears I've been ill, I'm sure he'll change his mind and put the song back in the picture," she opined. You were right, Doris.

Doris went on. "Also, I wish you'd deny for me the silly talk that I'm unhappy about Judy Garland. Or that I am trying to copy her by arriving late on the set—or staying home.

**LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD**

ARLENE DAHL HAS A NEW ROMANCE ... PROPER PETER LAWFORD ... ROCKY
It starred Jane Powell, Ann Blyth, Esther Williams in dances, songs and skits... all this and Ed Sullivan, too!

Gene Kelly, Lana Turner and Walter Pidgeon were among the stars. Lana’s routine, “Gentlemen Of The Press,” was her TV debut, won raves.

Na novice on TV was Ann Blyth, who recently starred in a successful telecast of A Place In The Sun with John Derek, Marilyn Erskine.

Ed Sullivan, TV’s most famous mc and guiding light of The Toast Of The Town, gave last-minute instructions to the stars, remained unsmiling as usual. Fears that the show might become a hodgepodge of uncoordinated acts proved false; critics acclaimed fine direction and handling of talent.

Stars watched fellow-stars on monitor screen.

NEWS

COOPER SOUNDS OFF... MARTHA HYER’S LOST LOVE... DORIS DAY IS EMBARRASSED... PARTYING PAIRS

“It’s the same old talk that went the rounds when Peggy Lee made a picture at Warners. It’s all so embarrassing.”

To get back to the Warner party, it was a dilly.
The surprise twosome was Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess, back together, holding hands and gazing into each other’s eyes as ardently as though Ursula had not said a few weeks back, “Bob and I are washed up.”
Scott Brady’s former heart, Dorothy Malone, danced almost every number with millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt and I must say his taste is good. Dorothy was one of the loveliest girls present.
Vera-Ellen wore one of her fabulous costume jewelry necklaces, this one of brilliant orange-colored stones which matched her orange-colored bouffant gown.
Merle Oberon’s glittering emeralds were not costume but the real thing, and they were beautifully set off by the stunning green gown she wore.
There are few girls in our town who have blossomed out more than Jeanne Crain. Formerly very much an ingénue despite her status as a married woman with four children Mrs. Paul Brinkman has suddenly become one of our wittiest girls. Jeanne’s new touch of sophistication in her talk and dress is très becoming.
Mori Blanchard, the sultry siren of U-I, is one of the lovelies I admire just as much with her new dark tresses as I did when she was blonde. She’s a blonde naturally, but the dark hair is becoming.

The newest divorcée, Corinne Calvet, was escorted by producer Mike Todd, but I noticed that Carlos Thompson, who came stag, cut in on several of their dances.
All in all, it was a big night.

All right, all right, so Peter Lawford wanted to be socially correct and have the announcement of his approaching marriage to Patricia Kennedy come from the Kennedy family.
But did he have to go to such extremes in denying my scoop as to say:
“Hah! Absolutely nothing to it. I enjoy my freedom too much.”

And, the very next day, former Ambassador (to England) Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy confirmed my story that Pete and Pat would be married the week after Easter.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news continued

IT TAKES just one good argument to start divorce rumors in our town, and Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall had that one good argument right in front of Chasen's, one of the top spy spots of the town.

The following morning, when reporters checked the Halls to find out which one was going to Las Vegas, Morty got on the phone and said:

"Listen, fella. It was two-thirty in the morning. My wife said to me, 'I wish you hadn't had that last drink.' If there is a wife in the world who, at sometime or another, hasn't said this to her husband he's got to be a tee-totaler or else he's dead!

"Ruth and I are very happy. We'll probably have a few more disputes in public. Think nothing of it."

JANEE POWELL, who had a terrible time getting out of the ingénue class on the screen (she got out off screen when she broke up her marriage), says to all girls who have a yen to be sophisticated:

"Wear red. I'm sure you'll find it's more effective than black in causing the boys to turn their heads."

GOSSIP IS THAT one of the reasons Marlon Brando walked out on The Egyptian is that he is "emotionally upset" that his long time girl friend, Movita, walked out on him.

The story goes that Movita is tired of holding his hand—and head—unless a wedding ring goes with the job. And Marlon just can't make up his mind to get married.

Somewhere said that marriage would have been a lot cheaper than the $2,000,000 suit slapped on him by 20th Century-Fox after Marlon came to the coast, had wardrobe fittings, sat in on a rehearsal with the entire cast—and then suddenly blew Hollywood without even a wave of the hand to the studio which already has $1,000,000 invested in this film without a camera turning.

In these times of tight budgets, there's nothing funny to the studio about Brando's disappearing act and the abrupt communiqué from his New York psychiatrist that he is "too muddled" emotionally to work.

But one of the executives pipped up, "When he reported wearing a Hamburg, a clean shirt and his pants pressed, I knew something had to snap!"

EVERY TIME the phone rang at Zsa Zsa Gabor's "Come-As-Your-Favorite-Person" party, someone would crack that it was George Sanders asking if he could send over a butler. (presumably the same one Zsa Zsa accused him of "stealing" when he moved out of her home)

There was a photographer for about every three guests, which isn't too surprising. Zsa Zsa being Zsa Zsa.

Ann Miller and her beau, Dr. Al Mietus, created the biggest sensation as the Male and Female Kinsey Reports. (Just evening clothes with signs, kids.)

George Steffen came as the White Rabbit, a bit of sublety which eludes me.

Exotic newcomer Bella Darvi was a Rainbow and Brad Dexter her Pot o' Gold.

John Ireland, and four other gents, came as Howard Hughes.

Mrs. James Mason wore a nightgown with oodles and oodles of jewels which she said represented the hostess going to bed.

Everyone thought Zsa Zsa was a cinch to come as herself. But she fooled 'em and came as herself as Jane Avril in Moulin Rouge.

What a gal. But never let it be said that she isn't good copy and doesn't supply color to the Hollywood scene.

THERE'S A WAY it's more like a movie plot than any movie she's ever played in.

I mean beautiful Martha Hyer's real life romance with a man who is not free to marry her.

She did not break up his home. She didn't meet the handsome 'actor until he and his wife decided to separate hoping the "time out" would help them to solve their problems. Neither the husband nor the wife wanted a divorce because of their two children whom both adored.

It's the irony of fate that during this estrangement Martha should have met the man and fallen very much in love with him.

He didn't try to fool her. He didn't say he wanted or expected a divorce from his wife. He told her truthfully that he didn't know whether they would be able to work it out—or not.

Martha herself was just recovering from the wounds of a broken marriage to Ray Stahl. She had been dreadfully unhappy until this new love came into her life.

If this were a typical Hollywood story about people who throw themselves headlong into an emotion, the ending would be that the man divorced his wife and married Martha.

Instead, it is a different story about a girl who doesn't want a broken home on her conscience nor could they be happy with each other when both were conscious of his

HUNDREDS of disturbed complexions clearer, smoother—often in less than 2 weeks

Are you panicky over "pores" that look bigger and bigger... oiliness that pushes through make-up... a new crop of blackheads every day?

The cause of "Young Skin" problems is often this; the oil glands start over producing. At the same time, the skin's normal casting off of dead cells slows down. These dead flakes pile up, choke the pore openings. Then "pores" start to enlarge, blackheads appear.

The corretto, say skin doctors, is to clear off dead skin and excess oil. Now—Pond's brings you a treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls with problem skin say it works!

"Tightens" large pores reduces oiliness leaves skin soft—never flaky!

For a clearer skin—every day cover face deeply, except eyes, with cool greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action dissolves away oil and dead skin, frees the tiny skin glands. Leave on 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. See the results! Girls say: "It really helped." "Pores look much smaller." "My skin feels so clear!"

AND—for ungreasy powder base—a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
You’ll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers... silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you’ve used new Drene. So gleaming, so glamorous... your silkened hair!

**New Magic Formula... Milder than Castile!**

Silkening magic! That’s what you’ll find in Drene’s new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it’s milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silks your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

---

Lathers like lightning—
no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use this new formula every day.
I dreamed I went to a masquerade

in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette in fine white cotton broadcloth, acetate satin, or nylon taffeta... from $2.00. There is a maidenform for every type of figure.
STRONG obligations to the family he left.

When there was a chance of a reconciliation, even though it broke her heart, Martha told him, "Go home to your wife and children—and never regret that you did the right thing."

WHEN BEAUTIFUL Lorraine Chanel, the juc-sious model Gary Cooper dated in Mexico City, arrived unexpectedly in Hollywood just a few days after Gary landed here, Mrs. Cooper (Rocky) said:

"So what? Suppose Gary did take her out in Mexico. I don't expect him to sit home nights when we are parted. We're much too civilized for that."

But Rocky wasn't so civilized at a recent party that she didn't tell off in no uncertain words a certain charmer who seemed, at least to her, to be occupying too much of big Coop's attention.

Eavesdroppers were enthralled by Rocky's choice of words to the belle as she took her husband's arm and steered him to a neutral corner of the room.

AVA Gardner and Shelley Winters have struck up a friendship in Rome and Shelley writes: "Both Ava and I are getting fat on this Italian food."

Shelly on the plump side I can imagine. But Ava? This belle has always had trouble keeping her bones covered.

THE LETTER BOX: "You don't like Lana Turner's dark hair and you've been very skeptical about her marriage to Lex Barker," chides Vera Campenelli of Dallas, "Is there anything you like about Lana?" Yes, Vera—I like Lana.

Johnny Laliberti, Montreal, Canada, writes: "I am employed as a bellhop in the Hotel De La Salle where Miss Dorothy Lamour and her troupe stayed during her nightclub appearance at Chez Paree. May I say, Miss Parsons, that this lovely lady, so kind, so gracious and so cordial to everyone, is the best ambassador from Hollywood who has ever visited our town."

"It makes me laugh to read that Marilyn Monroe has pushed Betty Grable off the throne as Queen of Hollywood musicals," writes Robert McArdy, San Antonio. "Wait until Marilyn equals Betty's record as Queen of the Box Office for six years straight before such extravagant claims are made for her."

Many, many letters from all over the world, Sweden, Ireland, Australia and Italy, all asking in effect: "What is the real trouble with Mario Lanza? Please tell us the truth."

The truth is, no one knows what is the matter with Mario. His closest friends admit that he is "mixed-up" and some of them go so far as to say he needs psychiatric aid.

Frank Sinatra's fans have had a sticker printed which they paste on all their letters, reading: FRANK SINATRA'S FANS WILL LOVE HIM "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY." And no doubt they will!

Mrs. Alice Rickarime, of Virginia, Minnesota, is just one who writes this month with raves for The Robe and special raves for Richard Burton.

Ignazio Aurrocechea sends a blast from Manila, Philippine Islands, "Why you insult Liz Taylor? Always you print nothing nice about Liz." Is that so? I challenge you, señor, to send me a clipping in which I have insulted Liz.

After getting the above off his chest, Ignazio calms down and tells me about the American actors and actresses who are popular in his country, "The box office draws here," he writes, "are Virginia Mayo, Ann Blyth, Eleanor Parker, Susan Hayward, Gregory Peck, James Mason, Liz Taylor, Ricardo Montalban, Martin and Lewis, Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie."

I've used more letters than usual in this month's LETTER BOX because the mail from all over the world was particularly heavy—and interesting, don't you think?

That's all for now. See you next month.
Are you in the know?

For a good Spring tonic, try —

■ Sulphur and molasses ■ Shreds and patches

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring — on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how comfortable you can be with this softness that holds its shape!

Which would improve this duet?

■ Clothes harmony ■ A harp ■ Ear muffs

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style—sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? Nothing—if she'd worn an "unbusy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the one size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

ROMANCE OF THE YEAR

All the world loves these two lovers—June Haver and Fred MacMurray!

Hollywood has never had a more popular romance than that of June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

In the prolonged illness and death of his wife last year, Fred MacMurray's life was filled with deep sorrow. June Haver was forced to abandon her life as a novitiate after she had decided to dedicate herself to a religious life.

For more than two months they have been constant companions, and they were together in Brazil and Argentina for the film festivals.

But Fred says nothing about June unless he is more or less tramped into it. And June appears to be frightened of public reaction. She'll never know whether it is favorable or not unless she goes back to her old practice of giving out honest interviews. Apparently, she feels that her interest in Fred MacMurray has been too brief to be the subject of prolonged interviews. And until recently, she has had no career to talk about. But she has hardly been away, and now she has started her comeback with her fine performance in the CBS television show, Trouble Along The Way. Unless there is a last-minute hitch, she will be one of the stars in Columbia's My Sister Eileen.

June has dropped ten pounds and is as trim and pretty as she was at the height of her career. As pretty, her friends think, as a bride. And she might be just that before the year goes by.
YOU'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT AT THAT FABULOUS BROADWAY MUSICAL REVUE... WITH ITS STARS, SONGS, DANCES, FUN... ITS EXCITEMENT INTACT! AT POPULAR PRICES...

FILMED THROUGH THE MAGIC OF

STEREOPHONIC SOUND

in the wonder of

in glorious COLOR

Stereascope

NEW FACES

in the wonder of

STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Hear EARTHA KITT sing
C'EST SI BON, SANTA BABY, USKADARA, MONOTONOUS, BAL PETIT BAL, LOVE IS A SIMPLE THING!

also starring
JUNE CARROLL - VIRGINIA DE LUCE - PAUL LYNDE
BILL MULLIKIN - ROSEMARY O'REILLY
ALLEN CONROY - JIMMY RUSSELL

Ronny GRAHAM - Eartha KITT
Robert CLARY - Alice GHOSTLEY

Directed by HARRY HORNER - Co-producer BERMAN SWARTTZ
Dunbar was in a troubled state of mind. The honeymoon was scarcely over, but, lately, his wife was acting strangely indifferent. She responded reluctantly to his affectionate advances and seemed repelled by his kisses. Was she tiring of him? Was there another man? He suspected everything...everything that is, but the truth.

One of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes...absent one day, present the next...and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of proven performance.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning...every night...before every date.

---

**I LOVE YOU—TODAY**

But tomorrow Corinne and John may be finally divorced.

- A California divorce doesn't become final for twelve months. This affords Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield plenty of time to reconsider.
- Corinne has filed for divorce but she admits, "I still love John."
- Bromfield says, "I not only love her but I can't get her out of my blood."
- "But," says Corinne, "I don't believe John knows what he wants. I can't seem to make him happy. I offered to give up my career even though he never asked me to."

Parisienne Corinne came to Hollywood to work for Paramount Pictures in 1947. Dropped because she didn't learn English fast enough, she was "discovered" by actor John Bromfield. He introduced her to Hal Wallis who promptly signed her.

A few months later John and Corinne were married. Whereupon Corinne announced, "I used to think European men were the best lovers in the world. Marriage to John has changed my opinion. In every American there is some European. All a wife has to do is make it up."

While Corinne was doing this, her career was zooming. But husband John was dropped by Wallis and took small parts in B pictures.

"Two careers in one family have nothing to do with it," John says. "Corinne's return to Europe to make some films broke up the rhythm of our marriage."

"When she got back we separated, and I missed her terribly. We reconciled but then we started fighting again. After five and a half years we had grown more apart than together. "I'm still crazy about her, and maybe we'll reconcile."

As for Corinne: "All I want for my Johnny is to be happy, if not with me, then with someone else."

Which is why John and Corinne will probably wind up together. The California divorce law is a wise one for impetuous people.
NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!

1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone!

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom!

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No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world’s only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch!

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They’re second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash!

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.


At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
TV TALK

No one has yet figured out why there was so much publicity over Jackie Gleason's admission that he was in love with Marilyn Taylor, the dancer sister of June Taylor, the choreographer on the Gleason show. Jackie's been in love with Marilyn for a long time, and he and his wife Genevieve have been separated for five years. The last time Jackie and his wife were seen together in public was a year and a half ago, the night Jackie's show started on CBS. Genevieve and their two daughters went to the big opening-night party. But Mrs. G barely smiled all evening, and sat at the far end of the table from Jackie drinking black coffee. Jackie introduced her to the other members of the party, but didn't spend any time with her. He did, however, take his shy, thinlashed daughters around and show them a good time. But you could tell it was not a happy family reunion. Jackie would be a hard man to live with as he'd be the first to tell you. There are few men alive who have more ego and more energy than Jackie Gleason. His ego shows all during rehearsals for the show. He insists on directing the orchestra, directing the sketches, changing the lines—on doing everything himself. Just like the old Milton Berle. And when he's relaxing he tries to hold the center of the stage no matter where he is. He'll talk louder, laugh louder, and try to top anyone else's jokes. He always tries to get in the last word—even if he has to shout it down the hall after people. Even when he's on one of his diets—consisting of graham crackers and beer—he keeps having ideas for something else he can do. Already loaded down with his tv show—which is enough to weave out men—it he insists on composing music, recording music, thinking up new ideas for new shows, and—of all things—writing. He had an idea for a novel not long ago, and was determined to get it down on paper. But even he had to admit he didn't have the time. So he spent several days interviewing writers. He'd tell them his idea for the novel, and ask them to whip it up for him. So far, no one's taken him up on it. The main reason he's moving to California (besides the climate) is that he wants to get into movies more than anything. And—as you'd expect—he doesn't just want to star in them. He wants to produce them.

You'd never know it from watching him walk slowly through his Sunday afternoon tv show, but Eric Sevareid is scared to death of the cameras. He's literally in a sweat for the entire thirty minutes. But watch him steal some of Ed Murrow's thunder as the tv glamour boy at CBS. Come to think of it, you could line up the CBS newsmen and a bunch of movie actors—and you'd have a hard time deciding which group is better looking. Seva-reid, a huge hulk of a man, also has one of the handsomest wives in Washington... Don't think that Jeanmoire (or "Zizi," as everyone calls her) looks much like she did in Hans Christian Andersen. She's much more vivd and striking and was horrified when she saw herself on the screen. But she liked making the movie because she met Danny Kaye that way. He's about her only happy memory of Hollywood. She was almost a recluse when she went out to make Hans Christian Andersen because she still didn't learn English. And, for seven months of her stay, she was laid up in bed recovering from an operation on her leg. She's miserable when she isn't dancing. You've never met a girl who loves to work as much as Zizi does. And you've never met anyone who looks more lovely close up. There isn't a flaw on her face. It's hard not to just sit there and marvel. And she's so tiny, it's unbelievable. She always looks much bigger on the screen or on tv or on the stage than in person. She's a five-footer. Now that Zizi speaks English—quite well, in fact—she's come out of her shell. (Continued on page 78)

With a smooth, blemish-free skin that invites romance

No More hateful blackheads, overly oily skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You can be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

Step One: Cut down sweets, pastries, starchy foods. Eat sensibly.

Step Two: Get your skin really clean. Hundreds of doctors advise Cuticura Soap because it is superfatted and contains soothing, healing Cuticura medication.

Step Three: At bedtime smooth on Cuticura Ointment. This softens and improves your skin as it helps clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples.

In 7 Days you'll begin to see fresher, cleaner, smoother skin, radiant new complexion tone.

Keep It Up. Cuticura Soap and Ointment make your skin lovelier as they help clear it up. What's more, they also help protect and preserve.

Want Faster Action? During the day use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid under your make-up. Many doctors report results in 1 to 3 days! Get Cuticura at your druggist today!

-- Free Soap sample and Skin Care booklet giving correct face cleaning technique. Write Cuticura, Dept. DNI-5, Malden 48, Mass.

Jackie Gleason's private life... Jeanmaire meets New York... Robert Montgomery in the White House...
Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual “Chantilly” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy... No help needed.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new “Tally-Ho” hair style. No nightly settings needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured “Diana” hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.

Like the casual, spirited look of this “Robin Hood” hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed. Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
new...for a lovelier you!

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with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last...a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift...rounds out the figure beautifully...creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine pre-shrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups.

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A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

The Columbia LP of the tunes from Paramount's Red Garters can be recommended on several grounds. For one thing, the Livingston-Evans score is, for the most part, a catchy one. For another, the quality of the recording is high. But what is probably most important is that here, on a single record, are three of the ablest popular vocalists around—Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell and Joanne Gilbert. They do handsomely by such numbers as the title song, "Bad News," "Man And Woman," "Good Intentions," "Brave Man," "Meet A Happy Guy," "A Dime And A Dollar," and "This Is Greater Than I Thought."

There probably isn't much that has been left unsaid about Rosemary Clooney. That she is a fine interpreter of popular music is undisputed. There are times, in fact, when she is a great one—her Columbia recording of "Mixed Emotions," for example. But it seems to me worth mentioning that her marriage to versatile José Ferrer has imbued her with a sense of well-being that was sometimes lacking in her earlier efforts. The last time I talked to her was more than a year ago. We were having dinner together one night in the Hampshire House in New York. Usually a talkative girl, she seemed troubled and reticent that evening. Two days later I discovered that she had fallen madly in love with Ferrer and was worried about her ability to make a good wife for a man of near-genius.

Guy Mitchell, unlike Rosemary Clooney, has yet to achieve peak success on the order of that won by Sinatra or Tony Bennett or a few other male vocalists of recent years. He is an engaging performer and a good-looking boy. Mitchell certainly deserved sharp criticism last February when, as a participant in a good will junket for Red Garters, he showed up in Sackowitz' chic department store in Houston and, after inspecting the guests at the party, testily demanded, "Where are the dames?" Shortly afterward he departed without any regrets on the part of those in attendance. I'm inclined to be tolerant because he was then going through the sorry ordeal of being divorced from a former Miss America. Since he's still young and gifted with authentic talent, he'll probably come to realize his folly. His contributions to this recorded portfolio from Red Garters (which, in its movie form, is one of the most engaging spoofings of westerns I've ever seen) are splendid.

Joanne Gilbert is the prettiest and youngest vocalist on the Red Garters LP. This very young girl, who has a lovely figure and flashing bright eyes, can become very important. If you hear her on this LP you can't doubt that.

A movie name, but of another sort, can be heard on an MGM recording of "Three Coins In The Fountain," a pleasant number from a new Metro picture. The singer is beautiful Marti Stevens. Miss Stevens' real name is Schenck and she is the daughter of Nicholas Schenck, who runs Leo the Lion. Having the powerful connections that are naturally in the possession of the child of the head of MGM, Marti could have taken the easy course by using her own name. When she opened at the Maisonette in the St. Regis last February, she demonstrated that she needs no assistance.

For those who (Continued on page 20)

Rosemary Clooney heads the list of singing stars who reproduce the songs from their musical, Red Garters, on a new Columbia LP.

Guy Mitchell, young recording star, joins Rosie in this fakie-off on western movies. Their singing co-star, Joanne Gilbert, is on the LP, too.
Dry skin: “Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots,” says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. “Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher.”

Blemishes*: “Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes,” says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. “Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks.”

Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor’s Home Facial

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

- Here’s wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you KEEP it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It’s a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. And it’s medicated — aids healing — helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells you Noxzema’s beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier. Results are thrilling

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless half-clean look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn’t you like to see a fresher, prettier complexion in your mirror 10 days from now? Then, start this Doctor’s Home Facial tonight!

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you ‘cream-wash’!

2. Night Cream: Greaseless Noxzema helps soften, smooth and freshen your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*—it’s medicated to help heal them fast!)

3. Make-up base: In the morning, ‘cream-wash’; then use Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base. Works or money back! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don’t look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back!

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 98¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.
just for the records

(Continued from page 18) like danceable records, RCA Victor has two new LP’s by Ralph Flanagan. One is called “Freshman-Sophomore Frolic,” the other “Junior-Senior Prom.” Both, as the expression goes, were designed for dancing. If your taste is inclined to superb jazz, you had better hear Bob Manning’s Capitol recording of “You Made Me Love You,” which is on a 45 RPM single. Manning is a pleasant vocalist, but the excitement on this one is the incomparably soulful muted trumpet background by Bobby Hackett, who, you may remember, shared with Billy Butterfield the trumpet assignment for Burgess Meredith and Fred Astaire in Second Chorus.

Everybody has been telling me that it wasn’t Rita Hayworth but a girl named Greer who did the singing in Miss Sadie Thompson. They may be right. Ordinarily I would have checked the rumor with Rita, who is a forthright girl, but at the time it came to my attention, she and Dick Haymes seemed to have enough trouble. To me, it really doesn’t much matter who did the actual singing. I just happened to enjoy it when I saw the movie. I enjoy it, as I’m sure you will equally as much, on the Mercury LP of “Miss Sadie Thompson.” In addition to the voice of either Miss Hayworth or Miss Greer, it has some fine harmonica work by Leo Diamond, a magnificent jazz band (with a great trumpet player) in the song called “The Heat Is On,” and a moving rendition by José Ferrer of “The 23rd Psalm.” . . . At fairly regular intervals, Capitol puts out LP’s called “Today’s Top Hits.” Nothing you’ll play forever, but pleasant contemporary stuff on the order of Dean Martin’s “That’s Amore” and Kay Starr’s “Change Partners.” The best Sinatra in a long, long while is his 45 RPM Capitol single of “Young At Heart.” . . . My reports from the West Coast are unanimous in praising the songs Harold Arlen has written for Judy Garland in A Star Is Born . . . The trend label has an LP called “Jerry Fielding Plays A Dance Concert.” Fielding, who is Groucho Marx’s musical director, assembled able musicians and the result is great.

In the matter of equipment, the market is bountiful with good hi-fi machines. I’ve already mentioned the Libertyphone portable, but there can be no harm in reminding you that at $99.50, it is a remarkable phonograph buy. Another splendid machine is the Birch, which costs around $90. It’s a table model. If you’re looking for something bigger, you might like the Libertyphone’s Chalet, which has, besides the phonograph, a remarkably efficient radio. It costs $379.50, but if you can afford it, it’s well worth investigating . . . If you’re given to reading inspirational books, you’ll be fascinated to hear that RCA Victor has recorded Norman Vincent Peale. The title, naturally, is The Power Of Positive Thinking . . . The Webster Company, which manufactures, among other things, the superb Webcor tape recorder, has sensibly gone into the record or, more exactly, the tape record business. So you can now buy tapes of selections to play—just as you buy records. I’ll discuss some of them next month.
"Your legs need glamour...not glimmer"

says Ava Gardner. “Shiny stockings can make legs appear unshapely — rob them of glamour.” When your stockings have a soft, freshly powdered look, you know that you look your Leg-O-Genic best. That’s why Miss Gardner and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. With Cameo’s exclusive Face Powder Finish, you’re sure of a misty dull loveliness that won’t wear off, won’t wash out. Cameo’s delicately sheer, high twist, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons are not only lovely to look at—they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test. And they cost only $1.50 a pair. Other full-fashioned and seamless Cameo styles from $1.15 to $1.65 a pair.

BUR-MIL Cameo

the stockings with exclusive Face Powder Finish
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GREYHOUND

movie reviews

by florence epstein

TOP BANANA. United Artists isn't like most major movie companies. It doesn't produce any pictures; it distributes them for other producers. Through the years Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick, John Huston, J. Arthur Rank and others have done business with U.A. Apparently, business has been good because this year United Artists celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary and isn't even content to rest on its laurels. Instead, it offers *Top Banana* (among other films reviewed here). *Top Banana* was a hit on Broadway, and that's no wonder. Based on the activities of Jerry Bille (Phil Silvers), TV's first comic, it's a study in hilarity. Aggressive, nervous, self-centered, a master of timing, Silvers displays mammoth energy as Bille, star of the Blendo Soap Program. Always surrounded by a coterie of writers and paid admirers he gags his way through rehearsals, romance, commercials, public appearances and haircuts. All the oldest vaudeville jokes are in this movie but they're sparked to new life. The air is electric with the excitement of show business. Johnny Mercer wrote the music and lyrics. Cast includes Rose Marie, Danny School, Judy Lynn. Technicolor. Produced by Harry M. Popkin.

(More reviews on page 24)
"Don't Be Overweight!" says Mrs. Bob Hope

"Here's How You Can Lose Weight Easily and Pleasantly!"

No Drugs... No Diet... Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs.

Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. Get a box today!

Mrs. Bob Hope with her pet cocker spaniel, Princess. "Ayds has done just wonderful things for my figure," she says.

Mrs. Hope is an ardent golfer. She says: "You can lose weight easily and pleasantly if you follow the Ayds way."
Reader’s Digest Reports:

**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

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**THE READER’S DIGEST ARTICLE**

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. **Reader’s Digest** says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.

   (It’s Colgate’s miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl) Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!

2. **Reader’s Digest** says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

   Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won’t rinse off—won’t wear off—all day or all night!

3. **Reader’s Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

   (Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay—causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. **Reader’s Digest** says—in full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate’s with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!

   (Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate’s with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!

5. **Reader’s Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

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**NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL**

(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

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Rhapsody—No greater love has Vittorio Gassman than his violin, which makes it hard for Elizabeth Taylor who won’t play second fiddle. She’d like to set up house in some villa and reserve music for cocktails. Wealthy and willful, she follows Gassman to a conservatory in Zurich where her possessiveness ruins their relationship. Pianist John Ericson picks Liz up on the rebound. He’s different from Gassman; he puts himself in Liz’s hands and she proceeds to destroy him. This is the skeleton of Rhapsody, a romance touching on deep passions and examining the meaning of love, Flamboyant at times, suffering the lack of quiet sensitivity, it is nevertheless effective. It is also rich in music, offering among other shorter pieces, Tchaikowsky’s Concerto in D Major (recorded by Michael Rubinstein) and Rachmaninoff’s Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (recorded by Claudio Arrau). Technicolor—MGM.

Beachhead—Marine sergeant Frank Lovejoy is a bitter man. He lost all but three of his platoon on Guadalcanal and blames himself alone. Now he’s assigned to find a French planter (Edward Franz) on an island near Bougainville, three days before the assault on Bougainville itself. If he locates the planter, who has information about mines, he’ll save thousands of G.I. lives. Not helping his morale are Tony Curtis, Skippy Homener and Alan Wells—who form his party. Homener and Wells don’t complain much—they die too soon—but Curtis makes up for them. Crawling through brush, evading Japanese by the droves, killing a few, they come upon Mary Murphy in a blue cotton dress. Franz is her dad and romance is not her game—but you know those marines. Superman. Anyway, if you want a treatment instead of a treat don’t miss Beachhead. Technicolor. With Sunshine Fukunaga.—United Artists.

Indiscretion of an American Wife—This is Vittorio De Sica’s first American language film. It was photographed in Rome in a terminal station. Patti Page sings a couple of haunting melodies, and then there’s the story of an extra-marital adventure. By using extraneous but supposedly telling glimpses of life in a railroad station, De Sica strains for high drama but achieves little more than the framework of it. As a respectable Philadelphia housewife, Jennifer Jones uses her mobile face to interesting but rarely convincing effect. She has fallen in love with an Italian college instructor, Montgomery Cliff, who begs her to begin life anew with him. The film opens with her saying goodbye and not for one moment do you doubt she means it. But she misses her train and while waiting for a later one becomes involved in various episodes that comment on their love situation. With Bick Beymer.—Col.

---

For LIFE TIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES
NEW SURE WAY TO
LOVELIER HANDS
IN ONLY 9 DAYS!

BEFORE
(unretouched photo)

AFTER 9 DAYS
(unretouched photo)

SASKATCHEWAN The Canadian mountains are advertisement enough for Saskatchewan. Get tired of looking on the cruel face of Marshal Smith (Hugh O'Brian) you have only to lift your eyes to the range beyond. But in the valley, oh, there is trouble. With Indians, The Sioux that slaughtered Custer are crossing the border to wreak havoc among the Canadian Mounted Police of which Alan Ladd is a foremost member. Ladd is a great friend of the Cree tribe who were peace loving until a new Mountie commander (Robert Douglas) confiscated their guns (used exclusively on game.) Now they're ready to join the Sioux. Ready to join Ladd in holy matrimony is Shelley Winters who's been making her way north to escape a murder charge. Marshal Smith has come to fetch her. What with falling for Shelley and putting down a massacre almost singlehandedly Ladd sees plenty of action.—U.T.

EXECUTIVE SUITE When the big boss of a business empire expires there's always a scramble for his chair. And in the struggle for supremacy his potential successors unwittingly lay themselves bare. Sleek, suspenseful and expertly acted, Executive Suite deals with this struggle. William Holden, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, Dean Jagger—all presidents all—must choose a leader among themselves. It is a crucial decision; it is the moment in their lives which is the summing up and the forecast of their futures. Each man is in a way a stereotype, but a good script and the aforementioned acting lift Executive Suite out of the "too pat" class and throw real light on human nature. As wives and sweethearts, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Virginia Brissac add substance to this portrait of men in industry. So do entrepreneur Louis Calhern and devoted secretary Nina Foch.—M.G.M

TENNESSEE CHAMP A Runyon-esque flavor laces this fable of a fighter (Dewey Martin) who's a "believer" and his manager (Keenan Wynn) who's a finagler. Escaping from a poker session where he took the pot (while no one was looking) Keenan races for the Mississippi River and there finds a watered Dewey. Dewey throws himself into the stream on the assumption that he'd just murdered Sixty Julel (Charles Buchinsky). When Keenan rescues him Dewey is sure he's seen the hand of God. This same hand leads him into the prize ring where his soon notorious Friday punch rakes in the dough for church and Keenan. Dewey's religious fervor spreads to Shelley Winters (Wynn's wife) who struggles to keep her man from robbing his protege, Earl Holliman, a gem of sluggish mentality wedged to an undersized harmonica, is most amusing as ex-boxer Happy Jackfield. Technicolor—M.G.M

PLAYTEX GLAMOROUS
HOUSEWORK GLOVES
make this daring promise never made before:

In only 9 days Playtex Gloves can help you restore the natural smoothness of your hands. And: The very first manicure you save pays for the gloves.

Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex. Water-proof.


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FABRIC-LINED LATEX
GLOVES

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A beautiful NEW note in ring styling

BEAT THE DEVIL Somewhere in the Mediterranean are a group of people so odd, so droll, so delightfully abandoned they must come from the pen of Truman Capote. They do. And John Huston directed Beat The Devil, a fantastically funny film. Humphrey Bogart and wife Gina Lollobrigida are delayed in a town on their way to Africa. Also delayed are Bogart’s business associates—four blondes, bumptious fakers—Robert Morley, Marco Tulli, Peter Lorre, Ivor Barnard. Delayed, too, are Jennifer Jones, a congenital flat of the utmost charm and her snobbish, husband Edward Underdown. The associates are headed for African uranium deposits. Meanwhile the movie moves very matter of factly through outrageous events like murder, larceny, shipwreck and plain lunacy. Jennifer wows Humphrey; Gina stalks Underdown; an Arab police chief (Gullo Don- nini) sells just for an introduction to Rita Hay- worth. Go see it.—United Artists

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER (MGM): Luille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, hilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her fancy ways. Technicolor.

MAN IN THE ATTIC (20th-Fox): Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS (Paramount): This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it’s funny, too.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES (20th-Fox): Action, romance, scalps and blood make this one exciting. Those involved are Tyrone Power, Terry Moore and Michael Rennie—all as good as you’d expect. CinemaScope, too.

THE GLENN MILLER STORY (U-I): A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart’s con- tent. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allyson, as the girl he married, contributes a delightful performance. If you liked Miller’s music, you’ll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (Col.): One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that’s 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly by average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and emblazoning her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE (U-A): This is the poignant story of a solder and a girl who meet and love in a world of Homefront and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

KNOTHERS OF THE ROUND TABLE (MGM): Mel Per- rer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Lancelot (Robert Taylor). Also decor- ative as costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.
Your hair is romance

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter...the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, “What a smart girl am I!”

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet’s Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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**Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet**

“We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!”

Candy Ford (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

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THE INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

A. Doris does not dislike Hope but she will no longer play “straight lady” to him on radio or TV shows.

Q. Will Mario Lanza ever work in Hollywood movies again?
   —C.O., Biloxi, Miss.

A. Not until he convinces producers that he is in sound mental and physical health.

Q. Isn’t Maureen O’Hara’s secret Mexican crush millionaire Luis Parra?
   —N.F., Tiajuana, Mexico

A. Maureen is extremely fond of Senor Parra.

Q. I’ve read that RKO plans to remake the old Astaire-Rogers musicals. Will Astaire and Rogers star in these again?
   —W.L., Boulder, Colo.

A. The scripts are being rewritten and will feature new stars.

Q. I understand that there’ll be no more 3-D pictures. Why is this? I like them! Only for this would I wear glasses.
   —B.I., New York, N.Y.

A. 3-D films will continue to be made until the industry agrees on one photographic system.

Q. Why has Clark Gable refused to sign a new contract with MGM, the company which gave him his start?

A. Gable wants more time and money for himself.

Q. Lena Horne is colored and her husband Lennie Hayton is white. How does Hollywood accept this mixed marriage?
   —F.J., Biloxi, Miss.

A. Mr. and Mrs. Hayton are accepted calmly.

Q. Why doesn’t Zsa Zsa Gabor ever pose with her child?
   —T.R., Las Vegas, Calif.

A. She thinks such photos might damage the impression of perennial glamour she seeks to convey.

Q. I understand that before he fell in love with Ingrid Bergman, the Italian director Roberto Rossellini was so much in love with Marilyn Buford, Miss America of 1946, that he gave her a pair of earrings and an antique bracelet worth more than $10,000. Does Miss Buford still have this jewelry?
   —V.E., Rome, Italy.

A. On returning to the United States, Miss Buford inadvertently failed to declare this jewelry. Customs officials in New York appraised the gifts from Rossellini at $60.
For the girl with future plans— or the wife with storage problems...

A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

If your future plans include a trousseau, you'll find there's nothing like a Lane Cedar Chest! It helps you gather treasures the gradual, economical way. Friends and relatives add their gifts, too... to your precious collection of fine linens, towels, blankets, delicate lingerie.

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Also makers of Lane Tables.

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 1/8-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Gov't recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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*$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.
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So pure, so mild! Yet, 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Count 'em...
one, two, three, four!
Only Ivory gives you
one cake more!
Get pure, mild Ivory...
Personal Size!

America's Best Beauty Buy!

A PRETTY CAKE FOR
A PRETTIER YOU!
See how dainty this Personal Size Ivory is? As you know, it's the handy toilet-soap size of pure, mild Ivory. Beautifies your bathroom—and oh, what nice things Ivory does for your complexion, too! No wonder it's the most famous skin care in the world—this gentle Ivory care!

NEW BEAUTY IN A WEEK—
THAT IVORY LOOK!
More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other! So change to regular care and use Personal Size Ivory. In one week you'll have a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion—That Ivory Look!

THE BEST BEAUTY CARE IS
THE THRIFTIEST, TOO!
Just think, you get four cakes of Personal Size Ivory for about the same price as three cakes of other leading toilet soaps! Better pick up a supply of your Personal Size Ivory this very day. It's your best beauty buy.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
Let the welkin ring!
Lawford the elusive
is about to become a groom—
caught by the one girl
who ran the other way!

BY SUSAN TRENT

PETE'S PAT

Joseph P. Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, has announced the betrothal of his daughter, Patricia, to Peter Lawford. This announcement comes as no surprise to Hollywood. For months, Pete has been pursuing Pat Kennedy back and forth across the continent. His denial of any serious intentions was simply put down to Pete's conservatism and to his insistence on impeccable behavior. Naturally, he would wait for the first announcement of his engagement to come from the bride's family. One day before Mr. Kennedy's announcement, Pete told Modern Screen, "Pat and I have been friends for years. There is definitely no romance. No romance at all."

Why had he been spending all of his spare time with Miss Kennedy? (Pete has had a lot of spare time. Since Metro dropped him last year, he has been in only one picture—It Should Happen To You, a sparkling comedy with Judy Holliday.) "All of that," Pete answered, "is pure coincidence."

But he was unconvincing. Pat Kennedy has been working for NBC television in New York and with Family Theatre in Hollywood. Pete has been commuting cross-country. Hardly any man does that kind of thing casually, and it didn't seem characteristic of Pete Lawford. Pat and Pete were often seen together down at the beach in Santa Monica; Pete drove to the Beverly Hills Hotel every day to pick up Pat; they were often together at cocktail parties in Bel-Air. Apparently, it took (Continued on page 85)
There never will be another Mrs. Clark Gable!

"I'll never marry again," Clark told me, quietly. And then he smiled, "But I shall always enjoy the company of lovely ladies."

As disheartening as this news will be to the femmes who consider The King the most attractive man on the screen and the dozens of beauties all over the world who would love to become Mrs. Gable Number Five, the statement was made by Mr. G. himself with almost cheerful finality on the unseasonably hot day in February when he came a visitin'.

Seemingly completely oblivious of the death-knell he was sounding to millions of feminine daydreams, he went on, "Oh, yes, frequently I am lonely. But as my life lines up today, as I see my future, I never expect to marry again."

I looked at Clark as he is today. He might have been a ruddy Englishman dropped in for a spot of tea. He had arrived at my house correctly garbed for the afternoon in a sports coat of brown-checked tweed (heat and all), with a deep tan and looking the picture of health and vigor.

It had been at least two years since we had seen each other. And yet, so deep is our friendship and of such long standing, that it might have been just yesterday that I had seen Clark or interviewed him for a Sunday story or just chatted as we frequently did when he dropped in for a social call.

I've known The King the full twenty-four years he has been in California. It would be silly to say that he has not changed greatly—particularly in the past few years when he has added a high continental polish to the basic he-man appeal he has always had.

Clark has spent the last twenty-four months working and traveling in Europe. He now speaks French like a native. He talks interestingly of the many countries he has visited and the great experiences he has had.

But I was of a mind to concentrate particularly on his highly publicized experiences with the beautiful ladies.

The King laughed when I persisted in asking about beautiful blonde Grace Kelly (the new Hollywood sensation) with whom Clark was supposed to have (Continued on page 79)
A first-time visitor to Ma Russell's acreage out in the San Fernando Valley must come away completely exhausted and more than a little bug-eyed. He couldn't possibly take it all in during a single visit. "It's a rabbit hutch," muttered one unnerved individual as he crept away.

The family of Jane Russell tells this on itself with huge delight. They couldn't care less if they really lived in a rabbit hutch and, besides, they thought it was a pretty fair description. Undulating in and about two small houses and the chapel which is the heart of their existence are Mother Russell, ninety-year-old Great-aunt Jane, the four Russell boys, their wives, ten small children and assorted dogs. Except for Great-aunt Jane, who entertains herself by reading the obituaries of people far younger, they are all terribly active. When she isn't making a picture, daughter Jane and her two young ones add to the energetic population as much as possible—and, of course, there are always other people drifting about the premises for spiritual solace, for a handout, or simply because they've fallen under the spell of the oddball Russells.

"They're the most wonderful people in the world," commented a friend who could, by temperament, easily be blood kin to them. She added without any change of expression, "I went up to see Mother Russell right after I got out of the insane asylum, and the first person I saw was Jamie, out in the yard. He hollered, 'Hey, here comes the crazy girl!' and that was that.

"You don't see anything particularly wonderful about it? That's the Russell approach to everything: bring it out into the open. Secret things are bad things, secret wounds fester, so they don't have any. When I got out of the insane asylum, everybody but the Russells avoided the subject like the plague. So, for a long time, they were the only people I felt comfortable with."

As it happens, the girl had merely suffered a nervous breakdown—but if she had gone completely off her rocker, she'd be right at home with the Russell family. They're all crazy, too. It's a pleasurable state of mind which they enjoy except for the inconvenience that Jane's career has caused them. "I'm a character," admits Kenny, her second brother, without a trace of self-consciousness. "I've been one all my life, and nobody noticed a thing until Daughter became a movie star. After that, I had to watch myself. When I was being perfectly natural, people accused me of showing off because I was Jane Russell's..."
Meet Jane Russell's screwy, scrappy, scrumptious brothers and the lovely lunatics they married. Meet them—and duck!

BY STEVE CRONIN

they're all CRAZY!

brother. It was enough to inhibit anybody—except me, I guess."

The Russells now live—or, at least, poise momentarily—in the citrus grove of what was originally the family estate. Standing at Ma's or Jamie's front door, they can look over at the huge hacienda that was the home of their childhood, sold after the death of Father Russell because there was no money left to maintain it. The house and five acres of land went, the Palomino saddle 'horses, the children's ponies and most of the stock. Being Russells, the family neither avoids looking at the big house nor cares a whit that it no longer belongs to them. Being Russells, they're too busy living it up in the present to brood about the past.

Although Jane controlled her brothers by systematically belting the daylights out of them, Ken was (Continued on page 88)
by Jack Wade

"You know," said Bob Wagner, "I'm the luckiest guy in the whole town. And," he added, "I'm on about the roughest spot."

"Come again?" I puzzled. "What did you say?"

Bob grinned. He's got a great grin, simply great. It's a grin that would charm a cobra before it could spread a hood. "Come on over to my room," he said, "and we'll put on some music. I can talk then. It soothes the savage beast."

"Breast," I corrected.

"For me," he kidded, "it has to be beast!"

I had dropped in on R. J. out at his film factory, Twentieth Century-Fox, as I like to do every now and then to check up on the progress of my favorite boy. I like Bob, and I always have. I first met him in the days when he was just another handsome young Hollywood Joe hoping to get started in this acting business. His folks were taking care of him and the most serious concern he had in the world was trying to talk Debbie Reynolds into a date and straightening out his two-iron pokes at the Bel-Air Country Club.

Lately, the dropping in had gotten a little tougher. In fact, this trip I'd waited about a month before I could catch up with Wagner. So I wondered if some of the sharpies around town could possibly be right; that is, that all this swoon star business which has suddenly seized Bob by the seat of his slacks was making a very nice fellow impossible to get at and more impossible to get along with. I didn't believe it, but a reporter has to find out those things for himself.

I had asked Bob right off how he was doing and he came back with that cryptic crack. Furthermore, I seemed to notice that his old faithful smile buttoned itself down again in a straight line a little more quickly than it used to. Could he have problems?

Bob loosened (Continued on page 64)
Startled by unexpected crowds when they landed at Tokyo Airport, Marilyn and Joe climbed out of the plane, ducked back and finally came out again—smiling bravely for photographers.

At Tokyo Army Hospital, Comp Tokyo, Marilyn chatted with a Japanese employee, Miss Taeko Fukogawa. Later she was given a Japanese movie magazine—with her picture on the cover!
THE DI MAGGIOS—THEY DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE THEM IN JAPAN!

Marilyn was mobbed and presented with flowers by thousands of cheering Japanese admirers while Joe and baseball coach Lefty O'Doul (with hand upraised) got their first taste of playing second fiddle.

Surrounded by cameramen, questioned by over eighty reporters, Marilyn posed at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo with her eyes on her husband—who was interviewed by four worshipful sports writers.

Marilyn and Joe planned a secret visit to a tiny fishing village but the harassed pair were accompanied by the press as they strolled through the town, smiling and trying unsuccessfully to talk to the inhabitants.

In the Tokyo Army Hospital Marilyn kissed S I/C James W. Riley of Greenboro, North Carolina. To visit one wounded G.I., forced to lie face down, Marilyn stretched out on the floor, looked up.

marilyn and joe:

who turned love's dream into a free-for-all?

Marilyn Monroe's honeymoon began in the restful, secluded, rustic fashion typical of honeymoons.

Her attorney, Lloyd Wright, insisted that she and Joe spend a week or two at his summer estate in Idyllwild, a peaceful mountain village overlooking the desert resort of Palm Springs. There they stayed for the ten days after their hectic marriage in January.

They romped in the snow, swam in the pool, took sunbaths and rides into the desert. In Marilyn's words, "We had the most wonderful time." This, while hundreds of photographers and reporters were searching for them everywhere.

Once Marilyn and Joe left the safety of their mountain hideout, their honeymoon became a free-for-all, a colossal clambake involving agents, baseball players, 20th Century-Fox, the U.S. Army, Japan and millions of movie fans.

Marilyn and Joe Di Maggio planned a quiet honeymoon. They are both shy and retiring. The last thing in the world they wanted was to make their wedding trip the object of international reporting.

(Continued on page 41)
Traveling in slacks, Marilyn took a helicopter to the First Marine Division area where she performed for 13,000 Marines.

Pleased Army cooks reported that Marilyn was "just great—she eats anything!" In three days in Korea, Marilyn gave ten performances with the Special Services show, Anything Goes.

CHEERFULLY, MARILYN DONATED PART OF HER HARRIED HONEYMOON TO TOURING KOREA IN A COCKTAIL
At Cuchon Air Force Base Marilyn discarded her famous purple cocktail dress, draped herself in a tub for the benefit of delighted Air Force photographers.

She posed obligingly with two members of the "Golden Dragons," the 25th Division baseball team, but offered no batting hints.

Two 7th Division G.I.'s tacked up a commemorative sign after Marilyn's departure. They had politely removed Monroe calendars.

DRESS, CAUSED A NEAR-RIOT AMONG BATTLE-HARDENED G.I.'S WHO CLAIMED WAR WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

(Continued from page 39) Somehow they got caught in the web of circumstance and before they knew it they were living their private life in public.

After their memorable stay in Idyllwild, Joe flew to New York to transact business with his attorneys, and Marilyn secretly slipped into Hollywood.

She read the script of *Pink Tights* and decided not to do the picture. That is, not unless the script were completely rewritten. *Pink Tights* had been made once before under the title *Coney Island*, and Marilyn simply felt that "it wasn't for me."

While Marilyn was hiding in Hollywood, talking only to her business manager, her agent, and one or two favored friends, Joe was talking on the phone to Lefty O'Doul in San Francisco.

One of the great baseball players of the century, Lefty had not only given Joe his first opportunity in organized baseball, but he had always remained a staunch friend. Joe had confided to him his intention to marry Marilyn, and Lefty had said, "Why don't you have your honeymoon in Japan? I'm going over there in a couple of weeks to coach. Why don't you and Marilyn come along? The Japanese people respect privacy. You can have a great time."

Since this happened a few days before the wedding, Joe didn't want to commit himself.

"I don't know," he said. "Marilyn is supposed to make another picture and, well, we'll see what comes up."

What came up was Marilyn's refusal to do *Pink Tights* and her subsequent suspension by the studio, giving her all the free time she cared to take. When Joe heard from Marilyn that she wasn't going into another film immediately, he and O'Doul began setting plans for the trip to the Orient. (Continued on page 95)

Moments of peace were rare for the newlyweds when Marilyn rejoined Joe on Japan's inland sea near Hiroshima—and found photographers waiting even there.
1. Relaxing at Palm Springs with friend Anne Francis, Mitzi finds that her well-developed muscles require constant attention.

2. Will power was essential for dieting. Finding her own unreliable, Mitzi shrewdly enlisted the aid of a watchful waiter.

3. New, slim figure brought new, sleek clothes, whole new personality to Mitzi, who now feels very sophisticated, very 21.

by Imogene Collins

Almost all stories about Hollywood's incredible personality changes are apocryphal. They are illustrated by tricked-up photos, a blonde or brunette hair dye and sketchy instructions on how Miss Average Girl may go and do likewise. This is something Miss Average Girl seldom does because she is blessed with more intelligence than Hollywood press agents suspect. She may not be a world-beating enchantress, but what she has is better than what she might have if she followed a lot of ridiculous blueprints offered by a publicity-hungry actress. A single exception to a (Continued on page 44)
That's me 4 months ago? It simply couldn't be! I mean, I was actually fat!

Easy come is not easy go where poundage is concerned. But Mitzi found that if you watch the ounces, the pounds eventually take care of themselves.

(Continued from page 42) rule that has been in force ever since the first Quick Movie Diet and Fast Leap to Loveliness was invented, is provided by this girl named Mitzi Gaynor.

"I had to do something," she recalls. "A little over a year ago, in March, 1953, to be exact, my appendix and I parted company. When my head cleared after the operation I found myself with a ravenous appetite. As soon as they'd let me I ate everything in sight. In a matter of days I'd gained fifteen pounds.

"It's a funny thing. When you're growing up your parents will let you take ballet lessons or acrobatic dancing. They'd even let you play right halfback on the football team if you could find one that would take girls. Both mother and dad are delighted to help fulfill your girlish ambitions.

"The only trouble is that they don't know, and neither do you, that as you become a girl athlete you develop some pretty strong muscles that are going to become a headache unless you plan a career as a lady wrestler. Or, unless you can combine the same determination you had in the beginning with some sensible ideas on diet, clothes planning, hair-do and such, not necessarily in that order."

The most important among the few more items mentioned by Mitzi is will power. This differs from determination. You can be determined for ten seconds and then lose your will power to carry on that determination. The nice thing about will power is that it is always inside you, but sometimes slow to wake up to its full strength. When that happens, sometimes you can borrow someone else's will power to tide you over.

That has happened to Mitzi, most frequently at the (Continued on page 62)
How the Stars Found Faith

Twice, his faith has saved Jeff's life. Always, it has taught him how to live.

towards the sun

by Jeff Hunter

Two years ago, on a sunny afternoon, off the Isle of Gozo near Malta in the Mediterranean, I did a darn fool thing. I went skin-diving alone. The studio had chosen this part of the south of Europe to film A Sailor Of The King and I had been given a few days off by the director of the picture.

With flippers on my feet I went sightseeing along the shore. I was wearing goggles through which I could peer deep beneath the surface of the water at the marine growths and rock formations.

I was swimming along like this an hour later, miles from anyone, when I saw an undersea cave just below me. Getting curious I kicked my way down to it and wriggled into the opening. Ahead in the dimly-lit water were odd shapes, like statues in a grotto, that were hard to make out, so I kept working my way closer. I was far inside (Continued on page 74)
The curtain has lifted at last. Ann Blyth McNulty is now ready to let the world share her first shining year of marriage and her first shining home!

BY MARVA PETERSON

DOCTOR'S WIFE

This is the "dennine room", filled with the sun-lit patterns Ann loves. Here the McNultys eat, informally entertain their closest friends around the corner fireplace.
The eight-room McNulty house, built in the Connecticut farmhouse tradition, will be their permanent home, Ann hopes. Shaded by three giant walnut trees, the large lawn allows Ann to indulge a childhood craving to squirt a hose to her heart’s content.

Carefully cushioned and quilted couches with an Hawaiian floral print dominate the blue livingroom; like the marble-topped table, they were designed for the McNultys by decorator Mitchell Numier. The large fireplace is used even in the summer.

Nothing in a doctor’s private life can be planned with certainty except taxes. When she accepted the name of Mrs. James V. McNulty, Ann Blyth accepted that fact. It was one of the things Jim warned her about before their marriage.

“I want you to know,” he said, “that my time isn’t my own, that I’ll be called out at the most outlandish hours, and that many nights you’ll be alone and waiting.”

In the nine months that she’s been a doctor’s wife, Ann has learned to accept all of this.

Only a few months ago, she expected Jim home for dinner in fifteen minutes when the hospital called to say that Dr. McNulty was delayed in obstetrics. Thirty minutes lengthened into an hour. One hour became two. At nine o’clock Ann strode into the kitchen.

“Barbara,” she told the housekeeper. “No point in your waiting up. I’ll serve the doctor when he comes in.” Then she walked back into the dimly-lit den, her beautiful head tilted in a listening position. She wasn’t particularly hungry. She had passed that point. Nor was she sleepy. Just disappointed.

This was their six months’ anniversary. She had prepared a special dinner—cake, candles, even champagne. And now Jim was late because the stork had been off-schedule with one of his patients.

Suddenly the whir of Jim’s car turning into the driveway threw Ann out of her disappointment (Continued on next page)
(Continued from page 47) into a dither of preparation.

She gave the logs in the fireplace a hasty poke. She ran to the refrigerator, took the split of champagne and placed it on a tray beside two glasses. She just made it into Jim's arms as he stepped through the Dutch door from the patio.

"Happy semi-anniversary," she managed to mutter.

Jim kissed his wife's hair. Then he reached down into his coat pocket and pulled out a brown paper bag. He dropped the gift into her hands.

"For you," he said.

Excitedly Ann sat down on the couch and shook the contents of the bag into her lap. Eight of the most delicate, exquisite, hand-painted porcelain knobs. "See," said Dr. McNulty, "I'm a very practical guy."

Ann smiled. "You're priceless, darling. These will put the finishing touches to the bathroom. I'll use one on each cosmetic drawer and one on the medicine cabinet, and one on—"

"You're sure you're not disappointed now?" the doctor suggested. "They're just drawer-pulls."

"Of course not," Ann said. "Most husbands do the obvious thing on anniversary dates. They bring flowers or candy. But this is the kind of unexpected gesture writers are always trying to dream up for 'young love' scripts. And you do it naturally."

"The best way to write about young lovers," Jim said, "is to draw them from life."

Certainly this is true of Ann and Jim McNulty. Their romance and marriage has been compared to a dream, a fairy tale and a movie script. But these are pallid compared to the true version. For this marriage has so much love and warmth and tenderness that it must get better and better.

The early chapters in Ann Blyth's true love story have been thoroughly reported. Her first dates with Dennis Day's brother, their courtship, the announcement by her aunt Cissie and Uncle Jim, the charming way Jim proposed while they were trimming the Christmas tree, their common religion and Irish heritage and of course, every detail of the impressive wedding from the Papal blessing down to the size of the marriage ring.

Once the wedding was over, a news blackout was lowered. Months passed. No more Ann Blyth features were published. Movie-goers waited avidly for stories of Ann Blyth, novice housewife. No stories came. They looked for pictures of Ann and Jim at home. No news, no pictures.

Ann says now, "In the last six months I've been busier than I've ever been in my whole life. I just haven't had time to collect myself."

"Right after our honeymoon at Lake Tahoe I had to report to MGM for rehearsals of Rose Marie. Then I went into the picture. As soon as that was finished, rehearsals started for The Student Prince, then the actual shooting. (Continued on page 86)
ITS AMAZING POPULARITY, THE FACT THAT IT IS FIRST IN SALES, IS PROOF THAT DR. ELLIS’ WAVE SET IS THE FINEST ... FOR ALL TYPES OF WAVES, ALL WEIGHTS, COLORS AND CONDITIONS OF HAIR.

AND YET, DR. ELLIS’ WAVE SET, THAT MAKES ALL PERMANENTS LAST LONGER, IS PRICED AT ONLY 15¢ AND 25¢, AT ALL LEADING 5¢ AND 10¢ AND DRUG STORES, EVERYWHERE.

BY ALL MEANS GET AND TRY THE AMAZING, NEW-FORMULA, LANOLIN-ENRICHED, 25¢ DR. ELLIS’ WAVE SET RIGHT AWAY. DISCOVER ITS SENSATIONAL EASE OF APPLICATION; ITS DELIGHTFULLY QUICK, FLAKELESS DRYING; THE EXQUISITELY SOFT, JUST-BROUSHED-AND-BURNISHED LOOK IT IMPARTS TO YOUR HAIR ALL DAY, ALL EVENING LONG; THE CONDITIONING IT GIVES YOUR SCALP AND HAIR AS IF IT BEAUTIFIES YOUR WAVE. GREASELESS, IT COMBS-IN INSTANTLY, BRUSHES-OUT MAGICALLY. FOR HAIR THAT IS LUXURIOUSLY SOFT, YET BEAUTIFULLY MANAGEABLE, GET DR. ELLIS’ WAVE SET, ONLY 15¢ AND 25¢, AT LEADING 5¢ AND 10¢ AND TOILETRY COUNTERS, EVERYWHERE.

DO DRYING DETERGENTS CAUSE YOUR NAIL POLISH TO CHIP? FLAKE? PEEL? FADE?

TRY DR. ELLIS’ FEATHERCOTE NAIL POLISH. ACTUALLY HELPS PREVENT POWERFUL NEW “SUPER SOAPS” FROM ATTACKING NAILS.

INSTANT DRYING! DAY-LONG RESULTS!

Dr. Ellis’ HAIR SPRAY

Instant spray keeps hair softly in place, for a soft, luxurious wave all day.

ONLY 79¢
The moving story of Burt Lancaster's

Am I happy? I'm sort of fulfilled.

When I first came to Hollywood I was scared stiff. I rubbed a lot of people the wrong way... compensating for my insecurity.

Am I difficult to live with? No, I wouldn't say that I am. My wife and I get along pretty well.

Well, I've learned and I've changed. At least I believe that I have.

Seven years ago when Burt Lancaster was relatively new and fresh in Hollywood, he was invited to a dinner party. This festive affair was well-sprinkled with colorful Hollywood characters. A loquacious writer began to spout on half a dozen different subjects.

Lancaster controlled himself for half an hour, but as the writer talked Burt's face became rosy. Finally he could stand it no longer.

He walked up to the writer, eyes flashing.

"You," he snarled, "are the biggest, no-good, four-flushing phony I've ever heard." With that he whirled and strode from the room.

The writer was aghast. For a moment he stopped gushing like a severed artery. When he could speak above this outrage, he raised a shoulder, pursed his lips and bristled. "Well!" he exclaimed. "All I can say is, 'Well'!

Not long after that, Burt was starred in a prison film out at Universal. During the course of the production, he turned to an (Continued on page 82)
fight against fear Act of Love!
Most people call
Esther wholesome and
charming; some people call
her "uncooperative."
But if you want the truth,
just call her husband and ask!

BY THELMA MCGILL

only her husband knows

No prospective movie star should be born in Los Angeles. It is a distinct disadvantage. The instant the star assumes her lofty position in the Hollywood solar system, thousands of local fans claim to be authorities on her life.

Esther Williams made this tactical error and practically every native Angeleño between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five claims to know everything there is to know about the leggy film star.

A few months ago when Esther was unfairly and unjustifiably voted the most uncooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club, everyone and his sister had something to say about the choice.

“I went to school with Esther in Inglewood,” one secretary commented, “and she’s always been real cool.”

Said a local photographer, “I was in high school with Esther Williams, and while I never would’ve married Ben Gage, this babe is okay. She’s honest and truthful. No phony-baloney about her.”

“Esther Williams and I were in grade school together,” a cab-driver said. “Matter of fact, she was gone on me. I never did give her a tumble, just wasn’t my type, but (Continued on page 54)
No golfer herself, Esther only rarely accompanies Ben to the links. Once there, she promptly plods down on the grass; at home she prefers sitting on the floor to a chair.

(Continued from page 53) for my money she's okay. She made it the hard way. Her old man was never head of any studio.”

As you can see, practically everyone in Los Angeles went to school with Esther Williams. Knows all about her. How she learned to swim. How she went to work as a stock clerk in I. Magnin's for $78 per month. How she swam for Billy Rose. All of it.

There are a few genuine authorities on the life of Esther Williams, some of whom never went to school with her. Her parents, for example.
The father, Lou Williams, now spends most of his spare time fishing. The mother, Bula Williams, is a social worker with two degrees, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity. (She is a licensed minister.) Both of her parents think Esther got a raw deal when the press girls branded her “the most uncooperative.”

There are more oracles: Esther’s sister Maurine, also a Ph.D.; her sister June of the Pico Women’s Club, her brother Dave, a contractor-plumber. And of course, her tall, husky (six feet, four inches, 255 pounds) husband, smiling Ben Gage.

Naturally, Ben Gage knows more about Esther than anyone. He has been married to her for eight years. He is the father of her children.

How did Esther come to be voted the “most uncooperative actress of 1953?” This title was originally scheduled for Doris Day, who should have won it hands down. Last year Doris was about as cooperative with the Hollywood Press as a frightened porcupine.

The Women’s Press Club was told that Doris had been under a great nervous strain. For months she had suffered from cancerphobia, a fear of cancer which fortunately turned out to be groundless. Appeals were made to their kindness. Why make someone who was ill more ill by voting her uncooperative?

A press agent phoned and said that if Doris were branded “the most uncooperative” he would lose his job. Press agents often hold this sword over the heads of warm-hearted reporters.

So you can see what a tight spot these writers were in. Someone had to get the sour apple. It just wouldn’t do to say there were no (Continued on page 92)
Jackie and Dale Robertson have watched their marriage crumble. It is small comfort.

- "I guess he never loved me," Jackie Robertson mumbled, choking with tears. "Or maybe there's just no love in his heart." This beautiful twenty-two-year-old girl was talking about her impending divorce from actor Dale Robertson. She was trying to reconstruct the tangled web of their unhappy marriage.

Why had this marriage foundered?
Was it Hollywood's fault?
Was the marriage too sudden?
Was Dale to blame exclusively?

Was Jackie an inadequate wife?
What went wrong with a marriage that three years ago was blessed with so much promise?
You recall its romantic foundation. Modern Screen covered the love affair in detail. So did many newspapers.

In 1951, on the set of Friendly Island, Mitzi Gaynor introduced Jacqueline Wilson, a poised, sloe-eyed young actress, to Dale Robertson.
Dale was then as hot as a freshly-fired pistol. He had finished Take Care Of My Little Girl with Jeanne Crain. Betty Grable wanted him for The Farmer Takes A Wife. He was receiving three times as much fan mail as Marilyn Monroe.

The tall Oklahoman took one look at Jackie and the total effect was nothing. A few weeks later producer Andre Hakim gave a dinner party, a small affair by the standards of the continental Hakim. There were thirty or forty guests. Among them were Jacqueline Wilson, sophisticated,
but not even 16-month-old Rochelle could hold together the marriage of a too-young wife, too-indifferent husband.

NOW TO LOOK BACK AND KNOW THAT IT WAS NEVER BASED ON REAL LOVE. ■ William Barbour

well-bred, and nineteen, and Dayle Ly- Moine Robertson, handsome, drawling and between thirty and thirty-five years old.

They began to talk about horses. Jackie had been born in Paris, reared in Princeton, educated in eastern finishing schools. She had been a member of the Eldridge-Hartford Hunt in Baltimore.

Robertson was a frustrated cowboy who had attended Oklahoma Military College and worked later as a shipping clerk for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company and as a jackhammer operator for the Charles M. Dunning Company, a construction outfit in his native Oklahoma City.

All the polish he had, he wore on his fingernails. But his is a magnetic personality. He has the same kind of air, good looks and command of situations that characterized Gable when he came to Hollywood twenty-five years ago. And Jackie Wilson, understandably, was attracted to this rugged, square-shouldered six-footer.

“We met on a Saturday,” she remembers. “Then he called on Sunday, proposed on Monday, and we were married three weeks later. If things had worked out, the hurry, the haste, the mad rush would’ve been swell. But the marriage didn’t take; so now I can say the courtship was too fast.

“It’s easy to be wise after it’s all over. But I was so (Continued on page 93)
JACK WEBB IS EVERYONE’S FAVORITE MAN FRIDAY. BUT HE’S ALSO TV’S MOST RUMORED-ABOUT GUY!

By Richard Moore

Every actor in Hollywood sooner or later finds himself under fire, with the press, his relatives or old pals taking shots at his integrity. The reason is obvious. Success inevitably gives birth to envy, and the urge to find a place on the financial gravy train is an itch few of an actor’s casual friends or members of his family can resist.

Jack Webb, who has become to television what a combination of Alan Ladd and Clark Gable would be to pictures, is no exception.

Here are a few of the accusations not too lately hurled at the creator and star performer of Dragnet. That he is upstaging his friends. That he is too temperamental. That he all but socks on the nose anyone who has the nerve to ask a question about his private life. That he already has decided who the next Mrs. Jack Webb will be.

Because of the stories circulated by Hollywood gossip, a disreputable old bat with a tic in her eye, let’s look at the whole story of Mr. Webb and see what sort of man he really is. Mr. Webb has already been thoroughly worked over by two esteemed journalists in Los Angeles.

They deserve credit for getting straight answers to direct questions from a man a couple of columnists had claimed was impossible to interview. Mr. Hal Humphrey, Radio and TV Editor of the Los Angeles Daily Mirror, had this to say about Mr. Webb’s romantic life: “Webb is understandably nettled at all of the rumors concerning his (Continued on page 73)
LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Meet Grace Kelly,
the girl Gable gabs about—
and the demurest miss
ever called a menace
by a Hollywood columnist!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Eight years ago there were a great many more boys than girls attending Stevens High School in the Chestnut Hills area of Philadelphia. The girls loved it; no one was a wallflower and the "rush" was terrific. But some of the mothers were concerned; they thought their daughters might develop a conceit that would take a bad beating later when they got out into a world less bountiful with attentive males.

They needn't have worried. The effect on the girls in the class was good. They developed excellent poise based on a fine confidence in themselves. One of them, a quiet, blue-eyed blonde named Grace Kelly, was the daughter of John Kelly, once an international sculling champion, and now a building contractor. Later, her older brother, Jack, won similar renown. Today Grace is pulling her own oar as an actress. Even though she is single she seems to have a monopoly on Hollywood's best young-wife roles.

Her film husbands have included Gary Cooper (in High Noon), Richard Basehart (14 Hours), Ray Milland (Dial M For Murder), and Bill Holden (The Bridges At Toki-Ri). In Mogambo she loses Clark Gable to Ava Gardner but in Rear Window she's a cinch to settle down domestically with Jimmy Stewart and it's anybody's guess whether she will settle down with Bill Holden or Bing Crosby in Country Girl. Friends are beginning to kid her that marriage in real life may be an anti-climax.

Grace, who was born twenty-five years ago in Philadelphia, needed that favorable boy-girl setup at high school because she was not so sure of herself to start with. Bracketed between an older and a younger sister she is reported to have been a "withdrawn" kid at twelve.

One of the favorite family stories about her is that when she wanted to play hooky at this period she would first announce the fact at breakfast time—the point being that she was emulating other girls but not really wanting to skip school. She was hoping that someone would talk her out of it.
This indecision was general. "She couldn't shop for herself until she was a bit older," says her mother. Grace herself recalls, "Well, I was generally down with all the sicknesses—the original sinus kid.

Now Grace is a tall girl, five feet, five and a half inches, weighs a nicely modeled 115 pounds and is nobody's weakling. Not according to her father, who brought her from her Africa, when she made Mogambo with Gable and Ava.

In more than four months on safari, beset by heat, bugs and the rigorous routine of camp life, she didn't miss a day's shooting. As a matter of fact, in contrast to Ava, who spent her spare time reading or playing cards, Grace and hunting parties went out to get meat for the company personnel. The man who shot the heavy game on these expeditions was generally Gable. But Grace had a quick eye for fowl and bagged a great number of guinea hens.

Perhaps her nerves were most severely tested when she was given one of the big movie shots, the "snake." As was read a long line of giant ants migrating right across the road, she got up and dressed, stepping gipperly back and forth over the undulating line, and went to breakfast. Late that afternoon when she returned to find that the next line of ants was still in progress. Attacking with a pail of boiling water her native servant managed to break up the line of march and the film continued. Fortunately a few thousand ants lost their way and got into her baggage where they kept showing up for weeks.

Grace is not sure how her love for acting was fostered. There is a theatrical tradition in the family founded by two of her father's brothers. One of the noted playwrights, George Kelly, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, Craig's Wife, and The Show-Off. Grace had a share of his love for the theatre from an early age. He thought the theatre was not for her. Another uncle was Walter C. Kelly, a famous vaudeville headliner known as "The Virginia Judge," who died when Grace was seven years of age, not knowing about show business. She attended an exclusive school, the Raven Hill Academy, and at the same time took part in amateur theatricals with the Old Academy Players Theatre in Philadelphia. As an aid to expression she chose two foreign languages to study, French and Spanish, stuck to them all through school and speaks them today. But she knew definitely that acting was in her life to stay after a visit she made to New York as a young girl. She was taken to Warner Brothers for dinner and there had her fortune read by a gypsy who told her not that she would be an actress but that she was an actress. So she took the gypsy's advice. When she was about sixteen she met the famous husband and had fallen against a towel rack. Grace was present and played nurse. This took so much time that Grace was late for a lunch- room interview and—without thinking—explained what had happened to Rita. A little later in the day Rita went out, met Louella Parsons, and on impulse decided that a fall in that haberdashery sounded as an explanation for the shower. "It was a good idea. It was a good idea. A good idea." said she. Louella printed it that way and thus the clash of explanations came.

As girls, because their permanent homes are the screen, Grace and Ava are nomads when they are in Hollywood. They rent ordinary little apartments which can be had without leases and naturally try not to be seen by the public. They really either be abandoned or shipped about where they leave. The only trouble is that as girls will—they get a bit wavy and sometimes the furtive is due to a short of blankets when a cold wave struck California, but rather than buy extra ones they kept stalling and hoping for warmer weather. Grace has memorized all the lines during the time they had spent night after night freezing.

Last Christmas found Grace alone in Hollywood without Christmas plans. This was a little thing to perfection. It was a great idea. It was a good idea. A good idea. "I'm going to do something about it and asked her to home. When Grace arrived she found that it was to be a big family dinner—a total of two adults, eleven children, two dogs, three cats and the radio. Grace, quite used to family gatherings, fitted in perfectly. She helped feed the youngsters before the big dinner was served and the atmosphere was made. "It was almost as good as being home."

In the opinion of Hollywood's producers Grace is a classic beauty, faultless they say. But she doesn't agree. She doesn't agree. She doesn't agree. She feels that her left side is her best side and arranges her hair with this in mind. But she makes no point of it when there is before the motion picture camera—just when she is making a portrait sitting.

She has a permanent apartment in New York on 66th Street and lives with Henry, a parakeet. When she leaves New York for Hollywood Henry has to leave for the house. If she is going to be away until she can return and take care of him. She counts Henry the oddest friend she has in New York. In Hollywood her odd- ness is greater. One girl who played an atom bomb shelter built in the garden of her house, but is never home.

Grace lives New York because she likes being close. She has the contacts, likes being near her family. And she has a great collection of shoes around New York and anywhere else. And there is always her favorite gypsy who says, "Don't laugh," she says. "After all, most Hollywood actresses have their astrologers, don't they?"
Mitzi's Miracle

(Continued from page 44) Piccadilly, a famous spot on La Cienega Boulevard, and with her new favorite restaurant, Mitzi and her fiancé Jack Bean have a favorite booth. It's the place where they started their spooling, also their mutual dieting. They have a favorite waiter, name of Peter Chassis. Peter is familiar with Mitzi's lusty appetite and he turned out to be a source of secondary will power.

One night, Mitzi, "There's need your help. I've gained fifteen pounds since my operation. And I want to lose at least twenty pounds."

"You don't need me," Pete advised her. "You'd better see your doctor."

"I already have. All I want you to do is see that when I come in here I don't order something I shouldn't. Jack, do you have that diet list?"

Mr. Bean fished Mitzi's typewritten diet out of a remote pocket and waiter Chassis agreed to become a party to Mitzi's conspiracy against that old devil Obesity.

A few nights later, Mitzi and Jack came back to the Piccadilly. Mitzi had been working hard at her outline for seven hours. She was beat and hungry as a horse. But she stuck to her diet. A cup of bouillon, a piece of broiled liver, sliced tomato, celery, radish, and tea. At an accident, another waiter chanced to pass with a hunk of pie a la mode for some customer's dessert. Mitzi couldn't take it. She summoned Pete.

"I'll just have one little slice of apple pie and a sliver of ice cream."

"No, you don't," Pete retorted. "You told me to keep an eye on you, and that's what I'm going. Just an average portion is 500 calories. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Thanks, Peter," Mitzi replied, chancing her luck.

"I got to thinking afterward," Mitzi recalls now, "that it was a silly bit to go absolutely to pieces at the sight of a piece of cake or some juicy tidbit. Jack and I worked out a sort of philosophy. (It's much easier to win a diet battle when someone you are with constantly is doing the same thing."

"We figured it out this way: we looked at calorie-counting as we would look at a money problem—only in reverse. The game was to keep from putting calories into our savings accounts, which was us. For instance, if Jack turned down a bottle of beer offered by a friend, he figured that he'd saved 125 calories. One day I bent into a friend at Schwab's drugstore. She suggested we have a malted milk and I almost agreed until I looked up the calorie count of a malt in my little book. Wow! Very nearly put 500 in my bank. Instead, I had a glass of ginger ale, which totaled seventy-five. And now that I've discovered those new low-calorie drinks I can have a ball at a cocktail party. I explain in advance to the hostess and she stocks up with root beer or lime-lemon and I can have three in the space of a couple of hours a total of only twenty-seven calories." Mitzi's Miracle

An old friend of Mitzi and Jack figured they could make their dieting fun if the only stepped on the scales, was slightly horrified and began to diet. As she began to slim down, quickly the thought occurred to her that if simple dieting wasn't enough, then she had command of herself in other ways, too.

She began to think, "I'm in a rut. Almost everyone knows me as a pert and bouncy eighteen-year-old, and that's the way I'm treated on screen and photographed on screen. But I'm twenty-one now, and that 'pert and bouncy' bit has got to go."

How to do it? You can't issue formal announcements that you no longer want to be looked on as an eighteen-year-old. You have to make some outward changes. The place to begin is with clothes. Mitzi sought the help of Pat, the head of the dress department at Nancy's Stores. She showed him how the clothes she had been wearing—sizes twelve and fourteen—were almost

Mitzi Gaynor's Mystery Diet

With slight variation, this can be your menu for a week. If you do not eat breakfast, you should start tomorrow morning. Lunch may be changed by foods with equivalent numbers of calories. Dinner might be varied by roast chicken (white meat only), fruit salad and rye toast. Steak, naturally, can take the place of liver, but must always be broiled.

* The mystery is: where do the pounds go so swiftly? Seriously, don't attempt this or any other diet without the advice of a physician.

Appetizer: Bread and butter pickles, celery, little green onions. Calories: 15
Soup: Chicken consommé. Calories: None
Entree: Cabbage, broccoli, carrots, spinach, stewed tomatoes. Calories: about 175 Dessert: Practically none
Drink: Coffee or tea. TOTAL: 190 calories

"It's almost unbelievable how many calories you can save that way, but you probably won't find the vegetables steam-cooked without butter too enchanting. And, if you're going to try a vegetable dinner like this one, you must have a pretty good breakfast and lunch."

Here's a sample of what Mitzi had the day of her 190-calorie dinner:

**BREAKFAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 slice honeydew melon</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thin slice white toast</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 soft-boiled eggs</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pat butter</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup milk</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>475</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LUNCHEON**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Calories</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 sliced apple</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 baked chicken breast (6 oz.)</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 thin slice whole wheat toast &amp; butter</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dish sliced peaches (no sugar)</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>375</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That's a grand total of about 1400 calories, give, or take a few. It's probably as healthy as any average day of food intake you'd have when you eat in a hit-or-miss style, without any thought of diet.

"One thing to remember about diet," Mitzi declares, "is that the very word usually scares off people. They want a little figure but it's too much trouble to add two and two to get it. An all-vegetable dinner once or twice a week is horrifying to some people, even though vegetables are often overlooked and they are very high in essential minerals. But don't take my word for it. Check with your family doctor first. It's imperative that he call all the signals if you don't want to wind up an anemic shadow of your former self."

"Your doctor will tell you the dangers of a too-prolonged or too-strict diet. He'll probably advise him to publish lists of these published diets and he'll be right, if he'll take the trouble to give you one of your own. Almost every individual requires some special attention when it comes to weight reducing. The glands and other apparatus of no two people function exactly alike."

Mitzi's warning in this respect has specific reference to girls' figures. She may lose as much as twenty or thirty pounds and then with the return of the hemline she discovers that those pleasing bustline curves disappeared with the fat. This is where exercise comes in. Almost any physical education instructor in a high school or a professional gymnasium will be glad to give you an exercise that is effective and simple to keep your muscles firm.

While it is known that physical exercise alone is a slow reducing agent, it is also a neglected fact that a lot of attention must be paid to muscle tissue during the reducing period. Otherwise the leg, arm, neck and other muscles can become seriously flabby. In Mitzi's case no routine exercise was necessary, because she works off excess calories dancing regularly. But she did take the precaution of going regularly to a well-known masseuse who has helped keep famous figures trim. Massage may seem costly, but if you're dieting for a real purpose it will be money well invested.

The Miraculous Change in Mitzi was not intentional. She only stepped on the scales, was slightly horrified and began to diet. As she began to slim down quickly the thought occurred to her that if simple dieting wasn't enough, then she had command of herself in other ways, too.

She began to think, "I'm in a rut. Almost everyone knows me as a pert and bouncy eighteen-year-old, and that's the way I'm treated on screen and photographed on screen. But I'm twenty-one now, and that 'pert and bouncy' bit has got to go."

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**Breakfast**

- ½ grapefruit (no sugar)
- 2 poached eggs (no salt or pepper)
- Coffee or tea

**Lunch**

- ½ grapefruit
- 1 helping plain spinach
- 2 soft-boiled eggs

**Dinner**

- Tomato juice
- Celery & radishes
- Small (6- to 8-ounce) slice broiled liver
- Coffee or tea

For people who drink: a glass of soda water with juice of half a lime over ice, or one of the new non-caloric soft drinks.
big enough to turn around in. So he brought out sizes eight and ten. Mitzi was delighted to discover that the tens had to be taken in. Living in a theatrical town, Mitzi could take the plunge to extreme sophistication, stark white and stark black form-fitting gowns with low décolletage.

"It tickled me pink," Mitzi remembers, "the first night I wore one of those real gone numbers to Mocambo with Jack. People could hardly believe this was Mitzi."

Like her clothes, Mitzi's new twenty-one-year-old personality fits her well. For the first time, people have stopped trying to compare her to stars who were once famous and had one of her names. People have said to her, "I've been going to your pictures for years," although she's only been in the business for four or five years. They somehow mistook her for the former child star, Jane Withers. The older movie-goer would occasionally gaze upon Mitzi with wistful expression and exclaim, "Miss Gaynor, you've given me some of my most beautiful moments." These had identified her with Janet Gaynor. And others confused her with Mitzi Green.

No one makes that mistake now. From her smart new coiffure to the tips of her toes, Mitzi's wistful qualities are submerged, and although she's a powerhouse of energy, it doesn't spill over.

"With my lower intake of food," Mitzi says, "I stopped thinking that anyone who went to bed before midnight was a square. I found myself rolling in at around ten, which would have seemed an incredible hour a year before. Now, instead of looking for parties to go to, Jack and I find ourselves going to early movies. I learn a lot that way, not just for my profession, but in the business of being happy. Funny thing, I never realized just how much you can get out of a simple motion picture when it comes to developing a general philosophy and a good feeling about life in general. I used to go to movies to daydream. Now I go to live and learn. That may not be putting it across with a vast amount of intelligence, but I hope you know what I mean."

It's possible people do understand. Already those who have seen a lot of stars come and go are comparing Mitzi with Carole Lombard for fire and punch and with Jean Harlow for her sweetness and almost childlike heart.

In the midst of all of Hollywood's frantic activity a gradual change has come over Mitzi Gaynor—one which seems amazingly abrupt to those who have seen her only occasionally. The actual physical change took only four months, during which she lost a little more than five pounds a month. The change to a well-balanced actress from a happy little ingénue, from a slightly scatterbrained teenager to a charming young woman, took a little longer, but not less than a year.

Not only that, but shortly after you read this, Mitzi may be honeymooning in Paris as Mrs. Jack Bean. Oh, yes, Jack Bean went on the diet too, lost fifteen pounds and won the heart of just about the most enchanting of Hollywood's bachelor girls.

As for you who read this, if you think hard enough and have enough will power, maybe something equally as delightful can happen to you.

END

(Mitzi Gaynor may be seen next in the 20th Century-Fox production Show Business, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey.)
you gotta elevate

(Continued from page 37) his collar before he answered, peeled off the blue flannel jacket with the red lining, stretched out on the sofa and elevated his phosphorescent face into the air. Two black tasselled loafers dropped off. "Get them," grinned Bob. "Crazy but comfortable." He got up as soon as he lay down and slipped some old marshmallow slippers on.

"You like Jackie Gleason?" he inquired. I said he was a very funny man.

"I mean his music," he said. I didn't know how it makes him do. He arranges it," said Bob. "Now, that's what I mean. Listen—there's a man with real talent. I met him in Detroit last trip and he's here now for vacation. I've been hanging around. Maybe I can learn something."

"What do you need to know?" I wondered.

"Oh, nothing," said Bob, "and everything. I'm having a ball, all right. Look, I'm making great dough, getting great parts. I'd rather be where I am, doing what I'm doing than anything I'm on top of the world. I've got great people all around me. I couldn't be fatter—only, it's just the buswax, I don't want people to think I'm a monkey."

Who was thinking? "Maybe nobody," admitted Bob, "and maybe everybody. I don't know. All I know is I've got to keep hold of the wheel. I've got to keep control and I've got to improve. Got to lift, lift, lift. Get some class. Do you know Clark Gable?"

"I've seen him in New York. Now there's a really great guy. They don't call him 'The King' for nothing. I used to hang around the caddy shack at the club when I was a kid hoping for a chance to pack a bag. Sometimes I got it. If I didn't, I followed him around. He was always swell to me, always my idol. Still is. So when I saw him in Twenty-One I went right mad. He'd been in a trance for a long time but I might have seen him yesterday. He said some pretty nice things about me, said he was proud of me—stuff like that. I should have packed my feet around the ground. But I didn't. I just felt embarrassed—like a peanut—and scared. Why? Oh, I don't know, all this swoon gawd stuff.

"Gable went through it," I pointed out.


So Bob Wagner is worried. Not about the things that usually worry a young star in Hollywood. Not about money, not about girls, not about growing old. He is worried because, "It's all come too fast. I didn't count on it this way. Don't I want to be a star? Sure I do. I always did more than anything in the world to get one. But I'm running up against the great people around the club—Gable, Alan Ladd, Randy Scott and the rest. I always said, 'That's the business for me,' and I sure enough mean it. But I'm not a star. I'm a long way from being a star.'"

"You were in Prince Valiant," I reminded Bob. "I had the title role," corrected Bob. Then he took on the painted expression of a father trying to point out a fact to a small child, "It takes time, it takes time to tango. It takes directors, writers, technicians, other actors who know ten times as much as I do—a hundred people—to make a picture great. Much have been great, but not because of me. Got to move. Girls have started sleeping on the steps of my apartment. Why? When I went to the opening of How To Marry a Millionaire in New York I found four cops had to usher me across Times Square. Cops—imagine! I wanted to drop through the pavement. What's the big attraction? Not really my talent. Up in New Haven 2400 girls hung around the lobby three hours before the picture opened! And down in Florida on location—the thing was just wonderful."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "I know plenty of young actors who'd think that was swell."

"It is wonderful. I love it," admitted Bob. "I like fans. I'm a fan myself—the greatest. Listen—I was sitting in the bar at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel right by the window—and every ten minutes a gang of kids came up outside. I got up every time and went outside until they had what they wanted. I had an awful time getting one drink down. I was flattered; it made me feel humble. But—well, I hope they all go to see my pictures. See what I mean? I don't want to be a red hot publicity flash in the pan. I want to elevate, man, elevate, grow and rate all this!"

IT HAPPENED TO ME

In 1945, I was stationed at the Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. On my last leave before going overseas I went to New York, hoping to have the time of my life. When I arrived, I found that my wallet was missing. Like millions of servicemen without money, I ended up at the U.S.O. and was met by a charming hostess. She was so understanding and sympathetic that I poured out my heart to her.

"At the end of a wonderful evening, she offered to lend me $25. Thanking her for her kindness, I asked where she would like her money back. Where she would like it, she said, after it had been spent. I made her lips on a piece of paper and signed it, "Marlene Dietrich, I'll be grateful for her for the rest of my life."

Charles A. Dwyer
Columbus, Ohio

Studio Club or the Hollywood-and-Vine extra set living off their cuffs to hang on in New York had to sweat and have a good time. The idols Bob shagged balls for around the Bel-Air Club weren't Johnny-Comelatelys or fly-by-night promoters. They wouldn't belong to Bel-Air if they were. They were the cream of the crop, seriously and successfully wrapped up in one of the most fascinating games the world has ever known. In every case Bob's admirer's handsome head was not only that fascination but also respect for the people he identified with. They were severely worded against their business. And from the movies that's what Bob was determined to be, too.

The whole thing has been R. J. 's own special show. Nobody bucked him at home. The Wagner family always gave Junior his head and helped when necessary. It was his own pal-type dad who sneaked petty but loyal promoted Bob's first look at a movie camera with a club friend, Director Bill Wellman, to start him off. The understanding pop lent Bob, all in all, about $400 of his started. Ten cent of which Bob has just paid back. Still, to Bob Wagner the whole thing has been a unique personal challenge. It's no lark. It's his serious, costly business, and that's exactly how he looks at it. Now he's got to make it important, dignified and real, or in his book he has failed. And here's the story. Bright peach blush cheeks of Bob Wagner's good looks there's stuff as sturdy as the product his dad still sells. That's why the hey-hey and hoohah that's swept down on him is disturbing. Wagner has learned to play the gook off and leave him flat if he doesn't fall in behind the blown-up fame—and fast.

Right now it's like stepping from one puddle of water on to another, but he's sized up his career. "You lift a foot out of one pool and it closes behind you. There's no place left there. The newcomers are already filling it. I've got to make a place for myself in the one ahead. Right now I'm between puddles."

He's right. There's no standing still and no going back in Hollywood. Someday, Bob's name will be as popular as a household name. Popularity will roll on past him, as it has rolled past every other young star sensation before him—and what then?"And bunch of Bob Wagner Hollywood all hit about the same time," observed Bob. "Tony Curtis, Aldo Ray, Rock Hudson and some others. We're all in the same boat. The joy ride, or face silly shots. He doesn't want a lot luckier than most. Oh, I haven't done as many pictures as, say, Tony, has—but what breaks I've had! The people I've worked with. They've been great! I've been lucky into—With A Song In My Heart, Stars And Stripes Forever, Titanic, 12-Mile Reef—in CinemaScope, and now Pipheral. The people I've named has had breaks like that. And if I get Broken Lance—cross your fingers will you?" He shook his head in wonder. Then Bob looked me over. "I've never been so excited before. It's this chance to work with. "Don't you think," asked Bob hopefully, "that some of that talent could maybe rub off?" I thought a lot of it already had. But he shook his head. "No. Not a chance. "That's why I've got to lift out of this kick level. Got to switch on some dignity and duck the foolishing."

R. J. Wagner is pretty serious about this. At his studio, he has already laid down the law against gag pictures and layouts. He won't make eyes at girls for sweet publicity shots. He's even been flat

"No" to ideas like, "How My Girls Should Act on a Date," "My Ten Rules For Popularity" and such. He's concerned about the importance of his young star—"What's what Bob was determined to be, too."
boat in his spot before, Bob dropped a new stack of records on the spindle to soothe the savage beast before he went into that.

"From what people read," he said, "you'd think I spent all my spare time chasing girls and partying around. Why, I haven't taken a girl out to a big Hollywood deal since I took Mona Freeman to the premiere of The Robe. Parties—I just don't care for parties, never have. When I do go I stop in early and leave early. Somebody asks me why I'm leaving and I say, 'Got to get up early and vote.'" Bob grinned. "Now, I like girls all right. I've got girls stashed away that I see all the time, swell girls—you wouldn't know them—but I don't see them in public if I can help it. Have you ever been 'a romance item?'" asked Wagner.

That is part of the routine Bob's stuck with. "It's okay," allowed Bob, "if it were true. But it isn't and then it's embarrassing to get tied up in print, not only for me but for the girl. I took out this girl, Josephine Abercrombie, in New York. A wonderfully nice girl. (Her folks run the big Abercrombie & Fitch store.) What do you know? Next morning somebody says I'm trying to marry an heiress! Marry her? I just met her! Things like that happen and what's the result? I add up like a jerk. So I just have to watch it and now and then get unhappy about it."

Not long ago, Bob recounted, he was paired off in a personal appearance junket with a starlet who shall be nameless here. When he climbed aboard the plane, there was a press agent by the girl's side putting a ring on her third finger. "An old family heirloom, the real thing," Bob can think fast. "Uh-uh," he declined. "Either the ring gets off the plane or I do." And he started for the door. Well, the same stunt was tried again. Both times he had to get tough about it, although he hates to be that way.

It's no secret, although Bob didn't say so, that he has been through the same thing he ever had before when that romance fiction about him and Terry Moore began hitting the newstands while they were making 12-Mile Reef in Florida. Terry and Bob have been thrown together plenty during the course of two careers that began to roll about the same time in the same place. Both are young and attractive and red hot in Hollywood. So why can you expect, by all the past, present and future formulas of Hollywood ballyhoo? But Bob just has other ideas about that sort of thing. Terry, he says, just doesn't like being pictured as her love captive—not for a minute. There was more than one long distance call back to Holly-wood from Florida. The message was, "Try to stop this—please!"

That's the difference between Bob Wagner and the usual young Hollywood shooting star. He won't use just anything to fuel to jet propel himself. He wants to rate the ride.

"I don't want to sound like a square or a snob," Bob says. "But I do think I am. But look, it's only good sense. You can't build a business on baloney. If you lose your honesty, if you ditch what you believe in, then it comes across on the screen. You've got to be somebody or you don't look and act like somebody. It's as simple as that. But really to be somebody I've got a lot to learn. And now's the time for me to buckle down."

To Bob Wagner his studio is his college. After prep school he had planned to take a course in business administration at Claremont Men's College. Acting jobs stopped that, but he's taking it just the same—right where he works. Bob's on intimate terms with everyone, from the Skourases to (Continued on page 70)

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C'EST SI BON

Over a year ago when Ginger Rogers, then forty-two, and Jacques de Bergerac, then twenty-six, were married in Palm Springs, Hollywood guessed the marriage would last as long as Ginger wanted it to.

Ginger is one of those lovely, forceful actresses who stomps through life demanding to see the manager. She usually gets what she wants.

Before Evelyn Keyes introduced her to de Bergerac in Paris two years ago she had wanted three men: Jack Culpepper, a vaudevillean, Lew Ayres, an actor, and Jack Briggs, a Marine. Her desire was short-lived. She divorced each of them.

With de Bergerac, however, she says it's different. She expects this marriage to be her last. Ginger is going all-out to make her handsome, six-foot, two-inch husband a big-name star. It was largely through her intervention that MGM put de Bergerac under contract last year. The studio tried hard with the husky Frenchman, teaching him how to act and how to speak English, but the final screen tests were turned down.

Jacques tried other Hollywood studios. Unless his wife came with him, there were just no takers.

A few months ago, Ginger was offered a British picture entitled Life Line, the story of an American actress and a Frenchman.

Ginger not only accepted the role, "but I told the producer that Jacques was a natural for the Frenchman's role. I'm sure Jacques has what it takes to be a star. I simply know it."

She bought interest in the production. Life Line has been finished and moviegoers will have the opportunity to determine whether de Bergerac is really a good actor or whether love has clouded Ginger's judgment. She has been in love many times but it has not been known to fog her financial vision. She is one of the wealthiest actresses in the business.

Jacques gets nettled when interviewers suggest that his wife is sponsoring his career. He says he cannot understand why people in America make such a fuss about the age difference between Ginger and him.

"In France," he says, "when a man and his wife love each other nobody asks when they were born." As for Ginger, she has never looked more radiant nor complained less.

During the filming of Life Line, the couple had to stay in a small country hotel in Middlesex where the beds were too small for them and the service was not what Miss Rogers is accustomed to. She remained cheerful.

Even when her furs were stolen she remained composed.

"Furs," she said, "are not vitally important. They can be replaced."

And with that she clutched her husband's arm, turned, and looked into his eyes as if to say, "But you, my dear, cannot."
Cyd Charisse models a smart, elasticized sheath swim suit of bright red and white checks. The news is in its Celanese Celaperm fabric that prevents colors from fading. The sweetheart bodice with grosgrain ruffle trim is side-boned (wear it with or without straps). Also blue or black checks with white. About $11. See Cyd next in MGM's Brigadoon.

Debbie Reynolds wears a lastex swim suit that features the popular horseshoe neckline. The shirred front has magic adaptability to all figure types. This suit can also be worn strapless. Colors: Royal blue, black or brown. About $9. Debbie keeps her hair soft and lovely with a U.S. Holland hair dry swim cap. See Debbie in MGM's Athena.

- Exciting beach news of 1954 includes the glamorous Sea Nymph swim suits by Jordan that have been awarded the Modern Screen Fashion Star Medal. These well-loved suits for sunny places everywhere feature sleek lines, easy cut, finest fabrics, luscious colors and expert workmanship. Lovely MGM stars Cyd Charisse, Debbie Reynolds, Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller pose in Sea Nymph swim suits for Modern Screen's readers.

Facing page: Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller play twins under the sun in their identical faille lastex swim suits. The bodice has a soft feminine fold-down cuff, center tie—the hip-line has false flap pocket trim (the suit oodice is side-boned for strapless wear). Black, red, brown, yellow, royal blue or sky blue. About $9. Elaine Stewart is appearing in MGM's CinemaScope production Brigadoon and Ann Miller can be seen in MGM's Technicolor film Athena.

SEA NYMPH SWIM SUITS BY JORDAN MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77, IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
The key to body beauty is yours with any one of Maidenform’s brassieres. Maidenform received the 1954 Modern Screen Fashion Star Medal for outstanding merit in design, construction, fabrics and styling of brassieres for every figure type. We chose the famous Etude strapless style because it so beautifully adapts itself to all types of clothes. This bra gently moulds and controls and is as comfortable as skin itself, for the wiring is safely and prettily covered, the body contacts padded with foam rubber, the cups form-stitched and the back band made of elastic. Modern Screen likes to think of the Etude strapless as summer’s favorite all-occasion bra. We feature it in white broadcloth. It costs about $3.50. We show it on this page with a white nylon net summer formal skirt which doubles with every dressy separates top. We add silvery slippers and fabulous rhinestone and sapphire costume jewelry for glitter.

All the beautiful costume jewelry—copies of real pieces—shown on this and the facing page is by Capri.
PERFECTION

Right: Summer's little suit that travels or stays in town feels so cool and comfortable—looks so trim and figure-right when worn with Maidenform's Etude strapless bra. The classic linen suit with short-sleeved jacket boasts a perky collar and bound buttonholes—the skirt is pencil-slim. Smart accents are the golden necklace, earring and bracelet set, Dawnelle shortie gloves and Dorset-Rex handbag.

Below: Slip your favorite summer sweater over your Etude strapless bra—you'll have a glamorous contour as well as ease and freedom. Add a chic novelty belt, colorful kerchief and an exotic jumbo glass and golden bead necklace, earring and bracelet set for the love of a casual costume.

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just the facts, ma'am!

(Continued from page 59) private life. "All I've tried to do is entertain the public and grab a little happiness. Naturally, I haven't any plans for marriage now. There are still nine months to wait before my divorce becomes final. Yet it is impossible to thoroughly verify Jack's romantic plans. No man can be completely certain that he's going to wed any girl in nine days, let alone nine months. The facts, however, don't seem to confirm that the romance with Dorothy Towne is definitely on. A photographer who took pictures of them dancing together had this to say: "The only two people the modeling girl who never smiled for the camera in my recent experience have been Marilyn Monroe and Jack Webb. A few months back Marilyn began to smile. Then DiMaggio. Every time I run into Webb he's still smiling, so I draw my own conclusions."

Now a quote offered by Jack Webb to Erskine Johnson of the Los Angeles Daily News, in answer to the charge that he is too temperamental. Said Jack: "Sure, I've blown up on the set. I don't like to be distracted. It happens to everyone in our business. But I don't feel I'm difficult to get along with. I've had the same camera-man and most of the same crew for sixty pictures. I really don't take myself seriously."

A nd he doesn't, although the same attitude does not apply to his work. Sleuthing for Modern Screen, I waited for the formidable Webb in a corner office on the third floor of the Animation building on what the Walt Disney lot is pleased to call Dopey Street. Exactly seven minutes later, the highest rated actor in tv movies walked in, apologized, and said, "Holy cow, we're not so busy we have to be impolite." That was a good beginning. As a rule Hollywood actors never beg your pardon unless they are an hour behind schedule. I warned to this guy immediately.

I asked him: "Do you mind all these imitations of you, like the records, the night-club character actors?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "I'll be frank with you. I personally don't care for the Jones record, for instance. There's some vulgarity in it. It doesn't stick with the spirit of the program, which I'd think must be in any real satire. But it's all right, I guess. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Of course, they could imitate you right out of the business, but it's never worked out that way. Take the first good imitation—the record by Stan Freberg. If I couldn't laugh at that I'd be in a sad way."

Although he is sometimes referred to as an actor with a crew haircut, Jack Webb's almost jet black hair is just plain short, not crew cut. As big as he appears on the screen, Joe Friday would appear to be forty, sack on the button. Webb is thirty-three years old. He differs from Friday in other ways. His face is much more mobile, his smile more frequent, his justly admired voice freer and less measured.

And on that point I questioned Mr. Webb again. "You are on the defensive all the time, but your critics and Dragnet's charge that this voice business is an over-stylized device."

Webb quickly grabbed the hook nicely. "I'll answer that. In the first place we don't make Dragnet for the critics. In the second, third and several other places, we haven't had any demand for a change of pace or tempo from the public. When we do, we'll start making some changes. The public's my boss—period."

That's unusual. Movie-makers' attitudes in the past have been that the public consists largely of morons who darned well will take what they're handed. Webb says, "Not too long ago the public told us to relax a little. Nobody else could have told us unless it would be the Los Angeles Police Department. If in one day's letters I receive as many as fifteen urging one particular reform, and if there are not many dissenters, then there's a good chance that we may make the change. Last season, you may remember, we made our first pass at humor. It was real quiet humor, the key we thought fitted best us."

A secretary came in with a script, put it in front of Webb and then handed him a postcard. He turned it over to me, grinning. It was from a girl in the Middle West who expressed the hope that Friday and fiancée would marry so that she, the writer, could baby-sit for them. "That's a bit premature," Webb observed, "but a helpful soul, don’t you think?"

Turning serious again I brought up the subject, carefully, that has been tossed around among the gossips. Namely that..."

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Jack Webb considers himself heaven's gift to acting, and that is opinions and only his are worth anything. His response was not that of a badgered witness. "Look, Dragnet's my responsibility. If they don't like it that way I'm the guy to kick. In fact, I guess I'm the guy to kick for almost anything they don't like. I'm the director and I help with the writing."

It might even be said with full candor that Webb is "the works." Webb is Dragnet and Dragnet is Webb. That is the way he feels about it. "It was a fair little show to begin with. Nothing terribly ambitious. But now I can feel for Dr. Frankenstein. The show's the monster and I'm the slave. It stuns me a little, what's happened. But there's a difference. The good doctor had a pretty wet time after his creation hit its stride. Me, I sort of like it."

There is little doubt that Jack Webb thoroughly enjoys what he is doing, a strong contrast to most actors who, upon reaching a position in which the public indirectly pays them around $5,000 a week, declare that they hate every second of the time spent exposing themselves to the cameras. This again puts Webb in a class with men like Alan Ladd and Clark Gable, whose sincerely enjoyed tribute removes Webb from the class of actors whose small talent has rapidly expanded their hat size.

St ill, Jack's friends wish he could slow up a little. A few sob sisters credit the fact that Dragnet but consumed Jack's life for the breakup of his marriage to June London. This is untrue. The better informed—Webb among them—think he thrives on a fourteen-hour working day, no hobbies and many outside interests.

"It isn't actually as bad as they say," Webb contends. "I like to visit friends, have a couple of beers and bat the breeze, and I am interested in a lot of things besides Dragnet and show business."

Two of those include his four-year-old daughter, Stacy, whom he likes to have visit him at the studio, and his almost-two-year-old daughter, Julie. They are interested in him, too, and so are a lot of kids. You can't fool children. They don't always go for actors who are publicized as their favorites. But one kid said, "Joe Friday. Mr. Webb—he's real. I went up to him once when he was busy talking to some important people. He walked away from them, gave me his autograph and talked to me a long while. He didn't have to."

Jack Webb does a lot of things he doesn't have to do. One of them is to really worry about the personal welfare of 150 or more people who directly or indirectly are living through Mark VII Productions. They have to eat. They have kids and mortgages on their homes, too. We'reIlene makes a big point of this, except to say: "Like some other actor-producers I'm responsible to a lot of people besides myself. So maybe I worry a little and get a little unreasonable. I mean I'm taking myself too seriously or thinking I'm a crusader. How pompous could I get? We're entertainers. If a mission sets in along the way, then let's get it accomplished, and in this case, the mission is a better understanding of the men who serve on the police force. Take the average policeman. His pay isn't much. Down through the ages the policeman has broken up a barroom brawl and some woman tears the sleeve off his uniform. He's got to pay for that, and on a salary most of us in Hollywood think we couldn't live on. So, we've got no soapbox, but I've wanted to point a program at just that situation. But do you think the Los Angeles police would let us? Absolutely not. They don't want favors. Not collectively or individually."

It's too bad that Jack Webb couldn't be put in charge of a campaign to dramatize the problems of the men who enforce our laws silently day in and day out without complaint. Indirectly, he already does that, but if literally he could get "all dressed up and say," "It makes us (he habitually includes his whole crew in speaking of the show) damn happy that most policemen love us and people approve of Joe Friday."

De veling into Jack's private life requires a dissolve to a not-too-push section of Los Angeles where that asthmatic child was raised by his mother and maternal grandmother because his parents were divorced. Forced by ill health and semi-poverty into rather sedentary pursuits, he became absorbed with painting. Later he turned to a scholarly interest in jazz and jam sessions, a fact which is significant in view of his plan to...
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film a series for tv called Peter Kelly's Blues. Mr. Kelly will be not unlike the late Bix Beiderbecke who led a brief, intense life during the Hoagy Carmichael college day era.

But that's a little ahead of the story. Jack Webb had to forego a college education to support his family—the two women who during the worst of his asthma had carried him up hills and stairways. He had formed a clothing salesman, then switched to a rather aimless and bitter pursuit of acting because of the necessity for more money.

In 1947 Jack married Julie London, after being pleasurably staggered by a pin-up picture of her printed in a magazine during the war. After V-J day they were married. Both feared, however, that the pressures of their marriage some three years later. Jack, unlike most of the male favorites in the entertainment world, has refused to discuss the matter with anyone although he is constantly pressed to make public statements.

This writer, who served a little time as a police reporter, tried, then gave up, figuring that Jack Webb and one man no real reason means it when he passes the word that he doesn't have his private life or the lives of those around him invaded. Well, you can't blame him. The mere sight of him by his own home—by the big home in Encino are not too happy. Folks out that way miss him, though. Like over at Love's Barbeque Restaurant. He used to drop in there now and then for their really famous barbecued beef sandwiches with deep oven baked beans. So did a lot of other stars of both television and the cinema. But Jack Webb's autographed picture is the only one they framed and hung on the wall.

"I don't know, though," one of the waitresses said recently. "We're remodeling and if he doesn't get in here pretty soon, we'll have to throw it away." He smiles affectionately, though, and I promised to remind Mr. Webb next time I saw him. I'm sure he doesn't intentionally neglect any of his old fans, but now he lives way across town in an old-style bungalow kitty-corner from the old Bette Davis home on Franklin Avenue. He lives quietly with his mother and only a few of the people in the neighborhood ever who drives up in that sleek white Cadillac convertible is the Joe Friday they see on their television sets.

H E'S A PRETTY AVERAGE sort of guy whose talent has caught fire in a big way. People will say a lot of things about him simply because he keeps his mouth shut and tends to the spicily, drum-beating world of show business. In trying to show Jack Webb as he really is, you can't find a better tag line than the one on his business card, 'Phrasew, from whom we swiped a few colorful lines earlier in this yarn.

To wit: "I'm no angel, but I still can look at myself in the mirror when I shave."

—Jack Webb.

END

(Continued from page 45) When I began to feel uncomfortable and decided I had better go up for air. Then I realized that the roof of the cave had been sloping down all the time and I was deeper than I ordinarily dive. It might take me longer than I thought to get my breath—too long, maybe! Don't let anyone tell you that a man can't sweat under water. I was panicking getting out of there. My closed by perchinitis and then is of that split second when I turned around to swim out of the cave. Around and behind me was muck and deep shadow. All the crunching was caused by the sunlight streaming down from above—streaming down like the light that used to fall on the altar of the church where I served as an acolyte.

I don't know how I reached the surface again. As I floated there and slowly regained my composure I knew again for me there would never be any doubt. The difference between being in the church and out of it was like the difference between being in the sunshine which now warmed me and being in that cave—now cold caverns with all the medical.

I have friends who don't look to God, or to any spiritual force for that matter, and it is to them that I wish I could present this picture through to them as the real thing. His meaning are so necessary to me as to be an inalienable part of my existence. I did not need to be frightened in a far-off ocean to learn this—only to realize it again. It has come to me at times when there was no fear; just the opposite, in fact. Only a few winters ago I was skiing at Winter Park, Colorado, along on the great white expanse of the mountainside, when a feeling of indescribable exhilaration overcame me. I was alone and yet I had a positive sensation that I had never in my life before been so close to Someone. These things are too personal to be explained, I know. Yet from the attempts others have made to explain them to me I know that they happen to all of us. We are all equally favored—if we but care to respond.

I M R A M FORTUNATE in that I had a warm and satisfying relationship with my faith, the Episcopalian, right from the start. There are times in the lives of all small boys when any church service is too long to sit through. That time was over quickly for me, perhaps, because of a rather dramatic episode in my childhood. I was only five years old when I suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. Surgically operated on and released from nephritis. I can remember lying on my hospital cot, quite conscious although I was in a state of crisis. Webb had opened the bed and was leaning over me when she asked, "How long has he been like this?"

There was a reply, some hurried muttering about the beginning of emergency treatment that seemed to involve everything from slamming my face and administering injections, to piling me into warm blankets and even surrounding me with infra-red lamps. I had gone into a stage preliminary to a death-coma.

But while I was aware of the fact that the doctors and the nurses were fighting through what was, I think, to their command, I knew also that my parents had been summoned, and our priest, and that they were praying for me. What was not known to them was that the telling force, the most powerful force, were their prayers. This impression I cannot forget. It may well have been behind my decision, anyway, when, at the age of 16, I decided to become an acolyte at our church—Christ's Episcopal of Whitefish Bay in Milwaukee.

I was studying music at this time and one of my favorite ways of spending a weekday afternoon was to enter the church quietly when no one was about and softly play the electric organ. I'm not a musician, of course, but I have an idea that it was my secret desire to be a performer that was being satisfied here. Even so, I like to know that I got the satisfaction from my church.

Our church was not a large one and
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Ordinarily no one ever entered it during a weekday afternoon so my musical sessions were rarely interrupted. But one day, as I was playing, a man and woman came in and sat down quietly as if to pray. I didn’t know what to do and finally left the organ and approached them.

“Would you rather I didn’t play?” I asked.

They looked at me in surprise. “Of course not,” said the woman. “Please go on,” the man told me.

From their manner I knew they had accepted my music as a part of the atmosphere of the church, like its vaulted ceiling and stained glass windows. I felt that perhaps I should be a part of it.

Ever since, music has appealed to me as an important and impressive part of any service, and perhaps the most impressive part of it is the way it internationalizes man. On my trip abroad I visited churches whose pastors I could not understand because of difference in language—or even difference in dialect when my own language was spoken. But all of the difference was wiped out and it was like being back in my own church when the organist sat down and the melody and surge of an inspiring hymn rolled out, When I went to Westminster Abbey in London, where of course I understood the sermon, I still felt like a tourist until the music started. At that moment I became a worshipper.

One tends to think of faith as a phenomenon stemming only from the church. Personally I have never believed that a man must be in front of the altar or even technically within the church to be assuaged of sanctification. I really feel that God can be found anywhere and by any name. A man seeking God can find Him if he doesn’t worry so much about where to find Him as how. The great truths about Him, it seems to me, are not confined to any special place.

But for most people I do think that membership in a definite denomination and attendance at formal services are the most rewarding of spiritual relationships. The rituals involved, so often criticized as only pageantry, are important because they symbolize man’s hunger for salvation. They help create an emotional appeal and I can see nothing wrong in this. The most human thing about people is emotion. A church whose spirit points to the sky, whose altar glows with warm radiance, whose priest stirs the heart as well as the intellect with his message, is in my opinion playing its proper inspirational role in the lives of its membership.

I remember visiting the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago one Sunday. As I entered the church I noticed that many of the men walking in with me were dregs of the most dejected type. They were so badly dressed they looked like so many tramps. But most depressing was the lost look on their faces, eyes staring out at a world which had no meaning for them.

Not three quarters of an hour later I had witnessed a virtual transfiguration of all these men. They had heard in the ensuing time a message of inspiration from a man as old as any of them, but with a

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heart that overwrought with the happiness he had found in his calling as a minister. And he made it plain that this was the only difference between him and the other men; he had no more worldly goods, no better health, probably. Having narrowed down this difference he proceeded to eliminate it altogether by calling for volunteers to join him as Christians.

They began to stand up and their faces shone with hope. You forgot how they were dressed outwardly in the wonder of how they had changed inwardly. This happened in a church. Men had entered with hunger in their stomachs but it had been proved that their souls and hearts were even hungrier. This could happen only in a church.

As I have mentioned before, the mood of devotion and closeness to my faith comes as often to me on a lonely mountain as it does when I am sitting in my pew. Nevertheless, I am a church member. In Hollywood I attend the Episcopal Church of St. Mary of the Angels. The reason for my regular attendance is that I go not only to worship but to re-orient myself to the world in which I live.

Within the atmosphere of my church I am struck by realizations about myself that would not come to me otherwise. I can review my attitudes and actions with a clarity which I attain, I think, because I am released from the ordinary tensions of the day at such a time. It is possible, for instance, to harbor an intolerant view of someone or to have offended a friend without knowing that one has been guilty of a serious social breach. Then one takes time out to meditate quietly and the truth dawns.

My faith is a direct source of strength to me, of course. The first screen test I made for a Hollywood studio was not a good one and I earned a negative report. I pretended it didn’t matter but fooled no one—certainly not myself. The future of my acting career looked black and my heart felt like someone had hung weights on it. The feeling persisted until I decided one afternoon to go to church.

There was no service, no other person; just me brooding in my seat. As always, I felt the flow of His spirit and against it my negative thinking could not persist. When I left I knew that nothing had happened that wasn’t for the best. Not long afterward my earlier test came to the attention of 20th Century-Fox, my present studio, and this time I won out. But even if this had not come about my heart and my courage would not have failed me again.

As a young husband and a new father I am not too crazy about all the traveling an actor has to do; it seems I am always being separated from those I love and sent into lonely exile. I was only two days married when I had to leave my wife and go on location in Norfolk, Virginia. This was four years ago, during the filming of Princess Of The Nile in which I worked with Debra Paget and Michael Rennie and it was at Christmas time, too.

I can see myself now, wandering through the streets of Norfolk alone, not knowing what to do. And then one day I got an idea. I entered the old Saint Paul’s Episcopal Church where I met the Rev. Moultrie Guerry. We had a long talk, he sensed my loneliness and took me home with him to dinner. I met Mrs. Guerry, his twenty-year-old son, Moultrie, Jr., and his daughter, Sally. In the warmth of this family gathering I felt almost as if I were at home with my own folks and my wife. Two years later I was again pulled away from those I loved by my work—and again at the worst possible time. This time I had been a father for only a week when I had to leave on that trip to Malta I
spoke about before. The birth of our son, Christopher, made us a nice little family of three but I soon brokethis up by going to Europe and staying there for four months. What peace of mind I had when I took off I had obtained from my prayers for the welfare of Barbara and Kit. The fact that I could continue to pray for them while I was away, in full confidence that my prayers were being heard, was my remaining and only consolation.

I'm afraid, as I read what I have written up to now, that I have sounded like a preacher myself. Well, there could be reason for this since I once planned to enter the ministry.

When World War II ended I was a high school senior and still an acolyte. One Sunday a young visiting priest officiated at our services in church. I assisted him at the altar and he thanked me afterward.

"It's nice to have an acolyte help you," he said. "The last service I conducted I conducted alone. It was The Service of the Dead at Iwo Jima."

The war was still fresh in my mind. I had even contemplated enlisting as soon as I had graduated. With his words I suddenly got a new conception of priesthood—the romance of it as well as the spiritual dedication to it.

After I left school, however, I knew my talents better and thought I might make an actor. But, as you can see, the preaching urge has not died out entirely! END

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One of Hollywood's best kept secrets has been the years-old bond of affection between actress Piper Laurie and singer Dick Contino.

You've read about Piper and her other romances, producer Leonard Goldstein, actor Dick Anderson, hotel heir David Schine, crooner Vic Damone and movie executive Charles Simonelli; but until recently there has been no public mention of the young singing accordionist.

Contino, in a case that made national headlines a few years ago, was sent to jail for evading the draft. Studio executives—not Piper—believed that any connection between them, however remote, might affect her career adversely.

Contino was released and promptly volunteered for military service and the Army shipped him to Korea.

He was returned to California and honorably discharged in January. When he got back to Hollywood the first girl he phoned was Piper Laurie:

"We had a lot to talk over so we went riding around town, and then the next time I took her to Mocambo and the camera boys took our pictures, and well—it was just wonderful seeing and being with her again."

Piper and Dick had met three years before the "incident," as he calls it.

"I asked a movie magazine editor for her phone number," he remembers. "She was very nice and gave me a date. We saw quite a bit of each other.

"This is a funny kind of town, and when you're on top the way I was (Contino used to average $5,000 a week as a night club performer) everyone is your pal. The minute something happens all your pals walk out.

"But all during the trouble Piper stood by me. When things were darkest she wrote me letters, gave me encouragement. She has a lot of character. She's been over to Korea twice in her spare time just to entertain the troops. I saw her over there about a year ago, and it was just like the sun coming out of the clouds."

While Contino was overseas, Piper often went out with producer Leonard Goldstein, of whom she says, "He's as old as my father, but he's a friend—not a romantic interest. The columnists insist on coupling us, so I don't argue. But Leonard is a man with whom I discuss my problems."

With Dick Contino she discusses marriage, love and the pursuit of happiness.

Piper is proud of her friendship with Dick and doesn't care who knows about it. If Dick made a mistake, certainly he's paid for it.

Says Contino, "Piper is one girl in a million, and I know it. Sure, we've discussed marriage. But we both know that I've got to re-establish myself in show business, that I've got to work like a dog, that I've got to be accepted again by the American public. (Contino started his comeback at the Mocambo on March 2.)

"Piper's got her own career to think of, and neither of us is ready for a wedding. At least I'm not—not for several years.

"There's one thing I can't say strongly enough.

"This girl stood by me when the going was toughest. If she wanted it she could have my right arm. That's how much I think of her.

"Maybe she'll fall in love and marry someone else. But she'll always have a friend in me. She is the finest girl I've ever met."

It seems that Piper Laurie feels much the same way about Dick Contino. Which is why you will be reading about the beautiful redhead and her handsome accordionist.

This looks like a real romance, the first real romance in Piper Laurie's twenty-two years.

Piper and Dick have weathered a lot to see whether or not this is love.

TV TALK

(Continued from page 16) She's chaperoned by her young-looking mother now (she was all alone in Hollywood). Mama speaks hardly any English. She cooks for Zizi, advises her about her career, and takes care of her wardrobe. Zizi's clothes fall into two categories—plain, dark dresses and skirts and sweaters for work and gorgeous Dior gowns for public appearances. She buys only shoes in this country. Everything else she wears comes from her home town, Paris. Jean Carroll may turn up on other TV shows with her funny routines, but she'll never appear on Ed Sullivan's program again. He still gets livid at her last performance. Seems she sneaked in a little blue material when Ed wasn't looking. And that's one thing Old Stone Face won't put up with.

When the news that Jackie Cooper and Hilda thin was made and people read the papers, it sure surprised a lot of people—but not for any of the usual reasons. Most people didn't even know they were married! Jackie is now living in Barry Nelson's big one-room penthouse apartment in Greenwich Village. Hildy is seen around a lot with the famous television columnist, who's always having parties and goes to theater openings. They've been together pretty steadily for a year now. But John, though separated from his wife, is still married. That rapport that you feel between Lucy and Ricky Ricardo and Ethel and Fred Mertz on I Love Lucy is for real. Lucy and Desi are very good friends with Vivian Vance and Bill Frawley, and the jokes are as fast on the set as they do on the screen. Lots of TV people are beginning to get annoyed with Robert Montgomery because he spends so much time in the White House. Montgomery can do wonders with the President's morale before he goes on TV. He soothes Ike's nerves and fixes everything so that Ike's never worried. Hardly ever. It's just so hard for the President that he sometimes spends five days a week in Washington. How does he still do his TV show? Well, some people near the show claim it's much less confusing and better since the boss cut down on his working hours. Don't pay attention to the rumor that there's a "Sagging" (Piper Laurie) and that Hildy never gets along. They have their troubles, as who doesn't? But they are devoted friends, and they're going to miss each other when they go their separate ways next fall...

Walter Cronkite wanted that job on The Morning Show very badly. Imagine wanting to do it all over again. He was doing a morning program in New York months before it went on the air so he'd be available for all the auditions. He left his pretty red-headed wife and two little girls in Washington. They're still there, too. Walter is very social, very well liked, and his friends range from senators to Gypsy Rose Lee. For some reason, none one expects to like Sloan Sisson, but everyone who meets her ends up loving her. Another lady who is universally admired—on and off television—is Arlene Francis. If a popularity vote were taken in the trade, Arlene would win it hands down. She is just what she seems to be on television—friendly, charming, very pretty and very competent. When she talks about things on Home, you can bet she knows what she's talking about. When she bought a house in New York City and decided to do it over, she took care of everything herself—even hiring the plumbers and the roofers. The only difference between Arlene on TV and in private life is that 1) she looks younger in person and 2) she chews gum all the time she's off the screen—vigorously.
Suzanne never have... girl pressed. Indeed. We... are a little linked all over Europe.

Grace is supposed to have pined so deeply for Clark after their romance cooled that, 'tis said, she threw herself headlong into an unfortunate romance with another handsome actor after she returned to Hollywood.

"Grace is only a kid," Clark said, "but what a nice one! I used to go on safaris with two white hunters and the natives while we were working in Africa. One day Grace asked if she could go along. After that she made many trips with us.

"I said to her one day, 'Why do you do this? These natives smell to high heaven; they've never had a bath. The safari is dangerous and uncomfortable for a girl raised in a city as you were with all the luxuries and conveniences."

"And Grace would answer me impishly, 'I expect to get married some day and have children and I want to tell my children—and later my grandchildren—Mommy went on a safari with Clark Gable! How can I know what such an adventure is like? I don't have the actual experience. It's purely an adventure in research,' she'd laugh."

Clark went on, "You know Grace comes of a very fine family. Sometimes I was surprised that her parents let her travel so many miles to Africa without someone to look after her. But in many ways she's a rugged individualist, a girl determined to lead her own life and a good actress."

"Did you and Grace ever bring back any game from your trips?" I asked.

"Only small game," Clark said, and I smiled at what could have been a quip.

"We saw many lions and elephants, majestic and beautiful in their own realm, and well, I never had the heart to shoot one of the magnificent beasts.

"One day we came on a herd of twelve elephants and we were so close it would have been easy to kill one or two. But it would have been too easy, just wanton destruction with all the element of sport left out. So we left them alone."

"Clark, these sound like exciting adventures to share with a woman," I pressed. "Were you in love with Grace?"

He threw up his hands. "Oh, Louella—you'll never change! Don't you know that I am incurably romantic, that I love all the beautiful women who cross my path? Grace is a wonderful, wonderful girl and the man who gets her will be very lucky indeed."

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It was pretty obvious, however, that King Gable won't be this lucky man.

"Then you left Africa and went to Paris and all the papers started hinting that you were going to marry the beautiful French model, Suzanne Dadolle," I prompt, beginning to feel, I'll admit, a bit like a district attorney.

At the mention of Suzanne's name, Clark spoke briskly. "There was never any engagement," he said, "Miss Dadolle and I never spoke of marriage. We dined together, went to the nightclubs and theatres, had fun. She is very beautiful. I enjoyed being with her—and I got a kick out of the way she made me speak French. Improved my French greatly!"

This charming rogue! How can the lovely ladies resist him? The answer is, most of them don't.

You may have noticed that Clark had far less to say about Suzanne than about Grace—which could be because he respects the interviews given out by Mlle. Dadolle to the French press saying that she and Clark were to be married. The gal even talked about how much she is longing to love living on his ranch in Encino with "all the cows and chickens."

It isn't any secret around Paris that if Clark had ever asked, "Will you marry me?" Suzanne would have said yes so fast and loudly it would have been heard all the way from Gay Paree to Hollywood.

No, everything considered, Mr. Gable is not at a mind to discuss Mlle. Dadolle at any great length. She put him in the uncomfortable position any man hates of having to deny a lady's word.

Although I am well aware that Clark is making frequent trips to Arizona ("Is said (a) to look over ranch property, (b) to settle a lawsuit"); I'm sure that there is a far stronger attraction there. Not a ranch. A widow.

I mean the wealthy heiress to the Jones sausage fortune, Mrs. Betty Chisholm, a charming woman in her late thirties and one of Arizona's most delightful hostesses.

Her husband was killed in an automobile accident three years ago and since that time Mrs. Chisholm has divided her time between her large ranch where she loves the outdoor life and her beautiful town home near Tucson.

Not exactly the type of exotic beauty who has always intrigued Clark in the past, she is a woman of great charm and tact and understanding.

Methinks Clark believes few people are aware of his interest in the Arizona lady. As of the moment, I decided to switch our talk from the femmes to Clark's plans for now and the future.

I'd really given him a bit of a going over.
about his romances and I didn't want to frighten him off—for the moment.

"Why did you decide to end your long contract with MGM so suddenly?" I asked. It was a sudden change of subject but a topic I was really curious about.

My guest stretched his long legs, shrugged his shoulders.

He said, "It wasn't the sudden decision it might appear. I gave it much thought. And what I thought about twenty-three years is a long time to spend in one place."

"I think you know, Louella, that I haven't liked some of the stories I was getting.

"And, to be more even frank, there is a more personal reason. I'm fifty-four years old. I've worked hard, very hard, for almost a quarter of a century. I'm in a financial position where it's time for me to stop and think things over and perhaps let many of my life's experiences sink in.

"I suppose you may say the time has come to slow down, take inventory, and see where I'm going.

"I don't mean for a minute that I'm planning to give up acting. I'm an actor and I'm going to make other movies. But I'm going to make the ones I want where I want to make them, and when." Let's put this way about me," he went on, "I'm a little tired. As of the moment, I don't want to do anything except what I want to do. That means travel here or there, or remain put. It means playing golf, seeing old friends. But I also long for brush-ing off somewhere if I want to—without explanations. It means thinking not too seriously about anything—and thinking seriously about everything. Maybe that sounds mixed up, but that's the way I feel.

To me, who has known him so well, it's perfectly understandable.

The King has dwelt on the heights for so long under the constant high pressure of perhaps the greatest career ever enjoyed by a male star that it is a vital and a necessary thing for him to pause temporarily, to slow down for the moment from the dizzy pace of the great fame that has been his for so many spinning years.

Clark's present frame of mind recalls the beginning of a poem by Robert Service which I once read:

"An angel was tired of Heaven
As he lounged in the Golden Street,
His halo was tilted sidewise,
And his harp lay mute at his feet."

The King has never pretended to wear a halo. But as of right now his crown is tilted sideways and his career is quiet at his feet.

It is a long road from the Olympian heights he has dwelt on for twenty-five years back to The Last Mile on the Los Angeles stage where I first saw the tall, thin fellow with the too-big ears.

It was the height of his fame that brought him to the attention of the movie scouts and set him on the road to stardom—but it wasn't as easy as it reads here.

Gable emerged in his first picture, The Painted Desert. He wasn't the pretty-boy type of hero popular in those days. And he took an awful beating about his ears.

But the young Gable wasn't easily discouraged. When he left his home town in Cadiz, Ohio, and joined a stock company he had made up his mind that nothing was going to stand in the way of his becoming an actor. He always had this goal even when he was forced to take jobs on the waterfront or in the oil fields to help finance himself.

But everybody knows the life story of Clark Gable. It's as well known, perhaps, as better known, than the life of the President of the United States.

And his life down through the years has been equally exposed to the public gaze. He's known the great tragedy of losing the woman he loved with all his heart, Carole Lombard.

Clark had mentioned during our conversation that he is not selling his ranch in Encino, saying, "My roots are there and the happiest days of my life were spent in the house where Carole and I lived for three wonderful years.

Clark never feels any hesitancy in mentioning Carole to me for in the old days we had been a happy foursome—Carole and Clark and Dr. Perrin and Miss Goddard. Our ranch was close to the Gables' and the memory of those happy days we had shared came back to both of us as we talked.

As I have said many times, Carole was the one real love of Clark's life. She spent all her time planning little surprises for him. She was a girl who would rather give than receive.

She was high-hearted and gay and very beautiful and luxury-loving. Yet when she gave her heart to Clark she went all the way to changing her way of life to share the things that interested him, outdoor life, hunting trips, skeet shooting, ranching, roughing it.

Clark has said, "If they had little arguments they made them up quickly and the fun of kissing and making up and forgiving and forgetting was what helped make their marriage a success.

No matter what Clark did, it was all right with Carole. She, too, had had other loves in her life—she had been married, not too long nor too happily to William Powell, but there had been her much-publicized romance with the tragic Russ Columbo.

But Clark was Carole's world. I mention in detail their happy life together because I firmly believe that it was the memory of the great love he bore Carole that made impossible Clark's change of happiness with Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks (to give most of her names), his last attempt at matrimony.

Where Carole had given, Sylvia, very spoiled by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., before his death, asked or demanded. And they made the fatal mistake of living in the same house where Clark had known such happiness with Carole.

Sylvia, pampered and petted by Fairbanks and other husbands and lovers in her life, expected the same attention from Clark. Her attitude was a great contrast to Carole's constant thought of him and everything he wanted.

The last (and he says final) Mrs. Gable started redecorating the ranch house and it was going to cost her twice as much as Clark's was, but it was very expensive. When the big bills started coming in, plus the fact that Gable hated Sylvia's ultra-feminine changes, the storms were eventually blown up their marriage began.

That the English beauty was desperately in love with Clark cannot be denied. But Gable was able to handle him from the very moment of their engagement to Alisal Ranch in Santa Barbara (which really electrified Hollywood) to the moment he ordered her belongings moved from his ranch.

Sylvia grieved deeply when she lost Gable. All the women who have lost him have grieved—and have never forgotten him. But all the women who don’t plan to retire for weeks, sobbing her heart out and refusing to see any of her friends.

The same thing happened when Clark and his first wife, drama coach Josephine Dillon (a woman years older than he) parted; and again when his marriage with wealthy Texas heiress Rita Hanham
came to an end. Rita, too, was older than Clark, but she was an attractive woman with social graces and she taught Gable much about gracious living. Rita, like Carole later, worshipped Clark and her home was run to please him although she had a grown son and daughter. I knew Rita and Clark well in those days—and though it may surprise you—I think Clark really tried to make a go of this marriage.

Perhaps the real trouble was that he was too young a man to be married to a woman much older and too young to be the step-parent of an adult son and daughter.

When they both realized their marriage could not go on, Rita was disconsolate and Clark was blue.

I was the first person he told that he and Rita would separate as soon as a financial settlement could be made.

Despite her devotion, Rita was a tough bargainer and some months went by after he left his home before the divorce was arranged.

After Rita’s divorce, Clark married Carole, and I repeat, it is the memory of this one complete and whole love in his life that has colored Clark’s reaction to all women ever since. Carole set an almost impossible standard.

Not that there haven’t been “romances.” There have been interludes, I believe, when Clark has imagined that he had found true love again, but the interludes did not last long.

His most serious love affair after Carole’s death was with glittering, sophisticated woman of the world, Dolly O’Brien, the fabulous blonde and wealthy darling of continental café society who completely charmed Clark with her wit, her life, her clothes and jewels.

There was a time when he might have married Dolly. That’s how seriously he fell. She was the first to realize it would never work out for them.

“His world is not my world,” Dolly once said. “Clark could not be happy for long in my world—any more than I could be happy in his.”

Even before Dolly there was a girl in his life who became a celebrity of sorts as “the girl Gable always comes back to”—lovely, appealing, sympathetic, Virginia Grey. The young actress loved The King very much. To this day she speaks from the heart when she talks about Clark. “He is the finest and most wonderful man I have ever known,” Virginia will tell you without hesitation.

Still another interesting “thrill” in Gable’s life was gay, vivid, blue-eyed Kay Williams with whom Clark shared many laughs and had lots of fun. Kay amused him as perhaps no other belle has ever done. She used to put on the most outré outfits to spend a day roughing it with him—bathing suits or cocktail dresses or anything silly—so make Clark laugh. Perhaps they had too many laughs for the serious job of building a foundation for a steady life together. They parted with a laugh and perhaps a bit of the song, “Thanks For The Memories” about the whole adventure.

Heaven knows Kay had little to laugh about in her subsequent marriage to and parting from millionaire Adolph Spreckels. After a stormy marriage of several years and with two lovely children to bless their union, the headlines were recently black with Kay’s charges that Adolph had beaten her unmercifully.

Once during a violent spat in their married life, Adolph said, “She never got Clark Gable out of her system,” but Kay heatedly denied that a chance meeting with The King at a social affair had meant anything to her other than saying hello to an old friend.

With the exception of Josephine Dillon, who was almost grey, and Rita Langham, who was a brunette, almost all the women in Clark’s life have been fascinating blondes.

“Clark,” I prodded back to the present (we were now sipping ice cold drinks—I was so very hot for a day in February), “seems to me you’re always falling for blondes. I think it can safely be said that you’re a gentleman who prefers blondes.”

He laughed. “Thanks for the gentleman. But I could just as easily fall for a brunette or a redhead. I think it’s just accidental that many of the women I have most admired have been on the blonde side. I can assure you, however, my mind is open about the color of a lovely lady’s hair. Seems I have a talent for admiring charming women.”

“And whether you get married again or not,” I predicted, “if I know you, you will continue to exercise that talent in the future.”

“I hope so,” he laughed, “I hope the time never comes when I fail to admire a beautiful woman.”

P.S. My butler of twenty-two years, Collins, who is a friend of The King from way back, met me in the hall after Clark’s departure.

“I think he looks a little heavier, don’t you?” I asked.

“No, absolutely not!” protested one of Clark’s greatest fans. “He looks thinner and better all the time. That’s one gentleman men admire just as much as the ladies do,” he philosophized.

Thought you’d like to know, Clark. END
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**ACT OF LOVE**

(Continued from page 30) actor and said, "That's not the way to play that scene."

"Look," said the actor. "You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

It is by such incidents that Burt Lancaster has made a reputation as a rude, opinionated, stubborn actor. Actually, he has always been honest if not tactful.

Hal Wallis, who gave Burt his first movie contract, likes to tell the story of his first meeting with Lancaster.

"We were in New York," Wallis recalls, "and as we were walking down Broadway together, he stopped me and pointed to a theatre marquee. 'Have you seen that picture?' he asked. I nodded, and confessed that I had not only seen it, I had produced it."

"It didn't stop Burt."

"That picture," he said, 'really stinks."

Today when Lancaster recalls such performances he grins sheepishly.

"I'm not like that any more," he says. And he isn't. "I've learned that a man can be honest without being hurtfully blunt. It's not important to be well-liked. But it is important for a man to be at peace with himself. A man with inner security does not go around hurting people."

To show how much Lancaster has improved, note his relationship with fan magazines. Before, there was no patience with fan magazine writers.

In fact, he gave orders that he wouldn't be bothered by a coterie of frustrated reporters who were the most personal recesses of his private life and the lives of his family.

THAT was the Lancaster of old. Just before he left for Mexico to make Vera Cruz with Gary Cooper, Burt called his publicity man.

"Look," he said, "a bunch of magazine writers have been after me for months. I've been too busy to see them. Why don't we have them all in for food and drinks— one man interview?"

"The publicity man was delighted."

"That's great," he exclaimed, "Only I want you to know they're going to ask some real dillies."

"Let 'em ask away," Lancaster said. "I'm waiting."

Burt, surprisingly at ease, met them in his new office on the Key West Studio. Here are some of the questions they popped and the answers Lancaster popped back.

Q: And how is the new little Lancaster feeling? A: Well, that's a tough one. You see, the child isn't due until June...


Q: Is it true that you do a lot of work around the kitchen? A: Not any more than I can help. But I like to wash the dishes."

Q: Do you have any passion? A: I beg your pardon?

Q: I mean do you have any strange passions? Do you even buy a dozen shirts just for the thrill of buying them? A: No.

Q: Where are your wife and children? A: They're not there."

Q: Are your four children going to school down there? A: They're enrolled in the American School in Mexico City.

Q: Why do you keep working so hard? Haven't you made twenty pictures in six years? A: I don't consider it hard work. A man must stay busy. You just can't be idle. At least I can't."

Q: Is it true that you drive your children to school each day? A: Not every day. When I can, I do.

Q: What do you think of your last two pictures, His Majesty O'Keefe and Bronco Apache? A: I think you'll like them.

Q: Do you think you're handsome? Is that why you became an actor? A: I became an actor because it's something I always wanted to be. I've been in carnivals, circuses, on the stage. I've been in show business a long time.

Q: Do you get along with your wife? A: If you want to be friendly, perhaps you could ask your wife."

---

**Lancaster's new behavior, however, is no attempt to protect his production investment. It's simply that for the first time in his adult life, Burt is genuinely happy.**

"I always wanted to be an actor," he explains, "and to act in good pictures, to be paid with great dimensions."

"I worked in Come Back, Little Sheba and From Here To Eternity and Bronco Apache. All good pictures. So I'm sort of a happily married man."

"Of course when I first came out to Hollywood, I was scared. Scared stiff. And I did a lot of things and said a lot of things that annoyed people the wrong way."

"I guess I was compensating for my insecurity."

Lancaster doesn't like to talk about it, but he was insecure about many things more than his career. His marriage, his background and his children. There is no understanding Lancaster or the many facets of his nature unless you have some inkling of his background, of the truth, of his wife, and of his family. He is a moody, complex, enigmatic young man who only recently decided to abandon his rebellion.

Burt Lancaster was brought up in New York City, on the periphery of Harlem. In order to keep him out of the streets, his mother used to take him on the fire escape of the tenement in which the family lived.

One time Burt fell two stories and broke his back. He remembers "the eight times I was run over when I started playing in the streets and the library on 110th Street where I did most of my reading as a child."

Saturday mornings, I used to stay all day until one of my older brothers came and got me and after that, Mother used to break on him."

There was never any way she could compensate by taking me in her arms."

Lancaster's childhood was the youth of poverty. And one of the results of poverty is that it turns young men bitter and a Los Angeles Times. Somehow Burt managed to retain his individualism,
a stubborn individualism which eventually brought him to swords points with almost everyone he met.

A friend who was at New York University with him says he made himself unpopular with his professors. “He quit college, you know, and took a job with a circus for three dollars a week and board. All of us expected him to break his neck but look at him today! Burt has a way of fooling people.

“He’s not as foolhardy and reckless as he leads people to believe.”

One of the shrewdest cookies Lancaster fooled was the late Mark Hellinger, a producer at Universal-International. When Hellinger was making Brute Force with Burt, someone asked, “How’s Lancaster doing?”

Hellinger shook his head. “This kid,” he muttered, “has made one picture out here, and already he knows more than anyone on the lot.

“Two more pictures and he’ll land flat on his can. He’s a frustrated Freudian, a body in search of a brain, Mr. Know-It-All from the Big Town.”

What Hellinger could not understand about Lancaster was his strange individualism. Burt has his own ideas about everything and he believes in trial-and-error.

When he was under contract to Hal Wallis, he became convinced that Wallis was a purely commercial producer; so he borrowed enough money to buy up his own contract. He went to work at U-I in All My Sons. It laid an egg. Then he starred in a melodramatic saga of smuggled penicillin entitled Kiss The Blood Off My Hands. The picture almost kissed him off for good. But Burt is resilient. He bounced right back again.

He was the same way in the Army, a renegade from convention. And the Army, as most people know, is not quite the place to exercise individualism. But by exercising it, Burt got married, and this is probably the best move he has made in his entire thirty-nine years.

Some biographies, inaccurate and imaginative, have described Lancaster’s wife, Norma Anderson, as “the former actress, dancer and singer.”

The truth is that Norma Anderson was a stenographer in disguise when Burt first met her. She was disguised as a dancer with a USO troupe in Italy. Norma had worked at a typewriter in the USO booking office in New York. She was talked into substituting for a sick member of a USO dancing troupe and she went on the overseas trip for a lark.

In Montecatini where Pfc. Lancaster was stationed in 1944, she caught sight of his future husband shuffling along a dirt road and asked a surprised colonel to get her a date with him. Burt doesn’t like to talk about how he and Norma fell in love. But the whole affair is melodramatic. Tall, handsome enlisted men meets tall, beautiful blonde. The next morning the enlisted man runs to the USO hivous.

“I’m sorry,” he’s told. “The whole troupe flew north to Caserta.” The enlisted man goes awoot. He must find his love. The M.P.’s must find him. Lancaster makes a dash for Caserta and finds Norma. They have thirty precious minutes together when the M.P.’s arrive and take Lancaster back to Montecatini.

This time Norma goes awoot. She goes back to Montecatini, and the lovers escape to Pisa where they get married. But the M.P.’s are not far behind.

The honeymoon lasts three days. Then the lovers are caught and Norma is returned to her USO troupe. Her husband is bounced into the jug. Norma is returned to New York City where she works as a stenographer. Burt is returned to his Special Services unit.

Burt landed in New York on Labor Day. Not long after, a baby was on the way. In his own mind he didn’t know what to do or where to turn.

He thought of becoming a manager for a concert bureau, but a producer ran into him in an office building elevator and offered him a job in a Broadway play, The Sound Of Hunting. In desperation he took it.

The play was a flop, but Hal Wallis thought Burt showed a good deal of potential and gave him a Hollywood contract. Mark Hellinger borrowed Lancaster for The Killers when Warner Brothers asked too much on a loanout for Wayne Morris.

It was then that rumors of Burt’s rude behavior began to spread through the movie colony. What the movie colony did not realize was that Burt was scared, heartsick, and perennally worried.

His oldest son, Jimmy, now eight, had just been born with a foot deviation. Every two weeks, Jimmy would have his plaster of Paris casts broken, and new ones put on. This went on for eight months. At night Jimmy would scream with fear thinking that the doctors were trying to get to his feet beneath the covers. Norma and Burt would rush into the little boy’s room. Seeing his frantic little face break out in a sweat, each time their hearts would break and they would die a little. Slowly Jimmy withdrew from the unpleasant world of reality into a more comfortable and private world of make-believe.

Jimmy began to feel that he was different because he couldn’t play as other children did. He used to hide and when company came, he retreat to a corner of the room and said nothing. The child’s unhappiness ate deep into Burt. He
heard his son called names. He could see
the boy's initiative being stifled.
Finally he took the child to a psycholo-
gist. On an intelligence test, he made a
score of 142—which puts him in the po-
tential genius class. The boy was enrolled
in a private school where the teachers
specialize in caring for emotionally dis-
turbed children. It took time, but today
Jimmy Lancaster is a well-adjusted child.
Bright, good-natured and musi-
cally adept, he is one of the most promising
young students in the American School at
Mexico City.
The Lancasters' second child, Billy, now
five, was stricken by polio when he was
three.
When Burt took his family to Italy
where he was making The Crimson Pirate,
a doctor told the Lancasters that they were
oversolicitous about Billy.
"When he falls, let him pick himself up," the
doctor said. "In that way the leg
muscles will get stronger. He will be
able to throw away the crutches."
It takes strength and determination
to watch your child try to pull himself to the
curb—after he has fallen in the street—and
clearly not to help him. But Burt and Norma
knew they had to let Billy fend for himself.
They cried as they watched him. But
Billy—finally made it. No crutches today,
no brace. And in a year or so, the doctors
say he will no longer show any trace of paraly-

Susan Elizabeth—the family calls her
Susie—has had no trouble. But Joanna,
now two and a half, was born with a foot
deviation. This time the doctors advised
that the feet be let alone, and they have
since straightened themselves.
The fifth child is expected late in June,
and the Lancasters are praying for a
normal delivery and a healthy baby.
In the last five years, Lancaster's medical
tolls have averaged $10,000 a year. But
strangely enough, Burt has gradually be-
come happier and made a better adjust-
ment.

H e has reached the point of believing in
the importance of all human and per-
sonal relationships. He has seen what a
smile and a story at bedtime means to a
child. He knows how much a word of
encouragement from a doctor means to
him and what a little reassurance does
for his wife.
Because of this recognition he has
adopted a new set of values. Actors who
work with him swear by Burt. He gives
younger a chance. He lets veterans
experiment with their own bits of business
—acting nomenclature for technique. He
is kind, patient, and understanding.
He no longer fights with directors and
writers. He is kind to reporters.
In the Lancaster household there is
pervasive love born of suffering and mu-
tual sacrifice and a wordless, nameless
togetherness that only Norma and Burt
can truly understand.
Burt Lancaster, delivered from the tor-

tures of his soul, is a man of love. In
strange, unfathomable ways, love turns
darkness into light, fury into peace and
anger into kindness.
As an artist and as a man Burt Lancaster
has grown and is growing with his chil-
dren.

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What 3 MALE stars would you like to
read about in future issues? List them 1,
2, 3, in order of preference.

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read about in future issues?

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Pete's Pot (Peter Lawford)
Gable and His Girls (Clark Gable)
Twisty All Cray! (Jane Russell)
You Getta Elevate! (Robert Wagner)
Who Turned Love's Young Dream into
a Free-for-All? (Marilyn Monroe)
(Edgar Bergen)
Towards the Light (Jeff Hunter)
Doctor's Wife (Ann Blyth)
Act of Love (Burt Lancaster)
Ofttale Who Knows (Ester Williams)
Going . . . Going . . . Gone! (Dale Robertson)
"Just the Facts, Ma'm" (Jack Webb)
Loveliness to Look At (Grace Kelly)
Romance of the Year
(June Haver-Fred MacMurray)
I Love You—Today
(Connie Gilchrist, Don Bradman)
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This Time For Real? (Piper Laurie-
Dick Contino)

Is In Rite Fo'c'ups? (Gene Tierney)
Professional Husband (Richard Egan)
Letter from Tokyo (Marilyn Monroe)
The Inside Story
Louise Tierney's Good News
TV Talk
Just for the Records
Movie Reviews
pete's pat

(Continued from page 31) months of exposure to Pete's English charm, but by January Pat was interested, and Pete, for the first time in his thirty-one years, asked a girl to marry him.

"We were having dinner at Frascati's," he recalls, "and I just leaned across the table and said, 'I love you very much, and I wish you'd marry me.' She smiled and said yes. And that's how it happened. Nothing planned or premeditated."

"The proposal just popped out of me. I didn't have a ring or anything. Later I went out and ordered one, nothing very tremendous—a square-cut diamond, three carats. It was being made up and took quite a while. And because Pat wasn't wearing a ring, I could get away with my denials.

"Anyway, after I proposed and Pat accepted me, I flew to New York for his father's consent. I don't mind telling you I was pretty nervous. I thought Mr. Kennedy might object to having an actress in his family. After all, his son is a United States Senator and all of that. But he was wonderful. I asked his permission and he gave us his blessing."

The Kennedy family is Catholic. Pete belongs to the Church of England, but he says any children they may have will be brought up in the Catholic faith.

"We are trying to keep our wedding as simple as possible. We don't want one of those tremendous affairs. Just the family. The only one in my family is my mother and she'll come on to New York. But Pat has a rather large family, so I guess that will add up."

Asked if he planned to abandon acting and go into business, Lawford said, "Not at all. After the honeymoon, Pat and I are going back to the coast. That's where we intend to make our home. I have no intention of giving up my career. I'm an actor by profession and that's how I intend to earn my living."

"Pete has always said that he would never marry an actress."

"Two acting temperaments in one family don't work," he has often explained. "And I don't have to marry an actress to prove that!"

Soon women may be downhearted at Pete's removal from the eligible bachelor roster, but there is at least one who is extremely happy about it. That is Pete's mother, Lady May Lawford.

"When Peter confided to me," she says, "that he and Pat were going to get married, I can't tell you how relieved I was. I've been afraid for so long that the boy might get into his car and whiz off to Las Vegas and marry just anyone. I guess every mother has those fears. But after all, Peter is such a nice boy, and there have been so many girls who've laid traps for him."

“You'd be surprised if I mentioned their names. They would telephone him at eight in the morning and come around at nine. They'd send him letters and telegrams and gifts. They really tried to spoil him. And if I must say so, it's a tribute to his strength of character that he's kept his head about him."

"He's a conservative young man, and I should have known that when the time came for him to marry, he would pick a fine and beautiful girl like Patricia Kennedy."

"And she's a bright young woman, too. Oh, yes. She really gave Peter a merry chase. He had to work to get that young lady all right. She made him work. And I believe that's what a man likes. The thrill of the hunt is in the chase, not in the final capture."

Emphatically, she explained that Peter...
is not an adopted son. Then she continued.

"The thing to remember about Peter is that he had a very happy youth.

"My husband, the late Sir Sydney, came from a fairly wealthy family. His brother owned the estate next to Balmoral in Scotland. We always had at least three in service when Peter was a little boy, and he has been accustomed to the best.

"He’s been very discriminating in his choice of friends. He’s chosen people of his own calibre. Girls he’s liked have always turned out to be well-bred girls from good families. There’s certainly nothing wrong in that.

"Before we came to America we had lost practically all of our money. When England went off the gold standard, my husband thought it would be prudent to take his belongings out of the country. He deposited them in Greece and Czechoslovakia. When the war came the Germans marched into those countries and all our holdings were confiscated. We came to America with very little money, and one of Peter’s first jobs in Florida was working as a parking lot attendant. But he was always discriminating in his choice of friends. He said he was lucky to have an actress and that he would never marry before he was thirty."

It is generally supposed that Peter Lawford made his motion picture debut in Hollywood. Actually he began to work in British motion picture studios when he was seven.

His first role was at Elstree in Ole Bill. At one time he was advertised as England’s Jackie Coogan. When Parliament passed a law limiting screen work for children under fourteen, Lawford’s parents took him to Paris where he worked in a few films and then temporarily lost the use of his right arm.

**Doctor’s Wife**

(Continued from page 48) "In between I learned that I was going to have a baby. Also I had to organize my household and furnish a new home. So I haven’t had much time for interviews."

As soon as Ann finished The Student Prince, the blackout was lifted and she invited Modern Screen into her home.

"I never married a woman who has to work. Not necessarily big decisions but little ones like which newspaper to order and which milkman to use and how many telephones we need and where can we possibly store all the wedding presents."

Ann confessed, "I’ve had a minor crisis or two. I guess and he did so easily. Ann had photographed the firewood. That one really taught me an important lesson."

The firewood incident started because Jim and Ann love to sit in front of an open fireplace. They take an awful ribbing from their friends because they consider this more fun than going toCiro’s orMo-ocabo or even the top night club in town.

In spite of a summertime marriage, the McNultys used more than a cord of firewood in their first two months together.

"As soon as I noticed my bank was getting lower," Ann explains, "I felt it was part of my job to replenish it just as I buy the other household goods."

"Only with firewood didn’t know where I should have asked Jim’s advice but I preferred to do it the hard way."

"I looked in the classified section of the phone book and got the names of several fuel companies. Then I called. When the salesman asked what kind of wood I wanted and what lengths I hung up to do some more research."

While playing with a group of French playmates, he crashed through a glass almost severing his right arm. The doctors recommended immediate amputation but neither the boy nor his family would consent and gradually the arm healed.

Peter’s first Hollywood job was ushering at a Westwood movie house. In his time off he hounded the catering offices and got bit parts in Mrs. Miniver and White Cliffs Of Dover.

A British subject and the sole support of his two parents, he was exempted from United States military service. In 1943, he signed a contract with MGM and promptly began to win recognition as a competent actor and as a perennial escort.

How fair or how well-founded this reputation was is a matter of argument. One of Pete’s friends says, "When Lawford was under contract to MGM it was part of his job to escort all the actresses on the contract list. If Lana Turner wanted someone to go dancing with her, it was Pete. If the publicity department needed a new romance for Ava Gardner, it was Pete. If Liz Taylor needed a boy friend, it was Pete.

"He took out every actress on the lot, and I heard it said that he was using them for publicity. No one ever thought it might be the other way around."

"He came out here with no dough, and everything he has is his earned. He saw what happened to his father who once had money and lost it, and he doesn’t want that to happen to him."

"Anyway, now that he’s going to marry Pat Kennedy, all that talk is a thing of the past."

"He deserves a little married happiness." Even his former dates wish Peter Lawford that.

END

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it has plenty of room for an expanding family. The second floor is still unfurnished. Ann commented that the colonial staircase in the front hall leads to "nothing except the future."

Because Ann and Jim intend to live a lifetime in their farmhouse, they’ve decided to furnish it slowly and carefully. After almost a year the house is still far from complete, a fact that bothers no one. "When we moved in, we had nothing but our bedroom furniture and four marvelous kitchen appliances."

She and Jim literally started housekeeping from bedroom to kitchen and back again. All the other rooms were empty.

For her bright, cheery kitchen, Ann chose the newest and best equipment: an electric stove, an eight-cubic-foot Bendix refrigerator, an eighteen-cubic-foot Bendix freezer. And for her laundry, a Bendix Dromatic, a marvelous piece of machinery that washes and dries the clothes in one continuous operation.

"When you’re working an eleven-hour day at the studio," Ann says, "you need all the mechanical aid you can buy."

Ann and Jim could handle the ordering of the kitchen equipment easily. For the rest of the house they decided to use the services of Mitchell Numier, a decorator. Numier is known in California for his custom-made provincial furniture. Ann has liked his designs for years but she made sure that Jim saw and approved several Numier-furnished homes.

Once Jim gave the go-ahead, Ann commissioned the decorator to make dining-room furniture, the marble-topped living-room tables and all the well-cushioned and carefully quilted chairs and couches.

The day the silvery bleached walnut dining table was delivered with its six grey velvet chairs, Ann declared a holiday.

She unpacked the fine Irish linen table cloth her aunts Molly and Mag had sent from Dublin. She fixed Jim’s favorite menu of roast beef, salad with cheese dressing, and snowballs for dessert (snowballs in the McNulty household consist of vanilla ice cream, frozen strawberries and shredded coconut) and then invited Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat to share in the festivities.

Now the arrival of each new lamp or ash tray is an excuse for a celebration.

Dennis Day and his wife came over the night the pink wing chairs were placed in the den. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman were dinner guests when the Hawaiian printed draperies and twin couches made their living room debut.

A N N A N D J I M h a d nothing to do with what is probably the most arresting feature of the McNulty house. Some years ago in Chicago Ann was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Dalton just before she sang on a Sacred Heart charity program.

Over the years they became extremely fond of her and whenever Ann was in Chicago she made it a point to see them. At the time of her wedding she naturally expected some word from her old friends, but she didn’t hear from them. Last Thanksgiving, however, she received by air express a small marble pedestal in lovely gold leaf, which she now keeps in a spot of honor in the library. It is the Daltons’ wedding gift.

Uncle Pat met the plane on which it arrived. He supervised its mounding on concrete base, and it was he who prepared the grotto at the far end of the McNulty garden. He planted the primroses and the jasmine and laid the flagstone walk.

This lovely shrine, half-hidden by roses and bougainvillia, is where Ann Blyth retreats for a few peaceful hours of thought and meditation. It is here, far from the tension of life in the studio, that she prays.

It is here that she and her handsome husband give thanks for all their many blessings now and forever after.

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IN RITA’S FOOTSTEPS?

Will Rita’s ex make Gene Tierney his next?

About Aly Khan, Gene Tierney says, "There is no formal engagement between us." But she has lingered with Aly in Europe (and in international headlines) for a year.

Aly is as cagey as Gene about their plans. He has shown singular devotion to her; he has showered her with gifts. And, more to the point for a busy man, he writes her long letters.

Gene met Aly while she was making a picture in South America. He asked her out for a date, but they didn’t go out together until they met again in Paris. Since then, Gene hasn’t been seen with anyone else.

Now, Gene is in Hollywood and Aly is on a trip to South America, Pakistan and Egypt.

"When Aly finishes his trip he will come to Hollywood and remain here most of the time while I am making The Egyptian," Gene said.

She always has liked European men. She went to school in Switzerland and her former husband, designer Oleg Cassini, is at least partly Italian.

“But with Aly,” she says, "there are too many problems, too many serious phases of life to be figured out for both of us, to rush into a marriage without long thought and speculation."

While she thinks it out, Aly has hung her with diamonds. On her right hand she wears a magnificent emerald-cut stoeie. She has a bracelet and earrings of perfectly matched white diamonds, all breathtakingly beautiful.

Aly’s father, the Aga Khan, received his weight in diamonds at his jubilee last year; this year it was platinum. Aly gets his income from horses. He breeds them in Ireland, France and South America. He will in all probability inherit his father’s title. Will Gene take over Rita Hayworth’s?"
they're all crazy!

(Continued from page 35) the least intimated, the fastest with the kind of sass that infuriated her. "Being such a bright boy," she says sourly, "he was also a smart aleck."

It had to be Ken who "borrowed" Jane's cars for wild, midnight rides. As soon as everyone in the house was safely asleep, Ken and little brother Billy would push the car as far as the gate, where its engine couldn't be heard, and light out for Riverside to see Kenny's girl.

"I remember the last time real well," Wally says. "It was while Jane was making The Outlaw, and she had just bought herself this new Pontiac convertible. Kenny was going into the Navy the next day, so they had to go that night. The only way to do it was to take Jane's car. Boy, it was raining buckets that night, but we put the top of the convertible down anyhow and set out to see how fast a Pontiac would travel—pretty darned fast."

The next morning Jane took one look at her bedraggled, mud-splattered gem and blew her top. "He had my car out last night?" she demanded in clarion outrage.

"Kenny," answered Wally, concentrating on his breakfast.

Daughter started looking for a club. "Where is he?"

"Probably on his way to San Diego by now. He spent the night with Lois' folks in Riverside."

"Then who drove my car home?"

"I did," Wally replied with his usual aplomb. He was all of twelve years old. If you suggested for a moment that these girls who married the Russell boys that Ken was the family character, you'd meet with a chorus of protests; they insist that he's just a normal, healthy boy. It's Jamie who's a character.

Jamie adores his wife Pam. So much so that he insists upon her staying in bed mornings while he fixes the baby's bottle and gets breakfast.

"Of course," Pam says thoughtfully, "I'd have to be as deaf as a post to get any more sleep. Jamie is slaming things around in the kitchen and roaring at the top of his lungs about no-good women who lie abed, letting their husbands and children go hungry."

"Dramatically at his fingertips," is Jane's evaluation of Jamie, who had a small role in her currently successful Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. "He never stops acting."

His favorite portrayal is a death scene and, as he is certain to have his biggest audience then, his favorite time for emoting is during a meal. The larger the gathering, the better are the chances that Jamie will suddenly fall to the floor at their feet. He has been poisoned—or he is strangling. He clutches their throats, gasps, writhes, groans and finally expires, while the family ignores him, and little with a bang. Lois acknowledged his performance by saying, "Get up off the floor, Jamie, and eat your food."

I t should not be inferred that the rest of the family ignores Jamie because they disapprove. They're just hungry. If he chooses some other moment to entertain them, they all watch with lively interest—because what the Russells enjoy most is each other. Working and playing together is their idea of heaven. Tom, Kenneth and Wally, complete with families, took off on a construction job a couple of years ago, and while it lasted they had a ball because they were together. So when they pooled their resources to buy an alfalfa ranch; they didn't ex-
had no more than read the letter than she
was on a bus for Los Angeles, all ten
over again with her high-handed Lortario.

Time passed, and sailor Kenny came
home on leave from the Orient. He and
Lois agreed that fighting with each other
was more fun than doing anything else
with a couple of other people, so they
decided to be married at once. Arrange-
ments for the wedding were made.

"But Daughter thought of one detail that
everyone else overlooked," chortles Ken.
"The night before I got married, she sat
me down and told me the facts of life—
without mincing any words, either! I can
tell you, I was shocked. I don't know
how she thought I could have been in the
Navy for two years without finding out
about things like that, but she had to be
sure. She didn't think we'd have a very
good foundation for marriage if I still be-
lieved in the birds and bees!"

JANE'S feeling for her little brothers
hadn't changed an iota, but her position
in Hollywood has somewhat altered their
acceptance. Though Jamie has a degree in
cinematography and is deeply interested
both in acting and directing, he refuses a
professional boost from her. "If I can't
make it without Daughter's help, I'll keep
on filling gas tanks. People never believe
you have any real talent if you get a break
through your relatives." Similarly, Wally,
whose fine singing voice seems destined
to land him in musicals, would rather stick
to spirituals in the chapel than accept a
helping hand. Stubborn guys, the Russells.

The Old One is mildly grieved and
largely exasperated by their attitude.
"None of them will tell me when they need
something. I have to make Ma tell me—
and then go home and try to talk my old
man out of it!"

They love Jane good, but they haven't
always loved her career; it got them too
many knots on the head. Imagine what
it must have been like to he Jane Russell's
brother at the time that she was exploited
as the sexpot of the century in The Out-
law. It got to be a pretty bruising expe-
rience, especially since all four boys were
in service at the time and servicemen are
notably indifferent on the subject of sex-
pots.

"I always tried to keep quiet about her
being my sister," said Wally, who was
with a Navy jet squadron, "but you can
only keep your mouth shut so long." His
thin, dark face, closely resembling that
of his sister, reflected distaste at a remem-
bered experience.

His outfit was at chow one day when
one of their number came back from a
leave in Los Angeles. Naturally, the other
guys asked him about his adventures and
he told them what he had done; he had
met the most talked-about girl in America,
Jane Russell.

"Is that a fact, now?" asked a quiet
crew member by the name of Russell.

It was a fact, said the guy, lying in his
bed. They had gone dancing at Ciro's
and, what's more, Jane Russell picked up
the tab for the evening's entertainment.

"Say," interpolated Wally, "I like to
dance. Maybe you'll introduce us some-
time when we're down there?"

Everything would have been ginger-
peachy if it had stopped right there but
of course it couldn't. At the urging of his
fellow crewmen, the imaginative gent be-
gan to tell them how he made love to
Jane Russell—and Jane's little brother lost
his temper. How could he ever explain
to a bunch of G.I.'s that any resemblance
between Jane and the publicity on her
picture was strictly hogwash? You
couldn't, so you took your lamps and
hoped you raised a few on the other guy.

It happened to all four of her brothers
—

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(POPFL PRINT)
time and again, and they never figured a way out of the quandary. Establishing their identity right off was a mistake, they found. To some of the men it smacked of boasting, to most it placed that particular Russell in the freak category.

“I remember being on a new ship once,” contributed Jamie, “and word got around that Jane Russell’s brother was standing watch at Station Two. I’d bet every man aboard sauntered up to look at me before my watch was over. What an uncomfortable four hours that was!”

If being identified as Jane’s brother was bad, hearing crude comments on her physical attributes and bawdy speculation on her virtue was intolerable. The Russell boys were engaged in two wars during those years—for Democracy and for Daughter.

JANE KNOWS what they went through, sells everything but secretive, and it is a contributing factor to her sensitivity about publicity. After thirteen years, though, the public has accepted the fact that Jane Russell is a bit of a siren, albeit a slightly salty, strikingly beautiful and undeniably voluptuous one. And her family is pretty well adjusted to the fact that portraying sultry sirens on the screen is merely part of her job for a living.

It hasn’t changed her a bit.

They present a solid front to the world, the Russells; they are for one another, and not mere boyfriends. Jane, the family, however, they admit to some imperfections. When one is in the wrong, the others unhesitatingly say, ’Now, look, this is going on, and let’s all sit down, and talk it over and straighten things out.’ And they talk it out, whether the problem is that one of their wives has left in a manner that’s less intimate.

Jane’s career does not make her an exception to this family rule. While The Big Reindeo was in production, too many things seemed to have gone wrong by the unfortunate publicity about The French Line. Her contract with Howard Hughes expired, and she was faced with a big decision. Torn between her loyalty to Howard, who had made her career, and her desire for more freedom, she had to make up her mind about signing a new contract.

There were the numerous charities on behalf of which she has worked, the needs of the family, the desire for a change. She decided to accept it all and sign.

The picture called for strenuous effort on her part at a time when she was physically exhausted. There were tensions of so personal a nature that she discussed them with no one. And, estimated Edith Lynch of the RKO publicity department, about forty calls a day from friends who wanted to warn her off a desire for more freedom, she had to make up her mind about signing a new contract.

The day she returned to town, Ma Russell called. “The boys want you to have dinner with them tonight in the Eagle’s Nest,” she said.

Jane was pleased; she hungered for her family after a few days’ absence. But when she got to the Eagle’s Nest, which is a new addition to the chapel, she found that this was a dinner for the entire family! gathering indeed. Ma Russell had cooked dinner and departed. The four wives were not present; the ten kids and the dogs were also continuing a lonesome farewell.

“I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry,” said Jane. “My brothers were all so serious that I expected a gag any minute—but they didn’t laugh.

They weren’t. They reminded her that she had collapsed while making her last three pictures and delivered themselves of an ultimatum: Either her husband or her agent had to do something about her. Their treadmill or the Russell boys were going to step in. They didn’t know exactly what they could do, but there were four of them and they ought to think of something. They had to, otherwise her health can on be perdition so involved.

“What they didn’t know was that I was getting the same thing from Robert every day when I got home from the studio. He was ready, and they all paid hammer at me because I was doing too much.”

Jane shrugged. “What can I give up? Many of my Personal appearances? Charity work? The chapel? My home and children? My friends? There’s nothing I can stop doing—but Robert promotes between the two cameral dollars. I don’t think a lot, talking it out with them, knowing they were behind me like always.

IN hollywood there is considerable dou-
ble-talk about the conflict between Jane’s husband, Robert Waterfield, and her family. She can’t be happy, they say, torn between the two. In truth, however, they just didn’t have our feeling for large ones.

“My father was an executive. When he came home at night, he was tired and things on his mind. He couldn’t relax with the boys bawling all over the house so I kept them away from him in a separate wing. Robert is the same way. It isn’t that he dislikes my family; he just doesn’t like any large, noisy gathering of people. He always goes to family reunions with me—and a real one runs into hundreds of relatives, all shouters. Robert sits a thousand dollars and it drains me. It’s all right. You go on, and I’ll meet you at home later.” That many people all at once just drive him crazy.

He’s like my father in another way; he’s very practical. When the boys turn up with some new project, Robert isn’t interested in whether it will be fun. He wants to know whether it will work. It’s all right. You go on, and I’ll meet you at home later.’ That many people all at once just drive him crazy.

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just stand as a buffer between him and them as I did in the old days."

The tall, dark, handsome and impractical Russell boys married girls as unlike as women can be, yet they get along beautifully and not one would have a husband other than her own. They’re all so right for each other. Shy, sensitive Tom has his quiet, intelligent Nola. Curly-haired, fast-talking Kenny finally won his proud-eyed Lois ten years ago. For extrovert Jamie there could be no one but gamin, out-going Pamela with freckles on her pert nose. And the lean good looks of Wally are complemented by the flower blonde loveliness of his Mary Lou, who knows that the baby of the family may well end up the biggest man of them all.

Each of the girls has said to another at some time, “I couldn’t live with that husband of yours for two minutes,” but they all live together in an incredible kind of loving harmony.

The home of Pam and Jamie is likely to be the community gathering place during the day, and bedlam is the keynote. Kids romp, dogs bark, husbands belch, while the girls count their blessings for marrying Russells. The children’s common property: whoever notices a damp bottom first changes a diaper, and noses are mopped with impartial thoroughness. As the boys work different shifts at the filling station, at least one of them is always at home for a meal. Tom’s wife is serving Jamie, Kenny’s wife is attempting to spoon food into the mouth of Wally’s young one, saying, “I wonder if she’s coming down with something. She won’t take her food.”

“Maybe,” one of the other girls calls, “it’s because I just fed her ten minutes ago. It’s Pandora who hasn’t eaten yet.”

Wally, sitting quietly on a couch, muses aloud. “There’s one particular word that Jane used to describe me. I can’t think of it right now. You know—it means that if you put me in the middle of a bunch of strangers, I’d be able to handle myself all right.”

“What she probably said,” Pam flashes at him, “is that you’re the only one of the boys who could pass for normal.”

Wally grins back at her. “Your old man sure couldn’t!”

The secret, of course, lies in an awareness of God that is as much a part of every one of them as their hearts, their eyes, their limbs. Much has been written about the religious aspect of the Russells’ life; practically none of it true. The children did build with their own hands a chapel like no other in the world. Designed for modern times, it does away with must and medieval gloom, letting in the sunlight, which is all to the good. Their faith in God is like that, too—sunny and joyous and unafraid. No constraint, no pomp, no sanctimonious poppycock. Ma Russell’s acreage teems with people lively as crickets, who live with the Lord every minute and admit that it’s fun.

“Look,” explains one of the wives, “the Lord made all things, and if He didn’t have a sense of humor, He wouldn’t have made these comedians we married!”

“It was on account of the Lord that we started hollering at Ma while we were still kids,” Wally says. “Every time we’d go out to have some fun, she’d cry the Lord on us. You can’t get much of a kick out of stealing a watermelon from the field next door when you know you’re going to go right home and pray about it. So we’d holler at her, ‘Mama, stop bucking the Lord on us!’”

Mother Russell doesn’t mind the shouting. “The thing to remember is what’s behind it,” she frequently says in her
quiet, absent way. "A whispered word will cut if there is meanness behind it. Even while the children are shouting, there's only harmony." Jane was one of the shouter, practically chief among the crazy Russells. Their faith in their faith, their love love, and you can almost watch the boys come out of her when she's with them an hour or two. The girls her brothers married like it best when Jane comes home unexpectedly, when the boys are gone and they can visit with her. She's one of them, no more and no less, feeding kids, curling hair, relaxing in woman-talk. They enjoy seeing her, just pictures of one of them believes that her husband is every bit as remarkable as his famous sister. And what's it like to be married to a remarkable character? It is a story they love to tell to illustrate it. After one of Jane's infrequent trips to New York, she and a friend were visiting the family and discussing the plays they had seen in the East. Freshness in their minds was A Streetcar Named Desire.

(Continued from page 55) uncooperaive actresses in Hollywood.

It was close, but the honor finally went to Esther. She has recovered by now, but when Esther got the news, she was hurt. Fortunately, she is blessed with an irrepressible sense of humor.

"At least," she said, "I found me an actress. That's something." Esther explained that in 1953 she not only worked at home as a mother and housewife, but that she was on location with a picture and that for nine months of that year she was pregnant.

Despite all this she had managed to take part in more than thirty interviews and picture layouts. She said she had done the best she could with the time she had. "I'm sorry," one member snapped when she heard Esther's explanation. "That just won't do. Look, Virginia." She worked in pictures last year and had a baby and she always made time for the screen.

Modern Screen, having carefully researched Esther Williams and her activities, refuses to brand this wholesome girl as "uncooperaive."

She is more warm-hearted, more generous and kind than a dozen other actresses. She is blessed with enough modesty to prevent her from talking about the good she does.

This is why we turn you over to her husband, Ben Gage.

"Esther," he says, "is no angel. Stick a pin in her and she bleeds. Hurt her and she cries. She also gets sick, gets excited, eats food and buys dresses. In other words, she's normal. And she's beautiful. But she's not typical.

"The overwhelming love in her heart, especially for children, is not typical. It's unusual in an Italian war orphan."

When we were married it was Esther's idea to adopt a French war orphan, to pay money for her, for a little girl's support. The child has grown up and no longer needs our support. But Esther ordered the allowance transferred to the support of an Italian war orphan.

Before we were married we decided that we wanted lots of children. Esther was one of five, and her family life was the happiest.

"After we were married, Esther announced one day that she was with child.

"That character Marlon Brando played was horrible," shuddered Jane's refined friend. "Just horrible!"

The Russells were mightily interested, never having seen a horrible man, and they were beside themselves with impatience until the play was made into a movie. They don't realize how the maze and emerged terribly disappointed.

"Why," said Nola, "he wasn't horrible at all. He's just like one of the Russell boys!" "I thought he was being changed," added Mary Lou. "I never felt more at home with an actor on the screen. It was like being in our own livingroom." It was just fine, knocking the dishes off the table like Brando did, chimed in Lois, "and saying something like, 'Okay, I cleared my side. You clear yours.'"

"Or Jamie," agreed Pam, "yanking everything off, tablecloth and all, and then rolling on the floor because he thought he was so funny!"

That's what it's like, and they think it's just wonderful.

We were both overjoyed. But after five and a half months she lost the baby. We don't know exactly what was wrong.

That set us thinking. All our talking about handicapped children, babies who came into the world with some sort of physical deficiency. Esther began to think about what she could do for such babies. That's how she became interested in the Nursery School for the Visually Handicapped.

Esther has not only contributed a swimming pool in part, but she has set aside any spare time she's down at the nursery teaching those little kids who don't see so well to swim.

"I want them all to learn. You know, God, are physically perfect, and looking after three healthy kids is job enough for any woman, but Esther always finds time for those handicapped children, too."

"She just happens to be a kind-hearted girl. I could point out many things—her generosity to her family, jobs she's gotten for other swimming, how she's handled it. She is about the help—and they all add up to one word, cooperative, the opposite of what the Hollywood Women's Press Club said.

"It's made me think of her home—I guess that includes me and the kids—comes first. After that comes her career."

"It's just not talking either. In Esther's book, human relationships are the most important things in life. She hates to hurt people and so I know she's never pretended to hurt anyone."

"We run a restaurant and a screen door factory. We employ quite a few people, and I don't think you can find anyone who'll say Esther hasn't given them a fair deal."

"I don't want to be in the position of defending a girl who is so guiltless that she has nothing to defend. I just mention these facts so that everyone can better understand Esther."

"But isn't there the possibility, just the possibility, mind you, that a wee bit of jealousy might have been responsible for Esther's having been named most uncooperaive?"

The jealousy theory is widely held in Hollywood. For many years Esther and Ben Gage have been sniped at for no apparent reason. You've read rumors to the effect that their marriage was coming apart at the seams, that a divorce was inevitable, and all the rest of the drudge.

"It so happens," Esther says, "that every time these rumors begin, I get pregnant. Then the columnists get embarrassed."
Why should people be jealous of Esther and Ben? They have everything: a comfortable home, beautiful children, a great future, a profitable career, and their love for each other. These virtues are enough to make them a target.

Ben was with Esther on location in Florida making Easy to Love. Someone asked, "Does he know Esther in that lug? Does he ever work? What does he do?"

The answer is that Ben Gage does work. He manages the Tratti Restaurant and the Willgay Manufacturing Company. Although he doesn't earn what Esther earns, neither does he use his wife to further his own schemes.

Esther's personal life was not particularly happy until Ben came along. She was unhappy with her first husband, not only because they had different philosophies, but because her family didn't like the young medical student. Esther has always loved her family and could not tolerate the near-estrangement.

When Ben Gage came along, her loneliness ended, they were married and have been happy ever since.

Ben was in business for fifteen years before he met Esther. He was never too successful, probably because he is not hyper-ambitious. Ben believes in living and letting live. This sort of middle-of-the-way philosophy is not the route to stardom.

He is content to let Esther be the star in the family. Sensibly, he realizes that he cannot equal her achievements. Why try to compete?

He loves being with Esther and his family, making them happy, working with them. Hollywood gossip don't bother him one bit.

Of course he was disturbed when his wife was voted the most uncooperative actress of this year by the movie photographers and reporters around the house all year long for him to believe any such judgment. He just scoffs at rumors concerning Esther.

"I don't pay them any attention," he explains. "Why should I? I'm tired of denying that Esther and I are fighting or quarreling or whatever they're saying. I know all about Esther, and she knows all about me. We don't have to be told about each other by the newspapers."

Several of the reporters who cast votes against Esther will tell you privately that she is driving, ambitious, and money-mad. They will tell you about the real estate investment she made in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, her deal with Cole of California bathing suits, her plan to organize an Aquacade, and many of her other business deals. But they can't tell you all about Ben Gage.

Several years ago Esther bought some desert property in Twenty-Nine Palms and had her brother David supervise the construction of half a dozen small homes. She didn't do this to make a big profit or to speculate on land values.

David was sick, out of work, and had been ordered down to the desert. Esther thought it would be nice to give him something to do, so she invested her hard-earned money in the project. Her other brother, Stanton, died of an intestinal virus when he was only sixteen—she frequently refers to him as "the most talented of the group"—and she cannot stand to have any of her own family be unhappy.

She backed a filling station in Santa Monica, but when someone told her the neighboring filling stations couldn't compete with her prestige as a movie star, she quickly sold out.

Esther was offered $50,000 a week to break in her Aquacade at Las Vegas. This money-mad girl said, "That's a lot of money, but an Aquacade is a wholesome kind of act, and while Las Vegas is a wonderful city, still there's something about all that gambling—I don't want to sound uncooperative, ruthless—will hold water.

As her husband says, "Esther isn't perfect." But Hollywood has yet to produce a social worker as a mother, housewife, and actress.

As for being wholesome, morally upright, civic-minded, considerate, cooperative, and friendly, Esther Jane Williams will take a backseat to no one.

Going... going... gone!

(Continued from page 57) much in love with Dale—I'm still very much in love with him—that I guess love dulled what little common sense I have—"

Dale and Jackie were married on May 19, 1951. Dale's studio associates seemed to be waiting for a wedding photo in his body.

"Marriage is just what this boy needs," one actor said. "He'll hit the top in no time. Dale is pretty unusual for a Hollywood actor. He's aachtsome with his smile in his body."

"Know where he lives? Out in Reseda on a G.I. tract. Pays $52 a month for rent. And no marriage will make him move into any of those snifky joints in Beverly Hills."

"I hope Jackie realizes that she's got a real man in Dale." That Dale was a real he-man, Jackie soon recognized. He was crazy about fights, baseball, softball, dogs, and, of course, horses.

When he wasn't indulging his passion for these activities, he was hunting or driving to and from Oklahoma City. He would say the studying of cows and the studying of cows and then worked him long and hard because the young movie-goers liked him.

Dale seemed to pride himself in retaining a fierce independence. Around the studio he referred to his wife as a "fine filly" and, in the words of one perceptive actress, "He gave the impression that nothing, neither marriage nor contracts, would stop him from doing whatever he felt like doing. Marriage changes a man's outlook. It gives him new duties, new responsibilities. Not Dale. He seemed to strut around as if it's some old nobody can rein me in. I'm a free soul."

Out in Reseda, living in the stucco bungalow, Jackie was confused and unhappy. Away from her friends and family, young and inexperienced, her career abandoned, she was eager and experimental. But she was alone most of the time. Even when money was at home, he was so continuously involved with horses and picture-making and sports and business deals that there was little time for family life.

"Occasionally," Jackie says, "he told me that he loved me. And maybe he did. I just doubt it. Because if he really loved me then he would have tried to work at our marriage."

"I told him that marriage wasn't merely a convenience, that it was a companionship two people had to build together, that the sum of mutual experiences was what made life. But somehow, I couldn't get through to him."

"After a while, I began studying myself. 'Maybe I'm at fault,' I thought. 'Maybe there's something lacking in me."

"I went to a doctor. Then I went to a psychiatrist. Then I went to a marriage

---

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Love—
I Spelled It Sex

I liked her kisses but I couldn’t believe that she was so simon pure that she didn’t understand I wasn’t the marrying kind.

All I wanted out of life was a good time and to be my own boss. Girls like Kate were my kind, lots of good times with no strings attached. It wasn’t until a bad car wreck put my brother’s kids under my care that I began to have any doubts ... began to think that maybe Sheila was right.

Don’t miss "Love, I Spelled It Sex," the story of a man who knew exactly what he wanted out of life ... who thought people with responsibilities didn’t have any fun.

It’s in the May issue of MODERN ROMANCES on sale wherever magazines are sold.
The movie fans were so pushing, so numerous, so avid, that Marilyn and Joe had to scramble back into the plane. When the fans refused to disperse, the newlyweds escaped through the baggage hatch and ran to the Immigration area. It was even worse at the Imperial Hotel where more than 200 police were called out to maintain order. The Imperial has noted of laboring passageways. Practically all of these were blocked by Japanese fans shouting, "Maly. Maly Mon- lone." The newspapers had made the serious error of announcing the Di Maggio's hotel.

As Marilyn stepped into the lobby, the fans began to press. Plate glass broke; revolving doors stuck; two sight-seers fell into a fish pond.

They kept grabbing at my hair," she said nervously. "Did you see them? Joe? They kept grabbing at my hair." Joe, expecting a little peace and quiet in Honolulu, shrugged his shoulders, said nothing. The police formed a protective cordon across the narrow hallway leading to the lounge while Joe and Marilyn each drank a glass of Hawaiian pineapple juice.

The newlyweds then said they were ready to talk to the anxious reporters and photographers. They were most cooperative, Mr. Di Maggio defending Ms. Monroe and explaining that "we're just on our way to Tokyo. We expect to get our visas to-morrow and then take off tomorrow night."

"But are you planning to swim at Waikiki?"

"Yes," the couple answered.

"We want to spend the time staying away from all you fellows," said O'Doul's said with his big Irish grin. "After all, they're lovebirds on a honeymoon." Everyone laughed and a police official called out that there would be no need for control squads and road blocks at Waikiki.

Marilyn and Joe were ushered into a powder blue convertible driven by Louis Benjamin, the owner of a bar called The Log Cabin. Di Maggio had met Benjamin during World War II, and it was "Benny" who whisked them off to the Royal Hawaiian.

The following night the Di Maggios and O'Doul were headed for Tokyo for what Joe was assured would be "a quiet time." This illusion was dispelled when the plane put down on the runway at Haneda International Airport.

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

On my way to work one morning I stopped in a drug-store for coffee and found Jerry Lewis sitting next to me. He smiled and said good morning. When I finished my breakfast the waiter refused my ten-dollar bill, saying they charge for coffee and early to change it. Jerry spoke up promptly. "Things are bad all round," he said—and paid my check!

Rose Latarke
New York, N.Y.

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Pvt. Albert Guastefeste of Uniondale, Long Island, a music instructor at Camp Zama, was chosen to be Marilyn's piano accompanist, and he ran through four numbers with the actress, "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" and "Bye Bye Baby" from Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Also "Let's Do It Again" and "Somebody Loves Me."

Marilyn was asked if she wanted to do a solo or entertain as part of a ten-man package show which had been performing in Okinawa. Marilyn said she'd prefer being part of the troupe.

She was flown to Korea on February 16, dressed in drab combat boots, pants, and shirt (two buttons opened at the top). She carried a little make-up bag and a purple dress cut low. She described it as a cocktail party dress or something like that. After all, I hadn't expected this. I didn't bring the right clothes.

But the 13,000 Marines who watched Marilyn sing had no gripes at all. They swarmed over the stage, snapping their cameras left and right. After she finished her act, Marilyn said, "I've never seen so many men in my life. I'm just sorry Joe couldn't come along but previous commitments wouldn't permit a change in schedule."

Said one Marine officer, "You were swell, absolutely swell. We've had them all but this crowd by far outdraws the best ever."

Marilyn had been flown by helicopter from Seoul to the 1st Marine Division, "and while I was scared, I tried not to show it."

Before she started her act on the Korean front, Marilyn announced that she could neither sing nor dance very well, but all she had to do was wear her new pressed tremendous cheers from the 1st Marine and 3rd and 7th Army Divisions. The 40th Division, which consists of many California regiments, really broke the record.

While the troupe's preliminary acts were in progress at the 40th Division theatre, 10,000 soldiers pushed and elbowed forward in an effort to get closer to the stage.

When it looked as if they would break the lines through the military police line! Marilyn was told to be "ready for anything" while the regimental commander, Colonel John Kelly, went out front and temporarily halted the show.

"You're here to have a good time," he shouted. "And there's no sense in anyone's getting hurt."

When the show resumed and Marilyn came out front wearing the tight purple dress "that does a little more for me," the crowd surged forward and thousands of soldiers attempted to climb on the backs of their buddies.

In three days, Marilyn performed ten times for an estimated 50,000 men. When she finally finished at Taegu, Korea, she was dead tired but happy.

"You know," she told an officer, "I never felt like a movie star before—really in my heart—before I came to Korea. This is the high point of everything."

"Now I'm flying back to the most important thing in my life—Joe. And I want to start a family. A family comes before a career."

Back in Japan with DiMaggio, Marilyn told her husband, "I'm so glad I went to Korea, Joe. I'll never forget that experience so long as I live."

A man of few words, Joe took his wife in his arms and nodded understandingly. But he must have wondered how much longer he would have to share his bride with the world.

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's River Of No Return.)

LETTER FROM TOKYO

Tokyo, Japan, Far East

Dear Mr. Charles D. Saxon,

Every month I'm enjoying your magazine 4,000 miles apart. Since the war, at Korea many Hollywood stars are visited here. But we never expected Marilyn Monroe's coming. My English is limited, but I'll try to explain our feelings.

Lefty O'Doul, the San Diego baseball manager, came for the same plane with the smiling DiMaggios. Lefty is one of Japan's biggest baseball idols, but he got lost in today's shuffle. He coached DiMaggio to marry Monroe such sensational, but this fact never known any reporter in the United States.

During the wait for the plane, thousands of people broke through police lines a couple of times. Japanese movie actresses were mobbed by schoolgirls and the flower girls had their petals crushed and some were stolen wallets by pickpockets among this mob. After an hour after their plane landed, the DiMaggios got into a waiting convertible and drove down eight miles of highway, lined with tens of thousands of eager fans, to the Imperial Hotel in downtown Tokyo—where they were confronted with another vast multitude.

Although the trip to Tokyo was baseball business, Joe DiMaggio went relatively unnoticed in a far corner of the room where his audience consisted of a small handful of baseball reporters, while Marilyn Monroe talked to the press.

Q. What is your opinion about your famous "Mamar walk"?
A. I had been walking since I was six months old and couldn't stopped yet. It naturally come to me.

Q. Is it true you didn't wear any underwear clothes, whether or not?
A. I'm planning to buy a Japanese kimono and I'm wearing underclothes like this lace slip.

Q. What is your first impression of Japan?
A. I hardly to tell that answer because I just arrived here only yesterday, but I heard about Japan from my husband. I really never expected before such many cameramen waited here.

Q. Who is your closest best friend?
A. Miss Jane Russell and Miss Betty Grable.

Q. Who is your respectable people who are engaged in motion picture field?
A. Ingrid Bergman, Charles Laughton, Humphrey Bogart, Marlon Brando.

Q. You think your husband is a millionaire?
A. No, I don't think so. I guess he is empty. Sincerely yours, Yoko Hazama.
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Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

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modern screen

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JUST FOR THE RECORDS by George Frazier 80

* On the cover: Color portrait of brown-haired Lana Turner currently appearing in two of MGM's 30th Anniversary releases, Flame and The Flesh and Betrayed. See page 92 for other photographers' credits.

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HELEN DEUTSCH · Based on a Novel by AUGUSTE BAILLY
Directed by RICHARD BROOKS · JOE PASTERNAK
Produced by
AN M-G-M PICTURE
Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe's husband, Joe Di Maggio, is a millionaire? —J.T., Fresno, Cal.
A. No.

Q. Why does Jane Russell want her husband to produce her future motion pictures? —V.R., Ames, Iowa
A. She loves him, has faith in his judgment.

Q. In San Francisco recently, James Tarantino, publisher of a weekly called Hollywood Night Life, was convicted of extortion. Is it true that he was backed by Frank Sinatra? —V.T., San Francisco, Cal.
A. No. One per cent of the stock was owned by Hank Sanicola, Sinatra's personal manager.

A. Miss Caron's career desires.

A. No.

Q. Is Lorraine Chanel, who sees Gary Cooper when he works in Mexico, French or Mexican or what? How old is she? —V.R., Los Angeles, Cal.
A. Lorraine Chanel y Cortez is twenty-nine, of Swedish-Mexican extraction.

Q. Can you tell me anything about Fernando Lamas' second wife, Lydia? Is it true that she is English? —J.T., Buenos Aires
A. Lydia Lamas was born in Milan of a Scotch mother, Wilhelmina Burton-Winton, and an Italian father, Giovanni Babacci.

Q. Is it true that Pat O'Brien and a group of gamblers are erecting the largest gambling casino in Las Vegas? —F.L., Louisville, Ky.
A. O'Brien and a group of prominent, respectable real estate men plan to erect a new Las Vegas hotel.

Q. Can you tell me how old Mickey Rooney is, how many times he's been married, and if he is still disliked in Hollywood? —H.J., Birmingham, Ala.
A. Rooney is thirty-two, has been married four times; is currently more popular in trade circles than he has ever been.

Q. Are Richard Conte and Perry Como brothers? —E.H., Jersey City, N. J.
A. No.

Q. Is it true that John Agar has agreed to give up his daughter so that she may be adopted legally by Shirley Temple's husband? —E.U., Arlington, Mass.
A. Agar will not consent to this.

Q. What color was Marilyn Monroe's hair before she changed it? And what was her name? —C.F., Toledo, Ohio
A. Norma Jean Mortenson had brown hair.

A. Brasselle has a forceful personality, made his own breaks.

Q. I understand that the reason Judy Garland took so long to finish A Star Is Born is that she couldn't get her weight down. True or false? —B.F., Elgin, Ill.
A. False. Her top weight during the production was 112 pounds.

Q. It was recently announced that Kirk Douglas paid $70,000 for a mansion in Beverly Hills. Wasn't the real price much lower? Wasn't the $70,000 a price purely for newspaper consumption? —E.D., Ventura, Calif.
A. Yes.

Q. Is it true that Marlon Brando and Wally Cox were roommates long before either one was famous? —A.R., Milwaukee, Wis.
A. Yes. Wally and Marlon went to school together, met again in New York and decided to room together.

Q. I've heard that Sheree North was married when she was fifteen. True or false? —J.C., New York, N. Y.
A. Sheree married Fred Bessire when she was fifteen. The marriage lasted two years.
Alfred Hitchcock's
"dial M for Murder"

If a woman answers... hang on for dear life!

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
DIAL M FOR MURDER
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STARRING RAY MILLAND, GRACE KELLY, ROBERT CUMMINGS

WITH JOHN WILLIAMS - WRITTEN BY FREDERICK KNOTT, AUTHOR OF THE STAGE PLAY
MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TINOMIN
Academy Award winners: Audrey Hepburn: best actress; William Holden: best actor; Donna Reed: best supporting actress.

Audrey Hepburn, still in Ondine make-up, was rushed to New York's Center Theatre by a police escort to receive Oscar from Jean Hersholt. Bill Holden (with wife Brenda Marshall) took Oscar with brief "Thank you," sorry that time didn't allow him to make acceptance speech. Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra won supporting Oscars for work in From Here To Eternity, which also took honors for direction, editing.

Mitzi Gaynor arrived with Jack Bean, joined m.c. Donald O'Connor to sing "The Moon is Blue"; Cecil B. DeMille followed Mitzi and Jack in.

The biggest catch in Hollywood today is not Clark Gable nor Bing Crosby. It's old man Friday himself—Jack Webb, I mean—who will soon become a movie star in his famed Dragnet after selling the rights to Warner Brothers for a hot million dollars. Now that the rumor is out that Jack is cooling with his former flame, Dorothy Towne, all the eligible glamour girls are on the prowl for this dark, moody and rich young man. I ran into Jack at Chasen's a few nights ago and he was anything but moody. To the contrary, he was very funny about his reactions to becoming a movie star after years on radio and tv.

"Guess I went kinda nuts about being on the screen," he said after dropping by my table for a chat. "First thing I did was to buy Stanley Kramer's former house which has two swimming pools and a couple of projection rooms. "Then I went and ordered a new wardrobe—everything from sweaters to tails—that would be the envy of the Duke of Windsor. "The same week, I bought a pastel car—just like the ones driven by the movie stars!"

THE NEW MARILYN MONROE
... PAT NERNEY SAYS HE'LL MARRY
JANE POWELL SOON...
HOLLYWOOD'S BEST CATCH: JACK
WEBB... LOUELLA LOVES LANA

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS
Frank Sinatra brought Frank Jr. and Nancy, made them promise not to be disappointed if he didn’t win. “Don’t you be, either,” they advised, then presented him with St. Genesius medal with Oscar engraved on back.

Lana Turner (almost unnoticed by fans in the balcony who didn’t recognize her dark hair) and Lex Barker presented the cinematography (photography to you) awards; one went to Burnett Guffy (left) for Eternity.

Clark Gable brought Grace Kelly. Other pairs at this 26th Academy Award were Corinne Calvet and John Anderson; John Wayne and Pilar Palette; Coralee Lee and Alana Ladd (using Mom and Dad’s tickets).

I laughed. “These are the facts?”
Jack nodded. “These are the facts, ma’am.”
“And how do you like all your movie star trappings now?” I asked.
“I hate ’em, just hate ’em,” said Jack. “Can’t stand that huge house. I’ve only owned it a few months and I’m putting it on the market to sell.
“Hate all those clothes, too. But I’m stuck with them. Just for spite, I’m wearing my oldest suit.
“And that car is parked in the garage gathering dust and rust while I drive my old three-year-old job.”
Jack sighed, “Guess I’m not cut out to be a bona fide movie star.”
We’ll see about that, Mr. Dragnet.

AFTERTHOUGHTS on the fabulously beautiful wedding of Joan Benny and Seth Baker:
What a laugh I got when Jack Benny whispered in my ear the real reason for the long wait before he and Joanie came down the aisle—even after the orchestra had struck up “Here Comes The Bride.”

“Oh of all things, at a time like this, Joan says she’s just got to go to the powder room!” gasped Jack.
Never have I seen such delightful young people circling in one room. Among the bridesmaids I thought Sandra Wilhoit, the tall blonde daughter of Gracie Allen and George Burns, was exceptionally beautiful.
The sentimental atmosphere seemed to have affected many estranged couples.
Even though Freddie Karger was leading the orchestra he couldn’t take his eyes off Jane Wyman—and I don’t wonder. She looked radiantly beautiful in an off the shoulder, bouffant pink dress.
Finally, Johnny Green took pity on Freddie and offered to play the piano so Karger could dance with his wife.
Bob Taylor left early for an amusing reason.
He walked right out of the Crystal Room and into the cocktail lounge at the hotel and sent a note to Barbara Stanwyck asking her to join him! She did—and they talked until closing time.
Frank Sinatra was there and so was Nancy—but they just said, “Hi,” as they passed one another.

One of the loveliest gowns in the room was worn by Piper Laurie who is sooo in love with Dick Contino—and he with her. However, the course of this true love is not running smoothly because of a serious difference in their religious faiths.

Getting back to Piper’s dress, it was a décolleté ecru chiffon with big crush roses of the same material over one shoulder. With her vivid red hair, it was a lovely effect.
The best dancer in the room was Anita Louise, wife of Buddy Adler who has won so many honors for producing From Here To Eternity. Anita danced every dance and I don’t know how her feet held up. I know I tried to do the same thing.
No mother-of-the-bride was ever so thoughtful of her guests, more sentimental, or more tired than Mary Benny. What a wonderful hostess she was!

Tony Martin was out of town, so Cyd Charisse came with the Johnny Greens. Cyd was breathtaking in a flame colored chiffon, but I continue to be surprised at the way certain cameramen fail to recognize her and pass her up for lesser celebrities. Cyd never cares.
LOVELLA PARSONS’ good news continued

Dean Martin showed up. Jerry Lewis didn't. Joan Caulfield dropped a piece of wedding cake on her beautiful gown but she laughed. "I always like to take a piece of wedding cake home to sleep on. But this is the first time I've worn it home."

It will be a long time before there’s another social event as beautiful and heartwarming as Mary and Jack’s wedding for their beloved daughter.

When Marilyn Monroe come to my house to discuss her appearance on my radio show, the bride furnished me a couple of surprises. Not formerly the neat type, Marilyn looked very chic in a black skirt, white printed blouse, and a wide belt. And every hair was in place.

Her old man, Mr. DiMaggio, likes her all spruced up, I take it.

The second surprise came as we were discussing the script. Marilyn rewrote some of it and her ideas were splendid. Don't sell this girl short. She knows her business.

Marilyn was still hopped up over her trip to Korea even though she had caught a dreadful cold. "Joe is flying home tonight," she told me proudly. "I can hardly wait for his plane to arrive."

By way of proving this, she hopped up every five minutes, went to the telephone, and checked the airport on the time of arrival.

Marilyn used to be late for everything. But not where Joe is concerned. She tore out of my house to be at the airport ahead of time when her Joe flew in.

Love is wonderful.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have been having terrible fights and it’s obvious that somebody has been giving one of the boys, or both, very bad advice.

Jerry admitted to me that they went to it hammer and tongs, on location in Phoenix making The Big Top. But, over the telephone, he said:

"It was rough going for us for awhile. But I wish all marriages were as steady as our partnership is now. We won't break up."

Several years ago, it was noise around that the wives of Dean and Jerry didn’t hit it off socially. My spies, however, report that the ladies aren’t the cause of the present hassle.

As I get it, Dean was very unhappy about his small role in The Big Top and insisted on a rewrite. Someone is telling Dean that he is getting the worst of it in the Martin and Lewis teaming.

Don’t think for a minute that I’m putting all the blame on Dean. Jerry has been in a bit of a battling mood himself lately. Not long ago he and his pal, Tony Curtis, had a big blow-up and didn’t speak for several months.

Let’s hope nothing serious comes between Martin and Lewis. No matter what they may think, neither would be so good without the other.

THE STRANGE and temperamental behavior of a certain big league star (feminine) is due to her almost neurotic belief that she has cancer.

The amazing thing about this is that the doctors say she has no malignancy. But she broods and broods to the point where it may eventually wreck her health—and her career.

Jane Powell says she and Pat Neary did not get married in Mexico City where he met her on her return from the Rio festival. "We have no wedding plans," says Jane.

That isn’t what Pat is saying. "We’ll marry as soon as Jane’s divorce is final," says the good-looking Neary, formerly married to Mona Freeman.

I’m betting Pat’s right.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Julia Adams is the only brunette Donald O’Connor has ever fallen for—and as this is written Don’s fallen! ... If such a thing is possible, Mitzi Gaynor’s eyelashes are too thick. A wag said, "Mitzi’s eyes are bordered in mink!" ... I’ve said it before and I’m going to say it again: Doris Day is too plainly dressed in public. She wears high necks and long sleeves when the other girls are bare as far as they dare. ... Saw Liz Taylor shopping with her baby in a Beverly Hills toy shop. Liz was wearing a blue slacks suit—and on her slacks look good—which is more than I can say for all movie queens. Most men don’t like them, but Liz told me, "Mike thinks they’re cute and very American." ... Jeff Chandler’s developing an "I-Want-To-Be-alone" complex almost as conspicuous as Greta Garbo’s. He wags every where. ... Speaking of recluses, what’s hap- pened to Dale Robertson—practically invisible since his rift with his wife? ... The biggest feud in town is still Mrs. Rory Calhoun and Nora Flynn Haymes. ... Never in her life has Jeanne Crain been more beautiful—and

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Also in Canada

Joon Crawford’s 45th-birthday party was given at New York’s The Harwys. Danny Kaye and press agent O’Shea were among the guests.

Joon’s former husband. Frontchat Tone, arrived to congratulate her; they saw each other often in New York, but it’s not serious, they maintain.
From halfway across the world, a lovely young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles...to battle plague and savage elephants...and to learn of her own secret passions—from her husband's best friend!

In

ELEPHANT WALK

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

YOU'LL SEE the most dangerous scene of destruction ever filmed!
YOU'LL SEE the unparalleled splendors of Ceylon's jungles!

Produced by IRVING ASHER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Screenplay by JOHN LEE MAHIN
Based on the Novel by Robert Standish • A Paramount Picture
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

she's always been beautiful. . . Pretty cute and sweet of Frank Sinatra to have as his Academy Award guests his lovely thirteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, and ten-year-old Frankie, Jr.

The "teef" Lana Turner Barker and I have been carrying on over her dark hair (I said in print that I didn't like it and Lana told another writer she didn't care who liked it or who didn't, she did) came to an end when I arrived at her cocktail party.

It was the first formal event Lana and Lex had staged since their marriage and it was a charming affair.

When I walked in, Lana said, "Look, Louella. I've put light streaks in front just for you!"

When you get right down to it, I'd like Lana's looks if she dyed her hair purple. I just like Lana.

A prediction: Debbie Reynolds will be the biggest little star in Hollywood after you see her in Susan Slept Here. Debbie really reaches the heights as a polished comedienne in that picture.

May I add with justifiable pride that the very amusing picture was produced by Harriet Parsons, a young woman very close to my heart. And wait until you see Dick Powell as her beau.

I love this movie—and I think you will, too.

TAKE A BOW, Miss Stanwyck. Vic Damone says Barbara is the best dancer in Hollywood.

"And notice what a wonderfully graceful walk she has," opined Vic who usually dates only the younger girls, "probably the most beautiful walk of any actress, including professional dancers, in Hollywood."

LINDA CHRISTIAN power and Tyrone Power heatedly denied that they had a battle at dinner in a nightspot. The story went that Linda blew her top when Ty started to tell a story and yelled so all could hear:

"Good heavens! Are you going to tell that same old, old, old story all over again?"

The whole thing hands me a chuckle. Whether Linda yelled at Ty or not, many

UNDER A BUSHEL?

Well, crawl out on and let us see your light! There's no reason for your loves to be a secret, you know ... and if you're peeved a little, why, get it off your chest! You'll find a coupon below just waiting to tell the world your opinions. We therefore suggest that you get busy and blow your horn in a hurry—because we're offering one very useful dollar bill for each of the first hundred opinions to reach us.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

[Box with check boxes for stories and features]

Which of the stories did you like least?

[Box with space to write answer]

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

[Box with space to write answer]

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

[Box with space to write answer]

Which photographs in this issue do you like best?

[Box with space to write answer]

My name is ........................................

My address is ........................................

City ........................................

Occupation ........................................

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
wives who have listened to the "same old, old, old story" hundreds of times can certainly sympathize with her.

The Letter Box: From Pine Bluff, Arkansas, "L. C." asks my aid in getting her married to Bing Crosby! "My dear, almost every eligible female from six to sixty has the same idea."

Mrs. Anne Heller, Lansdowne, Pa., writes: "Marlon Brando is superb in Julius Caesar. People who take cracks at his temperament must be jealous."

Oh, now come, come, come, "J.M.," Astoria, New York, requesting: "Please send me the name, make, model and size of the bra worn by Janet Leigh in Walking My Baby Back Home."

"N.W.," of Sanford, Florida, is through with "vain Vittorio Gassman" after the shamful way he treated Shelley Winters. "Shelley did her part, I don't blame her for screaming when she arrived in Rome."

The last letter this month—and the best—comes from Margo Danielje, who sends me a personal close-up of the stars she saw in Buenos Aires during the South American film festival. Margo writes:

"Everywhere Fred MacMurray and June Haver went they were loved and greeted by cries, 'MacMurray and La Monjita!' (meaning June, the little nun).

"Wendell Corey has such gracious manners and he is so well dressed.

"Irene Dunne was the hardest to recognize. She went to church the most often.

"Edward G. Robinson delighted all by looking so much like himself on the screen—even to riding in an open car, smoking a big, fat cigar just like Little Caesar.

"Ann Miller is a very glamorous and wears such gorgeous clothes the crowds wondered why she is not a greater star in the U.S.A.

"We were surprised that Jeanette MacDonald's hair is carrot-color. But she has a dazzling smile.

"Joan Fontaine was very much the lady both in her looks and action. She wore the least make-up.

"South American fans do not forget. So is it any wonder that the crowds cheered themselves almost into a frenzy when small, dainty-looking and so young Mary Pickford stepped from her car blowing kisses?"

Thank you so very much, Margo, for your intimate observations about our traveling Hollywoodians.

---

Presto Pork Chops

12 minutes

Recipe

5 pork chops, 3/4 inch thick 1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper 1 tbsp. milk
1 cup corn flake crumbs 3 tbsp. fat
1 cup corn flakes — milk mixture —
Season. Roll in corn flakes — milk mixture again in crumbs. Heat cooker, add fat. Brown chops on both sides. Add water. Place cover on cooker, IN JUST 12 MINUTES... THE MOST FLAVORFUL, TENDER BREADED PORK CHOPS YOU'VE EVER SERVED!

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Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Love has ended
loneliness for June Haver
and Fred MacMurray.
But it has created new
problems, even harder
to solve.

BY ALICE HOFFMANN

Six months ago June Haver
twenty-seven, and Fred MacMurray
forty-five, were unhappy—really
unhappy. June, unable to adjust to
the life of a novitiate and com-
plete her orders to become a nun,
had returned to Hollywood from
a Roman Catholic convent
at Xavier, Kansas.
Fred had recently lost his wife
Lillian. They had been married sevem-
teen years, and theirs was one of
the most successful marriages
in Hollywood.
Without Lillian the husky film
actor felt lost. He had two adopted
children to bring up, Susan
fourteen, and Robert ten. And
he just didn't know what to do.

For weeks June and Fred
moped around town trying to ad-
just their individual lives.
June bleached her hair, bought a
new wardrobe and started dating
an old family friend, Joe Campbell.
Fred couldn't bring himself
even to dine with another woman,
so fresh in his heart and mind
was the memory of his lovely Lillian.
But time heals all wounds, and
eventually Fred and June found them-
selves at Ned Marin's Gay
Nineties party.
“T'm glad I went,” he says now.
“Because I met June there and I
got to know her well. And some-
how she succeeded in turning the
shadows into sunshine.”

Early this year Fred and June began
going around together. Very
sedately, very quietly. But in Holly-
wood secrets are impossible to
keep, and it wasn’t very long before
both of them admitted to strong
affection. (Continued on page 14)
Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtledove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.
Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

“I scour 4500 pots and pans a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!”

Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why? No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper than Jergens Lotion. It never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).

Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously improved for fifty years to help heal chapped red hands instantly!

Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. Yet, you pay less for Jergens, the world's favorite hand care.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

(Continued from page 12) "Are you in love with Fred MacMurray?" June was asked in February.

She smiled and from the way she smiled anyone could see that she was. But all she would say was, "I'm not dating anyone else." Her love for Fred was implicit.

Fred, the handsome giant (six feet, three, 196 pounds) from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, was reluctant, too, to discuss his private life in public.

"All I'm going to say is that June is a fine girl. I consider it a privilege to have her as a friend.

"She's more than a friend," he was pressed, "isn't she?"

MacMurray grinned. "Okay, she's a good friend.

Obviously, Fred didn't want to admit last February that he was falling in love with June, and she with him. MacMurray is shy, modest and conservative.

Over the years he has rarely made an impetuous move. He is not the type of man to elope with a beautiful girl. Nor has he ever worn his heart on his sleeve.

He is a man who judges, measures and weighs all his actions. June is the same kind of young woman.

So when Fred asked June to accompany him to the Brazilian and Argentine Film Festivals in March, most of Hollywood knew that this was the trial-and-test period before the engagement announcement.

With twenty-five other film stars June and Fred took off for South America. June had no trousseau with her, and Fred had no marriage ring in his cash pocket.

They spent three hectic weeks in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. They got to know each other better, to see each other under a very special set of circumstances. And they liked what they saw. Despite all the South American attractions, they had eyes only for each other. One actress who returned to Hollywood before the others, remarked, "Fred and June are real gone. Bet they're married before the year is out."

The wire services didn't wait for the year to report that June Haver and Fred MacMurray planned to elope to Kingston, Jamaica, and to get married on March 20.

The Miami Daily News had said in a copyrighted yarn that Joan Fontaine had revealed the romantic nuptial plans upon arriving from Panama.

It is true that Joan had flown up with June and Fred as far as Panama, but it is not true that she told a representative from Pan-American Airlines that "they got off at the Canal Zone. Then they're going to Kingston, Jamaica, to get married."

According to Miss Fontaine, this is what happened.

"My plane landed at Miami at six-forty-five a.m. You know how it is when a plane lands. Much talk. Much hustle and bustle. "June and Fred had gotten off in Panama. They both wanted to rest. "Some fellow from the airlines came up to us at Miami and started to check his manifest. 'Where,' he asked, 'are Miss Haver and Mr. MacMurray? Where are Mr. and Mrs. Flynn?' "As I say, there was much yacking. We explained that June and Fred had gotten off in Panama that morning. So had Errol and Pat Flynn. The Flynns have a home in Jamaica. I think Errol keeps his yacht there. Someone said that the Flynns had taken a plane for Kingston, Jamaica. "Somehow, June and Fred were mistaken for Errol and Pat. The Miami newspapers were phoned, and the story went out that they were eloping to Jamaica.

"If I had known that they had such plans, which apparently they didn't, I never would have told anyone."

The local newsmen talked to MacMurray at El Panama Hotel where he and June were staying.
"You and Miss Haver planning to get married?" a reporter asked.

"It could happen," Fred said good-naturedly.

"Could it happen here?" another reporter asked. "There was an inquiry a little while ago at the District Court in Ancon. Someone wanted to know about the possibility of your getting a marriage license in the Canal Zone."

"I can tell you this," Fred said. "We're not going to get married in Panama."

"Where do you plan to go from here?"

"On Saturday night," Fred said, "we're catching a plane for Hollywood."

In Panama, June said nothing to reporters. She let Fred do all the talking, but back in Hollywood many were sure that June would not get married until she received a Papal Dispensation annulling her 1947 marriage to trumpet player Jimmy Zito. June is a devout Catholic convert. Fred MacMurray is a church-going Presbyterian. His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister.

How can these two reconcile their religious differences?

No matter how strong his love for June, Fred probably has no intention of converting from the Presbyterian church to the Catholic Church. He has brought up his two children in the Presbyterian faith and he believes strongly in most of its precepts. He has absolutely no objections to June's beliefs and he admires her for her devotion to them.

Without the Papal Dispensation, June would be committing a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church if she married Fred. That's why a wedding isn't likely until she gets the Dispensation.

But anything can happen and the lovers might be married as you read these very words. But it isn't likely.

Aside from their religions, Fred and June have so much in common that they should be able to make a lasting marriage. They both come from midwestern homes. Both have musical backgrounds. Both have been in show business most of their lives. And both have been married.

Gol reporter asked Lionel Barrymore if he finds acting as much fun as he used to. He snorted. "Look, I'm 75 years old. NOTHING is as much fun as it used to be!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

June knows the value of a dollar, and Fred has many dollars. In twenty years, he has starred in about seventy-five films. He owns an 860-acre ranch, one of the finest herds of cattle in the West, a knitting mill, an apartment hotel, an oil company, four apartment houses and one of the most beautifully furnished homes (Early American) in Brentwood.

He is unassailable and one of the most likeable actors in Hollywood.

He has insisted over and over again, "I can't act. I'm just lucky."

In the seventeen years of his marriage, never once was he touched by a whiff of scandal. While Lillian was sick, more than one girl made a play for Fred. He didn't even look interested.

He never goes to see any of his own movies until they're playing in small neighborhood theatres where he can go in unrecognized. When people ask him if he's Fred MacMurray, he grins and says, "Everyone says there's a resemblance."

Right now, Fred is considered the best catch in Hollywood. And everyone is glad that June Haver appears to have caught him. For June also rates best.

(Fred MacMurray will be seen in The Caine Mutiny.)

---

Are you in the know?

Should a college candidate plan to make—

- Hay while the sun shines
- A summer conquest

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery now (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whisper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that holds its shape. Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to stay soft while wearing!

To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

- A razor
- A lightweight
- Sandpaper

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.

If not asked to the Big Dance, try a—

- Trip to Grandma's
- Gay fray
- Crying towel

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninvites (you're not the only one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish calendar blues . . . be confident with Kotex. You get extra absorbency, for extra protection; poise!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

---

Have you tried new Delsey® toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex® tissues. Each tissue tears even—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And now Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.
Reader's Digest

Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM
THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories. It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, x-rays showed far fewer cavities for those people who used New Colgate's with Gardol! No new cavities for 4 out of 5.

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of such effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL
(”SODIUM N- LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

JULIUS LA ROSA:

HOW NERVOUS CAN YOU GET?

Julius sees life through La Rosa-colored glasses, but Hollywood doesn't see Julius that way.

- A few weeks ago Jimmy Durante remarked, "The trouble with a lot of youngsters these days is that they want to start in at the top of show business and work their way up."

One of these, Hollywood suspects, is Julius La Rosa, the handsome young crooner from Brooklyn who gained national attention when Arthur Godfrey fired him because he wasn't humble enough.

Julius suddenly found himself in demand for television and nightclub appearances. He accepted a bid from Ciro's, one of Hollywood's plumiest, and was advertised by them as "the year's most exciting personality." But he didn't do very good business. Just fair. Nor did he make many friends.

Julius whirled into the swank Beverly Hills Hotel and gave orders that he didn't want the phone to ring until he gave his okay. During the afternoon reporters were surprised when they were told that the ex-seaman was still asleep. Curious about his schedule, they asked the bellhops about Julius and his friends.

Said one, "I think he's about as humble as King Farouk."

He was never seen with a date, though he did consent to pose at Ciro's with Terry Moore.

Julius was belligerent when questioned about Dorothy McGuire, a singer on the Godfrey program.

"We don't mention her name," Julius told a reporter.

"Why?" the reporter wondered. The incident had made national headlines when Miss McGuire's husband, in the Army in Korea, flew home to talk it over with her and apparently persuaded her not to get a divorce.

Julius reddened. "I told you we
don't mention her," he repeated. "Don't you get it?"

One evening a reporter entered La Rosa's dressingroom at Ciro's. "I have an appointment to interview—" he began. La Rosa spun him around and tossed him out of the room!

A minute later, one of La Rosa's assistants came running out. The newsman explained that Ciro's press agent had arranged an interview with La Rosa for him. "Is this the way your boy treats people?" he asked.

"Holy smokes!" the assistant wailed. "You'll have to forgive him. He's so nervous he didn't know."

"Okay," the newsman said. "Tell him I'll be waiting in the back of the club." He waited for quite some time —including some time after La Rosa had passed by (kissing two girls on the way), and sat down for a chat with his booking agent. After more unpleasantness, an apology came from La Rosa.

"I'm so sorry about last night and that reporter," he told the press agent's secretary. "I was so nervous. I had a rough time during the first show. There was a heckler down front. Really, I'm very sorry."

Studio representatives who watched La Rosa perform at Ciro's said they weren't interested in him for the movies until his voice had been trained considerably more. They added that he seemed to have a pleasant personality. Their wives thought he was cute.

The press is inclined to disagree. If the reporter who was tossed out of the dressingroom had not held the story, La Rosa would have been blasted in all the newspapers in Los Angeles County.
Guest talks frankly to hostess

BETTY: Oh Sue, isn't that a package of Tampax? Do you use it?
SUE: I certainly do. And what a relief it was to get rid of bulky external pads with all their problems. Haven't you tried Tampax yet?
BETTY: Oh no, I couldn't possibly wear anything internally.
SUE: Listen, my dear, I used to think Tampax wasn't for me either. Ann was my good angel in that department; she told me all about how it was invented by a doctor, and used by millions of women... and I've been using it ever since. Honestly, it's wonderful!

IT'S TRUE! Tampax sanitary protection can be used by any normal woman. It's made of pure white surgical cotton in disposable applicators... eliminates chafing... odor... disposal problems. Actually the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place. Can be worn in shower or tub, or even while swimming. Month's supply goes into purse. Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter. 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

picture of the month...

PRINCE VALIANT. A comic strip is brought to CinemaScopic life in Prince Valiant, and all the color, adventure, romance and flatness of character of the former medium are lavishly transcibed. Prince Valiant (Robert Wagner) comes out of exile to the court of King Arthur (Brian Aherne) for training as a knight. He's pledged to win back the throne of Scandia for his father (Donald Crisp) who was divested of it by the evil Sligon (Primo Carnera) and his lusty Viking followers. Sligon has made a deal with a mysterious Black Knight. Bring me Valiant and his folk, says he, and I'll give you a thousand Vikings to overthrow King Arthur. Who is the Black Knight? Don't ask. It isn't Sterling Hayden (Sir Gawain) who takes Valiant as his squire. Could be anyone at Arthur's round table—Don Megowan, Richard Webb, John Dierkes, James Mason, Tom Conway. Trust Valiant to find out and finish him! Meanwhile love blooms around princesses Janet Leigh and Debra Paget, war rages in the ancient castle of Scandia where Valiant almost singlehandedly subdues a horde of horn-capped Vikings and pageantry flourishes at Camelot where knights in armor meet on the tournament plain. Critics may carp at Valiant's complete unreality, but kids of all ages will love it. Technicolor—20th Century-Fox
ROSE MARIE  Maybe the Mounties always get their man but a woman's harder to snare, especially when she has all of the Canadian Rockies to be elusive in. Howard Keel is a Mountie in this latest version of the operetta Rose Marie. And Ann Blyth, possessed of a voice that does not falter before "Indian Love Call," is a wild young waif brought to heel and, eventually, to Fernando Lamas, footloose and fancy free. Even in sparsely populated areas Fernando manages to break hearts (one he should have left intact belongs to Indian maiden Joan Taylor). Now Fernando joins Keel in pursuit of Ann. Keel's pinch is largely vocal, Fernando's is vocal, too, but his charm lies in the pauses. Eastman Color and CinemaScope capture the magnificence of the Rockies and of a slightly smaller wonder—Bert Lahr. Mountie by choice but certainly not by avocation.—MGM.

MAN WITH A MILLION  There isn't a humorist to beat Mark Twain, but that isn't the only reason this is such a delightful, winning film. The acting, the setting, the vibrant colors, the whole tone of J. Arthur Rank's production can hardly be improved. Based on Twain's Million Pound Note, the story occurs in London at the turn of the century. Impoverished American Gregory Peck accidentally meets a couple of eccentric millionaires who present him with the note. They've bet that mere possession of it for even one month will open all doors. Peck tries cashing the million but no one has that much gold. Instead he's offered unlimited credit, becomes the most sought after man in England, wins the love of society girl Jane Griffiths. When that bank note mysteriously disappears Peck's life shifts into reverse gear. There's gentle hilarity here, but most of the fun is in its clever running comment on human nature. Technicolor.—C.A.

LA RONDE  La Ronde is a French film with English titles. Master of ceremonies Anton Walbrook introduces a group of characters who play out a merry-go-round of love affairs. The round starts with street girl (Simone Simon) and ends with her. Soldier Serge Reggiani picks her up, drops her for a maid (Simone Simon), drops her, too. Simone forms an entente with her employer's son (Daniel Gelin) but he bires easily, turns to married woman Danielle Darrieux. Danielle's middle-aged bashand pays court to model Odette Joyeux who loves poet Jean-Louis Barrault who's mad about actress Isa Miranda who covets a count (Gerard Philippe) who wanders dazed into the night and waiting arms of number one girl Signoret. The incidents are deftly told with much humor. They're spicy, suggestive but at the same time reveal new concepts, sad and empty of fulfillment such daffiness is.—Released by Leon Brandt.

She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out PINK PLUM
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sunripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Candy Jones  (Mrs. Harry)  Conover School Director

Cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
I dreamed
I was a private eye in my
maidenform bra

I'm reading past the headlines—searching for clues about this most-wanted figure! "Arresting to look at... last seen in America's most famous bra, and no supporting evidence!"

Why, it's me in my new Maidenform strapless—the thriller with a secret
no one would suspect!

NIGHT PEOPLE Swiftly paced, fast talking, full of intrigue and strong-shouldered action, NIGHT PEOPLE is a bopped-up suspense film. When it's over you may wonder what happened but not while it's on. A young soldier (Ted Allen Avery) is kidnapped from the American sector in Germany. His father, industrialist, Broderick Crawford, flies to Berlin to give orders to Colonel Gregory Peck. Peck takes orders from nobody. A woman named Holly (Anita Bjork) is a go-between for him and some Russians who'll give up the boy for a couple of hatted, anti-Nazi, middle-aged people. This deal is considered with many midnight meetings, setbacks and surprises. The couple attempt suicide, and Crawford's determination to get back his son at any price weakens. Peck carries his assignment through to a dynamic climax, assisted by Rita Gam, Walter Abel, Buddy Ebsen, Casey Adams. CINEMA SCOPE.—20th Century-Fox.

FRENCH LINE There must be more to Jane Russell than meets the eye in FRENCH LINE—but not much more. Her problem is: she's too rich. That is, in this movie she's an heiress out of Texas and nobody has the nerve to marry her. Anyway, nobody in the United States. So she sails for France. Her garrulous guardian, Arthur Hunnicutt, hires Frenchman Gilbert Roland to chaperone her, which is like hiring a wolf to tend sheep. Unknown to Roland, Jane has switched identities with model Joyce MacKenzie. But Roland isn't dumb. He falls for Jane. This makes her nervous, also enraged when he ignores her for "the heiress." Before that boat reaches Paris (where Jane's pal Mary McCarthy will stage a fashion show) everything has become hopelessly complicated. But it's gay and frothy, studded with songs and gags—all more rewarding to follow than the plot. Technicolor.—ROK.

THEM! Case you've ever wondered about the effects of atomic radiation here's something that ought to unset your mind. Giant ants. Maybe fifteen to twenty feet long. Everybody knows that even little, tiny ants are smart—set up colonies, conduct wars, employ slave labor and lift objects twice their own weight. State policeman James Whitmore and Chris Drake come upon a child (Sandy Descher) in a state of shock. Her family's trailer has been torn to shreds. A general store up the road has been torn to shreds and its owner, quite helpless, tossed into the basement. Is a homicidal maniac on the prowl? No. Giant ants are all. Entomologists Edmund Gwenn and daughter Joan Weldon tackle the situation scientifically. With the aid of FBI man James Arness, a large part of the Army and martial law they destroy that they hope to be the last ant nest, in the drainage system of Los Angeles.—Warner
PRISONER OF WAR  This is a fictional account of events whose brutality exceeds the imagination. It's concerned with American prisoners of war in Korea and a study of methods used to wring confessions of germ warfare and the like out of them. Soldier Ronald Reagan has orders to report on camp conditions and joins a march of 700 captives. Two hundred make it to camp, and are immediately ordered (by Russian Colonel Omar Homolka) to perform setting-up exercises. They resist in a body but "every man has his breaking point," Reagan warns his buddies. Dewey Martin's comes early with the offer of food and a pocket comb and he's put in charge of his cell. Reagan seems to be won over by a natural cynicism. Others submit to horrendous tortures and die like heroes or, too broken in body and spirit, sign away their honor. Cast: Steve Forrest, Robert Horton, Paul Stewart, Darryl Hickman—MGM.

THE SIEGE AT RED RIVER  Guess there were a lot of good guys on the wrong side of the Civil War. Like Van Johnson—Georgia born. Charming? My word! He's just charmed a Union troop train out of a Gatling gun. Plans to sneak it to the Rebs in his medicine show wagon. Pinkerton detective Jeff Morrow catches on, but not fast enough. Union Nurse Joanne Dru falls for Van who claims to be a conscientious objector. Unwittingly, she takes the Gatling out of town in her wagon. An early psychotic mance of Richard Boone—Van's hirdling—rides with her. What does Boone do but dump Joanne into the back seat and sell the gun to Indians. These Indians are preparing to level a fort teeming with Union wives and children. Soft-hearted Johnson stems that massacre. Lucky the war's just about over, though, or he'd have been hung for a spy. Technicolor.—20th Century-Fox.

HELL BELOW ZERO  Alan Ladd flies to Capetown to heat up a crook. This accomplished, he feels much better. Good enough to sign on as first mate of a whaler headed for the Antarctic. Because Joa Tettel is going that way to find out who killed her father, co-owner of the whaling fleet. Living co-owner, Basil Sydney, says that Dad committed suicide. So says Basil's son (Stanley Baker), who is now continuing operations. Baker has murder written all over his face, but the one man who's willing to talk catches a flying knife in his chest. Ladd panics Baker, though, and soon there's plenty of action. Ladd's boat is marooned on an icepack. Baker's best ram it, both boats stick and everybody's left shivering in tents on the snow. But don't touch that light switch, Ladd isn't dead yet! Shots of whales being harpooned and worked over by actual factory crews are exciting. Technicolor.—Col.

Often a bridesmaid... Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily... so quickly... and for hours on end, usually? It's the extra-careful precaution against offending, four times better than any toothpaste.

No toothpaste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Toothpaste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning... every night... before every date.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath

4 times better than any tooth paste

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New beauty for your hair with
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This amazing shampoo creation, with elemental protein of real eggs powdered in a wonderful cleansing formula, adds new gleam to hair instantly! Hair itself is protein so it naturally benefits from this affinity of protein to protein.

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CREME RINSE takes only a minute more—seals in the gleam. Leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set. Try it on children’s hair too, no more snarls to comb through!

---

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD The only thing Mickey Rooney knows is automobiles. He works in a garage, dreams of racing in the European meets, but he might as well dream about rocketing to Mars. He’s poor, bespectacled and shy. The only woman he ever talks to is his landlady. Enter beautiful Dianne Foster. Come sun with me at Malibu, she coos, and poor Mickey’s so gone it never enters his head she has ulterior motives provided by Kevin McCarthy and Jack Kelly who live high on the beach from living low at other times. They know Mickey’s an expert driver. If he wanted to rob a bank in California, for instance, and make a getaway he’d hit Canada before anyone called the cops. But he doesn’t want to rob a bank; they do. Come in with us for fifteen thousand dollars, they plead. Go ahead, says Dianne. The pathos of his disillusionment, the tragedy caused by his trust heightened an otherwise sordid drama.—Col.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BEAT THE DEVIL (U.A.): This charming and sophisticated comedy involves Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida in a variety of hilarious situations ranging from larceny to lunacy. A fantastically funny film.

NEW FACES (20th-Fox): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical’s original cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she slinks her way through “Monotonous,” “C’est St Bon,” “Santa Baby,” other hits.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (MGM): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

TOP BANANA (20th): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-TV comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

RHAPSODY (MGM): Liz Taylor, Vittorio Gassman and John Ericson are the passionate, bewildered people in this story of artists and love. Great music on the soundtrack. Technicolor on the screen.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (A.A.): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tensest, most exciting convict movies ever made.

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER (MGM): Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, hilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her zany ways. Technicolor.

MAN IN THE ATTIC (20th-Fox): Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS (Paramount): This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it’s funny, too!

ACT OF LOVE (U.A.): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

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$1.50 plus tax
ADVENTURES OF AN EX-CHOIR BOY NAMED SMITH

Wherein Robert Van Orden changes his name and makes a hit.

Until his voice cracked, Hollywood's newest rage was a boy soprano with the Mitchell Boys' Choir. Beyond working with them in *The Bells Of Saint Mary's*, Robert Van Orden's only contact with movies was as a messenger boy and later as a dispatcher of messenger boys for MGM. This was fine with Bob, who at twenty-three could pay the rent and eat steak once a week.

He swears that he never thought of becoming an actor. He just happened to drop into the casting office to say hello to an old buddy. But at that precise moment actor's agent Henry Willson walked through the place for the first time in five years, spotted Van Orden and figured they could turn an honest dollar together.

Willson also figured that there were too many Vans in the entertainment business and too many Roberts. "Besides," he announced, "I am tired of being razed for inventing such names as Rock Hudson, not to mention Tab Hunter. I swore that the next time I discovered an actor, I'd name him something as American as apple pie."

So ex-choir boy Robert Van Orden became John Smith. Everywhere he goes, people ask, "What was that name again?" But on the roster of Wayne-Fellows Productions, John Smith stands high. He's the big boy discovery of *The High And The Mighty*. According to Director William Wellman, "He lights up the screen like a Christmas tree." John Wayne adds, "He'll make a lot of actors move over." Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds, his recent dates, don't say a thing. They just whistle.

*Soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "Vera Cruz." (Released through United Artists—Color by Technicolor) says, "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"*
All the people who think Wally Cox is as shy as Mr. Peepers don't know the whole story. Cox, in private life, may be quiet, but he can be very firm. When he puts his foot down, it stays down and NBC knows it. When the network tried to move his show from New York to California, Wally didn't yell or even raise his voice. He just said no, in his soft voice, and NBC gave up. They knew he meant it. Wally never has liked Hollywood; in fact, he actively dislikes it. When he signed with NBC, there were many clauses in his contract that were more to the network's benefit than to Wally's. But he did make sure of one thing: one clause read that he didn't have to go to California, ever, if he didn't want to. And he doesn't want to. (He agreed to a two-week visit a few months back, but he didn't change his mind while he was there.) NBC could move the show to Hollywood if they wanted to, but they wouldn't have Wally Cox if they did. And what would Mr. Peepers be without him? Nothing. And they know it. One clause in his contract that Wally couldn't fix up was the salary. He's making much less than many stars of his caliber, and there's nothing he can do about it—except do some more work. That's why he's been showing up on so many panel programs. He wants the money. He also loves 'em because they're so little work—and because he thinks he's good on them. Lots of viewers have the impression that Wally doesn't care about public acclaim. But he does. He has his friends watch his performances, and he's almost childlike about their praise. He was absolutely elated when they told him he was terrific on What's My Line? His current ambition, in fact, is to be on a panel show every week. Outside of his concern with money matters (which amuses him when he stops to think how broke he used to be) Wally is the same person he was before he went into show business. He still stays at home and makes things out of silver.

Silversmith Cox

He hasn't forgotten one thing about being a silversmith (which is what he started out to be). He's even been known to pay $25 for a silver belt buckle and then reshape it to the size he wants! Everyone thinks Sloan Simpson is a petite lady. She isn't. She's very tall, not at all as thin as she photographs. And her voice is much deeper than it is on radio or TV. The rilt in the Walter Cronkite household seems to be patched up. Mrs. C. and the two little girls moved from their house in Washington to an apartment in New York right after Walter started working on The Morning Show. Bill and Cora Baird, whose puppets are as amusing at seven A.M. as J. Fred Muggs is, have adopted a little boy. And, as is often the case, he looks just like his new father! The Bairds are ecstatic, they're so happy to have a child at last; and little Pete couldn't have a home more full of fun. The Bairds have some 1,000 puppets! Pete's favorite so far: one made in the image of the late mayor of New York City, Fiorello LaGuardia. Pete says good night to him every night. Nobody has to guess who's going to be the most popular boy in the neighborhood when Pete gets a little older! All the kids will want to play at Pete's house! Art Carney may be funny on the Jackie Gleason Show, but in person he's so quiet you hardly know he's there, let alone know he's a comedian. He doesn't particularly like to be interviewed because the whole procedure bores him (lots of celebrities would say "Ditto" to that sentiment) and he's likely to clam up almost completely. He seldom drinks because he's not a good drinker, so liquor can't be used to warm him up. A very serious-minded fellow, Art is strictly a family man with three children who wants to further his career. He's not one for the gay party life that comes with TV success. You'd have a hard time finding him at Shor's or Lindy's (Continued on page 77)
...can be a reality when you're wearing a Sea Nymph glamour suit that stays up, down and put, always! Here, the sculptured look for sure-allure, with built-in uplift bra and side boning for strapless control. Of bengaline Lastex in Celaperm® colors that won't run or fade; 32 to 38. All this glamour, yours for only $9 Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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Want new beauty, glamour?

asks Penny Oster

Then take a hint from the most exciting and beautiful women today! Don't let facial and body muscles deteriorate . . . don't over-tax your nervous system. Tone up muscles and nerves daily with a stimulating, relaxing massage.

Most beauty experts agree, massaging is the surest way to new glamour. It helps relax tired muscles and nerves. That's why more and more women everywhere are depending on a new beauty aid for home use.

It's called the OSTER MASSAGETT and it's so safe and easy to use (light as a feather, fits right on the back of your hand) you can be your own magic masseuse anytime you like—and for mere pennies.

Thanks to the MASSAGETT'S action, helpful massage movements are relayed to your fingertips . . .

* To give you the most glorious sparkle-eyed folks!
* To help relieve tense nerves, tight muscles . . . to refresh tired, aching feet after a long, hard day or after strenuous sports!

* To help relax and glamorize your entire body!

How much? Only $19.95—or, as we said before, just a few pennies each glamour treatment every day.


Introducing Herb Shriner who's introducing two new Shriners—identical twin boys!

SLEEPY HERB exomines milk for twins' 2 A.M. feeding. Their bottles are labeled "A" and "B" but even Herb can't tell the twins apart!

BORED HERB waits for milk to heat while feeding is delayed. Shriners don't own a double-barreled warmer so bottles are heated singly.

CONFUSED HERB can tell cribs apart "but if anyone switches the twins, I'm a gone!" Even harder is simultaneous double burping!

BEAMING HERB holds Kin (named for comedian Kin Hubbard) and Will (for Will Rogers) while wife Pixie takes charge of daughter Indy.

The Herb Shriners' twins have already provided Herb with considerable humorous material for his popular CBS television and radio show, Two For The Money. Shortly after the twins' birth, he told his audience, "When the doctor first brought out the two babies at the hospital, I thought he was just giving me a choice."

In addition to being one of the top stars of television, the sponsor of the International Motor Sports Show, and a smart business man, Herb is a most prodigious putterer. He is a model car fancier, an amateur photographer, a recording equipment bug, and most recently, a sailing enthusiast.

Someone once said that the secret of Herb Shriner's success as our best folk humorist was that he always looked like he needed a haircut. Around his own house, he's as relaxed as an Indiana wheat farmer at a family picnic. Off the air, he wears casual clothes, and admits that he hasn't bought a new suit for two years. "Pixie says if I don't get some more clothes, she won't go out with me. But now that we have the twins, I don't suppose we'll be getting out much anyway."

(HERB CAN ALSO BEEN SEEN IN MGM'S MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY.)
For brides of the past, present and future!

LANE CEDAR CHESTS

There’s no happier way to get started with your wedding day plans than with a Lane Cedar Chest! Magically, it gathers gifts—the kind every bride-to-be wants for her home—heavenly blankets, exquisite linens, dainty lingerie.

A Lane helps you to be the perfect housewife, too—providing such safe and hand-

some storage space. It keeps precious woolens—suits, sweaters, dresses, coats—sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

One nice garment saved from moths can pay for your Lane Cedar Chest! At most leading furniture and department stores. Also makers of Lane Tables.

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world’s largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many Easy terms

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$49.95*

*Living at...
Yes, Eleanor Parker uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin... foams into rich lather, even in hardest water... leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrant hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!
A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE:

Susan Hayward's Story

The headlines told only half the story. Here is the actual testimony of Susan, Jess—and the surprise third witness!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

Through the confusing examination and cross-examination, through the cold ritual of the courts, a clear picture of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker's marriage and unhappy separation unfolded. This was a typical Hollywood plot—the romance of Jess, a promising young star, and Susan, an obscure leading lady of the B-pictures—except for one ironic twist of fate. Barker was dubious about a marriage that might hamper his career, but Susan, (Continued on page 87)
by Bob Thomas

the FACE
is FAMILIAR

AND SO IS THE FIGURE. BUT THIS IS A LANA NO ONE HAS MET TILL NOW—HAPPY, HOMEY AND BRUNETTE!

The name of this brown-haired doll is Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner Shaw Crane Topping Barker. You know her better as a blonde and by a briefer handle—Lana Turner. In other ways, too, you wouldn’t recognize your Lana now.

Veteran of the Hollywood bistro belt for seventeen gay and gaudy years, Lana is seldom seen in her old haunts any more. And when she does make an occasional appearance, people say, “That’s Lana Turner?”

It’s the hair. The blondeness of yore has been replaced by dark brown.

It is the most controversial head of hair since Veronica Lake took half an idea from an English sheep dog and dangled her tresses over one eye.

Some people like Lana’s brown hair. Partisans include an important gent named Lex Barker, who heretofore has been expert in such matters as swinging from tree to tree and emitting loud jungle calls.

Some people hate the brown hair. These include Louella O. Parsons; who called it “mousy.” This annoyed Lana. She exclaimed, “Call it unattractive. Call it ridiculous. But not mousy!”

Actually, Lana has changed in more ways than her hair color. Friends have remarked that she returned from Europe much happier than they had ever seen her. Once the queen of the night life, she now seems content to spend her time at home with her new husband and her daughter Cheryl.

“I never thought I could ever call Lana serene,” says an intimate. “But she actually has a serenity about her that I’ve never seen before. (Continued on page 75)
WHO'S GOT THE MONEY?

by Richard Moore

THE STARS AT NIGHT ARE BIG AND

- It's been nearly a decade since Hollywood has seen a wedding as lavish as the Joan Benny-Seth Baker ceremony and reception last March 9. It cost Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny about $50,000 to marry off their adopted daughter. The wedding dress required a trip to Paris by designer Don Loper—to supervise the handweaving of the white satin brocaded in a lily of the valley pattern. It took thirty-five yards of it to make the skirt and seventeen more for the train. It took...
Joan Benny's lavish wedding symbolized the immense wealth Jack's careful saving, wise investment have produced.

Bob Hope, Ann Sothern congratulated Jack and wife Mary Livingstone. Extent of Bob's assets is unknown: top-bracket money-maker, he may be a millionaire or—like many stars—one jump ahead of the sheriff.

$2500, in fact, to buy this wedding dress. Other expenses: 200-pound wedding cake, vintage champagne (1945) for 600 guests, five buffet tables loaded with delicacies, the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, white lilacs flown from Holland to California, and the services of twelve uniformed policemen and four plain-clothesmen for protecting the jewelry of the guests.

All very fancy, but not outlandish for the beloved only daughter of a famous show business couple. Certainly, the Bennys don't feel that they've spent an excessive amount. But there's been nothing like it since Shirley Temple married John Agar.

The reason for that is not far to seek. Who, in Hollywood, has enough money to toss off such a party? The stars? Well, a few of them, for sure. Jack Benny, to dispense with his professional formula for a moment, is a generous man, but loaded, nonetheless. Benny, indeed, may have a few of Hollywood's scattered millions.

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Who is the richest star in Hollywood? Nobody outside the inner sanctum of the Department of Internal Revenue really knows, but according to the Sunset Strip grapevine, it may very well be Jimmy Stewart. During the past few years, Stewart has been leading the way in a new kind of jackpot: sharing his picture's profits. Instead of getting a salary on his current films, Stewart is part owner of the picture and conservative (Continued on page 78)
Once painfully shy, Ava Gardner (left) went unnoticed until she began to feel—and act—beautiful; Jeanne Crain (right) was considered "sweet" until she dropped her little-girl air and turned glamorous.

True loveliness is spectacular even in Hollywood, Mecca of glamour. These seven are among the great beauties of movie-land... and here are the stories behind their beauty.

An astute Hollywood observer recently remarked, "Really beautiful people are beautiful all over. Not just their faces and their bodies. Look at their hands, their feet, the way their heads are shaped and the way they move." Truer words were never spoken of these girls who grace Modern Screen's Beauty Fair, chosen by our editors and readers as models of real loveliness. They are beautiful all over—in different ways.

Some are simply born to that desirable state of being and never have to lift a finger to remain there. Like Grace Kelly. She was born of a lovely mother; her father and her brother, millionaire John Kelly and Scull Champion Jack Kelly, Jr., could run away with a contest for the most handsome father-and-son team. How could the girl miss? She started from scratch with the pulchritude, and all she has had to do to enhance its ethereal quality is to be herself—tranquil, fastidious, elegant. "She's all of that," said a dazzled swain. "And she projects more zing than a dozen more obvious women put together!"

Another well-known projector who's just doin' what comes naturally is Jane Russell. (Continued on page 68)
“Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled at me,” wrote a poet. Behind the coloring, bone structure, perfect measurements of each of these lovely ladies lies a unique inward beauty.


2. Red hair to the contrary, Rhonda Fleming believes in moderation, shows little temper and takes life easy.

3. Refinement, culture, elegance, make up Grace Kelly’s tranquil beauty. Hers is a subtle, nice-girl charm.

4. Cyd Charisse is one of the rare people who express as much with hands as with eyes and give an impression of all-over radiance.

5. An incredible child was Liz Taylor, perhaps too lovely, too young. Today she is as mature as she is beautiful.
John Wayne's on the brink of his third marriage.

After all, if you can't succeed with a Mexican, try, try a Peruvian!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

Several months ago when John Wayne was fighting his bitter divorce battle, the courtroom audience was fascinated by his wife Chata.

They looked at this expensively dressed young Mexican woman's flushed complexion and broad features. They watched as she gradually became completely flustered and badgered and devoid of poise.

They listened to her on the witness stand, her voice hoarse and at times inaudible. And they turned to each other and mildly incredulous, they all asked one question: "How come he married her?"

At the time this was the question Duke Wayne was asking himself. He had no answer. Not then, anyway.

When the vitriol and acrimony raised by the mud-slinging had died down, he said kindly, "I know it sounds as if Chata and I did nothing but fight during our marriage. But that's not true."

"In the beginning it was warm and wonderful and we had a lot of fun. She was..."
pretty and regular and understanding. I expected it would get better but things just didn't work out."

Duke had used almost the same explanation in 1944 when he was divorced from Josephine Saenz, his first wife and the mother of his four children. Like Chata, Josephine was of Mexican descent.

Having struck out twice with imports from the Latin American league, one might expect that Duke would now try to change his luck.

(Continued on page 85)
Nobody's Baby Now!

By Jack Wade
DON'T GET THE NEW PIER WRONG; SHE DOESN'T EXACTLY WANT TO BE NAUGHTY! BUT SHE'S 21 NOW AND IT'S TIME THE BOYS STOPPED TREATING HER LIKE SOMEBODY'S LITTLE SISTER!

A new wardrobe was Pier's first declaration of independence; she replaced flat sandals with European high heels, bought tight black dresses to supplement her beloved (but now more sophisticated) full skirts, and went on a shopping spree with twin-sister Maria (above) to celebrate their twenty-first joint birthday.

Pier and Maria stopped at Westwood Village's famous House of Candles, bought several for the modern, newly-decorated California ranch house in Brentwood Pier bought last year.

Handling her own money for the first time, Pier bought a sky-blue Cadillac, promptly dented the fender. Other firsts since her birthday include a key to her door, unchaperoned dates.

A few weeks ago, a sleek study in Parisian haute couture swept through the noisy, noontime tables of MGM's vast studio commissary with the poised, provocative gait of a mannequin. She sported a striking leopard skin coat and a rakish hat to match, beneath which a tight black dress hugged fascinating curves. The heels that clicked the big room to attention were thin as pencils, almost as high and studded with rhinestones. Beneath a severely adult coiffure gold earrings dangled, and massed gold bracelets clicked on her gloved wrists. She wafted a tantalizing scent called Femme, which, of course, means "Woman." Undeniably chic, soignée, even ravissante, this continental siren looked as if she had just stepped off the Champs Elysées, which indeed, only a few days before, she had. At the sight, heads swiveled, (Continued on page 57)
Pete is more than a son to Glenn Ford. With every wacky escapade, Pete becomes more and more a mirror of Glenn's own hectic, happy youth.

BY KIRTY BASKETTE

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
Apple of his father's eye, adventuresome Pete is no "movie star's child," spends his days collecting bugs and making rockets with adventuresome dad.

Although Pete's first Christmas present was an electric train, Glenn was shocked to find that he had never been on a real one, arranged for the family to accompany him by train and boat to Brazil. He is sometimes frightening to be a hero to a small boy, Glenn finds, realizing that he must weigh his words carefully. Pete accepts everything his father says as gospel, but is not above glamorizing his own experiences for friends.
Most stars on a first date with a dream like Mala Powers head for Mocambo and the wee hours of the morn. But Eddie Fisher had enough of nightclubs and night life on his last trip to the coast—so this time he and Mala started out at noon to explore the other Hollywood!

Introducing by a mutual friend, Eddie and Mala began their first date on the famous corner of Sunset and Vine near NBC where Eddie had been rehearsing his TV show.

First stop was at Stan's Drive In, TV and radio stars' hangout. "Those page boys," Mala said, "will probably end up vice presidents." "Good," said Eddie. "I'll hang around and maybe wind up as a page boy!"

At famous Farmers' Market they sampled several of the 37 varieties of fruit juice at one stand. "I feel sort of guilty," Eddie remarked, "drinking anything but a Coke."

Next they paused for fried fish and potatoes. "Talk about your rustic atmosphere," Eddie said, ordering the food, "I'd like to come out here and rub it in my hair for a few years!"

Enjoying his second trip much more than his first, Eddie said he'd like to telecast some of his TV shows from Hollywood, had been conferring all that morning with "the guys in scriptville" (his term) about it.

Equipped with ice cream cones Eddie and Mala headed for the hills, took in churches, mansions, and Mandeville Canyon to complete their tour of the other Hollywood.
By EARL WILSON
famous New York columnist

What she doesn't have—
She doesn't need

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR'S LOVELIEST STAR, ACADEMY AWARD WINNER AUDREY HEPBURN!

You probably don't remember about Audrey Hepburn, at fifteen. How this thin, fragile, sensitive child victim of World War II, was reduced to eating weeds and grass from the fields of Holland.

I'd forgotten it—and I feel I know her pretty well—but Mel Ferrer, her leading man on the stage (and in real life, too, at the moment!), reminded me of it the other day.

That's why Audrey's been in precarious health lately.

"People all around her were dying of starvation," Ferrer told me. "Her ankles were filling up with water.

"There was no meat to eat. And no salt. And her serious condition was spreading. Her whole constitution was undermined.

"Now," continued Ferrer, "she eats good food, and all the meat she was supposed to have eaten back in those years. But her blood pressure is away down. Everything for her is a big effort.

"That is why," he added, "she doesn't have the strength to go out a lot socially, and do a lot of interviews.

"It makes life difficult for her," Ferrer said, "because she, like Garbo and Helen Hayes, is an actress who—I don't want to sound corny—feels she must give of herself to the audience."

And so that is the fight that the twenty-four-year-old Miss Hepburn is making today: to regain her health so she can give to her audiences.

But it is only half the fight. For Audrey, sitting in her dressingroom at the theatre where she stars in Ondine with Ferrer, plainly told me of another battle.

"I have to prove to everybody that I am not a fluke," she said.

"A fluke!" I exclaimed.

She who had just won the Academy Award for Roman Holiday and who was acclaimed as almost no actress ever (Continued on page 94)
A tide of resentment is mounting against Jerry Lewis.

Any mention of the great clown's name used to arouse only smiles, laughter and happy memories of comic pandemonium. Now it also brings expressions of regret, puzzled head-shaking and grimaces of disillusionment.

The general opinion is that Jerry is beginning to resemble the cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow. His large circle of Hollywood friends is getting smaller.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis no longer make those riotous home movies with Jerry and his wife Patti. Mona Freeman, once a confidante, now blithely goes her own way.

Simmons and Lear, his writers, are objects of his annoyance. Although he is compelled by contract to pay them, he neither talks to them nor uses any of their material.

Jerry strongly dislikes Bob Hope. Bob doesn't like Jerry, either.

Although Hal Wallis rescued Jerry from an unprofitable contract, Jerry's behavior now borders on loud-mouthed hatred.
happening to Jerry?

Worse yet, there are signs of family warfare in the Martin and Lewis camp.

While the comedians were in Phoenix on location for The Big Top a national magazine was shooting a picture spread on Jerry. Apparently chagrined that he had been overlooked, Dean simply disappeared from the set, holding up production of the picture.

It had been no secret, of course, that Jerry's wife Patti and Dean's wife Jeanne avoid each other socially. Now it looks as though their resentment is spreading to the boys.

Until lately, Dean has always seemed to be content to play golf, relax, enjoy himself—and leave professional problems and decisions to "Jerry." Now he's taking an interest.

He, too, could be suffering from a little head expansion. A few weeks ago a Hollywood composer dropped by Dean's house. He had a new tune he thought would be just right for Dean. This composer has written almost as many hits as Irving Berlin and he doesn't need Dean Martin to sing his numbers. But he's thoughtful and naturally he expected Dean to appreciate his gesture.

When Dean was told that the composer was down the hall, he turned to Killer Gray, his aide-de-camp, and said, "Can't see him now. Let him leave the sheet music."

When the composer got the message, he grabbed the sheet music out of Killer's hand.

"Tell him for me that if he doesn't have the courtesy to come down and say hello—" his speech began.

Still, Martin has not offended by untoward behavior nearly so much as Lewis. Not long ago, Lewis, accompanied by his gang stalked into the Paramount commissary. As usual, Jerry began to shout and cavort. A veteran studio employee was entertaining a guest. He leaned over and said politely, "How about taking it easy? We can't hear ourselves talk."

"Look," snapped Jerry, "if it weren't for me and my partner you wouldn't be working here. We're keeping things going."

There are similar stories emanating from the wardrobe, publicity and script departments—all showing (Continued on page 83)
WANTED: A MAN!

No more actors,
no more charmers,
no more adolescents—
Kate needs a guy
who can stand up
to anything—
including Kate!
BY JOHN MAYNARD

There is an idea in some quarters that Kathryn Grayson, however eminent and undeniable her status as a star, does not, away from the soundtrack, produce the sort of chitchat that sends the troops storming into battle without their Vitamin C.

While Miss Moore, for example, dwells on the virtues of donning ermine bathing suits and Mrs. Di Maggio on those of staying clear of undergarments, Miss Grayson is wont to ponder how tough it is for a girl to shift from second into high in the middle of “The Bell Song.”

Miss Hayward and Mr. Chandler are maybe thisaway, Ava and Frankie that—Miss Grayson is positively at home with a good book and a very, very good five-year-old daughter named Patti Kate.

This is the stuff that soups up circulation and stands the beauty parlor on its collective ear? No. Not this year.

“It’s a shame,” said Miss Grayson not long ago, “but it’s sort of late to back down. My life and my career have been—what were the words you used? Dignified? Decorous? And just a little dull. Well, I can’t apologize for it. I’ve wanted it that way. But have you ever found me dishonest or evasive in an interview? I’ve always answered what was asked (Continued on page 91)

Protesting, “I am not stuffy!” the usually staid Miss Grayson whipped off her skirt and did kicks with the chorus line for her last show at Las Vegas’ swank Sahara Hotel. Delighted crowds had expected opera!

Patti Kate, led on stage by Indian actor Naji, is Kate’s constant companion; Mama would like six more! Kathryn’s four gowns are reputed to be MGM’s most costly ever; the beading alone cost over $2000.
how TONY and JANET saved their LOVE
There's nothing new under the sun—except, perhaps, the Curtises, who left Hollywood on the point of collapse and came home on top of the world!

It was Janet who was supposed to be badly in need of a rest but it was Tony who kept dropping off into short naps after they got to Palm Springs.

"See? Him's tired, too," said Janet when she came out of their room at the Racquet Club in her new gold bathing suit and found Tony lying on his tummy with eyes closed at the edge of the pool.

"Cut out the baby talk," said Tony, still with eyes shut. "I bet you put on the gold suit even though I told you I liked the blue job best. Why? Must a wife keep her husband guessing even after they have been married three years?"

"She must," replied Janet, sitting down right in the middle of his back. She pulled at his ears, filled her bathing cap with water and poured it over his head, and said "Nope!" when he told her to quit. Suddenly Tony rolled over, pulled Janet to him in a short hug, and in the same moment practically gave her a shove toward the pool. She screamed, tried to catch her balance and couldn't make it. There was a splash. When someone came up and asked what was wrong Tony replied, "I never did care for that girl." Janet was already swimming the length of the pool in a beautifully smooth crawl and his eyes were following her with obvious admiration.

For more than a year Tony and Janet had been trying to get a few weeks off for a vacation; last spring they finally made it—or at least ten days of it—down to Palm Springs after they finished their second co-starring picture, The Black Shield Of Falworth. Janet was pounds under her normal weight and Tony was really worried about her. Janet admits he had reason. (Continued on page 55)
"Is he tired?" Janet cooed, ignored Tony's order to stop talking baby talk and let a weary working man rest. Instead she pulled his hair.

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—unless they're sleepy!
"I was on the verge of vanishing into thin air," she confessed. "It's true, though I don't want to be hysterical about it, that I was near collapse when we climbed into our blue Cadillac convertible—please forgive me; we haven't had it long and I sound like I'm bragging but we're both so crazy about it!—and rolled down to Palm Springs.

"I've heard people snickering when they hear of overworked actresses. The usual reaction is: Well, now, isn't that too bad? The poor girl only has to work about forty weeks out of the year, has hairdressers, make-up artists, servants at home, a doting husband, gets paid scrambled thousands of dollars a year and then tries to talk herself into believing she is about to fall over from nervous exhaustion!

"And maybe they're right, but I don't think so. Tony and I have gone from one picture into another. We don't think we're great thespians, but on the other hand we work at it; we must memorize pages and pages of dialogue and we must do dozens of things we've never done before—and do them convincingly. For my pictures I've had to learn how to milk a cow, drive a team of horses, run an old-fashioned sewing machine, toe dance, tap dance, ballet dance, ride western, ride English, ride sidesaddle, ride bareback, handle parachutes, train lions—and I'm expected to look like an expert at it! Tony has had even tougher assignments than mine. Is it so hard to believe that after steady weeks, months, and yes, even years of this, you could get a bit weary?"

So they swam and took the sun and lazied around. Tony had a chance to catch up on his painting, even to try to finish a study of Janet he had started more than a year before in Colorado. (Continued on page 100)
When I was three weeks old my father carried me to church on a pillow and, as I grew up, even before I attended Sunday School, I was hearing the stories of the Bible from my mother. Through childhood and teenhood the relationship of my parents to me was close and reflected their confidence in me, as well as their love. When I required not only their permission, but their trust in me, it was freely given. In this sort of home faith holds up the roof, faith supplies the table, faith guards and plans and heals. I am a very lucky girl that I had and still have that kind of home.

If anyone were to ask me whether I am a regular churchgoer I would have to say no. With the (Continued on page 62)
nobody's baby now

(Continued from page 41) jaws dropped and eyes bugged in startled disbelief. The face was beautiful—too beautiful, a thing else—

Jane Powell was first to blurt out the truth, "Pier Angeli!" she gasped. "It's you! Why, you're suddenly all grown up!"

Pier clasped her hand to her breast in a pleased smile that flashed like a baby spot. "Oo-la-la!" she exclaimed in her best continental manner. "And is that such a surprise, Pier Angeli knew darned well it was—but of course that was the big idea. At home, working with the products of a European hops and now, a world-wide eye-opening entrance. It was Pier's way of announcing that, since she left Hollywood eight months before for Europe, there had been some important changes made.

Last May, Pier flew off to London to make Flame And The Flesh. She departed a girl and she returned a woman. What happened in London? Well, I don't say it was sensational, or wouldn't seem so to most American girls. But to Pier Angeli it was the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was at Boreham Woods, MGM's English studio, that the petite Italian miss inquired hesitantly, her big green eyes on Producer Joe Pasternak, "Do you suppose I could get off work tomorrow?"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe. "Are you sick?"


Pasternak summoned his most severe executive frown. "I'm afraid that's impossible," he said shortly. "Sorry.

Pier got dressed up and went to her Savoy Hotel room. She had dinner with her mama as usual and climbed into bed thinking that people just didn't understand. But she was wrong.

Next morning, when she reported for make-up, lettered across the mirror beside a lipstick caricature of herself was, "CONGRATULATIONS, PIER. WE LOVE YOU."

When she stepped out an orchestra greeted her with "Happy Birthday." Lana Turner dumped red roses in her arms, Carole Lombard presented her with a book of prints, the crew gave her a silver dressing set, Joe Pasternak gave her a gold medallion for her charm bracelet and everybody kissed her. She didn't work much that day, after all.

All this was thrilling and Pier Angeli appreciated it. But none of those tributes or trinkets made up the world's biggest gift. The ones she received that night. Carefully dolled-up in a sophisticated white and silver evening gown with a flower in her upswept hair, Pier was expectant and ready for a knock on the door. A fellow named Kirk Douglas opened it with orchids in her arm, ready to take her for a whirl on the town—and for the last time in her life, Pier strode out. As the pair set out, Enrica Pierangeli presented something into her daughter's palm, not without tears. It was the key to her room, and the key to her heart. Pier Angeli had received in all her life. Too big for her tiny evening bag, she kept it pressed in her palm all evening, even when dancing at Les Ambassadeurs. And when she came home, she used the key with a particular sense of pride.

Now, a twenty-first birthday is pretty important to almost any girl. It's the day she's officially grown up, can vote, sign legal contracts, marry without parental consent and cry in the electric chair if she happens to murder someone. All these privileges accrued to Pier Angeli last June 19, but none to her was as important as another: the right to act her age and lead her own private life. Nobody was hungry for this right than Pier Angeli, nobody had ever suppressed it with greater success, but nobody grabbed it more eagerly when it appeared.

After Flame And The Flesh (in which she battles Lana Turner for the love of handsome Argentine Carlos Thompson for the most adult role of her career so far) Pier zoomed south to the Mother road in a jet plane ride to Ischia where her family had taken a villa. She sunned herself, bathed in the surf, rested and met Kirk Douglas in Rome for Roman holiday. Then she hopped to Paris by herself to make Mademoiselle Nitschke with the French star, Fernandel.

Pier had never seen Paris before. Her producer, Raymond Hakim, met her at the plane, presented her with the appropriate "Femme" perfume, drove her, to the Georges Cinq Hotel and asked her to dinner. But Pier declined. She was tired, she said, but actually she had to savour this thrill all by herself—the first room she had ever had to herself in the first hotel where she got to dress herself in the most romantic and beautiful city in the world; the only city she'd ever visited alone.

To hardened sophisticates, this mild continental spree might not sound like such a much. But although Pier Angeli was raised in Italy and had returned to Europe three times previously, her trip to Paris was her first real holiday away from her own party. For once, the decisions were Pier's—not Mama's. A lot of people who have known Pier since she arrived in Hollywood were mighty surprised.

It was only four years ago that Anna Maria Pierangeli got her first excited look at America. Stopping in New York on the way to marry Pier Angeli zoomed through the lobby of the sedate Plaza Hotel convinced that she was the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

But her dreams of a Hollywood career were festered cowboy boots and over her slim legs flapping chaps. She wore a powder blue darter shirt, flame red scarf and a black sombrero. At her thighs swung studded holsters, out, peacock-handled six-guns poking. Behind her hip dangled a wicked-looking knife.

Anna, seventeen, emerged on Fifth Avenue and continued her Wild West strut in broad daylight past Manhattan's smartest shops. Occasionally she prowled inside wondering vaguely why people stared and snickered, laughed and sneered. She was almost to Rockefeller Center before a distraught MGM publicity man caught up with her and hustled her into a cab.

"Say," he tried to communicate. "Are you crazy? That stuff's strictly for Halloween."

"Halloween?" inquired Anna. "Wot'ees?"

"When you dress up and scare people," panted the guy, making a face to illustrate. "Look, do you know where you're going to?"

"Jail? Wot'ee?" He explained that, too. Anna Maria burst into tears. In her limited English she explained that she was only trying to be fashionably correct—to make the good first impression in America. Because as everybody in Italy who went to movies knew for a fact, all smart American girls dressed like Dale Evans!

First impressions are lasting and it could be that the little girl aura which has clung to Pier Angeli throughout a Hollywood stemmed from that first mis-directed masquerade. However, other junior miss factors combined to lodge cute little Pier in a different world of perpetual girlhood, until very recently.

Although she was almost eighteen, an age when American girls consider themselves done and sometimes act like a sub-deb. She was tiny—only five feet one, 100 pounds and with an eighteen-and-a-half-inch waist. A 12-cent dress is a long girdle to Pier, and she looked just like a fashion plate. Her struggles with English were加重, and she collected nicknames—"Bambola," which means "doll," "Anarella," which means "Little Annie" in Italian, and of course, "Honey." She wore her long bracelet hair streaming down her back, and glittered with sequins and sandals under fluffy ballet slippers, cincher belts and sweaters, sometimes carrying a bridge in her sleeves. Her struggles with English were evidenced clearly by the diminutive "homburgers" and "smashed" potatoes, and massacred the bebop slang that she learned from the chum, Debbie Reynolds, taught her. She smoked a huge ice cream and jumbo malteds. Disarningly ingenious, she was inclined to break into giggles or tears at the slightest provocation, and at one time or another the coddled pet of MGM, a girl whom bosses patted patronally on the head and said they'd like her for their little girl, to everybody, "I love you for my daughter," or 'I wish you were my sister?" Pier sometimes objected. "Why don't they say, 'I like you for my girl?'"
One doctor in Pier's new maturity was her romance with man-of-the-world Kirk Douglas.
Beautiful, but bewitching... that's "Petal Pocket." Why, even when your back is turned it's playing tricks on you. It looks like pure wide-eyed fashion, but it knows its figures—more and less. It's got sorcery inside it that hugs you, holds you, molds you till... well, who could tell? Is that wonderful new shape our "Petal Pocket"... or is it you!

17.95 at your favorite store or write Rose Marie Reid Dept. M.S. Los Angeles 45, California

and for glowing skin tones don't forget your TARTAN SUNTAN LOTION.
the little lessons

(Continued from page 56) sort of hours
I have all the traveling that seems to be a part of show business, I don’t suppose I'll
ever get to attend steadily. But I do go
when I can, and my faith is still with me
when I can.

Faith, to me, is having the idea of God
and doing all you can about it. It is also
having the faith, without doing it. You
need it and doing all you can about it even if you are
going to goof it up.

I could never get up in front of people
and act. The one time I tried I knew
— I didn’t have faith—all kinds of faith—in
people as well as the Lord. Certainly I
could not be a pessimist and do it. I
couldn’t be—always saying to
myself, "I don’t suppose they will like me."

In my work I have to depend on people.
I began with my friends. At first my
faith in them amounted to the nominating
a brother that they would laugh with me
when I cut up, and not at me. Later, with
confidence and also with a realization that
they wanted to be on my side and
things would work out, I was ready to do more.
You have to dare to develop. You
must have a trust in yourself and in those
whose approval you must have, before you
can dare. This is faith.

For some people making friends is a job,
but it’s worth it. For me the time I have
spent with my friends and the thinking I
have done about living and the best
investment I have made in my life.
Right from the start they were human and
kind and let me gain the experience I
needed (which is the best way of expressing
myself in front of groups).

Were it not for them I could have grown
up to a narrow-thinking little dope; in
stead, if I have been a little spiritual at all, I got it from them. And it is not only
that they were important to me; they are
important to me today. I forgot this once
and was reminded in a way I won’t forget.

When I first got into movie work I be
came a little warped about it. For
about a year and a half I got away from
my old church and went to the church
with the family (I had no thoughts of God
at all), I rarely called my old friends. One
night I sat down knowing that I felt
downright miserable. I kept thinking to myself there
was no reason to be in the slumps. I
was going along fine at the studio. I was being
invited out here and there, and I could
keep going along and gallon every second if I
wanted to. Yet all I wanted to do was
cry—and I did.

"I must be getting sick," I told my
mother. "I have a reason in the world
to feel blue but I do."

"What have you been doing that you
really used to like to do?" she asked.

It just had been having fun and
therefore Mom wasn’t on the ball at
all. But then I began to understand
that she didn’t mean it the way I thought. What
I used to do was play ball, the kids of
my biggest kick, was creating a nice surprise
for the other guy; a party, something she
had always wanted, the solicitude she
needed. I could remember how she had
kept the score and wasegularly conjuring up some
affair like this that we couldn’t talk for
our giggling. It all came back to me and I
realized that this was living. It was
less of anything for any-

one. And everything else was pretending.

There was only one thing to do: I
jumped down and started calling all
my old friends. I was in a
hurry to get back into my old life
and feel like my old self—a terrible hurry!
I guess I don’t have to point out that
my mother would not have been able to
guess what was wrong with me—when I
didn’t know myself—and like so many
mothers, she spent a little time thinking
of herself and a great deal thinking
of those near to her. In this way she has
generated such a feeling of security in
all of us that any threat to our well-being
will be anticipated and overcome before it
can mount to dangerous proportions.

For instance, ours is a family with no
relationship to drinking. If this makes us
all sound like livin’ dolls, it’s just
that alcohol in any form has never
been a factor in our life.

Whenever I see someone who drinks to
excess I feel I must do some sort of thing.
They must be terribly bored or they wouldn’t
find it necessary. I am sure that if they
could find something to do that really
interested them they wouldn’t need to drown
their troubles.

This has worked out with a boy I know.
I told him I felt like going to church
and if I feel like going to church I can’t
feel very happy. He promised
me.

I couldn’t figure out why. I had said it
except that a few mornings before this I had
written a father asking him if he was going
to marry Janet Leigh, but he evaded the question.
Later, he asked me again as he signed
my autograph book. He still didn’t an-
swer. Then I looked at my book. He
had written, “Sincerely, Janet and Tony.”

I should like to see those
faces on their faces when they realize they’re no longer chained
to one spot but can travel as they’ve
always dreamed,” he said.

You could see he had happy, all right, and
before we parted he told me that he
had started to go to church again.

"I don’t know why," he said. "But it
seems to be part of my new existence,”
—because he was living more normally now
and to be normal means to be sensitive
spiritually instead of being dull and blind.

It’s not until the last few weeks that I
think it is worth the pressure of the time.
I don’t suppose there is a living
person who hasn’t some faith of a sort. But
we all know that there are too many people
who haven’t enough faith. Sometimes I
make a speech about faith for a
fellow when I get.
I slip up on how to share my life
with my neighbor. Almost always it brings
me unhappiness. I know what this unhap-
piness means. I feel it sometimes
when I am cupped and nothing empties a heart faster or
leaves it achy so badly with that
dull, hollow feeling—than self-love. That’s
such a catch and I wish I might
get at such times to remember the old words and
ways I grew up with and to reverse the
flow of my interest so that it takes in the
other way.

Some people seek from religion a solu-
tion to the great questions in their minds.
Is the world coming to an end? When?
What happens to us then? Isn’t it so that
we are just as much like the frightened
child, as I was, who first sees mention of the millennium in the Bible or
hears his elders talk of it. But to me
religion is not invention but it reaches
me small lessons about the people we are
—I and those with whom I live.

I remember when I was still in school,
visiting former friends in Balboa and attending a small church there
one Sunday. The pastor was bowled with
age and I didn’t expect any usual ser-
mon. He was in the midst of his
rhetoric when he came into my head a thousand times since.

He was talking about selfishness and
greed and he described the people who sinned in this manner: "Oh, you can tell them by
their turned-in eyeballs and their itchy
palms!" he cried.

It was the kind of colorful phrase I
got from old-time ministers and
always asking myself these days, when I
think I may be too piggish, "Am I like that?
Are my palms itchy?"

Sometimes, the answer is "Yes!" And,
boya! no more keeping it right away. I don’t
ever want turned-in eyeballs or itchy
palms. In case I haven’t explained too
clearly what the phrase means I will now
try to make it simpler. It means the
thinking only of yourself and itchy palms
does the love of money.

I remember when my luck was the cause
of one of my high school friends sus-
cumbing horribly to envy ... which is,
after all, a form of greed. This had to do
with my being chosen for test and getting my first contract in a studio.

Since I hadn’t been a standout as a dramatics
student in school (other girls doing far
better at practical activities being
confined to showing scenery around) it
was quite a shock to some of them when I
went into the movies. It was a shock to me, too.

Let’s leave it there.

Most of the kids I knew took it pretty
well and wished me luck. But a couple of
girls thought the whole thing was silly,
pointing out that I was only a movie star,
not a talented! They even, with all the bountiful
imagination of high school vintage, got
nasty little reasons into their explanations of how I must have
come it. It was as if nothing had
happened. One girl, very good in school
plays, just blew her top altogether.

A couple of weeks after I had started
there and when this girl had started
to see her. "Hi!" I called. She
looked at me frozen-faced, turned and walked
away. I was really hurt. I asked friends about
her, and they gave me a quiet answer.

"She doesn’t like you," they would say. I
thought they were the bad actress
she would have been chosen. She is dis-
gusted with people who select talent." I was angry but in time I began to realize how hurt she must have been. This didn't excuse her, of course, but I think I prayed for her to understand and to feel better. It took time (years!), but we got over it.

Some parts of the Bible are brought to the attention of children too early, I believe, and should be withheld. Talk of dire punishments and, of course, those references to the end of the world were just plain scary when I was a kid, I remember. And some of the indirect injunctions were just confusing. "Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone" really meant "don't throw stones" when I first heard it. By the time I should have understood how it actually applied in everyday life it had lost its power for me. Not until I had cast a few stones I shouldn't have (and had them come bouncing back to me so I was in lots of trouble) did I re-learn these lessons.

Reading the Bible and believing its message has not only been a matter of benefiting from its content but also an education in how to pace my life. There is no hurry to the Bible. All things are considered deeply and time is taken for consideration. This is the feeling I get. And so, though I know I am considered a girl with quick notions and flighty ways, actually I am not. I now deliberate much longer over decisions than people think.

There was a period in my life when all any friend had to do was suggest we take off for somewhere and I was right back with an "Okay! Let's go!" before I had even heard the whole idea. It's not like that any more. Now I take time to decide if it's really a good idea or not. In that way I keep out of a lot of trouble.

Not long ago I woke up conscious of a vague feeling that a former interest in my life needed reviving. I wasn't sure what it was and I was too busy during the forenoon to concentrate on the matter. At lunchtime I had a date with a boy I've known for years. While we were eating he happened to say that he wanted to re-read some of the books he had known earlier in his life but hadn't understood. The second he said that, I knew what had been bothering me.

When I was playing the French horn in Burbank High we tackled a lot of symphonies together. But more and more it meant very little to me then to a would-be bopster like me. But some trace of the quality of these compositions must have gotten into my blood and stayed there until the time was ripe for me to understand better music. This was it. As I listened to the boy talk about the books he was going to look up again I knew I had to go back to music and particularly to the symphonies I had once played. I felt that they had influenced me somehow even though I wasn't aware of it, and they would now mean more than ever.

Don't get me wrong. I'll always love popular music and that will be my forte, but I'm going to start enjoying the serious, serious music, too—the kind of music that is a hit for a hundred years instead of just a season. To me this is a sign that my faith in mellowing and the depth of my understanding is deepening. This doesn't hurt anyone, not even a hip cat like me.

The more there is to us, the more wisdom, the finer the feeling, the better persons we will be to live with. Nothing not even continuing to progress in my career, is as important as this—and this is part of my faith.

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen now in MGM's 30th anniversary release, Athena.)

**SHOOT IF YOU MUST**

this glamorous head—and spare the photographer's feelings!

Robertson owns a "least co-operative" award.

- One of the silliest attitudes a movie star can take is to be belligerent toward the army of photographers whose job it is to take pictures of celebrities. It's Hollywood legend that if you take one swing at one photographer anywhere in the world, they will all duck the blow and swing back. You can't escape a black eye. Shelley Winters may not know that yet, for it was in Rome that she tossed a glass of whisky into the face of a photographer who was trying to shoot a picture of her as she sat with Farley Granger.

"I hate photographers," she belied. "You're always bothering me!"

This is an old refrain, sung by more than one harassed star who lived to regret the angry shout. Perhaps the first movie star to risk the wrath of photographers was Greta Garbo. She always wanted to be alone but seldom was. After she snubbed photographers, they managed to shoot this beautiful woman in the most idiotic poses, often looking like a frightened spook. They even photographed her sunbathing nude. Shortly thereafter, Greta quit pictures altogether.

While stars have their own reasons for getting fighting mad at photographers, many of them have the feeling that everyone is staring at them, when perhaps no one is even glancing in their direction. Consequently, it is the man with the camera eye who becomes the focal point of their hatred. Almost every outburst in the feud between Frank Sinatra and newspaper reporters has its beginning in his attitude toward photographers. These men see themselves as citizens who are out to do a job and are entitled to everybody's co-operation. Naturally celebrities (who have work of their own) can't always see it that way. If Sinatra could remember always to befriend photographers and never to scream at them, he'd find that they protect him, instead of badgering him.

There's more ill feeling between Rita Hayworth and photographers. No one knows why she dislikes the very people responsible for making her famous through their spectacular camera work. They forgive her, saying she has had poor advice. They forgive Bing Crosby, too, for his somewhat snobbish attitude toward them. They realize that it is, after all, quite a job for Bing to slip on a toupee, and that he has suffered private tragedy. But he hasn't a chance of dating Mona Freeman and other young glamour girls without becoming "darkroom bait"—and unless he is polite, good old Bing will be in for a rough time.

Photographers, oddly enough, are really the only people in Hollywood who aren't afraid of anything. They are not afraid of a glowing Marlon Brando, who considers his body too precious to be snapped at will, nor David O. Selznick, who once had his whiskers dusted by a photog who refused to take interference while he shot pictures of Shirley Temple.

Currently not favorites of Hollywood press photographers are Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner and Gordon MacRae. The lens lads are also a little worried about the attitude of Doris Day, once much more co-operative but now beginning to show signs of great impatience. Esther Williams and June Allyson also give them trouble.

"I guess you can't blame the kids," one of them said. "It's a nervous town. But if a star wants to get really nervous, all he has to think about is the day that may come when no movie fan wants to look at his pictures—so nobody shoots 'em!"
Max Factor discovers a way
to put “stay-on lustre” into a lipstick

Now at last the secret’s out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with “stay-on lustre” that won’t blot away, won’t fade away, won’t wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later ... after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss ... its satiny “stay-on lustre” will still be on your lips!

In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

Max Factor’s
Color-fast lipstick
you can’t blot away the lustre

HOLLYWOOD APPROVES
YOUR SUMMER FASHIONS

- Your summer wardrobe must be gay, colorful and as spanking new and fresh as the season itself! Hollywood stars say, choose styles that will be a sensation at home and yet ready to pack up and go. First on the list—your swimsuits. Yes, plural for you’ll be in them the live-long day, weekends and when you are enjoying your two weeks with pay—so we’ll lead the way with these glamour deals!

LEFT: Ann Miller, MGM star, wears a Celaperm Lastex swimsuit—adorable “flirt-pants” styling, white rickrack trim. Red, brown, sky blue, black, yellow or royal blue. 32 to 38. About $11. By Sea Nymph. Ann’s U. S. Howland Hair Dry swim cap has a rosebud appliqué design. Ann’s sunglasses are in gold-speckled Lumar frames (available at your optician); for a beautiful tan. Tartan Suntan Lotion.

CENTER: Janet Leigh, MGM star, poses in, Prize Package, a Form Control swimsuit by Surf Togs. White piping molds the trim lines—nylon Laton faille. The bodice has a pattern of pearl encrusted white cord embroidery. Also in lime, rose, Alice blue or cruise navy. 32 to 38. About $18. Janet’s next is U-1’s, The Black Shield Of Falworth.

RIGHT: Simplicity, Rose Marie Reid’s gold swimsuit of acetate and cotton-wrapped rubber (Lastex) modeled by Rhonda Fleming. Slim lines, a fagoted contour band at the bra top and fagoted front seams (spiral-boned inner bra, tuck-away straps). Gold, blue, China pink or turquoise. 10 to 18. About $18. Rhonda matches her fingernail polish to her swimsuit with Dura-Gloss Shell Pastel, Neptuna. In her Dorset-Rex bag—a U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap (details page 74) and, Florida’s famous Coppertone, for glamour suntanning.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

All sandals with swimsuits by Flexiclogs
U. S. Howland Hair Dry and U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps—both by United States Rubber Co., shown with swimsuits.
modern screen fashions
Exciting swim fare

Left: Mitzi Gaynor, 20th's lovely young star next to be seen in There's No Business Like Show Business, a CinemaScope film, wears a perky swimsuit from Rose Marie Reid's new junior collection. It is a one-piece bloomer suit of elasticized Chromspun faille. The color of the brocaded squares is repeated on the bra and hipline trim. This suit has an inner bra—tuck-away straps. White with navy, brown, green or red. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By "RMR Jr."


Modern screen fashions can be bought from the stores listed on page 74; in person, or by mail.
beauty fair

(Continued from page 35) You can have a hassle with people who know all of the Russells on the subject of beauty. "By Hollywood standards she's as beautiful as they come, but when I think of her mother and brothers, I'm not sure that Jane's the best looking of the lot. You should see the boys!" says one of Jane's friends.

What does she do to keep the beauty that is possibly second or third best in her family? That required a little thought, because who can safely say why Miss Russell does anything at any time? "Well, she gets nine hours of sleep every night," her friend offered tentatively, "but I honestly don't think that it's to preserve her looks. She's just tired. Anyhow, with her heritage it wouldn't matter what she did. If she went to bed with her make-up on, her skin would stay as smooth; if she wore her hair in a knot on top of her head all day, she could brush it out and it would look better than the rest of us if we have been up in pin curls. She even looks good when she wakes up in the morning."

Jane's other beauty secrets include working too hard, fighting other people's battles, and taking the problems of the world onto her own slender shoulders. She ought to look like a bag for all of the attention that she gives herself, instead of what she joins the lovelies of the Beauty Fair. "Sultry, smouldering, the slow-fire type," is the masculine verdict on Jane. "But you also know that you'd have a ball on a fishing trip with her. She's a wonderful pal as well as a beautiful woman."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR had a problem in her younger days; she was too beautiful. When she appeared on the set of one of her first pictures, the director cast an outraged eye at this incredible child and roared, "Take this back to make-up and get those eyelashes off her. She's too young for that sort of thing!" It would have been pretty painful, considering that the offending eyelashes were her very own, but this misunderstanding was only one of the indignities that Liz had to suffer. Silly as it sounds today, looking at dainty Miss Taylor, she had to be taught to wear feminine clothes. She was such a tree-climbing tomboy that when she was trapped in a dress, the awkwardness she felt was apparent.

I t could have been—should have been—about Cyd Charisse that our observer said, "Everything is perfect." From head to toe there is such unbelievable symmetry of face and form that watching her move is pure delight. The hands that are as expressive as her face, the incomparable legs, the fluid economy of motion are such that they often hit her audience after she has quietly passed. They are apt to say, "Holy cow, wasn't that a radiant girl!"

A presumably case-hardened publicist explained to mind Ava Gardner, who would stand out on anyone's poll of beautiful women. Again the man behind the lens said, "When people speak of Ava, they generally refer to that gorgeous body—which makes sense. Other girls may have put the wiggle on the map, but Ava's got the sexiest walk that ever happened, because it's so lithe and effortless. But I've got news for you: this girl was one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen in fifteen years of photographing movie stars. Hair, eyes, nose, skin, bone structure—she's got 'em with chimes. Highlight that face correctly, and a more beautiful woman never lived."

Nor a more glamorous one—but that came with time. When Ava descended on Hollywood, her painful shyness was an enormous liability. With great beauty there must also be an air, an awareness of self and of the proud, exciting aura of glamour. The young Ava sadly lacked it. The physical splendor was there, but Ava was so timid and retiring in the beginning that she was not uncovered until she commenced to emerge, little by little, like a butterfly from its chrysalis. In time confidence gave her that necessary proud air, but simple good sense preserves the natural beauty. Ava is the soap-and-water girl of all time, the most vigorous wielder of the bedtime hairbrush.

Those who are close to Rhonda Fleming insist that her inner beauty is far greater than that which gratifies the eye. Her business manager, Anetta Hughes, says, "I've been with Rhonda more than five years, and I have yet to hear her express an unkind opinion of anybody or do an unkind deed. She always thinks wholesome thoughts."

This long-stemmed beauty of the flaming tresses is a firm believer in moderation. If she nibbles at a cookie or two, she will have a smaller helping of potatoes at her next meal, even though her weight never wavers. It's a matter of principle. She does setting-up exercises, but not fanatically. She enjoys swimming and playing tennis with her husband, Lew Morrow, but her world (Continued on page 72)
Board member Terry Moore, a 20th star, models a bloomer girl Lastex bengaline swimsuit with wired cuff bra and shirred hipline. Gold, Alice blue, coral, or black. Misses and teen sizes. About $9. By Surf Togs. Terry adds flattering award-winning flexible Flexiclogs sandals (details on page 74), she carries a Flexiclogs handbag to match and for a lovelier tan, Tartan Suntan Lotion. Terry's award-winning U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap has a new and colorful tulip appliqué design.
You can enhance your silhouette in slim or full frocks, shorts, slacks or swimsuits if you wear the newest fabric-lined Magic-Controller by Playtex. The model shown at the right wears the Magic-Controller panty-brief (about $7). Magic-Controller is also available in panty girdle with garters (about $8) or regular girdle (about $8). It washes in seconds, dries with a towel. Magic-Controller features a non-roll top—it stays up without a single bone or stay (invisible finger panels for firm abdominal control). Polly Bergen, TV and motion picture star, slim as slim in a Bobbie Reid Empire sheath dress of white piqué, About $15. Hansen gloves. Honeydebs classic wedge pumps, Hedda (details page 74). "Carnival" beach towel
By Pacific Mills. About $3
The necklines of summer vary greatly but are usually low. No matter which neckline you choose, glamorize it with the correct brassiere. On the right the model displays Peter Pan’s Hidden Treasure three-quarter bra called Freedom Ring—the perfect style for summer casual and dress-up wear. White nylon, about $5. Sandra Gross, famous model and young TV actress, wears this with her Bobbie Reid pink printed, glazed cotton frock that boasts a square neckline and double-circle skirt. About $13. Honeydebs wedgie, Honey (details page 74). Bur-Mil Cameo stockings—nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
Enchanted evening

Denise Darcel, slim and lovelier than ever, poses in a heavenly chiffon frock by Ceil Chapman. Exciting accessory accents dramatize her evening costume. Denise's short daytime hair-do is startlingly transformed by a separate coronet braid (coiffure accessory styled by Leo De Bray for the House of Hair Fashions, see details and other coiffure accessories page 74). The sparkling rhinestone jewelry by Coro reflects the highlights of Denise's hair. Her sheer, sheer stockings are chosen in a very flattering complexion color—Tuttle by Bur-Mil Cameo. They are 474 needle/12 denier, nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.65. Denise, popular TV star and nightclub entertainer, will next be co-starred with Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster and Cesar Romero in the Technicolor film Vera Cruz, a Hecht-Lancaster production, a United Artists release.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 74;
IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

Flowers—Hotel Statler
Flower Shops, Los Angeles
and New York
beauty fair

(Continued from page 68) will not fall apart if a few days lapse without her doing either. She enjoys oil painting, at which she has displayed some talent, but only when she has time. Her glowing skin is regularly exposed to soap and water, but Rhonda doesn't go overboard on that score, either. She is meticulous about removing every vestige of make-up with cold cream before retiring at night. She makes a big effort to be orderly and usually succeeds—but when she is rushed, things do fly.

Three things she does not do in moderation. The first is to love humanity (though she had to overcome her native shyness). The second is to read; she is a quick and retentive reader who can go through an average script in an hour. The third is to sleep. Like Jane Russell, she can't do with less than eight hours nightly and feels better with a little more. And she is more than moderately beautiful.

Still, as we said, people in Hollywood tend to think of beauties only in one way or another. They remark on the bewitching, gamin face of Jean Simmons, notwithstanding the fact that quite a body goes along with the face. Or they speak of Ava Gardner's magnificent body as though her ravishing face is superfluous. Our last entry in the Beauty Fair turned the tables on people half-blind by beauty. For years Jeanne Crain was famous for the classic beauty of her face, the limpid innocence of her eyes, the sweet gravity of her mouth. And so they thought of her. Oh, they knew that she had an uncontrollable desire to play practical jokes, but they practically heard the whisper of angel wings when Jeanne Crain walked by.

It took even an intelligent girl like Jeanne a while to get bored by being thought of and cast as Little Goody Two-Shoes, but bored she got. Off came the long, girlish locks that seemed to belie the knowledge that she was a mature mother of four; she emerged with a sophisticated Italian-boy cut—and what hair there was left was purely red! A little of the devil that is in all the Irish danced in her eyes, lurked in the corners of her smile. The demure costumes disappeared; Jeanne Crain posed for cheesecakes, yet, and it hit the town between the eyes that this girl had attributes other than a classically beautiful face.

It tickled her pink, humor being one of Jeanne's assets. She had fooled the town that knew everything about glamour. And how does she go about maintaining beauty of feature and of form? Little Jeanne Crain has a formula that might well be hers alone. High on a hill Paul Brinkman has built her a small studio, where she goes to paint, to read, to meditate. She likes to go there, also, to swim at midnight. There is something about the water and the atmosphere at that hour, she says, that relaxes her, gives her the balance and composure without which no woman alive can be beautiful.

These Modern Screen Beauties Fair can be seen in these movies:

Grace Kelly—Green Fire—MG 30th anniversary release, Dial M for Murder—Warners Bros., Rear Window—Paramount

Jane Russell—The Big Rainbow—RKO

Elizabeth Taylor—Beau Brummel—MG 30th anniversary release

Cyd Charisse—Brigadoon—MG 30th anniversary release

Ava Gardner—The Barefoot Contessa—MG 30th anniversary release

Rhonda Fleming—Yankee Pasha—U-I

Jeanne Crain—Duel In The Jungle—Moulin Rouge Prod.)
where to buy

modern screen fashions

BOBBIE REID (dresses)—Pgs. 70, 71
Polly Bergen (pp. 68, 69)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Los Angeles, Calif.—Philadelphia, Pa.
Sandra Gots (pp. 71)
All sisters Fifth Avenue Stores
Or write to Bobbie Reid, 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BUR-MIL CAMEO (stockings)—Pgs. 71, 72
At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FLEXICLOGS (sandsals, bags, belts)—Pgs. 64, 65, 69, below
Write Flexiclogs, Box 24-W, New Holstein, Wisconsin and a representative will call at your home (not sold in stores).

FORM CONTROL (swimsuit)—Pgs. 64, 65
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito’s
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.—Dept. 900
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—The Vogue
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Houston, Texas—Foley’s—Dept. 900
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Montreal, Que.—C. W. Meyers
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Bradbury & Clohier
Or write to Form Control, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1517 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

HONEYDEBS (wedgies)—Pgs. 70, 71, below
At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOUSE OF HAIR FASHIONS (hair accessories)—Pg. 72, left
Stylisted by Leo De Bray. Available at House of Hair Fashions, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., by mail (please send photo and sample snip of your hair); or call in person at the Lexington Saloon, 33 East 40th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Prices $3.50 up.

PETER PAN (brassiere)—Pg. 71
At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

PLAYTEX (girdles)—Pg. 70
At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

ROSE MARIE REID (swimsuits)—Pgs. 64, 65, 66, below
Rhonda Fleming (pp. 64, 65) and Jan Sterling (pp. 67)
Detroit, Mich.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
New York, N. Y.—Marie’s
Philadelphia, Pa.—Litt Bros.
Mitsi Gaynor (pp. 65)
Decatur, Ill.—Lang & Spenegas (Dept. 1370)
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway (Jr. Dept.)
All suits (pages 64, 65, 66, 67)
Hollywood, Calif.—Sport & Knit
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Fleming Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Or write, Solid color Marie Reid Inc., 1201 West Century Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

SEA NYMPH (swimsuits)—Pgs. 64, 65
Boston, Mass.—Conrad’s
Bridgeport, Conn.—Howland’s Dry Goods
Chicago, Ill.—Meyer’s Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Denver, Colo.—Fashion Bar
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Little Rock, Ark.—N. C. M. Cohn
Milwaukee, Wis.—Bayton Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Bayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker’s
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer’s
Roeston, N. Y.—McCurdy’s
St. Louis, Mo.—Stie, Bar & Fuller
Tulsa, Okla.—Fandever’s
Waco, Tex.—Manning Dry Goods
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn.—Albert’s
Or write to Sea Nymph, Jordan Mfg. Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SURF TOGS (swimsuit)—Pg. 69
Albany, N. Y.—Clover Stores
Atlantic City, N. J.—Parron
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Detroit, Mich.—Whitham’s
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Medicine, Texas—The Davson Co.
Muskegon, Mich.—Homer Hayden’s
New Orleans, La.—Lord & Taylor
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger’s
New York, N. Y.—Famous Fashion Shops
San Antonio, Texas—The Fashion
Toledo, Ohio—Crooks & Coleman
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Youngstown, Ohio—Sources Fashions
Or write to Surf Togs, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1517 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

UNITED STATES RUBBER CO. (U.S. Howland Hair Dry and U.S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps)—Pgs. 64, 65, 67, 69, below
Available at leading department, specialty, drug and variety stores.

News in swim caps. Rhonda Fleming puts on an exciting new U.S. Royal Water Tite swim cap with geranium applique design of contrasting colors—assurance of hair glamour. See Rhonda in Para’s Technicolor film Zorro.
the face is familiar

(Continued from page 31) She used to fret about nasty things she read about herself. Now she just laughs them off. "At long last, she seems well adjusted to the wacky life of being a legendary movie star. She's a happy gal now.

Part of the change is due to maturity. I don't mean that she's pushing middle age. Lana was thirty-four on her last birthday—a surprise when you consider how many years she has been an international trademark. She started in the movie business early. She was jiggling her way through parties. They Wondered if Marilyn Monroe was learning to multiply.

But the passing of the years isn't the only reason for Lana's new look. Some glamour girls never grow up. A happy marriage will do wonders for a girl's serenity. Lana's decision to marry Lex Barker was a considered one, but the idea did not appeal to many of her friends and business associates, some of whom seem to resent him because he is tall and handsome—and perhaps because he married Lana Turner.

One consideration, somewhat overlooked, is that Lex Barker is said to be one of those rare men whose blood is rh negative. This is of little interest to most ladies, but Lana Turner is a negative, too. She is a devoted mother, but she has had a tough time trying to add to her family. An Rh negative husband is a blessing the doctor wouldn't have dared to order.

Lex has a new contract with Universal. Lana told him she wouldn't mind if he didn't take it. Certainly he'd do better on another contract with pictures, residuals, and such. But he took the contract because he didn't want anyone to say he's "living off" his wife. It isn't so.

Lana walked in for this interview exactly on time, certainly another sign that she has changed. She was as gorgeous as ever in a white suit studded with pearl and gold jewelry.

She did seem different. There was nothing flighty about her. She talked philosophically about her life and times, laughed about her past mistakes and was pleased with the prospect of her future. She admitted she had changed.

"I don't feel as if I've changed after time," she remarked. "Sure, I've heard all the stories about what I'm supposed to have done. They are fantastic! I have had to be eight different persons."

"Those stories used to upset me terribly. I would read the nasty little digs that were printed about me and stew about them until I made myself sick.

"But now I look at it differently. There's nothing I can do to stop those stories. So I've adopted this attitude: the only person you have to answer to is the one you face in the mirror."

If you can look yourself in the eye and know that you're not guilty, you have no worries.

I've tried that system and it works. Lex and I have tried it, too. It's the way we can avoid trouble. We stay home a great deal. We avoid big parties that look as though they're going to end up in brawls.

We can have a better time among our close friends. Let the others end up on the front pages. I've had my share.

"I don't mind being knocked for something I do. If the world is going to criticize me for my behavior, I may as well be criticized for them. But the thing that makes me sere is having people make up things about me. That's why I've always been wary of coming here. A writer will take one brief quote out of a long statement I may have made. Out of context, the remark looks ridiculous.

A so-called exposé magazine recently printed a scurrilous article about Lana and understandably, she was incensed. She turned it over to the studio police department for further action.

"Why do they print things like that?" she asked. How long will they be allowed to stay in business?"

Then she reverted to the new philosphical Lana and added, "Being a movie star would be a wonderful life except for all the slap that goes with it. You have to put up with a great deal for what you get in return.

"Nobody escapes it. Stay in this town long enough and you'll hear stories about every star. Without exception. You can hear every kind of story about anyone. As soon as you get up on top, they start aiming at you."

Of the stars who have had real troubles and some whose stories have been magnified out of all proportion by the gossip, Lana stuck up for three, especially.

"Nobody could have been happier than when Ava Gardner got an Oscar nomination for Mogambo. She's just about my best friend. I love that girl. She's awfully hard to get to know; she's a very shy person. But once she considers you her friend, you'll find she's wonderful. She deserves all the credit she can get."

"Judy Garland is another one of my favorites. We're next-door neighbors; our kitchens practically look at each other. Judy is another girl who deserves better breaks than she's gotten. I hope her A Star Is Born is the greatest picture ever."

"I'll tell you a girl I'd like to meet and that's Marilyn Monroe. She must be a fascinating personality, considering all she has gone through. She's taken a lot of knocks because she's on top now. I wish there were some way I could tell her not to let it get her down."

I remarked that Lana had done a pretty good job of chronicling her own life and hard times in her autobiography. "Oh, that!" she remarked. The story, which was printed in a woman's magazine, created quite a sensation when it came out.

At the beginning of the story, Lana dropped a bomb by telling how her father was killed in a crane game at Fourth and Mission Streets in San Francisco, December 14, 1930. She went on to tell how her father had been a bootlegger during Prohibition days, how after his death she was boarded with a Modesto couple who let her with a stick when she didn't complete her tiring chores. She also gave intimate details of her first three marriages.

"I wish now I hadn't done the story," Lana confessed. "It's not that I regretted having those matters known. All the friends who knew me were aware of the facts, and they are the ones I am concerned about.

"The damage was not in the first publication, but in the way it has been used since. Writers have taken chunks out of it and used them for their own purposes. One magazine writer really got me sore. He took the record of each of my romances and tried to prove that I had a father complex."

"Now, look! I wish I had known my father better. He died when I was only nine and a half. But I didn't develop any complexes about it. I am a very uncomplexed girl."

The idea of an autobiography arose when she hired an independent press agent. The writing was done by Dorothy Shippy, an astute writer who had done similar jobs with Billie Burke and Lionel Barrymore.

"Cam had a mind like a vacuum cleaner, she recalls. 'I'd talk with him for two or three hours at a clip. Sometimes I would toss off an incident with a sentence or two. He'd come back to it later and say, 'Now what about this?'

"He was very thorough. I didn't find out
until later that he even went up to San Francisco and consulted the police records to find out that my. There's death was still carried on the books as an unsolved mur- der. I hadn't known that.

When it was all done, he brought it to me to read. I sat there reading it for an hour or more and I started to get scared. It's one thing to carry certain experiences in the back of your head; it's another thing to see them down in black and white. I would have to drop if those stores raised in it. I could tell the man after he had worked so hard?"

She did balk, but then her publicity agent swung into action. After an hour of steady convincing, Lana agreed to go through with the deal, but with certain deletions.

The autobiography appeared and created quite a stir. MGM, which had helped keep out of print many of the details she revealed, was understandably peeved. Her mother, who has always stayed in the background of Lana's career, said sadly, "Why did you have to tell about those things after we've kept them quiet all these years?"

Lana learned her lesson. She had to continue to pay the press agent a stiff sum, but she never again did a story with him. She says she'll never hire another publicity man.

There seemed happier to talk about more pleasant matters—her hair, her hus- band, her daughter and her career.

The hair: She loves it. Doesn't care what anybody says.

"I let my hair go brown for a very simple reason: I had to do two pictures that called for it," she remarked. "In Flame And The Flesh, I played a real earthy Italian girl. Unlike anything I'd ever done before. At the beginning of the picture, you see a shot of the seamier section of Naples. Down in the street, a big fight is going on. There are a bunch of kids scrambling and a woman screaming at them like a fishwife. She turns around and you see that it's me. The words 'Lana Turner' come on the screen and the credits begin.

"Now I couldn't very well play a role like that as a blonde. In the other picture I made in Italy, 'My Fathered, I'm a Dutch spy who dyes her hair.'"

She said she was delighted with the privacy the new hair shade gave her. She could travel about during her ten months in Europe without being recognized by the public. Even as she spoke, men filed past the table and stared at her for a moment as if to say, "That girl looks familiar." But they passed on, still looking quizical.

Lana intends to keep her hair brown, regardless of the advice of some people at the studio. One or two argued that she should wear a blonde wig when she appeared on the MGM 30th anniversary show on Ed Sullivan's TV show.

"I shouldn't have pointed out to them that it was good business to have me appear with brown hair with these two pictures coming out," she observed. "What better way to blow the hat before than be- fore the millions of TV viewers?"

"Personally I'm delighted with the whole situation. It's a controversy without a scan- dal. What could be more ideal?"

Her husband: She's also enthusiastic about him.

"This is quite a guy," she said with a glow in her eyes. "Somebody was mention- ing that it was nice that we were able to get to know each other well in Europe be- fore we got married. I started thinking about it and it's true.

"If we had stayed here, we would have been all wrapped up in the Hollywood rou- tine and our own friends. But we avoided all that. We had only each other and the experience of seeing Europe together.

"I decided this was the man for me. And I got married in Italy on purpose. When you get it done over there, the marriage has to last. There's no way out.

I mentioned that her remark had a slightly reminiscent ring. When she married Bob Topping in a garish free-for-all at a Sunset Boulevard tavern, she reportedly have uttered the deathless remark, "This is forever."

"Ridiculous!" Lana exclaimed. "I never said that marriage would last forever. How can you, when the man had crooked, how- willed men, but the last of these seems to have what it takes to keep Lana happy.

"Sure, Lex rules our house," she ad- mitted. "But he's not overbearing about it. The thing about him is that he has the in- telligence to back his decisions. And he has a great sense of humor. That's very im- portant."

Her daughter: A source of constant amazement.

"Cheryl is only ten and a half years old, but she's five feet, one, compared to my five feet, three," said Lana. "She's going to be taller than I am before long, and a real beauty. Oh, how I hope she won't be ashamed of her height! I keep telling her to walk erect and be proud of how tall she is, even if the boys are shorter.

"She gets along wonderfully with Lex. At first she was a little standoffish with him, and that's only natural. She called him Uncle Lex, and when she wanted anything, she'd wait until she could get me alone and ask me.

"That's all changed now. Both of them go right over my head. The two of them are conniving all the time, and I'm the last to know what's going on. She dreamed up her own name for Lex. She calls him Po.

"I couldn't figure out where she got that, so I asked her. She had something of a prob- lem. She calls her own father, Steve (Cranle, 'Daddy. I didn't want her calling Lex by his first name alone, because it simply riles me to hear children call grown people by their first names. It just doesn't sound right.

"For a while it was Uncle Lex. But when she got so fond of him, she decided to call him Po. She said she took 'Popp and dropped a "P.""

Her career: Moving in high gear.

Stars like Clark Gable and Greer Garson may be checking out of MGM, but Lana is there to stay. For another five years at least.

Is she happy about it?

"Yes, I like Metro," she said, "though I do wish I could be allowed an outside piec- e. There are so many exciting pictures being made and I'd like to be able to take some of the offers I've had. I've never been loaned out in all the years I've been at MGM.

"In fact, until the two pictures in Eu- rope, I never got off the Culver City lot. Except that I did a few days at Laguna for 'The Port of This Always Rises' and at Monterey for 'Mr. Imperium.'"

Lana seldom speaks enthusiastically about her pictures, but she's all het up about 'Flamingo.' It's not exactly Lana Turner role at all. It's one of the few times I've had a chance to really act.

There's just one other matter that be- longs in this report on the 1954 Lana. She hopes it will have happened by the time you read this.

Lana and Lex hope it will be a boy.
TV TALK

(Continued from page 24) or Twenty-one.
He'd rather stay home with his family . . . Next
time you watch Arthur Godfrey, try to figure
out the one member of the cast that the boss
doesn't like too much. It's especially evident
on the morning show, when Arthur spends so
much time talking to the various Little God-
freys, but you can also spot it on Wednesday
night if you're sharp. The person in question
is pretty independent, and has a devil-may-
care attitude that some of the others can't
afford to have. Arthur's fond of subservience,
so this attitude doesn't go too well. But there's
not much he can do about it. He can't fire
anybody else yet, not while people still re-
member the Julius La Rosa incident . . . An-
other nice sidelight on the success of See It
Now: Ed Murrow's co-editor, Fred Friendly,
and Mrs. Friendly have been able to afford
two children. Before the show they just didn't
have enough money, although Fred owns part
of Who Said That? But since See It Now
started, over two years ago, the Friendlys
have become the parents of a boy and a girl.
Their friends doubt, though, that the Friendlys
will ever move out of the city and into the
suburbs where the children will have a yard
to play in. Fred just works too hard and too
long to have any commuting time left . . .

Audrey Hepburn has officially met Mel
Ferrer's relatives at a family dinner . . .
Many people were mighty chagrined when
they found out that Charley Appelwhite had
a wife and a child. He's been palmed off by
his press agents—by implication anyway—as
an eligible bachelor from Texas. From Fort
Worth he is. But married he is, too . . . Ethel,
of Ethel And Albert, is not only an accom-
plished actress who brings her role to life: she's
also the sole author of the show, and always
has been. She does most of her writing down
in her small apartment facing historic Gra-
macy Park. When in the city writing or re-
hearsing, Peggy Roening (that's her real
name) lives alone and works. Her free time is
spent in Connecticut, where her husband, her
young daughter, and her mother live all the
time. She takes great pride in her house, which
is a very old one, and her furniture, which is
all antique. And she's a great gardener—when
she has the time. Peggy somehow manages to
look just a little dowdy when she's playing
the part of Ethel. But when she's off screen,
she's quite chic—and many pounds slimmer
than you'd expect. And it's quite true that
the adventures of Ethel and Albert have
nothing to do with the life of Peggy and her
real-life husband—who's name is Odd! Peggy
just has a flair for eyeing other people's do-
mestic lives and turning them into plots and
dialogue.

END

Fashion's newest summer look—the sophisticated "baby dress" by Madeleine Fauth

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- Fresh is guaranteed not to lose its
effectiveness for you—or money back.
- Be lovely to love always—use Fresh
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"Thanks for publishing a magazine that has been a great help to me and consequently to others."

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*Actual names and places furnished upon request.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE JUNE ISSUE:

- WHEN TO TAKE YOUR '54 VACATION
- JUNE MARKET AND BUSINESS TRENDS
- WHY WON'T SOME MEN MARRY?
- DOES THE PAST FORESHADOW THE FUTURE?
- HOW OTHER PEOPLE'S PLANETS AFFECT YOU
- ATTACK ON CONGRESS FULFILLS DIRE ASPECTS

PLUS REGULAR MONTHLY FEATURES:

YOUR LOVE—MONEY—HEALTH JUNE PLANETS AND YOU WOMEN IN THE HEADLINES YOUR JUNE HOROSCOPE ASTROLOGY AT WORK YOUR JUNE DAILY GUIDE

who's got the money?

(Continued from page 23) estimates of his earnings on The Glenn Miller Story alone are $125,000; in the current world, barium was in a New York hotel room rather than accept a subpoena that threatened surgery on their wallet. The husband, Dick Haymes, was reputed to get $5000 a week for his nightclub and theatre services, yet for some time he had been making plaintive noises indicating he couldn't scrape up five bucks he could rightfully call his own. The wife, Rita Hayworth, Haymes, is rewarded by something in the neighborhood of $250,000 a picture, $250,000 is a quarter of a million dollars. Now it seemed to be touch and go between room service and starvation.

At about the same time, back in Hollywood, an actor who raked together $850,000 all told in 1953 was faced with a tax bite of $196,000. That was not extraordinary. He could and did pay it. That was extraordinary. He was one of two stars of a certain business management's whole stable of Hollywood clients who was able to get up the scratch for Uncle Sam. Nor did this constitute a reflection on the business office's acumen. On the contrary, it is one of the shrewdest in town.

Meanwhile, a fourth luminary, whose weekly salary is roughly $1500 more than the average American salary is paid in a year, was turning up at various Hollywood gatherings in a series of brand new Cadillacs. The answer was not extravagance. The performer had bought each car on credit, had been unable to meet subsequent payments, had it repossessed, then bouned off to get another one—on credit.

Now what the bemused public presumably would like to know is: Why can't these gilded cuties with the staggering incomes keep themselves in the black? How is it that a guy with a take-home pay of less than $1000 a week can keep himself and his loved ones solvent—if barely so—and another guy who gets $200,000 a year is only a jump ahead of the sheriff or is running neck and neck with him?

Well, Modern Screen was curious about it, too, and presents a few of its findings. But first, let it be clear that Modern Screen does not consider itself an apologist for the poor screen star. The element of pathos in the economic collapse of the $5000-a-week hero is not much stronger than it would be if the Aga Khan absent-mindedly took a Turkish bath on the day before his Moslem followers gave him his weight in platinum. The star has a pretty posh set-up however you look at it, and should be able to hang onto noodle money after the locusts have passed over.

But there is something of a case for the boys and girls. It will not and should not render you to a sympathetic crying jag, but it does negate in part the careless charges of spendthrift and addlepatte.

There are a few of those still around, of course, the ya-est and triple-alimony set is not wholly obsolete, and now and again, some lovely makes the journals by the rough equivalent of buying her favorite shawl a chinchilla horse blanket. But all in all, these are, like the dinosaur, extinct, and the money troubles of most stars to-day are something like yours, if not much.

To begin with, let us take the actor who does indeed make in film salary $200,000
a year—under the usual contract, $5000 on a forty-week hitch. Salaries have dropped in the last few years, and there is a small number of his kind left. If he makes this much money, he's been around for quite a spell—ten years or more is a reasonable norm—probably has a family, and has outgrown the yen to rub champagne in his hair and regard a 1954 Jaguar as a suitable runabout for the gardener.

Let us take him and then let us take his check, before someone else does.

In the first place, a salary check for $5000 is such the whole of his life as a salary check for about $3900, since our star must pay withholding tax, of course. Then—now! his business manager (and if a star doesn't have a canny, reputable business manager along the lines of Hollywood's Bo Roos or Myrt Blum or Roger Graham, he is just asking for it) immediately pops $2500 more into the star's tax account. This is the amount the star stacks, like a squirrel, against the Ides of March, der tag! And this star, with his 200 grand, is in the ninety per cent bracket.

Very well. Mr. Got-Rocks now has $1400 of his flying start and more is yet to go.

To his agent goes $500, the customary ten per cent; to his business manager, a relatively modest $150, or more; to the income and to his insurance folk $100, Sixty-five.

And fifty of that—zowie!—into the fund for the Motion Picture Home, and don't think that's not insurance. The Motion Picture Home is where he stands a good chance of winding up if he doesn't manage his affairs like a neurotic hamster, a small rodent that hoards everything against a rainy day. The Home is the final refuge for the impoverished great, near-great and never-great. It is the film industry's looking after its own. It is at once pathetic, shocking and admirable. The names of some of its inhabitants would amaze you. But it must be maintained.

Fifty more dollars go to the mortgage. Stars are a mortgage-ridden lot. Those with fat salaries are much more credit than cash. So this one, say, has a $90,000 home with a $25,000 mortgage—and that makes him exceptionally solid.

Miss Billie Burke, Broadway star and wife of the late Flo Ziegfeld, once was assigned to the same table aboard a transatlantic liner with a gentleman who was sneezing on the deck. "Can I get to your stateroom," she advised. "Drink plenty of orange juice, take four aspirins, then cover yourself with all the blankets you can stand. Sneeze the hash out of you."

"I've always wanted to meet you, Miss Burke," the gentleman assured. "You look like William Mayo of the Mayo Clinic."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

What's he left with now? $550? Still big money, eh? Enough to keep the wolf away from your door! Sure it is. But look again.

He hasn't even started on his grocery bill, his utilities, his maintenance, his wardrobe, his wife's wardrobe, his children's clothes, his children's education, his car's upkeep (maybe two cars, maybe three), his community taxes, his state taxes, and his rather fancy surplus for an actor's demands. A star isn't supposed to live in a tree or wear burlap, and the same goes for his loved ones. Furthermore, he should entertain now and then for business as well as social reasons and that doesn't mean milkshakes and salt water taffy all around.

A close professional audit of this final $550 would be a shot in the dark on guesswork but on highly expert conjecture—indicates that our star is still solvent if he doesn't mind going without shoes.

And bear in mind that we are dealing with a fellow with no alimony trials (e.g. Dick Powell, Tyrone Power, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra), no delinquency tribulations (almost anyone you care to mention) and no lawsuits pending (Marlon Brando) no suspension of his pay (Marilyn Monroe).

At this point, you could hardly be blamed for snorting into your cambrie tea. Evidently we have here a man who is working for nothing or less than nothing, who is skidding toward catastrophe on the sweat of his brow, and who might be better off employed for wages in a garage or simply shooting himself.

Well, not quite. There are out. That's where the business consultant comes in. To over-simplify somewhat, our man can earn it, but he can't keep it. But that's impossible you say. Yes, of course, it's impossible. But here is the happiest conception of his balance sheet, according to one of the most illustrious business brains in Hollywood.

Say a star earns $5000 a year—an almost unheard of sum. He can keep $500 of it. But the conditions are that he live in a hall room, subsist on gramaphone records and water, go nowhere and see no one, and draw on hypotethical savings.

That is not an extreme statement of the matter. That's a fact. Now look once more at the financial statement of the star we have just left. To the extent that he's solvent—"liquor" is the preferred trade term—he's pretty well-heeled. But you saw how far we peed him down simply by cutting for necessities. We left him rooming for less than $550 at the top for what business managers call "personal living expenses"—and employed the term loosely.

Yet, one of the shrewdest of these men has appraised the personal living expenses of such relatively affluent stars as Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman and Dick and June Allyson Powell, as running from $2500 to $60,000 a year. Our "Star X" has been stranded with only $27,500. Minus shoes.

So here, by deposition of men best situated to know, is what he does.

First, he cuts a few corners. Domestic champagne will do as well as imported, or maybe the guests would settle for aspirin and Coke. His luxury car he may keep because it gives him the reassurance his starri—need so badly, but he drives it two years instead of one. (Two years, the management offices say, is the ideal economic life for a car anyway.) European and other trips, unless deductible or for sound business reasons, can be relegated to the category of fiddlefaddle. Last year's mink will have to do for Mrs. X's Trilling.

Our beleaguered financial giant has to take a positive forward step. That means what the hotshots call "risk capital." He's got a controllable income, and hence credit. On this credit, he borrow money, always under the close supervisory eye of his business brain. With this money, he buys, for example, into income property—pronounced in Hollywood "inkum poppity." Inkum poppity can be a hotel or a motel or an apartment house. Fred MacMurray, whose nest is supposed to be spectacularly situated, is a star's is up to his hair-line in inkum poppity. The idea for Actor X is that he picks up a $75,000 poppity for a down payment only a fraction of that amount, then sits back and lets the money roll in. Or if it doesn't exactly roll in, appreciation of values is working for him.

Alternatively, he can try for a capital gains set-up or a corporate deal or, if he'll accept the advice of one wizard, buy into purebred livestock, said by this man to be the very thing in the 1958. Real estate's not bad, nor (Continued on page 2)
HOLLYWOOD NEEDS NEW FACES—offers exciting opportunity to men and women of all ages in the fast-rising career field of movies and TV. But talent isn’t enough; you must “know the ropes”. To help you do exactly that, Tony Ormond—an internationally known Producer—has retold his 29 years of “show-business” experience into a valuable Guide Book to Stardom. Read it, and learn for yourself how to achieve success on the screen. Do you feel that you, too, could become successful in TV or movies if you “knew the right people”? If someone would just show you how and where to start? If you must not miss reading Ormond’s sensational new book, “Your Career in Hollywood.” For it tells you the facts about the golden ladder of opportunity, so that you may know what to do now, and how to plan for next month and your entire future! Whether you live in glamorous Hollywood, on a small farm in Maine, or anywhere in between, you will find this book a thrilling guide and inspiration for your “show-business” ambition.

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MANY SECRETS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED. You learn the reasons for movie-making success, how to select a story, where to get ideas, how to act, and the part they may play in your future on the screen. Or, if you’re interested in a high-temperature’s career, you’ll learn about that too.

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JUST FOR THE RECORDS

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

by George Frazier

Possibly over a period of say, two years, the most popular recording artist in history is Eddie Fisher. Now, with theburgher’s said, “Chick, I’m a Core,” his latest RCA Victor release, he has had sixteen consecutive hits (a hit is a record that sells a minimum of 250,000 copies). As far as I’ve been able to determine, that’s unprecedented. It is always intriguing and often rewarding to try to determine the reason for such pervasive and persistent popularity. In Eddie Fisher’s case, I think it is because he seems to be such an ordinary kind of boy.

My own theory is that it is Eddie’s lack of any striking distinctiveness that sets him apart. Certainly, it would be a mistake to call him a song stylist. He does not exert himself physically in the way of a Johnnie Ray or a Frankie Laine or a Billy Daniels. He has none of the vocal individuality that makes a Nat Cole, a Bing Crosby or a Frank Sinatra immediately recognizable. It seems to me equally important that Fisher the person isn’t a stylist, either. I suspect that only his fans would be able to pick him out of a crowd.

The Fisher phenomenon, a triumph of normalcy, has interested me enormously. I read a piece in this magazine which had to do with the fact that Eddie had managed to make himself cordially disliked while visiting Hollywood a few months ago. I immediately made up my mind to observe him more closely. In recent weeks Eddie has been turning up fairly regularly in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, a retreat to which I often repair for supper on evenings when I’ve worked late. Between forkfuls of redoubttable Hamburger a la Walter Winchell, I studied him.

For one thing, he is undistinguished in appearance. He looks, indeed, very much as you would expect a young man fresh from a singing job at a Catskills resort to look. He is short, compact, dark and extremely boyish. Surrounded by the poised and celebrated—Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Louis Jourdan, Charles Boyer, Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, Alfred Drake and Franchot Tone (all of whom were appearing on Broadway) he seemed almost painfully shy. The chic and the glory and the choosiness that are the Stork appeared to overwhelm him. One night he was about to leave when Sherman Billingsley noticed him. "You’re not going yet, are you," said Billingsley.

Eddie looked suddenly apologetic. "Well, er,—I," he said, and then stopped, turned around and sat down. He seemed genuinely touched by the fact that his presence had been noted by an individual who is often described as "the world’s most celebrated host." Later, when Eddie’s girl was presented with a large bottle of Sortilege perfume, he stumbled his appreciation. On a subsequent evening, when Jack Benny and Bob Hope came in after having attended the Friars’ testimonial to George Jessel, Fisher gazed at them in unabashed hero worship. He behaved exactly as any youngster of humble origins would have behaved upon finding himself in the presence of fame and wealth. I think this attitude is apparent in his singing. As to Eddie’s tastelessness in Hollywood, I find it entirely in accord with his personality. It was the behavior of an unspoiled person. I’m reasonably certain that a more assured celebrity, a shrewd man being, would have assumed a false complexion, Eddie is not sufficiently hypocritical to be able to mask his feelings. Or, to put it perhaps more accurately, he isn’t worldly enough to do so.

A long time ago I described Frank Sinatra as a “Frank Sinatra fan,” but
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I flirted with sex

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Don't Let

PERIODIC

PIMPLES

End
(Continued from page 79) oil wells if there's oil in them. But he must invest risk capital and remember that high salaries, as a means of net gain, are as quaint today as the dodo.

And what of the many well-known business consultants recently, "who has come up since 1940 will make a million dollars from pictures. Very few will get 'rich,' a word I use exclusively for the moment. Those days are over. You don't have to feel sorry for the star but you don't have to envy him either.

And in spares, you do not have to envy Star X's opposite number, the immortal champion of it's-only-money and there's-plenty-more—where—that-came-from. The true story of the Jack of Clubs is a different ballgame. You might even wish to drop a wrench on the mangled remains of his billfold some time when you're in town.

We can call him Cornwall Birdbrain. In fact, he is Complete, Four well-known stars who must remain nameless.

Cornwall Birdbrain did not have much money when he was a kid. He did not make much money when he was a youth either, nor when he was a young man. In truth, Cornwall Birdbrain was eating doughnuts and coffee two weeks before his twentieth birthday, and not minding it because he never had gotten used to anything much more substantial.

Then all of a sudden Cornwall Birdbrain is making several thousand dollars a week, which strikes him as stage money because how silly can things get?

Cornwall does not want any business managers cramping his style, so he dispenses with that idea, and shows rare backs and makes a down payment on a $150,000 home. He buys a Cadillac convertible and a Jag to keep it company and a smattering of the Jagers, because a station wagon has always symbolized his ragged dream of opulence.

So has a yacht. So he buys a yacht, bearing in mind that he lives in southern California, anything longer than a dinghy is a yacht. Cornwall's yacht measures a cool fifty-two feet, including Diesels, and wasn't it the late J. F. Morgan who said that the man who has a fortune much a yacht cost to run, you couldn't afford it? Well, Cornwall never even asked.

Cornwall gets so he can't stand the sight of oil wells. He checks out Cornwall's neighbors, and Cornwall's beneficiaries have no such provable intent. Cornwall says of these loans that he is moved to make them by remembering his parents and old days, but psychologists specializing in the sub-mortality won't give him passing marks on that. It is partially so, but Cornwall's real motives, they say, are over-compensating for the role of the man whose family lived on a dollar a week.

Generosity and sentiment are only a small part of it.

Meanwhile, a couple of prior wives who up to several years after Cornwall's saddle name abruptly remember it, and Cornwall is paying alimony with both hands. And Wife No. 5, a prosperity item, entitled: What shall I say to the, well up to that of the Super Chief.

Cornwall always has had a secret yen to gamble, and now it bursts loose with an awed pleasure. Cornwall is known to be at two major race tracks, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, and Las Vegas isn't far away. But Cornwall's judgment is even worse today than his looks was, his luck is foul.

And what of Cornwall's business schemes, more fittingly called his gullibility? There are promoters around town who never turn down their beds at night without out murmuring a prayer for Cornwall's continued health and earning power.

Not once does it occur to Cornwall Birdbrain that his phase in the sun will not go on forever. Hasn't his astrologist banged him out a scratch sheet saying as much? And he does not read the communications of the able economists of the Hollywood scene, one of whom wrote recently:
"Salaries have taken a terrific bump. I know (that) most salaries that were $175,- 000 (per picture) against 10% of the gross are now in the neighborhood of $50,000 to $100,000 and 4% or 5% of the gross, or 20% or 25% of the net." And this man is talking of top, established stars. Cornwall's just a skyrocket with freak propulsion.

Mr. Whiskers will be around talking to Cornwall by and by. Indeed, he was seen leaving Cornwall's house last yesterday—frowning, Cornwall, if he thought of it at all, thought Federal taxes were something you paid when you got around to it, state taxes a gag. He needs ready money now, and fast. A loanout picture? His studio, which thought up the fine contractual print Cornwall never bothered to read, says no. Sell the yacht? Who wants it? Call in the


The safest guesses at the truly affluent in the Hollywood colony are the weeks, days, years, when taxes were trivial, West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills cow pastures, and real estate there going for a song—and then to sleep in a tent.

The names of these investors will be more familiar to many than to you, and even more familiar to grandma. And Dun & Bradstreet knows them well. Bob Hope,Jackie Coogan, over a million, or the astutest observers of Hollywood fortunes are crazy. So has Harold Lloyd. And the self-exiled Charles Chaplin, who once lived for all of the people of the world, of the sage who said: "You can't take it with you." Chaplin did—in amounts that can only be estimated, but the estimates are eye-popping. Marion Davies is not ready for the dole yet.

Of the present crop of performers, the supposed fat cats are mainly veterans or semi-veterans of the screen, and again, one must rely on informed conjecture. Bing Crosby, ensnared in a web of enterprises, should be set for life. His fortune has been rated as high as twenty million, and as low as ten million than that. MacMurray is by no means destitute but is alleged to become watchful over any mention of the fact. Gary Cooper was thought to be extraordinarily prosperous until a few months ago, when publics demanded off in oddly gloomy tones to one or two friends. These were not too alarmed.

The case of John Wayne, perhaps picture but high is an open question. His is in abeyance. Two years ago, an intimate has said, you could fairly have called him rich. Two years from now, the same should hold true again. But John Wayne doesn't appear to be stanching the flow from an awesome wound ripped in his bank-book by his former wife, Chata.

In the highly muddled quarters out the window, did his eighteen-month European hitch before the loophole in the tax structure had been plugged, and presumably came home fixed for life. Charlie Chaplin has no desire to work again, and the same may well be true of Pat O'Brien. Joan Crawford has been on the scene for close to twenty-five years and could be a rare millionaire class. Victor Mature is a successfull businessman who employs the services of the shrewdest advisers; some think he could buy out Clark Gable, another of the less-than-reckless spenders, may or may not have it, according to the most cautious advice, but if he doesn't rub out he can figure out what's gone.

The crop of Dick Powell and June Allyson, plus Powell's caniness as an investor, make them likely candidates for authentic wealth. With such stables as those, one could. Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman and the duo of Betty Grable and Harry James, stuffed safe deposit boxes are deemed altogether.

All these are nominated as likely to own entrenched and plentiful assets.

Among those with high-salaries but no bank accounts are Mary Pickford, Bob Hope, Claudette Colbert, James Cagney, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Olivia de Havilland, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinat, and of course Ronald Reagan. Lana Turner, Elizabeth Taylor, Judy Garland, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

Two other names of this entrepreneur group—Esther Williams and Kathryn Grayson—are reported on very good footing indeed, while two others in a category all their own these days—Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin—could easily have a mint.
It's the younger crowd who may be most discouraged at not getting a clean crack at Uncle Sam's greenery. Most are believed to be handling what they can get, or to be on sensibly enough—Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Montgomery Clift, Marlon Brando, Ann Blyth, Virginia Mayo and Robert Wagner are cases in point—but what can they get their hands on? All this looks like quite a list, but it's only a handful. The trouble seems to be that to make money costs too much money, so spare a tear for the big-earning film star if you can.

Who's got the money then? Aga Khan. Couple of Rockefellers. The Nizam of Hyderabad. Oh, and Howard Hughes. He's got money. Has a multiplicity of interests, oil, tools, aircraft, airline and so on, only one of which costs him dough. Motion pictures. He's been losing on that.

**what's happening to jerry?**

(Continued from page 49) that Jerry Lewis is feeling his oats. Jerry wants to sing ballads in his pictures that should logically be sung by the heroine—or by Dean Martin. And he was so furious about the script of The Big Top that he didn't want to make the picture. It wasn't until Hal Wallis threatened to take the boys off television and cancel their personal appearances and recording dates that Jerry got back in line.

The rubber-faced comedian's friendship with Janet and Tony Curtis has also cooled. The two young couples were all but inseparable for a couple of years. Patti and Jerry stood up for Janet and Tony when they were married. Almost every weekend found the Curtises out in Pacific Palisades with the Lewises.

Now? Well, you won't get either pair to admit that there's any friction. But last New Year's Eve there was a party at the Curtises'—and Janet hadn't remembered the Lewises. The same night there was a party at the Lewis house and the Curtises weren't asked.

Rapidly, rumors of feud spread through the movie colony. Jerry's press agent even advised the Lewises and the Curtises to make the rounds of the night spots together just to kill off some of the talk.

**modern screen** raises the discussion of Jerry's behavior in a leave. We have long admired his great talent and considered him a fine human being. We wouldn't want him to change.

Jerry has contributed untold time and money to the charity and to the victims of muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, infantile paralysis and other diseases. He has been fined by his union for giving benefit performances without permission. Surely, he has spent thousands of dollars on other people.

We are convinced of Jerry's virtues and we hate to see him unwittingly antagonize his fellow employees.

Al Jolson did that kind of thing as a young man. In spite of his tremendous stature and remarkable public popularity he was once intensely disliked by those who worked with him. We don't want to see this happen to Jerry Lewis.

We hope Jerry won't need to reassure himself about his own value by behaving in a brash and dictatorial way—by appointing himself an authority on music, comedy, and story values—and by losing his friends. Jerry is a kind, warm-hearted, considerate person. He could become one of our loved, admired and respected comedians.

It must be remembered that Jerry has been under a great strain since he returned from Europe last summer. He has

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**RECONCILIATION BLUES**

Now you see them, now you don't—those happily married (?) couples!

- It was a big night at the Cocoanut Grove; Gordon MacRae was making a personal appearance. But the real spotlight was stolen from him by two movie stars—who showed up with their wives!

First to arrive were Jeff and Marge Chandler, formerly a fairly happy couple whose devotion was measured in terms of their two cute kids, Jamie and Dana. Last year trouble hit and they went through two separations and two reconciliations. Now it looked as though they might be trying a third. But insiders knew that only a few nights before, Jeff had escorted Susan Hayward to a producer's party and had dined others as well. Hollywood's self-styled love experts speculated that the other dates were a cover-up for an eventual out-in-the-open wooing of Susan and that Marge will start divorce proceedings soon.

Happier hopes were held out for the Gene Nelsons when they arrived together. Sympathy during their recent, much-publicized separation was largely with Mrs. Nelson, who calmly refused to file for divorce and admitted to friends that "Gene has been through something like this before. I'll play me a waiting game." Hence, it was no real surprise to see Gene and Miriam on the same dance floor where, a few months before, Gene and Jane Powell had danced cheek to cheek.

For once, the experts were right. Jeff and Marge Chandler show little chance of getting back together, despite their somewhat glum dates. Gene and Miriam Nelson, on the other hand, have held their marriage slimly but successfully together—though no one actually expects Gene not to stray again.

Oh, those reconciliation blues!
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**JACK LA LAMNE**

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finished three motion pictures, starred in half a dozen tv shows, appeared at the Copacabana in New York and played countless menial roles in radio dramas. Jerry pushed himself, driving his meager physical resources to the limit. He ignores his physician’s advice and works until he becomes nervous and irritable.

After earning so much money, it seems incredible that Martin and Lewis could be in debt both to the U. S. Government and to Paramount Pictures. Jerry has already paid back more than $750,000, but they spend a remarkable amount of money. Jerry can’t buy one pair of slacks or one pair of socks; it's got to be half a dozen in all colors. His wife wasn't to be left behind to his first wife come to more than $8,000 a month. Between them, they keep twenty-three people on their payroll. You can see how tough it is for them to get even a second. According to some old friends, his financial situation is not responsible for Jerry's dominating ways. Others think that part of it.

“Look,” one of them said, “I remember that kid from the 500 Club in Atlantic City. In 1946 his act consisted of mugging to photographic props. His wife was in the hospital with a new baby and he didn’t have the dough to bail her out.

“I don’t want to use an overworked line, but the kid was very humble then. Very young and very grateful for anything good that came along.

“Three years later he was earning $15,000 a week. The hangers-on were gathering around him and getting to Control himself. He’s only twenty-seven, after all. It’s only natural.”

An actress who used to be his pal and no longer is, said: “Lewis is a contradictory guy—a strange guy. One minute he’s warmhearted and generous. The next he’s fighting and quarreling.

“You’ve got to remember that his success came quickly. By the time he was twenty-two or twenty-three he was earning close to a half million a year. Under circumstances like that a man takes great strength of character to keep a level head and a civil tongue. Jerry has begun to throw his weight around. Dean’s wife recognizes that early in the game. She felt and she still feels that Dean is 50% of the act and is entitled to 50% of the attention. That rubbed Jerry the wrong way, and that’s why his wife and Jeanette were involved. That’s the way it looked to me, anyway.

“I’ve seen only one man put Jerry in his place—Hal Wallis. Unfortunately, both Dean and Jerry would like to get out of their contracts with Wallis. It’s no secret that they’ve been more than dissatisfied. They believe they’re being exploited in lousy pictures. Actually, their movies have been less good than they think. It’s difficult to find story material for them, but by contract they’ve got another four or five years to go with Wallis. Maybe that’s one reason Jerry has been rather disagreeable of late.” But the actress knows Wallis, too.

She said: “There’s another side of the coin. Wallis is a producer of stature and experience. The boys have achieved their greatest popularity under his wing. Jerry is hot and apt to get at Patti. There’s a young woman with both feet on the ground. It wasn’t for Patti I think Jerry would be completely unmanageable. She’s a steady influence. It was she who got him to the point of sleeping without a gun under his pillow—and if anybody can keep him in line, Patti can.”

Jerry likes to say, “I wasn’t brought by the bottle. This bottle used to be a bottle.” He was named Joseph Levitch when he was born in 1926 to a pair of vaudevilleans, Danny and Rea Lewis. Jerry was brought up in Newark, mostly by his grandmother and his aunt. His parents were on the road most of the time and he felt so lonely and unhappy that he hasn’t been able to recover to this day. Probably he has surrounded himself with yes-men and why he cannot abide being alone.

He never really had a definite home. During the peaks of his career he used to work as a bus boy in resort hotels where his parents were entertaining. At Brown’s Hotel in the Catskills he put on a wig and helped out with the activities.

Irony Kaye, a local comedian, heard Jerry was hilarious and got him a job in a Buffalo burlesque house.

When the scared fifteen-year-old boy trotted on stage for his debut, the hardened customers shouted their disapproval. “Get off! Bring on the dames!” Jerry started to cry and ran to the wings. Max Coleman, a friend of Jerry’s, reassured the boy to go back and finish his act.

With such a rocky start, it’s no wonder Jerry now receives warm applause and admiration from those around him. He surrounds himself with employees who won’t speak up when Jerry steps out of line, either because they don’t know or because they don’t want a chance on Jerry’s reaction. As a boy, Jerry felt inferior too many times to hazard that experience again.

Finally, Jerry is a moody, melancholy young man with a genius for mimicry that can take him out of his depression into the world of responsive laughter. So, again, he must have an audience.

The Lewis house is usually filled with people—Patti never knows how many will stay for dinner—all assuring Jerry that he is the greatest. He demands boundless loyalty of his friends. He gets jobs for acquaintances, gives them money, puts them on his payroll. In return he expects lavish devotion and care and above the sounds of normal gratitude. Apparently, he has not yet realized that this is too much to ask. People can’t give it. If they could, it wouldn’t be worth much.

When Dean refuse to build their lives with Jerry as the cornerstone, there is bitterness and tapering-off friendship.

Under Jerry’s wackiness there is perception and shrewdness. Probably he knows what’s happening, but he does not or cannot stop it.

He knows he should relax, vacation, enjoy himself, but he doesn’t. Maybe he can’t. He loves to entertain. He is compassionate, generous, humanitarian and—like all great entertainers—stubborn and self-centered. Max Coleman and many other eneies will testify that he has done more for people than any actor on the lot. He is genuinely and deeply loved. It is a shame that a young man who has only friends should now have enemies, too.

Of the explanations for this untoward behavior of late, probably the most valid is that Jerry is too young. He has been happy about their work in Hollywood. Seventy months ago they tried to buy back their contract. Hal Wallis wouldn’t sell.

Since then, Jerry’s temperament has been showing.

**Marriage at 15, motherhood at 16, divorce at 17—that was Sheree North. Hollywood’s newest cyclonic blonde**

Read all about her in MODERN SCREEN next month!
why duke likes them latin

(Continued from page 39) As one of his employees suggested, "Maybe this time he should go to bat with a blonde from north of the Rio Grande." But at this stage of his life, the hard-working Duke is settled in his ways.

Blondes leave him cold. Always have.

"Just a matter of taste," he explains. The rugged six-foot-four-inch he-man is a sucker for señoritas.

The third Mrs. Marion Mitchell Morrison (Duke's real name) will surely be the black-eyed, black-haired beauty from Lima, Peru, who won Pilar Pallette (pronounced pall-et-ay).

By California law Duke cannot marry anyone until October 29, 1954, when he will receive his final divorce decree. If Pilar has obtained her divorce by that time, there will probably be a wedding.

DUKE AND PILAR are virtually inseparable these days. There doesn't seem to be much danger of any sudden breakup.

Pilar worships Duke and he, in turn, is extremely proud of her, and with good reason. Pilar is well-bred and knows how to make a dollar stretch.

Duke introduced her to his friends at the Gay Nineties Party given by his agent, Ned Martin. Everybody approved of Pilar. An actress, her acid tongue said, "It looks to me as if Duke's gotten himself a winner in this girl. She's very polite, very lady-like, very appreciative.

"Of course there are prettier girls right here in Hollywood but Pilar is certainly an improvement over Chata. She's a naive sort, but I think Duke likes that type. Certainly they seem happy together.

When Duke was asked why he preferred Latin American beauties to the home-grown varieties, he was candid as usual.

A visitor from Las Vegas (says Hal Peary) saw a Coney Island merry-go-round and yelled, "You people must be nuts, gambling away your kids!"

Earl Wilson from The New York Post

"Look," he said, "I'm a fellow that happens to like girls. All girls. Only you can't like everyone in the same degree.

"No nation has a monopoly on beauty. I consider Latin American girls very exciting, very warm, very lovely. They have a strong feeling for home-life, for family life. And so have I.

"I like to take my vacation in Mexico and countries below the border. The Latins know how to relax, how to make it easy. They're never slaves to time. Up here I'm so darn busy it seems to me that I'm running all the time. That's why I go south.

"When a man is relaxing in Mexico, he meets Mexicans. When he's vacationing in Peru, he meets Peruvians. Years ago, I'd taken a vacation in Sweden, maybe I wouldn't have wound up with a Swedish girl. Who knows? Friendships are frequently the result of geography and circumstance, and of course, individual taste.

"It happens to prefer brunettes. Sue me."

Duke hates to discuss his private life. He doesn't talk much about his plans with Pilar. When they were touring Las Vegas a few months ago someone asked, "You two kids eloping?"

Pilar smiled and said nothing.

Duke merely grinned and muttered, "No. The rumor is that I wouldn't get married until November."

MARRIAGE COUNSELORS say that when a man marries more than once, the chances are very good that his subsequent wives will resemble his first. They say that unwittingly every man likes to improve on his failure, to start with some already known quantity.

Certainly this seems to be true of Duke Wayne. The failure of his first marriage to Josephine Saenz has been well hashed over. Some people claimed that Josephine was too social, and that Wayne couldn't abide that sort of tea-party life. But they didn't know the Waynes.

More likely, the problems arose from the fact that Duke is Protestant and Josephine Catholic, and that, as the years went by, they began to grow apart.

There were four children in the ten-year period, but during that time, Duke was working so hard and so long that he spent very little time at home. He was just a beginner in the motion picture game, and he used to make a Western quickie in a little under three weeks.

Duke is a lusty, rugged, earthy, home-spun man who enjoys the society of people like himself. To him the most important things are work, loyalty and love.

His first wife could not exactly understand or fit in with his philosophy. Duke has always believed in the sanctity of the home, and this divorce really broke him up. So he went down to Mexico.

In Mexico City he met Esperanza Bauer at a film luncheon. They started going together. Duke thought he had found a woman who had all of Josephine's virtues and none of her faults.

"I thought," he was to say later, "that Chata would be satisfied with the simple things of life, a family, friends.

"I didn't expect any wife of mine to go on location and shoot craps with the crew or to get loaded and fall all over herself in night clubs or to pair up with her old lady and hold a gun on me."

Duke has always fallen for Latin American girls because he thinks they are brought up to respect the institution of marriage, to respect their husbands and to understand that in a man's scheme of life, his work is paramount.

In Duke's book, Latin American girls are rarely flighty or sophisticated. They have a realistic sense of values, he once said. "And that's very important in a marriage. And another thing—they are wonderful with children.

"My four kids, for example, they're good kids and they're well-behaved. And all the credit for that must go to their mother. Over the years she's handled those children with complete mastery. And I'm as grateful to her for that as I can ever be."

Duke was under the impression that Chata was a woman who would subjugate her way of life to his. It didn't work out, and since the differences have been aired in court, there is no point in repeating them.

THE CRUCIAL question is whether or not Pilar Pallette will be able to fill the role of Duke's dream wife. Admittedly, Duke at forty-six, is not an easy man to live with. He is set in his ways, his friends, his business and his outlook.

At times he is brusque, ill-tempered, and quick-to-anger, perhaps because he has consistently overworked in the mistaken belief that his popularity will be short-lived.

"An actor's hot for only a very few years," is one of his favorite remarks. On the other hand, he is kind, considerate and generous to a fault. If he loves a woman, she's the sky's the limit.

Chata, for example, testified in court that her monthly household expenditures approximated $15,000. She also drove a Cadillac convertible and had charge accounts in all the leading shops.

Even now she lives in a beautiful apartment in the swank Sunset Towers and lives...
MEADOWS IN THE CLOVER

Audrey sometimes gets pie in the face and Jayne usually gets killed in the second act—but TV is the field for the Meadows.

Comedienne Audrey appears as panelist on CBS morning show, 'I'll Buy That.' She was introduced to television by comic Phil Silven.

Dramatic actress Jayne sits on the 'I've Got A Secret' panel and often plays leads on such shows as 'Studio One' and 'Suspense.'

Jayne's most frequent date is popular comedian Steve Allen on 'What's My Line?' and—of course—'The Steve Allen Show.'

On Saturday nights Audrey plays Jackie Gleason's part wife in 'The Honeymooners,' one of Jackie's most uproarious sketches.

Born in China, both girls confuse escorts by talking Chinese to each other when double-dating, as kids spoke nothing else.

Until recently, Jayne was married to director Milton Krim. Audrey says she has no time for marriage, has never been engaged.

Exremely well on the $5,000 a month she gets from Duke as part of her alimony. Duke also expects that his friends will become his wife's friends. Bo Roos, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, Jimmy Grant, Ford Fix, the whole gang must be treated well.

Duke cannot abide snobbery or high-handedness in any form. And that goes double for deceit.

Obviously Wayne feels that Pilar Pallete can meet his requirements.

When he gives a girl his heart, he doesn't give it lightly. His intentions have always been matrimonial and once he gets married he never strays. Although hundreds of dollars were spent by Chata and her attorney in an effort to uncover some evidence linking Duke with adultery in the seven years of their marriage, no such evidence was ever found.

When a wife disillusion him, he is quickly hurt and disgusted. And the next thing anyone knows he's pulled out of Hollywood and is wandering over Central or South America.

Then he meets another Latin American beauty who rekindles his flame and faith in the essential goodness of wifehood.

That's how Duke found Pilar Palleto. They met in 1932 when Duke had flown to Peru to get Chata out of his mind and out of his heart. He knew by then the marriage was finished.

In Peru the heart-broken actor decided to scout some jungle locations for a Wayne-Fellows production which was later shot in Mexico. He went up into the Peruvian jungle near the Amazon River where a local motion picture outfit was shooting 'Sabotage In The Jungle.'

Pilar Palleto was playing one of the leads in this picture, and Duke was introduced to her. It wasn't love at first sight, but there was rapport between these two.

One of Pilar's friends who was secretary to producer Edward Movius, said, "Pilar knew all about Duke. After all, he's one of the most famous movie stars in the world. But Duke didn't know anything about Pilar. It didn't take him very long to find out Pilar speaks good English. Also her eyes are very expressive."

"She was married to Dick Weldy, the Panagra public relations chief in Lima. She met her second husband when she got a divorce he married Pilar. So that Pilar knew what it is to live with an American. Anyway when she met Duke, she and Weldy were separated, and her divorce should come through any day now."

"Pilar comes from a respected Lima family. Her father was a senator and she and her three sisters were sent to good schools. When Pilar finished Lima High School she got a job as an airline hostess.

"Last year she flew up to Hollywood, and Duke gave her a screen test. Duke and Pilar have been going together ever since. And as her love for Duke has increased, Pilar's desire for an acting career has waned."

She lives in a small apartment, makes many of her own clothes, and is Duke's constant companion when he isn't working. Duke's friends like her fine. "She's a lady," they say. "She finds all of them great fun."

At a recent party she spent most of the night snapping pictures of all the guests with a new Polaroid camera Duke had given her. One of the guests, said to Wayne, "Duke, I like Pilar. She is the first actress I've ever met who would rather take pictures than pose for them."

Duke grinned.

"Pilar's okay," he said. Then he walked over and slipped his arm around her shoulder. As the guests watched him, they all understood that it was just a question of time before she would become his wife.
(Continued from page 29) who wanted a home and children, willingly signed an agreement before the wedding, waiving any claim to half of Jess' fortune (which otherwise would be hers under California community property law). Now, almost ten years later, Susan and Jess come to the divorce court—but the situation is reversed. Jess has been “between pictures” for several years; Susan is a big star; and it is Jess who wants to write off the pre-marital agreement!

Both Susan and Jess want to do what’s best for their nine-year-old twins, but they don't agree at all on what’s best. They seem to have been good parents. It was significant that their only complaints about each other’s parental behavior were their fears that the children would be prejudiced and confused by their parents’ rivalry for their loyalty.

If Susan and Jess are sincere in their wishes to protect their children—and apparently they are—they have chosen a remarkable way to do it. It’s too late now to save their sons from unspeakable humiliation.

It’s clear that Gregory and Timothy have been friendly and close to both of their parents, but that’s all over now. What they’ve read and what they’ve overheard between their parents and about them has hurt them and filled them with mistrust and embarrassment.

Last July their home slid out from under them and their family became a public spectacle. If their elders can’t handle the situation with dignity, how can a couple of nine-year-olds handle it?

After the lawyer who had drawn up the agreement had testified, the Plaintiff, Susan Hayward, took the stand to describe the fight in which she got her famous black eye. The case was heard by Judge Herbert Y. Walker, Miss Hayward’s attorneys; Martin Lang and Milton A. Rudin; Mr. Barker’s, S. S. Hahn.

(The testimony here is taken directly from the transcript of the Superior Court. Omissions are indicated by three dots; breaks in continuity by three asterisks.)

Q What time of the day or night was it?
A It was late at night, because my husband had gone out to get the latest editions of the newspapers; it was on his return.

Q Who was at home on that night, July 16, 1953?
A My husband and myself and my house guest.

Q Where were the boys?
A And my children were upstairs.

Q All night? And it was after dinner then, late at night, about eleven or twelve at night?
A Yes. We had been talking before this.

Q What were you doing on that occasion?
A I had been studying, and Mr. Barker had been watching television.

Q Studying what?
A My script, or a script. I can’t remember now whether I was working on something at the time or preparing.

Q When Mr. Barker went out for the late editions of the newspapers, where were you at the time he came back?
A In the living room.

Q Can you describe what happened on that occasion?
A Yes. As I said before, we started to argue. We argued about most of the things we’ve argued about in the past. I remember one thing; that I asked Mr. Barker for a divorce, because I said to him, under the circumstances, that I felt a divorce might be the only solution to these problems. He said I would never get a divorce.

Q Did you discuss the question of employment, or his not working?
A Yes; this was part of our argument.

Q What was the effect on the children?
A Yes.

Q Give the conversation, please.
A As well as I can remember, it wound up in the fact that he said to me I’d never get a divorce. And I said, if you don’t love me, and don’t want me to do what I consider right, why do you want to hang on? And he said, “Well, you’re a good meal ticket.”

Q Well, when he said that, I didn’t understand, and I looked back at him, and I said, “I don’t understand you. I think you’re very queer.”

Q And what did he do?
A He walked over to where I was sitting and he slapped me.

Q In the face, Mrs. Barker?
A Yes.

Q Go ahead; proceed.
A I was frightened. I said, “Don’t!” So he

PAVE VAGINAL POUNDING

Old Mother Hubbard came out of the suburbs to help out a dog in distress.

W Twenty-three years ago, a tall, dark-haired pavement artist was working around London’s Embankment. His offer: to chalk portraits on the pavement or to sketch them on postcards. His price was threepence and “your money back if you’re not satisfied.”

He showed so much talent that one customer asked him why he wasn’t in art school. He replied respectfully, “I am. I’m only doing this to raise a little money. I’m trying to save my dog from the public pound.”

The woman never forgot that boy nor his love for animals. She died a few months ago at the age of eighty-four. She bequeathed him $150 of her $75,000 estate. She was Mrs. Mary Valentine Salvage, and in her youth she was one of Britain’s top secret agents.

The young artist she remembered in her will was Michael Wilding. In Paris he was notified of the bequest. “It was a long time ago,” he said, “but I remember her. A friend and I were working as pavement artists. We earned seven shillings, sixpence to save our dog, but some titled lady had come along and bought her out of the pound, so we were left with the seven and six.”

Today, Michael Wilding and his animal-loving wife, Elizabeth Taylor, have four dogs and five cats.
slapped me again. I tried for him not to hit me. He threw me on the floor, and pulled off my robe, and proceeded to me my teeth.

Well, when my husband was beating me, I tried to get loose from him, first of all, because it hurt, secondly, because there were children in the house, andStan Little, who was ill, I didn't want him to disturb them. But when he beat me, it hurt, and I was crying.

So finally I got loose and ran out of the house into the back garden. I just wanted to get away, Mr. Barker caught up with me; he forced me by the hand into the house. I was struggling with him, and he hit me again.

Q: Where did he hit you, do you remember? I know it's tough, but we've got to do it.

A: He hit me twice, where he hit me; he hit me wherever he could.

Q: What were you wearing, by the way, Mrs. Barker?

A: I was wearing a terrycloth bathrobe.
A: And what underneath that?
A: Nothing, I slept in the raw.
A: All right, then, you were dragging you back in the house. Continue the story.
A: What had continued to beat me, I had to get help. I ran to the telephone. I was going to dial the operator, call the police, or anything I could.

Q: What happened?
A: He came after me and knocked the telephone out of my hand, and he said, "I'll cool you off.", whereupon he yanked me by the arm, and dragged me out again, back through the garden and up the steps to the swimming pool.
A: And what did he do then?
A: He threw me in.

Q: And will you relate what happened after he threw you in?

A: Well, as I said, I was wearing this terrycloth robe, and it's pretty full. It's a big, pink, voluminous thing, and when I hit the water, the water soaked it up, and I went down. It's hard to get up because there are any number of things that get up on the top, and I started screaming again, because I was afraid, whereupon he pushed my head under the water.

Q: Were you in fear of your life?
A: And what did you do after he held your head under the water?
A: I suddenly realized that I was not dealing with a person who was quite themselves, I knew that he was so highly enraged that I was responsible for his actions that night.

So what you say happened?

A: So when I came up the second time, I kept my mouth shut and any noise I made, "Now get back into the house." So I went quietly.
A: What happened to the terrycloth bathrobe?
A: That was soaking wet; and as I said, it was very heavy. It was left by the poolside.

A: And you did get back to go into the house without any clothes on at all?
A: No, Mrs. Barker did not live at the home from that time on, did he?
A: He did not.
A: Did he come to take the children with him on occasion?

Q: Did he.
A: Or, would you, on those occasions, see him?
A: Or, and he would not stay at the house, however?
Q: No.
A: What come and get the children, and bring them back?
A: Yes.

Q: Or if he wanted to pick up any of his clothes, or things like that.

That's most of what Susan Hayward remembered in court about the fight on July 15-17. But this is the way Jess Barker remembered the same evening.

Q: . . . Let's begin with the fact that you were out, and then you came home about a certain hour.
A: . . . We went home, had our usual drinks before we never less than two.

Q: After dinner I was sitting in front of the television. And my brains were dull, and I left it. Mrs. Barker wasn't studying a script, and to the time that the time, there were no scripts, to my knowledge, that had been seen, my wife, and a photograph . . .
Q: You know about scripts?
A: I should know; I have worked with them enough.

Q: You studied the scripts with her?
A: Yes.
Q: And you advised her?
A: Yes.
Q: And what else do you do helping prepare for the work as a star?
A: I don't have any much knowledge I have had in the years in the theater, and what I have had a few script to go, and I did.
Q: Did you attend interviews with her?
A: She was frequently present in interviews with magazines and newspapers. Quite frequently Mrs. Barker would ask me to join, as she termed it, the tough chance.
Q: Did you have to advise her about costumes at the studios?
A: I was with Mrs. Barker on practically every picture she started on the costumes, and I saw the few script and the people were connected with her work.

Q: You had listened to that, you bought the groceries for the house?
A third witness was called to describe the same incident. Her testimony came between Susan Hayward's and Jess Barker's. Her name is Dorothy Hazel Swain and she had been a maid at the house next door to the Barkers'. She had a room with a view.

Q. You brought her flowers for your and her anniversary?
A. I did.
Q. She accepted them?
A. Yes.
Q. She appreciated them?
A. She thought they were lovely.

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A No, I didn't go over, because I didn't want to interfere.

Q I didn't call the police, because I didn't want to interfere... .

Q No, when you saw the naked lady run in the house, and when you saw the naked lady run out of the house, did you see a man following her?

A Yes, I did see a man following her, but I didn't look at that second. He was sure following.

Q Now, when the man's voice said, "Sign the deal," where was that?

A It was done in the hall.

Q Outside, when she ran out the first time or second time?

A Second time.

Q Well, how soon after she ran out towards the main door did you hear a man say, "You've got to sign this deal?"

A No, I don't know just how long it was, but it wasn't very long. After I heard the man say it, I didn't like to have anyone else in the neighborhood hear me, so I went and laid beside me...

Q How long did they talk quietly in the swimming pool, in that direction, after the screaming stopped?

A Quite a while, I guess, because I went and laid down.

The Barkers were the only witnesses who appeared to describe their next struggles. Their disagreement at home, which happened on Labor Day, was more than their disagreement on the other night.

Q What occurred on the Labor Day weekend of 1953?

A I had taken the children and gone to Iowa, and because of some location, and I didn't see Mr. Barker, and he called and asked if I might take them out on Labor Day. And I said, "Of course, they're members of the family." The kids would have all gotten together. They were all, you know, laughing—stuff like that. I had no guidance, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen.

We were up by the pool. I guess Jesse brought them a box of cigarettes, and as is the custom in our home, we dine early, usually thirty, a quarter of seven, because of the children's jobs. Jesse was eating with me.

As Mr. Barker came in, he knew Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen had come. So I asked him to join me at least to have a conversation, because the children would wonder why I didn't ask him. So I asked him whether he would come up and join us in cocktails. We had just started. He said he'd like to, and he came up by the pool side, and he poured himself a drink.

We discussed this and that, social conversation, and then he said he'd like to talk to me. I said, "All right," Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen left, and went downtown.

Q What did he say?

A I said it was impossible, that I want a divorce, and I want it fast.

But Jess's report is quite different.

A Let's go to... the Labor Day incident. Tell us exactly what happened there, briefly, when you came over.

Q A I said, "Do you mind if I take the boys over to Studio City and see your picture, White Witch?" Because they had been promised to see it. And I said, "Would you join us?" Naturally, he said no, however, I did take the boys to see their mother.

We returned home afterward in a very happy frame of mind. The boys talked about the picture, and it was a very good one, and I was very proud that they had seen their mother and enjoyed it. Of course, I was invited up to the pool, and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen were present.

I asked Mrs. Barker if I could speak to her, and Mr. Barker was quiet and his face was white; and Mrs. Barker informed me that: "How did it feel to know I'd be the recipient of $100,000 at the end of the week?" I thought it was a rather large amount. My remark was, "That all?" I didn't know. I can't comprehend it.

She told me—she informed me she was going abroad the day after the divorce, and I believe his husband tried to undermine her position when she was abroad.

Q With reference to visitation rights, Mrs. Barker, will you refer to the Court the observations in the letter that you showed us, and when they come back?

A I doubt if a week they're pretty much relaxed, except for, well, boys will be boys, and once in a while they'll get out of line. But they're not bad boys, and I'm sure that the best way I could describe it is a rather relaxed and rather relaxed... A... well, the boys come back over the weekend, they're tense, and we are going to a nice place for the tense left. I don't know why. I'd like to be able to talk with Mr. Barker and discuss with him how we can go about it.

The court was right in the middle of the thing that you say in front of kids, because then, you know, they get confused.

And Jesse Barker told the court why he wanted to keep his wife from permitting her mother to be there, and he said, "I don't think, from each other's point of view..."

Q You don't want your mother-to-law to be in the house with you, your wife and your children and I do not...

A Tell the court why.

Well, in the middle of the thing I had them at Christmas, that they couldn't understand something. What the child said, "Child said, "Grandma said, 'She wouldn't kill me."

And the child said, "Grandma said to Mommy, 'Get

There was more examination and cross-examination of Mr. and Mrs. Barker that day. And there's more to come. But we've given you the context for the stories for you.

(Susan Hayward is starring in 20th Century-Fox's Garden Of Evil)
wanted: a man

(Continued from page 51) me, provided it's in reasonable taste. I—don't feel stuffy. I don't want to be stuffy.

Miss Grayson is always forthright, amusing and even, at the right times, earthy. She has one long-standing restriction—an intelligent one. She will not hold still for an interview if the story promises to be poisonous or saccharine.

Now the scene was Las Vegas' posh Sahara Hotel, where Miss Grayson was playing the first nightclub engagement of her life. Playing it very nicely, too. Putting out with mostly operatic arias and making the florid Vegas clientele like it. She was also breaking house records, although no columnist nor trade paper had said a word about it. She had followed Donald O'Connor in. Before him there had been Marlene Dietrich, whose costume had given the sensational illusion of being transparent above the waist. Well, Miss Grayson had got some vicarious publicity out of that. She'd gone up to Vegas to case the joint, so to speak, before she opened, and had sat in on one of Miss Dietrich's performances wearing what she, Miss G., now describes as a moderate evening gown, and Miss Dietrich was said to have cracked a bit wise about it. One of the columns reported it.

"And after I'd complimented her on her show!" said Miss Grayson. So a couple of nights after she opened, Miss Grayson, who is an accomplished mimic and dialectician and perhaps should have been given a try at straight comedy long ago, stepped out of her routine. In a fine Teuton accent, she made noises so exactly like those of the throaty Miss Dietrich that she brought the house down. The edge was hers. Miss Grayson can imitate Miss Dietrich fine. Miss Dietrich, for sure, can't imitate Miss Grayson at all.

When Groucho Marx received $15,000 for doing the Arthur Murray TV show, he said to Murray:

"Be a guest on my show and you'll get a chance to win it back."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But with Miss D.'s departure, Miss G. was still getting competition from the throaty set. As she opened at the Sahara, the Sands, a mile or so up the road, unveiled Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead, as confusingly uninhibited as Miss Grayson is restrained, sprayed the air with dainties, regaled the hypnotized press in basso profundo, and finally asked a harried reporter who had just left Grayson: "But tell me one thing, dahling! Why did you see a stahlet before you came here to see a stahl?"

To have implied to Miss Bankhead that Miss Grayson's billing and take-home pay were at least the equal of her own would have been to invite carnage, so no one did. Miss Bankhead got the headlines, as had Miss Dietrich before her, and what did Miss Dietrich get? Just a little old $90,000 for three weeks' work, it says here.

"I'm not the headline type," said Miss G., "and I honestly don't care. I've planned it that way, the way I plan everything. And I'm as happy as I can be. I've made my separate peace with everyone and everything, and those who say I'm not happy or that I'm lonely in my 'big, dark, gloomy house,' you tell them something for me. You say I'm happier than any of them. I'm the happiest."

It was early evening and cold and rainy in Las Vegas, which is most unusual. Miss Grayson was a little ill, with subnormal temperature and under a phy-

THERE ARE ENCHILADAS AND ENCHILADAS

but every good Mexican's favorite dish is Mari Blanchard.

- Pretty blonde (or brunette) Mari Blanchard has brought something new to Hollywood. She got it in Mexico and she calls it "the full enchilada."

An enchilada is a Mexican dish, but there are enchiladas and enchiladas, as Miss Blanchard discovered on her first excursions into Spanish. After some disappointing tries, followed by the volatile explanation of a Mexican friend, Mari learned that the thing she was aiming at was the enchilada with all the trimmings—the full enchilada. To Mari the words

Men prefer blonde Mari as a brunette! are symbolic of "the whole works, the completely joyful way of life."

"Whether it's food, work or fun, it's the full enchilada," says Mari. Miss Blanchard, who has been both blonde and brunette in film roles, is naturally blonde, but it seems that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps prefer Mari Blanchard brunette.

"An actress owes something to her fans," says Mari, tossing her dark curls. "You receive in proportion to what you give in this life. I'm all for the full enchilada."
sician's care. She may have been more than a little tired; for four years now, doctors have been trying to get her away from everything for a complete rest. 'Everything' includes Patti Kate, who is the strenuous type and Miss Grayson is not going anywhere without Patti Kate.

Miss G. wears no make-up except lipstick and something around the eyes with the result that she tends to glitter a trifle, like a casually wiped winsor. She didn't look tired and she didn't look ill. She looked great. But she had been sleeping a great deal and she sat somewhat slumped in a deep sofa and didn't move about much. Patti Kate did the moving. After a while someone came and we went up to the last floor for one of her excursions about the hotel. "What time do you want her back?" he asked.

"About Tuesday," said Miss G. A jeer. Patti Kate went, and Miss Grayson stirred faintly. She's a small girl with close-cut auburn hair, and the widely known heart-shaped face and snub nose. She didn't feel a lot like working but she was going to work.

"I want you to see my 'big, dark, gloomy house' sometime, so you'll know what they're talking about. It's a wonderful full-house—to sing in, to work in or live in. It's got bookshelves with books in them, and the books have been read. Isn't that horrible? It's hard to find the back slop down toward the Riviera golf course and there's a lot of space, so Patti Kate has room to play. It's fenced in just the way you've heard. But they just say, 'Oh, it's all fenced in.' But I know why. It's not only for my own privacy but for Patti Kate's. There are a lot of drunkards around the golf course—not the members, of course, but of course they wander in. Therefore, the fence. It's very simple to me. I don't see why it should bother other people. I'm thinking of my child."

PATTI Kate's father, who is Miss Gray- son's divorced second husband, Johnny Johnston, had been up to see her a few days before. "I outran him," said Miss Grayson. "That's my side of it. There are two sides to everything—and isn't that a bright observation, considering my weakened condition?...you think? I'll always be a child. Johnny needed desperately to be loved but—I think not the kind of love that can be given indefinitely. You have to love a girl, you know, though. Johnny and I are good friends. I'll always feel that way about him. But toward the end of our marriage—you remember?"

Toward the end of the Johnstons' marriage, there was some sort of mishmash involving reported attentions of Johnston to Shirley Temple, Miss Grayson's sub- sequent wrath, and the attempt of a close friend and neighbor, Joe Kirkwood, Jr., to intervene. Kirkwood, a professional golfer and film portrayor of Joe Palooka, evidently was the one who quelled in the first stage of the disruption as wishing broken bones to Miss Grayson—purely a figure of speech. Later, he and Johnston got into trouble with the Riviera bar. Very complicated. Anyways—

"Toward the end of our marriage," Miss Grayson resumed, "I could carom a cold cream jar and catch Joe Kirk- wood with the ricochet."

Prior to Johnston, Miss Grayson had been wed to another actor, John Shelton. That one had turned sourish, too. What now?

Miss Grayson took a long breath. It is one of Miss Grayson's modest prides that her chest expression is three-quarters of an inch greater than that of Joe Louis, whose chest expansion is a dandy. "I will think," she said on the exhale, "a long, long time before I marry again. And when I do, it'll be a man who can stand on his own feet, make his own living, be an adult from the ground up. I'm not sure I want any more children and I'm not sure I want any more charmors and I'm absolutely sure I don't want any more children. That is, I want children but I want to have them in the normal way, not marry them."

"I keep reading I'm going to marry a man in San Francisco. But I'm not. At least I'm not of now. I have a good friend there; he's my brother's friend, too. He's a wonderful guy. He's asked me to marry him. I'm afraid he didn't make the offer but very want to have it here last week. I had to suggest he go back home. I was working and—well, you know."

"But if I could find a man, the kind I've described, someone who'd stand up in the world and stand up for it, I'd marry. She wished to be dominated? Some sort of ruthless egotist might fit the bill."

She laughed, "No, I'm not sure there's a ruthless egotist around the corner. But I want it on an equal footing. I want to look up to him and have him look up to me. Stand up to me and stand up for me. Isn't this the ruthless egotist department, doesn't it? I guess".
people in the industry having called her, not wholly in reverence, "The Little Mother Of A Big World."

"That's almost the payoff," said Miss G. "I love my family. We're exceptionally close. My mother and father are both ill. But there's enough of everything else — what matters? Whether I earn it, or mother or father or brother — and whose business is it, anyway?"

Patently it is no one's business. It may equally be no one's business that throughout her career, Miss Grayson has steadfastly refused to pose for cheesecake. She has said that she is "not the type." Neither her long-time home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, nor Warners, to whom she now has a picture-a-year commitment, has been overjoyed by her stand in the matter, and one time, while with Metro, Miss Grayson found she was not overjoyed herself. This was after thousands of requests had come in from soldiers in Korea.

Miss G. called Metro and said to go ahead. The picture was made, Miss Grayson looked them over — and killed every last one.

"I didn't want to do it. But look: I have a thirty-nine-inch waist, a thirty-inch bust, then taper right down to a twenty-four-inch waist, then hips something like thirty-four. That's — I don't know — rather emphatic, wouldn't you? I'll be frank, I guess I'm embarrassed. After Kill Me Kate, a woman wrote to me and said I should — use restraint, and I think so, too. I'm a moderate, all right, and nothing can be done about it. Doubtless it is a good thing. The vast majority of Miss Grayson's large following gets rattled when she kicks up her heels, and that's an accomplishment. At Vegas, to break the semi-lofty plane of opera and ballad, she had a bit wherein she detached a voluminous skirt to reveal a fabric of the same length as her knee. It was a reprise on a dance number she'd done in a picture called Two Sisters From Boston, a charming little change of pace, delightfully light and funny. But some regard that regal Katie was peeling right out in front of everybody. Feeling, yes! The first letter began: "You don't have to do a strip tease to show you have as God-given talent!" That, as television's Mr. Peepers sighs from time to time, is the way she goes.

Katharine Grayson was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina and named Zelma Hedrick. When she was three, the family moved to St. Louis, and that she thinks of St. Louis.

Miss Grayson was educated in St. Louis.

and got her professional start through the good offices of Frances Marshall, then a star of the Chicago Civic Opera. It was Miss Marshall who developed her voice, nurtured her assurance and gave her the flying start to which she is today.

Once in Hollywood, Kathryn was snapped up in a hurry — it was one of those no-test-is-necessary bits — by the studio Louis B. Mayer, and jumped onto the top brackets in her third film. She's been there since.

But whether or not she's entirely happy there is problematical.

"I'm certainly not retiring," she has said.

"But there aren't going to be any more of these cream-puff parts. No more merrine. I've had it. I've a fruitful idea I might be able to act, and I'd like a chance to prove it. Some singing, yes, but incidental to the story. Did you see the picture in which I was overjoyed? That's the best so far. I'd love another like it."

And what did she plan next?

Now, you mean? After I leave here? That long, long rest I've been hearing so much about. I'm going where nobody'll know I'm going. There's an element of risk about that, but the complete privacy is worth it. I'll bet you a Vegas dollar right now that inside a week you'll have me secretly married or in a sanitarium getting over a breakdown or consulting an analyst in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Only one thing worse could happen — their not even bothering to guess."

Not one of Miss Grayson's biographies makes note of a calisthenic accomplishment she swears is hers. One-armed chinning — a feat essayed by Mr. Darryl Zanuck but not accomplished. Mr. Zanuck said at the time that only five men in the world could do it, and regionally, there were only four. Miss Grayson has news for Mr. Zanuck. She can do it.

"He was talking about men," she said. "But that wasn't bar here, I'd show you. A chinning bar, you know."

Her biographies make such notes as: "She has considerable time to her disposal and a "doin'" (just a so-so amount of time), "long and frequent walks" (more frequent than long), and "ten hours of sleep a night" (corroborated).

They say that she likes drawing and painting, horseback riding and golf (Babe Zaharias' assorted titles are safe enough) and has a St. Bernard named Throckmorton.

Actually she had a St. Bernard named Throckmorton and a wonderful dog he was. But after months and months, Throckmorton gamboled out onto San Vincente Boulevard near Kathryn's Santa Monica home and was killed. It wasn't the driver's fault. And naturally Sally Norton, because dogs in the intrinsic nature of things are faultless, but the driver went on Miss Grayson's kitchen table, and who can blame him?

There's nothing about how Miss G. has her hair done twice a week at the Brentwood Market in West Los Angeles and buys the best of the Union Oil and travels with an entourage of brothers and sisters and in-laws (and they are all very close) and an efficient secretary named Sally Norton, or about what a little girl Patti Kate is, with an I.Q. way, way up to here. When Patti Kate met Art Linkletter, the radio and TV man, in Vegas, she was most impressed and went up and down the aisles of the Sahara's Congo Room to prove it. And "That," said Linkletter, "is how I'd act if I were meeting her mother!"

Do you detect herein anything overly prim or straight-laced about Patti Kate's mother? Do you find her innate niceness a necessarily dull quality? If so, Modern Screen begs to differ.
what she doesn't have she doesn't need

(Continued from page 46) had been for
Ondine—a fluke.

"I have to show them." She nodded,
with sort of a half-smile, as she lay back
on a chaise longue, in her luxurious
dressing-room.

"I will have to do a whole series of
pictures and plays to do that," she continued.
"I think Ondine has done a little toward it.
"But it has by no means established me
as an actress yet. Maybe Sabrina Fair,
which should be around somewhere pretty
soon, will help."

You may think this is false modesty.
But I do not. Miss Hepburn has convinced
me of her sincerity and her earnestness.
She sees herself now at a new phase of
her career. She's no longer a pixie from
Hollywood who's sort of interesting to au-
diences. She's on the spot now. She's got
to do far, far better acting now, because henceforth she
won't be judged as a pixie, but as an important
leading woman who will, or will not, measure
up to the greatest actresses of our time.

How amazingly serious she is about the
battle was brought out by a brief note among
some recollections of her recent activities.
"We were in Boston opening there with
Ondine," he said.

"It was on an evening—just before the
curtain. All day long, Lew Wasserman,
head of her agency, had been trying to get
her from Hollywood.

"There she was, about half way through
her make-up, fifteen minutes from the
curtain, when the call came through. I ran
into her on the stairs and I asked her,
'What are you doing in this part of the
theatre now?'

"She told me Wasserman had called from
Hollywood to tell her that Sabrina Fair
was a great success. That people got up
and cheered. And this had happened in Long Beach,
where people don't do that.

"We went on and did the first act of our
show then, and at the intermission I said to
her, 'That was wonderful news about
Sabrina Fair.'

"I again complimented her on the suc-
cess of the picture, and she said, 'Yes, that's
total, and that's all fine—don't you think
we were kind of slow in our first act?'"

THEN THERE was the problem of her hair
shade for Ondine.

Ondine is a water sprite, Alfred Lunt,
the director of the play, had felt from the
first that Ondine should be a blonde.
Audrey had wished to play the part with
her own hair which, of course, is dark. But
she decided that Lunt might be right.

And what did she decide this? On the
afternoon of the opening day the story
opened.

"She went that very afternoon and got
her hair bleached," recounted Ferrer.

"But she felt it wasn't right. It was
false. She said that she was 'cheating' a little.
She didn't like her hair blonde. So she changed her hair back to
its real color—and got a blonde wig.

"But the wig didn't satisfy her, either."

To me, Miss Hepburn had many descrip-
tions of that wig. It was fluffy and hot
and horrible. She felt "it looked dead in
the back."

So Miss Hepburn determined to discard
the wig, too. But what could she do to
be a blonde without a wig?

She found that she could paint it with
some gold-looking dust each night.
And this was what she wanted.
She had on her own hair, it was sprinkled
with some blonde or gold powder, and she
felt natural and real.

"She does a Mary Martin every night
washing that gold out of her hair, but it is
finally the way she wants it," said Ferrer.
"And it no longer looks dead in the
back."

THEN THERE was the matter of costume.
Nobody quite knew what an ondine
should wear. In fact, until the show
started getting attention, many people
around Broadway didn't know what an
ondine was.

Miss Hepburn, however, knew. She
designed two of her three costumes her-
self—including one that's received much
attention because it seems that about all
she wears is a fish net—although actually
she wears tights, too.

She created, personally, a blue make-up
powder to blend with a blue costume; a
creamy make-up powder to blend with a
white outfit. And then came her most
startling contribution.

Miss Hepburn designed for herself two
pointed ears.

She created them out of plastic. Make-up
glue, the Senx, decorated them with
gold. These pointed-ear ears gave her the
look of a fawn or a sprite that was so es-
ential to the show, but which nobody else
had worked out.

WHEN THE PRAISE began pouring in for
the show—about the same time she
began receiving all the awards for
Roman Holiday, Miss Hepburn allowed
all of that flattery to roll right off.
It seemed to make no impression on her
at all.

But there was one thing that touched
her, from far away.

She learned that Ingrid Bergman had
gone to see her picture, Roman Holiday
in Italy, and her fans there were.

The story was, in fact, that Miss Berg-
man had come from the theatre crying.

"What are you crying for?" Rosellini
had asked Miss Bergman.

"No, it was a comedy."

"What are you crying for then?" Roberto
had demanded.

"It was so much like Audrey Hepburn,"
Miss Bergman had answered.

This was the one part of recent praise
for Miss Hepburn that practically "knocked
her out." And it is easy to see why, know-
ing what we do about her now. It was be-
cause Audrey was such an admirer of
Ingrid Bergman, the actress, and wanted to
be thought a good performer by one like
Miss Bergman.

Let me make clear, however, that Miss
Hepburn will not disclose most of these
things about herself.

Audrey had'likened herself, in her dressingroom,
she offered me tea or coffee or a drink,
and was almost jocular. She mentioned
that she herself still did not drink any
alcohol ever. Just wine occasionally.

"Just lately I've been drinking beer
after the show," she said. "I find I've been
terribly dehydrated after a performance.
Being up there is a strain and is very relax-
ing to me, too."

As for restaurants: "I eat a great deal at Dinty Moore's, al-
ways the red meat department!"
I asked whether she would tell me how she felt about her own career.

"Yes. First I was given a break when I appeared here in Gigi. That was the year I was six."

"The next stage was when I did Roman Holiday. When they found out whether I had any future in pictures, whether I was photogenic, whether I could act in front of a camera. They discovered, perhaps, there was hope for me."

As she told me all this, she got up from her chaise longue and darted across to her dressing table to get some hand cream.

She returned to the chaise longue and settled back in it, her pretty face touched with that glow of Billy Wilder about her: "This girl single-handedly will put bosoms and sweater girls out of business in Hollywood."

For this, 19-year-old chubbiness was excusing all the sex appeal that should be allowed. Without seeming to try to do so. Above her head was a small wreath of seaweed that had been extremely enthusiastic about getting married to James Hanson.

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because," she retorted, "I think it's a great waste of time not being married to James."

She explained further, "We met at a party and wanted it, and I knew I wanted to marry him the day I met him. It was love at first sight."

"She was impatient to get married at once, but with a "proper marriage." Honeymoon and all that."

Her career kept getting in the way. There was Gigi to finish on Broadway. Then there was Roman Holiday to do. And besides, her husband-to-be was busy all over the world, too, because his father's company is in London with branches in Canada.

"And they chose to get unengaged.

"Although Audrey has grown up, it remains difficult for me to dissociate her from that Dutch pixie I saw the first time I opened into her dressing room at Gigi.

"She was barefoot that night, romping nervously around the room receiving people dropping in to exclaim about her knowledge in the opening of the show."

"Each time I saw her in her dressingroom, she seemed to be barefoot."

"The trouble is, I don't have pretty feet," she said once, trying to hide them. "They're knobby."

"That could be, but you wouldn't notice it. Even though she's what you call "virgin", she had been in the thirty-two in the sweater department, you don't notice that, either.

"The fact is that this little 110-pound woman, with the twenty-one-inch waist, who grew up under the Nazi occupation in Holland, has everything — and what she doesn't have, she doesn't need.

"Her Dutch mother is in New York sort of looking after her now. One of her mother's duties is keeping track of all her trophies. A little porcelain rabbit that her mother gave her for luck when she was a little girl, is on her dressing table, still. Audrey has ambitions besides Shakespeare, right now.

"One day she goes back to her ballet lessons which she dropped during her concentration on Ondine and the two movies."

"And in there somewhere, I'd like to get a little movie every now and then," she added with certain wistfulness.

The last time I saw her in her dressing-room, I noticed and commented on the fact that she wasn't barefoot this time.

"The next best thing to it," she said, indicating her thin-soled slippers.

"Little Audrey not barefoot? Little Audrey has really grown up."

Susan Zanuck's been at Ciro's every night with Johnnie Ray anditorio Johnny Ray.

"I like Susie Zanuck. She's the hot-dog-on-the-beach-grab-the-blue-jeans-and-go-for-a-hike type. I really dig a plain Jane like Susie, if she ever goes with a doll like Marilyn Monroe and having every jerk in the joint coming up to her and saying, 'Ditch the square walk with, chalk, and let's hit the road!' This you can quote, Dad!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"I would have liked one day to go to Stratford or to the Old Vic Theatre," she said, "but you need a much vaster knowledge of Shakespeare than I have to do it well."

"I don't just want to try to do Shakespeare. I want to do it well!"

She added that she probably should wait. "But you don't want to wait forever."

Of course, it's the romantic life of Miss Hepburn we're all after. Mary Poppins was making Roman Holiday together. Audrey didn't exactly deny it. She just didn't discuss it.

Before that, she was definitely going to marry handsome, James Hanson, a rich British trucking gentleman, whose family has interests in Canada and the United States, some of them, in fact, in the El Morocco night club. They got engaged, then broke it off, and Miss Hepburn quite sensibly explained it.

"As we were not going to get married, it seemed sensible not to stay engaged."

"But why did you decide not to get married?"

"We saw as much of each other as we would have if we had been married— and it wasn't nice," she replied. "So I decided this was not the proper climate for married life."

All this indicated to me a great growing-up on the part of Miss Hepburn and her emotions. For the first time I had talked to her about romance, and put in her nine years ago, this was an extremely enthusiastic about getting married to James Hanson immediately.

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because," she retorted, "I think it's a great waste of time not being married to James."

She explained further, "We met at a party and wanted it, and I knew I wanted to marry him the day I met him. It was love at first sight."

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END
Green Glove in France, only three years ago. He was thirty-three and should have collected some discretion. But one thing had led to another. First he'd visited an old service pal in Munich and heard about the big DP camp at Fernwald down the line, where 25,000 cooped-up, homeless people milled around, hungry to hear about the Land of the Free. So he went down to raise some hopes. Eated by that experience, he got the bug to see Vienna. He bought a ticket on the Orient Express and at Inns, where the trains enter the Russian sector, talked to a G.I. sergeant named Blum.

"Hmmm," frowned the sarge, looking at his passport. "With all these names, 'Gwylyn Samuel Newton Ford, known professionally as Glenn Ford'—chum, you'll be a pianist. Better fess up if they'll toss you in jail just to make sure. Better lose the idea." After a round or two of vodka it was, "You really want to go to Vienna?" And of course he'd said, "Sure!" Then the guards told him how to get on a cattle car, turn up his coat collar and not show his passport at all—sometimes it didn't. They caught him and hauled him before the American consul. But then what did he do, after seeing the sights of Old Vienna, but get this stubborn idea to take home a rock from the Blue Danube to add to his collection from the Tower of London, Henry VIII's castle, all the Sasha had ransacked points he'd already visited. The American side was cemented in, so he strolled across the bridge to the Russian bank and filled his pockets. As he was bending over something jabbied him in the ribs—a rifle.

At such introspective moments Glenn Ford sometimes wonders if he's a model block for the chip he sees before him. Actually, of course, Glenn is going through a common soul-searching sooner or later encountered by all fathers of sons. Actually, no dad, in Hollywood or elsewhere, has been closer to his son. And no parent, because Eleanor Powell has something to do with it too—have done a better job by starting a boy in the fundamentals. For facts and characters after Peter Ney is an example of conscientious homework.

PETE HAS YET TO go to bed without saying his prayers with either Ellie or Glenn Ford, yet to miss grace at dinner. The Presbyterian church in Beverly is a family must, with Pete singing in the boys' choir and Ellie teaching a Sunday-school class, so look at Pete's sturdy build—he's going to be a bigger man than his pop—attest to the patience and ingenuity expended in getting him to clean up his plate. See, from the right example almost fattened Glenn out of pictures until he learned the ruse of keeping his own plate with impressive but low-calorized hunks of lettuce.

In matters of discipline and physical courage Glenn has been a stickler. When Pete and a cracker with a baseball glove starts to water up, Glenn is prone to yell—to Ellis's horror—"No tears—not unless I see the bones sticking out." Being Ellis teaching a Sunday-school class, look at Pete's sturdy build—he's going to be a bigger man than his pop—attest to the patience and ingenuity expended in getting him to clean up his plate. See, from the right example almost fattened Glenn out of pictures until he learned the ruse of keeping his own plate with impressive but low-calorized hunks of lettuce.

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Every morning the train on which I commuted to work was driven by a whitehaired motorman. He was pleasant looking and had a habit of giving everyone a smile. One morning, though, I saw a pretty little girl sitting on his lap with her hands on the controls, and he was smiling as broadly as she. Even before the conductor had stepped out to introduce her, I knew that it was Shirley Temple—a nine-year old! Alfred A. Caponeca Yucaipa, California

On the other end was a red star boy. He made unmistakable gestures, meaning "Gimme—and come along." Well, Glenn lost all the Blue Danube pebbles except one which he hid. It is in his garden today. But to get it and Glenn free the Department of State had an awful hassle. The consul told him, "It's crazy Americans like you doing crazy things around here that cause all the trouble." He reminded Glenn that a newspaper publisher named Bill Oatis was then in jail somewhere nearby just for trying to get a story, not rocks. But Pete never knew how close his dad came to being another Oatis case. Pete might have been answering questions, "Where's my Daddy? Oh. he's over in Siberia mining salt!"
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dering Valentine," it read. "Guess who?" Glenn mused. Well, this was what had come of giving in on dancing school. It wasn't much of a family issue really. He just thought Pete was too young to get exposed to that school of social manners and dancing. But Ellie snorted, "He's nothing of the sort. I'm not going to have my son grow up a tanglefoot like his father." So he gave in. After all, Ellie had accomplished a thing or two in the dancing department and had a right to feel strongly on the subject. Glenn was thinking guilty, too, that in all their married life they'd been dancing exactly twice—at Mocombo once, Ciro's once. He'd walked around the floor those times, as usual. Never had learned to dance worth a nickel since—wow, this was way back—his first public performance.

He was in first grade at Venice, California, right after this had melted down from Canada, and there was this May Day pageant. The teacher dreamed up a kiddie take-off on The Merry Widow. Because he had black hair that could be slicked down they picked him to play John Gilbert and that was great because the girl chosen for Mae Murray was a spunky-topped cutie named Elaine Sheaffer, his dream of dreams. But at rehearsal, when he rapturously pranced out with Elaine the teacher said, "No, Glenn—no! I didn't say 'walk out'—I said 'waltz out.'"

"I can't dance," he'd blurted. "I can!" piped up a freckle-faced guy named Vernon, his arch rival for Elaine. So Vernon waltzed dreamily in the spotlight while Glenn sulked in the corner of the big production, ignominiously dressed as a clown and feeling every inch the part. Maybe Ellie was right at that. But now look, Girls! "Hey, Pete," he called a little later. "Uh—how do you get along with the girls?"

"Okay, I guess. Why?"

There might be a way to stall this off a little longer. "The way to handle girls, Pal," said the voice of experience, "is to play hard to get. Keep aloof, pay them no mind. They love it."

Pete nodded without much reaction and Glenn forgot the whole thing. Just what followed he's not quite sure. But at Miss Ryan's Pete's name was called—puffed up like a ball, a snap dancer who has the girls fluttering around him like butterflies, including such cuties as Van Johnson's daughter, Ann Sothern's, and Edgar Bergen's Miss. What he would like to know (but doesn't dare ask him) is, did he follow the advice, or didn't he? Glenn has evidence—less happy to be sure—about another word of wisdom concerning manly affairs he passed on.

He'd noticed unmistakable signs when Pete came home from school—ripped shirt sleeves, He has scuffed his shoes here and there and once the beginnings of a black eye. He'd seen Pete right at home wrestling around with this and that kid. "Pete's just a little lout, that's all," concluded Glenn. "Got to stop this," Again a memory bulb lit up. His coach at Madison School in Santa Monica had a system. When kids tangle at school he drew a ring, put them inside and made them fight it out. Glenn had been in that ring only once. That was because of an argument with a much bigger kid, miraculously he'd been able to dust him off. After that, he noticed, nobody picked on him and life was a breeze.

"Look Pete," he counseled. "I don't care how many fights you get into but there's just one rule: See that you always pick a bigger guy than yourself to mix with."

Pete stopped brushing his hair and struggling with his tie. "Why?" he inquired in amazement.

"Because," said Glenn, "it creates respect. Now, at this party you're going to this afternoon—when you walk in look around for the biggest boy there. If there's any trouble make it with him. From then on your problems will be over."

About a half hour later the phone rang. A page from the local papers thrilled in his ear, "Mr. Ford, I'm sorry, but you'd better come get Pete. He has just created a terrible disturbance."

Now, the ear, the car, mussed up again and chewing his lip. "I didn't do anything wrong—just what you told me to, Daddy."

"What was that?"

"It was the worst," said Right off I picked out the biggest guy there and I told him, 'I can lick you.'"

"What happened?"

"He said, 'You make me f-flat on my ear!'" spluttered his son.

And I knocked you out of a party, Glenn groaned to himself.

The trouble is, Glenn realizes at such anguished moments, that you forget your words are literal gospel. Before you know it you've got a high schooler saying, "I'm this little guy's hero. He thinks I wrote the book."

And since you didn't and can still learn a lot yourself—why, this hero role is the toughest ever. That's how it seems to Glenn, and he's played plenty of other hero roles for the cameras (done all right, too) which is another thing that turns a black hair grey for Glenn as Pete sheds his kidhood and looks around.

Since the day Pete was born Glenn has been bitten on one thing: Pete was going to have a normal American boyhood, just as he'd had. There'd be no puffed-up movie star's kid around his house. Not that Glenn Ford has anything against movie stars. He has enjoyed solid, satisfying success, collected a healthy bank account, interest in some oil wells and paper mills, and a devoted wife, Eleanor Powell, who has enjoyed the starring roles of her life, and Glenn and Ellie have been super wary from the start against spoiling Pete. They know how easy it is for an actor's only son to lose his way in show business.

Despite their comfortable station in life, Pete has never been pampered. He didn't have nursemaids; he had his mother and dad. "There's only so many stars as there were. Glenn even pitched all by himself once when Ellie went off to dance in London—and came back spuming five-figure pay checks and gunning her career for keeps because, "It isn't worth it to leave Pete."

Glenn has kept the home atmosphere plain and sometimes sternly severe. There's still a rule that if Pete breaks a toy, he either fixes it himself or does without. He has had the responsibility of tidying his room since he was six. He earns his own Christmas money. Last year he

your father's mustache!

After seeing Jerry Colonna on stage in Hartford my friends and I went to an Italian restaurant for dinner. We looked up when the door opened and Jerry walked in with a group of people. As he passed spoke his name and he stopped to chat for a minute. I asked him if his mustache were real. He said, "Don't tell anyone; this one is false. The real one I carry in my pocket!"

Mrs. Angela Scaramozza
Hamden, Connecticut
came home with a flashy gift compact for his mother, encrusted with glass diamonds and rubies. Ellie uses it and prizes it more than another she owns—is the McW—

The only time Glenn indulged Pete was with the swimming pool, and in a way he earned it. When he was only six, Pete asked Glenn about that.

"Tell you what—" Glenn said. "When you can swim the length of the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, turn around without touching and swim back, you get your own pool."

Soon after, Pete took up to the hotel and proved he could do it. So the pool went in.

For a long time Glenn managed to keep Pete in the dark about what he did for a living. When he'd go off to the studio it was just "on business." But sometimes he had to go out, you're a high-country cowboy and a Stetson. Then he told Pete, "Got to go help a man with some horses." Pete got the idea his pop was a ranch hand, which was okay with him. He was a cowboy, and Glenn could remember when he had thought Tom Mix was a far greater man than the President of the United States. So he indulged him.

The only pictures he'd let Pete see were outdoor ones where he rode a horse. The first set he took Pete on was The Redhead And The Cowboy. He'd come home with his dad with other two-gun heroes like Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry—and especially his TV favorite The Range Rider. Jazz, most people noted that comparisons weren't rating dandy so high.

So when he'd watch The Range Rider with Pete, and Jockey would pull a particular deflecting feat, Glenn would scoff, "Ah, that's better than that."

Or if Pete admired a certain horse, he'd say, "My horse is twice as fast and smart." But he got skeptical looks and sometimes a smile when he'd try to get his goat. After all, Glenn is human.

The thing ate on him so that he collared Jockey, whom he's known for years and asked, "Do you know where Pete is?"

It wasn't long after that seventy kids were whooping and tearing around the Ford home at Pete's birthday party when the doorbell rang. A number of wonders—was the Range Rider himself, pistols, fancy boots, buckskin shirt and all.

"Hello, hombre," he greeted Pete. "Does a cowboy ever live here?"

"Yuh—yes, sir. He's my father," gasped Pete, as the seventy gaping revelers crowded around. "I'm his boy, Pete Ford."

"Well, Jockey, you've stolen a boy."

Jockey played it to the hilt. " Matter of fact, I've come out here to thank your dad."

"What for?" Pete tingled to his toes.

"What for?" the Jockey answered with an awed and questioning look in his eyes.

"Dad, are you a movie star?"

"Don't know about that," said Glenn. "Let's say I'm trying as an actor."

"Gee," Pete whistled. "I wanna be the actor, too, when I grow up."

Well, there it was. Like father, like son. Wasn't ever a kid who didn't want to be what his dad was? Glenn wanted to be a railroad engineer just like his dad, and if the Fords had stayed in Quebec he would have been. What could you expect of a boy whose parents were both entertainers? He checked up. Yep, there it was in old Pete—the same imagination, which his dad had subconsciously刺激了 from birth. But Glenn's tall tales and poses were catching up on him. He didn't doubt Pete onto his spinach any more with tales of his friend Cecil, the seal, who lived under the house and brought him a special fish for him. He didn't hide chewing gum in the magnolia tree and tell Pete it grew there just for him. He didn't make up a hair-raising, bedding-story each night about his Glenn's—adducing prowess with rod, gun—

Last summer down in Brazil staying at a fazenda (like a ranch) Pete knocked out a front tooth when, playing pool with another kid, a cue ball bounced up and smacked him. But what did he tell the story when he came home? "See this tooth? I lost it in a fight with a panther. He clawed it out before I finally got him."

And right before his own dad too, without batting his eye. Where did Pete come up with those location trips to Europe, North Africa, Yucatan? "Don't worry about me. I'm never really lonesome when you go away. The Country, I have two Glenns." Um—

—and both with itchy feet.

"No, Pete," Glenn said, "you don't want to be an actor. Anybody but an actor."

"Well—"

"How could he tell his boy that the odds were too long, a million to one? How could he tell the kid who worshiped him that Glenn Ford, and made it only by the narrowest luck? How could he say what he really felt, "I still don't know how it happened to me. It's just plain big cops and robbers." But Pete liked to play it to the hilt and it tingly. "Oh, it's a hard life," Glenn lied. "Look, isn't there something you'd rather do?"

"Do the music. How much do musicians make?"

Too close. "Oh, not much. Two or three bucks a day," he cut it down.

"How about a doctor? I saw that bill on your desk. What's the difference? The doctor get that just for looking at you?"

"Well—he has to know a lot to look at me."

"How much do doctors make?"

"Forty or fifty thousand a year if they're good." Glenn built that one way up.

"I'm going to be a doctor," decided Pete. Glenn started to smile—but it wobbled like a frown. He'd talked Pete right into that. Of course, he felt a little ashamed of himself. What business was it of his what Pete wanted to do? But all the kids knew he was a doctor, lawyer, plumber—or actor—so long as he was a good one and, more important, a good man?

He'd find his way and in his own time. This is not a son. Pete is a person, too, part of a million other people stretching way back into time. The trouble with fathers like himself, Glenn decided, was that they overplay their parts like ham actors.

You've got a son and you've got a second chance and that is both a privilege and a responsibility. A man who wants to make over anyone in your own image, even if you could. That's the danger of looking too closely and trying too hard. But trying to lie to the child isn't the right thing, but the right thing is not steering him but backing him up. Fun-

ny, you worry about teaching Pete, and all the time he's teaching you. What was that poet wrote? "He doesn't die who has a son." Well, you don't live unless you have one either, thought Glenn Ford.

"All that stuff's a long way off, Pete," he said. "Let's see what's for supper." END

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how tony and janet saved their love

(Continued from page 55) And they caught up on talk—not studio talk which is mostly on their tongues when they are working, but some real things about each other that each wants to know and can't find out when they are busy at the studio.

"Why don't you ever imitate Cary Grant? I've never thought about it when you telephone me?" she asked one afternoon.

"I don't have to now," he said, "because I know you won't hang up on me. That's why I decided to do it then.

About the third night after their arrival they decided they were strong enough to do a little dancing, and in a dreamy moment, Janet decided she could be sure she was still interested in him.

"Funny you should mention that," she said. "Chocolates and soup, it seems, are the things I want to make her feel when I'm in her arms."

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, what?" she wanted to know.

"You know what," he said.

"Yes," she said, and buried her face deeper in his shoulder.

Walking home from the movies one night they met an old New York friend of Tony's who said, "Well, so long, you old car thief." Janet was curious. As soon as they were alone she wanted to know about that. "That man was kidding, of course."

"No, he wasn't kidding," Tony told her. "It's no laughing matter. It was a car thief in New York. Dum-de-dum-dum!"

Janet laughed, but her heart was at her hand and she was already wondering where she could find a lawyer to find out about the emancipation. Then Tony explained. He put his arm around her and picked the shadowy places on the street to walk through while he told her the story. It wasn't automatic he had stolen, he said. It was a trolley car—a full-sized, Third Avenue trolley car. He was nine years old then.

"Bull," said Janet.

"It was a slow afternoon," replied Tony. "And I had nothing else to do. A bunch of us kids were wandering around and suddenly we found ourselves in the car. We were on Third Avenue in the Sixties. Somebody said something about liking to go for a ride so I got in one of the cars and—well, I'll never forget the excitement.

The cars were racing around, the street was crowded with people. Who could resist working them? First thing you know, I was running the trolley down the street.

"What did the car people do?" asked Janet.

"They chased us—in another trolley," Tony said. "I slammed on the brakes and we all tumbled out and scattered. End of story. End of criminal career. What's your reaction?"

"I think that before going to bed I'll have to have a talk with Judd," said Janet.

"Poor thing," said Tony, comfortably. "I don't blame you. I'll have a salami on rye with cheese for breakfast.

"But going to try to do anything more about the way you eat," Janet told him. "I think you could digest granite with the right chowder."

"Sure," Tony agreed. "The salami people pay me for the endorsement. If I tried to eat frou-frou salads like you'd disappear into the telephone booth. By the way, who was Judge Crater?"

"A guy who disappeared," said Janet.

Tony stopped short and waved his arm at all of Palm Springs which lay before them, dark and sleeping under its rustling 100 palm trees. "Between Janet and me, he announced to whom it might concern, "we know everything."

Among the friends they met there was Ed, in charge of the writers of Stalag 17. Tony did a nice portrait of him. Ed was so pleased that in return he offered to teach Tony enough Freud to enable him to psychoanalyze Janet. Tony refused.

"I don't want to analyze her," he said. "And I know I can't have both. What's the nicest thing you've ever said about me," Janet told him. "I think."

There were serious interludes, too, during the vacation, like the afternoon Tony revealed to some of their friends that he and Janet were not at all unmindful of their future and the necessity of planning. He told them they might want to pull up stakes and maybe go to New York, produce our own picture abroad, or something like that, he said. "If that turns out to be the case we don't want to be walking around with a mortgage and a pair of worried looks. We want to be able to take off in a couple of days."

"Well, so you're a business person instead of buying, eh?" he was asked.

Two years ago I visited Sugar Hill, an off-Broadway night club. The tables were pushed close together, and right where we sat Dan Clark and Phil Foster, making the rounds. The lights were dim and a lovely Negro girl was dancing to the beating of drums. At the very end of the dance, when all was still and expectant, Dan Clark yelled, "Tondelao!" and convulsed the nearby tables. Later on this nature-souled, naturally signed autographs and took pictures with us.

Marilyn Lengf Washington Heights, New York

"One of the big reasons," he replied, "we could slap enough money down now to 'go into escrow' on a mansion somewhere, but it wouldn't be wise. Outside of the fact that we want mobility, we want to be liquid. I mean we never want to have to accept a role just because we need the money. We've had our financial confrontations, real estate or otherwise. We owe it to our professional selves to keep out from under pressure and to determine our true desires. We could make use of any of our following to help us do anything which is not suitable for us and which we would not do well."

"Are you so sure, even though Janet and I are partners for Houdini, and we fit well into our next co-starring picture, The Black Shield of Falworth. Our fame doesn't mean we should work together again—not ever if the right roles don't come up. We are essentially just two people who happen to be married, not an actress and a director who married because it was a smart thing to do professionally."

Everybody said Tony had the right idea, but a girl who had been listening to him asked, "As long as you've got her, why?

"After all, you want your home and your homemaking now, don't you?" she asked.

"At my home, maybe," replied Janet.

"It's a rented one or?" she asked. "I've been fortunate enough to be in pictures, and be making the salaries we do, a rented home would have been all we could afford anywhere."

"Yes, but a home that isn't your very own, really your own, doesn't feel the same," the girl persisted.

"I mean nothing happier than the experience myself, and you don't feel it's a place with all the things that, well—like the song goes, 'All Things You Are.'"

"And the thing we've got and we're still getting," Janet assured her. "We've got probably the only eight-room bungalow in Beverly Hills with only one bedroom. Don't you know," she said, "that's 'Fidual' Everything. Except the dining room, living room and kitchen has been turned into a den, nook or plain hideaway. Of course we call them rooms, and it's a room and a half, but what not, but they could turn out to be nurseries."

In the meantime our little memories are accumulating, if nothing else. I love to be in the bar room seeing when Tony gets home from the studio. It's like a little ritual as he moves around, letting me know he's home. Does everybody else do this? I'm forgetting about the business of forgetting his workaday world and fitting back into the role of husband and man of the house. He does it with a knock on the door. He's not out of the house and what with the strange, gentle jazz music he likes to turn on every night. I'll say, 'Will you have a little glass of wine?' And he'll reply, 'Oh, I can't—I'm on the job. Fidual.' Yeah, the 'Meaning?' And he'll say, 'Meaning you.'"

What Janet knows about Tony and likes to make plain is that he doesn't think actors should be stable—for bankers. "The thought frightens me," he has said. "The minute you are settled, then you no longer want to gamble. To young people like Janet and me the picture business is still a great adventure—like the wildcat oil business. We both know this may not be a sensible investment, but we are both for actors not being too sensible."

"I know I could be criticized for this but I don't mind. I don't mind almost anything reporters have written about me. I just don't want to get my name in print, if you ask me. Sometimes, however, I wish they wouldn't get off on a wrong kick like with that thing about Jerry Lewis and me feuding.

You know how that started? Aw, what's the difference? If stories like that can get around about two old friends none of us has to worry about being too stable."

On the tenth day after their arrival at Palm Springs Janet and Tony went out to the pool to soak up a last dosage of sun. It was a perfect day. Janet was in the mood to lark around with them and bid them godspeed. A messenger walked out on the lawn paging, "Mrs. Tony Curtis, and you had better meet me at the pool."

Tony always open packages when they are delivered. She had to show it— an inscribed cigarette case for him.

"You had better give it to you yet," she said. "The boy had to bring it out here.

"Well, it's a nice present," he said. "But what's the occasion?"

She thought for a moment. "Oh, I haven't figured that out yet," she said. "Would St. Patrick's be it?"

Tony responded to the best of his ability and then lay back in the sun again, closing his eyes. Janet leaned way over.

"Tony," she said, "is it my fault?"

Tony reached up and around for her.

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* On the cover: Color portrait of Doris Day by John Engstead. She can be seen currently in Warner Brothers' Lucky Me. See page 73 for other photographers' credits.

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### The Inside Story

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that John Wayne was handed a $400,000 certified check to star in Indian Fighter and turned it down?  
A. Yes.

Q. Now that Greer Garson is no longer at MGM, what does she plan to do? Retire?  
A. Miss Garson plans to make a western at Warner Bros. with Mervyn LeRoy.

Q. Did Donald O'Connor really lose $45,000 while gambling at Las Vegas?  
A. No, he won $14,000.

Q. Any truth to the rumor that Joan Crawford fainted when she was turned down for the lead opposite Bing Crosby in Country Girl?  
A. J.C., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Q. Did you simply go east, vacationed, came back with a new romance, Chicago Ford dealer Charles Baron?  
A. No.

Q. Can you tell me if Carlos Thompson has been dating Gary Cooper’s wife, Rocky? What is Thompson’s real name?  
A. T.T., LINDEN, N.J.

Q. Yes, he’s been dating Rocky. His real name is Juan José Mundansafier.  
A. Miss Colbert has been in Europe for eighteen months.

Q. Didn’t Andy Russell divorce his wife Delta because he fell in love with a Mexican girl?  
A. E.D., TAMPA, FLA.

Q. Andy will soon be free to marry Señorita Veda Sanchez Belmonte.  
A. M. Bosworth, Piedmont, Calif.

Q. Can you tell me if Marilyn Monroe is as sexy out of motion pictures as she is in them?  

Q. She is.

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck’s grown-up son her own or is he adopted?  
A. Adopted.

Q. Does Rock Hudson plan to marry Betty Abbott in the near future?  
A. A.F., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Q. He says no.

Q. How many times has Tyrone Power been married and has Lana Turner ever forgiven him for jilting her when he married Linda Christian?  
A. Power has been married twice; Lana has forgiven and forgotten.

Q. I read that when Michael Wilding goes out with his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, he never wears his hairpiece. Didn’t he wear one the night of the Academy Awards?  
A. A.G., HUNTER, N.D.

Q. How many children does Stewart Granger have by his first wife and why doesn’t he bring them over here?  
A. Granger has two children, plans to bring them over from England for a vacation.

Q. I bear that the James Mason marriage is on the rocks and that Mrs. Mason is planning a divorce. Is that on the level?  
A. E.V., CHICAGO, ILL.

Q. Mrs. Mason has frequently threatened divorce.

Q. There are hardly ever any stories on Claudette Colbert. Why?  
A. V.G., EL PASO, TEXAS

Q. Miss Colbert has been in Europe for eighteen months.

Q. How come Joanne Dru and Zsa Zsa Gabor got into so many fights while making The Big Top with Martin and Lewis?  
A. N.F., DETROIT, MICH.

Q. Their personalities clashed.

Q. When they go out, do most Hollywood actresses wear artificial eyelashes?  
A. About half of them.

Q. Why was Janet Leigh released from MGM?  
A. V.E., MERCED, CALIF.

Q. She asked for her release.

Q. I understand that Esther Williams will make personal appearances this summer. Does she plan to swim?  
A. N.Y., MOBILE, ALA.

Q. No. She plans to sing in Las Vegas, Nevada, for $25,000 per week.
IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

DANNY KAYE

THE HAPPIEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!
Danny sings clowns, and dances at the top of his form!

KNOCK ON WOOD

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MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd
Written, Produced and Directed by
SYLVIA FINE, NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

A Paramount Picture
SHELLEY WINTERS, who exploded in Rome because she was so hurt over Vittorio Gassman, returned to Hollywood calmed down—at least on the surface.

She told me, "I just want to forget him. I don't want anything from him except support for little Vittoria. Thank God, I have my baby. I'm going to devote my life to her."

Right here is where I made the fatal mistake of asking Shelley if it is true she has fallen in love with another actor in Europe.

Shelley snapped, "I am no longer in the import-export business."

THE MORE I hear and see of Rock Hudson the better I like him. When première-time for Magnificent Obsession was rolling around (it's Rock's greatest picture) his studio asked him to take a famous glamour girl to the event.

Rock just shook his head. "Sorry, fellows," he said, "I invited Betty Abbott weeks ago and she's going to be my date."

Betty is the very pretty script girl at Universal-International whom Rock has been taking out pretty steadily. I asked one of his best friends if he thought it was a serious thing between Rock and Betty.

"Let's put it this way," the pal explained, "right now the big love in Rock's life is his career. He feels he is just beginning to get the right roles and he wants nothing to divert him from improving himself as an actor."

"He finds Betty wonderful company and she is very understanding of his point of view. I doubt if wedding bells have entered either of their thoughts. But as time goes on, and Rock becomes more firmly established—who knows? Betty may prove to be just the right girl for him."

SPEAKING of the première of Magnificent Obsession, you should have seen the expression on Donald O'Connor's face when Julia Adams (the girl he's rumored to be "crazy about") walked right past him into the theatre on the arm of designer Bill Thomas!

Don had come stag because he thought Julia had a cold!

JOAN CRAWFORD wore what she described as a "little girl dress" of white embroidery to the surprise birthday party she gave for her press agent, Henry Rogers. But there was nothing "little girl" about the enormous diamond pin she was sporting—a real whopper.

The party was held in the private room at Chasen's cafe and it suddenly became the most glamorous "nightclub" in the world when the guests started putting on an impromptu show.

First to take over were June Allyson and director Chuck Walters who did an exhibition dance that would have done credit to the De Marcos or Volaz and Yolanda. Booming proudly from a ringside table was Dick Powell, who thinks everything June does is perfect anyway.

Then Donald O'Connor and his sidekick, Sidney Miller, took over the mike. No one was surprised that this team was funny, but Don brought down the house when he sang, "My Secret Love" as beautifully as I have ever heard it.

Doris Day had first been invited to warble her Oscar-winning song. But she said she was too nervous to do it. So she sat nearby coach-

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Still a frequent twosome, Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter arrived together at Executive Suite première; denied all romance rumors.

Vera-Ellen, famous for her collection of costume jewelry, wore one of her most elaborate pieces to première. Richard Gulli escorted her.

Pat Crowley came to the preem with Vic Damone. Pat has been making television appearances lately, getting a really big buildup.

June Haver and Fred MacMurray attended together, of course. Fred's most important picture, The Caine Mutiny, looks like a hit.
HOLLYWOOD BURGLARIES . . . WILL ROCK HUDSON MARRY BETTY?

ing Don with the words which he did not know.

Next came Jane Wyman really going to town singing "Sunny Side of the Street" accompanied by the composer, Jimmy McHugh.

Joan's fifteen-year-old daughter Christina was permitted to come to the party and stay until ten o'clock. From the expression on her face at ten o'clock, methinks the young lady didn't care for that going-home routine.

Fred MacMurray was with June Havoc. Who else? No matter how crowded the room, those two never seem to realize anyone else is around.

I continue to be amazed by the way the pregnant ladies of today get around—and in the highest fashion, too. Jane Greer Lasker, who looked as though she might have her baby the following morning, was radiant in a cute natural straw hat with a perky rose on top—and she danced every time the music struck up.

Another expectant mother, Frances (Mrs. Van) Heflin wore a cocoa chiffon cocktail dress that could have been worn by a Paris model, and in his low-slung Jaguar. "I love riding in it," said Frances, "but the getting in and out takes a bit of doing."

One of my favorite bits of the evening was watching George Burns do a soft shoe routine a la the old vaudeville days. It was quite a wenguin Miss Crawford hosted—or should I say hostess-ed?

RAN INTO Dale Robertson right after his return from location on Siring Bull in Mexico City and he was plenty hot under the collar over printed stories that he got into a saloon brawl down there over Mary Murphy.

"It was just one of those things that happen to actors in public," Dale said. "An obnoxious drunk gets funny, passes some cracks and there's nothing left to do but take a poke at him."

Whether he got into a fight over Mary or not, my money says that she is the big romance in his life right now. These two have dinner almost every night in one of the quiet bistros and the way they look at each other isn't chilly.

Shortly after Dale parted from his wife there was a lot of noise that he would marry Cherio de Castro when he is free. Cherio is the cute chorus girl at the Moulin Rouge whose press agent started beating the drums that she was Dale's true love.

Dale settled this with, "Cherio's still married. So I am until my interlocutory decree becomes final in eight months. But even if we were both free as the air we would stay that way!"

MOST OF Hollywood was on the police blotter for something or other this month. For a few weeks movietown sounded like one of Jack Webb's Dragnet episodes. Here are the facts, ma'am:

A few hours after about ninety guests and I departed Jane Wyman's house after a gala party, a housebreaker lifted $19,000 of Janie's jewelry and paddled out of the house so softly that Jane, Freddie Karger, the two children and the servants slept through the whole thing.

P.S. A man was later arrested in Ti Juana and part of Janie's stolen gems were found on him.

J U S T A FEW DAYS following the Wyman theft, a police ambulance was called to take Dr. Lew Merrill away from the home of his estranged wife, Rhonda Fleming. Lew had fallen and broken his leg in three places.

"We had been discussing our problems late into the evening and I asked Lew to get some firewood," redheaded Rhonda explained. "He slipped on a rock and was barely able to drag himself to the back door. He was screaming with pain."

Rhonda said she was "very sorry" about the accident, but she didn't see how it necessarily meant she should make up with poor Lew who, doctors say, will be laid up from seven to ten months. She filed for divorce the day after he left the hospital.

And Aldo Ray was actually picked up by the cops after he left the home of his fiancée, Jeff Donnell, and returned several hours later to pick up the script of Battle Cry which he had forgotten.

Attempting to slip quietly into the patio where he had left it on a table, and hoping not to awaken Jeff, Ray was suddenly seized by the only patrol guards who had been posted in the neighborhood after a series of robberies.

If Aldo hadn't beaten on the door hard enough to awaken Jeff and clear himself, he would have spent the night in the bastille.

W H E T H E R it was lost, dropped or stolen, the police were called when Mary Pickford's $30,000 canary diamond clip, surrounded by 250 baguette diamonds, was "missed" somewhere between the Mocambo and a private party.

W I T H all the fuss about Donald O'Connor's reference to her pregnancy after she sang "Secret Love" at the Academy Awards, I asked Ann Blyth McNulty herself how she felt about it.

"I thought it was cute," laughed Ann. "Don and I have been pals for years, I was amused when he said 'Secret Love' had been sung by Ann Blyth and family." So there—all you critics who panned Don!

T H E RECONCILIATION between the Gene and Joan's divorce didn't take although Gene did everything in his power to woo Miriam back after the Jane Powell episode.

Miriam dated Gene, and she thought seriously about it because of their little boy. But she finally decided, "When love is really dead, and not just hidden under the embers, it is almost impossible to bring it to life again no matter how hard we try."

T A K E IT EASY, take it easy! Bing Crosby is not pictured as a hopeless drunk in The Country Girl.

Alarmed over the barrage of letters flooding the studio, Paramount is launching a campaign to counteract the rumors that Bing is soused throughout the picture with Grace Kelly and Bill Holden.

Head man Adolph Zukor says, "To calm all fears, we will show the finished film to a committee of churchmen before the release. This will reassure all the fans who respect Mr. Crosby and look up to him that he will not be portrayed as an unsavory character."

Bing himself says, "I'm shown taking only one drink in the whole picture. It's really a theme of faith and two people's belief in a Spike Jones' Easter TV show was seen by many stars' kids. Jane Powell took Geory, Jr. and Suzanne; Pat Morley took daughter Mona.

Joan Crawford brought daughters Cathy and Cynthia, who wore identical dresses and accessories. (Name tags worn by all the kids.)

Dale Evans brought Cheryl, Doe, Sandy and Rusty. They were the most colorful except for Spike Jones, Jr., who wore a gay checked suit.
It begins where 20th Century-Fox presents The Glad

The continuation of the greatest story of love and faith in the history of entertainment! The soul-searching drama of what happened to “The Robe” and Demetrius—who defied the word of God for the wanton smile and willing arms of the high priestess, Messalina, and met the most awesome challenge of the human spirit... on the blood-drenched sands of the Colosseum!

Produced by FRANK ROSS
Directed by DELMER DAVES

starring SUSAN HAYWARD • VICTOR

color by CINEMA

In the Wonder of 4-TRACK, HIGH
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

man who has lost his way and who gets back on the right path because of them.

I'm really on my soapbox against Simone Silva, the brazen French girl who posed nude-above-the-waist with Robert Mitchum at the Cannes film festival, coming to Hollywood for a film career.

And while I'm on the subject, I think Mr. Mitchum's conduct was unpardonable, too, and if his excuse is that he hadn't been in the pictures he would have been forced into a creek. I say he should have fallen in the creek!

Somebody is going to have to bring this young man to terms before he brings another major scandal on Hollywood. He has been very, very lucky in having the friendship of a powerful producer to keep his career going. And, he has been lucky in having a wife like Dorothy, a very fine woman.

But to get back to this Simone person. She impudently stated in Cannes that she did her outrageous act because she wanted a career in Hollywood.

When she arrived in New York she "obliged" the photographers by doing a modified version of her Cannes striptease. And, in Hollywood, she stated at the airport, "My bosom is larger than Jane Russell's or Marilyn Monroe's, and I shall become just as famous."

This is what we are looking for in Hollywood?????? I shan't even mention the name of the sensation-seeking producer who signed her and I hope by the time you read this she is on her way back to France.

Madly in love with brewer Philip Liebmann and wanting to be with him all the time, Linda Darnell (usually a doll to work with) was as snappish as a cross puppy making Night Music.

If an actor missed a cue or muffed a line, Linda would break into nervous tears and then time would have to be taken out while her make-up was repaired.

When a reporter asked her if she and Liebmann, a very attractive young man as well as a rich one, would be married when the picture was finished, Linda snapped, "Wait till the picture is finished and find out."

Unless present plans go way astray, I'm betting that Linda and Liebmann (head man of the Rheingold Beer Company) will be married by the time you read this and on their way to a honeymoon in Europe.

Personal opinions: The supposed feud between Ava Gardner and Italy's leading glamour girl, Gina Lollobrigida, in Rome was strictly a phony, just for the publicity on Barefoot Contessa. Gina is said to have visited the set and Ava refused to meet her. For the record (straight from my Italian spy) Ava wasn't even working this day. . . . They held a private showing of The Caine Mutiny for me and I can tell you that Robert Francis, the newcomer who plays the boy, will be a terrific hit. Watch for this boy, he's going to be great. . . . Oops! William Holden's "asking price" has jumped to $200,000 per picture since he won the Oscar. . . . Cleo Moore is too pretty and too talented to permit her press agent to keep harping on the fact that she is "the kiss girl" whose long smooth with disk jockey Jack Egan got him fired from his TV show in Chicago. . . . Isn't Kirk Douglas ever going to get a screen role which will permit him a haircut? Kirk has the longest bob in town. . . . Kinda cute the way Lex Barker is teaching Lana Turner to economize, something Lana has never heretofore gone in for. Lex told her, "We can either take a two weeks vacation in Honolulu or build a new room on the house for the kids. Which do you prefer?"—and Lana settled for the new room! . . . Frank Sinatra wants to turn director and I love Frankie's reply to someone who asked him, "What makes you think you can be a director?" He said, "The same thing that made me think I could be a singer—and an actor!"

Easter in Palm Springs was plenty hot (110 in the shade)—and no shade—but plenty of fun. The William Perlbergs had a big party on Saturday night which became

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YODORA

your really soothing cream deodorant

Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea had to build an additional room onto their home to accommodate baby Mary Catherine, ended up remodeling entire house to include porch in photo. But the O'Sheas say it's worth it, plan to have more kids. Complete story of their wacky, wonderful life on page 36.
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even bigger than expected when Lindsay Crosby showed up with eight of his Loyola school pals—and they all had dates.

Lindsay’s old man, Bing, is like a mother hen whenever Lindsay and his cronies are around. “I have so much fun with the kids,” Bing told me, “I’ve called off my trip to Europe.”

One of the prettiest girls in Lindsay’s group was Danny Thomas’ daughter, Marjorie. She’s a student at Marymount and so attractive. Mary and Jack Benny and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy were also among the guests who had a time with the kids.

The Letter Box: “Chalone” of New York, writes: “I want Dale Robertson to know he hasn’t lost a single fan by his divorce. In a magazine Mrs. Robertson is quoted as saying, ‘I had the feeling from the beginning that he regretted our marriage.’ Looks like she didn’t expect the marriage to last and with her thinking like that, how could it? She blames everything on him. Gallantly, he has nothing to say against her. We’re for Dale!”

Dorothy McDonald, The Plains, Ohio, doesn’t go for Peter Lawford: “I always think of him as Peter Lahwacht. Don’t you?” Not necessarily. Many fans are crazy for Pelah.

Emily MacMasters, Sanford, Florida: “I am completely through with Vittorio Gassman, his conceit and his heart of rock.” You and Shelley Winters, Emily.

“I wish Suzan Ball and Dick Long to know that they have made the heart of the world beat a little more tenderly because of their inspiring love story,” writes Sally del Valle, from Havana, Cuba. “They more than make up for such sordid romances as Zsa Zsa Gabor and that man, and many others I shan’t dignify by naming.”

Mrs. Donald Wallisch thinks Montgomery Cliff was robbed because he didn’t get the Oscar for his “inspired” playing in From Here To Eternity. “Clift is the screen’s greatest actor,” says Mrs. Wallisch. William Holden isn’t bad either. Mrs. W.!

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

She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out PINK PLUM
And cried, “What a smart girl am I!”

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet’s Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

“We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!”

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

Director Conover School

Peter Lawford married Patricia Kennedy, daughter of Ambassador Joe Kennedy. Ceremony took place in St. Thomas More’s Church, New York.
this is how you feel...

All over... all day
—wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet
TALCUM POWDER

Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good
grooming cue from
our Conover Career
School students!
A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smoothes hot, chafed
skin... helps girdles,
stockings and shoes
ease on smoothly."

Says
Cindy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School
Brando can be funny . . . Ray Milland

is unhappy . . . Wally Cox becomes a ladies' man . . .

Ed Murrow is shy.

You hear lots of things about Marion Brando, but you hardly ever hear about his sense of humor. Well, he has one, all right. And he doesn't always duck when his fans approach him. But he's not always eager to return the favor, friendly, but he talks to them through the keyhole, chances are he was too short to open the door. And then he climbed up and chatted through the transom, claiming he was too tall! He may be a crazy, mixed-up kid, but he has his fun. All his friends consider him a great wit, in fact; and Wally Cox, his old pal from grammar school days, just wishes he could be as amusing . . . Wally, of course, is a real wit, on the screen and in private life. If you can cock your ear close enough to hear his whispery voice, it's mighty rewarding. His friends are devoted to him, and like nothing better than to have him around entertaining them. He sometimes picks up very old-fashioned books in his meanderings around town and arranges to read them out loud. With his dead-pan delivery, the dullest, most Victorian prose in the world turns into something that could wow 'em in vaudeville. His hosts also like him because he's so wonderful with children. He has that knack of talking to them that makes them love him as much as he loves them. The main reason he likes kids so much is that he's jealous. He would love to have some of his own. And, seeing as how Wally has turned into quite a ladies' man, he just might do what he's done on Mr. Peepers and get married. In the meantime, though, he's got his mind on making a movie. But he won't mess it in Hollywood, he insists that it be made in Europe so he can have some fun along with his work. Wally has only been to Europe once (last summer, when he joined Marlon there for two weeks), but he fell in love with it, and he's been looking to move there. Gary Merrill is looking seedier and seedier, and no one can figure out why. Even when he goes to the theatre on an opening night, he's got a few days' beard and sideburns that can't be beat. If he were playing a part that required them, everyone would understand. But he's not . . .
At last on the screen!

THE CAINEMUTINY

HUMPHREY BOGART
as QUEEG...
the captain and
the cause of
"The Caine
Mutiny."

JOSE FERRER
as GREENWALD...
who understood
the reason for
"The Caine
Mutiny."

VAN JOHNSON
as MARYK...
whose damning
diary sparked
"The Caine
Mutiny."

FRED MACMURRAY
as KEEFER...
the brain
who plotted
"The Caine
Mutiny."

and introducing
ROBERT FRANCIS - MAY WYNN

Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS
Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by HERMAN WOUK
"Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.
South of the border in a small hotel, Gene Tierney and Aly Khan found privacy—and a new security in their love.

BY ALICE CRAIG GREENE

The playboy of the eastern world went to Mexico to join his fiancée, American movie actress Gene Tierney.

For a couple of years the world press has been wondering aloud if the love of Gene and Aly Khan would come to marriage. Now the formal answer has come from an obscure, sun-drenched little resort about twenty miles below the Mexican border, in Baja California.

The Rosarito Beach Hotel has a reputation for being the most deserted hotel in the world—even when it's full. People go there not to be seen. Although all facilities of a busy resort hotel are encompassed in the attractive, sprawling white buildings, most of the guests don't use the swimming pool, the tennis courts, the bar or dancing salons.

Word of the discretion of the management and the anonymity to be found there, has spread among people who want to disappear a little while.

A group of such people drove to the doors of this remote little spot on the afternoon of March 28. Two Cadillac limousines (rented previously from a San Diego taxicab company by telephone from Mexico City) and a black Jaguar two-seater sports car had waited at the Tijuana airport. The Jag was so new it had no license, only a windshield sticker. At two-twenty that afternoon a couple alighted from the Pan American plane from Mexico City, on which they were registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Taylor, independent worker and housewife."

As they stepped from the plane, attendants (Continued on page 19)
"cute tomato!"
by CUTEX

NEW... the FRESHEST, RIPEST RED ever Cultivated...

Prettiest Pick for Lips and Fingertips!

Warning to bachelors! Here comes the gayest, brightest, cutest breath of spring that ever breezed into town! It's YOU... flaunting this season's fresh and flirty new red... "CUTE TOMATA" by Cutex.

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* when used according to directions

Hollywood's worried about Lanza; this time he's really OUT OF SHAPE

Mario Lanza weighs 252 pounds. He owes an estimated $165,000 in income taxes for 1952. His wife has ordered him out of their Beverly Hills home several times lately. He is estranged from his parents, too. It would seem that things can't get much worse for this popular singer who was on top two years ago. Nonetheless, there are chances for him still—if he will only take advantage of them.

From Las Vegas, Mario Lanza has received some good offers—payment of his tax debt plus a salary of $25,000 a week—if he will get into shape. So far, he has refused to make the necessary effort.

Columbia Pictures considered Lanza for the re-make of One Night Of Love, but they insisted that he get psychiatric help before they were willing to take a chance on him.

Now the Lanzas live on a small weekly allowance from his royalties at RCA Victor. The rest goes to the Government for unpaid taxes. Victor is releasing recordings Lanza made with Ray Sinatra in 1949 ("Lolita" is the first one). And that's about the only way you can hear Mario Lanza sing these days.
she calls him baby

(Continued from page 16) whispered excitedly among themselves in Spanish, recognizing actress Gene Tierney and the fabulous Prince Aly Khan. With them were her mother, Belle Tierney, and Aly's valet—bodyguard, William, who has attended the Prince for twenty-four years.

The luggage, Mrs. Tierney and William were put into the Cadillacs. Aly and Gene got into her Jaguar (a present from him), and the caravan started south. Half an hour later, the Cadillacs—now with Aly—drove up to the Rosarito Beach Hotel.

Manager Roberto Bravo came out to greet the newcomers, and was astonished to recognize the prince, who had made no reservations. His hospitality was unaccustomed to serving royalty, and he feared a moment of panic before assigning the party to the Presidential suite—actually three connecting living room-bedroom suites at $54 a day each, one for Aly, one for Mrs. Tierney and one for William.

All Bravo could think of in those first hectic moments was how sportily the prince dressed—a sweater, a sports coat, a scarf and tight-fitting black pants like Mexican charros, but without the usual bright braid down the sides of the legs.

About an hour later, the black Jaguar drove up, and Manager Bravo recognized Gene Tierney. She wore black slacks, a heavy black coat and big black glasses. But the familiar and unusual beauty of the famous redhead wasn't really hidden by the superficial disguise. Gene was taken to her mother's section of the suite.

She remained until midnight when she and her mother drove to the international border to meet a car which drove them to the 20th Century-Fox Studio in Hollywood. Arriving at six A.M. Gene went to work on her new picture, The Egyptian. But by four the next morning she had rejoined Aly in Rosarito.

Meanwhile, Gene's studio was rounding up a confused press conference. Fox publicist Peggy McNaught flew south Tuesday afternoon to try to organize it.

The famous pair appeared early in the afternoon to "meet the press." Gene wore a pale green flannel skirt with a matching cardigan sweater. Aly wore casual slacks and a sports shirt. They posed freely for photographers, although Aly requested, "No corny shots, please," as he once refused to pose with Gene when she sat on a playground swing. He put his hands into his pockets, but Gene put her arm through his as they posed.

Gene was more aggressive and informal than Aly. She displayed the enormous square-cut diamond, set in platinum (about $25,000) which Aly had given her.

"I knew I loved Aly a year and a half ago," she said. "He told me he loved me long before that. He proposed a year ago May, and I told him I thought it would be a good idea. It is untrue that Aly's father ever objected to our marriage. And I see no conflict in our religions. I certainly consider myself engaged, and," looking toward Aly, "we're very much in love, Baby and I—"

"We probably will be married within six months, I imagine in Europe." She added she would take her two children, Daria and Christina, with them and would give up her career when she married.

Gene refused to allow her statements to be recorded on the sound film of newsmel reel cameramen. "I get paid for doing that at the studios, so why should I do it for nothing?" she said.

A photographer asked Aly whether to call him "prince" or "mister."

"Anything you like," Aly grinned. "I've already been (Continued on next page)
(Continued from page 19) called every-
thing, anyway. Usually, they refer to me
as the ‘dashing playboy.’ I don’t really give
a damn what they call me. I race horses
and I travel. My suitcase is my home. But
I wish you could have been along on the spe-
tour. I made for my people to see the work I
do. I’ve visited many countries as an emis-
sary for the world’s ten to eighteen million
Moslems.
“I wish more of your people could come
to the Middle East, and more of my people
could come here. I’m a believer in getting
together for a better understanding.”
Aly said he hoped to stay in Mexico a
week or so and then return to “my domicile
in France” after a trip to Venezuela.
In August he plans to be in Saratoga for
the horse sales, and he’ll see his two sons, one
at Harvard and one at prep school.
He refused to speak of their romance or
marriage plans. “No, I won’t talk about
that,” he said. “This is an extremely
private matter. I’m entitled to some privacy. That’s why
I sought out this place, particularly.”
When Gene refused to speak for the
sound film of the newsreels and they de-
clined to take pictures of her without
sound, she hurried off to her new Jaguar
with Aly following. She got in behind
the wheel, said, “Jump in, Baby” and posed for
one photo, and then headed north.
There was speculation as to whether the
couple would marry while they were in
Baja California. They had made nearly
all inquiries about the possibilities of marriage
there, they learned that for the marriage
to be legal in the States, a six months’
residency was required. When Aly echoed her opinion that they would be
married on the Riviera within six months.

AFTER the first twenty-four hours of
excitement, with the press, photog-
rappers, and curiosity seekers swarm-
ing about the usually quiet resort, with Aly
generally phoning periodically to demand
privacy, they got the peace they wanted.
They had all their meals in their suite.
They only came out for one walk on the
beach each day. Completely absorbed in
their talk, they walked hand-in-hand or
with their arms around each other. It was
a week of just being together.
Manager Bravo had no complaints about
his royal guests. The only thing
Aly complained about, he said, was
that there were too many phone calls. Six of these were passed on
person to person from Dick
Haymes in New York, the husband of
Aly’s former wife, Rita Hayworth. Aly
would not accept the calls. Speculation
was that this was in regard to a proposed
meeting with Rita over a final financial
settlement on their daughter Yaamin.
But apparently Aly didn’t intend to let any-
thing interfere with his vacation. (Of
course, he couldn’t go to New York later to help
Rita when she was accused of neglecting her
children and to straighten out the terms of the settlement.)

Manager Bravo pointed out, “We don’t
have the kind of service these people are
used to. They have put up with our fa-
cilities very graciously. They are won-
derfully understanding. Naturally,
when someone like the prince visits
us, expenses go up. We have to hire extra
people to expedite service. We must have
a person sent with the horse to make sure
sent no real problem. It was a pleasure
to have been host to them.”
When Manager Bravo offered Aly horses
to ride, Aly said that he preferred to walk,
but that he liked only fast horses. After
looking over the stable, he suggested he
would prefer to walk. And did.

AS A reporter remarked one day, when
Gene had to go to Hollywood for shots
on The Egyptian, “That guy almost walks
you to death. Three miles down the beach,
three miles back, at full speed. Then
jumping up all those steps. He’s in ex-
cellent physical shape. Not the usual
‘international set’ type. Quite a won-
terful guy. He likes races, gambling, horses,
trains and beautiful women.”

Aly also has a keen grasp of world af-
fairs and politics. Most interesting was his
report of traveling for his father through
the Middle East and Indian hospital
projects, school programs and general
improvement for their people. The famed
birthday donation for his father’s weight
in plums was rejected by the Aga Khan—was put into a
fund to back small business enterprises.
On Aly’s travels, he had to be a bystander
officer, constantly on the lookout, actively,
feeling that the Moslem world must
find an alliance with the West.
One of his hardest tasks, he said, is to
find permission for only one of the children
born each year in the residence of the ruling
house—no matter how remote the ties of
family blood. It amounts to about 2000
names a year. Another chore is to sign all
licenses to marry and okay all divorces.

ON Wednesday night the couple drove
down to Ensenada to put some miles on
Gene’s Jaguar, their 1950 Convertible, a
Spanish Mexican town, sixty-four miles
south of their resort hotel, and to listen to
Mexicans shout tequila-flavored love songs at
the sky. They stopped late at midnight.
They shopped, saw all the little
bars and hotels, and wandered almost un-
noticed along the streets.
Saturday morning, Gene’s mother
flew to the Mojave Desert for some final location shots
on her picture. But she returned as
quickly as she could. Saturday the couple
drove to Ensenada again, and despite Aly’s
avowed aversion to fishing, went fishing.

A lot of folks in my home town,
soon as they heard I was on TV,
went out and bought sets. That
may not sound like much, but it
does what does it mean when you realize that there
wasn’t any station?

—Herb Shriner

“If you want something on me no one
else has,” she laughed, “you can say I
came down here and had more fun than
I’ve ever had in my life. I went out on a
boat and went fishing. I threw in line
overboard and pulled it fish, threw it
again and pulled in another. Six times—
and I pulled in six fish!”

They were expected in Tijuana for
the races at Caliente Sunday, but they didn’t
return in time. They slept late and spent
the afternoon wandering in the shops.
They returned to Rosarito Sunday night
and had another one together before Aly
checked out Tuesday morning, April 6.
Gene had checked out the night before.
Aly left the hotel with his man William
and the chauffeur of the personalized
limousine.

Some where along the lonely stretch
of highway, Gene met the prince in her
Jaguar. When they reached the border,
Aly was driving the sports car behind
the sedan. It took only a few minutes for bor-
der officials to wave them across the line.
Aly then had to drive 150 miles
north to La Paz where he had arranged
the sports car north. Close beside him
was the woman he loved, the woman who
calls him “Baby.” It might be a while before
they would be able to cross the border
again. Aly said he would have to return to work and Aly
would have to continue his trip.
But their ten days had reaffirmed their faith
in happiness ahead. And the world
finally had been admitted to the secret
of their love and their plans for marriage, as
Gene said, “perhaps within six months,
probably in Europe.”

END
Casual, carefree— that's the "Ascot"— thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
All you have to do is give up hot, "chafey" external pads and turn to the Tampax® method of sanitary protection. Tampax is worn internally and positively will not chafe or irritate, no matter how warm the weather is. In fact, the wearer doesn’t even feel it, once it’s in place.

Tampax has many other warm weather advantages. For one thing, it prevents odor from forming—and what a blessing that is! Tampax also gives you the freedom of the beach. It can’t “show” under a bathing suit; you even wear Tampax while you’re swimming.

If you’re planning on going away, just remember this: Tampax is extremely easy to dispose of, even when the plumbing is erratic. Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month’s supply goes into purse; economy size gives 4 times as much. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.


**Picture of the Month: THE CAINE MUTINY**

- The trial scene from the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, The Caine Mutiny, was turned into a hit play. Now Stanley Kramer has produced a film—in Technicolor—which is based on the whole book. It’s a brilliant, beautifully acted job. A new actor, Robert Francis, is perfectly cast as Willie Keith, around whom much of the story revolves. He is a young ensign, assigned to the Caine. Among his fellow officers are Keefer (Fred MacMurray) a novelist and intellectual whose talk lays the groundwork for mutiny but whose weakness forbids him to act; Maryk (Van Johnson) honest, earnest and competent who, once the seeds of suspicion are sown in him about Captain Queeg, moves forward doggedly toward what may be his own doom. Queeg himself—a staunch believer in absolute discipline, petty about details, petrified to the point of immobility in the face of danger—is played superbly by Humphrey Bogart. José Ferrer is a shrewd lawyer under whose questioning Queeg breaks down and Maryk is exonerated from the charges of mutiny. There is romance, action and depth in The Caine Mutiny which, like the book, is slick and genuinely dramatic. Others in the large cast are Tom Tully, Katharine Warren, May Wynn.—Columbia

Ensign Willie Keith (played by promising newcomer Robert Francis) has a troubled romance with nightclub singer May Wynn before reporting for duty.

Lt. Keefer (Fred MacMurray), an intellectual with little ability to carry his plans through, believes Lt. Comdr. Queeg (Humphrey Bogart) is unbalanced.

Stationed on the broken-down destroyer-mine-sweeper Caine, Willie meets Lt. Maryk (Van Johnson), rugged, competent officer of a worried crew.

In a typhoon Queeg’s erratic behavior forces Maryk to take command, leading to his courtmartial and defense by Lt. Greenwald (José Ferrer).
Joan the glamorous! Joan the gunfighter!

She’s fire and steel in a story of passion and bitter hatred as big as the great Southwest!

HERBERT J. YATES presents

JOAN CRAWFORD
AS THE WOMAN WHO LOVES

"JOHNNY GUITAR"

starring

STERLING HAYDEN • MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE • SCOTT BRADY

with WARDO BOND • BEN COOPER • ERNEST Borgnine • JOHN CARBGNE

Screen Play by PHILIP TORDAN • Based on the novel by ROY CHANSLOR

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

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RAILS INTO LARAMIE They're trying to build a railroad out Laramie way but everybody's lying down on the job because Dan Duryea tells them to. He runs the town, owns the saloon and wants to keep those railway workers around as long as possible. The good citizenry demand Army troops, they get John Payne. What can one man do? Well, he fires everybody, thus threatening a general depression; he closes the saloons, occupies the jail (headed by John Fleck) and incites general violence. Isn't a body in town doesn't want to run him out, but he has faith in himself. Even has the audacity to haul in Duryea on a murder charge. Isn't a man in town fearless enough to sit on the jury. So Payne calls for an all-woman jury (headed by Mari Blanchard), and justice is done in Laramie. Technicolor. With Joyce Mackenzie, James Griffith, Lee Van Cleef. — U-I

JOHNNY DARK "Safety and strength for six," is the motto of the Fielding Motor Company, and President Sidney Blackmer will stand or fall on that. Well, he's standing, but business is falling off due to his reactionary policies. Build a sports car, his stockholders tell him. Never, he sneers. One day chief engineer Paul Kelly trots out a beauty of a sports car design by Johnny Dark (Tony Curtis) and Blackmer says, "Okay, make it. But sell it? No sir. Blackmer just wants a sample model with which to placate the stockholders. Little does he know that said car is being entered in a race from Canada to Mexico. Wet or not, that car restores business to its former prosperity. The race itself is thrilling, full, as they say, of chills and spills. Between times test driver Don Taylor and Curtis chase Pipa Laurie, Blackmer's granddaughter. Technicolor, with Ilka Chase. — U-I

PLAYGIRL Seems that when a pretty girl comes to New York she takes her life in her hands. Anyway, that's what happens to colleen Miller. Arrives all agog to be met by nightclub singer Shelley Winters. Shelley rushes her into an evening gown and there she sits in a cafe with men ogling and social Richard Long implying it's okay to take money from guys who like to throw it around. Shelley says it's okay, too, but the way her life's going she's no judge. She's in love with publisher Barry Sullivan whose wife won't leave him. Barry turns Colleen into a cover girl and makes Shelley so jealous she goes gunning after him. Scandal ruins both girls' careers. Jailed? Bitter? They'll tell the world! Playgirl is supposed to he rick but even with a happy ending it comes out sordid. With Gregg Palmer, Kent Taylor — U-I
THE MIAMI STORY
Swiftly paced, suspenseful, The Miami Story has a documentary air which lends even more excitement. Luther Adler heads a gambling empire so successfully that the police can't pin anything on him. A citizen's committee is formed and lawyer Finlay (Barry Sullivan), ex- gangster whom he saved from the chair. Flagg is leading a farmer's life with his son (David Knapp) but that changes in a hurry. He sets up a flashy front in Miami, poses as the head of a powerful Cuban mob and then warns Adler that he's moving in. And does he move fast! Well versed in underworld rules, he knows how to handle all the punks, henchmen and molls that come his way. Evidence piles up against Adler who, in a desperate move, kidnaps Flagg's son. But he can't win any more John Baur, Adile Jergens, Beverly Garland are among the cast—Col.

APACHE
When the last of the Apaches went down into the reservation there was one, Massai (Burt Lancaster), who rebelled with such violence and pride that he became a legend. In irons along with Geronimo, on the way to imprisonment in Florida, Massai escapes. He wanders dazed through a midwestern city and with the endurance of a fanatic, walks back to his reservation. His girl (Jean Peters) welcomes him. Her father (Paul Guilfoyle) betrays him to the authorities. Massai escapes again. Vengeful, he wreaks havoc at an Army post, rides off into the mountains with Jean. He plans to kill her but her loyalty is evident and they live together, always on the move. A scout (John McIntyre) one of his greatest admirers, is nevertheless relentless in his search for Massai. One day he finds him. Massai, who now prefers peace, meets that day like a warrior. Technicolor—U.A.

WITNESS TO MURDER
Try to report a murder these days and you're liable to wind up in the loony bin. Mum's the word, I tell you. Case in point is Barbara Stanwyck, who spots George Sanders strangling a lady across the street. (That is, Sanders lives in an apartment across the street and does his strangling with the blinds up.) Barbara calls the cops (Gary Merrill and Jesse White) but by the time they arrive that corpse must be in heaven because it sure isn't in Sanders' apartment. I couldn't have dreamed, says Barbara, and what wise, patient smiles that statement evokes! Only one who believes her is Sanders. He sneaks into her apartment to type himself threatening letters, even boasts of his crime, feeling free, since Barbara's generally considered daft. When he tries to writer her out, though, those smart California cops realize whose lil it is slipped—Col.

Hold your muscles in and up and feel the difference. Hold Magic-Controller to the light, as in photograph—and you'll see the reason for the difference. Hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves," keep you firm, flat and flattered!

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Playtex...known everywhere as the girdle in the U.S.A. (Prices a little higher outside U.S.A.)

©1952 International Latex Corp'n...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del; In Canada: Playtex Ltd...PLAYTEX PARK...Arnprior, Ont.
Lucky Me

Here's a gay Technicolor musical (in CinemaScope) with a new score and old situations. Doris, Phil Silvers, Eddie Foy Jr., and Nancy Walker are stranded in Miami after their act flops at a local theatre. Starved, they walk into a swank hotel, order dinner. Naturally, they can't pay and wind up in the kitchen. Noted songwriter Robert Cummings is a guest at the hotel. He's writing a musical, will produce it on Broadway if Martha Hyer's father, Texan Bill Goodwin, will back it. You know who gets to star in that show—Doris, of course. How? By a series of coincidences whereby she meets Cummings, mistakes him for an auto mechanic, blows up when his identity is revealed, softens, reenters, blows up, relents, etc. Anyhow, the songs are swell and the atmosphere is cheerful and sometimes a lot of fun. You'll be crazy about Doris.—Warners

Gorilla at Large

Here's an old fashioned thriller in CinemaScope. Starts off with a gorilla thumping his chest while Anne Bancroft dangles above him on a trapene. Scares the customers blind. Anne decides to put Cameron Mitchell in a gorilla suit so she can fall into his arms. Those tricks never work. When Anne falls that's no fake monkey grabbing her. Things get awfully complicated. No sooner does Mitchell get his suit than park employees start dropping dead of broken necks and gorilla scratches. Who done it? The motive, I can tell you, was blackmail. But as to who done it, even detective Lee J. Cobb doesn't know. Could it be Raymond Burr, owner of the park and Anne's husband? Could it be Peter Whitney, the gorilla's silent keeper and Anne's ex-husband? Could it be the gorilla? You'll see. Cast includes Charlotte Austin, Lee Marvin, Warren Stevens. Technicolor—20th-Century-Fox

Who Made You Love Him?

Come on, tell Mama all about it. Whose picture is that, stuck in the back of your wallet and absolutely not for peering? Cory Grant? Tab Hunter? Come on, give. And whose photo did we spot you ripping to shreds last week, hmm? A star's? A starlet's? Who? One of them, it's, we're dying of curiosity, and if you won't tell for—well, we're offering money! Yup—a one dollar bill goes to each of the first hundred nice people who tell us all on the coupon below! So fill it out and send it in—and better hurry up!

Questionnaire: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? Write the numbers 1, 2, and 3 at the far left of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

□ She Calls Him Baby (Gene Tierney)
□ No Time for Tears (Suzan Ball-Dick Long)
□ The Heart is Everything (Doris Day)
□ Those Lucky Laddis (Alan Ladd)
□ 'T'd Rather Stay Home" (Virginia Mayo—like O'Shea)
□ To Daddy...With Love (Frank Sinatra)
□ Sweet on Sweaters
□ The Secrets of Marilyn's Life as a Model (Marilyn Monroe)
□ Can a Glamour Girl Live Happily at Home with Mother? (Terry Moore)
□ I Believe (Guy Madison)
□ Forbidden to Love? (Robert Wagner)
□ Sheree North
□ If You Know Beedle (William Holden)
□ A Day to Remember (Esther Williams)
□ Out of Shape (Maria Lanza)
□ Keel-Hauling Keel (Howard Keel)
□ Fathers and Sons (John Wayne—Patrick Wayne—Tyrone Power)
□ To Each His Own (MacDonald Carey)
□ Puttering Peepers (Wally Cox)
□ When Is a Star? (Audrey Hepburn)
□ The Inside Story
□ Louella Parsons' Good News
□ TV Talk
□ New Movies

Which of the stories did you like least?

□ Which 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

□ Which FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

□ Which photographs in this issue did you like best?

My name is

My address is

City

Occupation

Address to:
Poll Dept., Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

Recommended Films Now Playing


Man with a Million (U.A.): A hilarious Technicolored British comedy with Gregory Peck starring in Mark Twain's story of a guy without a penny to his name and a million-pound banknote in his pocket.

Rose Marie (MGM): This one has Ann Blyth to sing "Indian Love Call," and be pursued through the Rockies by Monty's Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas—plus Bert Lahr and CinemaScope to make the chase more fun.

La Ronde: Delightful French comedy with Antonio Walbrook, Jean-Louis Barrault, Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux as some of the lovers in a series of Viennese romances. English subtitles.

French Line (RKO): Jane Russell sings, dances and clowns her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.


Drive a Crooked Road (Col.): Mickey Rooney does a top acting job as a naive race-car driver riveted into assisting a bank hold-up by beautiful Dianne Foster.

Executive Suite (MGM): Julie Allyn, Bill Holden, Frederic March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

Top Banana (U.-I.): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-TV comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

Riot in Cell Block 11 (A/A): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tenser, most exciting convict movies ever made.

New Faces (20th-Fox): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical's lead cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she sings her way through "Monotonous," "C'est Si Bon," "Santa Baby," other hits.
Tangee’s newest lipstick shade—BRIGHT ’N CLEAR is the brightest, clearest, most dazzling red on record. It is exactly the color and lipstick America’s leading beauty authorities say smart women should wear. And—exciting miracle!—here is an indelible-type lipstick that actually stays BRIGHT ’N CLEAR for hours and hours. It will not dry your lips...will not go dull and lifeless even after blotting. So start your BRIGHT ’N CLEAR future today!

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“BRIGHT ’N CLEAR”

a new shade...a true shade...a just-right-for-you shade!
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
There's never been a lovelier wedding than Suzan Ball's—nor a more beautiful sight than this courageous girl walking down the aisle.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

There are always some who will cry at a wedding. But when Suzan Ball, as nervous and triumphant as a child taking her first steps, chose to make first public use of her artificial leg to walk down the aisle at her wedding the eyes of all two hundred guests at the El Monticido Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara, filled with tears.

Yet an old studio friend of the bride and the bridegroom (Dick Long) even in her weeping, whispered to a companion, "There shouldn't be any crying here. The kids have never done any crying. If everyone knew the whole story, the real story, of Suzan's fight and her victory, they'd be cheering!"

Only three months before, Suzan, still hopeful after a year and a half of fighting to cure cancer of the bone in her right knee without amputation, heard the final shocking news. She had lost. Efforts to effect a cure by modified surgery (Continued on page 79)
the Heart is Everything

Here at last is the warm and wonderful story of Doris Day and the men in her life!

She'd just turned fifteen and life was over. She was lucky, they told her—she and the others who'd cheated death. This was true, yet the truth failed to sustain her. Last week she'd been dancing, now she lay like a strange block of cement in plaster casts. How could a gay, harmless evening lead to such blackness? How could the years of her life add up to this? Some day, when she was an ancient eighteen, she might walk again, on crutches or with a limp—if she stayed lucky. Against wave after sickening wave of disbelief, her face turned toward the wall, but monstrous contraptions held her body fast. From under the closed lids, hopeless tears welled and soaked slowly into the pillow.

The girl in the bed was Doris Kappelhoff, whose legs had danced from babyhood to the rhythm in her blood. The rhythm she owed to her father. A teacher of German in the Cincinnati schools, his spirit fed on music—but real music, as he called it. Anything less dignified than Brahms offended his soul. The popular records Doris loved were trash to him, and he had no patience with them. Nor much more with the vagaries of childhood. Brought up in the strict Teutonic school, he followed the same pattern with Paul and Doke. (To him she was always Doke, maybe in simple affection, maybe in protest against the foolishness of naming her after Doris Kenyon, her mother's favorite movie star.) Just as popular music spelled trash and no arguments, nightmares spelled nonsense. When she woke screaming against phantoms of terror in the dark, her screams would be chocked by the voice of paternal authority. "Go right back to sleep and stop imagining things." Rigid amid the clamor of her pounding heart, she'd wait for her mother's footsteps, her mother's figure in the doorway, the blessed comfort of her mother's arms, shutting out all danger.

Why the Kappelhoffs separated is their own business, which is how they kept it. That they were temperamentally unsuited seems fairly clear. That tensions must have mounted to an intolerable pitch seems equally clear, since in their circle, man and wife stuck together, if sticking were possible. They parted in '35, when Doris was eleven. Whatever the cause, any rupture in a child's background affects the child. Alma Kappelhoff eased the break by fostering friendly relations between her estranged husband and his children. Growing older, Doris grew in understanding of her father and wrote to him regularly. But she remained the child of her sunny, outgoing mother. (Continued on page 71)
At fifteen a near-fatal accident ended Doris' dancing career. Restless and unhappy, she felt silly when her folks insisted that she try singing for a local music teacher.

But within three years Doris was singing with Les Brown (seated), working with musicians like Louis Prima, Andy Russell, Jimmy Dorsey. Re-named after her lucky song, "Day After Day," she changed names again by marrying trombonist Al Jorden.

With Romance On The High Seas a hit, Doris became star singer for Bob Hope. Terry and Grandma joined her in California and Doris' famous grin appeared again.

Living together for the first time in years, Doris and Terry got to know each other again. Without disturbing his deep-seated love for Grandma, Doris grew closer to her son. Gradually, she felt her six-year-old turning to her for love and comfort.

The life story of Doris Day is the story of an impulsive girl who twice loved too well.
In 1947 Doris sang on The Hit Parade with Frank Sinatra. Her marriage to Jorden had failed, leaving her with a son, Terry. For the second time Doris fell "insanely" in love, married George Weidler. Doris followed George to Hollywood, had one happy year before the marriage collapsed. Heartbroken, she wept singing "This Love Of Mine" in a cafe, sobbed through first interview with film director Mike Curtiz (above).

Content with her home and career, Doris nonetheless felt incomplete. "When you're not married," she said, "you're lonely." She dated a lot but found peace only in her new religion, Christian Science.

—and now is learning to love wisely!

Both Terry and Doris fell in love with Marty Melcher. For the first time, Doris let her romance grow slowly, made sure that trust and friendship were present, too. They married on April 3 (Doris’ birthday), in 1951.
"Alan never believes he’s here to stay," Sue sighs. But her husband doesn’t have to worry. He’s the original Man Who Has Everything!

BY JACK WADE

It had been a great day—and there was nothing wrong with this particular night, either. The California moon hung like a gold medallion in the velvet sky, dappling the pool below with sequins. A breeze from the sea teased the olive trees on the terrace of the big house, which was dark because it was well past midnight. Before a wide-glass expanse framing this view two very tired but extremely happy people, Alan Ladd and his wife Sue, lounged back on a love seat, silent and thoughtful.

They had been awake since six o’clock that morning, when Alan restlessly got down from his (Continued on page 86)
Everyone's got

to have a hobby.

So some stars do the town

and some do sunsets in oils

—but Virginia Mayo does

nothing at all but sit still

and think about Mike!

BY TONI NOEL

"I'd rather stay home!"

T

his was a marriage that couldn't possibly last

as any counselor could have told them and probably did
tell them. There was the difference in their ages. Virginia is
not yet thirty; Mike is in his mid-forties. A serious handicap.
A religious conflict was expected. Virginia has
always been a Presbyterian; Mike is a devout Catholic
who says, "Maybe going to church once a week satisfies some
people, but I need my religion. I live with it." Two
strikes against them already, some of the gossips were
saying. Sounds pretty ominous, doesn't it?

Add the fact that, at the time of their meeting, Virginia
had never even been in love and Mike was still married,
though long since separated from his first wife. Their
chances for a successful marriage looked slimmer and slimmer.

There would be a career conflict, too. Although
Mike insists that any male held together with spit and
baling wire could have achieved stardom during the lean war
years, he was unquestionably at the top of the heap
when he met Virginia. She was merely another import from
a Broadway chorus then. But when they were able to
marry, five interminable years later, O'Shea had
given way to heroes returning from the war and Virginia
was forging right to the top of Warner Brothers' star list. Obviously no male ego could survive a belt like
that; there had to be trouble.

Finally, they were as different temperamentally as
two people could be. O’Shea is a big Irishman, possessed of
every implausible, inexplicable facet of the classical
Irish personality. He has the gift of laughter, but he's a
brooder, too—and a thinker of subtle thoughts,
shatteringly forthright in his expression of them. He's
restless, jumping with nervous energy, happiest when he works
with his hands—but he also lies awake until five in the
morning, reading alarmingly intellectual books.

This mass of contradiction is Virginia Mayo's man.
Virginia, a model of repose and tranquility, has a remarkable
facility for enjoying herself most when she's doing
precisely nothing. No one ever sees her edgy or disagreeable.
Even when she tackles something new and difficult.
Virginia is relaxed, happy, at home in the world.

"People are always asking me what I do between pictures,"
she once told a reporter. "And they think it's peculiar
when I tell them that I just sit. I know actors and actresses
who work harder at their hobbies than they do at the
picture business. I love my husband, my home and
our life together, and my hobby is thinking about them."
An uncomplicated, refreshing girl—but hardly a suitable
wife for an explosive Irishman like O'Shea. This was
a marriage? This was a farce, as any fool could plainly see.
and it wouldn't last six months.

But thirteen years after they met, eight years after
they married, Virginia and Michael are as happy together as
they can be. In totting up the odds against the marriage of
these two, the cynics overlooked one important point. Far
from thinking love is corny, they like it. Their love for
each other is an unmistakable and unabashed pleasure.

When the O’Sheas were entertaining at lunch on a recent
Saturday, Mike and one of the guests chanced to be
discussing cigarettes. Virginia (Continued on page 90)
To Daddy With Love...

This is the other side of Frankie: the guy who still hurries home to his brood—the father who’s a hero to his kids—and deserves to be!
I got stood up by Frank Sinatra. We had a date for three-thirty one afternoon. I was helping Art Linkletter as fashion commentator at a tea party for the American Cancer Fund, but when I noticed that the hour of my date was at hand and the party still wasn’t over, I sneaked out and left Art holding the bag. After rushing home, I got a phone call from Frank. “I’m terribly sorry,” he said, “but I can’t make it.”

Well, you could have heard my scream two blocks away!

Then he explained. He wasn’t finished with a recording session at NBC, and he had a date in a couple of hours that he just wouldn’t break. And with another girl, yet. What was more humiliating was that this “other woman” was only thirteen years old, and Frank was taking her to her confirmation at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, and later with five of her friends to dinner at LaRue.

“I can’t stand her up, Hedda,” he pleaded.

I couldn’t compete with the other woman in his life, because she was Nancy with the laughing face, his oldest daughter. It was through her “pull” that he now owns an Oscar. Here’s the inside story.

His three kids presented him with a St. Genesius Medal (patron saint of actors) with a tiny Oscar in bas relief on the back and this inscription: “Dad, we’ll love you from here to eternity.” In case he didn’t win the award, they wanted him to have their Oscar.

But Nancy had her own idea. She didn’t confide in her brother Frank or her sister Tina, but just before the awards were announced, she slipped her hand into her dad’s and said, “This is from me and Saint Anthony.” It was a Saint Anthony medal.

Well, that did it. With Saint Anthony and Nancy on his side, Frank’s Oscar was in the bag. He later told me: “Saint Anthony is her dearest friend. She seems to get a lot done with him. I sometimes suspect she has a direct wire to him.”

I simmered down about being stood up and made a date with Frank for the following day. He arrived on the dot, but before he came there was a telephone call waiting for him. I said, “You’d better get rid of it because this is going to be a long, tough grilling.”

He returned the call, came into my den, sat down, and said, “Okay, shoot! What’s on your mind?”

Then it was his turn to be amazed.

“I’m not going to ask you a lot of foolish questions about Ava Gardner,” I said. “I’m not even going to ask what your plans are when she returns from Europe; what kind of jewelry you’re buying; or whether you’re house hunting. This story I want is about your children.”

Frank relaxed, and the sigh that emanated from his small frame all but smothered both of us. This was a subject about which he could become eloquent. In fact, he glowed. He lit up like a Roman candle. “Imagine Hopper not wanting to know the intimate details of my (Continued on page 64)
Sweaters go everywhere now—from a sunrise walk to the Sunset Strip—on stars and starlets—and on you!

BLT (Before Lana Turner) movie stars appeared in satin gowns with trains—or a few scraps of expensive lace. Girls-who-never-left-home wore a shapeless woolen something called a sweater. But ALT (you figure it out) things changed. You can still spot a star in silk, but you're more likely to see her in a sweater—and anything but shapeless! The sweater today is all things to all girls—a touch of childhood or a dash of sex-appeal. Most stars, like most girls, wear them because they are pretty and practical and mixable—and because, as these photographs show—you can go anywhere in a sweater!

In combed cotton T-shirt, Lisa Gaye joins sister Debra Paget for a bike ride. Debra's sport sweater is of light wool. Her bike by Schwinn.
Jeanne Crain’s classic sweater can be worn on any casual occasion. Popular with school girls as well as stars, the pearl and scarf accessories add style. Jeanne is in Warner’s Duel In The Jungle.

Sophisticated and smartly designed, Mamie Van Doren’s striped sweater and matching gloves are perfect with tailored, solid-color suits or straight line skirts. Mamie’s next picture is Francis Joins The WACS.

Simple and stunning, Joanne Gilbert’s black evening sweater is dressy enough for any but the most strictly formal occasions. Other evening models feature elaborate embroidery, jewels, sequins.

Janet Leigh’s angora-trimmed novelty sweater can be worn with party slacks or a full skirt or carried in warm weather instead of a jacket. Her next is U-I’s The Black Shield Of Falworth.
For fifteen years I've been running the Blue Book Models School in Hollywood. I've watched our girls make the big jump to stardom after working with us, but the graduate I'm most proud of is Marilyn Monroe. Not only because she is today the most successful and well-known of all my students, but because she started with the least.

When Marilyn came to me back in August, 1945, she had no money, no background, one sharkskin dress, a man-tailored, teal-blue suit and a bathing suit.

Her name was Norma Jean Dougherty and she was married to a merchant seaman. She was cute-looking, but she knew nothing about carriage, posture, walking, sitting or posing. A photographer I had worked with, Potter Hueth, brought Marilyn around to the school in the Ambassador Hotel.

He explained that he had inherited her from another photographer, David Conover, who had shot Marilyn's first portrait while she was working at an aircraft plant out in Burbank. Before going into the Army Conover had brought Marilyn to Hueth's studio on Pico Boulevard and Fairfax. He had said, "Here's a cute girl who photographs very well. Maybe you can get some work for her."

Potter looked at Marilyn and said, "If you're willing to work on speculation, I'll take some shots of you."

Marilyn smiled and asked, "What do you mean by speculation?" And Potter explained that he couldn't afford to pay her in advance for posing. "If any (Continued on page 76)"
POPULAR AND VIVACIOUS, TERRY IS A MEMBER OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING YOUNG DATING CROWD. THAT'S WHY EVERYONE IS ASKING THE $64 QUESTION

TERRY MOORE: can a glamour girl live happily at home with mama?

Chipping in her share of family expenses, Terry is delighted with the Kofords' new home near her studio and classes. She had only one disappointment: Dad decided a pool would cost too much—and what will he do with it if Terry gets married?

Wanting to "follow nature's way," Terry used dark gray carpets, lighter walls, pole ceiling in her bedroom, accented one wall with pink and grey paper. Mom added satin stool in vain hope that Terry wouldn't flop on bed when answering phone.
The Kofords' new $25,000 house in Westwood is only slightly larger than their former home, stands in a similar suburban neighborhood. Only major change in their way of life was hiring housekeeper.

A good cook, Terry loves to feed friends, will use any excuse to putter around in charming red, white and blue kitchen. The specialties of the house are roast lamb, lemon pie and cider—no liquor is served.

The old-fashioned, paneled den is the room to which Mom and Dad retreat when Terry and her friends take over the living room. Cosy and quiet, it has a fireplace, outdoor exit, only television set in the house.

"Date Hangout," the brick patio where Terry's gang spends many evenings, boasts a barbecue, starlight and a brick floor for dancing. Concrete lampshade on right conceals a loudspeaker for the record system.

If you read about Terry Moore in the papers—and who doesn't?—no doubt you'd expect her to be the wackiest of the wacky, a flighty, supercharged girl who lives every moment as if it were her last. She would seem to be the kind of girl who rents her own apartment, furnishes it sharp and snazzy-like, and races her motors until all hours of the morning.

But Terry isn't like that. She lives at home with her parents, attends the Mormon Church each Sunday with Greg Bautzer, Hollywood's perennial escort, and remakes her own clothes. Terry's way of living is closer to that of the average American single girl than practically any movie star you could name.

Of course she's seen at ritzy nightclubs and photographed at all major previews, but these are professional requirements. Give Terry her choice of dating spots, and she always picks home, the eight-room, white clapboard house in Westwood. She loves to bring her dates there.

Terry and Rita Moreno double dated Eddie Fisher and Joey Foreman, one of Eddie's pals, on Eddie's last visit to Hollywood.

"Shall we make the rounds?" Fisher asked, trying to live it up as befits a man of his mounting income—$450,000 last year.

"You mean hit the spots?" Terry inquired.

Eddie nodded. He didn't really want to. He was just being the sporting gentleman.

"Let's not," Terry suggested. "Let's hang around here. We'll have a ball." (Continued on next page)
(Continued from page 43) When Terry Moore says there's about to be a ball, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Koford, move at once into the den and turn on their TV set while Terry and her gang take over the livingroom.

On this date, Terry took out her tape recorder and the two couples went to work recording songs, jokes and corny patter.

Between sessions, the hostess served peanuts in the shell and a chocolate drink of sorts called Hemo. Real wild Hollywood party.

As Terry and Eddie began to break peanut shells, Mrs. Koford rushed in from the den.

"For Heaven's sake, Terry," she scolded, as mothers have scolded since time began. "How many times have I told you to spread out some newspapers on the floor? The studio has scheduled a picture layout at home tomorrow, and I'm not going to spend all morning vacuuming a lot of peanut shells!" Terry did as she was told.

"She's a good daughter," Mrs. Koford declares. "Really is. Making her get enough rest is probably the only big problem I ever had with her. It used to be that if I said, 'Come home early, Terry,' she'd die with embarrassment.

"Now she appreciates it when I remind her escorts to bring her home at a reasonable hour. She's learned how awful it is to try to work the next day if she's tired. That's why she likes to date here at home.

"Of course, she's not perfect. Who is? Right now I'm having such a time trying to get her to plan ahead. What she wants to wear, who's coming for dinner, what sort of food to serve.

"Some of the candid photos taken at previews and formal dinners have just about convinced Terry that she should always try on her gowns at least a day ahead of time.

"And then we've had a little trouble about food and dinner guests. Terry's just got mobs of friends, and they're always dropping in, and we just love it, and I try to keep food on hand for any emergency. But we've been caught short quite a few times, especially on Fridays, not having enough fish for Terry's Catholic pals.

"All in all, she's a good child. And we're happy that she prefers living at home with her parents to getting a place of her own. So many girls these days, as soon as they (Continued on page 85)
Guy's faith lies in his absolute honesty, his inability to hurt another—and in his firm confidence that others will treat him fairly.

One thing I have always known about my life: I get miserable results any time I am not fully honest—with myself or with others.

Whatever I am a part of, whatever I put my hand to, if there has been any dishonest aspect to it at all, it will fail somehow. Maybe the venture will appear to go through but if it does the knowledge that the gain involved wasn't rightly come by is enough to give the whole thing a bad taste.

This is more or less the basis of the (Continued on page 69)
Casual dating is fine for some men—but is Bob Wagner happy this way? Or is there another reason why he sidesteps romance?

BY ALICE FINLETTER

Forbidden to Love?

Once a man-about-town, Pete Lawford has left his title of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelor vacant for Bob.

Gossip columns had Bob engaged to both Mona Freeman and Terry Moore at various times, but he denied stories.

Bob's newest, possibly most serious interest is Jean Peters, but something seems to be holding up this romance, too.

Bob Wagner is single by choice—but whose choice?

He has never made noises like one anxious to settle down quickly although he does take out eligible girls. Recently there have been fresh rumors that his bachelorhood is enforced by contract. That nice, new contract of his that pays him thousands every month.

Last year when he was earning $350 a week, Bob Wagner suddenly began to draw more fan mail than any other player at his studio—with the exception of the exceptional Marilyn Monroe. R. J. Wagner, Jr., had developed a tremendous following, mostly among teen-age girls.

When contract renewal time rolled around, Wagner's agent was in an enviable bargaining position. He blithely suggested to Fox that "we give my boy a new deal."

Knowing that R. J.'s rise in popularity was no fluke, the studio agreed. How much did Mr. Wagner's agent think young Mr. Wagner was worth?

"I think," came the answer, "that the kid is entitled to a thousand a week for the next six months. After that he should get $1,500 a week and then yearly options until he hits $4,000 or $5,000 a week."

The studio executive took a deep breath and whistled.

"Now, look," he began, "I agree the kid is hot right now and deserves more money. But who knows how long he'll stay hot? Most of his fans are bobby-soxers. Let Wagner get married tomorrow, and they'll drop him in a minute."

"You don't have to worry about his getting married," the executive was told. "He's a smart kid. He'll stay single until he's thirty!"

The studio man grinned. "Can you guarantee that?"

(Continued on page 60)
One night, a couple of years ago, a Hollywood choreographer named Bob Alton dropped into a spot called Macayo in Santa Monica, California, for a nightcap. Before he could order his drink, however, something made him yank his elbow off the bar. A sun-bronzed girl with a popcorn ball hairdo and the streamlined figure that Venus should have had was making the floor rock and roll with sensational modern jazz dancing of high voltage.

He asked the waiter to bring her to his table. "I just want to tell you how good I think you are," he said. "You've got a great future in dancing." The girl gave him a wry grin and her reply had a hollow ring.

"Thanks," she said, "but my dancing future just passed. This is my last night here. I'm quitting. I'm sick of nightclubs. I hate the noise, the smoke, the late hours, the guys making passes. I hate what people think a nightclub dancer is. Tomorrow I'm dyeing this hair back to brown. I'm changing my name. I'm starting a secretarial course and I've got a job lined up at Hughes Aircraft. I've been dancing for a future since I was six years old—but it's all over now. Believe me, I've had it!"

The disillusioned nineteen-year-old girl—who called herself Sheree North—could have told him a lot more. That she'd been married at fifteen, for instance, had a baby at sixteen and since her divorce at seventeen had struggled to make and support a home by kicking her legs—without much success and with a lot of heartache and disappointment.

Bob Alton nodded understandingly, although he didn't change his pitch. How could he? He was a top choreographer with a string of hit shows behind him both in Hollywood and on Broadway. He'd seen discouraged kids like this before, but he'd helped (Continued on page 80)
If you knew Beedle...

Bill's wife, Brenda Marshall, gave up her career when Bill established himself. That took some time; after being in movies for 13 years, unobtrusive Bill was voted a Star Of Tomorrow!

... like few know Beedle,
you'd know why Bill Holden is a Man of Mystery to his fans—and Hollywood's most popular actor!

BY STEVE CRONIN

"I guess I'm the most accident-prone guy in this entire country. I can sense when something's going to happen, especially to me."—Bill Holden was explaining that things do happen to him, although they're not for headlines.

"One night a few years ago, when we had just bought a new car, Ardis and I decided to go to a movie." Bill is married to Brenda Marshall whose real name is Ardis Ankerson.

"I had a feeling that something would happen to the car, so I asked the parking lot attendant to let me park it myself. I left it a good distance away from any of the other cars.

"During the movie, I began to fidget.

"What's the matter?" Ardis asked.

"I'm worried about the car," I answered.

"Don't be foolish," Ardis muttered.

"Sure enough when we got back to the car, the front right fender was completely smashed in.

"Only recently, on the night of the Academy Awards, I had that feeling again. I felt something was going to happen to the new Cadillac. And on the way home it did. Banged into a pole."

An actor who once flew to New York with Holden insists that Bill is psychic.

"He's in the wrong profession," Leon Ames insists. "He should be a fortune-teller. On this particular flight Bill predicted that the hostess would upset a tray of coffee cups on his lap. I told him he was nuts. (Continued on page 66)
In the vice-principal’s office Esther signed guest book.

Escorted by sweatered Knights (members of the school honor club in which Esther was a Lady), George Washington's most famous alumna headed for the athletic field to watch a gym class work out.

Everywhere she went, Esther was surrounded by kids who ducked out of classes, scrambled through windows to follow her. Near-sighted Esther wore glasses part of the day, admitted she had once feared they would spoil her looks.

Autographing drums for members of the band, Esther recalled her own extra-curricular activities. She had taken the school's commercial course which allowed her to squeeze in as many as possible.

In the bungalow used for Student Body meetings, Esther took over the gavel. As a student at George Washington High she had been president of the Student Body and held office in half a dozen other campus and honor groups.

BY JANE WILKIE

A day to Remember
"I remember the basketball games I played in more clearly than my first screen test." Esther told the kids, but didn't join game in progress.

For a carefree day Esther revisited her high school and renewed for always her happiest memories!

- Esther Williams' mother-in-law has a penchant for saving mementoes. No matter how old, faded or worn, if they mean anything to the elder Mrs. Gage they are wrapped in ribbons and tucked away. Otherwise Esther would have got away with it the night Ben came across the battered box under the window seat.

He'd been looking high and low for some canceled checks that would untangle his income tax work sheet, and now he was pacing the livingroom dramatically, hoping for help from his wife.

"They've got to be somewhere," he said. "You just don't throw things like that away."

Esther put her book in her lap and regarded him in her Wifely Manner. "You haven't thrown them away, dear. If you're your mother's son, they're still around here somewhere."

And so it was that, long minutes later, when Ben unfolded his big frame from a kneeling position (Continued on next page)
Introduced by Student Body president, Esther noticed his height, told kids sadly, "When I was here, all the boys were so short!"

"Nobody's changed!" Esther said—but she had. She came late and was kept after school!
(Continued from page 55) in front of the window seat, holding a large, falling-apart cardboard box, he was wearing a remarkably evil grin.

"Ha!" he said.

Esther looked up from her book again. "What are you snorting about, sweetie?"

"You, too, are a string saver—Mother Gage," he charged.

"What are you talking about?"

Ben strode to the center of the room and gestured as though stroking a long beard. "Heah!" he shouted. "Lindy! Were you out theah with that Lee cut? If you were ah cain't see how you could be mah daughter!"

Esther's first thought, naturally, was that Ben had gone mad. And then, out of the past, came a faint recognition of those lines. Back in George Washington High School, in '38 or maybe '39, she had portrayed a character (Continued on next page)
Remarking all this, Esther slipped into a comfortable hour of reverie, poring over her souvenirs, sharing some of her memories with Ben, punctuating others only by a giggle. Husband-like, Ben wanted to tell her one of his own, but these slaves at her feet, hadn't Esther ever had a crush on any of them. Had she? There had been devoted Jimmie, but before he joined the war, she'd seem too young to be serious. And Don Schutz, the boy famous for being the only one with a car of his own, and Frank Cookson captain of the football team. She and Frank had double dated so much with Bud Fisher and Barbara McConnell. Whatever had happened to them all? And there was Randall Henderson, dear, sensitive, dark-haired, who later had been killed in the war. There were dates with all of them and a certain fondness for each, but she couldn't remember a crush on any of them.

McKinlock, or Ben Plyler. "I understand a guy named Randy Henderson took you bowling and didn't have to pay for you because your score was so low."

Ester groaned. Her treasured Memory Book must be in there, too, with all the gossip columns from the school paper, the dance program, and "Ben Plyler"..."

"I'm telling you a guy named Randy Henderson took you bowling and didn't have to pay for you because your score was so low."

"That was a lot easier."

"I'm telling you a guy named Randy Henderson took you bowling and didn't have to pay for you because your score was so low."

"That was a lot easier."

He finally lowered the box and gave it to her, on the condition that she answer some questions. "Who," he said, "was this Jimmie character whose name appeared on every page? And who were Frank and Benny, the ones who always took half the dances away from Jimmie?"

"One of these Dave Hoksband, the other Frank McKinlock was one of mother's pets. I went with him while he was still in school, a couple of terms ahead of me. I don't know about Frank and Benny, but I might have been Frank Cookson. If you'll give me that box, maybe I can find out."

"What about the poetry?" asked Ben. He snatched a rumpled paper and read,

"Once upon a time I knew
A coy, petite young miss.
There wasn't a thing I wouldn't do
To earn from her a kiss."

"Help!" howled Esther, but Ben continued.

"However, she was not the type
To lose herself in love.
She was young and frivolous
And flight as a dove.

The first time that we e'er went out
I lost my head, I did.
And so I close with these three words,
I love you—Esther kid."

By that time Esther had collapsed in hysterics and Ben wasn't much better off.

"I know you're entertaining all that," said Ben, "but tell me how you managed
to come away with a whole box full of poetry, all from different guys?"

"You might say I asked for it—in self-defense."

Ben grinned and lit his pipe. "Elucidate."

And so she told him how she used to wonder how to say no when a boy wanted to kiss her—the classic problem of the teenage.

She had gone to her mother for advice and her mother had said "Talk about something else. Get their minds off the subject."

Even the sixteen-year-old Esther didn't have an answer that would work for thirty seconds. And said so.

"All right," her mother had said. "You're smart. You think of something to say."

So Ben, who'd never been a good defense. The minute a boy began his overture she backed off and looked at him coldly. "Why do you want to kiss me?"

"Inquire the young lady," she advised.

He'd have to wait two or three years and when he recovered Esther said charitably there was no hurry for his answer, that he might like to try something else in the form of a poem. So she collected a ream of poetry (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and the system, as a stall for time, worked.

Ferenc Molnar's "The Play's The Thing" concerns a jealous husband who eavesdrops on his blonde wife and another man, and believes that the man is the catalyst in his wife's physical charms—when, in truth, he merely was describing an ordinary peach. In all productions up to now, before a peach an important role. When Elio Pinza did this play last summer, the peach was on a table backstage.

Elaine Stritch was backstage, too, watching the play she was to do there the following week. She saw the peach, picked it up and ate it... Pinza heard the cue to proceed as the climax of the play. No peach. He used the only piece of fruit at hand—a dark plum.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

There's a nice-looking dish—I'll have a dance with her," Miss Williams stood riveted to the floor. Kenny had warned her about Frank, reputed to be the school's sophisticate, and tried to keep them apart.

"You're too innocent of him," Kenny had said like a big brother.

She remembered the football rally immortalized by the stunt she had dreamed up for the New York girls. The Salt Lake City girls had wiped the team's jerseys for their song and dance number. It would have gone great, except that when the girls managed to get their jersey off, they'd thought the Salt Lake City girls' lockers they considered one and all sufficiently gamey to deserve a tooting. So they took them to Esther's house and dug through a big machine. When they came out the red numbers had run into the white jerseys until the whole thing was a pink mess, with the numbers indistinguishable.

SHE SPOKE aloud to Ben. "Poverty Flats, we used to call it. Because the kids who lived there, they had no families. But I bet there was more fun there than at any other school in L.A."

"You were busy enough, said Ben, looking up from his book. "From what I can find out by a casual study you were in the Tri-Y two semesters, a member of the Scholarship Society, and an officer—usually of women—in your class, of the cabinet of the Girls' League, that is, of the Student Body, and of the Commerce Honor Society."

"I was so busy," Esther laughed, "I had to go back to City College for my education."

"Some fireball," said Ben. "Here's one of your speeches, for some office or other. Listen: 'You and I know that what I say here may not be encouraging in the way you vote. You want in your girls' vice president someone who will be your friend. If I have been friendly, perhaps you will trust me again to be your friend as girls' vice president of the Student Body.'"

Esther grimaced. "Pretty corny, huh?"

And Ben nodded.

She handed it to him and said, "I wonder if Spearsy's still there."

"Who?" said Ben.

"Miss Spear. She was my pet teacher—science. She was so interested in medical activities, and she'd help us get out of scrapes all the time. She was my mentor."

"Why don't you call her up?"

It was as simple as that. Esther called Miss Spear, who was delighted and asked Esther to come to Washington High for lunch the next day. Esther could hardly believe she could say hello to the kids while she was there, and Miss Spear said she'd arrange it—maybe an auditorium call.

The night before the appointed day, four-year-old Benjy begged for a fever. It began at 101 and climbed steadily. It was 104 by the time the doctor arrived, and he suspected German measles. There, thought Esther, and she'd lost a few. It was 105. The doctor returned and said it was perfectly all right for Esther to leave for the day, the nurse would stay with Benjy. Esther was determined to jump into her station wagon and drove the twenty miles to the school, through the city's worst traffic, with as much speed as the law would allow.

When she arrived the first auditorium call was over, and the second 'aud.' in progress. Esther, Washington's principal, met her at the stage door of the auditorium and steered her backstage, where she was greeted by the teacher who remembered her. There was Spearsy, of course, and the two women fell into each other's arms. And there was Miss Fitzpatrick, who'd had Esther in home room, and Mrs. Segal who'd taught Esther English and Science. There was much hilarity and Esther was puzzled at the fact that all the teachers, after fifteen years, looked exactly the same as she remembered them. But the doctor returned and said "We advised you against a swimming career because it would be too strenuous for you."

"I don't know to last," said Esther. "Maybe because you put me into good shape for it."

"I see you're wearing glasses," said Miss Fitzpatrick, who'd also laughed together, remembering how they had discussed the problem of Esther's nearsightedness and how she had worried about snubbing people. "They're as bad as you were—afraid it'll spoil their looks."

While they were speaking a girl's voice
drifted backstage, a youthful voice thanking the students for bestowing an office upon her. And Esther thought of the many times she had stood on that very stage, asking to be elected or grateful that she had been. Now a tall boy was introduced to her, Merle Lauderdale, president of the current Student Body. He went on stage to announce Esther to the students.

She joined him, almost buckling with nostalgia, and put on her glasses to hide the mist in her eyes. "I'm not wearing these—to look intellectual," she told the assembled kids. "I'm nearsighted, and without them I can get into a lot of trouble." She told them Speary's advice to smile at everybody. She thanked Merle for his introduction and remarked upon his height. "When I was here, all the boys were so short," she said and fondly stroked the sleeve of Merle, who blushed and hurried to his seat.

Esther told them a lot of things that made them laugh. She told them of the day she was honored by membership as a 'Lady' in the Knights and Ladies organization, and given the prized sweater with its emblem. Esther was wearing a blouse that day which had been worn to the last straw by her two older sisters. The back of one of its sleeves had been steadily ripping all day and was now left in plain sight by the sleeveless Ladies' sweater. Her only recourse had been to wear her long-sleeved Tri-Y sweater over everything, and the temperature that day had been just over 100 degrees—so Esther had been dissolved by both the honor and the heat.

She turned serious, too, and told them that the old cliche about high school being the best years of their lives was true. She said she remembered her first dance, and the basketball games in which she played more clearly than her first screen test or her first movie. And she told them that while she might kid about studying, and grades, it was true that she had been a Seabearer and that if they didn't mind her giving a bit of advice, nothing is worth doing (or any fun) unless you do it well.

The teachers backstage smiled happily at the sage counsel being handed out by G. Washington's celebrity, and afterward steered her through the school. It all looked dear and familiar to Esther, and every few minutes another teacher would approach her, and Esther would remember another friendly face out of her past. They took her to the vice-principal's office where she signed the guest book, then to the bungalow where the Student Body holds meetings and where Esther herself had so often presided.

By the time she sat down to lunch in the faculty diningroom, all of Washington High, including those students who had missed her because they were in the first 'aud call,' knew that Esther was there. She found time to write this last group a note of apology, to be put on the bulletin board, before she was whisked away to the drama class. Here the Thespian Club stood her on the stage and she worried that they might ask her to spout Shakespeare, which Esther explained, is not her forte. She stood a moment longer while a breathless boy with a complicated camera knelt to take her picture. "Gee!" he said. "I thought I'd never catch up with you. They told me there was a celebrity in 'aud call,' but I thought it was the County Supervisor or something, so I didn't go. Gee, I darned near missed you!"

When Esther left the drama class and headed for a gym class on the field, the students could no longer be controlled. Wherever she passed, boys and girls broke out of classrooms, even jumped out of windows, in order to join the mob fol-

KEEL-HAULING KEEL

Or: How a girl with a fast line roped Howard into a fishing lesson.

Ever see the modern version of keel-hauling, an ancient seamen's punishment? First you find a peaceful, sleepy movie star (as above).

Then (but only if you're Angel Moro, Howard's singing discovery and therefore enjoy privileges) you wrap him in rope.

Having thus convinced—and choked—him into agreeing to teach you to fish, you spend at least twenty full minutes learning the art.

By then you're tired and Howard is wide awake—so you hold the net while he reels in. (You feel sorry for the fish.)

And at last comes the well-earned reward for the weary fisherman—a hearty meal, definitely not of the seafood variety!

When Howard, too, is ready to drop, you give him back to his wife, who has been hoping he wouldn't catch any fish she'd have to cook.
I T A D D E D U P to a great day for Esther and, despite the crowds, even included a long talk with Miss Spear. It was after four in the afternoon when Esther got home, to find Benjy much improved, and soon big Ben came in the front door.

"How'd it go?" he wanted to know.

"Just wonderful, thanks to you."

"To me?"

"If you hadn't found that box of souve-

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FABRIC-LINED LATEX

I know that they're saying something about him and Jeff Hunter, but those two are still very close friends. Jeff was originally slated for the role of Prince Vali-ant, and then R.J. got the part, and I guess it was sort of strange because R.J. likes to visit with Jeff and Barbara and I guess he was embarrassed by the whole situation and I know Barbara does.

"You hear people say that R.J. doesn't have time for old friends any longer, and I know it's true, but they make it sound so obvi-

Jane Russell asks: "Now that I'm a producer, what's with these tem-
peramental actors?"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

play

loving her. Doctor Fisher, the principal, was worried for Esther's safety, but she smiled and assured him she was accus-

PENS

END
new modes

- All the ease and freedom of summertime is expressed in Lewella's action-front Power-Glide girdle and convertible sports bra. The girdle, a masterpiece of lightweight construction (it never rolls or rides up), is made of power net with embroidered nylon marquisette front panels. Average length, about $3; for tall girls, about $4. Panty girdle—average length, about $4; for tall girls, about $5. White only.

The bra is made of Dan River Wrink-Shed poplin; it comes in six colors (yellow, green, blue, red, pink, white); it can be worn as a conventional bra (shown), criss-cross halter, strapless bra or halter top bra. About $2.

Lewella's girdles and bras fit you—and your budget, too! Seamprufe's two-way stretch stockings (a flexible band is added to the proportioned nylons for extra give to avoid garter runs). The kidskin fringed pumps with pancake heels are by Honeydebs.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 66 IN PERSON OR BY MAIL. More fashions on page 63
Hadn't you met a single girl who'd make a good wife?

"I've met a lot of girls who'd make fine wives," Bob answered. "Only not for me."

"How about Jean Peters? Wouldn't she make you a fine wife?" That one stopped Bob cold. He'd just finished making Broken Lance with Jean. They had been on location together in Arizona. He had taken her to the preview of Prince Valiant, and they'd managed several dates.

"Sure," he said, "if I could find someone like Jean I'd think about marriage pretty seriously. There's a girl who's got everything: a sense of humor, brains, looks, ability, the whole works."

"But you've found Jean! Why look for a copy when you've got the real thing?" Bob changed the subject.

In Hollywood Jean Peters is known as the mystery girl. When she first hit town, Jean (who is three years older than R.J.) was completely candid. She had won a popularity contest at Ohio State. The prize had been $200 and a trip to Hollywood. The studio had tested her and given her a contract, and Jean didn't mind telling all about her past.

Her father had died when she was ten and she and her mother had run a tourist camp. Jean had learned how to lay bricks and sew her own clothes and repair electric lines and refinsh furniture.

In Hollywood she moved into a small bungalow with a grandaunt, Cin Francome, and was cast in her first movie. And then bang. No more news about Jean Peters.

Writer we know says he quit his studio because of a difference over money: they didn't want to pay him any.

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

The story is that while Jean was on location in Mexico, one of the most powerful men in the movie business flew his own plane down there just to see her.

An attempt to get the story of this trip, but it was impossible because just about that time Lana Turner went AWOL and flew down to Mexico to visit Tyrone Power.

The reporters and photographers had a field day, and the story wafted back to Hollywood that Jean Peters and the front man were extremely affectionate. That belief still exists, and one reason the friendship between Bob Wagner and Jean Peters is probably destined for nothingness or, at best, pleasant memories.

Of course Jean might drop her producer and Bob might stop playing the field. But such a change is not likely. R.J. is having a ball these days, and he doesn't want divorce or marriage to slow or complicate the fun he's been making. But he's facing a dilemma about which he says, "They've got me in the middle, and it's kind of puzzling. If I go out with one girl and the next time I go out become a romance item. If I go out with several girls then I'm a regular Romeo. It's one of those heads-you-win-tails-I-lose deals."

"I've got to find myself in out-of-the-way places and I stay away from parties, or if I do go to some affair like the "This Is Your Life" party honoring Three Venturers, I show up by myself. That way there's no talk."

"Funny thing, when you're just beginning in pictures everyone wants to help you out, all the grips, even the commissary waitresses. Then you get a little success and something happens."

"Guess you'd call it responsibility. People expect you to change. Suddenly you find yourself on the defensive. Right away you're accused of being snobbish and deserting old pals and every date becomes a great love affair."

"Barbara Stanwyck, who's one of the nicest women ever, told me when we were making Titanic that the more successful an actor becomes, the bigger target he makes. She said it was right.

"All of a sudden I'm protecting myself from rumors and gossip and enterprising press agents who try to marry me off in print or sneak my name into their clients. Me, who's nothing!"

"They say I'm playing it careful, that I'm ducking marriage, that I'm afraid of love. All bunk."

"I'm counting on marriage—not right now, but in the future. And I'll probably wind up marrying some girl who's in show business or some girl with a goal in life. I like girls who've entered the business, who know what work is all about, but they've gotta have a sense of humor and like outdoor sports. I'm golf-happy, you know."

"But before I can think of marriage, I've gotta save some dough. That's why I've got a business manager who limits me to a few bucks a week and stashes the rest of it away. After taxes and agent's commission and a few of my rite sports coats, there's not too much left.

"But I'm not complaining. No, sir. I'm the luckiest guy alive and I'm grateful to everyone who ever gave me a helping hand."

"And it's not true that anyone has forbidden me to get married. I'd never put up with such a silly ruling. But neither am I going to let anyone stampede me into a wedding."

"I've seen what fun the Hunters get out of life. Jeff and Barbara and little Chris—and that's for me. But the time's got to be right, and I've got to find the right girl."

"How about Jean Peters?"

R. J. Wagner grinned. "The most," he said. "Absolutely the most."
sleek and slim

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to daddy with love

(Continued from page 39) life," he grinned. "Thank you and I'll never get over it." "How did your dinner party with little Nancy come out?" I asked. "Oh, Dad!" said an exasperated girl in my life, "he's a dream," somebodies else was 'even more of a hipper."

"I bet they were too excited to eat," said I. "Not on your life," replied Frank. "They lapped up everything from soup to nuts to ..."

I'd heard many stories about Frank and his kids from our mutual friend, Al Levy. "I know he's prejudiced," I told Sinatra, "but I never saw the sense of it." "That all depends on what you told him." "Well, for instance, that when you were singing in Miami and little Nancy was sick, you telephoned her every day," I heard. "That's true, but I phone the kids almost every day when I'm away. And when I'm in town, I go by to see them five nights a week. We watch them together and have musical shows, and lately I've been helping them with their painting. There's a new gimmick on the market—portraits of people like LIFE and Bob Hope, with sections of the face numbered to correspond with different colors of paint. I help the kids blend the colors. You'd have had hysteresis watching what we did to Hope the other night. He never would have recognized himself."

This is the only painting Frank has time for lately. His old friend, the late Perry Charles, got him starting painting clowns, but he's been too busy lately with his career for the hobby.

Al Levy had told me that little Frankie is the spitting image of his old man. I questioned Frank.

"No, it is—it's frightening. Only a little rounder in the face. If I stand in front of the fireplace with my hands behind my back, he does the same thing. He composes his face and says, 'Why?'" Frank laughed. "He kills me. When I do a television show, he'll quote everything I said the next time I see him. He's very show-wise and talks stageingo."

"Now about that joke, Dad," he said. "He loved Anything Goes, the television show I did with Ethel Merman, but he's quite a critic. The day after the program, he said, 'Dad, you didn't dress in women's clothes very funny.' He thought the chase scene was the best part of the show."

"His favorite TV shows are the comedies—Skelton and Berle. They also watch the cowboys. When it looks as though Bill Boyd is about to kiss the girl, Frank says, 'Dad, don't kiss her. Get it over with and get on with the show.'"

"He met Boyd once and has never gotten over it. He didn't have a word to say to him. That's the way he is. When he gets really excited he's perfectly quiet. But an hour or two later, after he has thought it over, he'll tell you everything that went on, describe the scene and re-enact the whole event."

Frank was off to the races on his favorite subject—his son—so I didn't interrupt. "What I love about Frankie," he said, "is his great comedy sense and droll humor. He rarely laughs at anything anybody says, and seldom at anything anybody else says. But when he gets tickled, he falls apart. His eyes water, he breaks up. He laughs inwardly."

"I was having dinner with the children the night before they were to give their annual music recital. I asked Nancy what she was going to play. She replied, 'The piano concerto.' I was discussing it with her and didn't think Frankie was paying any attention. He's a dreamer, but when you think he's miles away he'll come up with something funny and let loose with a line that knocks you right out of your chair."

"Right in the middle of this serious discussion with Nancy, Frankie said, I've got a play that stinks Hungarian Dance. I did it last year and I don't want to repeat."

"What do you want to do? I asked, after I'd pulled myself together. "You get up and tell some jokes or something."

"One-man jokes?"

"One-man or two-man jokes."

"Well, I said, maybe you and I could get some candy-striped suits, straw hats, and tell some two-man jokes. We have a routine that breaks Franky up. I'll say a line one hundred-dollar bills?"

"And he'll come back with: 'Haven't even seen any old ones.' He reads his lines like W. C. Fields might have. We have another that Frankie thinks is funny. I ask: 'Why did you cut holes in the rug?' "To see the floor show." It always worked when he said it."

"I really think he wants to be a comic. He likes Red Skelton, and after a Skelton show he'll talk about Red's jokes by the hour. He can remember every joke he's ever heard, and sometimes he'll get it over with and get on with the show."

"He met Boyd once and has never gotten over it. He didn't have a word to say to him. That's the way he is. When he gets really excited he's perfectly quiet. But an hour or two later, after he has thought it over, he'll tell you everything that went on, describe the scene and re-enact the whole event."

Frank took Frank, Jr., and Nancy to Academy Awards. When his name was announced he kissed him before running down the aisle.

One day when I went to see him, he said, 'Dad, those fins are much too high on your new Cadillac. I like the Nash better.'"

"One day when I walked in Franky was playing the piano. He didn't know I was there, so I stood outside the door and listened. Finally I walked over to the piano. "Oh, hello, Dad," he said. "How are you, son? What's that you're playing?"

"It was something that sounded almost classical which he had composed. We discussed it a minute. Then he said, 'You know, if I buy you a new car I'll let you have this one. It's just about four feet high, so I was a little surprised when I asked for one of my pink shirts. 'What for?' I asked. She explained that they all do fingerpainting, and they use their dad's shirts with the sleeves cut off as smocks. Well, that figured. Then I asked, 'Why pink?"

"Well,' said Tina, 'I like to use all the colors that blend well with pink, and if I get paint on the smock it won't look bad.' I bought her a shirt, and you should see her in it. She all but trips every time she takes a step."

"My clothes are very popular with the girls, too. The gals' true friends. If I had a long-sleeved yellow cashmere sweater I found one and gave it to her. It was pretty horrible on her—came down to her knees. But all the kids wore sloppy-Joes, so she just pushed up the sleeves and liked it."

"Frankie hasn't asked for any of my clothes for a while. I have a suspicion it won't be long now. He's used to a different coat to wear blue dungarees and scuffed shoes, but the other day he said, 'Why do I always have to wear dark blue or gray suits? Why can't I ever wear bright colors? He dotes on bow ties."

All the Sinatra children, unlike the offspring of many movie stars, attend public schools. That has something to do with it. He feels they should be able to get along with all types of children, and judging from the number of their friends they seem to do a good job of it.

Frank left his family for the nonce and got onto another subject, about which he is just ten feet tall: his show, Hedda. I've got a wonderful program lined up, and I want to shout about it. After Pink Tights, I'm going to do a musical with Gene Kelly. I've talked with Leland Hayward about the part of Ensign Pulver in Mr. Roberts, and to Stanley Kramer about a role in Not As A Stranger. I've got a show I've got to do, but I'm giving up nightclub for the time being. I'm beginning to settle down."

"I've noticed that," said Tina. "Success is a little harder now. The thing I've noticed most about you lately is that you don't fly off the handle like you used to. How do you explain that, please?"

"I've got a new system. When anybody needles me, I ignore him and walk away. Things have (Continued on page 66)
in form for summer

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Worcester, Mass.—If. Film's Sons  
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(Continued from page 64) improved. But—and this is important—I'll never lose the feeling of hating to have my privacy invaded. We in show business (anybody in the public eye from President Eisenhower on down) are under a magnifying glass. Everything we do is reviewed. I've often wondered what kind of a world it would be if every working man's efforts were reviewed and appraised. If the plumber, who came to fix the pipe and didn't get it quite right got a big review about his error in his trade paper the next day. We've had the most nitpicking world you can possibly imagine.

"If someone comes up to me and says, 'Could I see you for a minute?' or 'Could I have a moment?' I'm more than willing to comply. But let somebody snap his fingers and say, 'Get over there quick!' That does it! If I did it to them, they'd reach for the fire extinguisher. There are at least five guys who love to needle me. They know my low boiling point. But since I know who they are and what they're after, I avoid them or try to smile and keep my temper in check."

"You've got to admit, though, that you've got a healthy temper."

"I've got one. No bad temper, no temper, no speeding. I've slowed down to a crawl."

He took off as though the entire Los Angeles police force were after him.

If you knew beedle . . .

(Continued from page 53) "The very first time the hostess came down the aisle laden with coffee the plane dipped. You guessed it—beedle, beedle, beedle, beedle."

Ronnie Reagan, one of Bill's closest friends, tells about the time Bill was in- vited to talk at a Friars Club dinner.

"He talked about this unhappy experience with the airline hostess," Ronnie recalls, "when amazingly enough, a waiter carrying a load of chocolate sun- dries rushed up to Bill and found his suit full of syrup and ice cream."

Bill's wife says that very early in their marriage she learned that Bill was acci- dent-prone—much like his son.

"We decided to get married over a weekend in Las Vegas. Bill was working at the time and said that as soon as he was finished he and Brian Donlevy, his best man, would charter a plane and fly in."

"He had made arrangements with the Congregational minister and hired the bridal suite at El Rancho Vegas. We were to be married at ten P.M. in the chapel."

"At ten P.M. there were no signs of Bill or the best man."

"They had chartered a plane and had made an emergency landing in a mud flat somewhere. They finally reached Las Vegas at three A.M. By that time the minister had been delayed and the hotel had rented our suite to someone else."

"We got another room and called the minister. He was a very sweet man. He came and married us at four A.M. And then we had a champagne breakfast."

"The pilot then suggested that we'd better get going if we wanted to beat the first flight back to Angeles."

"So Monday, the next day, Bill went back to work at California, and I took off for a location trip to Canada."

"The day looked forward to our delayed honeymoon, Bill went on location to Carson City. Two weeks later he came down with appendicitis and went to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital."

"The day before Bill was to be released, I came down with an emergency case of appendicitis, and they had to put me in the hospital. So you can see what happened to our honeymoon."

BILL HOLDEN has been close-mouthed with magazines, another reason why his fans don't know too much about him. But if you are interested, here's a story. He is at present in the company of his son, Curie's eighty-year-old father, who is a chemist because some writers almost cost him his career before it began. Bill's father, head chemist of the George W. Lathrop Company, resigned his job and advised Bill to major in chemistry at school.

Bill didn't like chemistry. He used to spend summers in the lab analyzing the composition of different substances and decided when he was eighteen that this was not for him. At Pasadena Junior College he took a course in dramatics. He played the roles of Edgar Allan Poe in "The Raven" and "The Bells" in the Flyn Playhouse, under the supervision of the Pasadena Playhouse.

A Paramount talent scout saw Bill in his role and offered him a screen test. Nobody thought the test was sensational, but Bill was signed for $50 a week, "because he's a nice clean-cut young man who looks like the boy next door."

In 1938, Columbia Pictures was conducting a nation-wide search for a Golden Boy to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the picture that was to be called "Starkweather.\" 5,000 contestants had been interviewed before Paramount decided to let Columbia look at Holden's screen test. Columbia agreed to give Bill his first break if he would split his contract. Paramount agreed.

According to a close friend of Holden's, "This was when the fan magazines began to ask him questions."

"Every single day at least half a dozen writers would interview the poor guy. How does it feel being a boy Cinderella? Do you like your pajamas? What are you doing with all your money? Do you consider yourself the luckiest boy in the world?"

"Remember Golden Boy, Bill had to play the part of a kid who was half violinist and half prizefighter. It was his first role, and he was scared silly. The studio assigned Cannonball Green to teach him how to box. A music teacher taught him how to finger the violin. A voice coach taught him how to speak. The make-up

It was then that I noticed a tiny bald spot on top of his head. "Hey," I told him, "you're getting thin on top. I've got the very thing for you. I know a man who's invented something wonderful to go where your hairline used to be."

He screamed with laughter. "I know a guy who shrinks heads so it looks like you've got hair," he said."

Frank got up to take his leave, and I walked him to his car. "You know what?" I said. "Frankie's right. The fans on your Cadillacs are too high. And why did you get a soft top? The way you drive, if you turn over there's nothing to protect you."

"Remember me?" he said. "I'm Sinatra, that's me!"

"One, no back talk, no temper, no speeding. I've slowed down to a crawl."

End
department curled his hair each morning. The kid was going nuts. “In between, he had to memorize his lines. On top of all this, he had to sit for interviews. He was bewildered. After a month of this routine at fifty bucks a week, he just couldn’t take it.” “I quit,” he announced. That’s when Barbara Stanwyck stepped in. She’s the baby who saved him.” Barbara recalls, “I simply put my foot down and ordered the set closed. Like all beginners, Bill was a little unsure of himself, and I did my best to keep him relaxed and self-confident.” Barbara did more than that. She insisted that Bill be given the best camera angles, that his part be built up, that he be left some time to study his lines. Bill has never forgotten Barbara’s kindness. Each year on the anniversary of Golden Boy, he sends her a tremendous bouquet of roses. “If I’m anything in this business,” he says modestly, “I owe it to Barbara and a few other fine people who took pains to teach me.”

Bill also insists, “I have absolutely nothing against any magazine or any type of magazine. I just don’t have time to be autobiographical.” Bill is not only short on time, he is short on inclination. He just doesn’t like to talk about some things. His brother Bob, for example. Bill and his kid brother were inseparable all through their youth in O’Fallon, Illinois, where they were born and in Monrovia and South Pasadena where they were brought up.

Lana Turner’s reply to a British correspondent’s question as to whether she was considering starring in a movie to be made in Holland: “Could be—I get in Dutch easily!”

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

As a youngster Bill owned a motorcycle and was something of a daredevil. He used to take bets that he could stand on his motorcycle and balance himself while the machine rode down the highway. His mother, a former teacher, was outraged by this stunt and absolutely forbade it. She told Bob to notify her whenever Bill pulled one of his crazy stunts. But Bob, who was four years younger than Bill, worshipped his big brother. He never told on him. And Bill in turn loved and protected his little brother.

In World War II, Bill volunteered for the Army Air Force and Bob for the Navy Air Force. Bill was stationed in Texas and California, and Bob went to the Pacific on the aircraft carrier Bunker Hill.

In Fort Worth, Texas, Bill lived off the base, and his roommate was Hank Greenberg, the Detroit baseball star. A series of robberies had occurred in their neighborhood, so Lieutenant Holden was sleeping with his .45 under the pillow. One night Greenberg, supposedly on leave, returned earlier than expected. He started to tiptoe into the room. Holden heard the footsteps, reached under his pillow for the revolver, and whirled toward the door. When he saw it was Hank, he slipped the gun back under the pillow. “I never told Hank,” Bill says, “how close he came to death at an early age.”

On January 4, 1944, Ensign Robert Beedle was killed in combat on a mission over Kavieng, New Ireland. When Bill received news of his brother’s death in the Pacific, he was naturally quite broken up. Ardis had given birth to
When he won his first Academy Award for his superb performance in Stalag 17, he asked how it felt between Columbia's " lucky " and " mystery."

"Where'd you get the name Holden?" he asked. Bill's real name is Beedle.

"A newspaperman," Bill answered. "Took it from him."

Asked to describe his courtship of Ardis, Bill's answer is usually something like, "Who cares about that?"

A studio publicity agent, once assigned to Holden, used to ask him for news for every few days. Bill would always smile and shrug his shoulders to signify that there was nothing new—whereupon the publicity agent began to call him "the mystery man."

Bill is by nature unassuming, modest and unobtrusive, so unobtrusive in fact, that in 1951 after he had been in the movies thirteen years, the theatre-owners of America voted him their second choice as "star of tomorrow."

Another reason relatively little is known of Bill's personality is that he has never lived any of his life in the headlines.

"Some things happen to me all right," Bill says, "but since they're never tinged with scandal, thank the Lord, they never make the papers."

Bill married the only girl ever linked with him in the gossip columns. He never took out many girls in Hollywood. Never had the time. Never had the dough.

"Bill is a big hit in Hollywood."

Boy, he took a house in the Hollywood Hills with Hugh McMullan, the dialogue director on the picture. Hugh offered to get Bill a date with Brenda Marshall, a girl he had known in New York who was then under contract to Warner Brothers.

"Are you crazy?" Bill asked. "She's married."

"She's separated," Hugh explained. "And besides she's a really wonderful girl."

"Skip it," Holden said. "I'll stay home and read a book."

A few weeks later Bill was loaned out to Warner Brothers to co-star with George Raft in Invisible Stripes. Second day on the lot he ran into Brenda Marshall.

"Hugh McMullan," he began. "He's a friend of mine. That is, we live together. And we were wondering—well,"

"Yes," Brenda helped out, "you were wondering what?"

"We were wondering," Bill asked, "if you'd care to take dinner with us one night."

"I'd be delighted," said Brenda, who was then earning $750 a week.

That's how it began. It moved along at a rapid pace. Bill and Brenda fell in love. They wanted to get married immediately, but it took twenty-one months for Brenda to work out her divorce from director Richard Gaines and to obtain custody of her daughter Virginia, now sixteen.

During this time, Bill took his girl to the movies and to dine at drive-ins and the movies, inexpensive with friends, and town. Bill wasn't earning much money, and al-

though the girl complained, he refused "to go Dutch on our dates."

The Holdens were finally married on July 13, 1941. Five months later Bill volunteered and was assigned to the Air Force Training Command. He remained in the service four years, but he was able to keep his Hollywood. She agreed to retire when the war was over and Bill had re-established himself. Seven years ago when Ardis gave birth to a second son, Bill, whose contract was still intact, begged and Paramount, started asking for better roles.

"If I can't get them around here," he pleaded, "please loan me out."

That's exactly what the studios did. They sent Bill over to RKO for Rachel And The Stranger, to 20th Century for Apartment For Peggy, and then they began to realize that their boy-from-next-door had developed into quite an actor.

Bill owns a large collection of guns, but when he goes hunting with Brian Donlevy or Richard Widmark he comes back empty-handed, although he's a crack shot.

Brian Donlevy likes to talk about the time he and Bill went hunting for coyotes.

"I explained to Holden," Donlevy says, "that the best way to shoot coyotes was first to shoot a wild burro. We'd stake out the burro. Then when the coyotes came to scavenge, we'd let 'em have it."

He adds, "I shot a wild burro for Death Valley one weekend. You wanna know something? We must've seen at least a hundred wild burros. Only Holden didn't have the heart to shoot one of 'em!"

"Neither did Donlevy," Bill said later. "He should talk!"

MGM Hollywood actors wandered onto the scene by accident. Not Bill. Besides his Air Force duty, acting is the only profession he's ever known—and he loves to work. Because of that he gets more work than he can handle. In the last two years he has made Turning Point, Stalag 17, Escape From Ft. Bravo, Forever Female, The Moon Is Blue, Executive Suite, The Bridges At Toko-Ri, Sailor And Country Girl. No wonder he was tired that night he won his Academy Award.

He had worked all that day with Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly in Country Girl, and he just made it to the Academy Theatre. When he and Ardis got home that night, Bill flopped into an easy chair, Ardis covered her husband with a blanket, and Bill slept the whole night sitting up.

In the morning he was awakened by children's voices. He looked around and a bunch of neighbors were in the room with him. Peter Holden, ten, was showing off the Oscar.

"See this?" he asked proudly. "My dad got it for being good."

Bill smiled, drew the blanket over his head, and closed his eyes, sleeping the sleep of those fortunate few who are blessed with an accomplishment, love and peace of mind.
I believe

(Continued from page 47) pattern of conduct I must follow in my existence, and I don’t suppose it is necessary to say that it also applies to my faith and the manner in which I practice it. I never think of myself as a pious man. Yet in my heart I believe

fostered in the home in which I was born.

Everyone, I think, has some pattern of life which is best for him and wisest to follow. When he deviates from it something, I suppose it is conscience, tells him about it. The governing instinct is the feeling of well-being that fills us when we know we are living as we should. I was only a small boy when I first realized this. I don’t suppose I will forget it if I live to be ninety-nine years old.

I LIVED IN Bakersfield, California, when I was nine years old and I had some cousins who lived just out of town. On Sundays we would visit, and sometimes we played ball. One such day, when the game was over I slipped the ball—their ball—into my pocket and said nothing about it. I knew I was stealing it, all right. I practically started to get sick the second I did it.

That night when we got home I felt so horribly guilty that I threw the ball into a cornfield just to get rid of it—and rid of my guilty feeling, I guess. But when I went to sleep I started to dream about it; I dreamed I could see the ball lying next to some weeds in the field, and then I awoke.

It was more than I could stand. I went to my father and told him all about it.

He got out of bed, we went into the field, and there I found the ball next to some weeds, just as I had seen it in my dream. My father started the car and we drove to my cousins’ right then and there and I returned the ball. I will never forget the weight that untangled itself from around my heart and dropped off.

At Dubrow’s diner some cats were skinning an actress who’s getting married for the thievelh time.

"Her trouble," one sighed, "is that she just can’t be faithful to any one guy." "Oh! I don’t know," interrupted Betty Reilly, "she’s had the same lawyer for all her divorces!"

I suppose that some people either have little or no conscience, or can turn a deaf ear to it. I think I knew kids like this. I can remember one who, when we were both about ten or so, wanted to let me in on a great scheme. He had found stealing into the church vestry unsheen and he suggested that we steal the money from the collection plates on Sunday morning immediately after the offering.

By this time I was pretty well set on the sort of life I had to follow in order to be able to live with myself and stealing church money was not on the list. My declining didn’t bother him nor did he give up the scheme; come Sunday he got away with $70, mostly in small coin.

A little detective work involving a check-up on which boys who belonged to the church were not at service at the time, and a further inquiry as to which of these had suddenly become prosperous, ended with the Bakersfield police force triumphant and my pal quite rump-sore. But only a couple of days passed, it seemed to me, before he was ready with new ways and means of breaking the law.

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probably it was just as well he wasn’t there.

I may be giving the impression that my reason for staying on the straight and narrow was my fear of getting caught. This is not the way it works out with me, I am certain. I know that in any wrong doing I am hurting the other man. That seems to stop more than the knowledge that I may be punished if caught. My punishment would start the moment I had acted, not after I had done it and getting caught would have nothing to do with it. I remember taking some eggs from a grocery store and throwing them on someone’s house. Later on I was nabbed for it, but I know I felt worse thinking of the mess I had caused someone else than I felt after my guilt was established and I was “messed up” myself.

It happened that in my parents’ home there was a strict regard for what was good and what was evil; my father and mother were Baptists who subscribed fully, even intently, to every tenant of their church. Their way was the only way I knew from earliest memory and what they thought and did seemed right to me. One rule which I followed without question may be of interest in view of the kind of work I am now doing; none of us as children was permitted to go to Sunday movies and we always knew the situation the day after I was seventeen years old.

It goes without saying that while other kids did go to movies on a Sunday I was in church. I didn’t mind it much and I think the reason was not that I was naturally pious or anything like that, but that the custom was iron-bound; you didn’t even discuss breaking it. I have always felt that a young man feels what he couldn’t do has a definite program of life to follow, one which is laid out for him and from which he can’t deviate, than he does if he is allowed to do what he feels like and feel what to do. He doesn’t want that much responsibility yet and he senses that guiding a life as important as he feels his own to be is really a responsibility!

I don’t suppose that my relationship to the church today is as close and uncompromising as my parents’. No man can measure his response perhaps, but the faith into which I was born is the faith that I understand best and rely on. I pray as I was taught to pray, and I have always felt that I could not have been recognized if not answered directly.

I have a pretty positive attitude towards religion. And more than this, I carry through my life—I have no truck with negative views. If, for instance, I have to meet someone—a producer or studio head, perhaps—in regard to my standing in the industry, I always expect that we will get along well and that I will be treated fairly. I do not change this feeling even when, as sometimes do, my way of doing things is different from what they expect. I refuse to let it mean that they can do as they please and I will do as I am made to. I think that is the most important thing in the world to know and the second most important thing is probably the way I was brought up.

I have never been to a church that I can’t find something for the friend who wants to know what the best is something a fellow can use around Hollywood where so many things happen (or the printed gossip says they will happen) to let him know which is the best and which is the worst. If all the pictures I read I was in were actually filmed with me in the cast I would probably be the most often seen actor in the business. If all the new movies I was supposed to be with had actually signed me I would be working in no less than three studios at a time—most of the time. I find or get at times) and it takes a lot of time and energy to stay on top of it. I am credited with. I wouldn’t have had time for anything else! If this sounds all mixed up then you are beginning to get the general idea of the atmosphere around there.

To make it worse these reports about your work aren’t the only kind that fly up about you; there are the more personal ones to upset you unless you learn to save yourself the headache of worrying about them by eliminating them from your mind. Before my marriage columnists had me, and my wife had them too. I don’t think I ever met. They would tie me up with one, and when this association proved to be obviously without foundation, they would take up another. I was never actually a stranger, or at least no more than a casual friend—whom I was supposed to be hunting full moons to sit under. And, of course, when I did get married, the experts really went to town.

Well, our marriage didn’t go well. But I think both of us would have suffered a great deal more than we have if we had not been forced to ignore negative stories about ourselves. If I am bothered at all by such stories today it is because the columnists always feel they have to place the blame somewhere. I don’t really care about any such outside judgments. Equally, when they absolve me of any fault and imply that the fault is my wife’s, I resent it. It is the knowledge of not having the principals in such a case—and no one else should know or pretend to know. When two people are immersed in personal difficulties of this kind, outside opinions don’t mean anything. They can’t mean a thing.

My father was a mechanic in the railroad shops in Bakersfield. He wasn’t a rich man; he was better than just rich, he was a talented man. By talent I mean he showed his sons and his daughter that life was worth the effort and that one didn’t need much material bolstering to be spiritually happy, that is, to be really happy.

This teaching has been invaluable to me in so many ways; in small ways and in big ways. When I wanted a bow and arrow as a boy, my father didn’t buy me one, he hung in the window of the sporting goods store downtown. He made me a crude one out of a tamarack branch with arrow heads he had heated in a coal fire. He taught me to shoot down a target and gave me more practical and moral happiness than any other gift could have given me. When I wanted to make good as an actor in Hollywood and didn’t catch on it didn’t have to be that or nothing. I was not only taught the business all over, but I had fun doing it.

Now, to go back to my boyhood for a moment—after my tamarack and arrow days. When I was twelve, my father sent me a real Indian bow and arrow when I was twelve, and it meant more to me because I was then trained in its use. I hunted for years, and when I found myself again recognized as a top picture star after some lean years, the time I had spent in going over acting fundamentals in TV and lesser pictures helped me to really cut into the business. Now that I am escaping from the business, I look back on it and I think it wasn’t very bad for me. In each case when I didn’t get what I wanted I could have been so hurt as to do something foolish and really spoil my chances of being an actor, but I never did. It is only right to note to all the people who helped me and, curiously enough, I am getting a lot out of my career now because I was willing to accept a lot before.

I am somewhat relieved about my dependence on honesty as a sort of guide rail in everything I do. There isn’t any business as crazy as the movie business is, you see, and it is not easy to tell a fellow has to keep himself sane and well.

**FATHERS AND SONS**

It’s a wise child who has Ty Power or John Wayne for his dad!

When *The Long Gray Line* started rolling at Columbia, John Wayne stopped by to wish good luck to his son.

Patrick Wayne plays a cadet in his second screen role. His first was with his father in *The Quiet Man*. Whether or not the boy will make a career of acting remains to be seen, but he is always hanging around the set when his dad is working—listening, studying, learning.

Present at the meeting of the Waynes was Tyrone Power, star of *The Long Gray Line*. When Tyrone was Patrick’s age, his own father, Tyrone Power, Sr., was also working in pictures. Tyrone, Jr., was eager to follow in his father’s footsteps—on the stage—but his father advised against it. The thing for a young actor to do at that time, he believed, was to make a place for himself on the screen. He was confident his son could become a star.

To point up his argument, Power, Sr., writing from the location of *The Big Trail*, described the cast and added, “and there is John Wayne, a tall, good-looking youth who has never before been in pictures. But he is ideal for the part of the hero and will be a great success. His future, I should think, is assured.”

A few months later, Tyrone, Sr., collapsed on the set of *The Miracle Man*. Early next morning he died in his son’s arms. That was December 30, 1931. Mr. Power’s judgment has been sustained. Both Tyrone Power and John Wayne have fulfilled his prophecy.
balanced. If you are susceptible to flattery, for instance—well, you're done. Because they can sure hand it out here.

Furthermore, flattery comes in unsuspected ways. The Charge At Feather River was my first "A" picture in eight years, but it turned out to be a huge success at the box office. For my second picture, The Command, the studio made big plans to assure another success. When I got the script it realized the writer had put in some mighty fine scenes for the character I was to play. They were great.

The temptation to play them was strong but I knew in my heart that I wasn't the man the writer had in mind when he wrote them and I couldn't live up to his hopes. Unless I could be myself in my part I wouldn't be much of anything. I told the producers and the writer this and I made sure to explain that it wasn't the writer's fault, it was the fact that he was stuck with a guy like me. They understood, and with a few changes I was able to play my role and be a lot more believable in it.

My particular defense against developing too much ego as an actor is to keep seeing myself as the small-town boy I was when I arrived in Hollywood, and to keep telling myself that essentially I am that boy and not much more. Any time I get too far away from the sort of fellow he is I am making a mistake.

Too many odd things can happen here for a fellow to lose his head over himself. One night I remember leaving Los Angeles on a Southern Pacific train bound for Dallas, Texas, to attend the world premiere of Texas, Brooklyn And Heaven. I was a star in that picture so I had to find a free bedroom on the train. But that's all I had. In my pocket was thirty-five cents and in my stomach was the hunger of all time. If a porter hadn't come to my rescue with a loan of five dollars I would have eaten the fancy cowboy boots I had brought along in my bag—I was young enough.

Yes, something had gone wrong with the arrangements. But the point is that something can always go wrong, not only with the arrangements about a train trip, but with your whole trip through life. Against such eventualities a fellow needs to know that his faith in his ultimate, his spiritual future is so strong that he will be able to ride out any kind of trouble. It's wonderful how much more secure you feel to know this about yourself.

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pressed by the kids' comedy routines, Fanchon & Marco booked them for a series of summer shows. In high fettle, they returned to Cincinnati and school, practically professionals. A little more wrestling with stuff like algebra, a little more growing up and they'd be on their way.

A former classmate who'd moved to the nearby town of Hamilton asked Doris over. A boy friend was coming with another boy to take them for a drive. The boys wore cute, the taste was full, the evening lovely—until they reached the unguarded tracks, and from out of the peaceful night saw doom descending in the headlights of a fast freight. For a split second, for an eternity, they sat in frozen horror. Then it hit—ripped the hood away, dragged them a block and a half, came at length to a shuddering halt. Only the front of the car remained intact by which slim margin they escaped.

"Multiple leg fractures," the doctors told her mother. "She may never walk again. She could be crippled for life." With what she handled the facts more gingly, but she was a girl who could read between the evasions. So she lay alone, weeping for her scarred body and the dreams shattered with it.

As the slow months passed, however, as she moved from hospital to hospital, from bed to crutches, her will and resiliency spirit took over. Unable to make with the feet, she made with the pipes—mostly to release her thwarted energies. Mom and Paul put their heads together, the result being the musical call to her friend who happened to teach singing. Casually, he asked Doris to perform. Feeling silly, she did. He said she was a natural. He said she had a real gift and finally, he thought maybe she should work on her range a little. "You think he's kidding?" she inquired after he'd gone. "Why should he bother?" shrugged Mom, and went in to fix dinner. From the kitchen a few minutes later she heard the strains of "Tea For Two," which was normal, followed by another sound which wasn't. Her daughter beating out a jazzy tap routine on crutches.

Not until fourteen months after the accident could Doris navigate under her own steam, but she made the time count. At the same local shindig where her hooping had once drawn applause, she now hobbled up to sing, and professionals took note. Danny Engle, song pluggers, boosted her to Grace Raine, WVL's voice coach, who offered to iron out the rough spots in her style. Providentially, Doris discarded the crutches just as Barney Rapp prepared to open Sign Of The Drum and called Miss Raine at the radio station. "Got anyone ready for bandwork, Grace?"

"Sure thing," said Grace with nary a quiver. "Name of Doris Kappelloff."

"That's the girl, maybe. Can I. Will you send her over?"

She sang "Day After Day," and just like that he hired her. "Now about this name—"

"Means something like churchyard," she told him helpfully.

"And that's where it belongs—"

"Day After Day was lucky for me, Mr. Rapp. How about Doris Day?"

So she made her professional bow—a slim, trim, appealing figure, her cornflower eyes. No beauty, but her smile broke like sunlight, radiating friendliness, and her voice held the same quality of warm, appealing sweetness singing straight to each heart's heart. The customers liked her. They liked her well enough to pump up her courage. Greatly daring, she cut a record of "The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair," sent it to Bob Crosby, then at the Blackhawk in Chicago, tugged a note inside. I love your band, I would like to work with you. It took only the news that Day was again for hire to bring bandleaders flocking. But bandwork meant the road and separation from Terry. Emotions torn, she finally decided to view it with Les Brown, left her baby with Mom, and fared forth to seek security for them all. Whenever the outfit worked within sailing distance of home, Mom and Terry joined her, and for a while her hungry arms would be filled.

A t the ripe age of twenty-two, she met George Weidler, playing sax for Stan Kenton in New York, and Cupid fitted a second dart to his bow. Though one marriage had flopped, her illusions remained intact, her nature turned trustfully toward the sun of love. Besides, this was different, this was the true flame, the man presdesigned. Again she quit her job, this time to travel with her husband. Bookings landed them in Hollywood, the housing emergency landed them in a trailer. Anything was fine with Doris as long as she had George. She had him for a fast year.

Even when he pulled out with the band, leaving her behind to nurse the trailer, she refused to admit more than a passing cloud on their happiness. If he seemed moody at times, aren't we all? If he seemed to be drifting away, she was just over-sensitive. If they quarreled, they always made up, and the first year was the hardest. She loved him better than when she'd married him, and love conquers all. Having spent her first anniversary with loneliness, virus X and budget nightmares, she accepted a month's engagement from New York's Little Club.

The story has been told, and by no one more helpfully than Doris. "Once I sang

TO EACH HIS OWN

The lean years left MacDonald Carey with a few amazing habits!

- With all the delicacies he has to choose from, MacDonald Carey's favorite food is peanut butter and onion—that's right, raw onion—sandwiches. Carey invented the combination when he was a struggling Broadway actor, doing research on the cheapest foods available in bulk with the highest nutritional value. "You can live indefinitely on nothing else," says Carey. "It's a solitary life, but a healthy one."

The onions cut the clinging taste of the peanut butter, and the peanut butter cuts the tang of the onions. "I used to have a small room in New York—just a bed, a chest of drawers, a sack of onions and a big tin of peanut butter that doubled as a stool," Carey continued, "and my outlay for food was under two dollars a week until the cost of bread went up."

Carey is back in New York, following production of Fire Over Africa which was filmed in Spain with Maureen O'Hara. Co-starred with Kitty Carlisle in the Broadway smash hit Anniversary Waltz, he now lives off the fat of the land with a superb French cook quartered in his kitchen.

Back in the pantry, under the truffles, escargots and pate de fois gras is a fifty-pound tin of peanut butter. He still likes it.
a love song in a nightclub with the tears running down my face. Because I'd lost a love that was very important to me. I told myself I'd given that love everything. I told myself I'd never love again."

"In her dressingroom she'd picked up a letter in the cherished handwriting. Unsuspecting, she opened it. The blow fell on a wholly vulnerable heart. George felt the whole thing had been a big fat mistake. It wasn't her fault, she'd been swell, he was sorry, and couldn't they be friends?"

"In the midst of her crumbling world came a knock at the door. "Ready, Miss Day?" "Like a puppet on strings, she walked out to do her job, and did it—after a fashion. The audience stirred uneasily as a sob caught in her throat, the blue eyes welled and the tears flowed while she sang This Love Of Mine to the bitter end."

"In four weeks she lost ten pounds. It was a crushed and miserable girl who returned to Hollywood, got rid of the trailer, moved to the Roosevelt Hotel. She and George had agreed on no divorce yet. Lawyers cost money. Neither contemplated re-marriage. Maybe deep down a spark of hope still lived. If so, it flickered too feebly to lighten her grief."

"One day Al Levy called her. "Meet me at nine tomorrow. We're due at Warners."

"What for?"

"To see Mike Curtiz about a movie—"

"You're crazy, Al—"

"So I'm crazy, so meet me anyway—"

"When you have an agent, you go along with his notions, crazy or otherwise. She was grateful to Al. With Marty Melcher and Dick Dorno, he owned Century Artists and from "Sentimental Journey" on, he'd been a Day booster. Because he believed in her, she signed with him, and his opening gun was an effort to sell her to Bob Hope. "Never heard of her," said Bob. "You will," Levy assured him. "When I do," cracked Robert, "bring her around."

"It would have been great to sing on the Hope show. Any job would be welcome. But movies! Movies took people who looked like Hedy Lamarr, who could act like Bette Davis. This would have been a laugh if she'd felt like laughing."

"Meanwhile Mike Curtiz brooded over a snarl called Romance On The High Seas. With visions of borrowing Betty Hutton, he'd sent her the script. She called back to rave. "We're in business, Mike." Ten minutes later her agent called, unnerved. "I don't know, maybe she's got a hole in the head. Why?" Because she's pregnant. Till her baby comes, she couldn't work for a king. Including you," Wherefore Mike held that throbbing head in his hands. A million-dollar musical needed a million-dollar star. If not Hutton, then who? His buzzier bang. "Al Levy's here to see you with a girl singer."

"Tell him I'm busy."

"For two hours he knocked himself out getting nowhere, then decided that food might generate an idea. In the outer office Levy jumped up. "Mike, this is Doris Day."

"Photographers' Credits"

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

5, 7—Beerman, Parry; 10—Beerman, Parry; 12—Lowe; 15—Wide World; 29—Beerman, Parry; 30—Engstead; 31, 32, 33—Beerman, Parry, Warner Bros.; 34—Sewell; 35—Beerman, Parry; 37—Warner Bros.; 38, 39—Beerman, Parry; 40—Beerman, Parry; 41—Warner Bros., Universal, Beerman, Parry, Engstead; 42, 43, 44, 45, 46—Beerman, Parry; 47—Beerman, Parry; 48, 49—Beerman, Parry, Scott, Snyder; 51—20th-Fox, 52; 53—Beerman, Parry; 54, 55, 56, 57—Beerman, Parry; 58—Graphic House; 61, 63, 65, 66, 67; 70—Columbia Pictures; 78

"Fabulous fashion for '46: Chandelier earrings, tipped with crystal raindrops

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"Not now," he started, but there the girl stood, so he looked. In his own words: "A look costs you nothing. Often it pays much." I am likely to call this old girl eighteen months, lips rouged. This one looks nice and real. Her hair has a western windblown something. She also looks sad. I like her. I invite them inside. I ask her about experience. Unwilling to wait for an hour how they understood Cornell, how they just missed a Broadway hit. 'Nothing,' she says. "In school, when I was nine years old, I played a drama girl." I see Anacin starts to sweat, he thinks she doesn't sell me but her honesty sells me. She is sexy, too, but in an unsexy way. Her sex sneaks up on you, you feel sad. I say, 'Singin' in the rain, a sad song.' She sings a song not so sad, "Embraceable You." The voice is good, but the heart is everything. I tell them, 'We'll test.'

The tests run, he commended with himself in the dark projection room. "Mike, you need courage. Go ahead and gamble with the company's million dollars." But he staked his own reputation doing it, putting her under personal contract—a contract later sold to Warner Brothers.

Within two weeks Doris was facing the cameras. To her, the whole business seemed unreal. She'd written her mother about the tests. "I don't know what'll happen, but I'm sure it'll be meant to be, it will be." Such was her state of confusion that, phoning a few days later, she was about to hang up when Mom asked, "What about the movies?"

"Oh, I forgot. I signed a seven-year contract."

Which doesn't mean that she undertook her fabulous break. But a seven-year contract with a promising star is something more than it sounds like, is, since the studio can drop you at the end of any six months. Not till Romance and its fresh young singing star hit with a major wallower, did Doris feel any insecurity, without ul- under her feet. And once the rains came, they fell in a golden deluge. "It's Magic" climbed and crossed the million mark.

Bob Hope. "Why didn't you tell me about Doris Day?"

"You wouldn't listen."

"Now it'll cost you."

"Now she's worth it," graced Hope, and Doris went on to become a vocal singer on his show. Three years after Curtiz took his calculated plunge, she entered the magic circle of Hollywood's ten top moneymakers.

Dorothy, "You're the last..." are written in the history of records and radio, in a roll call of pictures down through Calamity Jane and Lucky Me. The coming of Terry and Mom eased her private hurts. In the warmth of home created by her mother, she was at last living under the same roof with her six-year-old, and her first objective was to woo him without disturbing his closeness to her. And so they both lowered, Nana helped. When, by long habit, he turned to her, she'd refer him elsewhere.

"Whatever your mother says is right," as for Doris, she'd whisper, this respected his individuality, refrained from over-demonstration, grinned "Hi!" when she wanted to say "Darling!" One day he popped in with surprise kids around her, instead of Nana, for comfort. She bathed the knee, kissed him, sent him out to play and sat smiling to herself like a fresh morning. But mother and son, however dear, couldn't fill her life. A career certainly couldn't. "When you're not married," she stated flatly "you're lonely. To escape loneliness, she took a brief spin on the Hollywood merry-go-round, and dropped off with the taste of ashes in her mouth. Financial security wasn't happiness, success being a double-edged sword.

Anacin

found through two men. One had been her husband, one was her husband-to-be. She met George to discuss their divorce, which took place just seven months after they separated. As they talked, she watched him with growing wonder. He was a man with quiet eyes who had exchanged tensions for serenity, irresolution for strength. "Something has happened to you!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Would you like me to tell you about it?"

Her soft inner harmony had led through Christian Science. In that crucial hour, he revealed a new attitude of the spirit which she'd never thought possible to see in anyone—himself, when with mounting eagerness. He told her where to go for guidance. Before long the philosophy of Christian Science captured her, gave her life fresh meaning. Everything came his way.

"Some day I'll meet the right man," she prophesied, and he won't be a man who smites me off my feet. I've been smitten!

Mart Melcher didn't smite her, nor did she perform any like service for him. Transacting most of her business with Al Lasky, and his partner, Levy, still, dark, withdrawn—reportedly heading for divorce from Patti Andrews. Too bad, thought Doris, and dismissed it, a girl who's all for minding her own affairs.

The first date was a date to Melcher, it loomed as a pain in the neck. "I've been called out of town," Levy told her. "Will you take Doris Day to her broadcast tonight? That's exciting, isn't it?"

Hooked, Marty canceled his plans as any agent must for a profitable client, saw the job through, prepared to drive the girl herself out of the hotel, but, with interior motive, "I'm hungry," is her theme song. Day or night, she craves food as though she'd been starved from birth.

They stopped in for a snack. Under her no-nonsense, disillusioned gaze.

He found this blonde Miss Huckleberry Finn (as she'd been tagged by her fans) easy to talk to. He found himself wanting to be her agent to hell or high water. As dates multiplied and Hollywood linked their names, both scoffed, "It's just business." Maybe they thought so. Maybe, having been burned, they pushed away tenderer possibilities. Maybe they were just kidding themselves. In any case, Doris began leaning on him for services beyond the call of duty. Marty, can you come over first daughter's leaking? Doris started timing meals for his arrival. Terry shoved his chair so close that the other could barely bend an elbow. "What are you doing for the 'cough' tonight?"

"Because I like him."

According to Mom, it was the family doctor who opened her eyes. "Cardiac condition there," he commented, as fair priced yachtsmen were fighting with papers to sign. "And a good thing, too. He's the sort she ought to marry."

"Marry? Why, he's here on business!"

"I bet!" chuckled the media.

The roots of trust and friendship grew deep before love flowered—or before the hearts were engaged. "We're not engaged," caroled Dodo, "Nobody planned, nobody promised anything. We're just in love. We're just going to be married as soon as we can." This announcement was preceded by a confession. "You don't bring husbands into a boy's home without finding out how the boy stands, as if Doris didn't know. That night we flew up to a moonlit farmhouse, and I found the stud had just painted it with the best potter's clay he could find, and my father says, 'Boy, that's smart.'"
ish and spoke the words of the puré in heart. "Welcome, my two children," she said.

Her decree became final in June, 1956, as the following February, Warrel till she finished On Moonlight Bay, they picked her birthday, April 3, as the sentimental reasons, and her doctor's counsel to tie the knot simply. If Mom hadn't shouted them out, they'd have skipped a honeymoon trip altogether.

Lured by home and Terry, they decided to stay a couple of days. Once formalities could be cleared, Marty adopted Doris' son as his own. Terry couldn't be bothered with formalities. The day after the wedding, he wrote his new name large and proud on his wedding paper.

This is the sound marriage Doris hungered for in her teens and at last achieved. Gone is the fever. They're homebodies, confining their social activities to a circle of intimates. "When you don't drink, know any gossip or care about hearing same, what's to do at a party?" she demands.

"I've had it," he counterpoints. "I'd rather look at my wife in blue jeans than at any showgirl in sequins, and no entertainer can top that for my dough." Any marriage and wife must make adjustments to each other. Urbane, articulate Marty sticks to their way. "If you're adult, minor differences don't worry you. It's off, it let it stay off. Who cares?"

Both offer capsule explanations of their happiness. Says Melcher: "The principle behind marriage is closeness. Doris and I have a talent for staying close. She insists on it and I like it."

Says Doris: "He's my understanding husband, and I'm his understanding friend."

Her boss now, too. In June she stars as Yankee Doodle Girl for Martin Melcher Productions, releasing through Warner Bros. The story is the segment of Hollywood smaller than you think, which enjoys sniping. Behind their hands they buzz that Doris got him the job, refusing to sign a new contract otherwise. As anyone who knows Melcher will know, this is the bunk. An astute operator long before Day ever dawned on his horizon, he has neither the need nor the make-up to do anything else. There's still a solid citizen and Warners got as good as they gave.

Much has also been made of her recent illness. It was quite simple. Like thousands of women yearly, she underwent surgery for the removal of a benign tumor. Till the tissue is analyzed, benignancy cannot be 100 per cent determined. We dare say other thousands suffered just such an emotional shock as hers. Not being movie stars, the limelight left them to deal with their problems, whenever they arise.

This is still another complicating factor entered. Her faith advocates healing through prayer. Doctors insisted on surgery. In the end, both dealt with the conflict toe at her. If during this period, Marty stood like a bulldog between her and the curious, what husband wouldn't? If, in the course of things, while making Lucky Me, she showed great good sense. On April 3 they celebrated her birthday and their third anniversary at Palm Springs, and Doris splurged on six evening gowns, indicating that health and spirits are fine. On which pleasant note, it's pleasant to leave her. With one added word. Life has given her, plenty, including a bunch of hard knacks. Good luck never spoiled her; bad luck never soured her. Through both she kept her vision of warmth, clung to the human and ethical values which are richer than stardom. It happens in glamourland as elsewhere, but you've got to be equipped.

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NOW WHILE THEY LAST

marilyn’s life as a model

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4) magazines buy your pictures,” he explained, “I’ll pay you a percentage.”

MARILYN was quite enthusiastic about this and Potter posed her with a Diaghilev dancer and then dressed her in a farmerette’s outfit and photographed her sitting on a bale of straw. He worked with another photographer, Bob Farr. He brought both Marilyn and the color photos to my office and if I might be interested in helping her.

When Marilyn first walked into my office and saw the bulletin boards plastered with magazine covers, she grew breathless and excited.

“These are the prettiest girls I’ve ever seen,” she said. “Do you think I could ever, ever, get my picture on a magazine cover?”

“Of course,” I said. “You’re a natural.” Actually, Marilyn was so naive, so sweet, and so eager to succeed that my heart went out to her at once.

I told her that tuition for a three-month instruction period in the school cost $100. I saw the look of disappointment well up in Marilyn’s eyes.

“But you don’t have to worry about that,” I quickly added. “You can work out the tuition.

Then I began to interview the girl and jot down her measurements. In 1945, according to my records, she was a size twelve with a thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-four-inch waist, and thirty-five-inch hips. Her age I estimated at seventeen or eighteen.

Her hair is listed as “California blond” which means that it is dark in the winter and light in the summer. I recall that it was curled very close to her head, and was quite unmanageable. I knew at once that it would have to be bleached and worked on. I asked Marilyn about it. This was a big thing and she confessed (again shyly), “I sing a little. That’s all.” She had no ambition at the time to become an actress, unless, of course, it was a secret desire.

SHE DID HAVE a pleasant personality, what we call an All-American girl kind of personality—cute, wholesome and respectful. There was electricity about her except that her clothes were a little too tight across the chest. That sex build-up was to come much later, although I did realize immediately that Marilyn would never do as a fashion model.

Most fashion models are tall, sophisticated-looking and slim-chested. Marilyn was none of these.

The first day Marilyn attended classes, I knew she would do all right, because she aroused the good nature in people. She was the kind of girl who would walk in and in her cute, high voice say, “Hello, everybody.” And everybody would answer, “Hello.” There was something arresting and sincere about the girl’s personality.

When I introduced her to a photographer, she would look him straight in the eye and cling to his every word. She was sincerely eager. She made the people feel as if he were the only guy in the world. She did this naturally without design or premeditation. It’s still her way. She’s not obsessed with it.

A week after Marilyn enrolled in my school, a steel company called and asked for a hostess at the industrial show, a girl to be pleasant and hand out programs. The salary was ten dollars a day for nine days. I gave the job to Marilyn. The report came back that she was excellent. When the child was paid off, you know what she did? She gave me the whole ninety dollars. Took nothing out for carfare or meals or a movie. This was all spent on records. She was such a true kid.

One day, a photographer called and said these words really typified her spirit. It was upbeat all the way.

“I understand that you’re married. This is my first marriage. I have my own home and my husband is a farmer. I had come home from an overseas trip and discovered that Marilyn wasn’t the child he’d married. They probably had arguments, but Marilyn never discussed any of her personal problems.

As a youngster she’d be kicked around so much, sent from one orphanage to another, one foster home to another, that I guess she developed self-sufficiency. I’ve always admired her for that.

Most girls who attend our classes come with their families. They have someone behind them, someone to drive them to different jobs, a father to protect and oversee things. Marilyn had no one. Only herself. I guess it was because of this that I took a strong interest in the girl. I concentrated on her. She gobbled up every bit of instruction. She was wonderful on hand positions, body positions, and simply great when it came to make-up. But I just couldn’t do anything with her fashion modeling, probably because of her cute figure and her walk.

When Marilyn walks her knees lock. She’s double-jointed in the knees. So she can’t relax and that is why her hips seem to sway when she walks into a room.

Even after 20th Century-Fox signed her and gave her a fortune, she didn’t make it. Marilyn still didn’t make it in 1948.

In 1946, however, Marilyn and I decided to do the best with what she had. Her two great photogenic virtues back then were her “cute” figure and her face.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS liked her. When they got an order from an advertising agency, they tried to work Marilyn into their pictures at twenty-five dollars a day.

Some of her first pictures with me were taken on location. Her hair was so frizzy that the photographer covered it with a bathing cap. The bathing suit pictures were sold to some Canadian magazines.

Marilyn’s first cover was sold to Family Circle. For this cover, Marilyn was posed in a pinup holding a little lamb. Practically nothing of her figure was shown.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

On the first day of my new job at the famed Hotel Del Monte, I was more than surprised to hear screaming and shrugging. I stepped up to the corner to see what was going on and got better. In the face with a pillow. With a breathless apology Burgess Meredith and Pauline Goddard continued their pillow fight all the way down the plush corridor. I stood there, laughing with them while they enjoyed their honeymoon.

Ernest L. Poncetta
Salinas, California

This,” she said, “will take care of most of my tuition.”

I knew at once that Marilyn was a fair and honest and very fine girl, and I decided to get her as much work as I possibly could. I sent her out to audition for some Montgomery Ward catalogue work. She didn’t make the grade, but she wasn’t discouraged.

“Maybe I’ll do better next time.” That’s what she said, and those words really typified her spirit. It was upbeat all the way.

On several occasions I cleaned that all was going well between her and her husband. He had come home from an overseas trip and discovered that Marilyn wasn’t the child he’d married. They probably had arguments, but Marilyn never discussed any of her personal problems.

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Some of her first pictures with me were taken on location. Her hair was so frizzy that the photographer covered it with a bathing cap. The bathing suit pictures were sold to some Canadian magazines.

Marilyn’s first cover was sold to Family Circle. For this cover, Marilyn was posed in a pinup holding a little lamb. Practically nothing of her figure was shown.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

On the first day of my new job at the famed Hotel Del Monte, I was more than surprised to hear screaming and shrugging. I stepped up to the corner to see what was going on and got better. In the face with a pillow. With a breathless apology Burgess Meredith and Pauline Goddard continued their pillow fight all the way down the plush corridor. I stood there, laughing with them while they enjoyed their honeymoon.
I also got her photographic jobs posing as an airline hostess and an airline passenger. The Douglas Aircraft people thought she was just fine. At this time Marilyn was working under the names of Norma Jean, Jean Norman, and Jean Dougherty.

Her husband had gone back overseas, and several men were trying to date her. But Marilyn wouldn’t go out with any of them. Many of my other girls whose husbands were overseas dated several nights in the week. But not Marilyn.

When photographers offered to drive her home after a sitting, she’d hold up her key ring, jingle it, and say cutely, “I’ve got my own transportation.” By that time she’d earned enough money to buy a jalopy.

But I still couldn’t get her to bleach her hair and have it straightened. Marilyn knew that once she started the process she would have to keep it up, and she wondered where the money would come from.

“Look, darling,” I told her, “if you really intend to go places in this business, you’ve just got to bleach and straighten your hair, because now your face is a little too round and a hair job will lengthen it. Don’t worry about money, I’ll keep you working.”

A few weeks later a photographer named Raphael Wolf got an order for a shampoo ad. He hired Marilyn with the understanding that she would do something about her hair. “I’ll pay for everything,” he said.

Marilyn was a stickler for naturalness and was still against any change in her hair styling. But she finally gave in when we all explained that blondes were more in demand photographically because they could be photographed light, medium or dark, depending upon the amount of light directed on them, whereas Marilyn’s hair had always been more dark than light.

We sent Marilyn to Hollywood hair stylists Frank and Joseph who did their best. First a straight permanent to make the hair more manageable, then a regular permanent at the ends after shaping. Then the hair was bleached and Marilyn emerged as the golden blonde you know today.

From this point, she went into her bathing suit stage, and the demand for her was simply terrific. She averaged, I should say, $150 a week, and men began talking to her about going into “the motion picture game.”

One afternoon I got a phone call from the Howard Hughes office. Hughes at the time was recovering from a plane crash. He wanted to know the name of the cover girl on Laff magazine. I told him and then called the columnists to announce that Howard Hughes was on the road to complete recovery. He had his weather eye open again.

She asked if she should accept any of the offers concerning movie tests, and I said, “Before you do any movie work, I’m going to see that you get an agent who really knows the business.” I sent Marilyn to Helen Ainsworth, a fine agent, and on my recommendation Helen signed her.

Helen sent her out to read at 20th Century-Fox. A color test was shot of Marily on the set of Mother Wore Tights. Darryl Zanuck looked at it and said, “This girl may have possibilities. Let’s sign her.”

She was signed the next day at seventy-five dollars a week. That’s the true story of how Marilyn Monroe got into motion pictures. All those rumors that producers fell in love with her, that Johnny Hyde of the William Morris office greased her way, and all the other ridiculous rumors about how she got her start are simply not true.

It was her photographic modeling that brought Marilyn know-how, attention and a screen contract. Unlike several other girls I know, the screen contract did not go to her head. She was the same sweet, unassuming girl she had always been.
PUTTERING PEEPERS

Meet Wally Cox: creator of Mr. Peepers—and a lot of other things!

I Whenever there's a story about my wanting to get married I get a flood of mail like "Dear Mr. Peepers, I am 19 years old and divorced and have three children."

2. I use the sink mostly for cooling off silver after I solder it. I made some tea, so far, and a can of soup once, vegetable. I'm generally invited out where I can't say no.

3. As a kid I liked to carve, darts, a flat baseball bat. I never have any fear of trying to make something. I make mistakes but I sort of learn by elimination.

4. Many sensitive people have been bewildered out of doing what they'd be good at by bead stalkers who say you won't be any good until you're as old as they are.

5. I started out to make a set of silver of 12 of everything. I'll probably chicken out at six. After a few years of woodcarving I picked up some metal and I just puttered.

6. I made this Shepherd's Pipe out of a plain piece of bamboo with little holes cut out. There was a guy at the Village Vanguard who made them. I asked him how she'd worked with—a good thing, because the screen contract didn't last long and Marilyn had to take up modeling again. She posed for calendar art and sometimes calendars take a long time to get published. Four Earl Moran photographs of Marilyn are appearing on the 1954 Brown and Bigelow calendars. These were shot years ago.

Marilyn divorced her husband. She went to Las Vegas to see someone she referred to as "auntie" and stayed six weeks. When she came back she had her freedom.

It was only after that period that she began going around with Johnny Hyde. Marilyn has led a scrupulous life. She has made her own breaks without benefit of powerful relatives or friends.

She has always believed in work, believed so much, in fact, that unwittingly she antagonized several of the more jealous girls who were in studio classes with her. They just couldn't believe that any beginner was willing to work as hard as Marilyn did in order to get ahead.

Myself did odd jobs, she was told to do at the studio. She devoted every crumb of instruction. Usually late to most functions, she was the first to attend classes and the last to leave.

Studio photographers did wonders with Marilyn's nose. When publicity stills first came out on my ex-student, I was sure that a little plastic surgery had been done on her nose. It seemed to photograph smaller than it used to.

Photographers who had shot Marilyn said the same thing. Their photographs of her in 1945 had been rejected by magazines because "Marilyn's nose was too large and her smile too high." By smiling too deeply, Marilyn was accentuating the lines around her nose, thus highlighting what was not a very good nose—too broad and too curvy.

I've made many inquiries, and the truth is that Marilyn still has the nose she was born with. She's not happy with it and has talked from time to time about altering it. But as yet she's done nothing about it.

Cameramen at the studio say it gives them no trouble since Marilyn has learned how to bring her smile down and concentrate on her lower lip. I'm glad she's mastered this trick because I was the first one who suggested she do exactly that.

Nowadays when Marilyn poses for photographers the accent is usually on her figure, not her nose. But it wouldn't surprise me if she submitted to plastic surgery.

By nature Marilyn is a perfectionist, an open-minded learner. I think that accounts for the improvement in her wardrobe. It used to be charged that Marilyn had no taste in clothes, that she was overdressed, was wrong and the truth was that she had too few clothes to begin with. As soon as she got a little money she indulged herself, bought frilly dresses with yards and yards of pleated material. It's certainly understandable. The boy who's never had enough ice cream buys too much when he can afford it.

Students who know that Marilyn Monroe is my prize graduate occasionally ask me if there is any possibility of their "getting the same breaks Marilyn Monroe got."

My answer to that one is, "What breaks?" Marilyn Monroe, I tell them, is a self-made success. Of course, she's endowed with charm, personality and a provocative figure, but thousands of girls are similarly endowed. What most of them lack Marilyn has in spades—persistence and fortitude.

These are two requisites for any person who wants to crash Hollywood. This is no town for the weak, the weary or the easily defeated.

(Marilyn Monroe can now be seen in several movies. I think you'll find her to be a real learner.)
No time for tears

IT WASN'T EASY, Suzan was presumably convalescing when her physician, Dr. Francis Engleman, told her that the condition of the leg made amputation imperative and no time was to be lost. Dick was at her bedside when the surgeon made his report before leaving for the case. When another doctor confirmed the diagnosis, Suzan telephoned Dr. Engleman and told him he could operate in the morning if he wished. Then she and Dick looked at each other. "Do you want to talk about it?" he asked.

"No," said Suzan.
"Then let's don't," he said.
He reached for a deck of cards and began to deal gin rummy hands. They played till a nurse came with a sedative.

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Suzan Knew that her job from then until the date of their wedding was to regain her strength, attend rehabilitation school and learn to walk again—with an artificial leg—and to match her physical improvement with a proper mental attitude. But there was one thing she hadn't anticipated when she began to appear in public on crutches. People stared. And Suzan burned.

Eventually, she asked the advice of Boni Buchler, the airline hostess who became a double amputee when she fell off a speed boat at Lake Arrowhead last year and got the tail of the craft's propeller. Suzan met her at the rehabilitation school.

"What do you do when you catch people staring at you?" Suzan asked.
"There is nothing you can do to stop them," Boni said. "Your job is to ignore them—to make sure you don't see them staring. It seemed like no advice at all and yet she found in time that it was possible to blind herself to such rudeness.

Suzan had imagined that the process of being measured for an artificial leg and being trained in its use, would be a phase of her life into which Dick would not enter. But that is not the way it worked out. It was not the way it should work out, they both realized. Dick surprised her by his interest in her training. He went to the school with her and took her to the prosthetic company where the artificial limb was to be made. On one of these visits, he gave Suzan's morale a tremendous boost. An attendant passed by and Dick whispered to Suzan that he was sure this man was an amputee.

Suzan looked at the fellow who walked smoothly and, even while she watched, scooted rapidly up some stairs. She could see no indication at all that Dick was right, and she said so. Dick promptly called another attendant and asked him about the man in question.

"Hasn't that fellow got an artificial leg?"
"Oh, him?" came the reply. "He's got both of them off!"

Later they talked to the double amputee, a war veteran, and he sent her off with a
especially being a dancer and so graceful. You won’t have any trouble at all.

“I hope you know about him?” Suzan asked Dick later.

He looked at her, half incredulous. “Why, I’ve been watching for amusements and I’m probably an expert at telling when I see one now,” he told her. “I love to see them going about their business and their life like nothing has happened as you watch them.”

They did go about their business. They talked about their wedding plans, their honeymoon, the sort of house they wanted. One evening, Dick was at his office, and Suzan, alone, was still sitting in what she thought was the living room. She supposed she was saying no, and in full gait he had a wicked swagger. More dedicatedly fashion than most people realize, he refuses to be forced into its duties but responds quickly and gracefully when the persuasion is there. She waited, he knew he could trust her, to be able to learn all these things before she could trust herself to Throckmorton at the wedding. That she did learn them became known, throughout the whole country through the news pictures of the event.

Guests at the wedding, incidentally, may have noted that they heard none of the traditional wedding songs and in full gait he had a wicked swagger. More dedicatedly fashion than most people realize, he refuses to be forced into its duties but responds quickly and gracefully when the persuasion is there. She waited, he knew he could trust her, to be able to learn all these things before she could trust herself to Throckmorton at the wedding. That she did learn them became known, throughout the whole country through the news pictures of the event.

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Somebody commented that they liked the dresses she had churned on her forehead. Suzan beamed and was rewarded for fooling with her curls all week to get them to fall just right.

Someone else said that the pictures were effective and carried her, the role of an Indian girl in The Long Hunters by Robert Buckner, was still open. Suzan got excited and waved a hand to show her enthusiasm.

“Keep that open for me until I get back from my honeymoon,” she cried. “Because I’m still interested!”

END

BACHELORS AT LARGE

MODERN SCREEN's galler

of Hollywood's most wanted men!

In the August issue
twenty-one years ago last January 17, in an apartment on Heliotrope near Melrose, almost in the shadow of Paramount studios. That was just as the sun was cracking through in the east.

"I guess that's why Mother named me Dawn," says the girl who started life as Dawn Bethel. There are other family matters, too, that Sheree has had to guess about all these years. Her father left her mother before her arrival and Sheree still doesn't know what her dad looked like, where he came from, what he did for a living, or even his first name.

With no father to guide her and the Great Depression at rock bottom, little Dawn Bethel didn't cut her teeth on a silver spoon. Her mother, June, had to work hard to support Dawn and her half-sister and brother, Janet and Don. Luckily, June knew a trade—jewelry appraising and designing. But there weren't many loose jewels lying around, so she became a Thirties, so she pieced out with practical nursing. At times they lived on relief.

Dawn and the other kids were left in the charge of her Grandmother Shoard, a doughty Scotchwoman. Keeping track of three scampering kids around Hollywood was enough to force any elderly lady to her knees, but Sheree rebelled. She changed her name almost every week. Because Dawn and brother Don resulted in household confusion, her mother fastened "Shirley Mae" to her youngest, who promptly rebelled.

"Even as a kid I thought that name was strictly from Dixie," groans Sheree, "so I tried a lot of others. It drove the teachers at Melrose Elementary School wild. They used to call home and ask if I had a split personality." Sheree re-christened herself "Cookie," "Emma" and "Bubbles" and a dozen more before she finally hit on

Mimi Bessell sings to her infant son, as she wheels him in a baby carriage along Riverside Drive, and explains "My captive audience."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Sheree North, which she likes best of all. "It just sort of sounds like me," she says, "and it's simple and easy to say. To date, nobody has associated her chosen name with the Arctic regions, either.

But, by any name, it would take a seventh son of a seventh son to predict that the skinny, eternally sunsuited, barefoot tomboy would ever grow up to dance right in the same ballet shoes she swished out. A better guess would have been that she'd replace Tarzan. "Cookie" Bethel was rough, tough and hard to bluff. At five she used to skinny up the parkway trees and leap on the backs of surprised passers-by, scaring them silly. The cops around the Hollywood precinct soon knew what a distress call from Avocado Street meant; that snub-nosed Bethel kid had run off again. Usually they found her before midnight, off on some harmless adventure. But one time they took her to the station house.

That was when her cousin Harold got an Indian tepee for his birthday and decided it was so beautiful he'd just live in it. Sheree went along with the idea enthusiastically, swept some Frankfurters from home and trooped off into the Hollywood Hills to change residence. Things were going swell up in the brush. They found a dinky cave and pitched the tent nearby. A campfire was roaring and the relatives were saying, "Some old square who lived down below spotted us." Sheree

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"My husband doubted my loyalty" "I married a widower 20 years older than myself"

"My children screamed: 'We hate you, Daddy!'"

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hamburger a night. "I was nats about Robert Taylor then, and I always hoped I'd see him there," she sighs.

But Sheree made her first big money with her dancing. In her thirtieth summer she began to look up and take the professional, but the child labor laws stated otherwise. She didn't let the technicality stop her. With $85 a week at stake, Sheree put on high heels and bought a fake hair fall. Between two shows everything was already convincing. Even at thirteen Sheree was something to see.

So, even though the heels did wobble and the fake hair fell off and the publicity agency had prop everything was already convincing. Even at thirteen Sheree was something to see.

And, after the success of the two shows, Sheree had taken on the management of the theater. She was, in fact, stepping out of a convertable. But Sheree was not impressed at first. "He looked too much like Jimmy," she says, "and parental a dark, Latin type kick by then." But she coaxed a policeman to help them meet Dona's guy.

"We met him," says Sheree simply. "I married him."

**A CASE OF BUTTERFLIES**

In 1944 I was a WAVE stationed at Hunter College in New York. One evening I was on duty in the officers' mess and was asked to stay late to serve dinner to a celebrity. A few hours later a tall, slender, good-looking man sat down at a table. I asked him if he could bring me a steak and he replied, "Yes, but I will ask my wife to see if I am too nervous to eat much." To my surprise and delight, I recognized the nervous man. It was Gary Cooper!

Mrs. Paul W. Sargent
Kansas City, Kansas

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**H Is Name**

His name was Fred Bessiere, a twenty-five-year-old draftsman who worked for his contractor father, and things got interesting for Sheree and Fred practically the moment Sheree got to know him. He may have asked her—not Dona—for a date, but she declined, loyally. Soon after, Dona gave up and Fred took Sheree out. "The third time he asked," she says, "We went to the Coconut Grove and I ordered a salisbury steak and asked for a steak knife—it's just hamburger, you know!" At the table Fred cut out a box with his mother's diamond ring in it. "It really laid a bomb with me," Sheree confesses. "I didn't know what was up until he asked me to marry him and then I said, 'Do you know what you're doing—because I sure don't!'" She got so rattled that she told him her real age—fifteen instead of the seventeen she'd fibbed about at first. But Fred said that was okay—they'd elope and keep it secret and she could live home until she was eighteen.

It might have worked. But after the ride to Las Vegas, it was that made Sheree want to go back to Mrs. Frederick Bessiere, the father didn't last long. They forgot about the legal papers, which soon dropped into the mailbox. Sheree's mother saw those and no-body was there to tell her that's really legal. You can't get married if you lie about your age—even in Nevada. They had to drive back up and do it all over again. Sheree's ceremony was in the Methodist church with a minister.

But it wasn't all moonlight and roses for Sheree after that. They lived at Fred's folks' and at Sheree's but she kept right on doing it. She was someone as young as I was could have a baby." She was practically shanghaied to the maternity home by her mother but remained unconvincing, refusing to just psychiatric. But the doctor was right. Her marriage was a real and convincing baby. Five weeks later Sheree was dancing again. This time she had to. She had a child to support. Her marriage had been bad that, but because of various court hassles she had to get divorced two separate times. Only last September did Sheree's final decree arrive, and then Baby Dawn was almost five years old.

Meanwhile, it was all up to Sheree—and for a long time the going was pretty rough. It isn't much fun for a sixteen-year-old girl to run into disillusion in
ter to support. But Sheree has always packed plenty of moxie. She went right to work. Luckily, her family could take care of Dawn while she was away.

She got chorus girl jobs at $50 to $75 a week around Hollywood's night spots. Sheree did whatever came up. She went to Texas to model at the Shamrock Hotel, down to Mexico to pose for a resort advertising booklet. She made commercial films at business conventions and some on the daring dance side. Just recently, these had to be shown in a Los Angeles court where a couple of characters were up for sending naughty films through the mails.

She was wide-awake. "She really weren't very good," was his verdict. "But still not bad." Sheree said, "Now I can go to my PTA."

Of course art wasn't Sheree North's aim then. She was scraping to pay Dawn's milk bill. Things looked rosy once when a choreographer pal, Lee Scott, worked some dances with her and took them to MGM. Sheree got a utility dancer's contract because they needed a high kicker for Sally Forrest then. She worked in one picture called Excuse My Dust but she's not so sure she stayed in it. At least she's never had a look.

The best spot Sheree ever drew during those struggle days was at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. She had worked for Nils T. Granlund, both in his girlie lines and on his TV show, to win watches, bathing suits or anything useful. One day he offered her a job with his show in Vegas, as a speciality dancer, also helping on the routines and costume design. Although that resort didn't bring back pleasant memories to Sheree, she leaped at the $175 a week, board and room. She stayed for eight months, working up a nice little dodge on the side just for fun.

"I used to get in conversations with the Big Wheels around the tables," admits Sheree, "and casually mention it would be a nice night for a swim. It gets pretty chilly in Vegas on winter nights and they always thought I was crazy. So they'd bet me twenty dollars I wouldn't dive into the pool." With a bathing suit handy under her formal Sheree took them right up, raced through the ley wind and splashed like Esther Williams. Of course, she knew something they didn't seem to know. The pool was heated—It was really just like taking a warm bath!

Her salary, tips from lucky gamblers (one gave her $900 with a line of sentimental poetry thrown in) and a number of swimming pool bets piled up the first decent stake Sheree had ever had. She knew what she wanted to do with it—get out of this up-and-down life away from home. She had plans for the secretarial course when she took that job at Macayo. Even after Bob Alton found her there she went ahead with it for several weeks. What changed her mind?

"He was the first man who ever had real faith in me," explains Sheree. "He'd been through pretty much the same thing as I had a divorce and a kid left to raise. I just felt he understood, that I should trust him and do what he said."

EVEN IN THAT ASSURANCE there were times when Sheree's trip to New York for Hazel Flagg looked like another expensive wild goose chase. She had to buy luggage and winter clothes. Her salary was only $34 a week during rehearsals and they went on for almost two months. She'd never been to New York before and there were moments when Sheree North wondered if she should have her head examined for getting talked out of her respectable plans. Especially Christmas

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now they were all gone. The kids were long ago in dreamland, and Beret, the dachshund, was sound asleep on the rug. But the spell lingered. Alan wasn't sleepy.

"Susie," he said at last, "you know something? We're just the two luckiest people in the world!"

As an actor, Alan is at the summit of a career he never dreamed could climb so high. Last year, he starred in Shane, one of Hollywood's great pictures. Hollywood's people, besides his luxurious modern house, owns a dream ranch free and clear with two ranch houses. He is raising horses and chickens and the sale of eggs is Munson's. He has made a profit, he has healthy annuities almost paid up and some blue-chip securities. Most valuable of all, he has Sue and their family—four wonderful children. "But Carol Lee, Alana, Laddie and David."

Alan Ladd has just treated this family to a fabulous excursion—a grand tour of Europe. His expenses were paid by his employers, only because he had been working. The Ladds couldn't have a brighter outlook.

Yet the same night that Alan Ladd voiced his appreciation of all this an anxious frown furrowed his brow. "Here I am back home," he worried, "and I'm out of a job!"

Sue Ladd didn't smile at that—maybe she should have. But she couldn't, even though they were both aware of the twenty-seven scripts stacked in his den,
the producers who’d kept the phone hope-fully but even that first day home, the contracts at Warners and Paramount still in force and The Covered Wagon that had been put off and off until he could make it. Sue grinned. That was because she knew—something was not in apple pie order and Alan always had to have that place picture perfect. The ranch was more than his hobby. It was something he’d devoted all his life to. And there was no way he was going to give it up. She’d tried to make it more than his hobby. She’d tried to make it more than his life. And there was no way she was going to give it up. And there was no way he was going to give it up.

She remembered the first day he came to her, the very first day, after she’d caught him on a radio show and called him in. "Pictures?" he’d said, "Not me. I’m not the type for pictures." She’d talked him into a try, fallen in love with him, married him and helped him to the heights—but she’d never convinced him. Not she nor anyone else. No matter if he lived to be a hundred, and won an Academy Award such a man. He would always be a rancher. He would always be a rancher.

When Humphrey Bogart was making Beat the Devil in London, he was invited to receive the Picturegoer magazine award as outstanding actor of the year. His wife, Lauren Bacall, had flown from Hollywood to see him receive the award, and arrived just as he started his acceptance speech. So Bogart hurried through his speech and gave his wife a kiss. He finished in record time and no sooner had he sat down to talk to Lauren, than shouts of "Retake, please!" arose.

Of course, he could, Alan shouted. But he had thanked Picture Post instead of Picturegoer. So, amid loud laughter, he rose and repeated his entire speech...

BOGART BLOOPS

When Humphrey Bogart was making Beat the Devil in London, he was invited to receive the Picturegoer magazine award as outstanding actor of the year. His wife, Lauren Bacall, had flown from Hollywood to see him receive the award, and arrived just as he started his acceptance speech. So Bogart hurried through his speech and gave his wife a kiss. He finished in record time and no sooner had he sat down to talk to Lauren, than shouts of "Retake, please!" arose.

Of course, he could, Alan shouted. But he had thanked Picture Post instead of Picturegoer. So, amid loud laughter, he rose and repeated his entire speech...
straight-faced. Thank God for you—and for the income tax! Say, since you're dressed—will you do me a favor? I left my cigarette lighter in the car last night."

Sue stepped out of the garage. She didn't get to Alan's car on the corner of Cape and because another one blocked her way—a shiny black Cadillac. On the door handle was a little, red boy and a dangling place-ard. "Susie—" it read, "Cuz I love you. It's yours, so go ahead and kill me—"The Daddy. P.S. I know we can't afford it—but it's all right."

Sue Ladd lingered thoughtfully, strok- ing the smooth new hardtop and reading that note over and over again. Alan had to make people happy—especially people he loved—but he also had to apologize for doing it.

A NYONE who has ever known Alan Ladd appreciates the paradox of his make-up. The restless, ambitious guy has sought and fought steadily for everything Holly- wood could give him but he has just as consistently backed away from the big treatment and easy capers. When you've been as poor as Alan Ladd has been, you don't forget it easily. A kid who lost his father when he was a baby, rattled across the country in a creaking jalopy, Okie style, and knocked around depression-strewn America in transient camps under the stern discipline of a step- father, does not develop a taste for high life. A boy who earned everything he got himself and had to fight for it, light- ly. A man who watched the mother he adored die before his eyes with himself still unproved and a failure, is not prone to lose sympathy for the "lucky" for a lark. Alan Ladd literally had holes in the soles of his shoes when the tide turned for him. He couldn't trip up a primrose path by the skin of his teeth. Early in his career Paramount sent him and Sue to New York for personal ap- pearances and put them up at the Wal- dorf-Astoria. One night he ordered two hamburgers to the room. When he saw the $5 tab he couldn't eat it. It hadn't been long since Alan himself had been frying hamburgers and selling them for a dollar apiece in an Indiana drug store.

In those early days at Paramount the star of the picture was known to grab scenery and lift it before a razzing yell from the grips, and "Alan, let's see your union card!" stopped him. It sometimes happens today, because AI still has that union card from the days when he was a grip, and lucky to be one.

When workmen are at Alan's house he hustles them beers and Cokes. Sue tells of the time when he accidently slept late one morning. Around nine o'clock she called out, "Alan, time to get up!" Back came a hurried whisper, "S-h-h-h-h. don't let the carpenters hear you. They'll think I'm a bum!"

W HEN THE LADDS moved into their Holmby Hills house they gave two housewarming parties. The neigh- bors, another for Alan's real friends, the gang he had worked with for years. "This is the one I really enjoyed," he told Sue at the post-mortem. "The food was good. But you're likely to see around his pool and his house today, the same ones who crowded around the train gate when he came home. And then you see them tee-ing up in constantly and Alan Ladd constantly shoves his collection of honors that Sue made on a shelf, back into the corner. "Honey, please!" he begs. "They'll think I'm bragging."

This is no pose with Alan, as it is with so many stars. He packs an almost persis- tent urge to share his luck with the people he came from, the only ones with whom he feels really comfortable and secure.

One out-of-work friend came to dinner the other night and Alan spotted a frayed collar. He left with six of Alan's best shirts. Another unemployed photographer showed up for a swim, borrowed Alan's best and the Ladd kids. He couldn't give it back. Things like that happen all the time.

F ROM HIS hunger days, Alan retains a pack rat urge to save things. "Maybe I'll need them some time," he says. The real reason is that I like things I can hold in my hand."

Sue gave Alan a beautiful Audemar Piguet watch when they were in Switzerland, the

A Hollywood producer, incensed by complaints from a political group there, warned them: "I'll take it higher and higher and higher—until I get to the bottom of this."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

FINES made anywhere; only twelve a year are produced. He likes to look at it. But he wears "the watch," a plain gold tucker Sue gave him back when they first fell in love. Boxes and rings, he's got all that, and such, but he wears only his wedding band and his service ID bracelet.

You could go on and on, describing the way in which Alan Ladd constantly reas- sures himself of his great good luck and at the same time backs away from flaunting it. But maybe his recent stay in Europe—the trip people said was bound to change him—shows it best of all.

A LAN didn't want to go. "Why leave here?" he answered when foreign of- fers came. "This is the best place, isn't it?"

In the end he decided to go but only because his London wife, Alan Ladd continuously reas- sures himself of his great good luck and at the same time backs away from flaunting it. But maybe his recent stay in Europe—the trip people said was bound to change him—shows it best of all.

E VEN with the house rented, everything stored, his entire family abroad the Ile de France, he couldn't call the whole thing off when the boat docked at Southampton.

It was four-thirty a.m. and still dark when the British reporters climbed aboard, loaded for bear. Who, they demanded, did Alan Ladd think he was, coming to Eng- land to play a British war hero? Didn't he know that the British appreciated paratroopers symbolized England's wartime courage.

The battery of questions was a shock. He had thought that coming over was a peace goodwill mission, not between the two countries. Besides, as he tried to explain that morning, the role in Paratrooper was about an American who came voluntarily to fight in the Red Beret. "I just love England. But he was so shaken by the ex- perience that when the reporters departed he had to go back to his stateroom and lock the door and call the friend who was home, "honey," he told Sue. "They don't like me here."

But they did. Before he left Britain Alan had ordered the place almost as thor- oughly as any foreigner since 1066. He was voted the most popular star in England. But perhaps he wouldn't have had the heart to stick around if something hadn't happened a few days after he arrived. Visiting Shepperton studio, he sneaked on to the set of Moulin Rouge to have a look at how they did things over there. A thou- sand extras and workers were crowded into the place and when they set up a
shout he thought he'd stumbled into a scene. But the shouting was all about himself—a welcome from his kind of people. Alan watered up that time, too, and today tags it the biggest thrill of his trip. It was the assurance that he was welcome and wanted.

But if they had turned the guard at Buckingham Palace in honor it couldn't have banished the ache he packed for home. He saw new sights and like the rest of the family, he acquired an education he couldn't have bought at home. But, as Sue noted, "All the time we were gone Alan was trying to prove to himself that he'd never left home."

Hallowe'en came and even if the neighbors didn't know what he was up to, he checked out the big house they rented in orange and black streamers, carved pumpkins and lighted them in the windows. He sent the kids, Lonnie and Davy, out rapping on doors and yelling, "Trick or treat!" to the astonishment and confusion of the countryside. Two nice ladies thought they were burglars and called the bobbies.

At the Paris restaurants he tasted what Sue ordered, made a face, and tried to say "bistek" in pidgin French. He outraged porters everywhere, although he tipped them generously, because he grabbed his own bags half the time, hating as always to have anyone do anything for him. Hotelkeepers were dismayed when he asked to fry his own hamburgers.

WHEREVER the Ladds rambled—through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium—everything Alan saw only reminded him of what he liked better at home.

The winter sports at St. Moritz only suggested Old Baldy back home. Monte Carlo was a glittering kick (especially when he put two bucks on the dice and walked out with two hundred) but to Alan it was just Las Vegas in dress clothes. Venice was swell, but he liked the Grand Canal best skimming over it in a motorboat as he used to on Balboa Bay in California. His favorite spot in Rome was the sports forum that Mussolini built to revive Italy's athletic prowess. That was where Alan headed late on moonlit nights, yanked off his shoes, dug starting holes in the cinder track and had Sue clock him in the 100-yard dash! Wherever they went, Sue had to find a U.S. Army PX and buy pancake mix and canned chili and beans.

TO THIS DAY, Sue wonders what kept Alan from going over the hill for Hollywood when they came as close as Banff.

---

"Audrey Hepburn is not yet a full-fledged star!"

That statement, believe it or not, was made by Don Hartman, top executive of Paramount. Audrey's own studio.

"Because," Hartman explained, "Audrey has yet to prove that she can carry a picture by herself."

"She is an immensely talented actress. Charming, winsome and all of that. But is her name box office? That's the only proof of stardom we have."

"She was wonderful in Roman Holiday, but although everyone who saw it liked it, we didn't make as much money on the picture as we should have made."

"In Audrey's second picture, Sabrina, we've cast her opposite two of the biggest names in the business, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. It's a great chance for her."

"But if it does well, we'll probably see if Audrey can carry a picture by herself. That will be the acid test."

When Humphrey Bogart was asked if he considered Miss Hepburn a full-fledged movie star, he asked, "Which Miss Hepburn?"

Told it was Audrey, Bogey agreed with Hartman.

"It's much too early to tell," Bogart explained. "I've seen kids come along who were real hot for a couple of pictures and then flickered out. This kid's got class and ability. No doubt about it. But has she got that certain something the public is willing to spend money for? We'll just have to wait and see."

Bill Holden, however, has no doubts.

"In my book," says her fellow Academy Award winner, "Audrey Hepburn is a big star right now."

WHEN IS A STAR?

Audrey has her Oscar, but Bogey says she has yet to pass the acid test!

---

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WHEN IS A STAR?

Audrey has her Oscar, but Bogey says she has yet to pass the acid test!
in Canada, to make Saskatchewan. When Carole Lee and Laddie took off for Holly-
wood from there, Alan gazed so wistfully after the kids that it wouldn’t have sur-
prised her if she’d had to chase after him across the glacial Bow River like Eliza
crossing the ice.

But there was still The Black Knight to make in England. After that, he could
have played two more pictures abroad if he’d wanted to.

By that time Alan Ladd had a one track
mind and it led nowhere but home. The S.S. United States brought him there, and
of all the 36,000 miles he covered, that last
stretch from Le Havre was the best. Two
foreign flag ships sailed more conveniently
but as Alan told Sue firmly, “No more
boats where I have to wake you up to order
ham and eggs for breakfast in French.” First thing he did aboard the floating
bit of homeland was to roam around the
ship treating his ears to American ac-
cents.

He was up at five a.m. to see the Statue
of Liberty loom into view and his
stay in New York amounted to four fast
hours. That was enough to say hello to his
pal, Lloyd Nolan, playing on Broadway, and
to call Hannah, the cook out in Holly-
wood, and tell her what he wanted for
dinner the night he got home—“Ham,
cornbread and black-eyed peas.”

AL All of this is a montage of memories to
Alan Ladd, very pleasant ones, but
he’s thankful they’re in the past. “Look,”
said Ladd to the tough guy, “I have to
have the trip, I’m so
lucky for everything I can’t believe it.
But the best luck is being right here where
I belong. You planning a trip? People are
talking all over the world—that’s the
right talk. Sights are sights—and I’ve
seen some great ones. But there isn’t
any sight better than this.” And he waved
his hand in a circle embroidered with
the things that were unmistakably his, right
where he could see and touch them if he wanted to.

It embraced a wavy little carbon copy of
himself, named David, learning to fly on
the springboard just as his old man used to
do. “Hit the board harder—and straighten
out those knees,” shouted Alan. It took
in a dainty ten-year-old doll named Alana,
watching all this gravely with her
chum, Katie. “Can your daddy really dive, too?”
asked Katie. “My daddy can do anything,”
came the wistfully reply.

THAT circle also took in a manly sixteen-
year-old called Laddie who carefully
polished a new Ford his dad had just
given him. There was another one for Carole Lee—with apologies to his six other
kids, “I hope I can afford one for you, too,
when you grow up.” It embraced the big,
comfortable house where Jerry and Han-
nah were already fixing lunch in the
kitchen and Belle, in the office, was filing
papers for Ladd Enterprises, which will
produce pictures.

It included the ranch out in Hidden Val-
ley. In fact it swung all around Hollywood,
where Alan Ladd had grown up in poverty
and miraculously found his future and his
fortune.

Sue came in. “Your agent’s on the phone.
He says there’s an offer for you to make a
picture in Boston.”

Alan said, “Well, if there’s a venture that
I can do, I guess she always will be.”

I thought of a remark a friend of Alan’s once made to me. “There isn’t a star in
Hollywood who’s handled his success better than Alan Ladd, and nobody
handled Alan better than Sue.”

It’s a case of two heads and two hearts
which have brought the good things
that Alan meant when he swept his arm
around and said “all this.” The win-
ning combo is no more likely to change
than Alan Ladd is. If twelve years in
the pressure cooker of Hollywood can’t do it,
a trip to Europe won’t turn the trick.

WHY DID ROCK HUDSON TAKE
BETTY ABBOTT TO IRELAND?

I’d rather stay home

(Continued from page 36) was making
crummy introductions to her salary, apparently
thinking of a dozen other things. That’s a
very deceptive appearance, though. Her
mind is never very far away when Mike is speaking;
he’s just there to listen to him
talk. During a dull she looked up,
pony-faced, and said, “I think one of the
tobacco companies ought to make a but-
sized cigarette—for people who want to
quit smoking.”

It was so unexpected that everyone pres-
ent was tickled, but Mike most of all; he
chortled. Nobody has cornered the mar-
et on comedy in that household, and
O’Shea’s wife can always provoke him to
laughter. “My old lady!” He shakes his
tousled head in wonder and grins broadly.

WELL, what about all the obstacles? A
marriage doesn’t survive them just be-
cause a man, his wife, or both occasionally
entertain an amusing thought. You can’t
beat a sense of humor for adding spice to
life, but you also can’t bank on one to com-
pensate for everything else.

That appreciable difference in age should

In the next month in
Modern Screen

I just knew I wanted to marry Michael the first time I met him,” Virginia ex-
plains. “It was very sudden—I didn’t ex-
pect it to happen that way. Because mar-
rriage was so far away. I had always
imagined it would take me a long time to
make up my mind. But then,” she adds
after a pensive look into her past, “I never
fell just madly in love, that’s for sure.
As for himself, he got clobbered just as
quickly, with just as much finality. “First
time I laid eyes on my old lady, I asked her
to marry me, and she said yes, and said “all this.” The win-
ning combo is no more likely to change
than Alan Ladd is. If twelve years in
the pressure cooker of Hollywood can’t do it,
a trip to Europe won’t turn the trick.

These are the words of a great cover-up
guy. They didn’t wait half a decade be-
cause there were no doubts in Virginia’s
moved earth and stone to secure a divorce from his first wife. They had been separated a number of years, an arrangement she found satisfactory. Their youthful marriage was a civil ceremony, so there were not even religious barriers to a divorce. Only perjury—but Virginia and Mike aren’t the sort to talk about things like that. It’s easier more pleasant, if Mike says in his elaborately casual way, “I thought give Virginia a chance to back out—”

They have that in common. Virginia is so pleasantly unassuming that one would think she was Mike’s creation, but Virginia writer admits, “I’ve worked with her off and on for ten years, and I still don’t know whether she likes me or not. And so with the O’Shea, volatile as he is. If people don’t take the trouble to look below the surface, he isn’t about to reveal the inner man for their idle inspection. When the aforesaid fellow came of age, some years after the marriage of Virginia and Mike, to claim an imposing amount of back alimony on the grounds that Virginia’s salary was quite commensurate, he brought a test case in court. Everything Virginia has she gladly gives to Mike, but she thought the claim unfair and fought it. Unfortunately, she lost—which meant that a sum estimated at $25,000 went out of the family coffers. The whole town knew that Mike wasn’t making such money, that he would have made some out of Virginia’s earnings, if the O’Shea hadn’t taken the day of speculation and gossip. Mike had sold a dear piece of property at a loss to put that money back. But only a handful of the trouble to find that out.

This is Carole’s snapshot of Scott

SNAP-HAPPY

While at the Cheyenne Rodeo in Wyoming I saw Scott Brady making some action shots for Bronco Buster. After the Rodeo I was thrilled when he agreed to pose for a picture, but I thought I was out of luck when the look on my camera jammed. You can imagine how amazed I was when he walked over, took the camera out of my nervous hands, unloaded it for me and then posed for the picture.

Carole Hayes

Evansville, Indiana

Similarly, there was considerable talk to the effect that Virginia was bringing home the bacon while Mike stayed home and laid the eggs. One of the two, writers, incidentally a friend of O’Shea, finally took courage in hand and approached him with the idea of writing a story on the subject. "Sure," said Mike, "You can do it. But the result was Modern Screen’s story, "Somebody Has To Stay Home." In it Mike made no veiled attempts to justify his position. He pointed out that since Virginia was nearing the peak of her career and there was no large demand for his type at the moment, it would be pretty silly for her to stay home while he went out to work for less. These are the things Mike O’Shea will tell you if it makes a good story. He doesn’t mention, however, the run-of-the-play contract he has offered to Virginia. It’s a fact that Virginia was nearing the peak of her career and there was no large demand for his type at the moment; it would be pretty silly for her to stay home while he went out to work for less. These are the things Mike O’Shea will tell you if it makes a good story. He doesn’t mention, however, the run-of-the-play contract he has offered to Virginia. It’s a fact that Virginia was nearing the peak of her career and there was no large demand for his type at the moment; it would be pretty silly for her to stay home while he went out to work for less.
Pretty simple, isn’t it? I know people so
insecure that they have to be right all of
the time, regardless of where the chips fall.
Me, I’d rather be married to Virginia.”
His volatile face was sobered, his voice
nakedly sincere, as he added, “I wouldn’t
tell you what to do without her; my life revolves
around the fact that she’s the only one who
can weigh being right all the time against that?”

They were both silent a moment before
Virginia said in agreement with her husband’s
thought, “We don’t make a big thing of it, that we never fight. But fights
do leave scars, you know.”

“Not mine,” Mike repeated. “Corny as it sounds, you can forgive some-
one you love—and really mean it with all
your heart—but you can’t forget something
cruel that was said or done in the heat of
anger. A little of love is killed, a little of
closeness that’s essential to marriage slips
away, because you start putting up bar-
riers so you don’t get hurt in that particu-
lar way again… Nothing’s worth that.
Sometimes I give in to Virginia on a
point when I know she’s dead wrong; it
doesn’t matter. She’s gonna find out for
herself that she was wrong, but that doesn’t
matter, either—I don’t want her dragging
her heels over to me to say that she’s sorry.
Sorry for what? That she had a conviction?
That she’s not the one with mine and I’ve really pulled a rock
—but she never held it against me afterward
that I was wrong.”

“I guess you could put it this way,” Vir-
ginia summed it up. “I love Michael and he
loves me, and no difference of opinion is
as important as what we have together and
the way we feel about each other.”

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July 1.

After the birth of the baby, Virginia was
dissatisfied with her shape, silly as it might
seem. Superfluous weight had been melted off
by exercise, but she felt that she was too soft.
She began to take tennis lessons from her friend and
former world champion Alice Marble. Mike was
the coach, and they walked on a court together.
He knew from nothing about the game, so little
that he asked if a high lob constituted a foul—but his lady was learning,
so Himself drifted over to the court. He
listened with pleasure to the report that his
wife would be a very good player. (When
a bayaderest explained that anyone
desropic as Virginia could belt the ball
so hard, Alice shook her head. “It doesn’t
surprise me. The first time I shook hands
with Virginia, she nearly broke my tired
old tennis hand.”) He admired, in a spate
of blarney, the two long-legged blondes
as they stood side by side, tirelessly work-
ing on serve, drive, or other. The champ
explained, the star listened, and then they
dipped into a basket of balls to try it.

On the sideline the rusty-haired, bright-
eyed Virginia sat. Just as the balls began to spray over the oppo-
site side of the court, she rose and won-
dered in that direction. Probably there
was never a more inconspicuous figure on a
tennis court than Mike O’Shea in his battered
Stetson and high-heeled boots, but he
ever left. Without a word, he collected
balls so that Virginia need not interrupt
her lesson to fetch them when the basket was
empty. Just a little extra effort.

Similarly, there is Virginia’s attitude to-
ward baseball. As everyone who has
been within earshot of her husband knows,
he digs baseball the most. He not only
roots for the Pirates. He has been with
the Stars, but in the past he has worked out
with them when they played at home and
traveled with them on road trips. Virginia
couldn’t care less. She knows perfectly well
that baseball is all about, having played it
in school, and in her adult years she has
become mildly disinchanted. So why does she
chase the Pirates and the Pirates chase
her to go, so she makes the little extra effort.
He isn’t sure it’s worth it. He introduces
the team’s leading slugger, saying, “He hit
322 with the star of Virginia portrays the
man, “Hello.” He brings one of
the fielders over with the admiring
statement, “Get the best arm in the league,
sweetie. Nobody ever takes bases on
him!” and Virginia says, “How do you do?”
to the modest hero.

“They look at her kind of funny,” Mike
said in some embarrassment.

He had some hopes for her one night last
season, when they were sitting in the box
sneaking a first glimpse of some of the
more exciting games, and throughout Vir-
ginia sat on the edge of her seat. More or
less. When the last play was made, the
O’Sheas would exclaim to Virginia and asked, “Well, how did you like that?”

There was a faraway look in her beau-
tiful eyes. “Like what, Michael?”

“Which? The game? The Pirate?”

“Oh, the game!” she answered. “I didn’t see
it. The drive-in theatre next door is
showing a picture of mine that I haven’t
seen. I was with a good friend, but
there’s no one here to hear anything, of course, but if you look right
over there—see, between those two trees—
the screen is perfectly clear.”

“But who do you think is president and
his wife?” Mike groans when he remembers
it. Then he leans over to kiss Virginia. “My
old lady,” he says with enormous pride. “My
old lady!”

(End)
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"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, “I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it’s the most wonderful beauty soap I’ve ever used!”

Women Everywhere love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

Try it yourself! Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you’ll enjoy Camay’s famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There’s no finer beauty soap made!

Now more than ever... The soap of beautiful women
BING'S GARY: dad has his hands full

IS ROCK HUDSON AFRAID OF MARRIAGE?
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST:
Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the only leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF: Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty and your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Almost everybody eats some sweets—a particularly satisfying source of quick energy.

But after eating sweets, you should cut down the risk of cavities... with new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why.

Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 in new Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours—because it is an active-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) before decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds of people who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing this way with Ipana.
NEW!
DOCTOR'S
DEODORANT
DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics

Proved in underarm comparison tests made
by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested
under one arm, stopped perspiration odor
only a few hours. New Mum with M-3,
tested under other arm, stopped odor a
full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doc-
tor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3
(Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible
M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying
odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily.
Only leading deodorant containing no strong
chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by
American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—
new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary
napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

DEODORANT
with long-
lasting M-3

(new hexachlorophene)
In the ominous shadow of the Sphinx...

A desperate search for the lost treasures of the Pharaohs!
A forbidden love that burns like the desert sands! A fabulous adventure that comes to its climax in the jeweled tombs of the Pyramids!

M-G-M
actually filmed it in the valley of the Nile amid the wonders of the ages...
in magnificent COLOR!

Valley of the Kings

Starring

Robert Taylor • Eleanor Parker • Carlos Thompson

With Kurt Kasznar • Victor Jory and Samia Gamal

Written by Robert Pirosh and Karl Tunberg • Suggested by Historical Data in "Gods, Graves and Scholars" by C.W. Conder. Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • Printed in TECHNICOLOR

Death duel of the Tuareg tribe!

Sandstorm! Terror of the Sahara!

Samia Gamal's "Dance Of The Hour!"
Tampax won't "show" on "those days" for each other! You can scarcely think of a bulky external pad in connection with today's sleek suits, but Tampax is different. It's internal sanitary protection —is actually invisible, once it's in place.

Tampax and bathing suits were made for each other! The hotter it gets, the more need for Tampax. For this modern sanitary protection actually prevents odor from forming! And you'll surely be delighted to learn that Tampax never chafes or irritates. The wearer doesn't even feel it!

Tampax and sun-bathing were made for each other! Yes! you can even go swimming while wearing Tampax. Think what that means during vacation days. You don't even need to worry about taking along extra protection. A whole month's supply of Tampax can be slipped into the purse. Then, too, (and this is important!) Tampax is very easy to dispose of. Get a package this month! At drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Why is it that Frank Sinatra cannot get the lead in *Pal Joey* at Columbia? He wants it badly and he's a natural.
   —B.T., New York, N. Y.
   A. During the making of *From Here To Eternity* Sinatra directed a few harsh words toward Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures. Mr. Cohn has a long memory.

Q. Didn't Rhonda Fleming reconcile with her husband because Jeff Chandler said he wasn't interested in marriage?
   —T.E., Salt Lake City, Utah
   A. No, that wasn't the reason. Miss Fleming decided to give her marriage one more chance.

Q. Before she married Freddie Karger, Jane Wyman went with Travis Kleefeld, a boy ten years her junior. What has happened to Kleefeld?
   —J.Y., Dallas, Tex.
   A. He has become a crooner under the name of Tony Travis.

Q. Did Rita Hayworth really have to pay off her first husband, Eddie Judson, in order to get a divorce?
   —S.L., Macon, Ga.
   A. There was a financial settlement in which Mr. Judson received a considerable amount of money.

Q. I understand that Don Taylor and Teresa Wright walked out of their respective marriages because they were attracted to each other. True or false?
   —H.G., Chicago, Ill.
   A. False. They met after their respective separations, and there is still a possibility that the Taylors will reconcile.

Q. Hasn't Eddie Fisher been secretly dating Donald O'Connor's ex-wife, Gwen?
   —G.Y., Great Neck, N. Y.
   A. It's a secret.

Q. Does Terry Moore really give the Mormon Church one-tenth of her earnings? What is her salary?
   —J.K., Louisville, Ky.
   A. True. She earns $75 a week.

Q. Is Simone Silva, the girl who disrobed in front of Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Festival, really British?
   A. True. She is a New Yorker.

Q. Is the Dale Robertson-Mary Murphy romance on the level or another publicity gag?
   —D.M., Munvale, Va.
   A. On the level.

Q. A year or so ago Colleen Townsend left the movies for religion. What's happened to her since?
   —F.L., Miami, Fla.
   A. She's in Scotland with her husband, a divinity student. She hopes to make a picture soon with Evangelist Billy Graham.

Q. Does Clark Gable have any men friends? I understand all his close friends are women.
   —G.E., Evanston, Ill.
   A. Two of Gable's closest friends are wine dealer Al Menasco and producer Wayne Griffen.

Q. I've read that *Gone With The Wind* will be turned into a musical comedy. When will it be ready for release?
   —V.D., Boise, Idaho
   A. No definite schedule. Just an idea of David Selznick's.

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor pregnant again? Isn't that why she and Mike Wilding just bought a larger house?
   —M.T., East Detroit, Mich.
   A. Liz plans to have another baby as soon as possible.

Q. Where is the best place to write a movie star, at her home or at her studio?
   —H.B., Hamilton, Ont.
   A. Studio.

Q. I understand men are afraid to date Shelley Winters. Why is this?
   —D.E., New Philadelphia, Ohio
   A. Miss Winters is sometimes an autocratic companion.

Q. I've been told that since she got married and got a new contract, Marilyn Monroe has gone high hat. What about it?
   —R.R., Vineland, N. J.
   A. No doubt Marilyn has changed. She is currently more reserved.

Q. Who is the oldest star in motion pictures?
   —R.F., Montreat, N. C.
   A. It's a secret.
Spillane speaking...

“My eyes crawled over the babe in the too-tight tights, and then it happened... The whole circus suddenly turned into a shooting gallery with the performers as clay pigeons... I had to catch up fast. Maybe there would be a .45 slug going in one ear and out the other...!”

CLYDE BEATTY and his gigantic 3-RING CIRCUS actually performing death-defying feats against his man-devouring jungle beasts!

MICKEY SPILLANE bringing you every bullet-and-blonde thrill in the sensational way he’s famous for!

RING OF FEAR

WARNER BROS. present it in CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

PAT O'BRIEN SEAN McCLOSKY MARILYN CARR JOHN BRENNER PHILIP MAURO EDWARD GRANT ROBERT M. FELLOWS WAYNE FELLOWS
NEVER IN HIS LIFE has easy-going Alan Ladd been as furious as he is over the front-page charges of the Reno Chamber of Commerce that Alan asked for $500 cash, hotel and traveling accommodations for eight people and a tape recorder before he would show up in Reno to accept their annual Silver Spur award for Shane.

Alan won't say anything, but here is the blow-by-blow account furnished by Alan's press agent, Warren Cowan, who handled the unfortunate arrangements.

"It was a complete misunderstanding," Warren says, "due to the fact, I believe, that all our talks were over the phone. Take the tape recorder thing, first.

"When the Reno committee originally called, they asked if there was anything special they could furnish to make the event as enjoyable as possible for Alan. They said they wanted all his children, his wife and his secretary to come along.

"I told them that the children had a tape recorder on which they've recorded many important events in Alan's life both here and abroad, and if it was possible to rent one or to loan them one it would please the Ladds and save taking along their own heavy machine.

"Nobody wanted a new tape recorder. The Ladds have one."

Warren went on, "Now about that $500 cash. This is a complete goof on all sides. When I told them that the Ladds did not like to fly and bad refused the offer of a chartered plane, I was asked how many people would be in the party and about how much the train fares might run.

"I mentioned the $500, and they said they would take it. I was asked why I wanted it, but I said I wanted it for Purple Heart money, and I got a letter from an organization saying it's all right to accept it."

"When I went to the Chamber and said no, they got upset and that's why Alan is upset. It's a complete misunderstanding."

"After checking with the railroad company about fares for only the people already invited by the Reno officials, I told them the amount would run about $500, round trip. That's how that odd amount got in the picture. Believe me, if Alan were charging the regular rates he gets for a personal appearance, it would be many times $500.

"It never crossed his mind to charge for an appearance in which he was to be honored with an award.

"Believe me, I know Alan in a business way and I can say that there is no more generous man to deal with nor one more fair. He's heartbroken about the Silver Spur's award being called off because of misunderstandings."

I privately believe that everything could have been straightened out had the Reno
officials "held their horses" instead of giving out with a blast which hit the front pages of the newspapers.

JOAN CRAWFORD called me almost in tears the day a Los Angeles newspaper started a series of stories reputedly based on her life story.

"If the other installments are like this first one," Joan said grimly, "I should be tarred and feathered."

I hadn't read the offending article at this time and I asked what was so awful.

"For one thing, it says that a reporter asked Mrs. Sterling Hayden if she had ever met me. Sterling was my leading man in Johnny Guitar, as you know. Mrs. Hayden is quoted as replying:

'I've never heard of him."

And if I do I shall slap her face after what she did to Sterling all during the making of the picture.'"

It's hardly a friendly remark. But I told Joan she shouldn't take it too hard. I know I've been panned by experts.

"But I'm so puzzled about Sterling," she protested. "We didn't have an unkind word during the making of the picture. With Mercedes McCambridge—that's another matter, one I'd prefer not to discuss. But Mr. Hayden always seemed very friendly."

"After the sneak preview of the picture I sent him a telegram congratulating him on his performance. Later, I sent him another congratulatory wire when I read in your column that he had been cast for a fine role in a new film."

For Sterling Hayden to know about Joan (and he gave out an interview in which he stated, "I've had enough of Joan Crawford!"

If it's true that Joan loves a good fight—it appears she's got one brewing with the Sterling Haydens.

I HAVE LIVED at last—finally caught up with Portland Mason, five-year-old "wonder child" of the James Masons—who was the sensation (pro and con) of Kirk Douglas' cocktail party.

"Porty" spoke up and told me that she was in love with Kirk but she thought the party was lousy, principally, I look it, because of the presence of his date, Anne Buydens.

I wasn't close enough to hear what she was saying to Clifton Webb but it must have been something judging from his open
Top Designers Agree: 
Slim summer fashions start 
with a Playtex figure!

Emilto of Capri: In 
summer, to be in style you've 
got to be in Playtex first! 
Slims and trims like magic.

See how 

Playtex 
Fabric Lined 
Panty Brief

narrates your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras!" And Playtex performs its wonders in such comfort—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such freedom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—invisible under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief, $4.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50 to $7.95
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

LOUELLA PARRSONS' good news

(Touchstone) Continued

Later Clifton remarked, "I understand this child has been swimming since she was six months old. It's my considered opinion that she should remain under water at all cocktail parties."

The actor who got the most cheers and caused the most excitement at the opening of the Ice Capades was John Agar. Quite a few important stars experienced the surprise of their careers when the autograph kids outside passed them up in favor of Shirley Temple's ex-husband. John looks absolutely great these days; he's been on the wagon almost a year, and he's very happy with his wife, Loretta.

I'm very glad that Universal-International has signed John to a long term contract. I hope all his bad luck is behind him.

Close-up of Grace Kelly: She thought the Ray Millands were separated when she made Dial "M" for Murder with Ray and gossip of their romance started. When she found out that she was the cause of the trouble, she dropped him like a hotcake... She washes her face in soap and water which probably accounts for her very fresh scrubbed look... Men, married or single, fall for her practically on first sight... She's a great listener, never interrupts... Some women don't like her because they resent her... But she has a surprising number of women friends including lovely Rita Gam who is devoted to her... She eats out almost all the time, preferring cafe cooking to her own in her small apartment... If she doesn't have a date, she'll drop by a small cafe in Beverly Hills with a girl friend and have an early dinner before going home... Few fans recognize her in public—but they'll know her by this time next year after her five important pictures with such male stars as Bing Crosby, Bill Holden, Stewart Granger, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and other topnotchers are released... When a man is talking to her (even if it's business) she looks directly at him (there's a siren tip, gals). Don't let your attention wander from 'em... At first Bing Crosby didn't want her in Country Girl. thought she was too flirtatious and more interested in romances than in work. After three days she had the crooner, like all the other males, eating out of her hand. On the set, she's all business—no monkey business... She's the greatest find since Ingrid Bergman, the very first actress ever to have her picture on the covers of three national magazines within one month.

Alan Ladd made hand prints before Group Press Conference.
PIXIE... Only sixteen, but she knew there never was a Mr. Leslie... and said so!

"MR. LESLIE"... He gave her only half his name... and six weeks of ecstasy!

THE LOVERS... Mrs. Leslie's secret saved them... from their own shame!

SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"!

SHIRLEY BOOTH
ROBERT RYAN
HAL WALLIS' production
"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

Co-starring MARIE MILLAR - ALEX NICOL
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Screenplay by KETI FRINGS and HAL KANTER
From the novel by NINA SELMAR
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

NEVER DID I get an anonymous tip which worked out so well as did the telegram from Jackson Lake, Wyoming, telling me that Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess would be married aboard a cabin cruiser within the hour.

Usually I don’t operate so fast on a tip from an unknown source but this time my newspaper instinct came to the fore. Frankly, I had suspected as much and had stated a week previously that I thought Bob and Ursula would elope.

That they did. And they had the knot tied up in the fishing country which Bob loves so much and where he has spent so many happy vacations.

I believe that these two will be very happy. About six months ago they tested their love by a long separation, but they found they just couldn’t live without each other.

For the first time in his life, Bob is a family man. Ursula has two children whom he adores.

Margaret Swoze, both scared of elephants, do a dance with twenty elephants in Esther Williams’ Jupiter’s Darling—dancing on their backs, under them, being swept up in their trunks, and everything else conceivable.

“But worst of all,” said cute little Marge, “elephants give us hay fever!”

Meet Helen Rose, the very attractive brunette stylist who dresses all the glamour girls at MGM (including Ava Gardner, Esther Williams, Liz Taylor and Ann Blyth) on the screen and many of them in their private wardrobes.

I asked her how about passing on some fashion hints to our readers—how to look chic on perhaps not too much money—or any other ideas she might have.

“To the girl with the budgeted wardrobe, nothing is a greater boon than the current sweater and skirt outfit. Sweaters are so lovely now for all occasions that a working girl can wear the tailored type to the office and bloom out at night in the most exotic of cock-

Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride’s with Jergens Lotion. She says:

“I use detergents as often as you … but Jergens Lotion keeps my hands pretty!”

Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?

Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously improved for fifty years to help heal chapped, red hands instantly!

No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).

Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world’s favorite hand care, costs you less.

Granted a delay and new hearing on his request.
Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Hi... Does your wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?

Then think how much more beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men... envied by women... a softer, more charming you. Because your Lilt will look, feel and stay like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.30 plus tax
Somebody loves me...

When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover; he didn’t mind the trouble that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won’t tell you
The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you’re guilty of it... and even your best friend won’t tell you.

You needn’t be a wallflower
Why risk offending needlessly? And why trust to lesser precautions that deodorize only momentarily? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath with that wonderful germ-killing action? Listerine instantly stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end... four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine clinically proved
4 times better than tooth paste
Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news
Continued

tail or evening sweaters with beads and bows.

I’m also putting on a one-woman campaign to get my girls to give up, temporarily anyway, that old standby, ‘the little black number.’ All right, so there is nothing so serviceable. Be different. Try a Kelly green chiffon cocktail dress for a change—or a lovely yellow, if it is becoming. I promise—vivid colors will give you an added zip—and men like them.

“Stay away, however, from chartreuse, the most awful color in the world for any woman.

If a girl can’t have too many clothes, then she can vary what she has with interesting changes in costume jewelry. It’s never been more beautiful than it is this season—and reasonable, too.”

As a parting shot, Miss Rose advises, “Girls, narrow your skirts a bit. If you are still peticoat crazy, and many girls are, use one instead of four.”

When I went out to Judy Garland’s house to tape a radio interview with Miss Star Re-Born, both of her daughters, eight-year-old Liza, and seventeen-months-old Lorna, were very much present.

Liza, with her enormous brown eyes and Audrey Hepburn haircut, sat in on the recording. When her mother missed a cue, Liza said, “You goofed!”

Liza can stand on her head, a feat she performs at the slightest provocation. However, this mature child who talks like a grown-up, says, “Standing on my head hasn’t done me much good socially—so far.”

Lorna, a little beauty who looks like a great big doll, imitates everything her older sister does. Not quite able to stand on her head, she rolls around clutching her toes with her hands, like a tumbleweed.

It can’t be that Judy is as highly nervous as she is cracked up to be. The kids are all over her, literally in her hair, climbing over her shoulders or grabbing piggyback rides. All this, Judy takes in stride.

When I left, Liza accompanied me to the door. She said, hospitably, “Come again. There’s always something doing around here.” And, I believe her.

Yikes! Shelley Winters’ London-made movie, Million Dollar Baby will be directed by a woman, Muriel Box! Duck for the shelters, men!

Talk that Mitsi Gaynor and her mother were at swords’ points and that Mama

After months of hush-hush, Marilyn and...
DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

NOEL DELUXE
FEATURE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious cards—including satin "puff", gold bronzing, red velvet, lovely embossing
SELLS FOR ONLY $1.00

BIBLE TEXT
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Richly decorated religious cards with Scripture Text quotations
SELLS FOR ONLY $1.00

FUN A-PLENTY
CHRISTMAS COMIC ASSORTMENT
Novel animated cards with original cut-outs, pop-outs, unique folds and novelty attachments—including jingle bells and 3-D glasses
SELLS FOR ONLY $1.00

$35.00 IS YOURS
for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

PANSY REMEMBRANCE STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Charming pansy design, dainty scalloped borders, ribbon-tied

Mail Free Trial Coupon Today—
COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. 72, White Plains, New York
Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval for FREE TRIAL, and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _______ State _______

FREE SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS
and STATIONERY

ATTACHMENT OF ATTESTATION OF HOME GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

had moved out were all over town.
"It's true Mother has taken her own apartment," Mitzi tells me, "but we did not quarrel about Jack Bean (whom Mitzi is engaged to marry (?) or anything else too important.
"Mother just thought I was old enough to start living my own life. She said she'd been picking up after me for years and it was time she took a rest from both my wardrobe and my emotions."

IT MADE ME very happy to entertain the charming Mrs. William Randolph Hearst on one of the two evenings she spent recently in Beverly Hills. I can't recall a visitor to our town whom more of my star friends were eager to meet. Millicent, in her stunning blue gown and necklace of cabochon sapphires and diamonds was a gracious figure greeting the guests with her two handsome sons, William, Jr., and David, and their beautiful wives by her side.

We had cocktails in the garden and buffet dinner inside later. But the party really began to roll when Jimmy McHugh and Freddie Karger started alternating at the piano. Judy Garland, who arrived late with Sid Luft, was in fine fettle and gave with encore after encore.

Jane Wyman, in a stunning white taffeta dress, sang "Sunny Side Of The Street," with composer McHugh playing his own tune.

Then Jane—along with June Haver and Fred MacMurray—gave forth with some close harmony that would do credit to the Andrews Sisters. Fred brought along his saxophone.

But I think the singing which surprised everyone the most—and I mean Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Lana Turner, Lex Barker and Clifton Webb, among many more—was when Jack Warner, boss of Warners, "invited" himself to sing a number—and he was terrific. After he received rounds and rounds of applause, Jack said, "May cast myself in a musical with Doris Day."

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Hope Doris Day and Frank Sinatra remember to remain young at heart while they're making Young At Heart at Warners; no fireworks, please.

I'm very happy that Doe Avedon's career is off to such a big start in The High And The Mighty, particularly after the big tragedy in
her life. Her husband was killed in an automobile accident on their way to Hollywood.

Eleanor Parker can't hide it anymore. She's very much in love with artist Paul Clemens.

My, my, Isn't Terry Moore quiet these days? Anne Baxter looks like a young Marlene Dietrich in Carnival Story, soooo sexy.

Don't miss Three Coins In The Fountain, the most charming and delightful picture since Roman Holiday. You'll love Maggie McNamara, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters and that old smoothie, Clifton Webb.

I hear that Debbie Reynolds saves more money out of her salary than any other actress in Hollywood. Smart girl.

And the girl who has gained the most confidence in herself is Janet Leigh. A few years back Janet wouldn't have thought of putting her foot down to a studio. But she did recently—and plenty—when she told two studios, MGM and U-I, she had no intention of doing anything but loaf when she went to New York with Tony!

THE LETTER BOX: Pat Kennedy (no relation to Peter Lawford) of Key West, Florida, writes: "Thought you might be interested to hear that Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth made a great hit here—and that's more than I can say for conceited Robert Wagner when he was making 12-Mile Reef in our city. Dick and Rita were always cordial and friendly and we are sorry for their troubles. As for Robert Wagner, he should take lessons from a veteran like Gilbert Roland (in the same cast) and learn how to treat the public. Mr. Wagner can be replaced whether he knows it or not."

"Well, he knows it now, Pat.

I continue to be amazed at the amount of mail to this department from Europe, the most amazing angle being the excellent English in which it is written. From Barbara Sivgard, Stockholm, we hear: "One of our newspapers recently took a poll of the most popular American actors and actresses. The winning star was Elizabeth Taylor followed by Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Pier Angeli and Mitzi Gaynor. The leading actor was Gregory Peck with Farley Granger, Alan Ladd, Audie Murphy and Frank Sinatra as runners-up."

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

John Agar's sudden popularity has put his career back on a solid footing. His private life with wife Loretta is now well under control, too.
Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is —
☐ A lazy daisy ☐ A fem-le girl ☐ A Plain Jane
That camera she’s toting on a tippee-canoe ride: It’s expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she’s wearing—and the tennis racket she’ll use later. Don’t be a fem-le girl (“lend me” this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge calendar-time risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this extra absorbent napkin gives protection that doesn’t fail!

Does that very swish shindig call for —
☐ A new hairdo ☐ Your usual style
Yah—you look different all right, with that new sire-iish chignon! In fact, you’re a Stranger in Harry’s eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion’s no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at “that” time, it’s no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; holds its shape!

If you’re baffled by a French menu——
☐ Take a chance ☐ Get a translation
Better not stab at just anything listed. It might turn out to be snails’ brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire is that suave new blade-about-town you’d impress—let him pollytwo for you. Ask what vittles he’d suggest. In any language, confidence (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

When shouldn’t a gal just trust to luck?
☐ On a quiz show ☐ On certain days ☐ In Canada
It’s the wise lassie who doesn’t take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest* deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins . . . no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively destroys odors. Use Quest to be sure!

STEPSON OF THE SHEIK

Great lovers are few and far between—and hard to find!

- Hollywood, with its penchant for repeating its successes, has been combing the Latin countries for another Rudolph Valentino. Now MGM hopes to have found Valentino II in Carlos Thompson.

If you missed Carlos in Fort Aligiers you can see him with Lana Turner in Flame And The Flesh and with Eleanor Parker in Valley Of The Kings.

Thompson is tall, dark and twenty-nine. He has been regarded as a “De Carlo property,” because it was Yvonne who discovered him at the Uruguayan Film Festival in 1952 and said, “I must have you for my new picture!” She brought him to the States, got him the lead in Fort Aligiers. But instead of signing with her little company as she had expected, he signed with MGM.

Piper Laurie—and his other dates say he is an intellectual. The son of a former CBS correspondent in South America, Juan José Mundanschaffer (his real name) was educated in the States as a child and went to college in Buenos Aires. He says he has written three books in Spanish and is now at work on a fourth.

Since the Gary Coopers have been estranged, Rocky has been doing Hollywood with Carlos. Carlos may yet become a Valentino.
This was the moment unashamed...

when this man and this woman felt the first ecstasy of their Magnificent Obsession!

Universal-International presents

JANE WYMAN
ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH

Magnificent Obsession

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

WITH AGNES MOOREHEAD • OTTO KRUGER • GREGG PALMER

Directed by Douglas Sirk • Screenplay by Robert Blees • Produced by Ross Hunter
NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

In the biggest role of his career, wealthy Rock Hudson brings tragedy, then love, to Jane Wyman.

Picture of the Month: MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

Based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas (author of The Robe) the Magnificent Obsession is an inspirational, poignant drama of the power, usually latent within men, to love and help each other. The use of this power, as Otto Kruger explains, is the obsession. Once you choose to give yourself in the service of others, the giving becomes a need and driving force in your own life. Millionaire Rock Hudson has been squandering his life in high times and daredevil stunts, one of which indirectly leads to the death of an eminent physician—Jane Wyman's husband. In clumsy attempts at repayment, Hudson involves Jane Wyman in an accident which causes her blindness. Then a gradual transformation occurs in Hudson as the "magnificent obsession" takes over his life and brings him to personal fulfillment. Here, basically, is a love story charged with moments of great tenderness and pathos. At times it borders on sentimentality but its spiritual message is never lost. Among the cast are Barbara Rush, Agnes Moorehead, Gregg Palmer, Judy Nugent, Technicolor—U.I.

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN Toss a coin into the Fountain of Trevi and next year you'll be back in Rome. I'm willing—because this CinemaScope production makes Italy look like dreamland. The plot can't compare to the scenery but that doesn't spoil the fun. Arriving in Rome to work at the U.S. Distribution Agency, Maggie McNamara tosses a coin into the fountain and presto meets Prince Dino (Louis Jourdan). The poor girl doesn't have a chance when she sets him up for a proposal. Jean Peters, not so happy, because there's an agency rule forbidding co-workers to date, decides to go home. Rossano Brazzi (the co-worker in question) risks all, however, to proclaim his love. For 15 years Dorothy McGuire has been enamored of and secretary to novelist Clifton Webb. Until this year he has ignored her existence. This year, though, he acts like Cupid all over the place. Frank Sinatra sings the title song—20th Century-Fox.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY A four-engine airliner takes off from Honolulu for San Francisco with 17 passengers aboard. Before that "routinie" flight is over those passengers go through an experience that will leave a lifetime mark. Pilot Robert Stack is young, assured—but he's never faced an emergency before. Co-pilot John Wayne is an old timer, veteran of three wars and sole survivor of a plane crash that killed his wife and child. He, himself, was pilot. When this plane runs into trouble Stack is prepared to ditch it: Wayne wants to keep it in the air. Tension mounts between them. And the passengers, alerted to danger, reveal themselves—sometimes in flashbacks, often by their action in the present situation. Claire Trevor, David Brian, Lorraine Day, Robert Newton, Phil Harris, Jan Sterling, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Doe Avedon and Joy Kim are among the large cast who make this film a gripping, human event. CinemaScope—Warners.
Sensational New *Flushaway* Diapering Method

**PLAYTEX DRYPER**

1. Flushaway pad inside waterproof panty.
2. Sanitary. Uses snow-white pad only once.
3. Flushes away easily—just like tissue.
5. Safer, healthier, easier, economical.

**QUICK FROM WET TO DRYPER!**

1. Shake out used Dryper pad. Flush away. Rinse Panty. You never even touch pad. 2. Place fresh Dryper pad of super-absorbent cellulon under cloud-soft nylon web of another clean Dryper panty. 3. A happy, dry, Dryper baby—yours!

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**AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE WHILE THEY LAST**

**FREE OF EXTRA COST**

**WHEN YOU BUY ONE PAIR OF DRYPER PANTS AND ONE BOX OF PADS**

**HANDY TRAVEL-PAK**

Upper pouch holds other Playtex baby needs.

Lower pouch holds 25 Dryper pads and extra Dryper panty.


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Rinse color into your hair with Nestle Colorinse

Gloryf and enrich your natural hair color after every shampoo! COLORINSE gives your hair exciting, temporary color-highlights and sheen. Makes your hair softer, silkier, easier to comb... removes dulling soap film. Rinses in — shampoos out! 11 flattering shades plus Natural.

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Used by more women than any other rinse in the world.

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Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop

JACKPOT OF THE MONTH

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS

If the CinemaScope set look familiar, remember The Robe. Once again, a character created in that famous novel becomes a hero of a film about early Christians. The hero is Demetrius (Victor Mature) who came into possession of the robe when Jesus was crucified. This spectacular, production deals less with religion and more with gore. In it Mature plays three tigers and five gladiators in the Roman arena. A Christian at first, bitterness turns him temporarily into a pagon under the egotism of Susan Hayward, aunt (through marriage) of the mad emperor Caligula (Jay Robinson). But Debra Paget and Michael Rennie brings him back into the fold. Caligula, whose lunacy becomes uncontrolable, is finally overthrown by his own guards and is replaced by Claudius (Barry Jones) who promises the end of persecution. With Ane Bancroft, Richard Egan, William Marshall, Ernest Borgnine. Technicolor—20th-Fox.

ON THE WATERFRONT

One of the outstanding films of the year, On The Waterfront touches the peak of dramatic realism. It's a story of longshoremen enslaved by crooked union leaders, and in particular, it's the story of Marlon Brando's awakening to a sense of truth and loyalty. Brando, under the thumb of his big brother Charlie (Rod Steiger) the union boss' right hand man, is instrumental in the murder of young, well-liked Joey Doyle who had the nerve to speak out against union boss Lee J. Cobb. From the moment of Doyle's death, when Brando meets his sister Eva Marie Saint, a struggle begins in which leads inevitably to a showdown. Here, in this graphic film of mob rule, one sees the terror and helplessness of its victims, and the long-reaching effect of both on their minds and lives. Directed by Elia Kazan. With Karl Malden, Pat Henning—Col.

THE SARECEN BLADE

Set in the 13th century, The Sarecen Blade is full of heronial estates, violent passions and noblemen invading the Holy Land to tilt swords with the Saracens when they tire of warring at home. For Ricardo Montalban, son of a blacksmith, it's full of confusion. Since I couldn't tell you the plot if I took all day, I'll tell you that Montalban starts life with nothing but nerve and winds up with that and Betta St. John. His aim is to avenge his father's death. Count Siniscolto (Michael Ansara) and his son (Rick Jason) killed dad. But before Montalban can carry out his plan he has to escape from the dungeon. Jaxin teaches him in, becomes a knight, fights the Saracens, wins land and title and marry a woman he loathes (Carolyn Jones). All that's enough to keep anyone hopping. With Whitfield Conow, Technicolor—Columbia.

DIAL M FOR MURDER

A hit on Broadway, Dial M For Murder is even better as a movie under Alfred Hitchcock's direction, Ray Milland, ex-tennis champ and very jealous husband, goes about his London apartment coolly plotting the death of his wife. That's Grace Kelly, who in love with writer Robert Cummings. Grace is faithful to Milland now, though—she thinks he deserves it. Ray blackmails an old schoolmate (Anthony Dawson) into murdering Grace. Everything is perfectly planned except that Grace doesn't go easily. In fact, she kills Dawson in self-defense. Husband bears it all on the phone and is only a little ruffled. After all, he can still see her husked. Trouble is, you can fool the judge and the jury but you can't kid Scotland Yard Inspector John Williams. The acting is polished, the suspense is terrific. Warnercolor—Warners.

FLAME AND THE FLESH

Take this nice musician Ronor Calvano. He invites Lana Turner into his home (that morning Lana's landlady had kicked her out) only to have her fall for his roommate Carlos Thompson. Does she care that Ronor loves her? Does she care that Carlos is engaged to Pier Angeli? No, str. Does she even care for Carlos Thompson? Well, kind of. She runs off with him and they go from one town in Italy to another. He takes singing jobs in cafes and she takes to flirting with the customers. Carlos gets terribly jealous. Lana, I love you, he cries. She shrugs her shoulders. Tell it to the Marines, she says, or words to that effect. Until the day Charles Goldner hires Carlos and propositions Lana all within a matter of hours. This is too much for Carlos. Goodbye, he says. Lana shrugs her shoulders and walks off into the mist. Techicolor—MGM.
THRILLS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

ACTUALLY FILMED WITH THE WHALING FLEET IN THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC IN MAGNIFICENT COLOR BY Technicolor

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A WARWICK PRODUCTION

ALAN LADD

"HELL BELOW ZERO"

with JOAN TETZEL

Basil Sydney • Stanley Baker

Screen Play by ALEC COPPEL and MAX TRELL
Adaptation by RICHARD MAIBAUM

Based on the novel "The White South" by Hammond Innes
Associate Producer George W. Willoughby • Produced by IRVING ALLEN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI • Directed by MARK ROBSON
Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

SECRET OF THE INCAS Charlton Heston is lounging around in Peru, picking up a buck when he can, never shaving and always exchanging threatening words with Thomas Mitchell, a broken-down, unsavory fingalder. What Heston is interested in, if anyone cares, is a fabulously jeweled sunburst said to be buried in the tomb of an ancient Inca. Well, Inca country is just around the corner, along with Ica Yura Sunac, who sings prayers while archaeologist Robert Young digs his way into the remains of some goddess' grave. And here comes Nicole Maurey, late of Rumana. She's dodging Leon Askin, a consul who wishes to bring her back alive to fatherland. Heston steals Askin's plane, stows Nicole in it and off they go to steal the sunburst. Heston acts like a heel but it's never too late for a man to get up a shave and settle down, is it? Technicolor—Para.

THE EGG AND I The warm, unusual humor of The Egg And I made the book a best seller and maybe you've seen the movie before, but it's worth another glance. Claudette Colbert is a city bride who's born into the mountains by her groom (Fred MacMurray) to cope with a dilapidated farm and the raising of chickens. Claudette knows nothing about farming but her groom knows even less. He's dying to learn, though, and what the elements won't teach him experience and the neighbors will. Their closest neighbors are a clan of shiftless but lovable hillbillies headed by Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride. Also around is wealthy divorcee Louise Allbritton. Claudette has plenty to worry about without her—especially when the farmer and MacMurray put together with their own hands burns down. But tragedy takes a backseat in The Egg And I which abounds with life and good will.—U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE GAINE MUTINY (Col.): Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, newcomers Bob Francis and May Wynn star in this excellent film adaptation of Herman Wouk's best-selling Pulitzer Prize novel about Navy life.

HER TWELVE MEN (MG M): Greer Garson, as charming as ever, plays the only woman teacher in a boys' boarding school where she is alternately loved and loathed by fellow-teacher Robert Ryan Technicolor.

LUCKY ME (Warner's): Doris Day is delightful in this Technicolor musical about show people. With Bob Cummings, Phil Silvers, Bill Goodwin, Eddie Foy, Jr.—and a lot of top tunes you'll love.

APACHE (U.S.A.): Burt Lancaster stars as the Indian Massai, one of the last and bravest of his tribe. Jean Peters plays his equally fearless girl Technicolor.


FRENCH LINE (RKO): Jane Russell sings, dances her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (MG M): Jane Allyn, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.
Casual, carefree—that's the “Signet”—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay “Miss Liberty” hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this “Aloha” hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new “Jasmine” hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that’s all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you’ll love Bobbi.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Everyday you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.
Betty Hutton has just ended her second marriage—and knows exactly why. There's something else she wants far more than love.

When Betty Hutton and husband Charlie O'Curran announced their separation, Betty said, "I know everyone will blame me, but in my heart I did my best."

Charlie said, "I was eighty per cent wrong. I still love Betty desperately. We just couldn't beat the career obstacle."

Betty June Thornburg is married to her career first. After that comes the husband. The reason lies in the terrible poverty she knew as a child.

Her father Percy, a railroad brakeman, deserted his family when Betty was three, her sister Marion was five.

Her mother worked in the cereal factories of Battle Creek for $12 a week and later went to work punching sheet metal at sixteen cents an hour.

When Betty was seven the family moved to Detroit where Mrs. Thornburg got a job in the Chrysler factory. This time she made twenty-two cents an hour.

Betty tried to help out by singing in saloons and on street corners.

"I'll never forget those days," Betty has said, "singing for whatever coins people wanted to throw. We even made home brew and tried to sell it."

As Betty grew up, she wanted more than anything else in life not to be poor.

At fourteen, she left school to sing in amateur contests. At sixteen she signed with Vincent Lopez for $65 a week.

At eighteen she fell in love with a successful New York lawyer. She expected rainbows. She wound up paying most of the expenses.

Disillusioned, she threw herself into work. Buddy de Sylva brought her out to Paramount. There she fell in love with a married director. He talked about a divorce but it never came off.

Ted Briskin, son of a wealthy manufacturer, met Betty when she was on the rebound and married her.

Betty had said many times, "I've worked too hard to give up my career for any man." Ted thought she was fooling. He himself had relatively little money, so Betty took care of most expenses. The divorce was inevitable.

Two years ago when she married dance director Charlie O'Curran, Betty said, "At last I've found happiness."

She quit the studio—her last few films hadn't made money—and embarked on a personal appearance tour. Charlie supervised the show.

Their separation came in April. Charlie learned that he couldn't compete with Betty's career, or even share it.

"Twenty years from now," Betty has said, "I'll be just like Sophie Tucker, singing from one club to another."

Love is important to Betty. But take love out of her life and she still has her mansion, her cars, her two daughters and her great box office appeal. But take her career out of her life and the spectre of poverty returns to haunt her.

One of Betty's friends once said, "The only man Hutton could stay happily married to would be one who makes more money than she does."

Betty earns about $5,000 a week. Take it from there.
TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS!

ANY BOX FOR

1c

Christmas Bells. De luxe Assortment. 21 cards, lavished with luxury features. Very few price. Easy to sell!

White Holiday. Embossed Christmas designs with gold bronze on pure white. 14 cards. Wins customers fast!

Peony All-Occasion. Birthdays, Get-Well, Anniversaries, every occasion that pops up! 21 cards. A family favorite!


YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!
THIS OFFER MADE TO PROVE HOW EASILY YOU CAN

EARN $50 SPARE-TIME!

Never before a 'get-acquainted' offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely designed CHRISTMAS CARDS. And also to show how quickly you can make $50.00 in cash profit—and even more—just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors, and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Take your choice of any box on this page for only 1c. Fill out and mail the handy coupon. We'll promptly send you the box you choose. Yes, just ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for any assortment—illustrated—they're cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

YOURS TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS—AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1c

The reason we're making this unheard of 1c offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say, "Those cards will sell like hotcakes. I'm going to make lots of extra money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to give you your choice of any box illustrated for only one penny!

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

Naturally, this offer is strictly limited. Also includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—offer may not be repeated.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
605 Way Street, Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Virginia Mayo

costarring in
"KING RICHARD
AND THE CRUSADERS"

A Warner Bros. Production
in Cinemascope and WarnerColor.

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin... foams into rich lather, even in hardest water... leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrant clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
Bing is playing his toughest role these days—father and mother to a college romeo, golf-happy twins and a high school boy!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Grace Kelly, recently one of Bing’s frequent dates, may have replaced Mona Freeman, Margot James, in the Wife-To-Crosby-Sweepstakes. Careful to introduce his dates to his sons, Bing hopes that they will not resent a possible second wife or compare her to Dixie.

Dad has his hands full

Although Bing Crosby would be the last to admit it, he is sacrificing his career for the guidance and welfare of his children. Since the boys have lost their mother, he believes this is the least he can do. When General Electric asked him to name his own figure for a weekly TV show, Bing said, “Thanks a lot, but I just don’t have the time.”

The jaunty crooner abdicated his radio program, too, although it has been practically a national institution for the last twenty years. But he did suggest his son Gary as a summer radio replacement. Bing did this for three reasons: Gary was twenty-one in June and he wants to make show business his career. Bing wants his first-born to see what it’s like to be on his own. And he wants the boy to concentrate on work instead of girls this summer.

Bing has always given attention to long-range training and discipline. Lindsay, the youngest of the four Crosby boys, was ten when he said to Bing, “I’d like to play golf the way you do, Dad.”

(Continued on page 60)
Just before her baby was born, Ann Blyth had a chat with Louella—including a few reminiscences—and some predictions of things to come!

Ann Blyth McNulty was exactly two weeks and three days away from giving birth to her first child, it later turned out, when she arrived in my garden (newly landscaped at no small expense, I might add) carrying in her arms an unusually large assortment of bundles.

In a casual but curious glance I spotted a fat TV script, a notepad, three bags filled with materials, plus what appeared to be some samples of wallpaper.

"What in the world have you got here?" I gasped, helping her to put down her armload, even before I said hello. There was a time, I could remember, when mothers-to-be were very careful about carrying heavy things.

Ann laughed as she slipped—nudged herself, rather—into one of my new garden chairs and sat down. "Whew! It's getting warm. May we sit here?" When I said they (Continued on page 67)
A stranger in a make-believe paradise is Jeff Chandler these days—a big, solitary, quiet guy who never quite feels he belongs.

BY JIM NEWTON

the lonesome road

Too involved in his career to be a good husband, Jeff was nonetheless saddened by his divorce from Dorothy, sees daughters Jamie, 6, and Dana, 4, every week.

A curly-haired giant of eighteen stopped mowing his lawn in Long Branch, New Jersey, sat on the porch steps and feverishly scribbled notes for the novel he was planning. Little did he know that he would live it instead.

The hero of that yet unwritten book was a young man who had everything. He was big, strong and athletic. He was handsome, forceful and magnetic. He had a fine mind and many talents. He could sing, paint, act, write—there was hardly a gift he did not possess.

So he went forth into the world and, talent by talent, sought recognition. Each time he almost succeeded, but not quite: always when the goal was at his fingertips he lost it. Finally at thirty-five, he looked back on his disappointments and decided he was a failure. Then something happened which brought him a satisfying realization and inner peace: Although fame had escaped him, still he was fulfilled. Success was in the striving.

The boy, named Ira Grossel, never (Continued on page 83)
heading for a WEDDING?

Maybe taking Betty to Ireland is just friendship on Rock's part. But people are grinning wisely and asking, "How are things in Glocca Morra?"

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

- The daisy could give you a better answer to this question. Ask Rock Hudson about his marriage plans and he fixes you with his handsome boyish grin and says, "What marriage? I'm in no rush."
- Ask the same question of his steady girl, the blonde and beautiful Betty Abbott, niece of comedian Bud Abbott and ace script girl at Universal Studios, and you get a similar answer.
- "There's always time to get married," says Betty.
- Ask them both when they're together and they put on a show of diplomatic evasion.
- "Don't put me on a spot like that," Rock will say.
- He's fond of Betty, isn't he?
- "Sure, I'm fond of her," Rock will assert. "I think she's the greatest. A very good friend."
- How long has she been a good friend?
- "Five years, I guess. I met Betty on my first picture. I don't know a finer girl."
- There's no romance between you?
- "I wouldn't exactly say that," Rock admits. "It's just that we're very good friends."
- These last few years, Rock has been in a lot of pictures. Which one is the most important to him?
- "I guess I'd say Magnificent Obsession."
- Whom had he taken to the preview? It was (Continued on page 58)
From Leonard Goldstein to Dick Contino—
where Piper's concerned as long as they're men, they're neither too young nor too old!
BY JOHN MAYNARD

Mad about the "boys"

At tea time Piper Laurie was drinking tea. In Hollywood this is considered rather fey conduct, even in the British colony, but Miss Laurie likes the stuff. She was drinking tea and talking about men—she likes that stuff, too. At twenty-two, Miss Laurie might even be considered a connoisseur. Her preference for tea was by way of a guarantee that there never will be a pied Piper, which may or may not be a joke. Miss Laurie was moved to laugh slightly.

"You spoke of older men?" she said, making it sound like a question. "What do you mean by older men? Older than whom?"

Never mind. What was Piper's definition of older men? What, for example, would be call middle-aged?

"Over sixty," said Miss Piper, "for most men. Not until ninety for a few. And for one or two, never! Some have that wonderful ageless quality. But I never think of age in relation to men anyway. Or not much. It's the men themselves that count."

That had a fairly profound ring. Would Miss Laurie go on? The background is that she dates both older men—Producer Leonard Goldstein being a notable case in point—and younger men—among whom it is fairly safe to cite Dick Contino, despite reports that the two have shed one another over a little matter of who works and who doesn't. Not so. But it probably is so that Contino and Piper have never discussed marriage.

"I'm not going to marry Dick," said Piper, with what might be termed firmness. "I'm (Cont'd on page 75)
Bob's romance with German actress Ursula seemed to have petered out for a while but close friends predicted marriage all along.

What do you know!
Beautiful Ursula Thiess has just married lonely old Bob Taylor—that poor cuss who has nothing to offer a girl but love, fun and security!

BY RICHARD MOORE
the lady said "YES"

• We won't keep you in suspense or withhold information. This is how they happened to get married. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1954, Ursula Thiess and her fiancé, Bob Taylor, boarded a cabin cruiser on Jackson Lake, Wyoming. They were, they said, en route to location for the MGM film, Many Rivers To Cross. No one paid much attention. When, however, Ursula Thiess disembarked, she was accompanied by her husband, Bob Taylor—whose astounded, completely surprised press agent and studio were paying a great deal of attention.

The exact date was a shock—but many people had surmised that the marriage would take place soon. All they knew for sure, however, was the story of the proposal. It went like this:

On the early evening of Thursday, April 29, Robert Taylor knocked off work on Rogue Cop, went to the telephone on the set, and called his dear and close friend Ursula Thiess, the German actress to whom he had been so long devoted. He would like, he said, to call on her that night.

Miss Thiess, who had been just as devoted to Taylor for just as long a time, acquiesced, but evidently with no intimation of what was coming.

Taylor arrived about eight o'clock, and they used up a few hours talking of whatever he and Miss Thiess talk about—themselves, certainly—and perhaps of her daughter, eight-year-old Manuela, who lives with her in Hollywood, and of her son and her mother, both of whom still are in Germany but will come here as soon as immigration authorities (Continued on page 78)
"I can take a goodnight kiss or leave it alone," Debbie says. And the crazy thing is—the crazy kid really means it!

BY TONI NOEL

Have you ever seen perpetual motion? Ever had lunch with a windmill? Meet Miss Debbie Reynolds.

She zips into the restaurant like the devil himself is behind her, because she's late and punctuality is a habit of which she approves. The tardiness today isn't her fault. Over at MGM the cast of Athena broke late for lunch. That's all. You get no effusive, movie star apology from Debbie. She gives you a quick grin and that direct, green-eyed glance of friendliness as she slips into her chair and picks up a menu.

She looks it over, but she'd rather talk than eat. As a matter of fact, she never stops. "Have you ordered? What'll I have? Let's see—no, I'd better not have that. I have to dance this afternoon. The fruit salad. Yes, fruit salad." The imp disappears; now she's a wistful little waif, turning large, appealing eyes up to the middle-aged waitress whose answering smile is fond but not fatuous. "But could I have more pears or something in it instead of grapefruit? I hate grapefruit!

Now, what to drink?"

"Milk," chorus her companions. "Nnnnnnn hhh," the pert nose wrinkles indecisively. "I've already drunk about two gallons on the set this morning. I'll have to think about it and tell you later. Big decision."

Food disappears from her mind with the retreating back of the waitress. "How do you like my new skirt (Pictures and text continued on page 40)"

Dates with boys like USC student Ed Wilkerson are strictly for fun, strictly for laughs. It may be a long time before Debbie, burned once, will take a chance on love again.
Playing tennis with Lori Nelson, Debbie takes defeat cheerfully. Only once have friends seen her badly hurt by losing something she wanted.

“I remember once when I didn’t have a date for eight months. I was too busy and too
tired to go out. It didn’t bother me.”

Friends for some time, Lori and Deb may become business partners, too. If their business managers approve, they will open a dress shop to be operated by their sewing-happy mothers and grandmothers, plan to call it “Lori-Debs.”

(Continued from page 38) It’s full and blue, with an all-over pattern of spools. “Mother made it. And she found some buttons made of tiny spools, and we’re going to put them on a blouse. And then I’m going to cover a handbag and sew spools all over that. The living end, isn’t it?

“Lori Nelson and I are going to open a shop in the valley with ideas just like this. Well, it’s really our mothers who’ll do the work, but they’re the ones who want to do it. You know, my mother makes all my clothes and my grandmother sews, too. Then, Mrs. Nelson makes lots of Lori’s things and her grandmother sews. We have to talk to our business managers, though, and see if we can afford it. We’re going to call the shop Lori-Debs. Pretty cute idea?”

The food appears and Debbie takes one bite. “Know what I’m going to do? I’m going to ask Harriet Parsons if I can borrow Susan Slept Here to run for Mr. Schary on the lot. That’s the only way. If a thing’s important to you, do it yourself. He’s a very busy man, and why should he take time out to go see a picture I made for another company? But I want (Continued on page 56)
James Stewart: MODEL HUSBAND

Marrying a forty-ish bachelor is risky, no matter who he is. But when he's also a famous movie star—well, it's a chance most women wouldn't want to take—much.

When Jimmy Stewart's engagement to Gloria Hatrick McLean was announced, his friends took Gloria aside. "Jimmy is wonderful," one of his pals confided. "But he's forty-one years old. And I don't have to tell you, Gloria, that he's really settled in his ways."

Another friend cautioned the future Mrs. Stewart: "Jim's awfully persnickety about his food. And when it comes to clothes—well, really, Gloria, you're just going to have to be very tolerant with Jim. He just isn't used to sharing his time or his money or his life with a woman. It may be hard for him to change."

Gloria smiled, nodded, thanked them all for the advice and married Jim on August 9, 1949, in the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church.

Gloria had been married before. Her two sons Ronald, ten, and Michael, eight, are from her first marriage to Edward McLean II, of Washington, D.C.

After five years of marriage to Jimmy, she admits he isn't perfect, but she makes no complaints. "Jim is certainly the best husband any woman could ask for. All those stories about his being a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor and a stick-in-the-mud are ridiculous."

"Jim eats anything, and he's so easy to get on with, you couldn't ask for a better adjusted human being. The children are crazy about him, especially the boys."

"They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays (Continued on page 62)"

By ALICE FINLETTER
"The boys are crazy about him. They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays ball and goes hiking . . . they just love to go hiking together."

"He's a camera bug. Jim has one of every kind of camera in existence. I've never seen so many cameras in my life. And he's plane-crazy, too—having his own plane thrills him."

"It's absolutely incredible how Jim can study in any kind of a racket. I think this concentration is responsible for his absentmindedness. He never forgets anniversaries or birthdays, though . . . he's given me so many things."

"You've heard of the absent-minded professor? Well, Jim is the original. After the twins were born he was supposed to take me home from the hospital. He almost forgot it!"

"Of course, Jim doesn't quite know what to do with our twin girls, Judy and Kelly, because they are only three. But I'm sure he likes holding them. And he's sure they're going to grow up into great cooks—I'm a flop at that!"
Jean Simmons’ life is a modern fairy tale. But will she have to make some changes to find the happy ending?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

If she could only cook...

Once there was a little English girl whose life got off to the most glorious start any little girl could think of. She was a movie actress! She not only had talent, she had an appetite for fun and an attitude that as much as asked: “What’s the point of good fortune if you can’t live it up a bit?” And that’s what Jean Simmons did.

She had a little racing roadster for flying around the countryside, she had a lovely flat in London with a housekeeper to do for her, and she had a hatful of dashing admirers to take her nightclubbing in gay film parties until dawn caught up with the revelers and they had to scramble back hilariously to the studios without a wink of sleep.

Some of her friends used to say, “Oh, Jean has made good in such a hurry she’ll never bother to grow up!” But she knew they were wrong. She knew she would grow up—and like all women, all too soon. In the meantime, why, what could mean more than the fact that you were young?

That was hardly five years ago. Today Jean Simmons is in Hollywood and when her friends telephone her at home, or at her dressingroom suite at 20th Century-Fox Studios, they often begin with, “Is this ‘Dreadful’ Simmons?”

“Righto!” Jean will admit. “That’s me!”

It’s a joke, of course, yet it is founded on the supposition that Jean, if you didn’t know any better than to believe local gossip, is a frosty-natured gal ready to bite off the head of anyone who wants to be friendly.

In England, people used to like to crowd around her and reporters always asked, “What’s up, Jean? Been any place important? Got any plans we ought to know about?” In Hollywood most of them now tell each other that she is quite unapproachable, quite uncooperative. Some—and she has to smile about this, especially—even say it is because she is English—“and so reserved, you know.” And there are newspaper people and writers who have advised each other: “Don’t (Continued on page 70)
the secret romance of Marlon and Movita
Here at last
is the real story
of Marlon's flight from fear—
and the story
of the one girl
who has helped him
find peace!

BY STEVE CRONIN

Marlon Brando is not a happy man. By nature a non-conformist, he is confused, tormented and super-sensitive.

Like all men, he seeks contentment and laughter and joy. He decided to invite his best friends to a small party. He called Wally Cox, the Mr. Peepers of TV, Phil and Marie Rhodes, Sydney and Sandra Armes, all show folk, and ask them to meet him and Movita at his apartment in New York's Carnegie Hall Building.

The purpose of the gathering was "to celebrate my three years of friendship with Movita."

It was a warm and wonderful and unforgettable party, because everyone there understood that the keynote was love, the kind of love which is all too rare, the kind of love that calls for courage and sacrifice and gives pleasure and pain.

The guests danced and drank and sang, and toward the night's end, Marlon Brando and Movita Castaneda found themselves relatively alone in a dimly-lit corner of the studio.

Marlon slipped one arm around Movita's waist and his other hand into his pocket—to find his gift for Movita. It was a beautiful ring with a cluster of little diamonds. Marlon took Movita's hand and slipped the ring onto her marriage finger.

"This is our three-year friendship ring," he said softly.

Movita gulped hard and her eyes grew moist with tears.

"Thank you, darling," she whispered. "Thank you." And then she kissed him (Continued on page 88)
A butterfly with too much flitting to do ceases to believe he is a butterfly. That's what happens now and then to movie stars. It's a butterfly's life but they do get fed up with endless memorizing of dialogue, endless terrific love scenes with people they don't know very well, and equally endless nights of dressed-up premières and fancy parties at nightclubs.

A Modern Screen editor fell to talking with old friend Scott Brady about this situation. Said old friend Scott, restlessly, "I'd like to do something different, meet some new people."

"I think," the editor said, "I have an idea. You are always bemoaning that we magazine people put too much emphasis on the glamorous side of life in Hollywood and that we don't give enough of a break to the exciting young newcomers. Why don't we kill two birds with one rock? We'll let you cook the spaghetti dinner you're always bragging about and we'll let you introduce some youngsters who are going to be the big stars of tomorrow. What do you say?"

"Well, golly," was the first thing Scott said. "This is the millenium or whatever you call small miracles. I accept with pleasure."

The next afternoon Mr. Brady, whose arrival and departure time at gatherings...
Columbia's Kim Novak was Scott Brady's blind date for the day; 21 years old, she began to act to combat an inferiority complex.

May Wynn worked with Bob Francis in The Caine Mutiny, took her new name from role in that film. Original name: Donna Lee Hickey.

The girls' idea of a walk on the beach turned out to be a ride for them and a marathon for the fellows—who managed to prove that their biceps were not mere stage effects. Ride ended when Kim spotted stray dog (below), jumped off for a closer look.

YOUNG STARS AND HAVEN'T ANY.

usually is highly indefinite, slid his big convertible to a stop outside May (The Caine Mutiny) Wynn's neat little Malibu Beach home at two-thirty—a half hour before he was expected. He unloaded the precious ingredients for his spaghetti dinner and perched them on the back doorstep along with himself. The sea gulls may have had the impression that this man was talking to himself. And (Continued on next page)
When I was a kid," Kim said, looking longingly after departing pooch, "my sister and I kept a sign in the window—"Stray Animals Welcome!" We were mobbed with them—I guess they could read!"

"I'll find you an animal," Scott told Kim, produced a starfish from the Malibu rocks. Net result: both girls fled and even Bob looked skeptical, finally left Scott to continue his nature studies alone.

“She eats like a horse," Bob said admiringly when asked to describe May, "and she has a twenty-inch waistline!" An ex-model and chorus girl, May always planned on a show business career.

(Continued from page 49) he was. He was making a mental check of his supplies against his simple, perfect menu, to wit:

**SPAGHETTI**
with meat sauce and grated Parmesan cheese

**GARLIC BREAD**

**OLIVES AND CELERY**

**TOSSED GREEN SALAD**

**DESSERT**

Large slices of chilled fresh pineapple served on long lollipop sticks

**COFFEE**
(served on the beach, hot and strong)

By the time the gang arrived, the impatient Mr. Brady had pulled a screen off a rear window to make his own entrance. Miss Wynn, jumping out of her own convertible, said to him: "If I didn’t suspect that you’re Scott Brady, I’d blow a whistle and have the Malibu gendarmes toss you in the local jug."

"That," said Mr. Brady, pulling one long leg from inside the window, "will not be necessary, Miss Wynn, and how do you do?"

With the aid of a key, May let them both in and in a moment they were joined by Bob Francis (who takes his bow in a personal story on page 55) and Kimi Novak, the voomy type blonde ex-model who began her career wearing one of Rita Hayworth’s slinky black dresses in The Killer Wore A Badge.

They were all friends (Cont’d on page 81)
At sundown the kids headed for the house. All afternoon Scott begged for Kim's phone number, finally got it. Now there's talk of romance!

IN MAY'S COTTAGE SCOTT DISAPPEARED INTO THE KITCHEN AND PRODUCED ONE OF HIS JUSTLY FAMOUS HOMEMADE SPAGHETTI DINNERS

"There is a knack," Scott explained to Kim, "of eating as well as cooking a good spaghetti dinner!" and proceeded to demonstrate.

Dessert (fresh pineapple slices on lollipop sticks) looked so attractive that the girls insisted on having it on the table throughout the delicious meal.

After dinner the girls traded life stories, then (to their own surprise) persuaded the fellows to do dishes before the party broke up.
I found
In one of New York's toughest tenement districts, Tony Curtis learned many things—among them love and kindness and faith—and to know himself!

In the sections of New York where I was born and grew up I always had to count on competition. I learned even as a small boy that if I as much as stepped part way out of my shoes somebody would be sure to shove me all the way out so he could step into them. Seeing to it that nothing sudden happened to me took most of my time and I had little left to waste on worrying about the other guy.

Maybe I would have gone on like that if it weren't for a strange thing that had no right to take place in a tough neighborhood—but did every now and then. For no reason at all that I could see, and in cases where he couldn't possibly benefit or be rewarded for it, a fellow would help his fellow man. Some dope! I would think, and try to forget about it. But sometimes it would stick in my mind and bother me.

Instead of thinking that the man who had received help was lucky, I found myself envying the fellow who had gone to all the trouble to help him. Somehow he had gained something. What? I used to puzzle over it and try to hammer my head back to where it would operate right. Gradually, over the years, I began to feel and understand the wonder of helping the other guy; why it was even better than getting helped, and that it was the human heart at work. In time I even knew that the heart meant the soul and that even here, in the tenement canyons of New York, God was around.

I got real smart at figuring out why people did certain things. (After I got to Hollywood I learned that the better the writer the more he knows about the same thing, that is, the motivation behind people's deeds.) And I realized that there was not only unselfish action—there could be such a thing as unselfish thinking!

I remember one day in school when a pencil box was stolen and the teacher found it in my desk. She asked me why I had stolen it. I blazed up at her and denied the theft. I was so angry about her accusation, so fiery about it, and sounded so convincing that I almost convinced myself I was innocent. We stood there, face to face, and it was a horrible, ugly moment. Suddenly the teacher said something that just took the whole floor from under me.

"Oh, I've made a big mistake if you say you didn't take it," she cried. "I'm sorry. I apologize!"

(Continued on page 81)
PERT AND PRETTY, PAT DECIDED TO BE AN ACTRESS WHEN HER SISTER SAID SHE TALKED TOO MUCH!  ■  by Alice Hoffmann

Pat Crowley and two other young New York actresses found themselves in Hollywood facing a horrible weekend of suspense. Paramount Pictures had brought them west, put them up at the same hotel (where they met each other for the first time) and then tested each one for a lead role in a movie which was to star William Holden, Ginger Rogers and Paul Douglas. The tests were over by a Thursday morning and the girls were told they would have to wait around until Monday before finding out which was the lucky one.

By late Thursday afternoon Pat Crowley, a dark-haired Irish girl whose beauty is as vivid as her name is plain, decided something must be done and she was the one to do it. She telephoned the others.

(Continued on page 86)
MOVIES' NEWEST, BIGGEST, BLONDEST GIANT WAS PULLED OFF A PAIR OF SKIS TO STAR IN HIS FIRST FILM.  by Kirtley Baskette

Where did this Bob Francis come from? That is the question Hollywood citizens are asking each other.
One writer was talking to Columbia Pictures' publicity department. "I can't understand how I've missed him! What pictures has he made?"
"No other pictures. This is his first."
"What Broadway plays?"
"He's never seen Broadway."
Stubbornly, she ran out the list: Little theatre? (Continued on page 71)
"People have the idea that you can whip a song out in six or eight weeks or something. That's crazy. It takes years to put a really good show together, and mine has been sensitive right from the beginning. I'd have to say the mid-60's are the only time I've really had to knock something out when I was feeling a little cheated. I spent the weekend in Las Vegas with Bob Neal and his mother, and we went to Danny Thomas' opening of 'Sweet Charity.' I've never seen a living end. I should be more grateful. But it isn't always. Sometimes I don't even do it at all. I remember one last year or the year before, when I didn't have a date for six weeks. I don't know how many young ladies were kept waiting every night, voice, singing, dancing, and when you work that hard, you either don't have time or you're too tired for dating. I've never even been on a date in six months now, having a ball, and I'm glad to be back at work. I have plenty to do."

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"My next big project is a nightclub routine. I've got a hundred ideas on the shelf. I think you really have to knock yourself out, give them everything you've got, stay out there almost but not quite as long as the audience wants you. Don't overstay your welcome. Be thankful you're there, and give us something special, something unexpected, and they'll feel glad you're there."

S

She talks on and on and, after a time, one can see that this talk has a pattern, an unconscious purpose. You should be aware enough to grasp it. Of course, every thought wears a different expression of drollery. Her hands are still never, her hair literally stands on end, and her pleasure is evident when you discover a great truth, as Deborah discovered the truth that she possessed. She had no money. With or without the baggy britches, she's always on stage, always knocking herself out for the reward of a smile."

Debbie's eyes were on the stars, but her feet are planted pretty firmly on the ground. She ha...
Here's the mysterious Veronique Pasanie—
journaliste and traveling companion of Gregory Peck—

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO INTERVIEW

One of the very few photos ever taken of Greg and Veronica, this rare picture was snapped near Paris.

- One of the most camera-shy girls in Europe is Gregory Peck’s mysterious French-Russian-Italian friend, Veronique Pasanie.

This photograph was snapped at Orly Airport outside Paris. Tired and drawn from the long flight, Greg and Veronica had just returned from Ceylon and were walking toward the Immigration Office to have their passports checked. Veronica removed the dark glasses she usually wears and an alert photographer dashed out, clicked his shutter and disappeared.

Until recently, Veronica, traveling under various names, has had an easy time avoiding publicity. But after a couple of years of tracking her in London, Paris, St. Moritz, the French Riviera and Ceylon, the press is able to recognize her. One photographer said, “No girl can go around with Gregory Peck and hide behind sunglasses forever!”

Veronica first met Greg two years ago when, as a cub reporter for the Paris Presse, she was assigned to interview him. Greg was as gracious as usual—so gracious, in fact, that she decided to do a sequel in Rome where Greg had gone to make Roman Holiday.

What with all the interviewing, Greg’s wife Greta took the three Peck sons, Jonathan, Stephen and Carey Paul, back to California. Then the press quite naturally became more curious about Greg’s friendship with Veronica.

“She’s just a girl I met in Paris,” he said, “Nothing serious. I see her once in a while—just like any old friend.”

When Veronica turned up in Ceylon with Greg while he was making The Purple Plains, reporters asked why.

“I think she came out here,” was the far from inevitable reply, “to buy some tea for her mother.”

Veronica says, “Gregory Peck is a good friend and I am a journalist and this is my own private business and I will answer no questions about it.”

Her friends say, “Veronique is a shrewd girl and she expects that Greg will divorce his wife eventually and marry her.” Veronica, twenty-one years old, lives with her mother in a small Parisian apartment on Avenue Franklin Roosevelt.

As for Peck, he is scheduled to be in London now to work with John Huston on a re-make of Moby Dick. After a two-week visit with his wife and children in Hollywood, he is still keeping his own counsel about his private decisions—if any.
heading for a wedding?

(Continued from page 33) said that he escorted two girls. Rock grinned. "I took my mother and Betty." Despite the diplomacy, the hedging, the shying away from any talk about marriage, Betty Abbott is the number one girl in Rock Hudson's life.

Last year when Rock came down with a near-ruptured appendix and had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation, Betty was the first nurse at his bedside. Rock kept referring to her as "Nurse Nancy." After the surgery, Rock urged Betty to go to college. She knew she had been planning this first trip abroad for years, Betty demurred. Rock insisted. Betty finally went.

While she was crossing the Atlantic, the story got back that Betty there was a radio call for her. The shore-to-ship operator out of New York was trying to get in touch with her. Not knowing what to expect the attractive blonde ran to the phone. It was Rock calling from Hollywood. "Having any laughs?" he asked.

Betty said that a considerable thing for Rock to do! He had thought she might be lonely aboard ship.

When Betty arrived at her hotel in London, Rock went to meet her. To St. Southamton, there was still another surprise. She found her room bedecked with flowers. Was this typical British hotel hospitality? No. The British do not know a table, much less expect them to just pass the time of day. There was need here for the sound of loved voices, the communication of kindred souls. That's how she came to think of the other no matter how vast the separation.

A few weeks later when Rock was down at Laguna Beach ostensibly recuperating, he went surf riding. The surf of the Pacific gets pretty rough, even for a six-foot, four-inch giant like Hudson. A wave caught him off balance, he tumbled and banged him into a jutting boulder. Result: a collar bone broken in three places, an ambulance ride from the Emergency Center of Laguna to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, and eight long weeks of convalescence.

Betty Abbott was notified of the accident and she rushed to Europe in a hurry. She denies that she cut short her trip because she was worried about Rock, but her friends tell it differently.

"Of course worried," one of her close relatives insists. "After all, she and Rock have known each other for years. He lives just over the hill and she takes her to work each morning. Whenever he possibly could, he was here. They've been everywhere together. And Olive—that's Betty's mother—considers him one of the family. So naturally Betty was worried when he was shipped up."

"I know that young people like to be nonchalant. It makes them feel more sophisticated. They don't want to give vent to their emotions. But I think that Rock is different. Naturally, she's not going to say anything about marriage. But have you ever heard of a girl going around with a boyfriend and not thinking of him as a possible husband?" Of course not.

"As for Rock, I'm sure he's thought of Betty as a wife, but like many men, he's got to be shoved into marriage. I don't care what anybody says, it's women who do most of the proposing. And it so happens that Betty isn't a forward girl."

A studio employee who knows both Betty and Rock well, is of the opinion that Rock might ask Betty to marry him while they're both in Europe this summer.

"When it was announced," he explained, "that Captain Lightfoot was going to be shot in Ireland, Rock dropped hints all afternoon that it would be wonderful if somehow Betty could be assigned to it."

"She was. People around here like to keep Rock happy. After all, he's a pretty boy. Betty doesn't want to be on the freight around but he does get 4,000 fan letters a month. Magnificent Obsession is doing very good business and Rock is entitled to a few favors.

"Besides, Betty is a fine script girl. She's been on—well, I'd say off-hand—at least nine of Rock's pictures. She's seen him under all kinds of pressure and she understands his moods and his ambitions.

As a matter of fact, these two young people couldn't be more perfect for each other. He is twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Betty's twenty-five or twenty-six. She's pretty; she's intelligent; she has a great figure and a nifty sense of humor. Her folks were in show business, and she knows all kinds of people and she understands his moods and his ambitions."

"I've been around Hollywood a long time, and I've never met a nicer kid. Matter of fact, if I weren't married, I'd marry her myself."

Rock Hudson uses the same sort of superlatives in talking about Betty—except that he avoids the marriage discussion.

"I was in this picture, Bright Victory, had a one-line or two-line bit. Didn't know what it was all about. Betty was the script girl, and I was set up with her. We wandered over and started talking to her. I guess it was about acting."

"She's pretty, of course, but what really impressed me was her humor and manner. Very knowing and very gentle.

"Lots of times you'll meet a girl who's one or the other. If she's knowing there's usually a tendency to be a little domineering. Not with Betty. I noticed that right away."

"Later on when we did other pictures together, we were up in Oregon on Bend Of The River, probably I noticed how much at home she was everywhere—such an adaptable girl. Everyone is at ease talking to her."

"She's got a wonderful sense of humor, too. But don't get me wrong. She's just a good friend."

What Rock didn't say about his "good friend" was that he was planning a rendezvous with her and Barbara Rush in Paris before Captain Lightfoot got under way.

With Barbara as chaperone, Rock and Betty planned to tour France. By this time the tour should be over and they both should be working in Ireland.

Whether the European vacation will change their status no one can be sure, yet.

One woman who hopes it will is Rock's mother, Mrs. Kay Olson, a woman of character, humor, and beauty. "I surely hope," Mrs. Olson says, "that Rock marries Betty if he marries anyone. I would love to have that girl as my daughter-in-law."

Really. If Roy (Mrs. Olson refers to her son by his real name) didn't, why would he take her to all those previews, on all those dates?"

"He's shy about marriage. But that's understandable in view of what he's seen in connection with me. I've been married three times. The first two were horrible nightmares. Him, me, and what Roy remembers is the first two, and you can't blame him for taking his time."

Rock Hudson's father deserted his family when he was six years old. Just why he left Rock and his wife is difficult to determine. But he walked out on his wife and son and never came back.

Young Rock was thereupon sent to live with his grandmother. He was a good boy. His teachers at the Grade School who remember him say he was always "big for his age but nice."

In 1933 his mother obtained a divorce on grounds of desertion, and a few years later she married Rock's father. Rock, legally made him his son, but Rock hated him with a fervor that has never died down.

If you mention the man's name today, Rock grows livid with rage. "If I ever see him," he says, "well, I'll try to control myself—but I doubt if I can do it."

It is a byword in Rock's family that never a word be said about his stepfather? According to the actor, he was beaten mercilessly after day for no reason whatever. And being the kind of boy he was, he couldn't take a word about his stepfather?

"He used to beat Roy savagely," Mrs. Olson adds, "and the boy never told me about it until after I was divorced. Then he told me everything. I feel very sorry for that man if he ever crosses Roy's path."

It is a byword in Rock's family life, no father to go to for help or money or guidance. It's a tribute to his hard-working mother that he was graduated from the University of Wyoming and that he developed into a young man of character and kindness and decency.

What he saw of marriage as a youngster has not disillusioned him but it has made him sensitive, extra careful.

Betty Abbott, who was born in Rochester, New York, and reared in Los Angeles, knew that a man could bring by her has always been a happy home life. But when Rock looks back on his younger years, he grows sullen and meditative and asks, "How happy is he now, just by comparison?"

Because he is happy, Rock is reluctant to change his present state. But as his world grows more complex, his feeling for the ways of moving men and mountains. Nothing would pleases me more than to have Betty and Roy return from Europe and make the family whole again."

With the exception of a few hundred girls in Hollywood who want Rock for themselves, most of the movie colony hopes this will come to pass. "It's a natural."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Milton Berle invited Phil Silvers to drive to Long Island in his chauffeur-driven car. They were stopped by a traffic cop who took the owner's license, piled into the back of the car and recognized the actor. "Milton Berle, eh?" the "Tommie" cop asked. "I thought out of the U.S., but take it easy." "And you know who this is?" This is Phil Silvers," Berle told the cop, who presently said his name. "Yes, Mr. Silvers," the "Tommie" said, "thanks for letting me take a bow."

END
“Who’s been sleeping in my bed?”

It’s all about a man-about-town and a girl about 18...and the things he learns about love FROM HER!

DICK POWELL • DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Susan Slept Here

color by

TECHNICOLOR

co-starring

ANNE FRANCIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALEX GOTTLIEB • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS
Dad has his hands full

(Continued from page 27) Bing was pleasantly surprised. "Okay, Lin," he agreed. "I'll get you a set of clubs and we'll see how good you are."

That year Lindsay left most of his clubs strewn around the links. By December he could find only one. So Bing bought him a set of ladies' clubs because they were light and Lindsay was small. Again they got lost.

Last year Lindsay asked for some more golf clubs. Again Bing complied, but this time he paid for the clubs with the money Lindsay had earned working all summer on the Crosby cattle ranch in Elko, Nevada. Nine bucks a day.

Lindsay has not only taken scrupulous care of the golf clubs "bought with my hard-earned dough" but last summer, using those same clubs up at Hayden Lake, Idaho, he shot a seventy-two to win The Mughuntry's tourney for kids.

This incident is typical of Bing Crosby's policy as a father. He will give his boys plenty of rope—and then no more. The minute one goes too far, Bing bears down. He has said many times, "Until they're twenty-one the boys are my biggest responsibility. And I'm going to keep a watchful eye on all of them."

Bing makes it a point every few months to drop in on the deans of the various schools attended by his sons. Phil and Denny, the nineteen-year-old twins, go to Washington State College in Pullman, Washington, which is why you read so frequently that Bing is bound for Spokane. Actually he is on his way to Pullman to visit the boys, both of whom happen to be pretty good students. They like agriculture and animal husbandry and undoubtedly will take over the Elko ranch some day. Bing visits with them about six or seven times during a collegiate year.

Of the four boys, Gary has given Bing the most worry, undoubtedly because he's the oldest, the most headstrong and, via his mother's lineage, the most famous. He has shown a great aversion to ranch work and, at one point, to his school work.

After Gary graduated from Bellarmine Prep, a Jesuit school, his father gave him a Mercury coupe for a graduation gift. The next year when Gary was a freshman at Stanford, he spent more time in the coupe than he did in the library.

Bing pulled into Palo Alto one day and called on the dean.

"How's my boy doing?" he asked.

"After Christmas," said the dean, "I don't think he'll be with us."

Bing arches a quizzical eyebrow. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"His work," the Dean answered. "Or to put it more exactly, his lack of work."

That's all Bing had to hear. It took him about five minutes to get over to the freshman dorm, about ten minutes to take Gary's car away and lock it up in a garage, and about fifteen minutes to lay down the law of the land.

From that moment Gary began to study, and while he will never make Phi Beta Kappa, it looks as though he will be a graduate of Stanford next June.

Dixie always insisted that all her sons finish college. After that, she used to say, "so they can follow whatever profession or business they like. But first comes their education."

Bing, of course, agrees with this requirement and is constantly impressing his sons with the importance of education. Moreover, he is sure they see it his way. He wasn't upset when the newspapers carried stories of Gary's engagement to Barbara Stanislaus, a pretty, twenty-one-year-old senior at San Jose College.

Asked about the incident, Bing was non-committal. "Gary gave her his Zeta Psi pin," he said, "not an engagement ring."

When Barbara was asked if she were betrothed to Gary, she said, "No. I'm just wearing his pin. That's all."

Barbara, who is studying business administration at San José with her twin sister Berly, has been a Crosby house guest and has had a hard winter. That Gary is sweet on her goes without saying, but when it comes to talk of marriage, he says, "I'm not saying a word."

On May 24, twenty-year-old Gary was returning from a date. Near San Jose he collided with a car carrying five Mexican nationals, one of whom was killed. Bing, knowing that his son would be subjected to criticism because he is his son, through an accident that was perhaps not his fault, drove at once from his Elko ranch to Gary's bedside to assure him of his dad's love and loyalty.

The one fault Bing will not abide is immodesty. Dixie used to accuse her husband of spoiling the boys, of "punishing them one minute and taking them to the movies the next." Bing never wants it to be said that any of his sons is spoiled or trading on the old man's glory. That's one reason why he insists on reporting to get any of the four boys to talk.

They know that in their own right they're not celebrities and that Bing does not like publicity. At The Mughuntry's Golf Tournament they will be the teen-age girls who competed were asked what they thought of Lindsay and Gary.

The unanimous impression was, "They really enjoy you. You can take golf very seriously but they've got good sense of humor. There's not one bit of snotnosedness about them and only thing that makes them nervous is the flash bulbs."

Because Bing is a strict disciplinarian ("I don't know, maybe I'm too strict. But I guess it's better to be too strict than too easy."), he makes sure to toe the line himself. If he doesn't, he automatically gets some pretty rough family kidding.

Six months ago, Bing was on his way home from a party, having just dropped Mona Freeman at her house. He was heading for Holmby Hills when crash! An automobile collision. Two men in the hospital and Bing's $13,000 Mercedes folded with an accord.

Bing still hasn't heard the last of it. When he leaves for an evening out, he is asked if he still has his learner's license, and admonished to "drive carefully and take it easy." Fortunately, the crooner can take it as well as dish it out.

Bing knows that his boys idolize him. That's why he's doubly careful in his social life these days. Since Dixie's death he has dated only four or five girls, Mona Freeman, Audrey Hepburn, Margot James and Grace Kelly, all young and discreet.

As a rule Bing stays away from nightclubs—he doesn't like to be photographed without his hairpiece—but a few weeks ago he took a chance and dropped in at Mocambo with Grace Kelly. The photographers saw him and, although he voiced his objections in no uncertain terms, the flash bulbs popped.

He was planning to take all of the boys to Europe this year. He took Lindsay last year, and six months ago he announced that the son who received the highest grades could go with him in 1954. But Gary's summer job changed all that.

In case Gary had too many problems, Bing wanted to be near enough to lend a helping hand. "I've promised, however," he says, "to take the boys to Hawaii some-
time during their vacation."

Bing doesn’t make a move without first checking the possible effects upon his sons.

When he’s offered picture jobs overseas (and he has been offered a dozen since Little Boy Lost) he refuses. When he was offered $50,000 a week by one Las Vegas gambling hotel, he was a bit more emphatic. He not only said no, but he added, "I’ll never be a shill for anyone to lose money."

When he started going around with Mona Freeman he introduced her to all the boys so that they would hear no unconscious grudge and wouldn’t unwittingly compare her with their mother.

Bing is a good, considerate, level-headed father with definite ideas of right and wrong. Asked if he’d ever spanked any of his gang, he admitted that, "I used to let ‘em have it once in a while."

The one spanking all the boys remember came as a result of their stripping their mother’s canary of all its feathers.

"We thought it was a cute idea," Gary recalls, "you know, just for the hot weather so that the canary wouldn’t be so uncomfortable. Mother told my old man about it when he came home that night. And boy! We really caught it!"

Joe Erens described a recent western film: "The Indians shot thousands of arrows, but nobody got stuck except the audience."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

It has been years, of course, since Bing has punished any of his boys in that way; and whereas they once feared his strap, they now fear his tongue lashings. Of late, these have been remarkably few. The boys are well on their way to manhood.

As a youngster, Gary used to be something of a sorehead, particularly if he lost in a game or contest, but after three years at Stanford, he has developed a genuine graciousness and is extremely popular.

"We could understand it," one of them said, "if he threw his weight around a little. But ever since we pledged him he’s been okay. He knows, I’m sure, that he can’t afford to lose up his old man’s great reputation. Jon Lindbergh is like that, too, and so was Joan Benny, Jack’s daughter—unsuspecting and regular."

In the Crosby household, Lindsay, a junior at Loyola High in Los Angeles, is by far the best student. Denny has the best temperament, nonchalant and easy-going, while Phil is the best athlete and Gary is heir to the Crosby voice.

Bing knows the strong and weak points of his kids and he treats them on a highly individual basis. He does have, however, a standard set of group punishments. For minor infractions, their tv set is taken away from one to three days. For major infractions they lose all privileges—no dates, no ball games, "no nothing."

Bing was fifty on May 2, and the question asked him most frequently then was, "When are you getting married?" Bing’s stock answer: "It’s in the hands of God."

Bing’s closest associates are convinced that he will find a wife within the next two or three years. Mona Freeman, it was said, had the inside track on der Bingie’s heart until she started dating Frank Sinatra. But Mona didn’t cease dating Frank until Bing started dating Grace Kelly with whom he starred in Country Girl.

Bing has always been a man who lived by his own high standards, a set of standards, incidentally, which he has passed on to his four sons and which makes him a fine father.

Here’s a sensational offer! A big 8 oz. $1 size of famous Shampoo Plus Egg… the shampoo that conditions your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Plus a big regular 59¢ size of famous Creme Rinse FREE! . . . the after-shampoo beauty rinse guaranteed to make hair soft, silky, easy to manage!

For the most beautiful hair of your life, get this famous beauty pair . . . at this $1 beauty bargain price today! Hurry! Supply limited!
Diana Lynn isn’t playing the blues any more!

Diana Lynn has not had it easy in either her career or her private life. The collapse of her marriage to John Lindsey affected her deeply, and for a long time her work provided little comfort. Producers regarded her as a successful pianist turned actress, beamed down on her delicate face and wry little smile—and cast her over and over as the sweet but misguided little other woman.

Diana hated it. She began to take little interest in her work, less in her piano, none in the bright young bachelors who asked for dates. Wanting to get away for a while, she accepted the lead in the London company of The Moon Is Blue—and suddenly everything changed.

The play was a hit and Diana scored a personal triumph, hailed by tough London critics as one of the few “real” actresses to come out of Hollywood.

She felt good enough to look for new worlds to conquer, so she decided to leave the cast and treat herself to a solo tour of Germany, France, Spain and Italy.

Back in Hollywood she found a few more very pleasant changes. There was a most satisfactory delayed reaction to her starring roles with Dan Dailey in Meet Me At The Fair and with Glenn Ford in Plunder Of The Sun. Television offers began to pour in. In the gaps in her suddenly happily, crowded schedule, Diana found time for the music she had almost given up. Now she’s playing piano for fun . . . and enjoying herself socially as well. “It’s wonderful to read the hundreds of letters from those who wish me well,” she says. “And in the case the word hasn’t completely gone around, I’m not disheartened any more!”

---

When the nurse was talking to a hospital attendant about Jimmy’s present-mindedness, the attendant said, “That’s nothing. He almost forgot to take his twins out of the hospital, too!”

Jimmy Stewart loves his family, and he has no trouble living with his wife. “That’s why I got married,” he once explained. A few years ago when Jim was making No Highway In The Sky in England, he thought he wouldn’t take his two boys with him. After a few months Gloria decided to take the boys and go home to wait for the next baby. Jim had to stay. When Gloria got home, she learned that the baby would be twins and called Jimmy in London. Jim merely said, “Wonderful, wonderful. So glad you called.”

Two minutes later he began to think about it and called her back.

“Darling!” he shouted. “Did you say twins?”

---

His wife says, “You’d expect him to be grumpy once in a while, but in the five years we’ve been married, Jim has always been pleasant.

“He always does his best to please and he never forgets anniversaries or birthdays. He’s given me cars and diamonds and so many things. And lots of times, he’s been about to give me things.

“For example, he’ll buy me a red camel sweater. On the box he’ll write, This is a red camel sweater. Then he’ll hand the box to me and say, ‘Put this away some place. It’s a gift for you, and I don’t want you to know what’s in it.” Gloria finds it very difficult to buy gifts for Jim, but fortunately she has given him two presents that she’s satisfied with—two paintings by Utrillo.

Jimmy Stewart is a fine artist. As a boy he developed a marked talent for sketching. At Mercersburg Academy, he was art editor of The Karuz, the school yearbook, for three years.

He is also a good accordionist and pianist. At Princeton, he was an accomplished accordion solo, “So Beats My Heart For You,” in his first Triangle Club musical, The Falmouth Players, a stock company in Massachusetts, which offered him a contract. Now, it lies hidden somewhere in the cellar, and Jimmy plays the piano at home. This simple family entertainment—playing for the kids to sing along with him—he enjoys. And because it is, he has never become the prototype of the sought-after movie hero. Before Gloria married Jimmy she was told that he was a shrewd man, but she would have to bring him out of his shell. She found that he is not shy, exactly. He has great humility and respect for others. And he will compromise on his principles.

He doesn’t believe in making “problem” pictures, for example. No matter how much money he is offered he refuses to star in
such films. Nor will he discuss politics for publication. Nor will he permit his own war record to be exploited.

Jim was one of the first screen stars to enter the service. On March 22, 1941, nine long months before Pearl Harbor, he became a private in the Air Force. A year later, because of his previous flying experience, he was commissioned. As an officer he served first as a pilot instructor. Early in the war he was sent overseas with the Eighth Air Force. In December, 1943, and early 1944, he flew on spectacular raids over Bremen and Berlin. He led his bomber squadron on the famous aircraft factory raid over Brunswick, Germany, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. At the end of the war Jim was a colonel commanding a bomber wing.

There is no star in Hollywood whose service record can top Stewart's but, of course, Jimmy will not talk about his service record for publication. He has a deep love for the Air Force. That's why he made time to star in Strategic Air Command. Jimmy Stewart is one of the most faithful of Hollywood's church-goers. Drop in at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church any Sunday, and chances are that you will find Jimmy down front singing hymns and his two stepsons, Ronnie and Mike, passing the collection plates. Mrs. Stewart will be teaching a Sunday School class.

Jim was brought up to attend church regularly. He insists upon each member of his immediate family's fulfilling the same requirement. Religion to him is a fundamental part of existence and while he doesn't talk about it, he can always be recruited for a good cause.

He believes in work, too. "Some actors consider Hollywood a lark. To me, making pictures is a career. I give it everything I've got. It's a serious business, and I like to keep busy in it."

Before Jimmy agrees to star in a film he studies the script industriously. He makes suggestions to the producer, not only about his part but about others. He has amazed directors by saying, "I've got too many lines. My part should be cut."

Jimmy is always vitally interested in the success of an entire production, for the good reason that he usually works for a low salary and a percentage of the profits.

Except for Harvey, this gamble has paid him well. He has about $4,000,000. Jim made The Glenn Miller Story for no salary but fifty per cent of the profit. He'll probably earn $2,000,000 on this one production.

He does not believe in squandering his money. Before he invests his surplus funds he has his business manager, Guy Gadbois, investigate all the angles of any particular proposition. As a result, Jim has a considerable fortune in cattle, oil, real estate, TV and several other lines.

You read a lot about big-city guys who invade small towns, bringing with them their fancy ideas, store-boughten suits and immoral ways. In the end, of course, after disrupting and corrupting a good percentage of the townfolk, they are converted to paths of righteousness and become quite homely. But there's a different twist to the Jimmy Stewart story. This one features a small town boy who made his way to one of the noisiest cities in the world and climbed quietly to the top without a noticeable change in his habits. Jimmy hasn't reformed anyone and he hasn't tried—but if his home and his homelife seem a little set apart from the run of the Hollywood mill establishments—well, they are. As far as his way of life goes, inasmuch as it can be said of any guy with a few million dollars. Mr. Stewart has never left home! END

On screen, Burt Lancaster is rough and tough. Off screen, his kids decided, a really talented mob of desperadoes could take him on!

Photographed in Mexico, on location for United Artists film, Vera Cruz.

CHILDREN'S HOUR

Following a diabolical plot, James Stephen (back to camera) distracts Pop while Susan Elizabeth attacks from behind. Mom, William Henry, JoAnna and a friend try to look innocent.

A treacherous moll, Susan Elizabeth assures Pop she has repented—but she's just stalling for time while the mob prepares!

William Henry (dangerous gang leader known as Somewhat Toothless) leads the mob in a surprise leap on—and off—Pop's back.

Foiled in the mass attack, James Stephen fights it out man-to-man with Pop while Susan Elizabeth stands by to patch up the loser.

"It was a tough fight, Ma, but I made it!" Victorious as usual, Burt returns to Narma for congratulations—and to catch his breath.
Eye-appeal, that's the ticket!
Twentieth Century-Fox star Terry Moore makes a big splash in this wardrobe of Jantzen beau-catching swimsuits—each one with dash, luscious color and figure-flattering lines. Far left: Lastex and acetate faille (halter neck strap). Pink, pale blue, yellow, jade, navy, grey, black or white. About $16. Left: Luralame, combination of gleaming acetate and elastic yarns (halter neck strap, Pellon bra interlining). Copper, gold or silver. About $19. Right: Lastex and acetate faille with nylon eyelet lace (double straps, bloomer leg). Pink, blue or white with black lace; red, black or royal blue with white lace. About $23. The terry beach robes and Jandal beach shoes are also by Jantzen. All the Jantzen merchandise on this spread at leading department and specialty stores.
Color, the sweetheart of fashion, challenges style for top honors. A sizzling new shade of red “Cute Tomata” by Cutex couples the fire of the sun with the mellowness of moonlight to create a nailpolish and matching lipstick color that will give plenty of dash to you as well as all your clothes. Cole of California uses “Cute Tomata” as inspiration for the one-piece cotton swimsuit worn here by Debra Paget—it has “Cute Tomatas” dancing all over it. Swim cap by Playtex. Debra is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, Demetrius and the Gladiators.
irish lullaby

(Continued from page 29) most certainly could, Ann explained her bundles.

"Oh, this is a television script, Louella. You know I’ve been doing TV right up to ten days ago when I started to show. This is the script I’m going to do a few weeks after the baby is born.

"Those other bundles are samples. I’m not taking any chances on having the wrong welcome for either a boy or a girl. The nursery so far has blue furniture, blue rug, blue wallpaper and a pink sofa—but I think I’ll add a few yellow touches. My close friend, Jeanne Crain, tells me yellow has become very chic for nurseries. Jim and I want our baby to have the latest fashion gasp.

"That sample over there," she pointed to one of the bags piled on the table, "has a combination of pink, blue and yellow in a lovely organdy. And that bundle holds some plain diapers. You know, all the gifts I got at showers were so fancy—diapers, if you please, with rosebuds!"

Ann threw back her lovely head and laughed with a heartiness completely new in this girl who has always been so restrained and demure even when amused.

There are so many new things about Ann these days, perhaps the most noticeable being the new maturity of her beauty. Despite her pregnancy, her face is thinner, revealing the lovely bone structure.

In her soft, pale pink maternity dress with an embroidered collar and a petticoat trimmed with rhinestones she looked like a lovely modern Madonna—until she spoke. Then her down-to-earth humor, particularly about her “interesting condition,” was very much that of this world.

"For a little while," Ann smiled, "I thought I was going to be sort of a wonder of nature, not showing my condition until the baby arrived. Until a few weeks ago I don’t think you could tell I was going to have a baby, do you?"

I certainly didn’t—and said so. At the Academy Awards, singing the Oscar-winning song, she looked so slender that many people criticized Donald O’Connor for remarking that the number had been sung by “Ann Blyth and family.”

As I told you in Good News last month, the person least upset about Don’s description was Ann herself! “Such a fuss about nothing,” she said at the time, “since when is having a baby in bad taste? Or even mentioning the fact?”

I said, “Ann, I can’t remember any girl expecting a baby who has been as busy professionally and socially as you have been while you were enciente, to put it Frenchly. Many about-to-be-mothers for the first time make a point of taking it easy.”

"Why shouldn’t I keep busy?” she asked, sipping her tea, “I’ve felt much too well to be idle.

"Besides, I’ve had such a wonderful sense of security—especially with Jim’s being the fine obstetrician he is. Jim is the one who has encouraged me to keep busy as long as I felt well. Do you know,” she added, her eyes wide, “I didn’t even have morning sickness!”

"Once in a while I’ve felt like being lazy,” she laughingly admitted, “but my Jim kids me out of it. If I just sit for hours, doing nothing he’ll say, ‘Ann, do you want to have to take off a lot of weight after the baby comes?’ That sets me to jumping, you can bet.

"I believe that one of the best things that happened to me was that Jim put all kinds of books on childbearing and the care of infants into my hands.”

Ann went on, “I wasn’t exposed to a

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lot of gossip about terrible pain or any of the old wives' tales about prenatal influence. Jim particularly insisted that I wasn't to think of myself as an invalid.

"Well, you certainly took him at his word," I laughed.

I knew, for instance, that while pregnant Ann had started and finished her picture, *Rose Marie*; that she had appeared on countless TV shows; that she had been rehearsing her nightclub act which she will open in Las Vegas later in the season, and she had been flying!

"Oh, yes," she affirmed, "we've flown to San Francisco and to Las Vegas. It was so much fun going to Las Vegas with Jim and my aunt and uncle and Mr. and Mrs. Newt Bass, from Apple Valley. We also spent a vacation there.

"You know, I think I'm going to like my nightclub experience in Las Vegas. I want to take the baby with me. I couldn't bear to leave him—or her—for a minute."

"Ann," I laughed, "you're going to be singing Irish lullabies in a streamlined fashion. Imagine finishing a song number in one of those gilded gambling casinos and then dashing backstage to give the baby its bottle."

"The baby won't be backstage. It will have the best and quietest suite in the place," she assured me.

"Do you think Jim will mind your taking the baby to Las Vegas," I asked, "or haven't you had your first argument yet with that good-looking Irishman?"

She said seriously, "No, we have never had an argument—and I hope we never have our first one. I just can't believe that every marriage has to have its ups and downs, even minor battles during which little cruel things are said. I just don't believe this is necessary where two people share love and respect equally.

"If Jim and I are thinking a little differently about even the smallest thing, we talk it out. It doesn't take me long to tell him my side and it doesn't take him long to see mine. Insisting on having one's own way all the time is sheer stubbornness."

"Ann," I said, "you are such a sensible little girl and, to me, you are still very much a little girl. Just a few years ago you were having chaperoned dates."

Ann said with dignity, "But the important thing is that inside my mind and heart I'm no longer a little girl, Louella. I'm a woman experiencing the most miraculous things that can happen to a woman—marriage and motherhood."

"There is not a night that goes by that I do not thank God for my womanhood. Right now I can think of nothing except my baby who will soon be here. I have such wonderful thoughts for him—or her. If it's a boy his name will be Timothy Patrick McNulty. Nothing would make me prouder than for him to follow in Jim's footsteps in the medical profession. But if he wants to be a trapeze artist—well, his ma will be ringside rooting for him."

"The same thing goes for Maureen Alanna—that's the name we've selected for a daughter. We found that name in an Irish book with 3000 names. If Maureen Alanna were a girl, I would have many, many children," Ann hesitated a moment before she continued, "so I can just mother them."

I knew she was thinking of her own mother, the wonderfully kind and understanding woman who died in 1946 when Ann was in her early teens but that Jim and I will have a large family if heredity helps. Jim's parents have five sons, a daughter and twenty grandchildren.

We both laughed again—good laughter. It's very easy for Ann to laugh these days. Seemingly, she has everything in the world to make a woman happy—a fine and respected career, a family started and the devotion of her wonderful Dr. Jim.

Although Ann had been a contented girl ever since she found her way after losing her father. I think her supreme consciousness of happiness came when she met Dr. McNulty.

"How did he happen to date you the first time?" I asked.

She smiled, "He did it very reluctantly. His brother, Dennis Day, asked him if he'd like to go out dinner with his wife and himself and he said I'ld be along.

"Jim said, 'You mean Ann Blyth, the movie actress?' Dennis replied, 'That's the one.' Later, Dennis told me that Jim had said 'No thanks—but for some odd reason he came along.'"

I asked, "What first attracted you to Jim?"

"Well, first," Ann laughed, "I liked his looks. He looks so Irish with his dark hair and blue eyes and I have a weakness for the Irish."

"But almost immediately I was conscious of his kindness. I thought when I first met him, and I still think, that he's one of the kindest men I've ever known.

"It's a quality that does not always go with a young man—but I think my Jim was born with it. Dennis says so. Dennis and Jim are brothers next-to-each other."

---

**Who Will Win the Silver Cups?**

For three months, starting with this issue, the editors will be counting your votes to determine the winners of the famous *Modern Screen* Popularity Awards. Don't miss your chance to vote for your favorite stars of 1954—and tell your friends to rush their ballots in, too! Be sure to fill out all the blank spaces below and send your ballot to us at once. Winners will be announced in the February issue, on sale January, 1955.

I VOTE FOR

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR

MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1. **MALE**
2. **FEMALE**
3. **MALE**
4. **FEMALE**
5. **MALE**
6. **FEMALE**

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

1. **MALE**
2. **FEMALE**
3. **MALE**

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. **MALE**
2. **FEMALE**
3. **MALE**

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS

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NAME __________________________
ADDRESS ________________________
AGE _____ OCCUPATION _________
They always have been very close."
"Was it love at first sight?" I prodded.
"All I can say to that is that I hoped he would call me again and again—and again. And he did!
"We went together for six months and I think we both realized we were growing closer and closer. One evening Jim said, 'Ann, you and I are beginning to look a little alike.' And it was true.
"'But still, he didn't get around to popping the question,' Ann laughed. "I was beginning to wonder. Later, Dennis told me Jim had bought a ring and had been carrying it around for weeks without getting up enough nerve to ask me.

**OH, DADDY!**

A few years ago Clark Gable passed through our town and walked into a little store in my neighborhood. My family and I were in the store, too, and joined the crowd around him. We were right beside him when my little sister started screaming, "Where is he, Daddy?"
"I want to see him!"
We looked down to see her pulling on Mr. Gable's coat-tail, thinking it was her father's!
Alice Dickenson
Panama City, Florida

"One night he came to pick me up—I think we were going to an industry dinner—and he sort of grabbed at his pocket, fished out the ring and said, 'Here, Ann. Do you want this?"
"Do you know what I did? It was such a surprise and I was so happy, I got sick to my stomach! My aunt made me go and lie down a little while. Isn't that a fine and romantic way to accept a proposal?"
Before I could answer, Ann was chattering on happily, "The funny part is that Jim told me he felt a little like fainting himself! That is the first and last time we've made each other sick!"

The afternoon shadows were lengthening over the garden when Ann arose and said she had marketing to do yet.
"No, no," I cried, "not more bundles to carry?"
"And dinner yet to cook," she chuckled, "Believe it or not, I'm becoming a very good cook, balanced meals, right number of vitamins and that sort of thing. I really have to keep on my toes because Jim is a very fine cook. I think that when men are good cooks they're much better than women, don't you?"

Never having been lucky enough to have been close to a man who was tops in the culinary department I couldn't speak with authority on this subject. But I did congratulate Ann on her good luck.

On second thought as I watched her leave, her newly awkward figure burdened down with samples and materials and scripts, I questioned whether the happiness Ann has found can be attributed to luck.

In the case of this really fine and religious girl, isn't Ann's luck more a manifestation of the lovely things she so richly deserves—a reflection of the kindness and goodness she herself brings to her career, to her home and to her friends?
if she could only cook

(Continued from page 44) try to do an interview with Jean Simmons. She'll just sit around and resent you.

This conception of her as an aloof type came only after she had left England and arrived in Hollywood. She had been essentially as lighthearted as ever then—though without the former need to be wildly impetuous about it. Her youthful curiosity about gay living had been so well satisfied that it wouldn't matter to her if she never got inside another nightclub.

She had been as happy when shortly after her arrival in California she eloped to Arizona to marry her Jimmy—the Jimmy Stewart who had to change his name to Stewart Granger when he became a star in a screen world which already had one Jimmy Stewart.

Then came her legal fight with Howard Hughes (and Jimmy made it his fight too, of course) over an extended contract for her services which Hughes claimed to have and they insisted he did not. It was then that Jean, who felt that her rights were sacrificed, and who regarded the columnist's constant references to the fact that her husband was so much older than she, began to wonder about Hollywood. She used to ask, "Do all the people here behave like this?"

Hollywood, she came to realize, could learn to like new-comers quickly only if they fitted into a familiar pattern. She and Jimmy obviously didn't; what was the use of kidding about it? Their personalities were not to be gathered up and catalogued in a quick look or screen test interview. It was to take time for Hollywood to get to know Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—and for them to know Hollywood.

Now something has occurred which indicates that the time may have arrived. Jean was talking to one of her studio's publicists and she quietly agreed to an interview for publication in almost a year. That happened toward the end of the filming of The Egyptian. Not once during the shooting of The Rode had she consented to talk for publication. So her word was a pleasant surprise.

"You mean you're not peaved at the world of journalism any more?" he asked.

"I don't think I ever was, really," Jean replied. "I was angry only at the people who have tried to hurt me by being very careless with their words and suppositions. And you know, when you are in that sort of mood your resentment tends to overshoot and take in others as well."

Jean is too friendly and open to continue a remote social existence in community where she and her husband are establishing themselves successfully, and among whose citizens they will probably be living for many years to come. He has had his troubles in Hollywood too; not only on her account, because he has always been quick to shield her from attack, but also because he never soft-pedals any of his opinions.

This habit of making the forthright response, which has hitherto rubbed people the wrong way, now and then seems to win Stewart respect and even friendship. His handling of the ticklish question as to whether or not he and Jean plan to become American citizens (a step that always perturbs British actors, not to speak of their British fans) is one of the most blunt, yet adroit, noted in Hollywood.

"After all, you've been in Hollywood more than four years," a columnist said to him. "And you are making a living here. Don't you think it's time to decide to become an American?"

"Why, I'll leave it to you," said Stewart. "Suppose you, born and bred an American, had worked in England for four years. Would you think it time enough to start piling up? This will be troublesome because Jean has been and is going to continue to be a very busy girl.

The Egyptian is her twenty-fifth picture. By the time you read this she will be working with Marlon Brando in Desiree and other productions for her are in the planning stages. She hopes to manage anyway. She is bothered by the possibility that she and Stewart will not be able to live as quietly as they have. She enjoys the quiet informality of their life.

They spend a bit of time with the Mich-ael Wildings. It is getting so that when Jean Simmons and Elizabeth Taylor sit together now they look enough alike to be sisters, and Jean, like many others, can hardly resist the temptation to call them "home bodies."

When they lunch out occasionally they like to lose themselves in the crowds at the Paramount Market. They seldom dine at the flashy steak tabernacles, preferring the more solid, if quieter, establishments like Scanda and the Cock and Bull.

Their homes today are a three-bedroom, ranch-style house high on Mulholland Drive. They bought it after deciding that their first home—a $125,000 Bel Air residence—which they have not yet been able to sell—was too large a pile of stone for one couple. "Stewart was like any new husband," says Jean when defending his purchase. "But somehow I felt like starting off with his bride in a house that was built for the ages. The only trouble was that it was like a forgotten castle; and you could easily get to feel the same way yourself, tucked away in a corner of it. That wasn't so good."

Just as they have been trading homes, Jean and Stewart have been doing some automobile trading as well. Stewart had a blue Jaguar until last year when he decided to give the Jag to Jean and get himself a Mercedes. But Jean decided she wanted a Mercedes—too, and traded the Jaguar for one.

And Jean is no slouch at driving. She used to drive between London and the movie studios at Pine-wood in her little English racer. In her Jaguar she has been clocked out on the desert at 150 miles an hour which is just about as fast as it can go and faster than it should.

Stewart took over the cooking as soon as they were married and still does it. They cannot understand why people persist in thinking this an extraordinary arrangement. Jean has set to in three different times: "It isn't that I don't want to cook. It's that Jimmy is so much better at it! Isn't it silly for an amateur to be cooking for an expert?"

Jean explains to anyone who is interested, that she had tried sometimes to do the cooking. The last time she announced that dinner was ready; "We had 150 miles an hour for the chicken wasn't so bad when it finally came off the spit. The green vegetables she cooked were not bad, nor were the baked potatoes and bread and salad. The trouble was the timing. They had reached edibility at staggered intervals—badly staggered. Jimmy has not been unable to do without the regular professional. They use a bit of common sense.

"You stick to acting, darling, and make some money," he advises. "I'll try and do the cooking and the biking."

Jean thinks this is common sense and she plans to do just that; keep acting and keep making money until something happens that she hopes won't happen in her marriage which wants children. Stewart, the father of two children by his first marriage, even talks about retiring from pictures some day to become a farmer, and deserting perfectly caught up with the idea, "I'd like to raise youngsters on a farm," she says.

As it is, Jean no sooner gets home from the studio than she transforms herself into a farmhand, donning either jeans or slacks usually topping by one of Stewart's sweatshirts. She always orders light lunches at the studio to make sure she has a good appetite for Stewart's dinner, and the meal is invariably served, not in the din- ing room, but from a tray set in front of the television. A set in the living room. A third dinner will be Bill Rushton who has been Stewart's chauffeur, groom, dresser and general factotum for years. Occasionally it will be Jimmy, and most often he will be Spencer Tracy, a friend ever since Jean and he starred in The Actress together. Spencer loves to eat Stewart's steaks and belittle his polit- ics.

There is almost always an argument about the choice of tv programs. Jimmy and Bill want to watch boxing and can always dig a fight program out of some channel. Naturally, they don't force their preferences on her—they are democratic and always take a vote, which, unfortunately, is always two-to-one against her. Jean, who wants to look at such favor- ites as Burns and Allen and Jack Benny and Omnibus and Sid Caesar, most often finds herself, like so many long-suffering wives, watch- ing "The Gomer Pyle Show," the stuffing out of "Kid Somebody Else."

Spencer Tracy told her at one dinner she should assert herself in this unfair situation. "Insist on seeing what you like," he had advised.
"Tonight?" she asked.
"There are some special fights on tonight and I'd sort of like to see them myself."
Stewart's choice of television programs is about the only kind of decision he makes that Jean criticizes. She leans heavily on him for advice about her career, her clothes and even her make-up. His judgment and taste are excellent, she thinks. "Mine isn't by any means," she reports.

It was Stewart who decorated their home and if it seems a bit extreme (original paintings hang alongside his African trophies—the mounted head of a giant Cape buffalo, for instance) she believes it's just because style and custom haven't caught up with him.

Stewart has a set of personal values which Jean is catching up with and beginning to understand. If she scores a professional victory at the studio he will be pleased, but he can be more highly impressed, sometimes, by evidence of self-improvement in personal traits. When Jean decided to quit smoking his admiration was unexpectedly overboard. "Good girl!" he kept telling her. "Stick to it!"

Unfortunately, Jean proved to be more ordinarily human than heroic in this little drama. In a few days she found herself sneaking puffs in the bathroom. She quickly decided she couldn't go on living any longer in a false light and that it would be best to confess. Such as she is, and such as he is, they have been getting along famously. She didn't want any lie to come between them. And none ever will if she can help it.

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der; 90—NBC.

**bob francis**
(Continued from page 55) Summer stock? Operettas? Nightclubs? Vaudeville? Cir-
cuses? Fairs? Resorts? Modeling?
"You don't understand," said the per-
spiring press agent. "This guy's brand new. He's never done anything before."
The lady snorted. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Don't give me that Cin-
derella-boy stuff. It just doesn't happen in Hollywood any more."
The outraged cynic was absolutely right.
It doesn't. And yet, to all appearances, it certainly had for the tall, husky and hand-
some specimen of young American man-
hood named Robert Charles Francis. The press agent was making true talk. Fame suddenly pegged big Bob Francis right out of left field. Until he took on the prize
romantic role of Ensign Keith in The Caine Mutiny, Bob had never earned a nickel from any kind of performing. If it hadn't been for a sizzling Fourth of July five years ago, the idea of emoting for a living wouldn't have entered his head.
Bob Francis had rolled down to the Santa Monica beach with Nanette Burris in her

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**D R Y  u n d e r a r m s  h a v e  n o  o d o r**

**D R Y  u n d e r a r m s  c a n t  s t a i n**

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starting next month in MODERN SCREEN

A BRAND NEW 8-PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA

louella parsons

in hollywood

Don’t miss this exciting new bonus section! Eight pages chock-full of last minute news, intimate photos, exclusive scoops as only Hollywood's greatest reporter can tell them!

Watch for it in MODERN SCREEN next month
It's harrowing for a mother to spy the bobbing head of her twelve-year-old boy out past the breakwater line, see him take reckless headers off a thirty-foot pier or watch him ride the hissing crest of giant rollers that could break his neck if he made a split-second miscalculation. Lillian Francis knew what lifeguards meant when they sighed, "I like that kid—he's got nerve. But when you people leave—thank God, I'll get a day's rest!"

Bob Francis never was in the perilous plight that he seemed to be in eternally. He caught on quickly with the instinctive coordination and savviness of a natural athlete.

Everyone took him for years beyond his age. He was oversized early—six feet at thirteen—and knew it. Off down near Oceanside a bunch of Marines, spotting Bob in his Sea Scout suit, thought he was a gobs and invited him back to the Pendleton base. He yanked off the telltale Scout insignia and had a whirl—although his dad later bawled him out for posing for what he wasn't.

Bob was through high school at sixteen and went to Pasadena City College, although his academic career was mostly a case of going through the motions. He made his grades quite well, of course, primarily as a "Deezer" (Delta Sigma Rho fraternity) and knocked around with a little football but all the time his heart and mind were somewhere else—skimming mountain slopes on a pair of skis. That was such a big teen-age charge with Francis that it never occurred to him that he might be in anything but the ski business for the rest of his life. He hadn't thought of acting.

"I never was even a bunny in an Easter play at school! I never went to movies. I couldn't stand to stay indoors that long. Yeah, they sent me to a Punhoused right in my own home town. Famous too, but I never bothered to look inside the place. Just wasn't interested—then."

This string of circumstances (the Bob) started when his brother Bill, an expert, put him on waxed slats at eleven and pushed him down a hill. He almost knocked down a pine tree, but Bob right away saw it for him. Soon he was racing down the scarry slopes of Mount Baldy and winning cups. Nothing much discouraged Bob—not for a long time. As soon as he ducked a contestant who crossed his path, broke his pole and ran it through Bob's arm. Bob finished with the stick piercing his flesh—and won the race.

When Bill returned home from the Air Transport Command after the war, he wanted to open a ski shop in Pasadena with his brother Bob for his partner in the "Ski-Cellar" started while Bob was still in school and flourished, spreading to Mount Waterman and Big Pines ski resorts. "We did swell!" his brothers Bob, "and then boom—two winters of no snow, hardly a flake! We lost our shirts!"

Bob himself never had a weak moment, even though it wasn't all easy. "Sometimes," he remembers, "it was like slogging through a mud puddle with loose boots, never really sure you're getting anywhere."

It was a long hitch from Pasadena but he managed by bummy riding, borrowing his dad's car, or riding a bus. He got lost in Santa Monica, sleeping in the Schneider's guest house, chipped up his own meals there and baby-sat with their kids, Nina and Tony.

"We looked on Bobbie as our son," says Botomi Schneider. "He's the kind of boy you instinctively have complete faith in."

That went for all of Bob's classmates, too—David Brian, Danny Adam, Jody Lawrence, Laurie Barker and Tony Curtis—to begin with. He was a greener pupil than Bob," she says, "but also never one with greater promise. He was serious, intelligent, quick to learn, and above all, fiercely determined. Besides all that, he has irresistible charm and a natural authority in everything he does. He's still developing, but someday he'll be really great!"

When Bob Francis started his acting lessons he was as inarticate as a cigar store Indian and sometimes got so mixed up in his scenes that he stamped off the stage in disgust. But after only a few weeks Botomi tested him in the role of an artist who suffers a nervous breakdown. "He broke into such convincing sobs and kept them up so long that I became frightened," she recalls, "After that we both took a phenobarbital and lay down to recuperate!"

After this debacle, Bob batted around in a state of his ski dream winked out. Bill got another job (being married, he had to) and today is a successful businessman. But for Bob, "The result of his," he says, "I was a pretty mixed-up boy about then. I wanted to finish college to please my folks and for a while I thought I'd go over to Colorado U. and leveled with myself I knew I wanted to make more for the good skiing. I couldn't be a financial burden to them when I wasn't after any profession. I wandered around for a few weeks trying to think things out."

He had applied for a gas station job when that hot Fourth of July steered him to the beach and that changed everything.

"I figured somebody was crazy," he grins, "maybe me. But I also thought, 'Why not? What have I got to lose?'" So he called the number and made the date, feeling out of place and awkward.

When he tackled a reading for drama coach Sophie Roseinstein, Bob delivered his lines with all the finesse and feeling of a railroad conductor announcing station stops. Miss Roseinstein had to tell him the truth: "You're much too raw for us to consider here."

But the attractive qualities that everyone sees today in Bob—his good looks, manliness and fresh, clean-cut personality prompted a suggestion she wouldn't ordinarily make to one so green. "You have possibilities," she said, "and if there's anyone in Hollywood who can bring them out—Botomi Schneider. If you're serious about this, I'll call her."

Bob allowed he was, although that was an impassive statement. In his addled state, he really didn't know. Nor did he know how lucky he was when Botomi said she'd take him on. But now he knows. "I owe everything to her," says Bob honestly. "She did it all.

He calls the Schneiders, Botomi and her husband, Benno, "my second parents." Botomi Schneider is a remarkable teacher, blessed with the gift of bringing out talent in young people. She has smoothed the rough edges of such stars as Virginia Mayo, Vera Ellen, Joanne Dru, Piper Laurie, Lex Barker and Tony Curtis—to begin with. She's a better ski student than Bob," she says, "but also never one with greater promise. He was serious, intelligent, quick to learn, and above all, fiercely determined. Besides all that, he has irresistible charm and a natural authority in everything he does. He's still developing, but someday he'll be really great!"

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into his old dramatic school buddy, Don Oreck, and they became barracks bunkmates. Don is a handsome radio actor with an oversized funnybone and a fertile imagination. They turned into unreasonable G.I. facsimiles of Martin and Lewis.

It all started when Don got the reckless idea to break up a certain long and tedious form he'd collected at home and the pair put them on after working up a "Heil Hitler" routine that was sheer zaniness. "We stalked around like generals in review uniform," relates Don gleefully. "And the instructing officer almost fainted. But the guys rolled in the aisles. A couple of hams like us went for it and we really shook the place loose. Then when we were walking out who should we see parked in the room but three generals—members of an inspection team. Bob stared at me and I stared at him and we both turned green."

To their immense relief, however, the generals were grinning. "Keep it up, boys," they said, "you're great for morale."

So, while Bob Francis soldiered conscientiously for two years he also kept his talents honed. Weekends he could roll down to Hollywood for brush-up session with Botomi and some of his mom's home cooking. Once he almost didn't make it. The car he rode in slammed into a truck and was completely demolished. Another weekend car crash brought happier results. On leave in Pasadena, Bob saw a car smash broadside and a pretty girl bounce out. He looked over, picked up the girl, bought her coffee at a drive-in to quiet her shaken nerves. Her name was Dorothy Ross, a co-ed he remembered vaguely at P.C.C. She's his steady today.

Bob was mustered out in 1952 with no casualty other than a touch of chicken pox. But he had military honors except his corporal's stripes. He took a two-week vacation in Las Vegas without dropping his Army pay savings, then used them to re-enroll in Botomi Schneider's acting classes. It was a month later that what he calls "That Great Day" arrived—only he had no idea it was coming. He was just ready to turn pro, and even Botomi, a perfectionist, agreed. But her husband, Benno, who has a steady drama coaching post at Columbia, had other ideas.

Benno knew what headaches Columbia's talent executive, Max Arnow, had worked up hunting a fresh, typically American, young actor to play boyish Willie in the studio's big effort, The Caine Mutiny, Where to find an unknown who wouldn't look silly alongside Humphrey Bogart, Robert Mitchum, Fred MacMurray and José Ferrer? Benno thought he knew where—right at his house. He told Arnow, "I think I've got your boy." Benno doesn't talk that way in the studio. He's a straight-up California "I'll sit and talk about it and plenty of things to fix up for my family and kids. I want to travel and see the world." He has started seeing it lately. Until Caine, Columbia had turned him out of California except to try out some ski slopes up in Utah and Nevada. But now he has been to Hawaii and New York and he doesn't want to come back to the junket around quite a bit from now on.

Bob Francis' career was launched to fast and far—unless he breaks both legs, which hardly seems likely, as he hasn't the time to ski. Physically, there's absolutely nothing wrong with either to put him in the loop. He can keep the clock around and a myopia which makes him wear specks off screen and sometimes turns his pink cheeks red. The other night, roaming around without his glasses at a party of old friends, Bob was muttering. "Nice to see you again—haven't seen you for a long time," to one and all.

"Yes, you jerk," said Don Oreck. "It is nice to see you again, isn't it? Remember me? I only brought you here for the split second you were off."

End
mad about the "boys"

(Continued from page 35) not going to marry Leonard. I'm not going to marry anybody. Not yet. My work comes first. And if I cross you up by doing it before your story 'comes out, I'll apologize in the public square. But you don't have to worry about it.'

CHEW-CHEW BABY

In 1944, I was with the Army in England. One day I was wandering through the Ham Studios and came across the set of Caesar and Cleopatra, co-starring Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. During a break in the shooting, I approached Miss Leigh to ask for an autograph. I was chewing gum at the time and before I could say a word, Miss Leigh said, almost wistfully, "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a stick of good old American chewing gum!" Needless to say, I received a very fancy autograph and Miss Leigh received five sticks of Wrigley's!

James Pearl, Havertown, Pennsylvania

Well and good. Back to men. "All right. But only if we leave words like 'middle-aged' out of it. I think every girl should know older men, even go with them, before she marries into a marriage with a man her own age. And I certainly don't see any reason why she shouldn't marry one if she happens to love him. Older men have a great deal to offer that the younger ones don't have. That's not boot- down my own generation. I guess I've made it clear I like them all ages. But the age isn't the factor. It's the individual.

"Now I go out with an older man—let's say forty—and he has a tolerance a younger one might not have. His are in his favor that way because he's apt to be more polished and more courteous—and, well, every bit as interesting conversationally. To say the least.

"I don't mean in a high-brow sense. And I don't mean young men are dull. But it simply figures that the man who's lived longer has more to say and is better equipped to say it. Of course you might have more in common with a boy your own age. But a girl should grow, too, and she'll grow by learning, and she learns from her—well, seniors.

Piper had expressed a universal fondness for the male sex. It is not to be construed from this that she is indiscriminate. On the contrary, she is discriminative as all getout. That's easy to spot. She's a red-haired party with perfect skin and exceptionally delicate, sensitive features.

"You see," she said, "there are so many small things a man should learn if he hasn't. There are so many small ways to embarrass a girl. And other girls will know what I mean. For instance, there was this man I used to date—he was fortyish—and on one of our first evenings out, he parked the car in a restaurant lot, got out and just headed for the entrance. And there I was, waiting for him to open the door for me on my side. I hadn't realized he wasn't going to, or I would have opened it myself to save him embarrassment. But I waited a few moments too long, and he was coming back while I was opening it...

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It sounds like a small thing, as I say, and it was a small thing—except that it spoiled the whole evening. He had been made overly conscious of a slight slip, and I was the one who'd made him conscious of it. We had been avoiding every way possible, seven ways after that, he was much more courteous in the—you know, trivial ways—so it worked out all right in the end. But he was very, very happy with me, too, and I think girls like that, not that I'm setting myself up as a spokesman for American womanhood, but I don't. If I were writing a novel, I would be full of this, like opening doors, seating your dinner partner and not standing her in a crowded room. But what was funny about this episode was that he was an older man. He was in his mid-fifties.

No. No preference. Only in men. Of course, actors can be a lot of fun. It's a natural part of their make-up. I don't like a man to be too much of a boresider, but even there, it depends on the person.

I'm afraid of generalities and I can't be pinned down on an idea. There are too many ifs, maybes and on-the-other-hands.

Not even on so safe a topic as Hollywood wolves? Seems a girl couldn't make an error decrying these.

Piper laughed—an agreeable sound.

"There are wolves and wolves. I've thought some of itemizing them. There's the one with the brotherly approach, just two kids together out for fun and laughs. Oh, for goodness sake. It turns out that isn't entirely what he had in mind. That one's a sneak, I'd say. Even the forthright wolf is better and the forthright wolf is the most insensitive male there is. The older ones may warn you of the snares. A young girl is subject to, without bothering to mention they're one of the snares. Then there's the wolf who doesn't care how much money she's got. I'm afraid of that. If it were a volley-ball, and that's pretty disgusting. Need I go on?"

Thank you, no. Instead, could we return to the subject of the first case?

"Dick. What can I say? Dick—Dick has a lot of living to do, a lot to make up. The lost years and—well, you know. Con- tino, for the benefit of those who have been residing in Tibet, was jailed for daring evasion but later served honorably in the Army in Korea. He's paid up in full. Also for the Tibetan annex, he is a very highly paid, very highly respected cameraman. People never knew the whole story of what happened to Dick—what was behind it all. I don't mean politics or anything like that, but if they'd been here, the end would have been a lot slower to blame him. Anyway, it's now done and behind him, and I don't think the American people are going to want him punished. Dick's living it up now, and I don't blame him."

And Mr. Goldstein.

"We're just good friends," said Piper, producing the laugh again. "The Hollywood world is also interested in that. He's been a little bit of trouble if they had a rubber stamp made of those words."

Piper hadn't been giving her companions much of a shake up to now. Wasn't there something to be said for young males as well?

"But certainly!" cried Miss Hudson, getting quite excited, and it is just as "right now" as "clear that!". Young men are just wonderful —younger men, older men! Except for the one's that aren't. Some of my best friends aren't a jot over twenty-four. They aren't entirely mature yet, but then neither am I. And I guess that's what I like about them. It's a matter of occasion, too. For the concert or the theatre or dinner, perhaps an older man might fit the bill better. But dancing or hiking or just a general fun party, you like people your own age. To tell you the truth, I don't know many men over thirty-five that I'd risk on a hike. They're all right when the going's tough, but when you start uphill you leave 'em. And I'm an uphill hiker from way back.

Still and all, though, the young 'uns were prone to be less courteous?

"Usually. In the small things, remember. Not always. Here's another example of what girls don't like—and this was an older man, too. He took me—I forgot, but it was some banquet downtown in a hotel. We came in through the bar. It was jammed. But instead of staying with me and helping me through the crowd, he just plowed on ahead like some kind of half-back. I couldn't move. Finally I got mad and just stood still. He was all the way to the dining room entrance before he missed me. Then he came back. And there was another evening half-ruined, because he'd been thoughtless and I'd made him realise it. Not that it ruined our friendship or anything like that, because it didn't. Maybe in the long run it did some good. But I'm not glad it happened. I repeat, men are just wonderful—but the little things, the little things, the little things!"

Piper's protestations to the contrary, half of Hollywood would not be surprised if she married Contino in the near future, meeting in the process his alleged demands that she confine her energies to being Mrs. C. and nothing else. The other half of Hollywood thinks it can't happen. This is the half that is dead convinced, correctly or otherwise, that Piper is a careerist before she is anything and that no trifling interloper such as love is going to derail her progress. It has been pointed out that she's had some mighty handsome men offer her hand in marriage and none of them. Yet there is something wrong with the type-casting of this particular beauty as an inflexible careerist. She is small with a bell-like voice, almost wholly unsarcastic in casual conversation and professes no far-flung ambitions beyond an urge to be a better actress.

"For two or even three years I want to go on as I am—oh, there must be some better word than 'artist'—well, as an actress. After that, I just couldn't make a prediction. But right now I'm definitely not in love and I'm definitely not getting married.

The legend that Rosetta Jacobs, to give our heroine her proper handle, places the career of Piper Laurie above every other consideration may have its roots in one of several circumstances.

One is the amazing information that while still in grammar school this wonder-kid wrote, produced and directed quite a few highly creative, single-mindedness may be evidenced here.

Another is the testimony of a fellow player—not one of Piper's most devoted friends, that she has a pretty dynamic personality when creative juices are flowing.

A third is a matter of common information: between acting bouts, she likes most to act. That is true. After one take of a playhouse scene, she used to be looking for the next, this tireless mime dragoon fellows—members of the company into running through scenes from other pictures or from some sketchy play they thought just perfect for fun. Thus it cannot be said Piper doesn't know what she likes best to do.

Still, it is hard to envisage her as an unlikely careerist, subject to no distractions from the thing she likes best. The steely set of the jaw is missing—and there is nothing peremptory in her regard for the male animal.

Piper is a Detroit girl of Polish and Russian extraction who moved to Los Angeles in time for high school, and thereafter latched on to pictures in practically no time. Miss Hudson signed with Universal-International, and eight months after that she was playing a lead opposite Tony Curtis in a number titled The Prince Who Was A Thief.

The picture remains and will forever remain the most memorable for Piper because it was her first. Some say it also whetted her appetite for fame to its pres- ence. She has said many times it's her artistic fruition she wants. And it is only fair to point out that she ought to know. Well, after The Prince, a pretty big deal of something similar to this one over which Piper is still beaming. Los Angeles High School, at which she was a very bright student, never had seen its way clear to casting her in one of its plays. Now her doting alma mater invited her back for the unequivocal purpose of honoring her as an actress. That for the LAHS drama beagles! Piper also did for three other major studios as well; not one, before U-I, had let her through the front gate more than once, each time for unsuccessful interviews. It's on the other condition, though, not via the screen but by dining on camellias. There happened to be a cameraman present and the picture got rather wide distribution. Camellias—nib- bled for a few minutes—reminded the publicists, where they are a dime a dozen, but other people were startled.

But to put this forward as still another proof of over-weening ambition is silly. Camellias don't taste bad, and besides she didn't eat the whole thing.

Except for this mild eccentricity and the dress—she's not a bit different from any other American girl who bumps a bit more than a thousand dollars a week and looks like a pros- pers, a point of beauty, according to the studio's sharper judgment, but a quality that seems to detach her from a more or
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STRANGER ON HORSEBACK

When I lived in Los Angeles my mother and I often went driving in the country. One day we got stuck on a muddy road and, hard as we tried, we couldn’t get out. A stranger came by on horseback and offered to help, but after struggling and pushing, we were still as stuck as ever. The man then offered to find a farmer who could pull us out with a tractor. In about fifteen minutes the farmer came and freed us. I never guessed who the helpful stranger was until my mother whispered that his name was Dick Haymes!

Sandra Sue Doty
East Alton, Illinois

ing? Which young man? What older man? You have to give me names. These rules of thumb don’t work. I mean, they don’t necessarily work. It’s like saying, ‘Youth calls to youth.’ Not always, by any means. I have seen youths and youths with not so much as a whisper between them. There are individuals and that’s all there are, so far as I’m concerned. Quote me no general quotes, please.”

The last word on the Contino deal was that Piper is very strong with Dick’s grandmother. This good lady, who by all accounts is a superb cook, had called from San Francisco a few hours before tea time and asked her up there for a bowl of spaghetti—spaghetti Contino, that is, which is something rather special.

Piper was thinking of making the trip. And if Dick happened to be up there at the same time, what of that? Something suspicious about a boy’s being with his grandmother? You’d like to make something of it?

Pardon. Contino’s not a boy, he’s a man. And men are just wonderful. You heard the lady. And as for so-called age, what’s that? A state of mind—and a state of mind not shared by Piper Laurie. END

(PIPPO LAURIE is soon to be seen in U-1’s Dawn At Socorro.)

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the lady said yes

(Continued from page 37) can clear them.

Then precisely at eleven-thirty—according to unusually precise time—Bob asked Ursula a question he had been some time getting around to. The exact German equivalent is not available, but in American it goes: “Will you marry me?” At the same time, he produced a ring.

Hollywood, as well as a large part of the rest of the civilized world, had been wondering for quite a spell when Bob and Ursula were going to get this show on the road. Some even were making book on it, pro or con and name your own odds.

Until then, the closest Taylor had come to conceding anything was when he told Modern Screen, three weeks before the announcement, the following, in reply to a direct query:

“That question has a familiar ring. I’ll say this much, though. The lady’s name is pronounced ‘Teece.’ You muffed it. I’ll also say we are keeping company. And I don’t mind telling you she was with me yesterday when I bought some Adler silverware. I figure it’s time I began keeping a hope chest. Furthermore, I instructed that the monogram ‘T’ be put on the silverware. I’ll even go this far; I’m house-hunting, sometimes as many as three and four houses a day, and sometimes Miss Thies is with me. You may now conjecture your head off.

But the need for conjecture is over. Miss Thies and Mr. Taylor are married and the marriage has changed many things for Bob Taylor, as such happenings are wont to do. But one strange and spurious supposition about him, it has failed to dent—and this is the peculiar notion that Robert Taylor, married or not, is the loneliest man in Hollywood.

He may never shake that delusion.

For Bob Taylor once explained to the press, “I never go anywhere because nobody asks me anywhere.”

Repercussions from this indiscreet—and endearing—bit of personal information have plagued him ever since.

“Keep reading,” he said, “that I’m the loneliest guy in Hollywood. If I read it five more times, maybe I’ll begin to believe it. Then I could have a hell of a time wallowing around in self-pity, except I’m not given to self-pity.”

The picture I get from it is Taylor slumped in his cell-like room night after night, surrounded by bats. That’s interesting but inaccurate. I don’t slump, my room isn’t cell-like and I don’t keep bats. In fact, I lead what I consider a very happy life, by which I mean a life that suits Taylor fine. But if I say that, the weepers insist I’m just keeping a stiff upper lip or whistling past the graveyard. It seems almost impossible for a naturally rather solitary person to convince the joiners that he’s happy the way he is. But anyone like me—and I’ll bet there are plenty—knows exactly what I’m talking about. You don’t have to feel sorry for us. We don’t feel sorry for ourselves. We like it.”

Briefly, Taylor’s allegedly monastic existence runs like this: He has few close friends directly connected with the motion picture industry, but a fair number of congenial acquaintances away from it. He likes small gatherings where people sit on the floor and talk about the best ways to pot a Texas quail. Aside from golf (he’s just taken it up and is not promising) he prefers the more solitary diversions—hunting, fishing, riding, flying. He is delighted with his freedom to go where he likes when he likes as he likes unless his work interferes.
As I say," he went on after a moment, "this 'lonely' business began when I told that columnist I didn't go to any parties because I wasn't invited to any. Well, that's not strictly the truth, but for her purposes it was, and I guess for years as well, so I'll repeat it. I don't go to any parties because I'm not invited to any.

"But you have to understand that in Hollywood, a party is not a party unless it's one where—what is it they always say?—'Everybody who is anybody was there!' What a crushing thing it must be to 150,890,000 Americans to learn that they're not anybody! I think we all band together to make up a mutual sympathy club. No, I'm not invited to those. I don't know any special reason. Oh, maybe. If someone in the studio talks to us, we're giving a super soirée, he might include me, but I'd be an afterthought.

"Usually, I just read about them in the papers and try not to lose sleep over it. You understand I'm not crying. Unruffled, even—that's me. I'm just stating a fact. Only thing you might say about it is this (and I'm not sure even here I'm speaking the truth): maybe I don't want to go to the parties, but I'd like to be invited. Maybe. But you can't have one without the other, they tell me, and then I'd be in a fix. The social whirl. And what does that do to my freedom?"

Apparently, to Taylor's way of thinking, that makes him a prisoner of the RSVP set. You can't fly to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, because you're due at Brenda Gushberry's for cocktails. If you don't show, Brenda positively will never ask you again, and where does that leave you?

"In Jackson Hole, Wyoming," said Taylor, "and a very nice place to be, too. For me, I mean. For Taylor. Don't think I'm running down party-goers because I'm not. Start carping at another person's way of life just because it doesn't suit you, and you're not being what you'd call tolerant.

"But this 'lonely' bit—that baffles me. It has a pathetic sound to it, doesn't it? And I'm one of the least pathetic characters I know. It's as if I were to point to my opposite number and say, 'Poor Joe, always surrounded by people,' and then wipe a tear from my eye. Maybe he looks as pathetically lonely to him, but I try not to say so. It could be I think he's trapped and within himself more lonely than—I and all the people like me—less inner resource, you know. Or maybe that's just the case. But I wouldn't want to stick my finger in his eye, and out of reciprocal courtesy I'd thank him not to pity me.

"Well, that's the root of Taylor's philosophy, but this is where external circumstances, too, that limit his appearances these days at the gatherings attended by everybody who is anybody. Of course, for a long time before his first marriage he was in that state of being known in Hollywood, as in Chicolette, as "out of circulation."

Both before that marriage and after it ended, Taylor was in great demand. There are less presentable speciments to be sure. When he narrowed his courting range to Miss Thissell, he became non-eligible for the stag-line. Taylor, by fervent testimony of those who know him best, is an impecable escort; courteous, engaging, non-assertive and positively not the one to stalk his date from Cadillac ambulance. This is offered in refutation to those who have Heard It On Good Authority that a girl could do worse than wear track shoes in his company.

It so happens that Bob Taylor, having been around long and successfully, is capable of urban indifference toward what is, or seems to him, urban indifference, but not coddling, a state of skin no star can afford.

He may have wined from time to time.

After the collapse of the eleven-year—first supposed idyllic—marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, there were those who said Miss Stanwyck was bitterly angry, whereas Taylor wished to make it the chummist thing. Ex-＇Wife＇s＇Taylor＇Stanwyck＇was＇among＇those＇who＇said＇it.＇For＇at least a year, she had no wish to speak to her erstwhile mate. And that was true. There was talk as there had to be, about Taylor and a girl in Rome, about Taylor and a girl in Palm Springs, about Taylor's alleged wolfishness that heretofore no one seemed to have noted. Taylor gracedfully kept his mouth shut.

It is suspected by some that Taylor's extraordinary looks are a key to his personality. He is a dillacious man, absolutely unwilling to thrust himself forward in any company, and despite his refusal to worry about it, many of his freaks were started in Washington. And having led a pretty cloistered existence, he dropped in on one or two nightclubs with some friends. At one of them, as he was pouring over his table, he did a long, languishing take, and said with next to unbelievable gaucherie: 'Gee, you're the most handsome man in the world!' Taylor, who had been eating up from a half-finished dinner, left the premises. He had been thrown the unanswerable observation and behaved accordingly. Yet, it is not likely another star

FANCY FEET

Walking along Times Square, I noticed a crowd watching the dancing of small boys dressed as gypsies who watched the coins flip in from the group, and then was startled to see Donald O'Connor among them, flinging coins to the boys and watching their footwork with huge enjoyment.

Elizabeth Rodriguez
Brooklyn, New York

Don gets tips from his daughter, too!

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Maturity has taken him out of the over-handsome class that once marked him—unfairly, by the way—as pretty. There is nothing un-masculine about this steady, admirably regular, that's all. And even this doesn’t go for his nose. It is, without a mustache to underscore it, a trifle hawkish. And Taylor doesn’t wear the trusie “unless it’s true,” I’m using it”—i.e., unless it is necessary to a picture.

"Bob," a friend has said, "could very well have an accent. He has it under control, naturally, but did you ever see a normal personality quite so contained as his? This guy never lets go. As a kid, he was pretty close to being a male bête noire, but this may have affected his relations with the other youngsters and set the framework for what he was going to be later. No one can say what he might have been if he hadn’t looked the way he does, but my guess is a solid Rotarian type who’d never get to Hollywood except for an American Legion convention. Or a cello player who liked to ride horseback or fly a rented plane weekends. He was pretty fair on the cello. But the face came along and crossed him up. Naturally, that’s pretty fair crossing. Big money, fame, the chance to live this way have been easy to him.

Face or no face, Taylor has no vanity. Witness: after witness has firmly deposed that so far as he is concerned, the mirror might as well not have been invented.

Probably the key to the Taylor character is his appreciation of independence. An inch has to be left here for guesswork, since Taylor in self-analysis.

Independence is a better guess, anyhow, than “lonely” or “self-centered” or solitary. It implies a jealous regard for freedom of action. If this freedom were curtailed he would, in truth, become a morbidly unhappy man.

At the completion of Knights Of The Round Table, for instance, Taylor felt, as he usually does after any picture, an overwhelming urge to get out of town. He owns a Beechcraft—an eight-passenger plane that runs into a lot of money—but then Taylor makes a lot of money.

So he and Ralph Couser, his long-time friend from Navy days and chief pilot for MGM, piled in and flew to Palm Beach. They had nothing special to do there but Taylor wanted to drop in on another friend to see if there was anything worth eating for dinner. There was. Later they flew back to New Orleans for war-time stations, and renewed a warming acquaintance with a restaurateur who interchanges normal false teeth with a set that are dines to reconize a real black chorus out.

It was a junket at once aimless and genial, and Taylor happens to like that sort of dodo. He flies to Illinois once in a while for no sounder reason than it, could be true, an

ning of reminiscence with a Navy friend there; to South Dakota or Texas or northern California to hunt or fish; or to Alaska because he’d never been there.

Robert Taylor was born Spangler Arlington Brugh in Filley, Nebraska, a little town he says, the most memorable was of Ruth Adella Stanhope and Dr. Spangler Andrew Brugh, the latter a sort of self-made physician. That is to say, the late Dr. Brugh, a grain dealer by occupation, adopted the study of medicine in middle life to try and find a cure for his ailng wife. His efforts paid off.

Eventually the family moved to Pomo-

na, not far from Hollywood, and young Mr. Brugh did well in Pomona College’s senior class play. Journey’s End.

The rest of this is paralyzingly familiar. Talent scout. MGM contract. But no parts. Discouragement. Encouragement—from L. B. Mayer. Small break. Big break—opposite Rose Tremain in Miss Purple in Obsession in 1936. Then the next eighteen years could not be called unalloyed clever, but they were pretty smooth going. There was the occasional tearjerker—Taylor’s screen career. The war arrested it but did not deflect its upward curve.

Taylor is in most respects an exemplary fellow. Punctual. Clean-cut. Doesn’t get loaded. Never, in lots of ways, left Nebraska.

The anecdote that pursues him most often go like this one. Taylor and Couser, his pilot friend, break down while en route by car to a fishing trip. Truck driver helps them out. Truck driver, who had at first in truth of Taylor in trustful suspicion, makes to him a few nips of Taylor-owned Scotch. Would have warmed to him anyway. "Tyler," guy finally says, pronouncing it this way it’s spelled there, “you’re alright. First, I thought you were some so-and-so movie star.”

Then again, Taylor and Couser were flying once over some country that was flat as a pancake and easy to be in, when the wings iced up and the propellers failed. They lost 10,000 feet before things got back to proper. Taylor, by some miracle, said nary a word during the whole excruciating experience. Stayed with the controls in taut-faced silence, just like in the movies. "Taylor," Couser says, "this guy has said in moving tribute. "He frightened me." "That wasn’t it," declares Taylor. "I was just scared speechless."

Dennis Day at the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick banquet: "The Benny-Baker wedding was really a gor-
ger ceremony. I think Jack isn’t the first father of the bride who ever went and validated parking tickets at the same time"... Also: "Jack’s a hound and I’ll bet that old razor blade. He shaves with them..." Also: "Jack’s had one cake of soap for three years and you can still read the word IVORY on it."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

The median fact is that Taylor is a com-

petent, experienced pilot, and one who}

loves hunting and fishing. But he’s not 
or skeet, a good man with a fishing rod and a better than good horseman. His ten-

nis is inoffensive, his golf woeful and his knowledge of—and affection for—foods very commendable. He likes to eat simply and well—and he does like to eat.

So," said Taylor in summation, "we go back to the loneliness. If you want to re-
describe it I like it—like a little like a different word from what the dictionary says it means. For me, it’s the happy way. And I still have a dollar that says there are lots like me, and we mean it. We’re not taking a defensive attitude.

And it was on approximately this note that the loneliest man in Hollywood went his lovely way, looking completely happy about it—happy as a clam or a guy who’d just knocked over a big lie about himself. And every bit as happy as bridegrooms are said to be.
I found God in the streets

(Continued from page 53) What was this? She had me. She knew I was lying. I was willing to fight her off, but what kind of a dirty trick was she trying to pull by saying she believed me? And apologizing? I'll never forgive Marilyn around, I changed it to Kim. I'm twenty-one years old and I've done quite a bit of modeling. My first big break came at the auto show when photographers made a little fuss over me and a kind Hollywood agent named Louis Shurr became interested. He introduced me to talent director Max Arnow and I got a screen test. My new pictures are Pushover and Pfiff! and everything's happened so fast this year I just can't believe it. I can't remember any more the time I was so discouraged.

Scott interrupted, "Can you, just for me, remember your phone number?"

Kim: "I live at the Studio Club and the number is 9370. I was saving..." when I was young I was skinny and anemic.

"Wow," exclaimed Bob Francis. "Look now..."

"Stop interrupting," Kim shushed. "I was too skinny, and the doctor put me on an endless fattening diet. I had such a terrible inferiority complex that he prescribed little thinning work. I was terrible, I know, but gradually I gained confidence and experience and finally landed a radio show job with Calling All Girls. In between all as I lived I could never be guilty of putting myself in such a spot again.


What happened in that classroom didn't die there. I had to ask myself ques-
tions—and shut up. Then on, and the trouble with thinking is that once it starts it won't quit. Mine led me to answers I didn't want at first, and from there I could apply it as well as I thought, to a new way of living.

I never considered myself a thief when I took that pencil box. No, sir. I, in the back of my mind, rationalized that being a poor boy, denied ordinary advantages, it was natural that I must help myself. (You notice that first I helped myself to a fine..."


date water dillies

(Continued from page 50) in twenty sec-
onds, and adjourned to the beach—a beautiful stretch of clean white sand, punctuated at water's edge by rocks crawling with all kinds of sea animals. They had a ball getting water. Scott proved that each could tote a pretty girl on his shoulders endlessly up and down the strand without getting tired.

At sundown Scott disappeared into the kitchen, and I was sitting out pondering on a patio with a big spoon and yelling, "Come and get it!

"You know," Kim Novak admitted to Scott afterward, "after all I've read about you, if anyone had told me that you could whip up a dinner like that with your own two brutal hands, I'd say your press agent had gone to work.

"I'm a home type!" Scott retorted. "Re-
mind me to get your phone number.

Then they all went outside to feed the sea gulls which live, they decided, much more comfortable lives than movie stars. When it grew dark they came inside and collapsed around the room.

Nobody goes home," Scott announced, "until you say enough about yourselves so that I can report it to a magazine called Modern Screen, which in turn can tell your future public, Kim, you kick it off."

"I feel a little silly," Kim hesitated.

"Don't be silly about being silly," Scott advised.

"Well, all right. My name was Marilyn Novak and for professional reasons, there being an actress named Marilyn around, I changed it to Kim. I'm twenty-one years old and I've done quite a bit of modeling. My first big break came at the auto show when photographers made a little fuss over me and a kind Hollywood agent named Louis Shurr became interested. He introduced me to talent director Max Arnow and I got a screen test. My new pictures are Pushover and Pfiff! and everything's happened so fast this year I just can't believe it. I can't remember any more the time I was so discouraged.

Scott interrupted, "Can you, just for me, remember your phone number?"

Kim: "I live at the Studio Club and the number is 9370. I was saving..." when I was young I was skinny and anemic.

"Wow," exclaimed Bob Francis. "Look now..."

"Stop interrupting," Kim shushed. "I was too skinny, and the doctor put me on an endless fattening diet. I had such a terrible inferiority complex that he prescribed little thinning work. I was terrible, I know, but gradually I gained confidence and experience and finally landed a radio show job with Calling All Girls. In between all as I lived I could never be guilty of putting myself in such a spot again.


What happened in that classroom didn't die there. I had to ask myself ques-
tions—and shut up. Then on, and the trouble with thinking is that once it starts it won't quit. Mine led me to answers I didn't want at first, and from there I could apply it as well as I thought, to a new way of living.

I never considered myself a thief when I took that pencil box. No, sir. I, in the back of my mind, rationalized that being a poor boy, denied ordinary advantages, it was natural that I must help myself. (You notice that first I helped myself to a fine..."
necessarily gentlemen. Once my father, who was an actor-forced-to-turn-tailor, gave me one of his old whisk brooms to brush my clothes. "They'll like that," he told me. "Yeah!" I said, enthusiastically. "That's a good idea."

I tried it on my first customer. The whisk broom was fine, as I said, and kind of frazzled looking. The man glanced at the whisk broom and knocked it out of my hand into the street.

"Keep that thing off my clothes!" he said. Then he threw me a nickel for the shine and walked away.

I don't know what made me do it but I ran after him. I remember his face. I was thinking of the kindness of my father in giving me the whisk broom, and how warm I had felt thinking how it would please the customers. And then I flashed into my mind that this was no gentleman; this was a monster of some kind because he didn't know how to live with other people, and that it was this which made the difference between a brute and a gentleman. This and nothing else.

**What was a lady?** Surely she was one of the women you see sitting in the back of the limousines that sweep up and down Fifth Avenue. She couldn't be the girl who lives across your own street, with one eye, you call her mother? It took me a while to be able to separate the quality of character from the appearance of respectability, to be able to recognize it out of a limousine as well as inside, against a background of poverty.

**Guest of Honor**

Some time ago I was invited to a dinner in honor of Gloria Swanson, the woman I had always considered a very elegant sort of star. Seated beside Miss Swanson at the farewell gala of an elderly film critic of one of the St. Paul newspapers we had just broken his arm and wore a sling. I was amazed to see Miss Swanson help him through the meal by cutting his steak, butting his bread, generally making things much easier for them.

Mrs. Helen Erickson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

In my earliest memories all life was defined sharply and simply, everything black or white—salty or sweet. From this I went on to the gradations. I began to see the greys and be more subtly appreciative.

Drawing like ice cream, which comes naturally, I went on to like music, which is more of a developed taste. From music I branched off to literature. At the same time, however, I began to realize that there can be in a snowflake, a leaf or a sunset. With these awakenings experienced, I no longer laughed when I read a poem or my mind. The world was beginning to mean something to me. And not until then, I maintain, was I ready for the most subtle experience of all—the experience of being one with the whole meaning of existence, the experience of faith.
Humphrey Bogart tells of a movie role he once had, a role which was to show him as the meanest, toughest guy in the rackets. The problem was to establish this character quickly. It was Chaplin who suggested an easy, quick way: It would show an old charwoman carrying brushes and pails of water up the stairs, staggering under the burden all the way. Then Bogart would rush out and push her and the pails down after the first flight.

"Then Bogey comes down," Chaplin suggested, "picks up the old lady tenderly, tips his hat and says to her, 'Pardon me, Miss. I thought you were my mother.'" —Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Jeff himself allows that the reason he is pushing himself to the limit is to make more money. "I decided to be an actor when I was fourteen years old," he says, "because I'd heard they made $5000 a week. I still want to make that kind of money. I have responsibilities to my family. I wish I could be at home and relax when I'm forty. That gives me five years. I'm not sure I'll make it."

Jeff's agent, a dapper little man named Meyer Mishkin, whose office adjoins Jeff's, has been discussing Jeff. "Jeff is just naturally a terrific bundle of talent," he says. "He's easy, surefire, no temperament, no trouble. Why shouldn't he spread himself? He just has to work."

But there is another reason why Jeff Chandler is striking out in all directions at an age when he thought he'd be philosophically looking backward. Jeff can't believe he's a success until he makes the best of everything that's in him—and that, in his own opinion, is quite a lot.

The reason? Jeff Chandler is humble about his good fortune. His favorite phrase about himself is still "the luckiest kid on the block." At his studio he is known as a "sweetheart" to work with, serious, conscientious, prompt and ready, and exhibiting no temperament since he granted imperiously, "I am Co- chise," and became a star. He still bends over backward in a self-effacing manner both with his associates and his admirers. "Jeff always talks as if he's asking me a big favor to help him out on a deal," marvels Meyer Mishkin. "I have to ask him, 'What am I for, anyway?"

His self-consciousness about what others think about him is demonstrated constantly. Once, when Jeff was making $800 a week, an interviewer wanted to take his salary and break it down for an article, showing how taxes, fees and expenses shrank what was down to almost nothing for Jeff to keep. Jeff considered the idea bumblingly, then shook his authoritative head. "If you were making $50 a week and read about poor me making $800," he asked the writer, "would you cry for me?"

After he had separated from his wife, another reporter asked Jeff and his opinions on what qualities he admired in women. Again Jeff pondered and begged off. His reason: the qualifications of such a dream girl might imply they were those which his wife had lacked.

"I like being a celebrity," he'll tell you candidly, "I like being recognized. Except, of course, when we're like our aforementioned hatted-up friend."

Jeff Chandler always says what comes into his mind, and often answers questions as though he were talking to himself. He usually answers before he can think of replies and then gives an honest answer. Explaining his drive for success, he says that from the time he was an awkward, overweight, East Flatbush, Brooklyn, he always believed that he towered not only physically but in destiny, too, above the other kids, although he was at least as poor as the rest.

That feeling of being apart and having a special superiority is common to all actors in some degree. Maybe it helps them to stay aloof, despite Jeff's faith in his own powers, he is a grounded individual. It is no inferiority complex however. He has been unhappy only when he has been prevented from doing everything he thought he was naturally equipped to do.

Jeff has had an oversized physique and bold, impressive features since he was a boy. Today he is twenty-two—six feet, four, 210 pounds, 13 shoe, size 7%. Once when his agent suggested him for a romantic leading man role, the reply he got was, "Jeff Chandler? He's a mug. But I've got another actor if I can't get the plug-ugly I want, I'll call you."

Jeff has a regal bearing, moves easily, and his deep bass voice comes out softly. He is not slangy. When he wore a toga for Signs Of The Pagan he looked as though he had stepped out of the ruins of ancient Rome. The Indian of the picture in Broken Arrow missed an Academy Award by three votes. But it was this same strength, suggesting leadership, that gave Jeff Chandler his first movie break as the stole Israel in Street Scene. In the course of his radio acting days, Jeff had been called on no less than seven times to play the Christus role. There is no small doubt that Jeff Chandler, conscious of his unusual size and charm, is on only two. He is said to have been himself specially gifted and destined.

Jeff Chandler was born in Brooklyn, and he lived most of his boyhood in a moderate neighborhood with Streges. His father and mother were separated when he was three and he grew up in a house with his grandparents and an aunt and two uncles. He is the only one. He thinks perhaps his burning desire to distinguish himself stems from need for love from his father. Despite his size and his environment, young Ira Groves was no roughneck.
I suspect I was lucky," he says. "Because I was big the kids left me alone. It was a good thing, I was not aggressive or belligerent. Maybe by their standards I was a sissy. I don't know. I remember we lived across the street from a family of five boys, all rough and tough. I used to cross the street before I came to their house. One day I forgot and ran head on into the most hard-boiled one. To my great surprise—and relief—he quickly crossed the street. Later, they told me that all the time I was afraid of them, they were afraid of me!"

Jeff Chandler has never hit a man in his life, except for his faked scripts for the cameras. He learned to box for *The Iron Man* but he would rather remain a spectator. And while he played some football and basketball in school his real joy in sports is baseball. He played sand lot ball all his youth and became a fervent fan. All his life Jeff Chandler has had ambitions, interests and desires that had no connection with his naturally husky body. He traveled a lonely path as a boy and he still travels it as a man, prodded on by a feeling of obligation and guilt. "I'm still not up to what I've become," he observes at times, adding cryptically, "and yet what I've become isn't enough for what I should be."

FUGALITY is so ingrained in Jeff that his happiness over a good trade or bargain sometimes backfires. Jeff was having dinner with a girl he had known in drama school fourteen years ago, now happily married in the East and visiting Hollywood for the first time. It happened that he had recently acquired his first Cadillac, a distress sale car which he got at a sizable discount. Excited about it, he mentioned the price to his friend—only $4,300 for a $5,300 car.

Why," she exclaimed, "the down-payment on our house was a lot less than that!" The thrill of the new car was destroyed and he felt guilty as he drove it home. Jeff's personal wardrobe is built around six suits he had tailored for his first out-of-costume role in *Because Of You* only three years ago. He waited until then to properly outfit himself and bought the suits at half-price from his studio. He likes to roam around hardware stores. Not long ago a five-way tool called a shaper and priced at $250 caught his eye. He strangled by admiring it for five days, telling himself wistfully, "I wish I could afford it." One day he stopped still and said aloud, "What am I saying? I can afford it!" So he bought it. Jeff's business manager is always telling him, "You ought to spend more money!" Jeff's thrift flies out the window where others are concerned. His alimony and support settlement was very generous. Around his studio he is known as a cotton-soft touch. For ten pictures he co-starred with actors making twice what he made without a squawk. "Jeff," says one friend, "wants to own the world—so he can give away."

This trait is a hangover from Jeff Chandler's boyhood, which he perhapsonders too much. The result is an idealistic, somewhat bizarre, and conscience-tortured man whose past is always cropping up to influence his present. For instance, although he was an adoring dad to his little girl, "Little girls," Jeff could never bring himself to buy them a pet. When he was a little boy his pup got sick and he watched it die, unable to help it. He has shied from owning any kind of pet since.

JEFF CHANDLER, despite his formidable appearance and assured manner, is a shy, sentimental and self-critical character. That's why many of the legends about him don't stand up. The lone wolf idea has been wishfully tacked on him ever since it was known he was having trouble at home. Because Jeff has sought companionship with women (and except for publicity, premières and such, they are almost all women he has met professionally or otherwise) it is said of him that he is a quiet but deadly operator in the romance field.

Actually, Jeff Chandler veres on being a "Scooter," a name he earned when he was a postal employee in his early teens. As Tony Curtis, one of his best friends, says, "You say 'hello' to Jeff at a party—and when you try to say 'good-bye' he isn't there. Publicity people who have tried to pair him up with young actresses for Hollywood affairs testify that it's difficult. Only when he calls on his good friends, Janet and Tony, Fatti and Jack, Betty Lou, Loretta or softball. He plays sand ball with Mac Rae (whom he knew way back in his Mill pond Playhouse days) is his visits relaxed and easy.

This habit baffling to predatory ladies. Usually they have been kept at a distance despite their persistent efforts.

Jeff is no hermit nor has he ever been, although he says his main fear is about marriage again." He always has been a one-girl man. When prodded about his early romantic dreams he says, "They weren't romantic. The dream I had was always the same. It was of a depression kid—like me—meeting and marrying a poor girl and together struggling out of poverty and obscurity to riches and high position." That, in effect, is the dream that he made come true—only to lose it—and ironically because of

THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

My route as a Good Humor Man once took me past a beach. One day a flock of little boys was running along a young girl and shouting, "Oh, Paul, we want you to meet a movie actress!" I thought it was a joke and said, "Hello, what's your name?" to the kids. They heeded them. Giving her a slap on the back that almost keeled her over, I said, "Glad to meet you, Elizabeth, I'm Clark Cable." When I gave her a pint of ice cream, she came up to me and said, "Thanks." That same night, Elizabeth Taylor, said she met you today. She's visiting us." I wish I had given her a pint.
Until he was a sophomore in high school he was a leader at school, wrapped up in a dozen activities and outlets that he enjoyed. But that year his grandfather's slow death from cancer, coupled with hard times all around, forced his mother to open a small candy store in their home. Jeff was called on to help out after school. He dropped all his scholastic ambitions and activities. He was a great help to his family, but to do that he abandoned everything else. There are strong hints that this is why Jeff and Marge found their marriage in conflict with his career.

At the marriage hearing, Marjorie Hoshelle said, "We could never come to any agreement or compromise... He said he was fond of me but found it impossible to live with me because of the many con-

SIC TRANSIT DOROTHY

During a War Bond Rally in 1944 or 1945 Dorothy Lamour visited my home town, Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was scheduled to speak in the park opposite Lawrence High School, so during recess we all went over. After the speech, Miss Lamour gave out autographs and everyone was wild with excitement. I had no paper except my Latin homework with me, so I handed her that to sign. She smiled and took it and just then was whisked away into a waiting car, Latin paper and all. I still wonder what happened to it! Mrs. Marie Sibonia San Francisco, California

facts... "Yet Jeff had known Marge since 1941 when they were both in little theatre work around Illinois. Their romance grew out of two careers. It was Marjorie who helped Jeff learn the Hollywood ropes, bore him two children, shared his life for eight years. Yet the hemorrhages of the war went along with those of his professional existence too high a toll. No other woman nor any other man entered into the rift.

Jeff yearns to have his life perpetually in order. Since he became a star he has tried to discipline himself. He diets religiously and is almost a teotalenter ("Soda pop tastes better"). He dresses more like a broken-down millionnaire. Marge worries about him. Twice a day, keeps his tight, wiry thatch cropped once a week (barbers recently voted him "America's best male head of hair"). He is meticulous about his appearance and worries considerably about a tendency to procrastinate, which business friends say he does not do.

Every day, when he is not making a picture and is not out of town, Jeff reports to himself at his office bright and early like any businessman. "I like to play office," he admits. "It makes me feel I'm accomplishing something." Jeff's office is next to Meyer's and they work as a business team.

His picture scripts are neatly bound in leather on shelves, efficient gadgets are carefully aligned on his desk, his files are in shape and the walls neatly decorated with his various awards, his sketches of baseball heroes and photographs of his two daughters. In one drawer is a carefully stacked pile of the children's drawings and their notes to him over the years—a crayon coloring labeled "This is a cat" or a bunny effort and the scroll "To Daddy—for making all Easters very happy." Jeff has sentimentally saved all these and plans to bind them neatly in books. He sees the girls once a week.

JEFF LIVES in an apartment in Westwood Village although he's usually there only one or two days and not often for that. Because he has been receiving Jeff in all directions breaking ground for his projects. Recently he tape-recorded 200 spot announcements to be played by disc jockeys all over the country with his record, which has already reached the 125,000 sale mark and needs only a few thousand more to make him an official hit as a crooner. He has been commuting to New Francisco to raid the Chronicle files for his radio reporter series, due to start in the fall. He has just finished Signs Of The Pagan, one of U's first productions.

This gives Jeff Chandler a program of all work and very little play—but that doesn't bother him. He never has been able to mix work and play. When Jeff went to Italy to shoot his third picture, Deported, he might as well have never left home. He saw only Naples, where the picture was filmed. He has contemplated no other foreign scenery except the bleak Aeolians where he served two years at a lonely anti-aircraft outpost during his four-year Army service. "Some day," he occasionally promises, "I'm going to take off in a new car to tour America, all by myself. I'll go where I please, see what I like and stay as long as I want wherever it's interesting to be in a hurry and I won't give a damn." That's probably just talk. The only place Jeff has been known to relax is Apple Valley, up on the Mojave Desert. He hasn't had an regular exercise since he played right field for the Martin and Lewis "Aristocrats" softball team. His pals seldom suggest tennis or golf any more. They know he just says, "Too busy."

"But," shrugs Jeff Chandler, "you can't do everything you want and have everything you want at the same time. I don't know why but every time I try to be a success or a flop. It's not important. I do know that if you don't make a bid for everything you feel you can do, you've a failure, any way you look at it. You've got to get things out of your system. I've always wanted to know more about music, I've always wanted to sing. If I hadn't made this record, there would still be plenty of things in my life to fill it. But since I have and there's a certain success to the effort, why, that makes things to do and it makes me try easier. Everything could change for me in thirty seconds, but right now I feel that I'm getting somewhere at last."

That's a curious statement from a man who has just seen his home break up under the pressure of an expanding career. But Jeff Chandler is usually right. This is his last chance to prove to himself what he believed as a boy—that he is different, special, above the crowd. It's his last chance to write that novel he plotted years ago, not with a pencil but by living it—but its title might be, "The Lonesome Road."
Without trust in Daddy's strong arms, fear would blot out the fun of first flight. But because Daddy's smiling, loving face is below, life adds a thrilling new dimension, founded in love and trust.

All our adventures begin in and come home to the security we cannot do without.

To give and to get security is the main business of living. It is a privilege and a responsibility. It provides us life's finest rewards.

Have you ever thought that this security is possible only in a democracy? We continue to grow stronger as a nation when more and more secure homes are bulwarked together. The security of your country depends on your security.

Saving for security is easy! Here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And invested in Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. U. S. Series “E” Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you back 80% more than you put in!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? Or join the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank.

Pat Crowley

(Continued from page 54) "I don't know about you two but I'll never even make it to Sunday sitting around in my room," she said. "Why wait and suffer? We all have expense accounts from the studio. The least we can do is have a good time in California while they make up their minds. Let's have dinner together. Let's hire a car. Let's have a wonderful weekend instead of a terrible one!"

The girls was talking to, Sally Hester, who is now in Europe, and Christine White, again working in the East, not only cheered Pat but blessed her. The three dined together that night. They rented a car and on Friday they were sunning themselves in the emerald waters off Laguna Beach. By Saturday they were dancing in U. S. Navy officer territory at the Coronado Hotel, on San Diego Bay. Sunday afternoon they hunted souvenirs in Tijuana, Mexico, sat in briefly at the bullfight and Friday night, their money gone but their nerves in fine shape, they drove back to Hollywood.

On Monday when the studio notified them that Pat had won, nobody faint ed. Sally and Christine offered congratulations, and Pat kept repeating dazedly, "I didn't think I had a chance! I just came out for the plane ride!"

Actually, the decision wasn't so astounding. Even if Pat was only eighteen then she had already been in a number of plays, including two Broadway flops, and any number of TV shows, not excluding a thirty-nine week run in the lead role of A Date With Judy. But she wasn't thinking of this. She was thinking all the way back to a small, hard-coal mining town in Pennsylvania where she was born, and finding it hard to believe, that the road she took out of there could lead to such a dream-like destiny.

The picture for which the girls had waited was Forever Amuse. Before Pat had even finished this one her studio had her working in a Martin and Lewis starrer, Money From Home. She not only did a fine job in this production, but not once did Jerry Lewis let fire with his water pistol at her. Soon afterward she was cast in her first Technicolor musical, Red Garters, with Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Jack Carson and Joanne Gilbert. And, it might be added, Pat, who said she came out to Hollywood just for the plane ride, got a lot more rides. The studio sent her out on personal appearance tours, one schedule binding her to visit thirty-five cities in thirty-five days.

On these trips Pat took part in radio broadcasts, telecasts, stage shows, industry dinners, cocktail parties and, of course, a whole series of civic functions. She used to have to talk so much about herself that at night she would tumble into bed hating the name of Pat Crowley. Yet she will appear this summer in the little theatre presentation of Hazel Flagg at the Dallas State Fair. Such energy and ambition have not always been characteristic of Pat.

More than a hundred newspaper men around the country, and almost as many disc jockeys, have interviewed her since she got into movies, and almost all have pictured her as a youngster who dreamed unceasingly about making good, then schemed and fought her way to grabbing distance of the top with grim determination. It's not what they tell them but that's what they tell their audiences.

The way it happened really is that Pat drifted into show business, nudged every now and then by her sister Ann, who is three years older and who had worked in Broadway shows as a singer at fourteen. "Left alone I think I'd have been a nurse," says Pat. "It still sounds good to me."

Nurses became a factor in Pat's life early because she was the kind of little girl who is always sick. Not only did the doctors baffle her, but they let her join the measles, flu, croup and a whole series of pox es, but also diseases which generally wait around for a person to grow up before trying to kill her. Double pneumonia, for instance. She had it three times before she was nine.

All this took place in Olyphant, a coal and mill town near Scranton, of less than 10,000 people. Pat, now in the United States Navy, in her former residence in New York, was then a section foreman in one of the anthracite mines. Pat herself owned his house that thought (and still thinks) its location was romantic. A branch line of the railroad ran right past the front door, and she points out, "You could sit on your own steps and wave to the engineer!"

Her first boy friend, Bill Sweeney, the undertaker's son, does not appear to have been very considerate of Pat's frailty. When they were both about eight he introduced her to corn silk cigarettes. Pat was so ill that for a while it looked as though she would come unglued alto gether. They made a team and they both thought (and still thinks) its location was romantic. A branch line of the railroad ran right past the front door, and she points out, "You could sit on your own steps and wave to the engineer!"

Her first boy friend, Bill Sweeney, the undertaker's son, does not appear to have been very considerate of Pat's frailty. When they were both about eight he introduced her to corn silk cigarettes. Pat was so ill that for a while it looked as though she would come unglued altogether. They made a team and they both thought (and still thinks) its location was romantic. A branch line of the railroad ran right past the front door, and she points out, "You could sit on your own steps and wave to the engineer!"

A child, her enforced absence from her playmates were so prolonged that they used to have to re-identify her each time she showed up again—usually by her relationship to her older and much healthier sister. "Here comes Ann Crowley's little sister Pat," they'd say. Last winter she went back to Olyphant for the world premiere of Forever Female, and

IT HAPPENED TO ME

One day during the filming of the picture, Frogmen, I was standing near the West Indian Company Dock, discussing movie stars with a friend: A man. My friend and I opened the conversation. We talked for fifteen minutes and I asked him, "Do you like Richard Widmark?" "No," he said. I said that I didn't either and he said he'd better be going. But then he turned and when he had left, I looked at it. It said, "Yours truly, Richard Widmark." He has been a favorite of mine ever since.

Augustine Edwards
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
from the crowd came the old cry: “There she is—Ann Crowley’s little sister Pat! Can you imagine her a movie star?”

Once Pat got past nine, incidentally, her body seemed to do a flip-flop as far as susceptibility was concerned. Now she’s resistant to everything. It is rare for her to catch so much as a cold.

When older sister Ann was twelve she went to New York for voice training, and lived with an aunt there. Pat decided that if Ann could be a singer, she was undoubtedly a dancer. She talked her parents into letting her take ballet and “moderne.” Her teacher told her she had a very flexible body.

A year later there was word of fine promise being shown by Ann and the family decided to move to New York in two sections, Pat and her mother going first, and her father following soon afterward. A year after that Ann was singing in Oklahoma! and in subsequent years playing leads in Broadway musicals.

Pat kept up her dancing in New York. She attended New York’s High School of Performing Arts and was accepted as a ballet student.

As Pat reached her junior miss size, she was certainly taking on attractiveness. When she was in the head of a certain model agency looking for work he took one look at her and said yes, even though his name was Harry Conover and he had hundreds of models. But there was a sour note; although she was putting all she had into her dancing she was beginning to get a feeling that body flexibility was one thing and being a good dancer was another. Maybe, whispered a little voice inside her, she should never have passed up the nursing idea!

Then Ann, with a true, sisterly double-edged pointed out something intriguing. Pat, she recalled, had been quite a little snitch as a younger, never taking the blame herself and avoiding it with such a flow of language that no one else could get in a countercharge. Of course, Ann went on quickly, this was no longer true of Pat, if she thought she could remember the kind of girl she was and portray such a character on the stage, she might find a summer theatre job.

Naturally, Pat first denied Ann’s accusations (and she swears she hardly ever snitches on anyone these days) but said she was willing to try out for the part anyway, just to show her good sportsmanship. Two days later the director of the Fayetteville Playhouse, just outside of Syracuse, New York, was listening to Pat read the lines which are spoken by Dinah, the brat-sister in The Philadelphia Story. When she finished he beamed with delight and said she would make the naughtiest Dinah he had ever heard. Pat, whose personal nature today is really rated very much on the sunny side, gulped and thought about the role later.

Barrymore starring, opened and won good notices, which included words of praise for Pat as well, she got a complete confidence building about her future. For the first time in her life she felt that she actually might get somewhere if she tried — and she thought she would try now as hard as she could.

She was still attending school, but this did not stop her from picking up any engagements that might be filled evenings and weekends. She was only thirteen when she had a walk-on bit in Carousel in which Ann played the ingénue lead. Television, for the most part, was still rough and ready, production-wise, and there was much rivalry for the actors, but Pat got started and stayed with it. She had a reputation as a girl who could register quick affability in front of the TV camera and who didn’t run out of aplomb when things went wrong, as they often did. (She still has that reputation. On a Lux radio program she twisted an endorsement so that instead of saying “I love Lux” it came out “I love to.”) A laugh and a quick correction took care of the faux pas.

Twice Pat got into new Broadway shows in her early teens only to have both productions die from the box office staggers. There were weeks and sometimes months at a time no one would Pat for anything—stage, TV, modeling, or demonstrating refrigerators. But by now she had a feeling of destiny.

A great break came in the long, date with Judy contract, but she believes her luckiest day was the one when she heard that the Westport Playhouse in Connecticut planned a summer theatre presentation of The Philadelphia Story starring Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn. She hurriedly mailed copies of her notices as Dinah in her Fayetteville engagement. She asked, “if right,” for the role. Not until the company was well into rehearsal, and she had given up hope, did word return to her. It was a wire and it urged her to come at once. She immediately recognized the interest that was being shown in her work at Westport was not only academic, meaning that critics had pleasant comment, it was professional, meaning that agents foresaw her future slowly turning to gold, or U. S. legal tender for same.

Summer ended, and Pat went back to school, got a part legally represented as an artist by the well-known Gus Schirmer. One of his first accomplishments was win for her the Deanna Durbin role in the film of Smart Girls. When Paramount started looking for a new girl to go into the Forever Picture, Schirmer had no trouble arranging for her to be one of those tested. And Ann Crowley’s little sister Pat got the studio’s nod.

For her first few months in Hollywood Pat, money worries, work hard and played none. She lived alone in a small apartment, did her own cooking, took the bus to the studio. In due time she got Lion-Tough and bored with the whole routine. She knew what was missing. It was that form of companionship defined
Have you ever known what it's really like to be lonely? The loneliness, for instance, of a wife who needs her husband, wants him at her side—to talk with, to laugh with, to love and be loved—and cannot have him?

This is the story of a bride who spent loveless nights, and who warned her husband that being apart would kill them both. This bride blames loneliness for the dark secret she must keep from her husband for the rest of their lives. But she blames herself more.

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Loneliness . . . terrible, absolute loneliness!

in simple terms as "boys." Pat now has
escorts in Hollywood and loves to go out. Her dates have included Vic Damone and Tab Hunter. These are her western boys. Perhaps her heart turns tenderest when she thinks of two young men she has known for years in New York, but she won't say which (or perhaps she can't yet). One of these, Dick Kallman, is a well-known show and nightclub singer. The other is Bill Sapphire, editor-in-chief for Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, whose Pat has known from her earliest days in New York.

Like many girls in the movies, Pat is beginning to think that the man she mar-
rries will take the place of the job. The principal reason is that it is difficult to meet an outsider who can keep on being himself when he meets an actress.

"Something happens to them," complains Pat. "You will sense that he is a nice boy ordinarily, but now he feels he has to put on some attitude or other because you're in show business. And the funny part of it is that he does it to demonstrate how little your being an actress matters to him. He'll pretend indifference, some-
times he'll take on arrogance, and worst of all is when they make show talk as if they know what it's all about. In any case, you soon realize you're not out with a boy, you're out with an actor—a real ham, too!"

Of course, Pat isn't thinking of getting married right away. There is time yet. She is moving into a new apartment. She has bought herself a new Studebaker in a pool, and now every time she gets to her place because Pat insists on going over to their places so that she can have an excuse to drive her car. Yet under all this "living" are signs of inept domestic-
manship. Pat feels helpless when she compared her abilities with her friends and that she only is a chef when she turns tail talking about Bill and Dick in New York. It is being said also that she has been buying furniture on the side, although the apartment is already furnished one. Pat denies this. She said she did buy an antique table but that she stuck it in her garage "just to get older!"

the secret romance of marlon and movita

(Continued from page 47) long and hard. And the short walk to the magazine came out with an article on Brando. In this article Marlon was libeled an "alley-cat" who had kicked Movita out of his apartment because she was offensive. The article added that Movita was so incensed at this behavior that she promptly married someone else. Later when she introduced Marlon to her teen-age stepdaughter the actor immediately in and had an affair with the girl.

There is not a grain of truth in this fantastic tale—and Movita is consulting her lawyer about filing a libel suit.

Marlon Brando is no angel. Everyone knows that and he is the first to admit it. He is original and exceptional, and for long periods of time, alone and filled with some nameless dissatisfaction, he is driven to seek the help of a psychiatrist. But essentially Marlon Brando is a kind man, a good man and a sensitive man. And it hurts him to know that he is being de-
scribed as a psychotic burn, callous screw-
ball and a swinging nut.

When he realized that he loves his pet raccoon Russell more than he loves Movita, he is deeply hurt at such ridiculous lies. And he is amazed and hurt to read that his favorite way to get rid of garbage to the roof and dumping them on the outdoor diners at Leon and Eddie's, a restaurant in New York.

Last January, when Marlon had just fin-
ished a film in New York, On The Waterfront, he was emotionally and physically at his worst. He said he concentrats with such intensity that at the finish he has no strength left. But MCA, his agent, had signed him for the lead in The Egyptian. And 20th Century-
Fox wanted to get it started at once.

So Marlon, with no time off, came to Hollywood. The script was ready, and the talented young actor started to learn his lines. He didn't like it. He didn't think that he could seem to concentrate. He felt badly confused about Movita. He wants to get married. At the same time there is too much of the world he can't understand. He wants to get married to be perfect, to last forever. The relationship between marriage and freedom, responsibility and recklessness has him puzzled.

He went back to the script. He didn't
like but a deal's a deal, and he would try to get along. He also met Jean Simmons and that made it a little better. She would make the lines sound better and raise the level of the performance. His acting would have to cooperate with hers.

But somehow he couldn't get his heart into the story. As he studied the script, it wouldn't come alive. He would get annoyed with himself then for getting annoyed.

Judy Canova tells about a young boy who accidentally got into the casinos room of a hotel in Las Vegas and put a dime into a slot machine. The boy hit the jackpot, and after all the coins had fallen, he started to kick the machine. An attendant came over, told him he was too young to be in the room and asked him to leave.

"I'm not going to," the little boy shouted, still fighting the machine, "until I get my candy bar!"

Sidney Sholsky in The New York Post

He had been annoyed before in Holly-
wood when he had expected to be able to help some of his friends with small roles and had been embarrassed when they did not come through as promised. Marlon just couldn't concentrate on The Egyptian. He was mentally disturbed, and on January 24 he returned to New York. The next day he reported to Dr. Mittelmann for psychiatric help. The doc-
tor telegraphed the studio that Marlon Brando would not be able to work for a period of at least ten weeks.

When the wire arrived at the studio, the front office boys blew their tops. Said one, "It's a disaster. We're going to sue. We're going to recover the exact amount our auditors find the studio has lost and will lose through the delay because we can't understand the boy. Only a week ago he participated in a cast rehearsal and a reading of the script. The studio is convinced that he hasn't nothing whatever to do with the script or his role.
in The Egyptian. The studio is compelled to protect its large investment."

In New York, Brando heard about this. So they're going to sue. Well, they'll have to find him first. How much are they going to sue for? Two million? Four million? He can't make that picture. He's tired. But how can you calm down when you're dodging process servers?

One night a man came to the door of his apartment. "I have an announcement," the man said, "about your nomination for the Academy Award."

Brando smiled and opened the door. Quick as a flash, the little man slapped a summons into his hand. "I'm a process server. Consider yourself served."

He was furious. How could he have been so stupid? Vanity. Pure vanity. Thought he'd won an Oscar for Julius Caesar. All he'd won was a summons.

That night Marlon told Movita about the summons. She laughed. He laughed. Movita told him not to worry. Lew Wasserman would take care of everything. Lew is at the MCA Hollywood office. The thing would work out. The studio needed someone to play Napoleon in Desirée. If Marlon played in Desirée, all would be forgiven. Marlon felt better.

Movita advised him to relax. Why not take a walk along 57th Street? As they walked, Marlon realized it had been three years since Joy Lamont first introduced him to Movita in Taxco. He decided to celebrate with a party and give her a token of his love. A ring—that's what he would like to give her.

Marlon gave his party for Movita and because it made her happy, he was happy, too. But the happiness was short-lived.

A few nights afterward, a call came from his Aunt Olive in Pasadena. "Don't get alarmed, Bud, but your mother is sick. She and your dad stopped by here on their way back from Mexico. The doctor says it's an attack of high blood pressure. He put her in the hospital."

The Brando family is very close. Bud has always adored his two older sisters, "Frannie" and "Tid" (real names, Frances and Jocelyn), and all three children have always admired and loved their parents. While Marlon was in New York under psychiatric treatment and was being sued for $4,000,000, his mother was slowly dying.

Night after night Marlon was told of her condition. He would try to calm her. But his parents were broken down. Marlon was told that she should fly to the coast.

The day he left New York, another magazine article accused him of breaking up the marriage of actress Roberta Haynes and his own agent, Jay Kanter. In this article, Kanter was quoted as saying, "I believe everything he said. We were married twice, once in Ensenada and once in Dublin!" They were in Britain in 1939 and in London in the blitz.

In Berlin, while Movita was six months pregnant, she was bombed out of her home. She lost that child. In 1942 when she was pregnant again her husband sent her to a nunnery.

A few nights after the birth, Mrs. Brando arrived in Pasadena. Marlon's cousin, Myles Gahan, was killed in a plane crash north of Sacramento. Tim Gahan, thirty, was not only Bud's cousin but because they were the same age, they had been inseparable boyhood pals. Tim was an American Airlines pilot who had been called back into the Air Force Reserve. He had crashed his plane.

The effect of these two deaths on Marlon was devastating. He cried for days. And it was Movita who saw him through his sorrow. It was she who encouraged him to return to the studio and fulfill two more pictures, Desirée and The Life Of Edwin Booth.

Her reward?

One magazine said, "Movita is old enough to be Brando's mother." Another described her as "a man-crazy Latin."

According to Movita, "I never gave any interviews to these so-called how could they possibly know my thoughts, my attitudes, my ways? Practically everything written about me has been wrong."

Movita Castanedo was born on a train in 1921 between Mexico and Nogales, Arizona. She was educated in a Los Angeles parochial school and later attended Fairfax High School in Hollywood. She is one of eight daughters and two sons.

She got into show business by accident. When she was 14, her teacher, who accompanied the dancers Rosita & Moreno to San Francisco, Movita was asked to substitute for a sick performer.

"Just go out on the floor with your guitar," she was told, "and sing."

Pandro Berman, an RKO producer, caught the act and believed that Movita was old enough to work. He offered her $125 a week to play in Flying Down To Rio. Over parental objections, Movita accepted.

She wasn't happy at RKO. Dolores Del Rio was there at the time, and apparently Dolores had the idea that Movita was being groomed as her successor. Movita quit the movies and went back to school. But a few months later MGM asked her to test for Mutiny On The Bounty. When Irving Thalberg saw her, he hired her.

Movita was fourteen when she made Mutiny and fifteen when she met Jack Doyle, an Irish prizefighter, at a party.

Doyle wasn't much of a pugilist but Movita found him irresistible. "After all," she says, "I was very young and naive. He was very handsome and romantic. I believed everything he said. We were married twice, once in Ensenada and once in Dublin!" They were in Britain in 1939 and in London in the blitz.

In Berlin, while Movita was six months pregnant, she was bombed out of her home. She lost that child. In 1942 when she was pregnant again her husband sent her to a nunnery.

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Southampton. There was no escape. Southampton was bombed and Movita was reported dead. But they picked her up out of the rubble, hardly alive. Again she lost her child.

In 1944, after five years of marriage, Movita and Jack Doyle decided to separate. "It was very painful to me," Movita said later. "He was not the kind of man you could trust."

In 1947 Movita returned to Hollywood. She played a few feature roles and then went south to visit her relatives, back and forth between Mexico and the United States. In the early 1950s, she moved to Taxco, Mexico, one afternoon when Fox was getting ready to start Zapata, Movita was introduced to Marlon Brando.

BRANNO had come down to Mexico early in the summer. He is a perfectionist, and before playing a character, he wanted to immerse himself in the Mexican community. Jack Lantum, one of Movita’s friends, knew Marlon before he came to Taxco. It was she who introduced them in the town square. They took to each other at once and began to correspond with love. When Marlon went back to Hollywood Movita went, too.

Movita never tried to take advantage of Marlon’s fame, never insisted on recognition for her companion. Both of them avoided reporters like the plague.

When Marlon went to New York, Movita followed. He introduced her to his friends and to his family. Everyone liked her then and they like her now.

One of his friends says about Movita, “I honestly think she’s done more for Brando than practically anyone. She’s made him mature. She’s showed him understanding. At a time when the gossip columnists were calling him nuts and creating anecdotes about his strange behavior, she was telling him that there was nothing wrong with him, that every man was stuck with his nature, and that he would have to find happiness. ‘But you’re a good guy and Movita is a good girl. They complement each other, need each other. It’s a wonderful friendship.’

Movita knows that Brando is putting on an act. She realizes that his swinging behavior is merely compensation for his hypersensitivity.

She loves Marlon for his fundamental goodness. She asks any actress or actor who has played with Brando what they think of him, not as a performer but as a human being. You will get such answers as, “He’s the most considerate man I’ve ever met... He doesn’t have a selfish bone in his body... He will do anything he can to help.”

MOVITA SAYS that she has no desire to marry Marlon. “I only want to be his friend. I want to help him find happiness and integration.”

Perhaps she’s had enough of marriage. Perhaps not. Either way, she is much too smart to presage Marlon into a wedding. “With Marlon,” she once said, “things spring from within. His heart tells him what to do, much more than his mind does. No, I think of him as fickle. Fickle—more than people seem to think. But he is the kind of man who obeys his instincts. They are almost always right.”

Marlon Brando comes from a happy home. When he gets married he wants that marriage to last. Right now he doesn’t know whether or not he can have the qualities necessary to make a good marriage. This is one problem which with no one, 90 possibly not even Movita, can help him.

John Daly is such a free and easy-going guy that you’d never expect him to suddenly turn sensitive. But he does—on one subject. His balding head. John (or Charlie, as all his friends call him) never blows his top about anything but his top. He even blushes when you joke about it. You’d think, considering that he worries about it so much, that he’d get a good toupee. But notice, next time you see What’s My Line? what a bad one Charlie bought. It’s mighty obvious for a man who doesn’t want to admit that his hair is going, going, going... Frank Sinatra is pretty unpredictable, but don’t be surprised if he shows up with Walter Cronkite and Eve Hunter? They may be on competing networks, Walter with NBC’s Morning Show and Eve with Home on NBC, but they certainly look coy when they’re together. Francis Ford Coppola is doing quite well since leaving a local show in San Francisco and heading for Home in New York. She lives in one of those fancy new Park Avenue apartments and she recently bought a yacht. Typically, when you read that some star gave up her career for her family, you can take it with a few grains of salt. And that’s true of Margo. Much as she loves Eddie Albert, Jr., she surely is glad to be back in show business. Her happiness is the reason Eddie Albert, Sr., worked up a nightclub act with her. He didn’t need it; his career has never been in better shape, thanks to all his leading roles on TV. But Margo hadn’t worked in a long time, and she was missing the limelight. She was back in the swim. The ironic part is that he wants her to get big, fat, heavy dramatic parts, and he had to put her on the road back to success by singing and dancing with her. Margo has gained a bit of weight in the last few years, incidentally, and her hair is now very red. A hairdressing trick she uses could help lots of people who have to roll up their hair in a hurry—she puts it up with beer! It’s a trick that the movie studios have used for years when a star has to look perfect and doesn’t have time for a real setting job. It works, too. It dries very quickly and it doesn’t leave an odor at all. Next to Arthur Godfrey, the hardest man to get to in tv is Robert Montgomery. He may even have Arthur beat, in fact. He never is in, and his staff always claim they don’t know where he is or when he will drop around again... Marlon Brando has never been known for his formality, and his dates are no exception. One night recently, when he was going to an opening night at the theatre, he and his date stood out in the gutter and she combed her hair casually while everyone just gaped. MEL FERRER’S surprise party for Audrey Hepburn’s birthday (and Audrey swore it was a surprise) was very small, very chic and not in Mel’s sister’s house as was reported last week. Mel and Audrey went to the Ferrer’s New York town house (he comes, you know, from an old, once-wealthy family) where his brother José lives now. José, of course, is not the José who’s married to Rosemary Clooney. No kin... JANIS PAIGE’s career zoomed after she left Hollywood for the stage. And her weight has, too. For her first New York part with Jackie Cooper, she had to strip down to black bra and panties, and a mighty fetching picture she was. In Pajama Game, she slips off her dress and walks around in a black slip, and you can tell she has been enjoying her lunches at Sardi’s. Poor Red Buttons. He used to have to turn down interviews, he was so swamped with requests. Now he wistfully tells CBS that he’s available to anybody who wants to see him. There’s isn’t a TV personality who rose to such heights so quickly—who was a smash right from his first show—and then slumped so badly. They say that one of his problems is that he’s so bossy to his crew. The other people on his show have no voice, and they don’t like it. What Red demands, goes. Unfortunately, he isn’t always right... Funny, but not all of Eve Arden’s co-workers think she’s the grand girl she seems to be. Some think she’s quite the prima donna. Could be sour grapes, of course... When you read of all the high salary figures, don’t believe them completely. Everyone says, for instance, that Sid Caesar makes $25,000 a week. Well, it doesn’t say that on his pay check. And that’s one reason Sid has separated from Imogene Coca. He didn’t own part of Show of Shows; NBC did, lock stock and barrel. But he does own part of his new solo show... You never see Mel Ferrer at the premiere of all the movies in on her tv career all right. Dick Halloway runs all her career, in fact. That’s all he does. He’s her adviser, her guide and her mentor as well as her husband and the father of her little girl, Heller. A tall, slim, grey-haired man with horn-rimmed glasses, Dick even gets up at six or seven to get to his tv show. And they are two of the most outspoken lovebirds anywhere. You never hear Mary call him Dick, seldom hear her say “Richard.” It’s “Sweetie” or “Lovey” or “Baby” instead. They talk like newlyweds, after all these years of being married... The main reason Ed Murrow is so definite on To Person is money. Though he’s the highest paid man at CBS taxes eat up most of it.
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Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe by FPG. Marilyn's next picture is 20th Century-Fox's There's No Business Like Show Business. See page 81 for other photographers' credits.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q: Can you tell me if Bette Davis has retired from the movies for good?
A: No; she is merely shopping for the "right vehicle."

Q: What's with Pier Angeli and Gene Tierney's ex-husband, Oleg Cassini?
A: A friendship.

Q: Isn't there a big feud between Eartha Kitt and Dorothy Dandridge?
A: It's all over.

Q: Can you tell me Jane Russell's religious affiliation?
A: V.Y., Spokane, Wash.

Q: What is the current status of Doris Day's relationship with the press—good or bad?
A: H.G., Sea Girt, N.J.

Q: Do the stars generally have secretaries to answer their fan mail or do they answer it themselves?
A: C.W., Robbinsdale, Minn.

Q: They dictate replies to their secretaries.

Q: What do movie-star mothers do to strengthen their breast muscles?
A: R.M.C., Salt Lake City, Utah

Q: A series of exercises prescribed by their physicians.

Q: So many good movies are being made in CinemaScope. Many small town theatres are not equipped for such showings. What will happen?
A: N.L.B., Cut Bank, Montana

Q: Eventually, the industry will decide on one basic photographic process.

Q: Where are the first two wives of Clark Gable?
A: M.W., Milton, Ore.

Q: In Los Angeles and Houston, respectively.

Q: Once and for all, when was Mickey Rooney born?

Q: Is it true that Wanda Hendrix turned down the "Margie" role Gale Storm plays on television?
A: Yes.

Q: I understand that Liz Dailey does not want her ex-husband Dan Dailey to have custody of their son. Is this true?
A: Liz and Dan are working out an amicable custody agreement.

Q: Is it true that Clifton Webb did all sorts of dancing, at one time.
A: Mr. Webb did all sorts of dancing, at one time.

Q: What is the relationship between Kathryn Grayson and MGM executive Benny Thau?
A: They admire each other.

Q: Our local newspaper just carried a series of articles on Joan Crawford in which she was described as tyrannical and very much hated by several other Hollywood stars. Is this true?
A: Miss Crawford will win no intra-trade popularity honors.

Q: Is it true that Benny Goodman will not let his life story be filmed unless Mel Ferrer plays the lead?
A: No. Goodman merely suggested Ferrer as one possibility.

Q: Does Montgomery Clift really hate Hollywood?
A: No. He simply prefers to live in New York.

Q: I understand that Lana Turner is taking target practice. Is this on the level?
A: Lana is being taught how to shoot by her crack marksman husband, Lex Barker.

Q: Doesn't Glenn Ford teach Sunday School at the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church?
A: His wife, the former Eleanor Powell, does.

Q: Grace Kelly has dated so many men. Who is her number one?
A: Clark Gable.
Hitchcock, The Master of Suspense, brings you his masterpiece!

They stared too long... saw too much!

MORENO
THE MERRIER

Wherein Rubber Face Rita discovers that mugging is a crime.

- Rita Moreno moved from Puerto Rico to New York when she was ten. And on her first day in the New York school she went home in tears. The kids had called her “Rubber Face!”

Rita’s mother said, “Never mind. The day may come when you'll be glad to have such a face. It isn't everybody who's blessed with the power to express thoughts and emotions so easily.” Once convinced that “mother knows best,” she actually worked at developing her expressions.

“Sometimes I overdid it,” she admits. “Like the opening night of Skydrift.” There was a scene in which a mother thought she saw her son who had been killed in the war. Rita, as one of the daughters, was supposed to be quietly eating her spaghetti, unaware of the son’s ghost. But that rubber face got out of control and the audience was laughing at Rita’s mugging instead of sympathizing with the mother. Rita will never forget the lecture she got on the evils of stealing scenes.

She has danced since she was four. She was doing Spanish dances in nightclubs when she was fifteen, and even her rubber face didn’t convince police she was old enough to work.

“The owner of one little club locked me in the ladies’ room every time the police came in,” says Rita, “so I decided to quit and grow up.”

In films dubbed for export to Spanish-speaking countries, she has been the voice of Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret O’Brien, Peggy Ann Garner and many other young players.

Rita still looks younger than she is, but she’s old enough to vote and she has fourteen pictures to her credit. Next: Garden Of Evil.
Out of the Adventure Pages of the Ages!

King Richard the Lion-Hearted in sweeping grandeur! From Warner Bros. comes the magnificent presentation of Sir Walter Scott's undying story of the mighty quest for the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and Captains of the Western World charging into strange lands and thundering tumult! Here is the crafty Saladin of the Desert with his two thousand Saracen tribes—the Castelain warriors, seven feet tall, proud giants in armor—the wicked cohorts of beauteous Queen Berengaria—the savage abduction of Lady Edith the Chaste—and the Knight of the Leopard whose faith still rings through the long corridors of courage.

King Richard and the Crusaders
From Sir Walter Scott's 'The Talisman'

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Starring
REX HARRISON • VIRGINIA MAYO • GEORGE SANDERS • LAURENCE HARVEY
WITH
ROBERT DOUGLAS
SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
PRODUCED BY HENRY BLanke
DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with **White Rain**

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter...the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain...the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

*Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*
modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

IN THIS SECTION:
Louella Parsons' Good News
Hollywood Snapshots
I nominate Maggie McNamara
I had a ball at the Eddie Fisher party
Tony Curtis was really surprised
I challenge Bob Mitchum
the letter box

Greta Peck welcomes Greg home—but for how long?
louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING to let our boys down. They mean everything to me—and to Greta," Gregory Peck told me as we sat in my garden. "She's been wonderful about everything and she's a fine mother."

I believe the marriage of Greta and Gregory Peck has reached the end even though there may be no move to an actual divorce from either side for years.

As I write this, Greg is back in Hollywood, living at home and spending as much time as possible with his sons. But soon he will be on his way again, this time to London to make Moby Dick for John Huston.

While he was here, Greg came to see me and while he was reluctant to discuss the situation with Greta, he admitted for the first time that they are estranged.

I got the impression that neither of the Pecks plan any definite move, although the latest word is that Greta intends to file for divorce.

Greg told me he plans to spend much more time in Hollywood making films after Moby Dick—because he wants to be with his boys as much as possible from here on in.

The shortest reconciliation on record: Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran patched up their differences Saturday, then separated again on Sunday morning. Now she has her interlocutory decree.

The trouble seems to be that Charlie and Betty's agent, Abe Lastfogel, can't get along for five minutes—and Betty, a very ambitious girl, always listens to her agent.

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY MYSTERIOUS about the affair of the story about Marilyn Monroe which ran in a London newspaper.

Marilyn was furious when she talked with me over the telephone about her shock and distress over the supposed story of her life, under her byline (but actually authored by Ben Hecht).

Titled "My Own Uncensored Story," the articles told shocking things including dramatic and heartbreaking anecdotes about her mother.

"I am going to sue," Marilyn told me, her voice shaking, "how dare Mr. Hecht, who pretends to be my friend, do such a terrible thing and without my permission! Joe is just as indignant as I am." (Continued on page 12)
SHORTEST RECONCILIATION on record was Betty Hutton's one-day return to husband Charlie O'Curran—who's still torching for her.

RECONCILIATION IS TAKING for my "adopted daughter," Jane Wyman, and Fred Karger, since they met at Joan Benny's wedding.

BOB STACK met Terry Moore on Juke Box Jury. They liked each other right away, started dating. Romance rumors flew, of course.

I KNEW Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were getting married when I spotted one of their friends buying a wedding hat!

MONROE BURNS—and I don't blame her!—about the stories being printed under her name!

CRAIN CUDDLES with husband Paul Brinkman. These two are always so happy.

BOB FRANCIS FLOATS—he's a real athlete. Careerwise, he's walking on air, too.
I nominate for stardom: 
MAGGIE McNAMARA

- The cuter-than-a-button Broadway actress is a half-pint package of Irish delight in Three Coins In The Fountain.

  The ironic part of it is—ninety-five-pound Maggie, flattered as she is with her new found film success, really prefers life in New York. She tells me, "I guess my husband, David Swift, and I just have New York in our blood."

  She doesn't look old enough to have a husband when she wears her favored low-heeled shoes and sweaters and skirts. But she's very proud of Swift, one of the writers on the popular Mr. Peepers TV show.

  The Swifts live in a one-room apartment near the campus of UCLA in Westwood. They're both nearsighted, wear glasses and seldom touch anything stronger than beer.

  All the time Maggie was working in Fountain they never attended a nightclub. With the exception of the actors and actresses she worked with at Twentieth, she knows no screen stars. "But I like to see them in public," little Maggie says. "I saw Judy Garland in the book store in Beverly Hills and I got such a kick out of it."

  Missy MacNamara was born in New York City and came up the model route—posing in teen-age clothes.

  Her first stage appearance in The King Of Friday's Men wasn't too hot. But the show folded just in time for Otto Preminger to discover her for the Chicago presentation of The Moon Is Blue. Maggie was so great in it she got the movie lead. I think she'll be with us a long time.

(Continued from page 10) This was my cue to contact fireball writer Hecht who lives nearby at Oceanside.

  I've known Ben a long time—and he's liable to do anything. But he sounded sincere when he told me, "The story was sold by my agent without my permission. I knew nothing of the publication of the stories on Marilyn until your call."

  It's difficult to believe that an agent to a writer as important as Hecht would dare to sell a story without permission.

  Anyway, in this case, most of the sympathy goes to Marilyn because Hecht reveals that he has nothing but utter contempt for Hollywood and most of the people in it in his autobiography, Child Of The Century.
THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was hosted by composer Jimmy McHugh in honor of the new darling of the debs, Eddie Fisher, and seldom have I seen so many teen agers at a cocktail party, seemingly most of them with a crush on Eddie.

The garden of the McHugh home was abloom with flowers and sweet young things in summery dresses—among the sweetest and the youngest, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Pier Angeli.

Later on I went to dinner with the two dark eighteen-year-old Italian beauties and Eddie. Although the girls are the same age, Pier seems far more mature because she dates without a chaperone. She told me confidentially that her mother had had a talk with Anna Maria’s parents and told them that they should give Anna Maria a little more freedom. “It’s amazing,” Pier whispered to me, “she can’t go anywhere without a chaperone.”

I have a feeling that Pier considers herself something of a woman of the world, particularly as she is supposed to have “suffered” over the break-up of her romance with Kirk Douglas who just recently married Anne Buydens.

Someone had asked Pier if she had sent Kirk and his bride a message of congratulation. She shrugged her shoulders, “Why should I?”

But to get back to the cocktail party, one of the most stunning girls present was dancer Vera-Ellen in a banana-colored chiffon cocktail dress. It was just a few years back that Vera was regarded as one of the worst dressed gals in pictures. Remember the comment she stirred up when she attended a premiere wearing a bountiful pink net gown, ballet slippers and a beret!!

Ever since Vera has been dating suave, witty Richard Gully she has shown the most excellent taste in clothes. Methinks the sophisticated assistant to Jack Warner has had a lot to do with Vera’s smart appearance these days and nights.

I simply didn’t recognize Debra Paget when she arrived. What in the world has this girl done to her hair! It’s suddenly flaming pink—and I mean pink! (Continued on page 14)
(Continued from page 13) Even though she is recently divorced, Gloria De Haven looked pretty, fresh and happy. She wore a pale pink jacket over a black cocktail dress. I think Jeff Chandler has something to do with the new happiness Gloria has found.

A few days after the party, Eddie opened at the Cocoanut Grove and not since the old days when Joan Crawford used to win-Charleston contests there have I seen so many stars sitting under the coconut trees. Joan, herself, was there with Jennings Lang. So were Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. Vera- Ellen and Richard Gullory, Anna Maria Alberghetti with Vic Damone (yep, he was her date without a chaperone), Betty Hutton, Debbie Reynolds and practically all the local younger set who are real "gone" on Eddie.

IT WAS A BIG MONTH for parties—Judy Garland's birthday shindig being one of the most luxurious affairs.

For the gala occasion, Sid Luft took over the new private room at Romanoff's—which has a magnificent view of the whole city—and the motif was pink—tablecloths, candles, flowers—all very flattering to the female guests.

Judy was like a kid showing off the new big diamond ring Sid gave her. "It's the first diamond ring I ever owned in my whole life," said the happy Mrs. Luft.

I got a kick out of Ethel Merman when I asked her if she was working in No Business Like Show Business the following morning.

"That all depends on Marilyn Monroe," said the queen of Broadway musicals who, I understand, has been patience herself waiting for the Queen of Hollywood glamour girls to show up on the set—or not show up.

When Rocky and Gary Cooper walked in just about the same time that Peter Lawford and his bride, Patricia Kennedy, arrived, every eye in the place was fixed on the foursome. Or had you forgotten that during several separations from Gary, Rocky Cooper and Pete Lawford used to be dancing dates?

Those who expected fireworks were doomed to disappointment. Rocky and Peter were extremely cordial to each other—and I later saw Gary dancing with the new Mrs. Lawford.

It turned out that the biggest surprise of the evening was Humphrey Bogart's singing! With all this professional talent in attendance—Bogey got up at the microphone and sang with "September Song," and he was plenty good.

Lauren Bacall remarked, "The old boy can do anything," but she was plenty proud of "the old boy," believe me.

Mona Freeman, who is Judy's closest girl friend, came with Bob Neal (Frank Sinatra being up in Las Vegas). All Mona can talk about is how wonderful Judy is in A Star Is Born.

"If she doesn't get the Academy Award," Mona told me, "they should stop handing out Oscars."

The Dean Martin's seem absolutely lovey-dovey since their reconciliation. I didn't see either of them dancing with anyone else the entire evening.

Van and Evie Johnson are always so sweet and thoughtful to everyone. I had to go home early—too early for such a good party—and they brought me to my door.

I had to tell Van how good I think he is in The Caine Mutiny movie. "Thank you, Louella," he said, "my days of the howling bobby soxers are over. But I'm thankful that my career has moved into maturity without too big a jolt."

Evie told me that she and Van were bent double the other evening going over some of his old fan magazine stories. The worst was titled, "The Kutest Kid In Town."

AVA GARDNER'S NEW LOVE is costing her plenty—in more ways than one. She is completing her six-weeks stint in Reno divorcing Frank Sinatra and my money says that she will be heading immediately to Madrid to marry—and it's marry—bullfighter Domingual.

MGM has suspended her, which means no more fat salary checks, for refusing to do Love Me Or Leave Me, the story of singer Ruth Etting.

Ava took a beautiful house on Lake Tahoe and imported practically her entire family to be with her while she sat it out. Two sisters were with her, one brother-in-law and her secretary.

If the Reno-ites expected her to go into seclusion, as have many stars in quest of fame, they were pleasantly surprised. A fan writes, "Ava is at a nightclub or at one of the gambling palaces almost every night—all dressed up and looking anything but unhappy.

"When Ann Sothern opened her nightclub act in Reno, Ava, sitting ringside, attracted almost as much attention as Maisie Sothern. When Ann introduced her, she stood up in the spotlight and took a bow and threw kisses. She was very gracious to fans who came to her table and autographed menus for several of them—including me."

(Continued on page 18)
Then all of a sudden a party of their friends, singing "Happy Birthday," appeared—with a cake!

Janet got gifts and congratulations, too, because it was also the Curtis' third wedding anniversary.

Tony and Janet really seem happy now; everyone's so glad their recent troubles were just temporary.

on my soapbox:

I CHALLENGE BOB MITCHUM

- I’m challenging Robert Mitchum to make me eat my words that he is the most miscast actor of the year as the sensitive young doctor in Not As A Stranger.

In the right role, I say there are few better actors than Bob. And most of the fans agree with me. But Bob should see the letters I’ve received from fans who have read Mort Thompson’s best seller—and not one believes that Mitchum is the star for the part.

I even discussed this with Stanley Kramer, the producer. He said, “Wait. I think Bob will surprise you.” I’ll wait. And I’ll be the first to say that he’s great—if he is.

Here are some of the objections to Bob I’ve received in letters:

“He’s too old to be convincing during the large part of the story when the young doctor is a medical student.”

“He has been associated with too much personal sensational publicity to be acceptable to the medical profession.”

“He represents physical, almost animal, appeal which will be a jarring note in the playing of a sensitive, misunderstood man who is dedicated to medicine.”

“All the time I’m watching him, I’ll be thinking of that picture he posed for in France with that girl who stripped off her brassiere.”

And so the letters go.

With all these strikes on him before he goes to bat, I say that Mitchum has the hardest assignment ever handed an actor. But if he overcomes all this in a fine, fine portrayal I’ll be the first to say so—and also to say that he deserves an Academy Award.
the letter box

Carol Levin, Buffalo, New York, is furious over the “snide hints that Jerry Lewis is most responsible for the troubles between Jerry and his partner, Dean Martin. I have relatives in Los Angeles who are closely associated with Mr. Lewis and they hold him to be as fine a man as he is funny. Let’s remember, it takes two to make a quarrel.” Right, Carol.

Phyllis Emry, Ogallala, Nebraska, believes that Gene Nelson is the most wasted talent in Hollywood. “He’s a greater dancer than either Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire and yet he gets just mediocre awards.” Buck up, gal. Your boy has one of the two top male leads in Oklahoma! and that’s no mediocre musical.

Kay Keegan, of Texas City, Texas, is crazy about Sterling Hayden in Johnny Guitar and wants to know if he’s married and has any children! I’ll say! Married, separated, and four or is it five? children—I’ve lost count.

Catherine Carter says she hears that Kathryn Grayson plans to retire when she marries Pat Nerney. Wait a minute, Catherine. It’s Jane Powell who will marry Pat Nerney—and neither she nor Kathryn Grayson have retirement plans.

Betty Grable is not only Paul Conn’s favorite star, she’s inspired him to write a poem which goes: “A shapely young matron named Grable To buy ermine and sable is able, Since her figure divine Is a box-office mine In pictures that carry her label.”

Betty, attention please!

(Continued from page 14) The only time she seemed disturbed was when a fresh guy asked her if she knew that Mona Freeman had gone to Las Vegas to visit Frank Sinatra.

“Ava frowned and snapped, ‘I care nothing about that.’ She wears simply scruptious clothes. Even her denims have pearl and rhinestone trimmings and her slacks outfits are divine. A boy who makes deliveries to her house says that Ava has pictures of her bullfighter boy friend all over the place—even in the kitchen!”

“At cocktail time she wears the cutest matador pants in bright red or green satin.”

Thank you, Miss Fan, for this inside peek at Ava getting her divorce.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

If you think 20th Century-Fox isn’t sold, sold, sold on Robert Wagner, listen to this: the studio took up his option eighteen months ago of time. I have a hunch Jeff Chandler and Gloria De Haven will marry when both are free. They’re sooo gone on each other.

Everyone is so happy for Wanda Hendrix—now Mrs. Jim Stack. Wanda was a miserable little girl when her marriage to Audie Murphy went on the rocks. Now she’s living in the clouds again, so in love with the handsome and wealthy society man who is her stacker’s brother. I’ll give them a chance. They’re both in about $4,000,000 inheritance on his thirty-seventh birthday.

Back in the days when Peter Lawford was romancing various Hollywood beauties, he never liked them to visit him on the set. But that’s all changed since Patricia Kennedy became his bride. She lunches daily with him while he’s making his TV series and remains on the set till he’s finished for the day.

A certain little doll-faced ingenue is hitting the bottle too hard and she can’t disguise it under the guise that she’s just “peppy” much longer.

A fashion I wouldn’t exactly advocate—unless you are another Marie Wilson—is her new gag of wearing colored wigs to match her evening gowns.

The night I caught her, Marie had on a soft pink wig that exactly matched a décolleté gown she was wearing.

She also has one in pale blue, another in white and she’s toying with one in orange.

There is no bigger favor than that great actress Shirley Booth who is just as wonderful in her new movie, About Mrs. Leslie, as she was in her Academy Award winning Come Back, Little Sheba.

Whenever Shirley sees a picture or a play that impresses her she sits down and writes a personal letter to the actor or actress. Most of them are bowed over by such recognition from a great actress.

“But there are two,” says Miss Booth, “who didn’t answer—or didn’t send me a photograph with an autograph. I’ll give them a little while longer. And then, I’m going to name them,” she laughs.

There’s a bit of a catch to the contract Mario Lanza has signed with Howard Hughes. It is effective only if the singer loses at least fifty pounds.

To many actors, this might seem like a slight stipulation. I’m not sure it will be so easy for Mario. A very close friend of his tells me that he will diet strenuously for a day or two—and then he just can’t resist spaghetti.

I once picked up one of the Beverly Hills police for ramming three parked cars, and was booked on charges of driving under the influence of sedatives, I had suspected that she was a sick girl.

She frequently called me for no apparent reason. But not too long ago she called to say that she had come to the conclusion that she could not go on with her marriage to Harry Karl.

Within a week she called again to say that Harry had bought her a station wagon, filled it with fishing poles, “and now we have reconciled our differences.” This is hardly the reasoning of someone in control of herself.

As for the charges brought by two newspaper cameramen that Harry Karl deliberately tried to run them down when they tried to take Mario’s picture—I can only believe that he was distraught and hardly knew what he was doing—except blindly trying to protect his ill wife.

I talked with Ann Blyth McNulty exactly twenty-six hours after the arrival of Timothy Patrick McNulty, who weighed in at seven-and-a-half pounds, a big baby for such a little girl.

“Now that Timothy is here, Ann,” I laughed, “break down and admit you and Dr. Jim wanted a boy all along.”

“That’s right, Louella.” Ann chuckled, her voice strong and happy, “we did want a boy first and we couldn’t be happier.”

“You always get what you want,” I said.

“Ann, I’m simply grateful,” she agreed. “I guess I’m just lucky.”

If you ask me, I’m sure it’s more than luck. This beautiful and religious girl is just getting back some of the joy and helpfulness and consideration of others which she gives out.

THAT’S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!
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Bobbi is perfect for this new "Stewardess" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.
Wally Cox was so secretive about his wedding that only a handful of people knew much more than the name of the bride, Marilyn Gennaro, and the name of the town (Bozman, Maryland). Here's the rest of the story. Wally and Marilyn had been going together for about four years—not steady but pretty frequently. Wally had lots of other dates, but he kept thinking about Marilyn, whom he met when she was in the chorus of his first Broadway show. He had been wanting to get married for a long time—partly because he is dying to have a family. One of the reasons he decided Marilyn was the girl for him was that she liked him before he became famous. Mr. Peepers was always afraid that his other dates were going out with him because he was rich and famous. But he knew that Marilyn liked him for himself. (Wally is so tired of people calling him "Mr. Peepers" when they see him on the street that he has been known to scream, "Cox! Cox! Cox!" Is that the name?) At least he was a funny fellow. And he always felt at home with Marilyn.

The reason you read so little about the wedding itself was that Wally believes that marriages are sacred. Hardly anyone knew that he was going to be married, and when a few reporters did find out and follow him to Maryland, he almost called the whole thing off. If you were him, you'd be going back twenty minutes, you wouldn't have recognized the meek and mild Mr. Peepers you see on the screen! Marilyn and Wally's best friends drove down to Maryland three days before the wedding to get the license; Wally didn't go—which helped keep things quiet. And very few were invited. The minister was the most nervous person there; it was his first wedding. No relatives of either the bride or the groom were present. Wally and his mother are not too close, and his father was at Wally's farm in Michigan (where he and Marilyn spent some of their honeymoon). Marilyn's parents are separated. Wally and Marilyn took them out to a fancy dinner and told them the good news. (They undoubtedly didn't celebrate riotously. Wally, you know, can take about one drink of beer and feel a little dizzy.) Marilyn gave up her dancing job in Pajama Game a few days before she married Wally, but she wasn't out of a job long. Wally insisted that she have a part in the play he did in summer stock, and a special one was written in for her—just so she wouldn't be lonely while he was working. Wally may not like being called Mr. Peepers, but he surely seems to be just as considerate of Marilyn Cox as Robinson Peepers is of Nancy Peepers. . . . Everybody who knows Eva Marie Saint loves her. She's just as pretty and slim off screen as on—and could pass for a college freshman any time she wanted to even though she's in her thirties. Her voice surprises you a little when you meet her, though; it's deeper than you'd think, and has that little crack in it like Jean Arthur's. You won't be seeing as much of Eva Marie on TV as you'd like to because she's fussing about her parts. She prefers live hour shows—and top-notch ones. They're hard to find. She also won't be in the movies as much as you undoubtedly wish if you've seen her in On The Waterfront. She won't leave her husband, who's a TV director in New York. That's one reason she agreed to make Waterfront. It was made in Hoboken. The other reason, of course, is that Eva Marie is a serious young actress and she couldn't turn down a chance to work with director Elia Kazan and Marlon Brando. (Eva Marie's husband, by the way, thought the love scenes between his wife and Marlon Brando were some of the most moving and powerful he had ever seen.) . . . One person whose success hasn't gone to her head is Kaye Ballard. All in one season, she made a hit in The Golden Apple on Broadway and got an NBC television contract. Most people with that kind of luck would pack up, move to a fancy apartment and hire at least one servant. Not Kaye. She still lives in her old tiny one up three flights of steep stairs. Notice sometimes how Kaye is reminiscent of Judy Garland when she sings a sad love song. . . . When Walter Cronkite moved to New York, he found a pretty snappy place to live by himself and his wife and two little girls—a big modern apartment overlooking the East River. When they lived in Washington, their furniture was mostly Early American, but it wouldn't fit in with their New York picture windows, so they got rid of all of it and started all over again. Walter is all recovered from his operation. It took a while to get off his weight but he's finally taking care of himself. He's lost about twenty pounds. He'd like it if he could take care of his show. You'll notice the change in Ray Milland's show this fall. It's going to be much more sophisticated and much more like Ray Milland. He just felt that the shows last year were too silly, and he put his foot down. You should see behind the scenes on Ed Murrow's Person to Person. It looks so easy, you almost forget that the people's homes are full of men and equipment. On the afternoon of the day of the show, a big CBS crew shows up. They take up rugs and stick big batteries in odd corners, and generally turn the home into a TV studio. But no one has ever complained. Ed has given his crew strict orders to leave the houses the way they found them, and they do. By midnight, after the show, you'd never know they'd been there. Ed, by the way, sometimes never meets the guests except when he's interviewing them (and then, of course, he's in a CBS studio and they're at their homes). But sometimes they go out for drinks and dinner together before the show. That's why, sometimes, the guests are so relaxed!
Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The SECRET
That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Why Do Famous Actresses
Look So Young and Glamorous So Long?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites—or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be transparent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

The Secret That The Stars Had to Learn

After all, they can't touch up motion picture film. So they must touch up the stars themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then an artist then does apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

Remember When Only "Hussies" Used Lipstick?

Remember — actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shrouded from the house tops that they gave all their glamour to make-up secrets.

Charles Antell hates to give away their last and most carefully guarded secret. But business is business. So now, at last, Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—and your husband will look at you, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

The Greatest Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to you. Think of how you would look without dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, blemishes and pimples all made invisible. The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.

TOUCH-UP STIK

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

CONCEALS DARK CIRCLES
SOFTENS WIDER LINES
COVERS BLEMISHES

Your Friends Will Think You Found

"The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up over the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking more made up, you will look less made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

Remember — Touch-Up Stik is invisible. People see the results—not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with beautifying, softening lanolin. It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK

WITH TOUCH-UP STIK

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Stars' Secret Now Yours
During FREE Introductory Bargain Offer

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only $2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you a FREE a $1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first complete make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you FREE a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the $2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, plus the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only $2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

If your local store has not yet received or has sold out of Touch-Up Stik, use money-saving coupon below.

WE HAVE THE PERFECT SHADE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION

Select Proper Color Below

Charles Antell, Inc.
115 South Street, Baltimore 3, Md.

Please rush me your Touch-Up Stik (up to a year's supply) for $2.00 and send me the FREE matching Liquid Make-Up worth $1.50, plus FREE Beauty Lessons.

☐ I am enclosing $2.00—
☐ Please send C.O.D.—
☐ I will pay postage

☐ CHECK COLOR DESIRED
☐ Fair
☐ Natural
☐ Medium
☐ Brunette
☐ Light Brunette
☐ Suntan (very dark)

☐ NAME_________________________

☐ ADDRESS_________________________

☐ CITY_________________________

☐ ZONE_________________________

☐ STATE_________________________

☐ 115 South Street, Baltimore 3, Md.
Forgotten something?

Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don't have a certain product tucked into your suitcase, at least a part of your vacation might be spoiled.

For what's more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is internal sanitary protection. It never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit. And it is comfortable! Actually, you don't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don't have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NEW MOVIES by florence epstein

The story of The Egyptian revolves around the splendid but corrupt court of ancient Egypt, where Pharaoh Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) clashes with the priests over his belief that there is only one God. Peace-loving, the Pharaoh refuses to arm against his enemies, the Hittites.

Picture of the Month: THE EGYPTIAN

- Twentieth Century-Fox emptied its treasury for The Egyptian, a lavish CinemaScope production which recreates a culture that existed 33 centuries ago. Based on the best seller of the same name, it is a highly involved story of the days when men worshipped many gods and were tied by superstition and ignorances. Yet, even then, some groped for new truths and died fighting old misconceptions.

The movie revolves around a young physician named Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) who was cast on the Nile as a child and rescued by a poor physician and his wife. Purdom actually was the Pharaoh's son, although he never acknowledges it. An early idealist, he seeks the meaning of life but finds instead violent passions, greed and malice. Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) the present Pharaoh, is probably the first Egyptian to believe in the concept of one God. This naturally leads to his downfall since it threatens the livelihood of a great many priests. The idea that only truth (not Pharaohs) is immortal and that evil must be condemned divides the characters into two camps. Among the corrupt are Bella Darvi, a Babylonian seductress who lures Purdom away from the good Merit (Jean Simmons), Victor Mature, a husky, power-loving warrior who finally ascends the throne with Gene Tierney (Akhnaton's sister). Colorful, exotic, full of intrigue and the decadent splendor of a fascinating civilization—that is The Egyptian.
The Story of England's Outlaw Knight who pledged his life to save a throne and his love to win the forbidden lips of a kingdom's ravishing beauty!

Universal-International presents
THE BLACK SHIELD
OF FALWORTH
COLOR BY Technicolor

IN CINEMA SCOPE

starring TONY CURTIS • JANET LEIGH
DAVID FARRAR • BARBARA RUSH • HERBERT MARSHALL

with Torin Thatcher • Daniel O'Herlihy • Rhys Williams

Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR and MELVILLE TUCKER
Top Designers Agree: Slim summer fashions start with a Playtex figure!

EMMILIO OF CAPRI: In summer, to be in style you’ve got to be in Playtex first! Slings and trims like magic.

See how

Playtex

Fabric Lined

Panty Brief

narrates your silhouette in new freedom... widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don’t have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there’s Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little “extras”!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such comfort—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such freedom, too—since it hasn’t a seam, stitch, stay or bone!

Just a smooth latex sheath—invisible under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

©1954 International Latex Corporation... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del
In Canada: Playtex Ltd... PLAYTEX PARK... Amherst, Ont.

HOBSON’S CHOICE Charles Laughton, as Henry Horatio Hobson, is an unusually humorous father. He’s so right with a pound he’d rather his daughters were old maids than have to pay a dowry. Besides, life is comfortable as it is. His three girls work (without pay) in his bootshop and when he stagers home after a day at the Moonrakers Inn dinner he better be on the table. Eldest daughter (Brenda De Ronz) brings this blustering tyrant to heel. She drags his bootmaker (John Mills) out of the cellar, dusts him off and marries him. Somehow, Mills acts like a lamb going to slaughter but he recovers fast. And with a shop of his own he is soon pushing Hobson out of business. That’s the framework of a film rich in humor and warmth. Excellent acting makes ordinary situations into freshly comic events and a “merry England” flavor runs through it all.—U. A.

THE COWBOY If you’ve seen so many westerns you’ve forgotten what cowboys are really like this will refresh your memory. It’s a documentary about the men who first came out to the west, started rounding up cattle and driving them to market, started catching wild mustangs and breaking them in as working cow-horses, started putting up fences and laying down laws. Narrated by Tex Ritter, Bill Conrad, John Dehner and Larry Dakin, the movie has a pastoral quality to it. The life of the cowboy was hard and lonely but there was something about the vastness of the land and of the job that seemed to catch his imagination. You’ll get a glimpse into the life of two modern cowboys whose long working day starts at 4 a.m. Tired they may be, but they’ll ride 20 miles to a square dance on Saturday night and risk their necks on Sunday in a country rodeo. Music by Carl Brandt, Eastman Color.—Lippert Pictures

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE Walt Disney’s second true Life Adventure (his first was The Living Desert) more than lives up to its promise. You marvel at the wizardry of the cameramen who catch the animals and birds of the prairie at their most un-guarded, most typical moments. (To film the birth of a buffalo calf cameramen draped themselves in buffalo hide and moved right in with the herd.) Courtship, death struggles, nesting habits of moun-tain lion, antelope, prairie dog, marsh bird and others are all here in Technicolor with music that sets a lively, often humorous pace. You move from spring to winter in that great expanse of land between the Mississippi and the Rockies, from tender moments of birth to the stark drama of survival in flash floods, drought and fire. The camera, always alert and in-quisitive, captures that thrill when these animals not only roamed the American prairie but presided over it as well.
New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL™

Works instantly to stop
Bad Breath!
One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

Cleans your breath...

Works constantly to stop
Tooth Decay!
One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate’s GARDOL works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

While it guards your teeth!

GARDOL...
Colgate's miracle ingredient makes it doubly effective!

LIVING IT UP Martin and Lewis aren’t funnier than ever, but if you’re a fan you’ll probably enjoy Living It Up which is vaguely based on Broadway’s Hazel Flagg. Concerns a small town boy, Homer Flagg (Jerry Lewis), who thinks he’s radioactive. Reporter Janet Leigh sees a story in him and saddles her publisher Fred Clark with all the expenses of bringing Homer and his dog (Dean Martin) to New York. After all, says Janet, the poor kid has only three weeks to live. On the strength of that she proposes to him, Mayor Edward Arnold thanks him the key to the city and Homer, wild with joy, turns his lavish hotel suite into pandemonium. Clark foots the bills while everybody waits around with tears in their eyes. But Homer to drop dead. Trouble is, he won’t. Not only is he a fraud, but you couldn’t kill him with a cannon. Technicolor, with Sheree North.——Para.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP. Queen Elizabeth and Philip traveled 50,000 miles in six months, visiting their empire. It was an historic tour and here it is recorded in Technicolor on a CinemaScope screen. The scenery is impressive, so are the hordes of loyal subjects in Australia, Africa, Malta, Gibraltar and other small islands of the realm. Colorful native dances, various celebrations, drills and garden parties for the royal entourage are shown. Twice Elizabeth wore her coronation gown to open Houses of Parliament. One part of a Best picture out to sea single file to welcome the Queen’s yacht with 21-gun salute. Interesting as a document, the film never descends from its high level of formality and is therefore somewhat exhausting. After an hour and a half you’ve more than sensed the intense discipline and rigorous routine which rules Queen Elizabeth’s life—you’ve almost experienced it yourself.—20th-Fox

SABRINA The Cinderella story never goes stale and when Audrey Hepburn plays it even seems inspired. She’s the chauffeur’s daughter on an immense estate in Long Island. Ever since childhood she’s been secretly in love with young heir David Larrabee (William Holden) who lives in the mansion and not above the garage. Pop sends her off to cooking school in Paris. Forget David, he pleads, he’s beyond your reach. But you learn more than cooking in Paris and when Audrey comes back she’s a chic sophisticate with French poodle. David drops his fiancée (Martha Hyer) for her. Older brother Humphrey Bogart, who long ago married the family’s business, takes desperate steps to stop this romance. That is, he wants Audrey himself. But his intentions aren’t honorable—not at the beginning, anyway. You’ll love Sabrina (that’s Audrey). It’s gay, sweet and funny. With Walter Hampden, John Williams.—Para.

HOW GARDOL WORKS:
Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, GARDOL binds itself to your teeth... remains active for 12 hours or more. That’s why GARDOL, Colgate’s long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more! GARDOL’s protection won’t rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate’s with GARDOL give continuous protection around the clock.

ONLY COLGATE’S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!
Are you in the know?

How would you rate this dipper gal?

- Shy
- Fan
- Drucoo's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. Funny? Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being herself is a gal's better bet. And on those days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape... doesn't chafe!

Just met—what's your chatter cue?

- Take over
- Proceed with caution

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! He doesn't cut it!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be confident (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver; Kotex can be worn on either side!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Romeo & Juliet
- Kotex & Kotex belts
- Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two... for a change!

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS When you base a movie on a story by Stephen Vincent Benet you can’t lose. It’s bound to be whimsical, unique and full of homespun charm. This musical has all those qualities in addition to dances by Michael Kidd and lyrics by Johnny Mercer. The seven brothers (headed by Howard Keel) are a bearded, sloppy crew who live in the hills. One day Keel goes to town to pick a wife, and comes back with Jane Powell. Jolie shudders at the sight of her in-laws but she’s trapped. Only thing to do is reform them. Pretty soon the boys want to get married, too. Keel tells them a story of the Sabine women who were carried off by Romans. Swell idea, say the brothers, and proceed to kidnap their would-be brides. The frightened (but thrilled) girls are their prisoners all winter because the pass is blocked by snow. Comes the thaw, comes the irate fathers, comes the grand climax. CinemaScope.—MGM.

GARDEN OF EVIL There's this fellow lying near to death in a gold mine and his wife (Susan Hayward) wants to rescue him. She strides into a saloon and behind a headed curtain finds Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark, Cameron Mitchell. Come with me, fellows, she says, and I'll give you two thousand dollars apiece. So they go with her up hills and over cliffs—riding, riding, riding through Mexico's remote Indian country. Cooper doesn't talk much, but you know he's masterful. Widmark talks maybe too much but he's harmless, always with the card tricks. Mitchell doesn't talk. Attack his game. Well, they reach this mine where lies Hugh Marlowe near to death, "So you come back?" he sners at his wife. She swallows tears of humiliation. Sure, she came back. Now the problem is to come back to the saloon where the fells can spend their two thousand bucks apiece. The Indians save Susan a heap of dough. CinemaScope.—20th Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING


THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY (Warner): John Wayne and Bob Stack are the tense pilots of a plane in trouble. Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Jan Sterling are among the passengers, who range from calm to terrified. An exciting film, CinemaScope.

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS (20th-Fox): This CinemaScope epic picks up where The Robe left off, follows Victor Mature as Demetrius through encounters with Susan Hayward, Debra Paget, Mitchell Rennie and numerous hungry lions. Technicolor.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.

DIAL M FOR MURDER (Warner): A topical thriller, this is an adaptation of a hit play. Ray Milland stars as the jealous husband trying to get his wife, Grace Kelly, indicted for murder. Bob Cummings is around to add to the terrific suspense. Warnercolor.

T. R. E. G., U. S. PAT. OFF.

Budweiser

GARDEN OF EVIL

VICTOR DEMETRIUS
It's not every baby who can be a long-awaited Blessed Event and at the same time almost wreck Papa's career. Edward MacDonald Carey, Jr., almost managed it, though, merely by showing up in Hollywood while MacDonald, Sr., was on stage in New York, doing a performance of his hit Broadway show, *Anniversary Waltz*. A helpful friend in the wings made signs to Papa indicating that he was a father for the fifth time. MacDonald, naturally thrilled (and possibly impressed with his own record), promptly forgot his lines and stood in full view of the audience, making signals like telephoning so that there would be a line open to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital on the coast as soon as the act was over.

Producers being men of heart and MacDonald being an actor of note, he was not removed from the cast nor even gently reprimanded. If anything, it was felt that he had once more proved his claim to have one of Hollywood's happiest home-lives as well as rosiest careers. In the fifteen years between his discovery in Broadway's *Lady In The Dark* (which also sent Vic Mature to Hollywood) and his latest, most important movie, *Fire Over Africa*, with Maureen O'Hara, Carey has received almost nothing but praise from critics for his scores of films. This last one, in fact, has drawn forth rhapsodies, causing one lady reviewer to murmur soulfully, "He's even younger and more romantic than he was fifteen years ago!" Which would seem to prove that MacDonald need fear no competition, even from Junior, who, like his father, is growing more handsome daily, but unlike Papa, is beginning to show his full age (about four months) and will probably go right on getting older!
New! a shampoo that
Silkens your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—

yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!

This is a New Drene formula—
so Mild you could
shampoo every day!
Our new look...

With this gala issue, MODERN SCREEN introduces a brand new, exclusive gossip extra—eight pages brim-full of last minute news, special reports and off-guard photo features brought to you by Hollywood’s First Lady, Louella Parsons. We are proud to add this exciting bonus section, another great step forward in making MODERN SCREEN the most complete coverage of Hollywood you can buy. In addition to Louella Parsons in Hollywood, you’ll find nine gorgeous pages in full color and our newly expanded portrait gallery in every issue from now on. Naturally these added features will in no way limit the regular features that have made MODERN SCREEN America’s most popular fan magazine on the newsstands: we will continue to bring you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth with more full length stories, more on-the-spot exclusive news-breaks, more exciting photographs of your favorite stars than any other publication.

Cordially yours,

Charles D. Saxon
EDITOR
"I'd hate to think that marriage was Joe's only interest," said Marilyn Monroe. "There are twenty-four hours in each day. How many hours can you give to being a husband or a wife? You must have other interests, too, to make for a full, happy life." This is "The Monroe Doctrine."

Marilyn was giving me the frankest interview of her life, revealing her most secret thoughts on marriage and babies—and she threw in the famous calendar for fascinating good measure. She's a trifle old-fashioned. She believes a wife should not be separated from her husband and she believes a mother should not be separated from her children. She has definite ideas about child care—having been a neglected child herself. She discussed all of this with the honesty that has always existed between this reporter and the blonde, beautiful and most exciting movie star of our generation.

Some of the women reporters in this town have given Marilyn a bad time. They've called her cheap, tawdry, a bad actress. She has always been grateful to me because way back, even before the bit in Asphalt Jungle, in the days when only the late diminutive agent, Johnny Hyde, believed she would one day be a great actress, I regarded her as a nice girl, caught in the Hollywood jungle. I must confess I didn't think she had much chance of breaking out of the overgrown forest into the bright sunlight of stardom. I like her even more now, because success has loosened the tight bonds of an inferiority complex that used to bind her tongue when you asked her the simplest question. But now?

"Joe," said Marilyn, "will always come first with me. He is the human being closest to my heart. He's the most important person in my life. Everything else is second. But he understands that my career is very important to me. I fought hard to get it. Sometimes starved. And the same goes for his career with me. We both had our jobs before we (Continued on page 67)
When a lady gets something off her chest, who gets involved? Mitchum, of course. Even when he's innocent, he's fall-guy supreme!

By Toni Noel

Any accident that's on its way to happen just waits around for Robert Mitchum to stroll by. Then it happens to him. He is philosophical about it. He knows he must take the falls, but he doesn't know why.

The trouble is that Mitchum thinks he's just like other men. He isn't. "Mitch is a classic in himself," said an admiring Jane Russell, his longtime stablemate at RKO. "He can do anything—act, write, sing—just a little bit better than anyone else."

Mr. Mitchum is a mere six-foot, one-inch, hundred-and-eighty pounder, but he looks immense, possibly because of the tremendous breadth of his chest and shoulders. Physically, he's a man women must look up to, which makes him different from the average run of Hollywood males. And there are other differences.

Male stars tend to fall into two camps as to hairstyle. The younger heroes like the swirl-about that results in careless curls; the aging idols prefer the crewcut as a means of maintaining the illusion of youth. Our Robert wears his light brown hair in a spiky, bristling in-between that goes nowhere. Ladies tenderly describe it as "stubborn."

The Mitchum profile, altered if not improved by a broken nose, strikes them as exceedingly manly. If any other gentleman appraised them with sleepy-eyed boldness equal to that of his hazel eyes or with such a curling lip, they'd exclaim, "How dare you!" To Mitch they murmur, "Why don't you?"

Other guys could walk on their hands without attracting the amount of feminine attention Mitchum achieves simply by putting one foot before the other in the prescribed manner; the delighted distaff reaction to his relaxed amble is that of hep cats to catnip.

Women he has never seen before in his life make outrageous requests ranging from "one kiss" to his autograph on their unmentionables. To comply would require an abundance of (Continued on page 86)
AVA and her BULLFIGHTER
Ava Gardner settled down on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe to wait for her third divorce. But she was being questioned as much about prospective husband number four as about her divorce.

The prospect was in Madrid and his name is Luis Miguel Gonzalez y Lucas—better known to the Spanish-speaking world as Dominguín, the bullfighter.

“What’s this about you and Dominguín?” Ava was asked.

“Is he going to be your next husband?”

Ava is basically a gentle, good-natured girl and a truthful one, but when it comes to the men in her life, she is capable of making up some whoppers.

For example, a few months before she married Sinatra three years ago, she said, “Why should I marry him? I know that men in show business usually don’t make good husbands. I’ve had two of them and I’ve learned my lesson.”

Of Dominguín on June 11, Ava declared, “He is just a friend—as is Clark Gable.”

In Madrid Luis Miguel said there was a possibility of his coming to the United States sometime in July or August, and the chances are very good that he will have arrived by the time you read this.

“Would you visit Señorita Gardner?”

“Of course, that would be one of the main reasons for coming!”

“Do you and Señorita Gardner have an understanding?”

“I do not understand,” Dominguín said.

“Do you and Señorita Gardner plan to get married?”

Dominguín laughed.

“How long have you known Señorita Gardner?”

“Many months,” Dominguín said.

“When she was in Madrid, didn’t you take her out steadily?”

“When she was in the hospital, didn’t you visit her every day? Didn’t you take her out to a famous ranch where they breed fighting bulls? Didn’t you go to the bullfights with her? Wasn’t it you who introduced Señorita Gardner to Ernest Hemingway?”

(Continued on page 88)
There is nothing like a dame
A man named Harry James, famous for the sweetest trumpet this side of heaven and for being married to Betty Grable, was awakened from his slumbers at the unearthly hour of eleven A.M., one Saturday not long ago. Groggily, since any hour before noon is before sunrise to a band man, Harry staggered to the window and looked out upon the lawn of his five-acre Beverly Hills estate. Then he weaved his way back to bed, nudged the pillow on which the beautiful face of his wife Betty reposed.

"Wake up, doll," he muttered. "They're at it again." Then he fell back upon his bed.

So Betty Grable rose, dressed in pure white slacks, slapped on a touch of lipstick, ran a brush through her hair and went down to the side lawn. As she approached a group of four people enjoying a picnic lunch on the cool green grass, Betty said, "Hi!"

The little grey-haired, round-faced man who was picnicking with his plump and pretty wife and his two plump and pretty daughters, responded graciously. "Sit down," he said, "and help yourself to the deviled eggs, Kansas style."

Betty sat down, helped herself and talked to the people from Kansas. Sally, the older of the two girls, about fifteen, grinned. "If I were reading about this in a movie magazine," she declared, "it would say that I told you that you looked exactly like Betty Grable. But this is for real. We know that you are Betty Grable and that this is your place. That's why we're having a picnic here. We were sure you wouldn't mind."

Betty assured them that she didn't mind and said she'd have another shot of that delicious lemonade. After a while the picnickers packed up, thanked Betty for her hospitality and prepared to move on. Betty started back to the house and to Harry, but she reckoned without the sense of humor to be expected from a Kansas tourist.

"Wait a minute, Betty," he ordered. "When we have a picnic, we always leave the place clean."

Obediently, Betty stopped. (Continued on page 58)

And there's never been a dame like Grable! It's twelve years since she posed for her famous wartime pin-up (right)—but get a load of Betty today, on the left. The times may change—but Grable doesn't!

BY RICHARD MOORE
GIVE HER MOUNTAINS

by Ida Zeitlin
Marriage is no happy ending for Suzan Ball. It’s the happy beginning of a life filled with love and hope—and work!

As Black Shawl in Universal’s Chief Crazy Horse, you’ll see Suzan walking straight and true into the arms of Vic Mature. After which, if you care to do her a service, forget she’s the girl who lost her leg. Think of her as she thinks of herself: Suzan Ball, working actress, and Suzan Long, cherished and cherishing wife to Dick.

“I won’t be able to leap fences, but I wasn’t doing much fence-leaping anyway. I can learn to ride horseback again. I’m already driving.”

“Neither more nor less dangerous,” comments her lord, “than other women, including the three-legged.”

Through his dry foolery the tenderness shows, free of mawkishness. Suzan is not mawkish either, merely aboveboard.

“I’m sticking a sign on him: Attention All Girls! He’s Married!”

“And I’m sticking blinders on her.” Then he relents. “But very fancy blinders!”

If you’re listening for sobs beneath the surface, you’ll hear none. She’s a gipsy-faced beauty, her passion for life so intense that he calls her Tiger. He’s poised and mature, his reflective spirit deepened by two years in Korea. The past is past, the present and future are theirs. They teem with plans. “Mainly,” says Dick, “to live happily ever after.” As they tell the story, shifting from grave to gay, a picture emerges of two young people who found in each other the same will to accept reality, the same need for honest thinking, the same release in humor. They also found strength in love. But only because they had forged their own strength to build on.

Suzan, eighteen at the time, was undergoing deep-ray therapy for what she’d been told was a tumor of the knee. Little by little, suspicion took root. “People talk very strangely to me,” she told a close friend. “They call up and say they’re praying for me. I (Continued on page 72)
the private world of BILL HOLDEN

Relaxing on weekends, Bill swims or plays lifeguard for the kids and their friends, who are not allowed to use the pool unless Bill or Ardis is watching. Gardening is another favorite—and keeps the ground soft for kids falling off the brick wall (background, below).

Ardis uses the Early American trestle table in the den for Bill's mail, magazines and messages; they spend most of their evenings in this comfortable room, listening to records and talking.
Furnished to survive any number of Cub Scouts, the cool green and white livingroom boasts tables imported from English taverns.

The picture-gallery bar adjoining the den houses the Holdens' photo collection but is not yet filled. Ardis is considering removing the pictures and painting the walls.

The Holdens don't own a movie-star mansion; they do their living in a Sunday kind of home.

- Bill Holden was hard at work cleaning out the area behind his garage when he suddenly spotted hundreds of empty beer cans dumped into the compost pile.

“This called for a little investigation,” he said, “so I got hold of the boys and questioned them.” It seems that his sons, Scott and West, and some of their pals had, for reasons known only to small boys, started to collect different kinds of beer cans. They had traveled all over the neighborhood asking for different brands. They'd even ridden their bikes over behind some restaurants and searched through the trash barrels. It was an impressive assortment. Once they had grown bored with the game, they had simply dumped all the cans into the most convenient hole.

Bill had the boys gather up their empties and carry them outside for the rubbish collectors.

Early next morning when the (Continued on page 61)
by Elaine Stewart

I reached for His

No one has to walk alone. No matter how poor you are, how far off your dream—nothing is impossible if you believe in yourself and are determined to achieve your goal.

I was crazy about Ingrid Bergman. I remember the struggle I had with my family before it began, because Susan Hayward, whom I also admired and who had long hair like mine, did use make-up. And I still recall how the relationship between fashion and femininity was emphasized for me by the way Lana Turner wore her clothes (plus, I might add, the extra weight and richness of her wardrobe). It seemed as though anything could happen once I was there. The thought has come that the

If you are any kind of actress at all you become what you play, saint or sinner, while in the role. There is no other way in which you can give your portrayal realism. But believe me, some of the girls I have played—the hard-eyed queens of dubious morals—are strangers to the mother who raised me.

Mother didn't even think I could pretend to look and act like that. I knew I had to in order to win recognition as an actress. But I do not find any familiar reference to my actual past in these parts.

I would like everyone who has seen me on the screen, and perhaps wondered about me, to know this. Not because I am concerned about my reputation or that I may be misunderstood. This is not important. What worries me is that I remember how much I was affected back in my home town of Montclair, New Jersey, by the actresses I admired when I was growing up. I remember that I stayed "clean-faced" for a while because...
possible with God by your side.

may be some girls today who might model themselves, to some extent, after me. In that case, to present some truths about myself might be of some importance to younger fans.

I am a girl who was raised in a religious home. I taught Sunday School when I was in my teens. When I came west to go into pictures it was only after I prayed for guidance. On leaving for Hollywood, the only going-away present I got was a Bible (Continued on page 75)
WANTED! Evading wedlock

ROCK HUDSON

Description: 6'3", 197 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. At present in custody of Betty Abbott, Rock has been previously reported captured by Vera-Ellen, Barbara Ruick, Marilyn Maxwell, but has always made clean get-away before being taken to the altar. If interested, see Bengal Brigade. Operatives note: He is very wary of ties that bind, may persuade pursuers that he can be trusted to stay put. WARNING: Don't you believe it!
MODERN SCREEN presents the Royal Roques' Gallery of the year: Hollywood's eight most wanted men—with a few hints for bringing them in alive!

BACHELORS-AT-LARGE

WANTED!
For hit-and-run dating

BOB WAGNER

Description: 6', 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Alias "R. J."
Bob's most serious casualty to date is Debbie Reynolds. Others possibly sideswiped include Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck, Mona Freeman. Clue: He is suspicious of women who have money and can cook. Those willing to risk traveling with R. J. can locate him in theatres showing Broken Lance. Prosecuting attorneys note: his victims usually refuse to testify against him.

WANTED!
For girl-rustling

TAB HUNTER

Description: 6'1", 175 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes. Alias "Handy Hunter," Tab operates on horseback, has at various times corralled Gloria Gordon, Debbie Reynolds, Pat Crowley, Loni Nelson and up to fifty thousand fan club members. Girls interested in heading towards the last roundup with Hunter should avoid fawning on him, learn to love sports, get used to traveling with a large fun-loving gang of youngsters.
WANTED! EDDIE FISHER
Charge: Setting the world on fire. Description: 5'8", 140 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Fisher is specifically charged with carrying torches (simultaneously!) for Joan Wynne, Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds, Mamie Van Doren. WARNING: These females are playing with fire as they don't fit Eddie's marital requirements for an outdoorsy girl with no career.

WANTED! SCOTT BRADY
Charge: Assault with sweet talk. Description: 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Scott has been recently identified by Dorothy Malone as "the guy who's been pounding 'Let's get-married' into my head." Milder charges have been made by Elaine Stewart, Kim Novak. Others interested in putting the finger on Brady should see The Law vs. Billy The Kid.

WANTED! CRAIG HILL
Charge: Stealing hearts. Description: 5'11", 160 lbs., light brown hair, blue or green or grey eyes (reports of witnesses vary). Notorious on Sunset Strip as "a good man in a dark corner" and a "concentrator." Hill prefers to make off with affections of one girl at a time. Also alleged to have almost stolen Tony Curtis' thunder in Black Shield Of Falworth.

WANTED! RICHARD EGAN
Charge: Hiding out. Description: 6'1¼", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes. For thirty-two years Egan kept out of sight, was finally brought to public attention in The Big Rainbow. WARNING: Can be dangerous to girls due to superior intelligence (M.A. from Stanford U.) and (double warning to parked car operators) expert knowledge of judo.
WANTED! On the lam

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Description: 6 feet, 155 lbs., brown hair, blue-green eyes, wry, sophisticated smile known to have dropped females in their tracks at a hundred yards. Monty may never be apprehended because he never answers the phone, can be two hours late for a first date and thinks perfect marriages occur only in novels. Suggestions for capture: take up sailing, don’t believe him when he says he prefers books to blondes.
JANET LEIGH KNOWS THE VALUE OF PRESS RELATIONS, WILL ALWAYS POSE, GIVE INTERVIEWS. RESULT: GOOD PUBLICITY.
One of Hollywood's most famous directors of winsome women reveals a little-known fact: those pretty-eyed babies are pretty wise babes—or they wouldn't be where they are!

If I were asked to select the smartest screen beauty I know, I would pretend to be deaf or retire behind the Fifth Amendment. A man can get a terrible bump on his head falling off a limb like that.

Certainly one of the smartest is Esther Williams, whom I happen to be directing currently in Metro's Jupiter's Daughter. I don't know how much you know about Esther's off-screen activities, but I can tell you they are extensive, the tireless work of a good business woman and a wonderful wife and mother. The Ben Gages, of whom Esther is half, are seeing to it that their children will be off to a flying start.

Probably you know about some of her business ventures—the filling stations, the West Los Angeles restaurant (which began modestly enough and is now breaking in big name acts for Las Vegas) and the partnership in a nationally known bathing suit business. She has on paper the blueprint for the time she will no longer be in pictures.

She has worked out a personal appearance routine, beginning with a "dry" aquacade. This she will try out in Vegas in October. In it (I am a trifle vague on this myself, but Esther has it mapped to the last detail) she will do all the things out of water that (Continued on page 78)

More pictures on next page
BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB continued

These four top lovelies used their clever heads to make their pretty faces famous

Talented Barbara Rush fits smoothly into the perfect-young-wife-and-mother spot left vacant by Jane Powell. Overseas without husband Jeff Hunter, Barbara has had no extra-curricular romances, spends her free time chaperoning co-workers Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott.

Jeanne Crain relies on her own judgment rather than others' advice; ignoring warnings that she would wreck her home and career, she chopped off her long hair, dyed what was left red and took to low-cut gowns. Result: terrific upswing in her career, no damage at home.

Sometimes the maddest escapades prove the most intelligent. Anne Baxter smoked a cigar for newspaper photographers and made headlines across the country. She also made a full-fledged screen siren of herself and moved from supporting roles to stardom.

Knowing that opposites attract attention, Audrey Hepburn made no attempt to conform to Hollywood standards of beauty and behavior, has established a new trend toward big-eyed, thin-bodied nympha. Now she is backing her skyrocket rise with intelligently chosen films.
You'll re-live a deep emotional experience in this true story of what is happening to Judy, in her career and in her marriage.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

All of her life, Judy Garland wanted what most girls want. But most girls get it more easily than Judy did.

"I've been married before, you know," said Judy, "But neither Dave (Rose) nor Vincente (Minnelli) ever gave me an engagement ring. I don't know why. They just didn't.

"But I've always dreamed somebody would give me one, ever since I was a little girl. And when Sid said he had a little 'thing' for me and slipped the ring on my finger, I just cried. I really did. Honestly, Sid's the most thoughtful guy!"

So on the second anniversary of her third marriage, Judy Garland received her diamond engagement ring and her girlish wish was fulfilled. Judy and Sid Luft had celebrated this anniversary with a party at the Mocambo. After the festivities were over, Judy and Sid climbed into their Cadillac convertible and Sid drove to their picturesque new four-acre estate in Holmby Hills. There, in the wee hours of the morning, he gave his wife the ring she had always wanted.

A few weeks before their anniversary, Judy and Sid had been down in Palm Springs at Jimmy Van Heusen's house with Mona Freeman and Frank Sinatra. Judy and Frank sang and sang and both couples had a wonderful time.

The next (Continued on page 81)
JUDY...
This was the romance they said
would never end in marriage. Now it's
become the marriage they say will never end.

BY IMOCENE COLLINS
Arlene is what a man wants in a woman. I know. I've been lucky with women.

DAHL- that's all!

Fernando Lamas has showed up the prophets.
The wise guys who thought they knew his kind kept saying for months, “He'll never marry Arlene Dahl. He's just using her to keep his name alive, to get jobs. He knows that marriage would ruin his reputation as the great Latin lover.”

But Fernando did marry Arlene.

He is not the shrewd, conniving, razor-sharp cookie he has been made out to be. He is so forthright that no one could fathom his directness. Therefore he was accused of the most devious motives.

He was blamed for breaking Lana Turner's heart. But Lana almost cost him his career by refusing to star with him in Latin Lovers, a picture written specifically for the two of them.

Worse yet, the Argentine actor was accused of the most ungentlemanly conduct. It was said in confidence (so that most of the world could hear it) that Fernando had "roughed up" Lana because she and Lex Barker had danced too cozily at a Marion Davies party.

Fernando was described as a violent, jealous, uncontrollable hothead.

Then it turned out that Lex Barker was crazy about Lana. He pleaded with the actress all over Europe to marry him and finally broke down her resistance in Italy last year. In retrospect, Fernando's annoyance doesn't seem odd.

Fernando Lamas is experienced in the ways of love. He understands women and he is extremely practical about them. And he understands marriage. He was not in any great hurry to marry Arlene Dahl, but when Arlene's divorce from Lex Barker became final on October 15, she was anxious to get married.

Arlene was waiting for Fernando to propose. She had told practically every interviewer, "Fernando is really the only (Continued on page 84)
No sad songs for Janie Powell now—and maybe never again! She has a brand new life to match her bright new love—and a new way to forget what she calls “the trouble.”

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Before love’s young dream became a nightmare, Jane and Gene Nelson were confident that their romance was worth the price of two broken homes.

But soon a broken-hearted Janie learned that Gene wanted to return to wife Miriam, was willing to give up Jane in vain attempt to reconcile.

Today, however, Jane is radiant again, secure in the more stable affection of Pat Nerney—who, character-wise, resembles Jane’s ex-husband, Geary Steffen, more closely than her last love, Gene Nelson. By the time you read this, Jane and Pat may be on their honeymoon.
IS AHEAD

Jane Powell has had a rough year. After basking in the sunshine of public approval for most of her life, she found herself groping through one of Hollywood's longest, darkest tunnels.

Now light is showing up ahead. Both Miss Powell and her friends will tell you that. But their separate statements are not quite the same.

The friends—or, as they say in Hollywood, those on top of the situation—have the feeling that Jane's present state of mind, gay and healthy, is neither more nor less than the consequence of her love for a young man named Pat Nerney who sells cars—and Pat Nerney's love for her.

These witnesses are reasonably certain that the two will marry this summer, more than possibly by the time you read this, and live happily either after or for a somewhat lesser time.

Jane does not deny this but she does not affirm it. Her public utterances do not include the name Pat Nerney, although it is unlikely it has slipped her mind.

She does confess to dating one man a great deal of the time. She concedes that she cooks for him more nights than several. She even allows that he peddles automobiles. But she doesn't tell his name. Therefore, if you prefer to regard it as Nerney, you do so on your own.

As to the happiness, Miss Powell is considerably more voluble. She attributes it to a kind of re-grouping of inner forces, new values, a new design for living. She does not say her association with Nerney didn't trigger these, but she doesn't say it did.

We come now to the long, dark tunnel through which Miss Powell presumably has been groping. Most people sidetracked into excursions of this sort prefer not to discuss them afterward and Jane Powell is no exception.

"I won't talk about it any more," she told an acquaintance recently. "It's finis. Taboo. And if you want to know something else, I don't think the public's curious about it. I don't think they want to hear about things like that—personal unhappiness and mix up. I'm a fan and I know I don't. I like to hear about the up-beat side. Then again, how intimate can you get?"

"I know the goldfish bowl argument—that if you happen to be in the public eye, you owe the public every last scrap of information about yourself. I guess I even once subscribed to it."

There was a phase of Jane's career in which she was less than reticent. There were incidents about which she was less than reticent. In the flush of what she now refers to guardedly as "the trouble," she talked with much more freedom than she does today. But if the broad picture is no longer available from her, it is available elsewhere. There are no cones of silence in Hollywood.

"All right," said Jane. "Get it then. But I don't believe any more in total revelation. There are limits. During the—the trouble—for instance, a friend of mine, a reporter, came to me, and said, 'Break down, Janie. Give me the real. (Continued on page 77)
In a quiet civil ceremony June
had turned the shadows into sunshine," Fred says. "She and the kids love each other."

A man cannot sever himself from his past at any given moment. But if he knows he must, he can succeed in finally blocking out of his consciousness the sadness of a loved one's death.

This purge of sorrowful memory came to Fred MacMurray only a few weeks before he married June Haver. Without it, Fred might have postponed indefinitely his marriage to June. For sensitive men have been known to remain in love for countless years with the memories of wives long gone.

It happened to Fred at the old house in Brentwood, the one he and Lillian had bought many years ago from Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullivan. And it happened one evening after Fred had finished a hard day's work on A Woman's World.

He walked into the bedroom where his wife had lain hopelessly ill for so many years. He sat down on the bed, and he tried, really tried, not to think about it. But the whole ebb and flow of their seventeen years together came back to him, the unforgettable years of their youth and struggle and climb, the years when Bobby and Sue were freshly-adopted little children, the years in which they had built and planned and formed their life. And thinking of Lillian, Fred MacMurray began to cry.

It is heart-rending to hear a big man cry. You know his sorrow lies deep, and you must feel for him. That evening when Fred walked out of Lillian's bedroom, his face wet with tears, Cleo Howard, the housekeeper who had been with the MacMurrays for many years, saw him. And she, too, began to cry.

She ran down to the kitchen where Lee Martinez, Fred's other servant, took the girl in her arms and tried to comfort her.

"It's good for Mr. Fred to cry," she explained. "Good for him to cry away all his sadness." Then wisely she pointed out that it does a man no good to love one woman with his mind and another with his heart. "When Mr. Fred marries Miss June, he's got to start all over with a clean slate."

Fred had come to the same conclusion. There could be no going back, and even if he could, he didn't want to.
and Fred MacMurray welcomed said goodbye to the past forever.

He and June must start afresh and give their marriage every chance to succeed. They must never burden it with an anchor from the past.

The next day Fred paid $135,000 for a new Colonial house in Brentwood, a lovely, rambling structure built by Nelson Eddy. Then he ordered that the furnishings from the old house be moved to the new one gradually.

At the same time he, who had formerly gone to very few parties, began making the social rounds with his fiancée. Fred MacMurray, who wouldn’t even go to see his own pictures, was now attending previews. And as far as June was concerned—well, she and Fred were inseparable.

Hollywood has rarely seen a mature couple so much in love. June would breakfast with her mother, but she would usually turn up for lunch and dinner with Fred and his two children, Bobby, ten, and Sue, fourteen, both of whom are very fond of her.

Early in June, Fred called his bride-to-be one morning and said, “Know something? I’ve forgotten all about your engagement ring. Let’s go around and pick one up today.”

June was so excited she could hardly talk. “Okay,” was all she could manage.

Little did she know that a few days previously Fred had phoned Ruser’s jewelry store in Beverly Hills. “I may be coming in shortly for a couple of rings,” he said. “I want only the best.”

When June and Fred arrived at the shop, June took one at a look at a single 234-carat ring in a platinum setting and gasped. She slipped the ring, size 5½, on her finger. It was a perfect fit. She looked up (Continued on page 70)

Hollywood hasn’t seen an artist like Liberace in years—and maybe there should be a few more like him!

Tourists from the outside world who motor into Hollywood no longer ask for the shortest route past the homes of Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power or Clark Gable. Their motto is, “Leave us know where lives Liberace.” On a corner, they can spot Liberace’s $75,000 mansion by the big white mail box in the shape of a grand piano. In case they should miss, his name is inscribed thereon, and at night the glamorous façade of his home (with gold plates on either side of the door) lights up, spelling his name. Floodlights play a gentle magenta light over the front lawn with its Chinese modern garden blooming out of white crushed rock that looks more like ice cream.

All this causes Hollywood’s weary sophisticates to complain about Lib’s extreme bad taste. But jaded Hollywood could use characters like this in large doses. In recent years it has become fashionable for popular new favorites, once they begin earning three or four thousand dollars a week, to assume an attitude of utter boredom with the public.

Not so Liberace. If he’s at home when people ring his front doorbell, he comes out, greets them cheerfully, signs autographs, poses for pictures.

He is so popular that the City of Los Angeles may have to put on special police to handle the Sunday traffic. Celebrities who have lost the knack of showmanship reveal their jealousy with wisecracks about “Lee” Liberace, who says, “The people gave me all this and they have a right to say hello to me if they want to.”

Proof of the handsome Milwaukee pianist’s great popularity is that 17,000 people packed Madison Square Garden in New York, paying the artist better than a gross $60,000. Of a Sunday Liberace can be heard accompanying the St. Cyril choir on the organ.

Currently, Liberace has completed fifty-four television shows for 1955, and is at work on thirty-nine more, in addition to planning fifty-two new radio programs, completing records of “Oh Promise Me” and “I Love You Truly” for Columbia, and planning other fall releases with his brother George. He still has time to improve his suntan, basking by his backyard pool, built in the shape of a grand piano with a flagstone terrace of black and white “keys.” For this enterprise he wears over his muscular torso loud black and white checked trunks.

It is true that Liberace is flamboyant. Insincere he is not. It is not true that he shuns romances. (He has been engaged and disengaged three times waiting for the right girl to come along.) His manager says, “He is the least egotistical artist I have ever known.”

The miraculous Mr. Handsome loves show business more than himself, which is a unique attitude. And if there were more like him Hollywood might gain back some of the glamour which rubbed off when it became “the thing” for stars to consider themselves above the public, by whose happy and unreasoning affection they all live and prosper.
there is nothing like a dame

(Continued from page 35) picked up her paper plate and napkin.

"Thanks for stopping in," she said, "thanks a lot." Harry James was having his two p.m. breakfast in the kitchen. "You know, Harry," Betty said, "I think it's time we stopped living like a couple of movie stars. It's not that I mind meeting the public, but I'm afraid it disturbs your sleep. Besides, only ten miles away is Griffith Park, which than there is none larger, and they are much better equipped to handle the tourist trade."

This may seem to be entirely unbelievable. But there are other stories that could be told—and Betty wouldn't tell them—which are far less charming. Mr. and Mrs. James gradually found themselves fed up. Unlike most Hollywood homes, their graceful and spectacular Doheny Road mansion, a stone's throw from the Sunset strip, was not surrounded by a high wall. It was as public as U. S. Highway 66. Having cost upwards of $150,000 to rebuild, it could best be afforded by a retired steel magnate.

"You might say that I've had it," Betty told Harry. There is more to the sudden purchase of a new home by Betty and Harry than meets the eye. Shortly after they gave out the news that their Beverly Hills establishment was going up for sale, an eastern columnist printed an item to the effect that the Jameses had just enjoyed one terrific battle and suggested that this one meant the beginning of the end. This set off a chain reaction, with other reporters repeating the story. One columnist finally got Betty on the phone around midnight. "What's this about you and Harry breaking up?"

"Glad you asked," Betty replied. "No truth to it."

"But you did have a fight?"

"Harry," Betty said, "I can't help being a little facetious. I'm just kidding along with you. As I've told you before, we have our arguments. Thank heaven we do. If we didn't we'd be a mighty abnormal couple. The way I feel is that any member of the press has a right to ask any one who lives in the limelight a question like this. I know there's no offensive personal curiosity involved. It's just your job."

Now, about that argument: this is what it turned out to be, just for the record. Seems that the James family has two canine members. Punky the poodle is crowding fifteen years of age. Bugle the beagle is a little more than one year old. They hate each other. To make it worse, Bugle has a natural affinity for Harry and thinks that so long as Mr. James is boss of the establishment, he is the top man in the dog department. Even the fact that the James home is to be moved to the Yankee Stadium, making it possible for the dogs to have separate quarters, doesn't settle the matter. It turned out that if Punky the poodle joined Betty and Harry in the living room, Bugle the beagle's nose got out of joint for days.

So they worked out a compromise. After one big brawl Bugle was sent out to the Double E Ranch in the valley to learn some manners. This was fine for Bugle, because (honest to Pete) there is a swimming pool for dogs who like that sort of exercise. And Betty figures they even have a Christmas tree on which hangs presents for each of the pups. Every now and then Betty, Harry and the kids take a turn at the diner Bugle and they take Punky along to see if they'll make up. They never do.

Betty isn't quite sure, but during the couple of days recently during which Mr. and Mrs. James are in each other's company, it's so much to each other, the irritation began because Harry decided after dinner one night that he ought to take a run out to the Double E and take Bugle out for a short ride. He wanted Betty to go along, and they'd stop by a drive-in restaurant in order to buy Bugle a meatball sandwich which he dearly loves.

Betty wouldn't go, indicating how completely unreasonable a wife can be. Her attitude was you can go too far pampering a dog if you kidder? Betty wanted to know. "How about the way you are always pumpering Punky?" Betty thought that was pretty funny, so she laughed when she shouldn't have.

Anyway, that's our story.

Betty and Harry James will have their little arguments. Every now and then they will be reported. But, they'll stay married for the sake of their children, Victoria, age ten, and Jessica, age three; also for the sake of their mutual custody of a string of horses known as Laughing Louie, Big Noise, James Session, Count Cool (named after a trumpet player), Pipperess, Fly Quest and four weanlings, still to be named. There is another solid reason Betty and Harry will never need for the divorce courts, and it's not that their personal and livestock family is too big ever to work out the custody problem. It's that they love each other very much.

Harry James is still as gone on Betty Grable as the day he married her over eleven years ago. Pressed for the reason why, he could refuse to answer on the grounds that any man married to Betty would obviously be in love with her. Then he probably relate a story credited to him some time back about the time a man first took a look at what is known as a female. He examined her with dubious eye and said, "It's beautiful, but it will never work." Well, Betty has worked for twenty-one years. And for eleven years, she has worked not only at show business but at her marriage. She has done a stand-out job, and so has Harry. He could have packed the trumpet away in moth balls. Betty could have handed in her make-up kit and they both could have retired with the fortune they had melted together along with their hearts.

They kept on working because they both love show business, Harry has dreams to be a big wheel band man and Betty loves being a movie star. "It's a wonderful life," she says. And there's the difference between Betty Grable and nine tenths of her glamorous

---

Have You Voted Yet?

If you haven't voted for your favorite stars to win the famous Modern Screen Silver Cup Popularity Awards, then here's your chance! Carefully fill out all the blanks on the coupon below and rush it to us right away. Your votes will determine the winners of the 1954 Awards, so be sure to tell your friends to get busy, too, and cheer their favorites in! We'll announce the winners in the February issue, on sale January, 1955.

---

I VOTE FOR

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

---

1. MALE

2. MALE

3. MALE

4. MALE

5. MALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

1. MALE

2. MALE

3. MALE

---

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1. MALE

2. MALE

3. MALE

4. MALE

5. MALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. 

2. 

3. 

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS:

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

OCCUPATION

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sister stars. Most of them, once they attain riches and stardom, profess to be bored by the whole thing. They can no longer recall the names of those who helped boost them along when they started. Betty can. She has a personal following of loyal friends no other star can match.

Someone was talking to Betty about how simply awful it is that young girls have to do such silly things to become famous in pictures. And how girls with practically no talent become famous over night. "For instance, that Marilyn Monroe calendar, and all those pin-up pictures of you that are floating around. I'll bet you're sorry you ever climbed into a bathing suit."

"Stop right there," Betty retorted. "I don't work for 20th Century-Fox any more, but no one can trap me into saying I don't like Marilyn Monroe or that I was ever jealous of her, because it simply isn't true. I know Marilyn too well not to like her. She's a great girl, a real down to earth type. Now she's settling down as a fine actress and I'm happy for her."

TV's Wally Sherwin, when his studio audience didn't respond as he desired, told them: "Thank you. You've been a swell bunch of seas."  

Sydney Sheldon in The New York Post

"As for pin-up pictures, don't ever talk to me about 'cheap publicity.' How I hate that phrase, and actresses who complain about it are just plain phony. Why, almost none of us would have what we have today if it weren't for an army of hard-working publicity men and camera men who dream up those ideas. I certainly wouldn't be anywhere near my happy station in life if it weren't for pin-up art.

"I'll never forget the old days when I'd go into the still gallery at eight a.m. and not be cut until seven. Nothing but 'leg art.' Easter, I popped out of the newspapers from fancy shells, or with my bottom perched on a big colored egg. Thanksgiving, I waved an ax at prop turkeys—in a bathing suit, naturally. Doesn't everybody? Christmas, I was stuffed into long silk stockings and the top half of a Santa Claus outfit. Silly it was, maybe, but that started me on the way up the ladder. I could never take exception to it!"

Having delivered herself of this pertinent interview on the set of her Columbia picture, Three For The Show, Betty turned her back on the offending questioner. Back in her dressingroom, she got to thinking about the one picture that had made her Hollywood's all time Pin-Up Champion.

Anyway, Betty picked up the telephone and called the publicity department.

"I have an idea," she began.  

So when the picture was finished, Betty showed up early one morning in the still gallery for a conference with veteran photographer Charlie Rhodes. He had a copy of the famous Grable pin-up. He put it up beside his camera, Betty went into her dressingroom and stepped out in a sleek yellow bathing suit. Charlie whistled. Then he went to work with the notable result on page 34.

Afterward, someone looked at the proofs and said to Charlie, "I don't believe it! Why, Betty is thirty-eight years old!"

"You're kidding," Charlie replied. "Why, this dame has the figure of a well-stacked teen-ager. Look! Not one of these pictures has been retouched. But don't give me any credit—I just borrowed the original pose and shot what was in front of the camera."

I wish some day a magazine would promise to print a complete list of all the people I know who have helped me," Betty said, remembering the day she posed for the famous photo. "The trouble is it would

Elizabeth Taylor co-starring in THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS  

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!  
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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo  
Never Dries—It Beautifies!
ANYWHERE THEY WANDER . . .

. . . any show they do,
Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy will stick together!

When Peter Lind Hayes is called upon to perform without his pretty wife, Mary Healy, he experiences a sense of loss he can only compare to losing a leg. “I’ve become so used to having Mary there beside me always ready with the right words at the right time,” he says, “that when she isn’t, I feel I’m toppling over.”

Mary shares this feeling, and claims that when they are working together onstage, she and Pete unconsciously lean toward one another. It’s been like that ever since they eloped to Arizona on December 19, 1940.

“Even when we argue, which is seldom,” says Pete, “I always know what Mary’s next line will be.”

This fall Pete and Mary will begin a new phase in their career together. Signed by CBS Radio and CBS Television to an exclusive long-term contract, they have more than half a dozen top guest spots scheduled. Pete will also be Arthur Godfrey’s regular substitute when the redhead gets grounded in Florida. This spring they began a weekly CBS radio show (Saturdays) which will soon have a TV version. 1954 will be a big year.

There have been a lot of big years since Pete and Mary met in 1939. Mary was a 20th Century-Fox glamour doll then, and Pete was under contract to Paramount. “We thought it was all set,” says Pete. “We’d just stick around Hollywood, grow a few years older, and end up as movie stars with twin Cadillacs and an inland swimming pool.”

But the war fixed that. Pete went to the Pacific with the Army Air Corps and played before more than 1,000,000 G.I.s while Mary played leads in three Broadway shows.

Pete came home from the Pacific, polished up his act and debuted at the Copacabana in New York. The audiences laughed the coconuts out of the fake palm trees and Pete signed a nice, fat contract with Universal-International and went west.

Hollywood was nothing new to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. Pete had made his film debut at eighteen and had been comedic Ted Healy’s stand-in for nearly three years. At his mother’s nightclub, the Grace Hayes Lodge, he had met everyone in films. Bing Crosby occasionally lost money at golf to him. That sort of thing.

Mary and Pete bought a home and furniture, and settled down to live on the scale of the future predicted by Pete’s studio.

But although his four or five pictures were good, especially one called Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid, critics said they were a bit too sophisticated. So Pete tried radio—a comedy show with Dinah Shore that started about the time radio was gasping for breath. All of a sudden, Hollywood got sort of quiet for Pete.

At this point Mary entered the act and everything looked up. They made a sensational nightclub tour across the country and ended up in New York just as television began its first boom. That winter they played every important TV guest spot and ended up with a CBS Television show of their own—Star Of The Family. They have been easterners ever since.

Three years ago, Pete and Mary bought a home in New Rochelle, New York, and moved in with their children, Peter Michael and Cathy Lynn. They still own their home out in Hollywood, but they don’t miss it any more. Someday they may want to go back to the west. But not now, while their future in TV looks so bright. They don’t know exactly what’s in store for them, but one thing is certain.

“Wherever we go, whatever we do,” says Pete, “it will be together.”

Mary joined Pete’s nightclub act in 1945. “All she did,” he says, “was bowl and bowl!”

take about ten pages in small type. I do hope, though, to get one in right now. That’s Frank Powolny, the head portrait cameraman at 20th Century-Fox. He’ll tell you it was nothing. That I just happened to stand in front of the camera. But it wasn’t easy, even if it was an accident.

“We were making a picture called Sweet Rosie O’Grady at the time, and in one scene an artist was to draw me for a cover on Police Gazette. He wanted the measurements and the figure just right, so I climbed into the tight bathing suit and posed for a bunch of pictures. Frank, as usual, wasn’t quite satisfied. Then he got the idea for the pose with me looking back over my shoulder. It never was really intended for publication, but when the boys in the publicity department saw it they had a few thousand prints made. Thanks to the service men overseas it turned out to be a pin-up sensation and it did a lot for me. But back of the picture was Mr. Powolny and his camera genius.”

That was more than twelve years ago. Sadly, Betty has no secret to divulge to girls everywhere on how to keep a figure perfect for more than a decade. She says, “I watch what I eat sometimes, mostly a couple of weeks before I start a picture. I don’t have any set exercises. I’m just real lucky because I usually manage to get into work the extra pounds come off. I swim a lot, but not with the figure problem in mind. It’s just that I love swimming.”

That’s another thing. One of these days the two little James girls are going to be bathing suit wows in their own rights. Victoria and Jessica go to Westlake School for Girls along with Sharlia, their granddaughter’s daughter. Susan takes swimming lessons with them and sometimes is dropped by to swim with the James sisters. “I’m looking forward someday to being Grandma Grable,” Betty says. “In the meantime, they’ve built a pool for us at our new house. I took a friend by to look at the place the other day and she looked into the end pool which is twelve feet deep at one end and not very shallow anywhere. ‘Goodness!’ she yelped, ‘You’re not going to allow your kids to swim in that!’

The James home is the essence of the Hawaiian modern, a style Betty loves. It’s an eight-room house that could be duplicated in most communities for around $35,000, and looks as if it were dropped down toward Beverly Hills. Unfortunately for the visiting tourists, there’ll be no more picnics on the front lawn. Not that Betty and Harry want to be inhospitable. They just want a little more privacy, which is now provided by an electric gate which only opens on signal.

The Pin-Up Queen of Hollywood hasn’t abdicated. “People keep asking me about my next picture. I think Three For The Show is a good one. I don’t have another one right now, but don’t think I haven’t had offers, because I have. Some from television. Like the one from Colgate—oh my! But my feeling right now is, why should I? I know when the time is ripe whether it’s with Harry or alone there’ll be a lot of people who’ll help make it good. Right now I don’t want to rush into that. What a lot of talent that could be wasted in TV!" “I know I’m a bit of a disappointment when it comes to living up to the gossip stories that circulate every now and then, but I’m happy, and I’—are Harry and the children. I’m just a dame who never had it so good!”

Yes, there’s nothing like a dame—and nothing approaching the dame named Betty Grable!
the private world of bill holden

(Continued from page 39) North Hollywood garbage truck drove up, the garbage men were disillusioned.

"Must be more than 200 cans in that barrel," one of them said, with proper awe.

"Yeah," said the other. "And all this time I'm thinking those Holdens are a nice, moderate family.

Well, the garbage men were right the first time. The Holdens are nice and they are moderate.

You wouldn't be able to distinguish their house from any of the other nice, unpretentious homes on the street—except for the white Cadillac in the driveway and the extra-large pool.

The Bill Holdens' swimming pool in North Hollywood is something of a community project. Bill has two boys and a girl who are always inviting the neighborhood gang in for a dip. That's fine with Bill as long as he or his lovely wife, Ardis, is around to act as lifeguard.

A few Saturdays ago Bill volunteered for lifeguard duty. He had an appointment later in the afternoon so he didn't bother to put on swimming trunks. He just sat on the sidelines watching the kids enjoy themselves, once in a while calling out a word of instruction.

When it was West's turn to dive—West is Peter Westfield Holden, age ten—he announced ceremoniously that he was going to try a jackknife dive.

The husky little boy leaped off the board with a good spring. He cut the water so cleanly it hardly rippled. Bill Holden watched his son with pride. A few years back, before they had put in the pool, West didn't know how to dog-paddle. Now he was diving like a junior champion.

Suddenly that West hadn't come up for air. The other boys seemed to be watching the water anxiously.

Bill didn't wait. He dived in, clothes and all. As he plunged to the bottom desperately seeking for his son, he caught sight of West grinning and holding on to the drain. West pushed himself up to the surface and scrambled out of the pool.

The fact was a plot to get Bill into the pool with his clothes on.

Bill came up mad and sputtering.

"Don't you ever do that again," he warned angrily, trying to shake the water out of his watch. Quickly, the humor of his position dawned on him. And he laughed as loudly as the boys who went around North Hollywood for weeks telling about the "old gag Bill Holden fell for."

Then one Sunday afternoon the senior Holdens had to go to a cocktail party. Bill called Scott in and placed him in charge of the yard.

"No one must use the pool," Bill cautioned, "because Mother and I won't be here to watch you."

"What else is there to do?" Scott and West asked.

"There's plenty else to do," their father asserted. "Just remember. I'm putting you in charge of the yard. No swimming."

A few hours later Bill and Ardis returned home to an ominous silence.

"Scott," Ardis Holden called out. "West! Where is everyone?"

Hannah Reeves, the Holdens' reliable housekeeper came running out of the kitchen, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Hannah!" Bill demanded. "Where are the boys?"

"Mr. West is in his room and Mr. Scott is in the hospital, I think," Hannah answered.

Ardis was horrified. "What do you mean, you think Scott's in the hospital? What's happened?"

"Well, you told the boys not to go in the pool," Hannah explained, looking at Bill, "and they didn't. Instead Mr. Scott decided to walk on the brick wall. He fell and broke his arm. Mr. Lerner from next door took him to the emergency hospital!"

Ardis turned to her husband. "Oh, Bill," she sobbed. "Why didn't you just tell them to go ahead and swim?"

Bill threw out his arms and turned his face skyward in the traditional stance of the martyr.

"I," he said, "am blamed for everything."

You can see that Bill Holden's family life is just about typical of upper-middle class life in America.

Of course the Holdens have more money than most people. But the windfall is relatively recent. It hasn't been so long since Bill was making fifty dollars a week at Paramount.

There is nothing ostentatious about the Holdens. Their way of living is simple.

An actor's house is probably more indicative of his values than any other tangible thing. The Holden house is a solid, unpretentious stucco and stone house designed for growing children and married parents. It is located in North Hollywood which is not so fashionable as Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Holmby Hills or Brentwood. That doesn't disturb handsome Bill.

"When Ardis and I were first married," Bill explains, "we bought a little six-room house. It was neat, cheap and very comfortable. But our family increased." In addition to Dee-dee (Ardis' daughter Virginia) by a previous marriage there were two sons, Scott and West, born during World War II.

"With the passing of every week," Bill continued, "the kids seemed to grow bigger and bigger. Soon it became a question of getting a bigger house or suffering a nervous breakdown."

"You can say that again," Ardis interjected. "We were pretty close to living on top of each other. So Bill and I got up one morning and decided that the next thing on the agenda was house-shopping."

"Well, we started looking and it was quite a job. We didn't want to get in too deep, financially speaking, and yet we needed a spacious place.

"Most of the homes we looked at lacked something or other—closet space, yard space, or the rooms were too small or ceilinged rooms. He likes them big and open."

I wasn't until they walked into the house of Leon Errol, the famous stage and screen comedian, that Bill and Ardis felt they'd found the place. This two-
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A Transseason coat in rich 100% pile wool, Millium lined. Sizes 6 to 14. Red, Charcoal Blue, Fawn, Rose Wood. About $50.00
B Fitted-coat luxury in Angelo’s Elgara with removable mink collar. Sizes 6 to 14. Black, Taupe, Charcoal. About $60.00
C Black Beauty in worsted broadcloth. Sizes 8 to 16. Black, Charcoal, Plum, Brown. About $45.00

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story English country house on a quiet dead-end street in a family neighborhood fulfilled every need.

Upstairs are three complete bedroom suites. The largest went to the boys. Des- dee has her own bedroom and bath, and Bill and Ardis took the end rooms so that they might convert a sunporch into a larger dressingroom for Bill.

Downstairs there’s a large, folksy liv- ingroom and a smaller den. The Holdens spend most of their evenings in the den. As Hollywood stars go, they are not par- ticularly social.

“Frankly,” Bill confesses, “we’re not members of the Hollywood party set. I don’t see much point to those big wing- dings filled with noise and smoke. As far as I can see, they’re run on the basis of taking your wife and losing her for the evening. In the meantime you shout across the table to strangers. That’s not for me.

“In five years Ardis and I have gone to one premiere and the Academy Award presentations this past March.” (Bill won an Oscar for his performance in Stalag 17.) Bill Holden loves people but not pub- licity, and he refuses to patronize night- clubs and stylish restaurants just to have his picture taken. In the last three years he has starred in ten major films. That makes him Hollywood’s busiest actor.

“At the end of a day,” Ardis explains, “he’s really beat. He gets home after seven, usually, and then he refreshes up. I guess we eat later than most families do.

“When dinner’s over Bill likes to sink into his favorite leather chair. It’s in the den beside the fireplace. He turns on a background of recorded music and we talk. He tells me about the day’s shooting and all the crazy incidents that happen at the studio. I bring him up to date on the mail and the bills and what’s new in the life of two Cub Scouts.”

A unique feature of the Holden house is a picture-gallery bar which adjoins the den. This was one of the delightful extras that first caught Bill’s eye. The bar used to be lined with an amusing collection of Errol photos. Now, some eight years later, two sides of the room boast Holder shots, but there are still dozens of frames left to be filled.

As a matter of fact, Ardis says, “I’m seriously considering painting over the walls and getting a simple scrapbook for our pictures. The trouble with this gallery is that you’ve got to get pictures the right sizes to fit the various frames. Then the glass comes out and has to be held in place while the frames get nailed back.

“Don’t quote me, but Bill’s not very handy and lots of times he hammers his thumbs and breaks the glass and gets thoroughly aggravated.”

Another distinctive part of the Holden house is the inside stairway that leads to the second floor. When the real estate agent was showing Bill the house for the first time she pulled the kind of boner that could have cost her a sale.

“Just think, Mr. Holden,” she suggested, “when you have an early-morning call you can tiptoe out of the house without dis- turbing a single soul. And sometimes,” she added coyly, “you can slip in without anyone’s seeing you.”

Bill shook his head violently. “There’ll be no tiptoeing in this house, in or out. Do you understand?”

The agent was silenced and Ardis started to giggle.

“If a man gets up early and goes to work,” Bill carried on, “and I’m that man, then I want the rest of the family to know about it. I want ‘em to know that I’m working long and hard for a living.”

Bill meant that. He’s an early riser who sings in the shower and stumps down to breakfast. He doesn’t like to eat alone.

Since they bought their house the Holdens have made any basic changes. They have added a pool on the extra lot that adjoined their property and recently Bill installed a high fidelity music system. But that’s about all. The rooms were fur- nished slowly.

“We’ve tried to stay with the 18th Century English,” Ardis says, “because it’s informal and it’s solidly built. All but two of the original pieces in the livingroom are genuine antiques so you can see they’ve passed the test of time. There’s not a table that will suffer if you put your feet on it. Most of them came out of English taverns. There’s really nothing the boys can break or destroy—no fragile bric- a-brac, no delicate fabrics.

Bill Holden maintains the strong conviction that no dinner party should include more than eight people—if you really want to enjoy your guests. With this in mind, he imported an oak diningroom table from Eng- land and specified “only eight chairs.”

Asking what one thing he likes best about his home, Ardis answers, “Sunday afternoon,” he said. And what he enjoys about Sunday at home, oddly enough, is what is known in the Army as “picketing the area.” This is a general clean- up in which the boys work with Bill, sweeping out the garage, hosing down the walls, gathering up old magazines and empty bottles—and, on occasion, being reminded they have to wear bathing suits for a swim.

It may not sound to you like a movie star at play, but in the private world of Bill Holden the quiet family life is the good life.

(William Holden can now be seen in Paramount’s Sabrina.)


Modern Screen Fashions can be bought in person or by mail from the stores listed on page 68.
New and exciting Debby Rose coats and suits by Betty Rose featured on this and the opposite page (also the coat worn by Jane Russell on page 63) have been awarded the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion trophy by top Hollywood stars. Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Terry Moore, Mitzi Gaynor, Craig Hill and Piper Laurie served on the Modern Screen Fashion Board. Models displayed the clothes before the enthusiastic stars who gave a wholehearted okay for their appearance in Modern Screen. Board chairwoman Jane Russell and members Piper Laurie, Mitzi Gaynor and Terry Moore drew straws to see which star would pose in which winning outfit. Piper Laurie wears a wonderful double-duty wool coat of Deering-Milliken Chinchilla—flattering collar, deep turn-back cuffs. This coat is also lined with Deering-Milliken Milium. Red, nude, navy, grey or rum. Sizes 8 to 18. About $65. Gloves by Dawnelle.
HOLLYWOOD APPROVES
YOUR FALL FASHIONS

Mitzi Gaynor, slim and trim in an American Supersheen wool gabardine, single-breasted Debby Rose suit with up or down collar, turn-back cuffs. Black, navy, charcoal, red or brown. Sizes 7 to 15. About $45. By Betty Rose. The members of the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board can be seen in the following films: Jane Russell co-stars with Richard Egan in RKO's French Line—color by Technicolor; Piper Laurie can be seen in Universal-International's Dawn At Socorro; Mitzi Gaynor is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, There's No Business Like Show Business; Terry Moore will soon be in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film White Feather—both in color by Technicolor; Craig Hill can be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film The Siege At Red River.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR
BY MAIL FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 68.
modern screen fashions

glamour for the tall girl

If you are over five feet, seven, tall girl fashions are for you! Where to buy them?
In Over 5' 7" shops! Elaine Stewart, an MGM glamour girl, poses in two favorite tall girl styles.
The dress of rayon and acetate has white contrast buttons and detachable rayon and cotton bib—short sleeves, sheath skirt. Black or navy with white pin check. 10 to 20. About $12.95. The tall girl's pet is the box jacket wool suit. The jacket features patch pockets with flaps—the lining is in the same fabric as the printed cotton blouse. Oxford grey, Oxford brown or Oxford blue. The blouse fabric has a gay colored geometric print on a beige background. 10 to 20. Ensemble, about $35. In Over 5' 7" shops in Lane Bryant stores (as well as other shops listed on page 68). Elaine stars in Walter Wanger's CinemaScope film, The Adventures Of Hajji Baba, a 20th Century-Fox release.
marilyn talks about joe

(Continued from page 28) were married. And we expect to continue them in the same way. But with one big difference. If we can help it, and we can, we'll never let our work separate us. It's no fun to be married and parted all the time.

This is why Joe DiMaggio told his TV sponsors in New York that he would not renew his contract with them. "It meant," said Marilyn, "that Joe would be away for weeks at a time. And he had to travel backwards and forwards and every which way for us to be together. I was always making a picture and I couldn't leave Hollywood. We decided that when we married Joe would work from San Francisco or Hollywood so we never would be away from each other by more than an hour's plane trip."

I had heard from a usually reliable source that the famous Yankee ballplayer was so infatuated with his wife that he was giving up his own line of work to be a co-producer in the pictures Marilyn plans to make independently (allowed in her new contract, eventually).

There was another story that Joe was planning to turn actor. When I asked about it, Marilyn yelled, "God forbid! I couldn't take that. And I'm sure he doesn't want to be an actor. I hope not, anyway. And as far as I know, he wouldn't want to be a producer. Of course he could do anything he wanted to do. He's the most intelligent man I ever met in my life. And if he were an actor, he'd be good. But he loves his own profession. I just can't see him in mine."

... Leo Guild reports that Frank Sinatra, who wears a gun in his picture, suddenly, broke up the crowd by saying: "Fellows, get me a gun for my other side. I'm beginning to tire!"

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

"How about the previews and parties, now that you're married?" I asked Mrs. Joe. To my knowledge (and Marilyn confirmed it) Joe, who is shy and unhappy outside his own crowd, has never escorted the blonde he loves to any party, nightclub or premiere. Rumors have a way of starting when a star attends functions without his wife. "If you won an Academy Award or something like that, wouldn't you like to go with Joe?" I wondered.

"It wouldn't matter what I won or whether I'd want him to come with me or not. He never would," Marilyn replied. "At least Joe's very consistent," she continued. "He hates premieres and parties. So do I. But it's my business to go. It makes no difference that we're married. Joe has always been like this. I knew what he was like before we married. He wouldn't come then, and I don't think it's fair to him to try to change him now. I married him for what he was when I fell in love with him. I think she has something. How many women fall in love with a man because of what he is, then immediately after the wedding try to make him over into their preconceived dreams of what a husband should be. But not our Marilyn. She doesn't want Joe to change her, so why should she change him?"

Yet the fact that Marilyn will always have to attend certain "career must" functions, and apparently without Joe, will present some possibly irritating situations. "Because," Marilyn told me, "Joe doesn't mind my..." (Continued on page 69)
Frantic over Blackheads?

Growing panicky over skin that sprouts a new crop of blackheads every few days? Then use this special corrective treatment for blackheads. This treatment is recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick. It's effective.

Every night, smooth a deep, snowy coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over face, except around the eyes. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily dead skin flake that choke up pores and encourage blackheads. Leave on one minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Hundreds of girls have tried this wonder-working blackhead treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream. They say "your skin looks fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!"

DEBBY ROSE COATS AND SUITS BY BETTY ROSE—Pages 63, 64, 65

Atlanta, Ga.—Regneutel's
Austin, Texas—T. H. Williams & Co.
Aztec, N. M.—Goldenberg's
Bain, Idaho—Funks Idaho Dept. Store
Boulder, Colo.—Albert Kahn Inc.
Bryan, Texas—Edgeware & Son
Carlsbad, N. M.—Mansell's
Carlsbad, N. M.—Chester Marsh
Charleston, S. C.—J. J. Condon & Son
Charlotte, N. C.—The Vogue
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Beston Store
Columbus, Ga.—Kivora's
Corey Christi, Texas—Lichtenstein's
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
El Paso, Texas—The Popular Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Worth, Texas—Mann's
Globe, Ariz.—Cuch's Dress Shop
Grand Junction, Colo.—Iva Mason
Greely, Colo.—Greely Dry Goods
Groveland, S. C.—Belk-Simpson Co.
Houston, Texas—Columbia Dry Goods
Jacksonville, Fla.—Furchot
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery Bird Thayer
Knurrey, Texas—Millers
Miami, Ariz.—Miami Commercial Co.
Marco, Idaho—David's Inc.
Newport News, Va.—Leggett's Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Norfolk, Va.—W. G. Swartz Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.—Unique Distinctive Fashions
Portales, N. M.—Turner's Dept. Store
Portland, Oregon—Bergman's Jacqueline
Pueblo, Colo.—Clymes Dry Goods Rossville, Ga.—The Jo-Ann
Sewanee, Ga.—Silverman-Karpf
St. Louis, Mo.—Fawbros Barr Co.
Tirre Falls, Idaho—Zimmerman's
Wilmington, N. C.—Ehrich's Dept. Store
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Fashions Shop
Over by Betty Rose Coats & Suits, Stewart-Smygman-Friss Co., 3122 Guilham Plaza, Kansas City 3, Mo.

LANE BRYANT'S TALL GIRL FASHIONS—Page 66

Over Five-Seventy Shops in Lane Bryant
Baltimore, Md.
Beverly Hills, Calif.
Brocklyn, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Detroit, Mich.
Cleveland, O.
Houston, Texas
Manchester, L. I., N. Y.
Miami City, Fla.
Miami Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New York, N. Y.
Oak Park, Ill.
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Over Five-Seventy Shops
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
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Lansing, Mich.
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Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
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Portland, Oregon
Seattle, Wash.
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Over Five-Seventy Shops in Newman's
Des Moines, Iowa
Decatur, Ill.
Denver, Colo.—E&O New Utica
Green Bay, Wis.
Oakland, Calif.
St. Paul, Minn.
Waukegan, Ill.
Kankakee, Ill.—Samuels
Rockford, Ill.—New Wirtham's
Springfield, Ill.—Roland's
South Bend, Ind.—Benton's
Or write to: Lane Bryant, publicity office, 455 5th Avenue, N. Y. C.

MADISON WISEN SCALE DRESS—Pg. 63

Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson-Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Hockschmidt Kohn
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shifflett
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Columbia, S. C.—P. F. & R. Lur茨
Dallas, Texas—S. F. & S.
Detroit, Mich.—Crupp's Minler
Harford, Conn.—C. F. & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—W. H. Blenk
Long Beach, Calif.—Walker's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Tien's
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macys' Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Portland, Oregon—Meler & Frank
Salt Lake City, Utah—C. C. M.
San Francisco, Calif.—Macys' Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr Co.
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Dry Goods
Springfield, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Sons
Washington, D. C.—S. Kam Sons Co.
Or write to: Lane Wisen & Sons Co., Inc., 443 5th Avenue, N. Y. C.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:
A WIRE STORY from Korea reported that Marilyn had announced that she and Joe wanted to have six children. "That isn't true," she told me candidly. "It's too many. Joe already has a child (with his first wife, Dorothy Arnold). Of course I'd like to have a baby with Joe very much. Maybe two. But when you have children you must give them a great deal of your time. With my own unhappy childhood, I know this too well. Joe comes from a big family and they're all so devoted to each other. Right now our work is important to us both, and it wouldn't be fair to raise a big family. But whatever Joe wants will be all right with me."

"How does Joe feel about the calendar?" I asked. And perhaps I shouldn't have asked. Because even though Marilyn smiled, she said quietly, "Will you please pretend you didn't ask me that question? So I assume that Joe isn't crazy about the calendar. And you can't blame him. But it never has visibly embarrassed Marilyn, even though she is one of the few people in the world who does not own a copy."

"If I had one," she told me with a grin, "I'd save it for my grandchildren." She meant it seriously and I knew what she meant. She is the most beautiful body ever exposed to the not-so-casual scrutiny of the world, including Manet's Olympia, Goya's Duchess of Alba, all of Renoir's nudes put together. And Venus de Milo."

"You mean that when you're an old woman, you'd like your grandchildren to know what you looked like once upon a time, and you'd be proud of yourself a body." She flashed me a thoughtful look and said, "You really do understand, don't you?" Understand! All I know is I'd give my eye teeth to have a figure like the Monroe's.

See! You feel more romantic already! . . . No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol . . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. So good for your hair! Keeps it in place ... lovely to behold all day long!

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow ...relieves dryness
New—no vibration, no massage, a truly easy NO-EFFORT way!

**Reduced waist, hips, tummy in size—NO DIET!**

**ROMANCE** begins with a pretty figure. Now you can lose excess inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs without diet or weight-loss...QUICKLY, EASILY...while you REST luxuriously at home! Relax-A-cizor gives you a delightful new kind of beauty and fitness exercise that requires NO EFFORT! You RELAX and enjoy reading, sewing...even SLEEPING while Relax-A-cizor removes those excess inches almost magic...and it DOES NOT make you tired like regular beauty exercises.

**FIRMS...TIGHTENS...TRIMS**

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; it, instead, firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. FACIAL attachment exercises muscles around EYES and THROAT. Don't risk your health...this is the safe, sensible, economical home method praised by thousands of users. Home model 6 approved by Underwriters' Laboratory.

**FEATURED IN JULY MADISSONELLE** by Health and Beauty editor, Ace 2 full pages March '51 issue. READ WHAT OTHER USERS SAY: “4 inches removed from abdomen.—Mrs. M.F. ‘296’ from hips.—M.A. ‘Dress size was 16, now 12’.—C.P. Many Women lose an inch or two the first few days! You may lose less or more.

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915 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif., or 665 Fifth Ave., New York City, or E. Jackson, Chicago, Send in PLAN IN 10 days for free information about REDUCING WAIST, HIPS, THIGHS and TUMMY. No cost. No salesman will call. (PLEASE PRIME.)

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*it's that fabulous Relax-A-cizor you read about in MADISSONELLE*

*USE AT HOME...look your loveliest. Your prettiest, trimmer figure excites romantic glances!* New popularity...new happiness for a new YOU!

**Reduce**

...they're married

(Continued from page 57) at Fred, grati- tude in her beaming eyes.

“Another ring comes with this,” Ruser offered. Then he showed the marriage ring, and pressed the gold band into Fred's hand. “I know,” he said, “there is some signif- icance in the number, five to you and Fred.” Fred and June had first met or had first gotten engaged going around together last November 5.

In the shop, the lovers kissed and the next day the engagement was formally announced.

A reporter asked Fred, “What kind of ring?”

“Diamond.”

“How many carats?” Fred was asked. He said he didn't know. “If it's not too personal how much did it set you back?”

“They haven't sent the bill yet.”

Mr. Ruser said later the rings were worth approximately $10,000. A week after June was given her rings, she returned to Ruser's, the shop and ordered a handsome gift for Fred—a gold- plated key to the front door. On the key there is engraved a gnarled oak tree and on the oak tree the initials “J.H.” and “M,” her heart and his soul, “J.H. Loves M.F.”

Last week Fred gave June an identical key. Hers says, “F.M. loves J.H.”

“Where are you and Miss Haver getting married?” a reporter asked. “Pretty soon,” Fred smiled. “Church or civil ceremony?”

“Civil.”

“Where?”

“I don't know,” Fred answered, “and even if I did I wouldn't tell you. I was talking about this with June last night, I wish I had a yacht and a private plane like Bob Taylor,’ I said. Then we could do it very quietly.” Actually, they were married at Onai Valley Inn, June 28.

**Forthieth Infantry Division in Korea** caponished its publication photo of Marilyn truly, “If you Don't Know Her Name, Soldier, Lie Down—You're Dead.”

Just why Fred and June were so secretive about their marriage no one knows. Fred has always been chary of private life publicity. Fred is a press agent to keep newspaper people away from him. He likes reporters as people but not as interviewers.

A week after the wedding day, he has always been accessible to the press, but when she started going with Fred, she, too, clammed up at least about Fred.

When Fred's pal, Johnston, a friend of the family from Rock Island, Illinois, had a shower for June on her twenty-eighth birthday, the little actress finally conceded, “Fred and I have known for months that we'd get married.”

At the shower were Gail Patrick, Claire Trevor, Mary Cummings, Fred's mother, Mrs. Melita MacMurray, and his aunt, Mrs. Hazel Martin. “They gave me enough lingerie to last a lifetime.”

A week later, Mrs. Bo Roos gave another shower for June. Result: more lingerie. Mrs. Roos is the wife of Fred's business manager. Bo has managed June's money, too. In fact, June has never made the slightest investment without consulting Bo Roos.

Not that she needs her own money. MacMurray is wealthy in his own right. Early in 1940, when he was first losing much of his surplus funds in Los Angeles real estate, and as a result Fred's holdings have ap- preciated tremendously. Undoubtedly, he is a million dollars richer than he ever had any intention of abandoning her career.

“Theres a very good chance,” she said, “that I may do a musical with Gene Kelly later in the year. I'm also interested in making some recordings for children.
Whatever I do, I certainly want to stay close to Fred. That’s why I didn’t do 
Catch A Thief with Cary Grant. I would 
have had to go all the way to Cannes.”

Asked if she and Fred considered the 
South American trip a pre-honeymoon 
trip, June answered, “It was wonderful 
fun meeting all those movie fans in Brazil 
and Peru and the other countries, Fred and 
I would be walking along a street and 
suddenly a little girl would come up to me 
and press a rosary into my hand and I’d 
look around and she’d be gone.

Irene Dunne and Joan Fontaine went 
to several South American cities with 
me, and it was really an educational trip.”

Right now, June’s primary interest in 
life is her husband and her step-

children and, of course, her new home, 
in which she will have a new domestic 
staff, understandably.

The actress is an experienced decorator 
and she says, “I’m very much on a merry-
go-round buying this and fixing that.”

June is so busy that it’s difficult to 
believe that less than a year ago she was 
a quiet, reclusive ascetic who was prepared 
to devote her whole life to God and the 
Catholic faith.

She is still extremely pious but the 
transformation in her personality is abso-
lutely amazing.

Her hair is very blonde, her eyes 
sparkle, her wardrobe is spanking new. 
Her mother says, “She has spent a small 
fortune on clothes ever since she began 
going with Fred.” Her voice is vibrant 
and her behavior lively.

No one would ever imagine that last 
year at this time, June was a novitiate in 
a Roman Catholic convent in Kansas.

One of her friends said, “June Haver is 
today the luckiest girl in Hollywood. In 
Fred MacMurray she’s landed the best 
catch of the season.

“Fred’s got everything: money, looks, 
career, position—well, you name it and 
he’s got it. He’s understanding and toler-

ant. He comes from a strict Presbyterian 
family. His grandfather was a Presby-
terian minister. So was June’s. But June 
converted to Catholicism, and Fred be-

lieves her religion is her own business. 
And he admires her piety.

---

Texaco Star Theatre introduced 
Bruce Cabot, who was supposed to 
bring on the much heralded figure 
of history, Julius Caesar. But in-
stead he said: “And now the con-
quering hero and leader of armies
—Sid Caesar.”

---

Hollywood has seen so many marriages 
turn sour that the community is now 
ultra-sophisticated about weddings. A 
prophecy of divorce usually goes hand-
in-hand with a wedding announcement. 
But that didn’t go with the wedding of 
June Haver and Fred MacMurray, two 
people who are widely loved and deeply 
respected throughout the community.

No one has ever suggested that Fred 
marr"ed June on the rebound or that June 
marr dej Fred because she wanted to fur-
ther her career or establish a nest egg.

The key to this whole relationship has 
been love—simple, beautiful and binding. 
Love from the very beginning.

---

TUSSY

THE INSTANT DEODORANT

Instantly stops 
perspiration odor... 
checks moisture!

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Works fast... no waiting to dry! It’s the modern speed deodorant; 
starts to work at once. Checks perspiration moisture. Stops odor and 
keeps it stopped all day long. Actually suppresses odor-forming bacteria.

You don’t become immune to its effects! Month in, month out... 
year in, year out...every day you use it, it protects your daintiness.

 Beautifies underarm skin. It’s a cosmetic! It’s a lovely 
cream deodorant made with a face-cream base. Makes skin softer, 
smoother, and prettily presentable in bare arm fashions.

Tuussy Cream Deodorant is safe for normal skin and the 
most delicate of fabrics. Won’t dry in jar. Only 50 cents and $1.

Carry a Tuussy Stick Deodorant when you travel. $1.

Prices plus reduced tax.

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TUSSY cream and 
stick deodorants
DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organisations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

For sending ONLY 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line (Continued from page 37) want to know the truth. Do I have cancer?

“No one can answer that except your doctor,” she said. She stared through the window. This girl not yet out of her teens wrestled with the facts and at length reached her decision, foot was amputated. She stared into the darkness. “It’s a girl. I’ll make myself well.”

Advice fell on deaf ears. A resolve once taken, Suzan draws from some inner source the iron resolve and firmness. Against all sound opinion, against all advice, and determined to fight this battle out by herself.

Little Miss Medical Association, she scoffs now. “Doctors are idiots. I was that 15 year-old girl who had her leg cut off.”

“She was dead wrong, of course. But,” added Dick, “what a show of pluck!”

Up to her neck in casts, she had herself transferred to a hospital. The experiment lasted a week. While Dick stood by ladenhearted and, for the first time in her life, Suzan lost weight steadily without trying. At eight one Saturday night Dr. Engelman came in with fresh reports, which showed raising infection. He spoke quietly, without mincing language. “I need the dirt. Any dirt.”

Suzan’s mind can do tremendous things. But it can’t do this. Unless you agree to amputation, you’re committing suicide. Unless you allow me to operate, I’m leaving the case. I’ll be back for your answer in the morning.”

The die had been cast. Between your leg and your life, you can’t choose both. The room was very still. Into the stillness Dick dropped a gentle question. “Do you want to talk about it?”

This he could certainly understand. “There are times when words are senseless and serve only to embroil you.” The scene that followed may have seemed strange to some people, but it didn’t seem strange to Kay Biddle, Suzan’s nurse, who took one look at dark head and fair bent over a board, and withdrew. They went on at their own gait, neither girl nor boy gave them voice. Through the deepening night and into the dawn, all you could hear was the slap of cards. Under sedatives, she slept for a few hours. Dick lay wide-eyed in a nearby room. When the doctor arrived, Suzan was ready, with final words, “All right, you can go ahead and operate.”

Within ten minutes she was whisked to the hospital. Dick stayed behind only long enough to build her up with transfusions. On the third day they operated. Coming out of the fog, her eyes rested on Dick who had to stoop to catch the murmured words. “I’m going to get that artificial leg... and buy me a red, red dress... and walk into the studio and knock ‘em dead.”

“Since when, says the kid who’ve been on the hospital steps every day after.”

Not quite, so far as Suzan was concerned. She had a piece of unfinished business pending. “It wouldn’t be fair,” she had told her mother earlier. “If I’m going to go to that artificial leg... and buy me a red, red dress... and walk into the studio and knock ‘em dead.”

There he found the answer. “I’ll do that, honey, and you put yourself in mind. Suppose I’d lost a leg. Would you love me less?”

“More,” she was bound to admit, against his twist shoulder. Which settled it.

Three factors sped her amazingly rapid recovery. Dick’s singleminded devo-

F or two weeks Suzan lay in traction, spirits high, convinced that everything was going to be going well. The leg was amputated. Then Dr. Engelman had to walk in and perform the most agonizing job a good physician faces. The laboratory tests showed malnourishment. The leg must be amputated. Dick stood beside her. Eyes huge in a face gone suddenly white, she broke the silence. “May-be—I’ll never walk again.”

(Continued from page 37) want to know the truth. Do I have cancer?

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tion. Dr. Engelman’s understanding. Her own valor and sanity. She’d have no truck with invalidism, in which course the doctor egged her on. If she wanted a crew of chattering kids around, he said, “The more, the merrier.” If she craved a hamburger instead of hospital fare, he said, “Let her eat what she likes; it’ll do her good.” With Dick, it wasn’t a matter of dropping in to see her. Except for two days on Playgirl or a necessary errand, he never left her. She neither dangled in nor avoided mention of her leg, no more self-conscious than if it had been an appendix. Reporters clamored for interviews. In rosy bedjacket over a black gown, she received them exactly one week after surgery.

“Nobody wants to lose a leg or his eyesight or even his teeth. It’s an inconvenience. But if you’re asking me if I feel sorry for myself, the answer is no. In return for my leg, I’ve been given my life. That’s a pretty wonderful exchange, and I’m about to enjoy every minute of it.”

She glowed over letters from war amputees and others. “At first you’re a little uncertain. You wonder how it’s going to look and feel. These kind people told me how easily they’d adjusted, how normally they lived. Suddenly I had a whole new world of friends. They gave me not only an emotional lift, but practical help. I’m forever indebted to them.”

“And to my studio, which spared no expense in taking care of me. I didn’t have to worry about the money. One of the few times I cried was when they told me and wouldn’t even let me say thanks. They can’t prevent me from saying it now in print.”

**Toward the End of February** she went home with Kay, bent on a triple goal. To walk again, to become Mrs. Richard Long, to go back to work—in that order. Once the prosthetic leg had been made and mastered, they’d set the date. But that process takes weeks, often months. “We’re in love,” Dick pointed out. “We should be together. What are we waiting for?”

“Do you think he can walk down the aisle?”

“Since you put it that way, no.” They picked April 11 as the day, Santa Barbara as the place. They drove up and down house-hunting, but the rents broidery traced the neckline. A tulle veil, hand-appliquéd with matching lace, flowed from a tiny coronet. Each detail had been wrought by Thomas with exquisite care to set off Suzan’s slender dark loveliness. She looked from the sketch to him, from him to the sketch and struggled for words. “Oh Bill, oh Bill—”

He cleared his throat. “Any changes? Speak now, or forever hold your peace.”

Her head went down on the drawing. “I’m so happy,” she wept.

**Nor did it** sadden her when, among other preparations, she found them wrapping a pair of crutches in white satin. “I just think it’s silly. You’re wasting your good time. I’m going to walk.” They reasoned, cajoled, bullied. “You’ll have all that froufrou around your feet. Even on two sound legs, it’s a nervous business. Fine thing if you tripped. Please, please Suzie, forget it.”

Six days before her wedding, the artificial leg was delivered—only a practice leg at that. Painfully, doggedly, she began trying it out. Three evenings later Dr. Engelman called to say he wanted to come by with a wedding gift. “I’m going to meet him at the door,” said Suzan. By a heroic effort, Kay kept her mouth shut. Torn between admiration and dread, she watched the tortured progress across the room, heard the breath drawn in gasps, saw the perspiration break. But when the bell rang, Suzan was at the door. “Hello, doctor, how are you?” she said, and fell against his chest.

He helped her to the couch. “That was swell, Suzan. But your wedding’s three days off. Better use the crutches.”

From the swelling chorus of protest, only one voice was absent. Dick knew what lay behind Suzan’s insistence. It was neither pride nor stubbornness, but 73
FIVE tiers of tall pink candles flickered softly above the oaken altar of El Monte
cisco Presbyterian Church. Two hundred
guests rustled—and quieted as the Reverend Paul Commons took his place,
followed by Dick and his brother Philip.
The groom looked self-possessed, but prob-
maby his pulse could have been registered
on a seismograph.
Suzan would walk or not walk still uncertain.
Student spokesmen said no. Even Dick wasn’t sure.
She might have turned jittery or let the
judgment of others prevail.
The first notes of "Bohemin" brought Kay,
matron of honor, into view. Then
the doorway framed Suzan on her father’s arm.
Without crutches, with the barest trace of
a limp, she came down the aisle, till her face turned toward the altar and Dick. A
great sigh rose from the guests. All such
moments are touched with mystic solemn-
nity. This one was back of the affirmation of faith over fear, of courage
over darkness—the soaring triumph of life
and love over death. It humbled and lifted
the hearts of all who knew her.
She placed her hand in his. The brief
ceremony started. "What token of your
love do you give?" The rings were of
silver. "These are precious metal, sym-
bolizing the quality of your love." Each
slipped a ring on the other’s finger. "I
now pronounce you man and wife, joining
you in life. Dick ordains you..." Dick had it
in his voice, "Captain," the word was
devotion, Richard, as long as you both shall
live."
Her head went up, tossing the veil aside.
The lips met. On her husband’s arm
she walked back.
"I always knew I’d be married without
crutches," she cried.
"My spine," said Dick, "was jolly until
I saw her coming. Then it stiffened with
pride."

HER third objective was to get back into
harness. Only on that score was she ever free. "If you’re happy, I’m not
going to be happy." Six weeks after their
marriage she and Dick appeared together
on TV for Lux. Suzan played a girl whose
husband had climbed his ladder to an-
other. Dick played the doctor who needed
her to his feet.
The chair angle didn’t appeal to her at
all. "I’d rather, do something that shows
me dancing at Ciro’s. I don’t want
want to stress the loss of my leg." On the other
hand, she’d be working, and working with
Dick. Besides, she’d walk at the end.
"This hyped me," she laughs. "It was
like a deadline. They had taken my
practice leg away. The permanent
wasn’t even regarded. I think you
have three months to learn, then sud-
denly you’ve got to walk. So you do."
It wasn’t that simple. The first try had
been for Dick and 200 friends. This would
be for millionaires. Frankly, scared. Suzan
played a small trick on herself. Rising to
her feet, she hung on to one thought.
"This is a movie," she pretended. "If I
stumble, they’ll just cut the scene and do
it over. I don’t think it’s going to be like a
breeze."
Next day the studio called with the top-
per. "Any girl who can do live TV can
make a picture. We’re sending you to the
Black Hills of South Dakota to be an
Indian with Mature and Lund. On one
condition. It’s okay with the doctor."
"On one condition," echoed Suzan joy-
ously. "Give me mountains to climb."

AT home they have fun doing nothing much.
Dick painted a bedroom
wall, paused for two weeks, and clambered
out one fine midnight to tackle the second.
"Why?" asked his wife drowsily.
"Inspiration," he explained.
She found this reasonable. "I used to
have to see the kitchen floor on Satur-
days. So I’d gable in from a Friday
night date at twelve and scrub it then."
"What were you doing out until twelve?"
The first notes of "Bohemin" brought Kay,
matron of honor, into view. Then
the doorway framed Suzan on her father’s arm.
Without crutches, with the barest trace of
a limp, she came down the aisle, till her face turned toward the altar and Dick. A
great sigh rose from the guests. All such
moments are touched with mystic solemn-
nity. This one was back of the affirmation of faith over fear, of courage
over darkness—the soaring triumph of life
and love over death. It humbled and lifted
the hearts of all who knew her.
She placed her hand in his. The brief
ceremony started. "What token of your

Danny Kaye’s hand was infected from
hypnotizing a lobster. You
hypnotize a lobster by rubbing its
belly. This puts it to sleep. Danny
ordered a lobster in Bookbinder’s
in New York. A large
lobster clawed his finger. And
that’s how Danny’s finger was
infected from hypnotizing a lobster.

THE Hollywood Reporter

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END
I reached for his hand

(Continued from page 41) from the Grace Presbyterian Church of Montclair, inscribed by the minister and all the deacons. They wrote, “Stay close to the Word of God,” I have.

For me it has been a lifesaver to have faith. I can’t imagine anything more important to the members of today’s younger generation who face times in which clear thinking is almost impossible.

The other afternoon I saw a young couple walking slowly with downcast faces and it seemed to me that I knew their story—the story of hundreds of thousands whose future the state of the world has thrown almost into dishevelment. They know for sure only that the country’s military needs spell enforced separation for them. They know also that if and when they marry they face trying times in which to keep a family together, I know what it’s like. I’ve never been married, but my folks had a difficult time from the start, and since I was the oldest child, I soon shared their burdens.

My father and mother met on the boat coming over from Germany. He had ideas about studying law. She was a seamstress. Before the boat docked in New York, he had proposed to her. This was in 1927, almost ten years after the end of the First World War. Mother, who planned to go to Chicago, had old-fashioned ideas about being swept off her feet—and wasn’t. Three years had passed before Mother thought they were sufficiently well-established to marry. And then they weren’t. Dad was down to his last nickel, and I was just born when he got his first steady job as a member of the Montclair police force. From then until the day I became well-established as a model, poverty was never a stranger in our home. But neither was God. My first sense of Him came to me in words my mother always spoke as a sort of report of her prayers. “It will happen for the better,” she would say, I was sure none other than God was whispering assurances in her ear and thus cheered me in the face of many a skimpy meal, clothes I couldn’t have and parties I could not attend.

There was little material comfort for us...

REAL GEORGE!

At a Hollywood drive-in, late one night, the battery in my 36 coupe failed. The car was so situated that the only way to move it was to push it back toward the street. A tuxedo-clad man got out of the sleek new convertible parked next to me and offered his assistance. He told me to get into the car and steer while he pushed. To my surprise, my assistant turned out to be George Sanders!

B. W. Owens
San Diego, California

in those days, which made spiritual comfort all the more important, of course. And we got it. Even when religion was just a word to me, I would experience an awareness of the presence of Holy Love in our household. As a matter of fact it was a long time before religion was anything more than just a word. I will never forget how actual understanding of it came, or rather how I taught it to myself. It did not happen until I was teaching a Sunday School class.

My pupils were, a dozen children, none older than six years, and I used to spend my time trying to put the story of Christ to them in simple words. Eventually, I must have put it so simply that one Sunday afternoon I began to understand it all myself! Ever since then I have had a pretty good idea of what my mental and physical burdens mean. and any time I find myself getting a little egotistical about my accomplishments I remind myself of this episode and get my feet back on the ground.

This revelation of faith which came in my Sunday School work awoke quite a hunger for spiritual activity and I remembered I kept after my mother to help me to satisfy it. One summer she went with me to the “Stony Brookers” series of religious conferences for young people, in Stony Brook, Long Island. I don’t think I have ever had a better time in my life. Up to and including anything Hollywood has had to offer. Perhaps this was because I was so young and eager for experience, and the conferences were so different from anything I had ever known.

Up to now I had been terribly conscious of the mechanics of living because ours were always so close to the breakdown stage. But here in Stony Brook all this faded; my stay was provided for and I was transported into a different realm, a world in which the mind and the spirit were most important.

Mornings we would have services amidst the fragrant pines. In the afternoons many of us would go “hiking.” Evenings there would be get-togethers in which we exchanged experiences and sang hymns. Great men who had been to such far-off (and to me, mystical) places as India and Africa talked to us and reported how...

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— and a lot of people want to be.

I think that one of the first times I found myself talking to a man in a Hollywood studio our conversation concerned not acting, but religious faith. The studio was M-G-M and the man was Mel Ballerino, a casting director. I remember that when the announcement was made that I would play with Kirk Douglas and Lana Turner in The Bad And The Beautiful, I got my first gift from a man in Hollywood. The man was an assistant director and the gift was a St. Genesis religious medal.

Whenever I am on a set in a picture and meet new people it is surprising how many times the conversation turns to matters of faith; I am beginning to think that acting, because so much of the strength of it comes from the spirit within, naturally inspires one to thoughts about the why and wherefore of things, to a desire in oneself to lead a more harmonious life.

lovely Liz Taylor

ushers in the autumn

on modern screen's

October cover.

on your newsstand

September 7.

Here you can be whatever you want to be and a lot of people want to be good.

religion has never interfered with my roles—and my roles will never interfere with my religion. On the contrary, my religious work, involving so much traveling, has shown me faith brings comfort.

I make a guest appearance in a Philadelphia radio station and when I leave a woman steps up and hands me a crucifix. I cross the country in a plane and the girl next to me talks of the many times she has prayed that her husband, an Air Force pilot in Korea, would return to her unharmed; when we get off the plane in Los Angeles—there he is to meet her. I share an apartment with and meet girls when I get to Hollywood, the wild and wicked film capital, and when Sunday comes around she wants to know if I will spend it as she likes to spend her time—going to church. We go to Hollywood Park Presbyterian Church.

And as I sit in this beautiful church listening to the sermon of Dr. Haven N. Davis, I feel that I have come to California that at last I am again anchored to something secure. I am back again walking with Him.

(Elaine Stewart is co-starring with John Derek in The Adventures of Hajji Baba, released by 20th Century-Fox.)
the best is ahead

(Continued from page 55) confidential dope, the inside story. The readers want it. Well, I wouldn't. He was my friend, but I wouldn't. There's some place you have to draw the line as to what is people's business and what isn't, and that was the place. Well, he didn't like it. He didn't like it a bit. He thought I was trying to make things rough for him. But then—now listen to this—then later on, he, mind you, got into the same kind of difficulty. And one day he came to me and apologized. He said he understood now how I'd felt about it. He didn't want to give the real, confidential information, either, you see, now that he was on my side of the fence."

JANIE POWELL was married in 1949 to a man named Geary Steffen (pronounced Stifin, as he is a fellow with a good deal of chin and a talent for figure skating so exceptional that he was, at the time of their wedding, leading man for Sonja Henie's annual tours. When they married, however, Steffen put all that behind him to stay home and become a solid and industrious citizen, a successful insurance man.

Roughly 125,000 rhapsoedic words were written about the union of Geary and Jane Powell Steffen and that's the way it seemed Janie, a boy and a girl, a quiet and dignified life on a leafy, pleasant street in Brentwood.

WHO DO YOU LIKE, I HOPE?

I was standing in the lobby of a San Diego movie theatre when a young man came up to me and asked, "Don't you like movie stars?" To tell the truth, I don't know," I said. "I've never been lucky enough to talk to one and find out." He said, "Well, when the picture is over, how about telling me how you like me?" I agreed, though I hadn't any idea who he was.

When the movie was over he waited for me at the door. "Well," he said, "what do you think? All I could say was, 'I think you are swell, Mr. Ray.' He smiled and handed me a photo. On the back I found written, 'I think you are very nice,' signed, 'Alde Ray.'"

Frances Brooks
Union Springs, Alabama

It was not until after the birth of the second child that fissures began to show in the marital structure.

You can get yourself an argument both ways here, but majority opinion holds that Janie was getting a little fed up some months before she became actively aware of a dancer named Gene Nelson, alleged to be the most striking young face of the present time. At least one prominent woman star has said that Janie had only one beef, but it was a big one: Geary, after a good start, was losing the insurance business in order to sharpen his water-skiing. A less pleasant way of saying this is that Janie, though conscious that few husbands can match a film star's salary, still felt that her mate ought to go through the motions.

The Steffen camp, on the other hand, contends that Janie, along about then, was getting to be too critically outspoken and that Geary wasn't liking it at all.

Given this much, the time may have been fairly ripe for a break, and this came along when Jane met Nelson on a picture.

To put it not too delicately, there was hell to pay. Nelson had left his wife Miriam and their child. Soon, there wasn't a doubt in the world that Gene was fond of Janie and Janie of Gene. The cover-up was attempted but reporters broke through.

Steffen set his considerable chin and growled to a friend that he'd reconcile but Janie would have to make the first move. Janie wasn't doing that. By and by, Janie played Las Vegas. Steffen was there. Steffen and Nelson, the two men who'd have to make the first move. But Steffen came backstage later and kissed her—on the forehead. Then he went back to Los Angeles. Onlookers reported faithfully that he looked like a man to be kissed. There didn't seem to be a second.

Janie told the press she was going to think things over. She did. Then she came home and divorced Steffen, decree effective momentarily.

FOUR LIVES had been damaged, excluding children as no more than problematical casualties. Jane and Geary had gone their separate ways. The arrangement has not proved other than hopelessly. But fate had still another rabbit-punch to wing Janie's way. She fell out with Nelson, and so came to the darksome part of her personal tunnel. There was, it seemed, nothing left to salvage.

But there was. There was life to salvage. Although Nelson, too, maintains silence under a mutual consent pact with Jane, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know him that they will marry at their earliest convenience. Nelson is an engaging, hard-working man, not wholly unlike Steffen in personality but a rather far cry from Nelson. He is devoted to Janie's children. And the word is that he can take water-skiing or leave it alone.

Steffen no longer talks for publication on the mess in general, feeling with some correctness that anything he said now would be superfluous. But Hollywood thinks that he, too, is finding his way back to a normal life, appearing on the town now, and again and reportedly working harder than he has for a long time.

Nelson has been seeking reconciliation with his wife, but without any conspicuous success. Miriam Nelson, thought by many to have been the one man unhappy, is resigned to being alone.

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Jane Powell and Miriam Nelson ran into one another at a party the other night. Jane said, "Miriam first and made a motion as though to leave, but it was too late. Miriam had turned. A few moments later, the two were in warm conversation, punctuated by chortles. Thus they relieved their host of the necessity of shooting himself.

There is no word to date of Steffen and Nelson's setting up shop together, but perhaps it's only a matter of time.

"I'll seem funny," Jane said, "coming from me, but at last, happiness is getting
to be something I know about. I have learned this for a beginning: the future is a dream and the past is dead. When something is done, it's done, and you turn your back on it. You live in the present, and when you're little you don't know what's new—something real and tangible and not so far ahead you can't even see the outlines.

"Right now, I'm working on this picture, "Actor." And when I get home tonight, I'll cook or I'll be with the children—excuse me, I'll cook and I'll be with the children. On Monday nights, I go to painting class anyway. Oh, it's still important to keep busy, keep active. Or it is for me. That's what I've found out—the wonder of living from day to day."

Hollywood is now on a terrific kick about the power of positive thinking, but Janie denied that this was precisely what she had in mind.

"Oh, it's just living, instead of regretting or dreaming I never want to look back again. I never want to look too far ahead. I want to be, right where I am and at the moment I'm there. Does that make sense? I've found happiness in the simplest things, like eating and seeing the sun rise and set or be any place it happens to be. In being with people or being alone. There's so much to be explained.

"Here's another one—reading. I've discovered reading! Can you imagine that? I've never read before. Now I read all the time. Books, magazines, newspapers. I have threatened television. I don't watch TV much any more—and I used to be one of those who couldn't live without it.

"And painting! I mentioned painting. I'm still terrible, but I try it. I started with houses. I've graduated to eibows now. Some day I'll even paint something you can recognize. I could paint tonight. Maybe I'll do it with the children. That's how it is with me these days. I'm a shut-in but I love it. No nightclub. No parties. Once in a while is all. Now and then, when I can manage. That's a big night. But this evening—well, maybe he won't be by until nine because he has to work late, and we'll just sit for a while."

You note the bland use of "he."

"You know," said Janie, "My date. And why wouldn't he be there till nine? "Because of his work."

Which was?

"Insurance," said Janie. The silence was appalling and prolonged. "What did I say?"

"I insur... Oh, no! Cars! He sells cars! Insurance, yet my goodness!"

Happiness, as someone must have said before, is an elusive thing. Often it is not for those whom life embraces too fiercely and too soon—child screen stars, for instance. Whether these become emotionally jaded, or offer the let-downs common to youst who are given their dessert first, or simply are not allowed to grow in the orderly progression that is supposed to lead to well-adjusted adult- hood—that's for the experts to decide.

But a lot of times they have it rough—as rough as Janie Powell has had it. She was born on April Fool's Day, cute as any baby, the daughter of Paul and Eileen Buree of Portland, Oregon. But she grew up with a remarkable singing voice, and her life became unlike that of most cute babies.

Jane Powell says she has missed from not having a normal childhood is playing with other children. She regrets that, but she will not link it with a marital catastrophe—nor blame heartbeat on premature fame.

Besides, you know, all that is past. Dead. She's turned her back on Hollywood is curious to know whether she can turn her back forever. The optimists think she will marry Nernsey and enjoy a happiness greater than any she has known. Those who have foreseen boding that the past can never be left fully behind, that one dark day the shock of another-setback will possess her.

But the optimists are more numerous and more convincing. They point to the poised, courageous comportment she has exhibited from the start of the trouble, to her unflinching acceptance of the role of little girl that became public property, to a touching dignity throughout an excruciating ordeal.

If she can weather all that, her admirers say, she's already over the hump, and the best is ahead.

(Jane Powell is now appearing in MGM's Seven Brides For Seven Brothers.)

who says Beautiful but dumb?

(Continued from page 47) she ordinarily does it. Presumably she does not include a dive from a ten-foot tower onto a nightclub floor, but the rest—yes.

I see no immediate danger of Esther's departure for Hollywood. So long as the Lion likely would burst his appendix if she decided to check out tomorrow—but none of us lasts forever. Esther has the fine intelligence and the unique character of her limitations. Some recent trouble with an eardrum may have spurred her decision to design the future. Whatever it may be. Esther Williams' mind never stagnates for a moment.


Then one might have said Ann Blyth had everything—certainly enough that she could rest on her oars, had she wished. Beauty, talent, a great popularity, a husband with a sense of humor, some good friends, a loving family. But for Ann—and for so many like her—complacency does not exist. She wishes to improve herself, to push herself.


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smart. But I do not think so. The rewards for such rigorous, uninspiring application can be great, both the material ones, and the tremendous compensation found in doing what one likes to do as well as one can do it and with every last ounce of energy. I may be prejudiced but that, to my mind, is smart. It is more than smart; it is an order of high intelligence, the artist’s sort of life.

In Annie Get Your Gun, another directorial éclair of mine, Betty Hutton, had to learn to shoot and shoot so well that there would be no suggestion of fake. We wanted it so that Annie Oakley herself would have approved. Skeet is the hobby of mine so I’m pretty fair at it. I took Betty out to the back lot and put a gun in her hands. She handled it at first as though it were a golf club with a cobra wrapped around the shaft. But in a few days she was knocking the tops off bottles. I’m not fooling you. She gave me a model, or rather, to nothing but shooting and became a crack shot. For what? Just for a few scenes. Conceivably, a double could have been used in most of them. But doing it that way is not what has made Betty Hutton what she is.

Look at her now. She’s in a fascinating phase of her career—nightclubs and other personal appearances—helping to get vaudeville back on its feet. She is not doing it for peanuts. If she feels she made the move at the right time, who am I to argue with her? She’s too smart to have, made it any other way. As I understand it, she didn’t like the pictures she was getting so she took her case to the country. When she comes back to Hollywood, she’ll be writing her own ticket.

Rosalind Russell, a truly brilliant woman, did the same with that superb New York show, Wonderful Town. So did Judy Garland, an incredible talent.

June Powell, one of the sweetest and most intelligent mothers I have ever known or seen, will be striking out on her own one of these days (Las Vegas last year was an impressive preliminary) and so will Kathryn Grayson.

Kathryn’s Las Vegas engagement wasn’t just a routine, agented deal. Katie set up every last detail herself. They wanted her, of course, but she took care of her own end right down to the way the costumes should be stitched—and that nigging matter of dragging down $30,000 for three weeks.

She wasn’t sure whether a classical program would be welcome in nightclubs. Normally the procedure would have been a kind of sneak preview on a modest tour. But that wasn’t for Katie. She let Vegas pay for her gamble—what better patron would there be?—and then went on to the double satisfaction of proving that upper clubs did like her. Very, very much.

The point of Kathryn’s beauty has been satisfactorily settled long ago. Now you can see what else there is.

Jeanette MacDonald, like Judy Garland and Betty Hutton, has a feel for live audiences and is on the road much of the time. But she can’t be said to leave things to chance, which is intelligence on her part as it would be on anyone else’s. I am quite impressed that she carries with her her own lighting, setting it up in each new auditorium. And I am very much impressed by the fact that in one night recently, she drew down $45,000. Beautiful but what?

Mae West has a similar gimmick for her tours, but on a very special scale. Miss West still is a big apple of the public eye and after each of her performances large numbers of her fans swarm to her dressing room. They’re entirely welcome—but not until Mae has lighted herself at her
Who’d Thought It?

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If you love Judy . . .

(Continued from page 30) weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Luft turned up at the racetrack together. Sid was so attentive to Judy that several fans commented on his solicitude and Mervyn LeRoy, who had directed Judy in The Wizard Of Oz, remarked, 'You are behaving like honeymooners!'

At Romanoff's, Chasen's, Sun Valley, Palm Springs, Warner Brothers studio—wherever you see Judy—chances are that Sid Luft is at her side or on his way there.

Does this sound as if the Luft marriage might be foundering?

Of course it doesn't. But Hollywood skeptics insist that Judy and Sid have yet to find true happiness. They tell of an incident which occurred several months ago in Holmby Hills.

"It was late at night," one neighbor recalls, "and I heard all this screaming and yelling and shouting. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Luft were in their house. And yet I didn't know what was causing the commotion."

"Of course it wasn't any of my business. But the Lufts do have children, wonderful kids, and we have had robberies in this neighborhood, quite a series of them. And I thought for a minute that maybe it was just a domestic quarrel. What couple doesn't fight once in a while? But the noise seemed to be too loud for that!"

Anyway, the police were called and a prowler car whizzed up to Judy's house. The officers knocked and Sid answered. It was a quarrel all right, he explained, but it involved one of the domestic staff.

Hollywood pessimists have tried to blow up the incident into a marital crisis. But Judy and Sid refuse to be disturbed.

"I used to mind all those things they wrote and said about me," Judy admits. "But now I don't care. I've found some peace of mind."

A secretary who knows Judy well, says, "The best thing that ever happened to her was Lorna. I can measure the change in Judy's personality from the day she gave birth to that cute baby girl."

"Childbirth does many things to many women, but it settled Judy and matured her. It gave her a new set of values. It obliterated Judy's marriage and changed her outlook. She looks back on her own stormy, hectic youth, and she knows that Lorna and Liza, who is eight now, must be pared all that confusion."

"The most important thing in the world to Judy used to be Judy Garland. Now it's her children who count. So long as they're well and happy and she's capable of working, she isn't worrying about what the wise guys have to say about her, Sid or A Star Is Born."

"I remember not too long ago, someone suggested to Judy the possibility that Sid was merely using her to establish his eminence as a motion picture producer."

"In the old days, the girl would have torn her top and cried and gone off on a weeping jag. This time she merely spoke short, sharp word that left no doubt in the reporter's mind as to what she meant, and what she meant was that he was talking through his hat."

"Judy Garland insists, 'I am happier now that morning I turned on the radio. Suddenly, I was listening to a story that really could have been my own! In fact, it nearly was—the same sorrows, the same heartaches, the same problems I had to face alone and here was a solution that hadn't occurred to me. Imagine my surprise—my own life on the air, and this program actually helping me to solve my problems.'"

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than I've even been." And she certainly looks it. Her weight is 110 pounds. Her luminous brown eyes are sharp and clear. Her voice is bigger, better and more controlled than ever. And she is optimistic. Perhaps Judy has gained some confidence from her new system of periodic physical checkups. Every six months or so, she checks into the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood and submits to a thorough examination.

After each visit to the hospital, the rumor goes around that, "Judy Garland is on that pill-kick again." Not true. Judy sleeps well these nights because she has found peace. How lasting it will be no one knows. Judy's nature is volcanic and may erupt without a moment's notice, especially if another marital disappointment were to spark the flame. But she had the strength and will power and stamina to finish A Star Is Born.

Undoubtedly you've heard and read about Judy and Star.

Last year when she announced that she was going to use its musical version as a screen comeback vehicle, most of Hollywood was doubtful.

"Maybe Judy will start the picture," one producer offered, "but she'll never finish it."

"I don't care what anyone says," another executive confided. "This kid's strong tighter than an E-string on a violin. Worse yet, her husband is producing the picture. Luft knows a lot about horses, but what does he know about pictures? You'll hear them scrapping way off in Cucamonga."


WITH THIS RING . . .

Lydia became engaged to Charlton (Speedy) Heston—ten years late!

Lydia Heston stepped off the stage of The Seven Year Itch and walked into the arms of her tall and terrific husband. After a kiss longer than is allowed on the screen, he fumbled around in his tweed jacket and pulled out a tiny package.

"Tenth anniversary," he mumbled.

Lydia unwrapped the package. It contained a diamond engagement ring and a matching wedding band.

Speechlessly, she admired the fine stone. Then Charlton remarked, "Now you can put away that gold band you've worn for ten years."

"Nothing doing," she retorted. "My wedding ring stays on for every day. The finery is for state occasions."

Taciturn Charlton Heston is not really a forgetful husband, allowing his bride to wait ten long years for her engagement ring. When he does a thing he wants to do it right and it's only recently that he has had the money for such a spectacular gesture.

The Hestons just can't bring themselves to live like Hollywood stars. The days in which they honeymooned on a household budget of ten dollars a week are not forgotten. Yet in another ten years they'll be the same, for neither of them wants to settle into what they call the "glamour rut." Stardom to them simply means the opportunity to choose their roles.

Few are the Hollywood wives who would want to appear in a Chicago company of any play while married to a star of Heston's stature. Equally rare is a star like Charlton who would take third billing in a play just for the thrill of doing it. That happened when Heston opened for a short run on the stage in Bermuda, playing the boorish young man in Born Yesterday, with Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas in the starring roles. "Paul told me," he says proudly, "that during the New York run the highest price ever paid to scalpers for tickets was $50 a pair, but in Bermuda we had 'em going for $200.

"Of course we want to have a family before too long," he adds. "But in the meantime, Lydia is not the type to stay home while I bounce around the country. I'm proud of the way in which she puts her talent to work and I'll venture to say that this fact brings us closer than most couples in our profession." It is also bringing them greater success.

So put it down in your book. He's a man who may take ten years to buy an engagement ring, but he'll be around ten years after most of the male stars of today are forgotten.
I've been used to singing on the stage in London and New York and San Francisco. So he just quit. Otherwise, everything's been fine.

"Go around," she suggested. "Ask anyone on the picture. You'll find out."

GEORGE CUKOR, a knowing and sensitive man who has directed some of Hollywood's foremost pictures—All Quiet On The Western Front, Royal Family, Camille, and Beau Geste—was kind enough to explain his position just before leaving for Europe on a vacation.

"It's amazing," he exclaimed, "absolutely amazing how these stories get started.

"Judy was perfect in this picture. Cooperative, tireless, energetic—and I say this objectively—absolutely magnificent."

Before the film started my friends would call me up—I'd say they meant well. 'George,' they warned me. 'Don't make Star with Judy. She's not well. She'll hold you up. Her husband will interfere. You won't be able to work. She's an unhappy girl. She can't find herself. Don't do it.'

"Not a word they said is true. Judy is in wonderful condition both physically and emotionally. And the performances were—well, you'll have to see it for yourself.

"This girl has always been one of the rare, one of the truly great talents in this town. And now that talent has matured."

A studio executive agreed heartily.

"I've heard so many stories about Judy Garland and Star," he said, "that I'm sick. The plain truth is that we're overjoyed with this picture and that Judy was marvelous all during the production."

"Sure, it took a long time and cost a lot of money, but it's one of the finest pictures I've ever worked on. It turns out more than three-hours and we're going to road-show it and Judy will probably win an Academy Award. In all my years at this studio I have never witnessed a finer performance."

Overheard: "My beauty parlor makes me LOOK younger but they still haven't come up with anything that'll fool a flight of stairs."

Mike Conroy, The Hollywood Reporter

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munity eight miles north of Los Angeles where her father took over management of the local theatre. Judy was enrolled in a children's dramatics school where she learned to project her precocious voice.

Last year, a few months before Judy's mother died—she was working in an aircraft plant—she spoke of her daughter's childhood.

"People blame me," she said, "for all of Judy's unhappiness. They say I deprived her of a happy childhood. It was her into show business, that I tried to make her the big star I never was."

"That's not true. Not a word of that is true. Every girl Judy was obsessed with entertaining. She never could get enough of it."

"She always loved to sing. It wasn't true of any other of my girls. And Judy, she sang with Judy. She made her own youth. I let her do what would make her happy."

W H E N J U D Y was twelve an agent named Al Rosen caught her act at Lake Tahoe and took her around to MGM. The buxom child sang one song in her full-throated, uninhibited style and within a week she had a movie contract.

A month later her father died of meningitis. This was the first in Judy's long list of heartbreaks.

Her second came at fifteen when she fell in love with a married man. Sometimes these puppy love affairs are trivial developments in a girl's growing-up. But Judy's first love affair was important to her, and long after it ended, she carried a torch. Somewhere her great open faith in people was irretrievably damaged.

Her first serious love was Rose, a bust, perhaps because they were both more interested in their individual careers than in their life together. The divorce left Judy with an emotional scar.

To compensate, she worked harder. She starred in three great pictures, Meet Me In St. Louis, The Clock, Ziegfeld Follies.

Vincente Minnelli, aesthetic, thin-faced and artistic, offered to fill her emotional void. A year after their marriage their daughter Liza was born. After that Judy's great trouble started.

One day she would be ecstatically happy, the next day tragically sad. One day she took pills to gain weight, the next day to reduce. One day she imbibed stimulants, the next depressants.

One doctor blamed it all on the aftermath of childbirth. MGM, the studio where she worked, suspended her beloved Judy. It looked like the end. Judy thought so, too. At twenty-seven, hopelessly mixed up, she half-heartedly attempted suicide.

After that she was under a doctor's supervision.

B E T T E OF ALL is part of the past. The present begins with Sid Luft.

No matter what you hear about Sid and his troubles with his ex-wife Lynn Bari, he is Judy's perfect complement.

It was his physical charm that first infused her with the desire to sing and entertain again. It was he who, with the help of the William Morris Agency, booked her into London's Palladium, New York's Philharmonic and San Francisco's Curran. He was the one who talked David Selznick into selling the musical rights to A Star Is Born, and it was he who helped raise the capital to form their independent company, Transcon, Inc.

It is Sid who, knowing of Judy's old friendship with Frank Sinatra, is so understanding about having 35 agents visit them. Other husbands might be jealous. But not Sid. His faith in his Judy is limitless. And it should be, for these days with them we cannot help but feel that Judy and Lorna—Lorna, Liza and her stepson John—Judy no longer permits herself the luxury of moodiness.

"I do not keep working," she asserts, "because I've worked since childhood and the whole pattern of my behavior would be changed too much if I were to stop."

"I do realize, however," she adds, "that there are something much more important than a career."

"What, for example?"


It has taken a long time, but at thirty-one Judy Garland has grown into a happy and fulfilled young woman.
If he doesn’t want to marry me, Arlene thought, I don’t want to marry him. They broke off their relationship without rancor or recrimination.

Fernando went down to Palm Springs. He began to date Mary Castle.

Arlene, admitting to no one that her heart was breaking, went about her many businesses: designing lingerie, writing her beauty column for Daily Mail, discussing a new picture (A Woman’s World) with Twentieth Century-Fox.

All this time the wise guys had Fernando written off as an “angle boy,” a self-seeking, ruthless womanizer.

“He made a few pictures with Dahl,” they said, “and then he kissed her off. Who will be the next victim?”

They spoke knowingly, but few people in this country knew much about Lamas. This is his own story:

“I was born in Buenos Aires, a suburb outside of Buenos Aires on January 9, 1916. My father died of double pneumonia when I was one. When I was four my mother died of peritonitis.

“I lived with my two grandmothers, one with me, the next with the other. They finally took the case to court to determine custody rights. The magistrate decreed that I was to live with my grandmother Lamas from Monday to Friday so that I could attend the good city schools in Buenos Aires. On the weekends I was to live with my grandmother Fernandez in the country.

“I had no mother, no father, no sisters or brothers. Ever since I can remember I have had to solve my own problems, solve them by myself. As a boy I made my own decisions. I think this gave me some sort of self-reliance.

“Things have not been easy for me. I have had to fight for what little success I’ve had. No one has helped me much.

ARLENE’S GOOD-NIGHTIES

Arlene Dahl knows how to turn her spare time into a pretty penny. She has been designing lingerie for many years and has created her own trousseau. Arlene created something special. It took more than a month to make the pink, sheen negligee.

“Aaron, now,” Arlene explains, “I couldn’t possibly wear something that Fernando had seen in department stores throughout the country. I had to create something just for the occasion.”

If Arlene decides to release this model for public consumption she will call it “Wedding Night.”

“I got into acting in the usual way, I guess. School plays—things like that. I finished high school when I was fifteen. I had an uncle over in Mexico, Jose Lamas, I went to him and told him I wanted to become an actor. He warned me that I was being crazy but he got me a job in a play, Noche de los Pobres. I had five lines. When they were over, on nineteen I got jobs on the radio, Radio Miti.

“I swam a lot. One year I won the South American free style championship.

“I never went to college although at one point I thought I’d study law. I was twenty-four when I got my first lead in a play, Rebecca. I was lucky with women. They’ve always been kind to me, and I have tried to be kind to them, to give them all my attention.

“I always get into a little bit of a flirtatious business about Spain, and Arlene found a fiery Spanish dancer from Asturias. I fell in love after seeing her perform at the Avenida. I think I was twenty-one at the time, just a kid. It probably wasn’t love, just puppy love. I went backstage and told her she was great and we went steady for almost nine months.

“My first wife was Azuzena Mus, her nickname was Perla. She was a movie actress and singer. She was nineteen. I was twenty-three. We went together six months, not nearly enough time. We were in a hurry to be married.

“Times were hard. There is a Spanish saying, ‘When poverty comes in the front door, love flies out the window.’

“It was terrible being poor. I don’t ever want to be poor again. I will drive a taxi, work anything, do anything but be poor. When you have plenty of love and no money, somehow the love begins to disappear. Anyway, there is no divorce allowed in Argentina, so we went across the river to Montevideo and got a divorce there. That was the end of the marriage.

“When I met Lydia at the Hindi Golf Club outside of Buenos Aires, I was having lunch with Eduardo Schliefier, an importer. Lydia was working as a secretary. Schliefier introduced us. She was very attractive. We went together for six months, then we were married in a civil ceremony attended by her family.

“At the time I was all alone in the world, my grandparents having died. Alexandra was born April 14, 1947. And there is another old Spanish saying, ‘Sometimes children are born with a loaf of bread under their arm.’ I hope they’re both lucky.

“Aureliia brought good luck into our lives. A month after she was born, I got my first break in the movies. A friend introduced me to Manuel Romero, a director. He asked me to go out for a screen test. I was signed. Then when Republic Pictures came to Buenos Aires to shoot The Avenger, I was signed for the Spanish version and John Carroll for the English version. Then Republic brought me to the States.”

JOHN CARROLL’S wife at that time was Lucelle Rymer, a talent executive at MGM. She recommended Fernando to her studio. Fernando sang for L. B. Mayer and was put under contract.

His American film debut was made in Rich, Young And Pretty, and after further experience in The Law And The Lady, he was assigned the plum role opposite Lana Turner in The Merrymakers.

There is no point in going over the Lamas-Turner love affair again. Everyone knows thatLex Barker wound up with Turner and Fernando wound up with Arlene Dahl.

Lex rushed Lana into a marriage which is apparently very successful. But Fernando approached Arlene with great caution. He made triply sure that life for him was impossible without her.

DURING THEIR estrangement, Fernando tried not to think of Arlene. But she was too much in his heart and mind.

Finally, he arranged to meet her in the lobby of the Regency Hotel and he asked her out for the next day. It seemed to both of them that they had never been separated. They had never fallen out of love with each other.

And this time, Arlene received the marriage proposal she had been expecting for more than a year. Arlene said yes. "I’ll marry you right away, but it’s got to be a double-ring ceremony," Lamas laughed and took the beautiful redhead in his arms.

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"Honey Bumps" (continued from page 31)
hormones—unknown outside the realm of rabbits, which Bob Mitchum has never claimed. It is to his credit, however, that he doesn't hold a low opinion of the feminine gender because of the tendency to melt into absurd puddles in his presence. He probably thinks it happens to all the boys.

In any case, it's clear that those age groups which should still be receiving such emotional charges. At a recent dinner party an exquisite dowager of seventy years of age, a native of Robert Mitchum. When the writer admitted that she hadn't met Mitchum, he might just as well have gotten lost.

"Dulcie," she stated unequivocally, "is the only actor in pictures I'd walk across the street to see. And the only man in the world I'd still like to meet.

The other guests were amused, since she was such an elegant little thing, and they began to tease her.

"Dulcie," said one, "I don't think Mitchum is in your league. His accent is rather Edwardian, you know."

She was unperturbed. "I never knew a real man who didn't use strong language when it was needed."

"But Dulcie," protested another, "he's supposed to be a terrible role! I've heard that his leading ladies fight over him."

Dulcie smiled. "If it's true, it certainly prepares him for another role!"

Dulcie's husband thought that the conversation should have exhausted itself by now. "Dulcie," he said irritably, "may I suggest that we go to the theater tonight?"

Mr. Mitchum has been suspicion of getting his kicks from something stronger than corn-silk. It should have worked, but this was Mitchum's first time in the laden silence that followed, Dulcie leaned forward. "Tell me," she asked sweetly of her husband, "is it fattening?"

The first picture of Robert Mitchum drawn by the pens of Hollywood writers was that of a crude, rough-and-tumble character possessed of nothing more than pure animal vitality and energy. A variable longshoreman, a carny, a bouncer, a truck driver and a hobo, he was a tough guy and it showed; he appears Lawrence! When the screen characterization pulled, the present one was imposed. Bob Mitchum isn't a tough guy any more. Instead, he's a brilliant behind the scenes macho. Dulcie's personal interest in his feeling of personal inadequacy behind a façade of cynicism and blasphemy is the stuff of which fables are made.

Certainly Mitch is bright, talented and acutely sensitive to the vibrations of his fellow beings—but never be deluded into thinking he's a shrinking violet whose vitality is only in his expressions.

When the men were separated from the boys, Mitch was there to be counted among the men. He can take care of himself, as he pointed out to everyone, "I don't have a donnybrook with a large gentleman in Colorado. The gentleman was a professional fighter whose record indicated that he had knocked out nineteen of twenty-five fights. This record of Robert Mitchum wasn't available. The cause of their altercation was never established, but when the dust settled Mitchum and his antagonist was resting comfortably as could be expected in the local dispensary. Said an apologetic Mitch to the man, "If you had been a bit more cautious, I certainly have the truth; there was nothing to indicate that the pugilist had planned a rest cure at that particular time. Then Mitch added, "An actor is always a target for belligerent guys who think that they are tough and Hollywood men are softies. Sometimes you have to fight."

Bob Mitchum believes he is a cynic about humanity. Once he said, "I've been places where men would kill you for nothing. I don't have to think twice about what they'd do to you here in Hollywood for a million bucks." From what bitter experience he gained this blackness of heart he didn't say, but it did absolutely nothing to prevent him from hiring a business manager who assigned with $33,000 of his money. It wiped out the Mitchums after five long years of working it.

Even now he is no less susceptible to the blandishments of people who entertain similar intentions. A case in point is his recent purchase of the Columbia recording of the popular music. Though he's no Cole Porter, Mitch has a good feel for music, and when he can't think of a song to fit his mood, he makes one up. Now and then they're pretty good.

He showed one such improvisation to a "guy"—Mitch never identifies them beyond that—and this fellow knowledge he approached him enthusiastically. "I think I have a good chance of getting your song published. Will you sign this, so I can get a recording?"

Bob signed. A few months passed, and he heard his song played on a disc jockey's program, just as you probably did. That was absolutely all he heard, however, since he's still waiting for the correct from the Bureau of Internal Revenue asked him for an accounting of his royalties.

"I just told him the truth, that I hadn't made any money. I'm not making money off my song," he said wryly, "but I thought the least he could do was pay the taxes on what he made."

CYNIC OR NOT, Mitch is oddball philosophical about getting rooked. Maybe it's easier to practice philosophy than to admit people around him. If you think according to him, it's the breaks. The man who stole his $83,000 is in prison, and he doesn't write songs to make money, anyhow. The big shriners shrug in age-old assumption. "You're having a bad break, you just fight a little harder."

It isn't the way most men would think. Mitch doesn't think like other people, and he doesn't do things like they do. He's a free soul, he is terribly vulnerable. He hasn't done half the things with which he is identified—but he might if he felt like it. He probably has a family, and the rest is believable. Accuse him of anything in the world, and at least a few of his best friends will believe it. Why not? It's possible.

Mitch isn't shy about the quieter traits that make him vulnerable, but he's getting used to being a sitting duck on the pond. There was quite a newspaper spread last week about Mitch's recent trip to Europe. He had been a reporter, a lawyer or even a policeman. The guy said, "You'll be cleared if you take it to court; you're innocent! He enjoyed the trip, and heavy as the traffic is on Wilshire at eight o'clock at night, you couldn't go seventy unless you were in a helicopter."

"So I took the job and I'm cleared," Mitch added. "Then what happens?"

The guy was elaborately casual. "Oh, the officer who made the mistake will get suspended or dropped from the force. He's probably has a family, and the rest of the men on the traffic detail aren't going to forget that you cost him his job. Natural enough, isn't it? You can afford a traffic citation a bit easier than he can afford to
admit a mistake that may cost him his job." Mitch pondered. "So?"

"So, if you farm, you plead guilty to speeding, reckless driving, resisting arrest, or whatever you're charged with. Pay your fine and forget about it. Otherwise, you get a lot of unpleasant publicity and the assurance that every time you run an amber light from now on, you'll get another ticket. Cops aren't mean, but they're human."

Bob Mitchum, boy cynic, shook his head. "Look, I just don't get it. This other actor, the one they caught last week—he was doing ninety. The only way they stopped him was by firing two bullets into his car, and when they opened the door he was so drunk he fell out on his face. How come he gets off with a fine for drunk driving and three lines in the newspaper, and I get the book?"

"Ah," answered his adviser, pointing the finger of sardonic truth. "They don't want to read about him. They want to read about you."

Mitchum meekly pleaded guilty and paid. He's getting used to it.

Not unexpectedly, publicity-seekers take wide advantage of the fact that people want to read about Robert Mitchum. It was this and nothing more that precipitated the now-notorious breast-baring incident, when his wife—in full dress—was photographed in the Cannes Film Festival. Summing it up, a hitherto unnoteworthy actress cornered Mitch on a terrace at the very moment a saucy snapshot was snapped by a photographer affording some rather staggering newsho- tos of one Robert Mitchum leering down at an oblivious, half-clad young female.

The scene was unquestionably Mitchum's, the one he was born with, but the circumstances were absolutely beyond his control. Asked to pose for a publicity pic- ture, he had agreed amably and without any inkling that the girl involved had played to shock the upper portion of her costume. Later, pressed for an explanation, Mitchum gave reporters a statement which should go down in the annals of history with those of other doughty warriors—of one kind or another. “My bad,” he said la- corically, “was to the sea.

Typical of the soft-hearted girl with no animosity, though he thanked his stars that Dorothy, his wife, was along on that sightseeing tour of the Isles de Lérins. Dottie saw some sights, all right. At least this time she knew that the mischief her husband was in was not of his own making. Of the misguided actress Mitch said indifferently, "She was all right. I told her she had been trying to get to Hollywood for three years and figured that this was the only way she'd ever make it. Afterward, she added with the fleeting, wry grin so typical of the man of emotion, I sure hoped she hadn't caused me any trouble!"

It was too bad, someone said, that it had to happen to him, of all people. The big guy shrugged it off and strolled off, waving a palm up. "Who else?" he asked simply.

In those two words he said a mouthful of wisdom learned the hard way. If the same thing was to happen to me, he thought, a lot of people, even he, would be in a bunch. If it had happened to a woman, he might have done something about it. He made up his mind to visit the nearest law office and try to see that the wrongs of the world were redressed.

The incident. With due local indignation and apologies to the distinguished gentleman so embarrassed, It would have died aborning. There is, in fact, a number of celluloid celebrities present at the Cannes Festival before Mitchum arrived, but none had his exploitation value, as Miss What’s-her-name went on to prove. As the story spread, since some back into the anonymity from which she briefly emerged, having gained nothing for herself that she could sensibly want. Un- less for reasons of her own she cherishes the errant, exiled little actress, otherwise she is without a peer in her struggle to keep the name of Hollywood clean.

Any attempt to whitewash Bob Mitchum with histrionic bravado, with his man failings, even some of the common garden variety. He’s as lazy as a three- toed sloth. If he holds still for an inter- view, you can bet that otherwise Dottie would have had him painting the patio furniture, and he has simply chosen the lesser of two evils. Getting him to talk is like pulling teeth—and once he is started, the experience can be as pain- ful as pulling teeth to the uninitiated listener, since the nature of his eloquence would raise hair on an egg.

He’s painfully unhandsome which can also be defined as disastrously tacitless. Once, when he was beset by about as much trou- ble as a man could find, Mitch declined to meet the press. Although he did so upon the request of his studio and the advice of sager heads, he was nevertheless award- ed the Hollywood Women’s Press Club “Sour Apple” for being the most uncoop- erative actor in Hollywood. In the true spirit of Lord Chesterfield Mr. Mitchum immedi- ately sent the ladies a telegram, to wit: YOUR GRACIOUS AWARD BECOMES A TREASURED ADDITION TO A COL- LECTION OF INVERSE CITATIONS WHICH INCLUDE PROMINENT MENTION IN SEVERAL 10 WORST- DRESSED MEN LISTS AND ONE SO- CIETY COLUMN’S ‘10 MOST UNDESIR- ABLE MEN GUESTS’ LIST, WHICH HAPPILY WAS PUBLISHED ON THE DATE I WAS MADE WELCOME AT THE COUNTY JAIL. Women scored are tran- scendently to be reckoned with—but again, this was Mitchum, which puts an al- lot different bright light on things. They might have been worse if they had not recognized the fact that he needed this final slap on the wrist like a hole in the head. He has friends and fans among them to this day, stubborn, uninhibited and tactless as he is.

He doesn’t like phonies and doesn’t hide it, which means that he has made his share of enemies in Hollywood, and that he has never found a way to strike a responsive chord in him. If you ever saw an actor holding a calm, rational three-way conversation with two-headed people, you would have to hand it to Robert Mitchum. What he looks for in people is his own little secret, but he finds it in some pretty remarkable characters. As a matter of fact, this Bob’s choice of friends and the amount of time he spends with them—has been the only public issue of his marriage. Even his severest critics admit that he wants to be left alone. Let’s face it: old Mitch, who makes the red corpuses of grandmothers stir around like a hill of ants, is a one-woman man. He fell in love with one girl, Dorothy, Moore, who wined at Terry Moore’s crème suit, or Ronald Reagan or a dozen other staid Hollywood citizens, there would have been no international
and married her—and that's it. She and the kids, Jimmy, Chris and Petrine, hold the meaning of life for Bob Mitchum. On that score, at least, he hasn't mistaken; he knows how it would be without them.

After years of yes, no and maybe, things are beginning to groove for Mitchum careerwise. He's busier than ever before, higher on the popularity polls. And now, he's got to put up or shut up on the score of acting. Stanley Kramer has signed him to play the lead in Not As A Stranger, which is certainly the dramatic plum of the year. Moreover, with Paul Gregory, Mitch has invested money of his own in the screen rights to Night Of The Hunter, in which he will portray the most hackle-raising villain to appear on the American scene in many a year. In both pictures he'll either have to act up a storm or start thinking about one of his earlier professions, like selling shoes. While he's waiting, he's on loan-out to Wayne-Fellows Productions for Track Of The Cat and is also scheduled to be reunited with Susan Hayward in The Untamed at Twentieth-Century-Fox.

ON THE FACE of things he ought to be happy as a clam—but you never saw a more miserable guy. He's behaving, he's working hard, and he ends up with an old, familiar companion trouble. "I've gotta get sued," he said sadly. "If the picture I'm doing with Duke comes in on schedule, I'll have fifteen days left on my contract with RKO, and they're committed to lend me to Fox. If I don't finish the first picture, Wayne-Fellows sues me. If I refuse to go on loanout for the second, RKO sues me. And if I don't do it for that one, Stanley Kramer sues me for a million dollars because Not As A Stranger doesn't start on schedule. And—-isn't this a pistol? If I don't meet the production date on Night Of The Hunter, they make me myself! That's right. Paul Gregory and I, as co-producers, have to sue me, as the star, for failing to meet my commitment. With all this money tied up in it to do anything else."

What does a guy do in a case like this? Mitch's shoulders gave a familiar, characteristic roll. "Take them as they come," he said. "My first impulse was to say, 'I'm not making any pictures until all this blows over,' but I have to work. I have four families to support."

He broomed a moment or two, then the corners of his mouth curled in a wicked grin. "Of course, there is something I could do; I could be so insulting to one of my leading ladies that she would go to her boss in tears and say, 'I refuse to make a picture with that uncouth boor!' Maybe I'll do that."

But now he wouldn't. Like all the rest of the problems, he'd take them as they came.

ava and the bullfighter

(Continued from page 33) In Spanish, Dominguín conceded that all of this was true. "Señorita Gardner," he confessed, "is one of the most fascinating, one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. She is an aficionada (a bullfighting fan). So is your famous writer el señor Homing- va. He is also a friend Dormindo, the Señorita said to me in the hospital that she had acted in some of his stories and would like to meet him, I asked Ernesto to come to the hospital with me to meet her. "There was a lunch in the hospital and then before the Señorita Gardner returned to London we went to a breeding ranch. She and Ernesto are very fond of each other." Would Dominguín marry Señorita Gardner if he had the chance? "But she is already married to the singer Sinatra," he protested. "But she is getting a divorce." "She is my friend," Dominguín asserted, "and I like her very much but I do not discuss the matters." But in Lhady's, an antequated saloon near Madrid's old Puerta del Sol where Dominguín meets his friends, the word is that the American actress has cast her spell over Luis.

ONE VETERAN bullfighting critic says, "Now that he is retired, Dominguín is ready to settle down. He has more than a million dollars. Much of it is deposited in the National City Bank of New York. He owns much real estate in Spain and coffee plantations in Brazil. "That he is crazy about her, few of us in Madrid would deny. When she came to Spain last May she was very tired and weak. Dominguín instilled in her new life, new vitality. "She even said that she would buy some property in Madrid and was playing a house here. Of course, she never has liked Holly- wood. But I believe it is Luis who is the big attraction for her. She is not the kind of woman who can be without a cape. "Besides, she is very much loved in Spain. She tries to speak Spanish and learn the ways of the people. "When she was ill, Dominguín visited her every day. She was afraid, the doctors said, to be operated on. She thought the kidney stones could be dissolved. Some days it was very painful. One she fainted from pain. "She is a wonderful girl. But in my heart I do not think she is the girl for Dominguín. The Spanish people are dev- ouously Catholic. There is absolutely no chance to make a successful marriage in Hollywood but not in Spain."

In a matter of days Ava will have her third divorce leading ladies that she would be in no mood to consider marriage—for a little while. But for Ava, marriage is necessary to happiness. "All I want," she has always said, "is a good husband and a flock of kids."

HER CAREER has never meant too much to the thirty-one-year-old Carolina beauty. "But let's face it—it's much better than being a secretary," she has said. Ava has been married to three Ameri- cans—Rooney, Shaw, and Sinatra. Each marriage failed.

Suppose for husband number four Ava should choose a Spanish bullfighter. For years she has loved bullfights. Whenever she can, she goes to the bullfights in Mexico to watch the imported matadors. Some women find the spectacle too bloody, but not Ava. If Ava were to marry Dominguín—and undoubtedly she will say she never has given the idea a thought—she would have to live in Madrid which is perfectly all right with her.

Spanish wives are not regarded as equals by their husbands. This is one avenue of nonsense down which Ava Lavinia would not likely to try it. Ava is a headstrong girl. She believes in fair play from the opening gong, which is why she dropped F. Sinatra. She didn't believe him to be a 'man.'

In Spain, Luis Miguel happens to be much more famous than Ava. His father was a second-rate bullfighter who taught him to fence. He is one of the young helpers when the lad was only five. By the time Luis was twenty, he was...
receiving $15,000 a fight, and he was consi-
idered Spain's second greatest bullfighter.

The first of the immortal Manolete who was fatally gored in 1946 while try-
ing to equal Dominguin's incredible mas-
tery with the cape. Dominguin had per-
formed with him for four years.

Three weeks later when Dominguin turned up in Barcelona, police advised him to leave town. "The feeling against you is so strong here," they warned, "we cannot be

responsible for your safety. We suggest you do not fight here." But Dominguin fought with such unforgettable bravery that the crowd cheered him as the new king of bullfighters.

Last January, Luis Miguel came to Mex-
ico. Already a millionaire, he seemed to lack his previous enthusiasm for the sport. He went to the ring in a huge horn that he drove into his right thigh. It was his eighth and worst wound. But he con-
tinued fighting, mostly for the money.

In Bogota he announced, "I once had

bullfighting like a madness. But now I've lost the joy of fighting. That's when acci-
dents, fatal accidents, happen. Today I'll make ten for twelve thousand dollars. But now it doesn't matter."

After this fight in Colombia, Dominguin cabled his mother. "You can be calm now. I have fought my last bull."

Ava knows Dominguin's story. She is three years older than Luis. But he has more money, more fame, more education. Nonetheless, it all has disturbed Ava. She has always thought her husbands much smarter than she. But she is disturbed by inequality of affection and wealth. More than ever she is a woman. She is less than she loves. Certainly this was true of her first two husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Whether it holds true for Frank Sinatra is another story.

Deborah Kerr said recently that when she was in Hawaii making From Here To Eternity with Sinatra, "I never saw a man so much in love with Ava. When we spent every spare minute trying to get phone calls through to Ava in Spain."

But it was too late by then.

What will develop between Ava and Luis Miguel God knows, we shall have to wait and see. Should the "close friends" have a rendezvous in Hollywood within the next few weeks the newspapers will be as hard at work as the columnist. If Dominguin cannot come to this coun-

ty, he and Ava will meet again in Madrid. Ava has much more privacy there.

Dominguin is the best thing that's hap-
pened to Ava this year. In January she said that she was divorcing Sinatra. No one believed her. Then she flew off to Spain and spent a month there with Frank when she showed up in Rome for The Barefoot Contessa. She was mentally torn when Sinatra kept up his barrage of long distance telephone calls but she decided that when she returned to Spain she would file for divorce. Reconciliation, she told herself, was hopeless.

Frank sent her a chocolate coconut cake via LaGuardia. He was flying to Italy to visit Humphrey Bogart. But al-

though Ava appreciated the cake, and even ate it, she knew in her heart that the marriage was over. She flew her-

self into The Barefoot Contessa. In February when the company moved to San Remo she almost lost her life.

The ship was buffeted by a terrible storm off the coast with director Joe Mankiewicz, Italian stars Valentina Cortese and Ros-

sano Brazzi. The sea was calm when they left in a tiny boat. But they lost control of the craft as the Riviera currents sucked it out to sea.

When Ava failed to show up for some scheduled shooting, the film crew became alarmed. A large yacht owned by the

Rizzoli Film Company was ordered out. A week after their search, Ava and her friends were sighted and towed to safety.

Ava was taken to her room and put to bed. "I was scared stiff out there," she said.

When The Barefoot Contessa was finish-
ed in March, Ava accompanied by her sis-
ter Beatrice, flew to Spain for a rest. Ava had met Dominguin the year before. In Madrid they became inseparable.

"Ava was very sick," he said. "She was hospitalized in May stones."

Last month, that after killing Luis
goodbye, Ava took off for London and

never returned.

Reports asked her about Sinatra and Dom-

inguin. Of Sinatra, Ava said, "I told you six months ago that I was going to divorce Frank, and I'm anxious to get it over with. Until MGM makes an immediate assignement for me I would like to establish residnace in Nevada and do it there.

"If not, I will get the divorce in Cali-

fornia. I can't make any plans until I've talked to my studio."

Dominguin?

"He is just a very good friend," she

asserted. "If he's coming here I don't know anything about it."

A WEEK LATER, Ava was between hospital examination, was suspended by MGM

for refusing to star in Love Me Or Leave Me. She blithely drove down to Tijuana to see the bullfights.

When she hired up her two sisters, their maid, Ben Cole, business manager to the ex-wives of Artie Shaw. In two cars, they drove to Zephyr Cove, a resort on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe.

Here in a lake named Twin Cedars, Ava said she would establish resid-

ence for a Nevada divorce from Frank Sinatra.

Because he owns a two per cent interest in the Sands Hotel on the Las Vegas Strip, Frank is registered in the State of Nevada as a licensed gambler. Reporters won-

sioned why Ava wasn't securing the divi-

sorce in Las Vegas.

"I've had fun around Lake Tahoe be-

fore," she explained. (Three years ago she visited Sinatra at Lake Tahoe.) "And I like Reno very much. That's why I chose this spot."

Ava might have been avoiding Las Vegas because all of the men she has been married to and is now just married to are ashamed of her. The Shaws and Frank Sinatra—happened to be enter-

taining there.

"Not at all," she said. "I simply prefer Tahoe and this whole district."

"What will be your grounds for divorce?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "The usual
grounds." (Mental cruelty.)

Ava picked up a picture for a picture.

"Honest, fellas?" Ava exclaimed. "Just

look at me!" She was dressed in an old blue wool shirt and a grey tweed skirt belong

ing to her maid.

"These aren't even my clothes," she ex-

plained. "I look like the devil. We shipped a trunk up to Reno and we can't find it. I don't have a stitch to wear."

"Why are you coming back tomorrow? Say at twenty-three. And I'll be glad to pose for you then."

The photographer said, "Fair enough." Next week when he turned up, Ava was gone and her sister Beatrice said she was terrified sorry but Ava said she couldn't pose for any photos. Later, Ava changed her mind. She is having at least one double-crossed the press. She posed for a few shots. But the newspapermen were more interested in hearing about Dom-

inguin.

And as Ava discussed her plans in Nevada, Luis Miguel was making plans of his own in Madrid some 6,000 miles away to visit his "amiga American," pre-

sumably at this very minute.
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Stories

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The Big Broadway Hit
COMES DANCING AND ROMANCING TO THE SCREEN!

BRIGADOON
NOW BIGGER THAN EVER
IN THE BEAUTY OF COLOR!

You're seeing the famed stage musical from a front-row seat! Rich in spectacle... the whirling sword dance, the skirling bagpipes, the gathering of the clans, the glory of the Highland setting and more!

IN CINEMASCOPE

Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
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AN M-G-M PICTURE

AN M-G-M PICTURE STARRING

GENE KELLY
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with
ELAINE STEWART
BARRY JONES
ALBERT SHARPE

Those BIG BRIGADOON Song Hits!
“Heather On The Hill”
“Watin’ For My Darlin’”
“Almost Like Being In Love”
“There But For You Go I”
“II’Il Go Home With Bonnie Jean”
...and others!
few women realize that “those days” every month actually add up to an average of 5 full years! Turn that figure over in your mind for a minute. Does it make any sense whatsoever for you to compromise on the type of sanitary protection you use for such a long time...to accept chafing and odor and bulk as “necessary evils?” Why don’t you try Tampax?

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Didn’t Betsy Drake go to Europe with Cary Grant because she was afraid of Grace Kelly’s winning ways? —N.T., Chicago, Ill.
A. No. Betsy and Cary are married, like to spend all their time together.
Q. I understand that Donald O’Connor has to pay his wife $100,000 alimony every year. Is this on the level? —B.Y., Kansas City, Cal.
A. Gwen O’Connor receives 20% of the first $100,000 of Donald’s adjusted income, 10% of the second $100,000, $150 a month for the support of their child.
Q. Isn’t Burt Lancaster shy about admitting to his real age? I’m told he’s 46 years old. True? —E.F.R., New York, N. Y.
A. Lancaster, according to official records, was born in New York City on November 2, 1913.
Q. Is it true that Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer own and manage a string of movie theaters? —F.J., Louisville, Ky.
A. They have a financial interest only in several pagliass.
Q. Isn’t Bob Wagner going around with a divorcee who is really his secret love? —D.R., La Jolla, Cal.
A. Yes—for the time being.
Q. What is the relationship between Frank Sinatra and Jackie Loughery, Guy Mitchell’s ex-wife? —S.J., Martin, Tex.
A. They are good friends.
Q. Why did Linda Darnell keep her marriage to Phil Liebmamn secret for so many months? —H.T., Trinidad, Col.
A. She didn’t want to answer questions, so she waited until she was out of Hollywood to make the announcement.
Q. Is there any actor in Hollywood who has more money than Jimmy Stewart? —P.S., Kingsbury, Cal.
A. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope.
Q. Why did June Allyson turn down a percentage of the profits on The Glenn Miller Story in favor of straight salary? —E.T., St. Louis, Mo.
A. Miss Allyson’s reply: “I must have had rocks in my head.”
Q. What is Esther Williams’ real name? Can she see without glasses? —V.Y., Oklahoma City, Okla.
A. Esther’s real name is Esther Williams; she wears contact lenses or glasses when not working in pictures.
Q. I was in Hollywood last summer and wanted very much to visit a studio. Every studio I went to told me that no visitors were allowed. Why? —P.F., Milwaukee, Wis.
A. Visitors’ requests are so numerous that if complied with they would halt production.
Q. I’ve been told that the one reason Clark Gable signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox was that they agreed to give him a percentage of profits on his pictures and MGM would not. True or false? —H.H., San Francisco, Cal.
A. True.
Q. Wasn’t Sheere North really signed by 20th to keep Marilyn Monroe in line? —G.R., New York, N. Y.
A. Possibly—but avowedly to star in Pink Tights.
Q. Will Vittorio Gassman ever make another film in Hollywood? I understand he’s against the town. —M.H., San Diego, Cal.
A. Gassman has nothing against Hollywood, something against ex-wife Shelley Winters.
Q. I have just seen Gone With The Wind. What ever happened to that marvelous actor, Leslie Howard? —T.N., Del Rio, Tex.
A. Howard was killed during World War II when agents in Portugal ordered the Luftwaffe to shoot down a passenger plane which they mistakenly thought was carrying Churchill to England. Howard was aboard that plane.
Q. Is it true that Debra Paget’s mother was once a famous burlesque queen? —V.D., Little Rock, Ark.
A. Mrs. Paget was in burlesque.
Q. What’s happened to the famous dog, Lassie? I understand she’s dead. —D.J., Edisto Island, S.C.
A. Lassie is 14 years old, begins a television series on CBS, September 12.
A. Not at all.
Q. Isn’t there domestic trouble in the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis household? —J.Y., Mountain Home, Idaho
A. No. Both have been overworked, both are tired, both want a baby, both are weary of moving from one house to another.
"Sabrina" is a motion picture as great as its great, great cast!

It's bubbling with Laughter... Romance... Drama... Exciting Entertainment and Academy Award Stars!

HUMPHREY BOGART
Topping his Oscar-winning role in "The African Queen"!

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Surpassing her Academy Award success in "Roman Holiday"!

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Outdoing his "Stalag 17" power-performance!

Produced and Directed by the Academy Award winner who brought you "The Lost Weekend" and "Stalag 17."

BILLY WILDER

With WALTER HAMPDEN • JOHN WILLIAMS • MARTHA HYER • JOAN VOHS
Written for the Screen by BILLY WILDER, SAMUEL TAYLOR and ERNEST LEHMAN
From the play by SAMUEL TAYLOR • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
CHARLES ANTELL
NEW SUPER LANOLIN!
GREATEST BREAK FOR YOUR HAIR SINCE LANOLIN ITSELF!

For damaged hair that's been dyed, fried, bleached, broiled...Charles Antell has now perfected Super Lanolin! Not just a new and better lanolin...but actually 3 times more effective than any lanolin product for absorbing and holding vitally-needed moisture!

Tonight, saturate your dried-out hair with amazing new Super Lanolin Formula 9. Give it a chance to drink up precious moisture. In the morning, shampoo with Charles Antell's specially created lanolin shampoo. See the difference instantly! See your hair come back to new life — healthier-looking, more beautiful, more manageable than you dreamed possible!

TV TALK

Eva Marie Saint stays home...Kim Stanley meets her kids...Arlene Francis realizes an ambition.

Arlene Francis always seems happy and gay on television, and she's even more so in her private life. In fact, she's probably one of the happiest women around anywhere. The people who work with her claim they do not know how she keeps from being exhausted and burned out. They are completely wrong. She just keeps on smiling, and never loses her patience. Yet she isn't one of those women who are saccharine sweet and get on your nerves. She is the one gal on TV whom everyone loves. She can travel all over town without finding one enemy or even one person who's lukewarm. There may not be another big star who can say that! Arlene is also one of the happiest wives and mothers in town. She's been married for eight years to Martin Gabel, a short, bespectacled actor-producer who looks a little bit like an older Rod Steiger. They have a little boy, Peter, who is not one of those children who are ignored by their famous parents. Arlene and Martin spend a lot of time with Peter. He does not go away to school (he goes right in the neighborhood!), and be isn't sent off to camp in the summer. Arlene and Martin work together during the week; Arthur Godfrey bought his wife Mary up from Leesburg, Virginia, and moved into a big, fancy apartment...Jinx Falkenburg is a little misfit. She has to share a bare dressing-room with Faye Emerson, while, right across the hall, Arlene Francis has one all to herself —with a star on the door and a carpet on the floor!...Kim Stanley got her stage name in a strange way. Most people think up their own, or find one in a phone book, or take a friend's suggestion. But Kim's mother gave her hers. Kim is the name of one of Mrs. Reid's grandsons, and Stanley is one of her family's names. Mrs. Reid lives in New York now, in a small Greenwich Village apartment, so that she can take care of Kim's two children when Kim is rehearsing or acting out of town. In fact, she had to leave the children for a month because Kim had been so busy that her youngest child thought his grandmother was his mother! So Kim stayed alone with the children out on Long Island and re-established herself with them. Kim is just beginning to be happy again after a miserable marriage that left her a nervous wreck. Now that she is divorced, she is devoting herself to her children and her career, which is really booming...Some of (Continued on page 56)
SGT. JOE FRIDAY for the first time in a motion picture theatre!

"7:55 P.M. All days off were cancelled. All officers placed on standby. This was the hottest case to ever hit the department"

JACK WEBB
IN THE FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH PRODUCTION OF
DRAGNET

THE TRACK-DOWN STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE!
SO BIG IT HAD TO BE TOLD ON THE WIDE, WIDE SCREEN IN WARNERCOLOR.

'Frank' is in it too!
BEN ALEXANDER as Officer
Frank Smith

Presented by Warner Bros.
Written by Richard L. Breen
Directed by Stanley Meyer
Produced by Jack Webb
Starring Richard Boone, Ann Robinson, and a Mark VII Ltd. Production
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!**

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Casual, carefree — that's the new "Bambi" hairdo. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bob is perfect for this "Sweetie Pie" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings are necessary.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.
modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

IN THIS SECTION:
Louella Parsons' Good News!
I nominate Gary Crosby
Doris Day's green thumb
About Ava's bullfighter
the letter box

Jane Powell: Will she, won't she?
louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

I chaperoned Debbie Reynolds in Las Vegas—with some help from Jimmy McHugh, Debbie spent all her time with Eddie Fisher. It looks like love to me!

I CALLED JANE POWELL about her marriage to Pat Nemey because I heard she had received a diamond ring and was wearing it on an "unofficial" finger.

This is exactly what she said: "No ring, No marriage plans. All this stuff about our marrying as soon as my divorce is final is very premature.

"I'll tell you honestly I haven't made up my mind, and I mean it!"

I said, "But honey, just about the time I quote you on this in Good News, you'll be eloping with Pat!"

She said, "Whether you believe it or not, Louella, Pat and I have not talked marriage. Don't forget that both of us have had marriage failures. We are very happy together and value deeply what we have found in each other's friendship. That's the way it is now and may be for a long time."
Terry Moore made her nightclub debut in the dress above. It cost $3,500, and weighed 22 pounds! Terry called it a "nude soufle" and I don't know which was a bigger sensation—her terrific act or the gown!

Jeff Chandler was quite taken with Grace Kelly and her lovely roommate, Rita Gam. Grace's latest beau is Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's ex. Oleg says he and Grace will be married. This could be a big surprise.

I bumped into Judy Garland during one of her rare nights on the town and was so pleased to see that she's still looking well and gay. All the hard work she had making A Star Is Born didn't hurt her new happiness.

This is awfully hard to believe, baby.

When I saw these two in Las Vegas, they looked sooo much in love I thought they might be married by the time you read this.

BEFORE I LEFT FOR LONDON on my summer vacation, I had a whale of a fling in Las Vegas which was absolutely packed with stars doing their nightclub acts at the assorted hotels and casinos.

Frankie Sinatra (jamming them into the Ziegfeld Follies show at the Sands twice nightly) got the bright idea of holding a two A.M. preview of his new movie, Suddenly, and inviting all the stars and chorus girls on the Strip to attend.

(The Strip, kids, has nothing to do with taking off clothes. It's the name of the section of Las Vegas on which the swank places are located!)

Even in Hollywood, I've seldom seen as many Hollyites as turned up for Frankie's wingding. Ann Sothern, enjoying a big success herself with her nightclub act, looked absolutely stunning. If you ask me, Ann is one of the best dressed girls in Las Vegas—where they do a heap of dressing and undressing.

Speaking of undressing, Terry Moore, whose debut in the nightclubs was scheduled for the Flamenco the following night, looked very modest in a high-necked white pique when she arrived for the Sinatra showing.

My constant pals in Las Vegas were Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher—but I've written a whole story about them, which you'll read on page 42 of this month's MODERN SCREEN.

(I can add that since our return Eddie has gifted Debbie with a strand of perfectly matched pearls and also a ring!) Tony Martin and beautiful Cyd Charisse with their pals, the Mack Millars, were almost everywhere we went. I continue to be amazed at the few fans who recognize Cyd, for my money, one of the true beauties of the movies.

Several places I was asked, "Who is the gorgeous doll with Tony Martin?" The only way I can figure it out is that Cyd is just even more beautiful off the screen than she is in her movies.

There was plenty of excitement around Las Vegas about Ann Blyth's nightclub debut which occurs in September. Everyone loves this girl and has such respect for her.

Designer Helen Rose who is doing Ann's entire wardrobe reports: "No nudity for Ann's nightclub act. Just sheer talent!"

Before getting off the subject of Frank Sinatra's showing Suddenly in unusual spots —when he returned from Las Vegas he took
I nominate for stardom:
GARY CROSBY

I nominate for stardom Gary Crosby—provided he takes off about thirty-five pounds! This eldest heir of the Crosby clan is not only a hot hit on radio already but Paramount, where his old man toils, is searching diligently for a story for Gary—and without Bing!

He's one of the nicest kids I've ever met. None of the Crosby boys likes risqué jokes. Once during a rehearsal for his radio show replacing Bing for the summer, a line of dialogue got a bigger laugh than Gary thought it rated.

"Say," he whispered to his writer-producer Bill Morrow, "that doesn't carry a connotation I'm not hep to, does it?"

It didn't!

His favorite "mature" friend is Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's ex. He likes to drop by the Sinatra home, take pot luck with the family and sing to the accompaniment of Frankie, Jr., or Nancy. He thinks "the children" have talent.

He is extremely easy to work with and has great respect for the men behind the scenes who make the show go. He addresses men with the slightest touch of grey as "Sir."

He worries about little things—but he is trying to cure himself of the habit. He worries about his father's health, is upset if Bing goes to the hospital for a mere check-up.

Don't let anyone tell you that he has a serious romance. "The older I get (he's just turned twenty-one) the more I realize I'm not old enough to think of marriage."

Nor does he think of himself as rich. "They give me some (never quite enough) and save the rest," says he.
Harvest Moon" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

The girls in their summer dresses were lovely to look at against the backdrop of a moonlit night, candles a-glimmer on tables set with pink tablecloths and all the flowers in the garden in full bloom.

Jane Wyman's deep suntan shone like copper against the deep-cut white chiffon dress she wore.

Judy was in pink—even to the cloisonné cigarette case, compact and lipstick you could see through her plastic evening bag.

Dinah Shore looked like a big flower in her white dress with the full white-and-green whirling skirt.

Jane Powell was so completely surrounded by Pat Nerney most of the evening you could hardly see that she looked chic indeed in peppermint-stripe chiffon.

It was a sentimental night for me because I won't be seeing all these people I love so much for six weeks and you can bet I wiped away a tear or two when they all, including Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, lifted their voices to sing "Louella" to me as the party ended.

"I'M NO HATCHET WOMAN," I told the London reporters who came to interview me the day I arrived in England. I got a kick out of their expressions when they asked me if the movie stars are frightened out of their wits whenever I show up.

"No," I replied, "I'm much milder with age!"

I don't know whether they believed it or not. Probably not. But they were surprised by my answer and showed it.

The stars they are most curious about? Marilyn Monroe, first and most often mentioned. They particularly wanted to know if all the lurid details of the "Life story" of Marilyn, written by Ben Hecht and printed in British newspapers, are true. (All I know is that Marilyn is furious about the articles and says she never authorized them.)

There's also big interest in Jane Russell. Does she look like she does on the screen? Is she a religious fanatic? If so, why is she so sexy on the screen? (Jane does look like herself on the screen; she's no religious fanatic although she's active in the affairs of her church; she believes she's more sinned

Doris Day developed a green thumb!

Marty wanted roses but Doris wanted only exotic blooms and went to a nursery.

It was discouraging to Dodo, who hadn't planned to make it a full-time job.

So she phoned Marty, for some husbandly advice. "Roses!" said Marty. "Azaleas at least!" begged Doris, seeing all her pretty plans—and plants—disappear. So they compromised on African violets!
Gene Autry and Roy Rogers attended the party thrown by the western stars in honor of Norman Nudie, the tailor who outfits them all. Audie Murphy and Rex Allen showed up, too—in Nudie-created outfits, of course! Pretty Cathy Marlowe looked only semi-western. The testimonial dinner was very lively, with the men swapping tall tales across the table. Note Rex's famous horseshoe ring, by the way.

POOR MARILYN! THREE ATTACKS OF THE FLU HIT HER WHILE REHEARSING HER SCENES WITH DON O'CONNOR FOR SHOW BUSINESS
The British reporters asked if Jane Powell has lost much of her teen age following because of her divorce. (I told them the initial hue and cry about Jane's leaving George Steffen and her romances with Gene Nelson and Pat Nerney seems to have died down lately. The reaction was violent in the beginning, much disillusion at first.)

Another question: Is Gregory Peck now very unpopular in Hollywood because of leaving his wife Greta and their three sons? (I wouldn't say so. Greta's dignity and the way she has conducted herself through their separation have won her great respect and admiration in movietown. But this doesn't mean people consider Greg a louse.)

Last, but not least, they wanted to know: Is Frank Sinatra going back to Nancy?

(They both say they have no such intention. But who knows? Since he got Ava out of his system, Frank spends more and more time with his children and at the home of his ex-wife. He's pretty likely to drop in any time. Frequently he has lunch or dinner with the children or takes them to a cafe for an outing. Sometimes Nancy, a very popular gal, is at home on these visits. Sometimes she isn't. Not long ago, everyone was agog when they showed up in the same party at a nightclub—but when reporters frantically started checking next morning about a reconciliation, both replied, "No reconciliation.")

These are the topics the British press seemed most interested in. You fans probably knew the answers already.

IF EVER A PICTURE WAS BLIGHTED

by illnesses it's No Business Like Show Business with everyone in the cast and most of the crew being down with something or other most of the time.

Mitzi Gaynor had the worst breaks. After spraining her ankle and being on the sidelines for two weeks, the very day she reported back for dance rehearsals, she turned the same ankle and—boom! She's laid up for another seven days!

Poor Mitzi had just moved into her new apartment—incidentally, the first time she has lived alone minus mama's watchful eye—and she was so excited about getting things arranged.

On this same musical on the Twentieth lot, Marilyn Monroe came down with the flu on three separate occasions, was reported pregnant twice—and firmly denied the reports that she and Joe Di Maggio are expecting, "I feel too miserable to have a baby," Marilyn wailed—although I'm not exactly clear about her meaning.

Director Walter Lang, Dan Dailey and Johnny Ray were all bedded with severe colds at one time or another, causing songwriter Irving Berlin to remark, "There's no business like slow business—starting out and finished."

SHELLEY GETS HER WISH.

She once demanded that her (then) husband, Vittorio Gassman marry his leading lady Anna Maria Ferrera ("because they were carrying on a torrid romance while he was still married to me"). She is going to get her way. If she cares any more, which I doubt.

From Rome I hear that Vittorio and Anna Maria will be married by late fall and that

on my soapbox:

ABOUT AVA’S BULLFIGHTER

• Miss Gardner’s friend from Madrid is one of the least gallant gentlemen to visit our parts in some time. In fact, I’ll go so far as to say that this whole episode of Ava’s sitting out her divorce from Frank Sinatra in Reno while Luis Dominguin makes unflattering remarks about her in Hollywood and then planes up to be her house guest has been very short of dignity of any type.

Interviewed by reporters and asked about possible marriage plans with Ava when he first flew into California, el seño, the fighter of bulls, says in good enough English to be understood: “No Ava! She marries and divorces too much.”

Yet he and la Gardner were all over Lake Tahoe for five days holding hands and gazing into each other’s eyes. (Maybe Ava hasn’t been reading the papers.)

Upon Dominguín’s return to movietown he was again asked about matrimonial intentions toward the glamour girl (not unreasonable considering that about-to-be-divorced seldom entertain gentleman house guests while being unhitched unless it means something), and he goes up with: “No marriage to Ava. I am too infirm.” He’s twenty-eight!

Whether or not they eventually marry when Ava leaves off being Mrs. Frank Sinatra, I cannot hold high hopes for the success of a union in which the husband is so ultra frank—to put it mildly.
Mrs. J. Hurban, of Berea, Ohio, feels deeply for Gail Russell: "I am sure Gypsy Madison has done all she can. But can't some producer give this talented and charming actress the morale boost she really needs? I mean, give her a job!"

"B.P.," Detroit, doesn't believe that Rock Hudson is in love and planning marriage. "If he were—what's to keep him from taking out a license? This business of saying he's improving himself as an actor and becoming firmly established is a silly excuse. I feel he just hasn't found the right girl." Maybe you're right, B.P.

Nothing in the world can convince Ruth Lieberman, of Mattapan, Massachusetts, that there is any serious difficulty between Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. For one thing, Ruth is president of the Martin-Lewis fan club! She loves both boys and she's very upset about reports of trouble. Don't worry too much. After a few rough spots, Martin and Lewis are seemingly very happy these days.

Barbara Sivgard, Stockholm, Sweden, writing in perfect English, wants the world to know: "Elizabeth Taylor is far more popular in my country than Marilyn Monroe. And we still regard Farley Granger as Hollywood's top male star."

Jan Shepard, Riverside, California, writes: "I am not cynical about Hollywood marriages. I believe that if people will leave them alone, Lana Turner and Lex Barker will stay married and so will Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis."

Marcelle Harrison, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, didn't let just fair reviews on Demetrius And The Gladiators keep her from seeing the picture: "I think it is the greatest, just the greatest, and Vic Mature is a marvelous actor."

I can hardly believe Joyce Phillips, Canton, Illinois, when she asks, "Does Joan Crawford answer her fan mail?" Doesn't everyone know that Joan is the fan-mail-answeringest gal in movies?

My apologies to Margot Daniel, of Buenos Aires, for misspelling her name when I printed her very interesting account of our film stars attending the Argentina Film Festival. Margot Daniel is correct.

The Italian girl is now in Paris for her trousers. You can bet she isn't in London. That's where Shell is making her movie, Million Dollar Baby. Shell is still a bitter girl about her marriage. Even now she can go into a tirade about Gassman and how much he cost her in good old U.S.A. dollars.

Personal Opinions: Did Elaine Stewart develop into the big glamour star MGM expected her to be? Anyway, she's No. 1 glamour girl in the life of Dr. Herman Platt, whom she is expected to marry.

Oleg Cassini keeps telling friends he and Grace Kelly will be married. The studio is worrying. Sometimes, but not often, such worries have some basis.

Susan Hayward is too thin and too tired looking. Her troubles with Jess Barker are taking their toll. No wonder she is looking for a ranch (near St. George, Utah) where she and the boys can be far, far away from Hollywood when she isn't working.

Lana Turner looks lovely now that she's almost blonde again. I'd stay that way, honey. You're a blonde personality.

Julia Adams and Vic Damone may be serious—or they may not.

Best recipe for being the wife of a comedian I've ever heard: A friend, describing Eden Hartford, the new Mrs. Groucho Marx, says: "She laughs at all his jokes. Never tries to crack one herself."

I have a hunch Mitzi Gaynor misses living with mama.

I have another hunch that Marilyn Monroe will enter a famous clinic for a complete physical check-up when she finishes No Business Like Show Business. Catches too many severe colds.

Vera-Ellen's teeth aren't straight but for some reason (good to her) it doesn't show when she smiles on the screen.

Must say Amanda Blixt is honest about her reasons for calling off her marriage to Don Whitman, good-looking TV director.

"Just too much interference from his family," Amanda told me. "If you can't take it before marriage it's going to be worse after."

"I still think a lot of Don and I believe he feels the same toward me. We'll remain friends and maybe date now and then. But, marriage? That's out, thank you."

Lana Turner's gown as Goddess of Love in The Prodigal cost MGM $15,000—and with just a beak here and some semi-precious stones across the bodice—it's said to make the outfit worn by Marlene Dietrich in Las Vegas look like a Mother Hubbard.

The gown is so daring, it was tested for the censors on a closed stage with only the producer and the cameraman present.

Our girl friend has shed twenty pounds—but don't think for a minute she doesn't fill out that dress in the right spots!

It Should Happen to You Department: Bob Wagner consented to date one of his fans for a picture layout for a national magazine—and now he's dating her more than any of his other girls. She is twenty-one-year-old Aleen Warthen from Wilmington, California—and a real looker.

Well, Gregory Peck fell for the French girl who was sent out by a newspaper to interview him and now they say he's going to marry her.

Keep your fingers crossed, girls. Who says the amateurs are out of the running with Hollywood glamour boys?

Despite her denials, everyone around Warners believes that Pier Angeli is head over heels in love again—with James Dean, the New York actor who is out here for one of the top roles in East Of Eden.

The reason Pier is being so secretive (If you can call lunching with him daily a secret) is because Mama Pierangeli approves no more of young Dean for her daughter than she did of Kirk Douglas, which was not at all. Dean belongs to the Marlon Brando school—you know, no cars (uses Pier's), wears blue denim and T-shirts, and grunts when he's spoken to.

That's all for now. See you next month!
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

**THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY**

"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

**NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!** Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

**WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY**, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Now more than ever... The Soap of Beautiful Women
That's why
girls who get kissed
wear Make-up Mist
Because your cute little nose
is never shiny. Because your
cheeks are smooth and soft
and rose-petalled as a baby's.
Because you look too irresist-
ibly kissable not to kiss!
New - Out of a divine squeeze bottle comes a make-up that's new, that's different! Its softening emollients actually smooth in to your skin leaving only a dream-lovely MIST of color—a delicate MIST that's pure flattery! pure enchantment!

New — Smooth on one drop at a time! Make-up Mist's squeeze bottle gives just one drop at a time. No waste, no drippy globs. Circle on each drop—it becomes a creamy film. Circle over again—only a MIST of color remains! Never oily, never streaky. Just color that clings as never before—won't smear off on your collar—or his lapel!

New — Carry with you, keep your fresh look! Slip this slim, light squeeze bottle into your purse—for a fresh "face-do" at any hour. A drop of Make-up Mist retouches—without streaks! You can even powder over Make-up Mist, and your powder clings as it never has before!

New — Six clear, clean shades! One that's yours—to transform your complexion with born-beautiful color!

Try it today!

Maybe the one thing, the only thing that a beautiful rival has that you haven't got is—Pond's enchanting new Make-up Mist!

Only 59¢
Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is all red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that stays red and stays on—hour after hour!

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Cindy Jones

GUY'S CATCH — AND EVA'S CATCH

It took Eva Gabor to bring Madison in from the fields and streams!

- The outdoorsy bow and arrow man, Guy Madison, has been enjoying the company of delightful, cosmopolitan Eva Gabor since his divorce from Gail Russell was filed. But those who are taking bets on a marriage are likely to lose money. Guy fought hard for his first marriage and its failure has made him wary. According to Guy's friends, Eva (the sensible Gabor) has wrought a miracle. She has brought him back into the social swirl—or at least to the edges. A year ago wild horses couldn't have dragged him to a black-tie party. But when Hedda Hopper invited him to her party for Mary Martin he came rolling down the mountains from Big Bear Lake where he was filming Wild Bill Hickok. "Even bought me a new tux for the occasion," he said. "For the High And Mighty premiere I trotted out my old double-breasted outfit and I had a feeling that people were looking at me as a second cousin to Rip Van Winkle."

In spite of the social antics, hunting and fishing are still Guy's chief interests when he can get away from Hollywood. When he can't, his address is the Lakeside Golf course.

Guy is a home-loving type and will probably marry in a couple of years. But right now he is planning a small bachelor home in the hills of Hollywood's Outpost section. He will build part of it himself, and no doubt, half of Hollywood's marriageable girls will be trying to help him with the decoration.
November 25, Esther Williams will have been Mrs. Ben Gage for nine years. Of this long union she says, "I've never had it so good." She has also said to Ben: "Now look, don't buy me anything expensive for our anniversary this year." So far, except when he plunged for a diamond and star sapphire bracelet, Ben has been a good boy. He's keeping mum on this year's surprise, but he'll have to go some to top the practical gift of last year. Then Esther put the kids to bed, drank a toast in champagne and figured that was all, when she walked right by the present. Then she did a double-take at the biggest refrigerator she'd ever seen. Ben had bought a restaurant size!

Of swimming and children, Esther says: "I've never been an exponent of the 'throw them in and let them sink or swim' school. We have a fence around the pool and both Benjie and Kimmie know that they can never enter into the pool area without a rubber tire around their middles. The truth is that neither of them has ever been afraid of water. But they do respect the danger of it when their mom and dad aren't around. Just the other day, Benjie, without any urging, tossed away his rubber tube and swam two lengths of the pool without hesitation. Now Kimmie can't wait to do likewise."

Esther's concentration on her family still leaves time for strenuous rehearsals for the nightclub act she'll do with Ben at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, now that Jupiter's Darling is finished. "This," she says, "will mark the first time I have faced the public all dry, and I hope they like it."

One more thing Esther hopes. Now that she has that huge refrigerator, maybe this year Ben will give her a truckload of groceries to fill it.
PERIODIC PAIN
It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. E-104, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

NEW MOVIES by Florence Epstein

His cattle poisoned by waste from a copper mine, Matt (Spencer Tracy) summons his sons, Bob Wagner, Hugh O'Brien, Earl Holliman and Richard Widmark to force the mine owner to remedy the case.

His Indian blood (from his mother, Katy Jurado) may prevent his marrying Jean Peters, daughter of the governor, but Bob continues to court her. Meanwhile, a rift between the brothers widens, becomes real feud.

Matt dies while Bob is in prison on a frame-up. At his father's funeral he throws down a lance as a symbol of the warfare to the death between his scheming brothers and himself. The ending is happy.

Picture of the Month: BROKEN LANCE

You needed a rugged, pioneer spirit to build yourself a life in the west. Spencer Tracy, owner of Devereaux Ranch, had this spirit in the extreme. He came out in the early Eighties with a wife and three sons, famed the elements and became one of the richest, most powerful men in the state. He survived, all right, but his wife died a year after they settled and his three sons did the work of six men. When Tracy married again he picked an Indian maid (Katy Jurado) and the son they had (Robert Wagner) became his pet and worshiped him. Now all the boys are grown. Richard Widmark, the eldest, resents the fact that Tracy never acknowledges him as an adult and doesn't trust him with responsibility. His two brothers (Hugh O'Brien and Earl Holliman) weakly follow where Widmark leads. Wagner fights them all for his father's sake, but he has troubles of his own, having fallen in love with a girl whose social position is far higher than his own. When Tracy's wilful violence carries him too far, Wagner accepts a jail sentence to spare his father, but the results are almost disastrous. Tracy is broken by a bitterly vengeful Widmark, leaving Wagner with a longing for vengeance. Broken Lance is a gripping drama and Tracy gives a brilliant performance as a tough old tyrant whose many virtues were necessarily undeveloped because of the constant demands of ambition. Rich in action and psychological insight, Broken Lance is further helped by CinemaScope and the scenic beauty of the west. Among the cast are Jean Peters, Edward Franz, E. G. Marshall.—20th-Fox.
"I, Sinuhe, the Egyptian, have forsaken eternity and everlasting life for the perfection of love..."

"I committed every crime against man, woman and the gods. I gave my innocence to Merit, a tavern maid, who bore me a son. I surrendered my parents hope of immortality to Nefer, shameless temptress of Babylon. I committed the sin of sins, with Princess Baketamon, who coveted the throne of Egypt!"

Before your eyes, "The Egyptian" comes to life! The graven images become flesh-and-blood realities. The ancient hieroglyphics become transformed into living vistas. The Rivers of Babylon flow once again in the wrong direction. The Forbidden Land of the Hittites and the Pyramids of the Nile relive their golden age.
I dreamed I went on a safari* in my maidenform bra

Look who's after big game...me!
...the most dangerous figure in the Congo.
Completely ambushed by admiring glances for my fabulous form.
No girl on the hunt ever had more fatal ammunition than a Maidenform bra.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette in acetate satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and in broadcloth with lace...from 1.50

REAR WINDOW Rear Window is a new kind of Hitchcock thriller. It gets you excited little by little. You're not even sure anything happened until the end. James Stewart, a successful free lance photographer, is immobilized with a broken leg. He doesn't have much to do but wait around until surly Thelma Ritter comes to tidy him up and his exquisite girl friend Grace Kelly glides in to plead unsuccessfully for his hand in marriage. So he sits in his wheelchair snooping on the neighbors. Interesting types— including a bedridden wife and a solicitous husband (Raymond Burr). One rainy night Stewart sees Burr going out with his wife, a valise and a suspicious air. Murder, says Stewart, a few days later, and tries in vain to enlist detective Wendell Corey's aid. What happens? Take a look through Rear Window—Paramount

DUEL IN THE JUNGLE Unless polar bears turn up in Africa, this picture hasn't missed a trick. Everything from waterfalls to elephant stampedes is thrown at you with astounding abandon. Seems that adventurer David Farrar has just taken out a two-million-dollar insurance policy with Dana Andrews' company. Next day Farrar is reported drowned. His fiancée, Jeanne Crain, is led into the jungle on a mysterious safari by African Michael Matara. Farrar's ma wants to see her, he says. Happens that Ma isn't anywhere near that jungle. Andrews chases after Jeanne and they find Farrar at the end of the trail, wielding his whip and having his sadistic way with the natives. Jeanne's disappointed in Davey but it's too late. One false move and he'll have his sadistic way with her. Never saw so many evil leers, so much jumping. The grand finale looks just like the Sunday comics. Technicolor—Warner

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH Tony Curtis and Barbara Rush are of noble birth but they live like peasants until the day a nobleman tries to assault Barbara. Then their guardian (Rhys Williams) takes them to Mackworth Castle where the Earl (Herbert Marshall) allows Tony to train as a squire and Barbara to become lady-in-waiting to Janet Leigh. Okay. Only Tony is dying to discover his heritage (turns out his noble dad was falsely accused of being a traitor) and a certain Earl of Alban (David Farrar) is planning to overthrow Mackworth and then King Henry IV. He'll stop at nothing. But Torin Thatcher's building Tony into a champ and, by a ruse, Mackworth gets the king to knight Tony so he can challenge Alban to combat. The story's fun—like a big picture book for children. And if you haven't had enough of knights in armor (they're almost as popular as cowboys) you'll enjoy it. Technicolor—U.I.
Your hair is romance...
keep it sunshine bright with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
MIRACLE STRETCH!
No other baby panty has it.
Let your own hand prove it.

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE" IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants—and only Playtex Pants—can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

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In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS
This is the story of a hard old Scot (Duncan Macrae) whose philosophy of thrift and Godliness is distorted to the point of cruel tyranny over those he loves. And yet it is the story of two little boys (Jan Whiteley, Vincent Winter), his grandchildren who come to stay in the harsh, poor country of Nova Scotia. The boys, orphaned and needing love, meet only rigid discipline and pallid emotion from their grandmother (Jean Anderson) and aunt (Adrienne Cortes), who are afraid to displeasure the master. One day the older finds a baby, hides it in a little hut but he's made and bourses over it like a mother. Only eight, he's unaware of crime but is nevertheless accused of kidnapping and brought to trial. Only then does the grandfather realize the extent of his arrogance and begin to make amends. A magnificent film classic, the children's acting is unhesitatingly expert and charming.—U.A.

BETRAYED
In case you've forgotten, back in 1942 half the world was fighting the Nazis. MGM has concocted a spy story using this information and set it in Eastman Color against the pale green, misty background of Holland. The color is great. The movie itself might have been terrific if MGM hadn't gone and messed it up with a lot of necking. Involving Clark Gable, Dutch Intelligence Officer, and Lana Turner, his protegée. Otherwise the story's about a bloodthirsty Dutchman (Victor Mature) an under-ground hero whose daring accomplishments move British Intelligence to link up with him. Lana's the link. She leaves a shady, rather gay life to pose as a schoolteacher in Mature's home town. Funny thing. As soon as Lana's in on secret operations Mature starts losing most of his buddies. Question is: who's betraying whom around here? With Louis Calhern, Wilfrid Hyde White, O. E. Hasse.—MGM

RING OF FEAR
The whole Clyde Beatty Circus is in this CinemaScope production which means thrilling, authentic shots of big top activities, including black-maned lions being subdued by the master (Beatty) himself. Otherwise it's the tale of a homicidal maniac (Sean McClory) being stalked rather casually by that famous author of detective fiction Mickey Spillane. McClory has broken out of an asylum and recovered his old job of ringmaster at the circus. When his ex-girl Marian Carr spots him she cries with fright. Her scruffy husband, John Bramfield, shortly plummet to the ground from his flying trapeze; Beatty narrowly eludes death as a training harness falls free of its tige, and a little alcoholic clown named Twitchy (Emmet Lynn) is found feet up in a water tank. There's foul play afoot, you can bet, and Spillane eventually gets on the scent. With Pat O'Brien—Warner
Happy is the bride who wears a Keepsake Diamond Ring, for here is a diamond chosen with quality as the all-important consideration... a diamond whose fine quality will be reflected forever in its exceptional brilliance and beauty.

The name Keepsake appears in the rings of those whose love deserves the finest... for the center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is a perfect gem, regardless of carat weight or price.

Ask for the Keepsake Certificate which guarantees perfect quality and permanently registers your diamond ring.

Better jewelers everywhere feature Keepsake in many beautiful styles, at nationally advertised prices from $100 to $10,000.
New “Puff Magic” is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don’t cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.
Honey Fair—for that "lit-from-within" look.
Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.
Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.
Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,
Lady Esther

PUSHOVER One thing this fast-paced thriller teaches: you have to be a stronger man than detective Fred MacMurray to resist the lure of $200,000 bucks and siren Kim Novak. Kim’s old boy friend has just robbed a bank and MacMurray and Phil Carey have been assigned to watch her every move from a vacant apartment opposite hers. They expect old boy friend to show with the loot. In the course of duty MacMurray has struck up a warm friendship with Kim, so warm she’s talking about $200,000 being adequate for a honeymoon. All MacMurray has to do is hump off old boy friend and run. Meanwhile, detective Phil Carey, alone with a spy glass, spots nurse Dorothy Malone who lives across the courtyard. She’s his type. They don’t really get together until MacMurray, playing both sides of the cop and robber game, gets increasingly frantic and turns trigger-happy.—Ed.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS If not for the Crusades those knights of old would surely have died of boredom. Here they are again—English, French, Germans, Spaniards—encamped on the Plain of Jaffa in 1192 A.D. King Richard (George Sanders), attacked by an assassin, lies helpless in his tent while Sir Giles Amatory (Robert Douglas) plots against him. Loyal Sir Kenneth (Laurence Harvey) encounters a debonair Mohammedan (Rex Harrison) on the desert who saves Richard’s life. Sir Kenneth is honored but then he’s caught making love to Virginia Mayo, Richard’s cousin, and is stripped of knighthood, given to Harrison as a gift. That’s only the beginning of this intricately plotted tale. The cast is large, the setting elaborate and you’ll get your money’s worth of jousting, hot tempered knights.

NEW Puff Magic
by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

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ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

THE EGYPTIAN (20th-Fox): A really big film, this epic of love and excitement in ancient Egypt stars Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi and has Technicolour and CinemaScope as well.

SABRINA (Para): Wonderful Audrey Hepburn and her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, make this charming comedy about the chauffeur’s daughter who falls in love with the rich man’s son an absolute delight. Light, and lots of fun.

HOBSON’S CHOICE (U.A.): A really funny British comedy, this one stars Charles Laughton as a father so stingy he’d rather have his daughters stay single than give them a dowry. But daughters have minds of their own—and husbands, too, eventually.

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (MG M): One of the best musicals to come along in ages, this one even has a plot in the shenanigans of seven unsophisticated woman-hungry he-men who kidnap their brides. Jane Powell and Howard Keel, Technicolour, CinemaScope, good tunes and top-notch dances.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year’s best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.
As if your own fingers were lifting and firming your body muscles—that's how the hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves."

New Playtex Magic-Controller!

has fabric next to your skin... hidden finger panels that firm and support you for fall's slim look!

From new non-roll top to adjustable garters, Playtex Magic-Controller smooths away those extra inches at waist, at hips, at thighs without a single seam, stitch or bone.

And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible under the sheerest, most figure-hugging clothes! What's more, it washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry!

Playtex is the only girdle with latex on the outside, fabric on the inside. Whether you wear extra-small or extra-large—see what a difference Magic-Controller makes in your figure.

Playtex fabric lined Magic-Controller* $7.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

International Latex Corp. Milan, N.J. PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del... In Canada: Playtex Ltd. PLAYTEX PARK... Arnprior, Ont.
But she wouldn’t have been if she hadn’t corrected that insidious trouble that came between them.

Don’t let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light, and don’t trust to makeshifts to correct it. Trust it to Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending. Use it night and morning, and always before any date.

Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped for hours, usually . . . 4 times better than any tooth paste.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine “belongs” in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer, depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

A Product of
The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

COMPLIMENTARY ANGLES

by Doris Day

Here are wise hints on how to say “Thank you” prettily.

- Giving a compliment is one of the easiest of the social graces—but accepting it can be one of the most difficult. People are beset by all sorts of complexes when they are told something pleasant about themselves. These complexes are unnecessary if we remember three simple things:

  First, we must assume that the compliment is given in honesty. Second, we should accept it in honesty. And third, we should accept it with humility.

  I learned the first of these rules the hard way. I used to be very negative. When people told me something nice about myself I thought they were really just trying to help me bear up under some basic flaw. When I was a child, many people told me they thought my freckles were “cute.” I hated my freckles. And when people mentioned them in a complimentary way I was sure they were merely trying to alleviate a great affliction.

  But today I receive thousands of letters from people I do not know, complimenting me on those freckles!

  Some people are suspicious of what they consider “cheap flattery.” In my book, there isn’t any such thing. If telling a person she sings well, or dances nicely, or looks pretty is “cheap flattery,” I’m in favor of it.

  We should not assume that others have ulterior motives. We have to learn that people are basically sincere, and when we accept that we will have gone a long way toward mastering the art of accepting a compliment.

  To accept a compliment honestly means to accept it without false modesty or blase nonchalance and without deprecating ourselves. We are all pleased at being told something nice, so why not show it?

  I used to respond to compliments (Continued on page 32)
Helps Heal: “Eight years ago,” says Louise Hepburn of Canaan, N. Y., “Noxzema quickly helped heal my teenage blemishes! Now Noxzema helps my dull complexion look so much fresher and more alive!”

Dry Skin: “Before I used Noxzema, I had a very dry skin,” says Heidi Mullenger of Denison, Iowa. “Now it looks so much smoother, fresher. I like Noxzema best of any beauty cream I’ve used.”

Look lovelier in 10 days
with DOCTOR’S HOME FACIAL

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your complexion — here’s wonderful beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier — and helps you keep it that way!

Why It’s So Successful!

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It’s greaseless — and it’s medicated . . . to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a wonderful, cool, refreshing tingle — the signal that Noxzema is going to work, helping your complexion look prettier.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema’s quick help for rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. Start your Noxzema care tonight. Here’s all you do:

1. Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. No messy pillow — Noxzema is greaseless!

3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don’t look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — your money back.

50% More NOXZEMA for your money

31

Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 69¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough for months at a big saving!
COMPLIMENTARY ANGLES continued

...and the night shall be filled with music

Doris exchanges pleasantries with Vic Damone.

by disparaging myself. If someone said, "I loved your recording of such-and-such a song," I'd say, "Oh really? I thought it was awful!" If they said, "How nice you look!" I'd reply, "Oh, my hair's a mess!"

This is a sadly mistaken attitude. We have to take people at face value, and stop measuring their opinions by our own. Just because you do not happen to like the dress you're wearing, doesn't mean it isn't pretty by someone else's standards.

Some people "talk down" their attributes when receiving a compliment out of a mistaken desire to be humble. This is false humility.

True humility, on the other hand, is perhaps the most important of all three of my rules for accepting a compliment. Our talents are not exclusively ours, and of our own making. We are merely instruments through which pleasures of various sorts are brought to others.

I receive many compliments from people who enjoy my singing. But I didn't create my voice. It was entrusted to me as a means of bringing happiness to other people—and I never get over being grateful to God for allowing me this privilege.

When people say to me, "I love your singing," I try to express in my reply both my pleasure at the compliment and my deep gratitude that the gift has been given to me.

One more word: don't hoard compliments! A compliment is one of the little pleasantries that brighten our daily living. Everybody likes them, even though they may pretend otherwise. But I like to think that compliments are not given, but lent. Whenever I receive one, I consider that I am temporary custodian of a pleasantry which I must pass along as soon as possible. I make a special effort to seek out someone whose talent I can admire, and I tell him so.

I try to deliver the compliment in honesty and friendliness, and assume that it will be accepted the same way.
Now you, too, can wear

STOCKING COLORS
TO FLATTER
YOUR COMPLEXION

RADIANT

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OLIVE

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PINK

JANET LEIGH, star of M-G-M's production ROGUE COP

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LANA TURNER, star of M-G-M's color production BETRAYED

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MY FIRST LOVE
By Jane Russell

Herewith the tragic tale of a tender maiden’s unrequited affection.

To tell the truth, I chased my first boy friend shamelessly for years without getting to first base. He couldn’t see me for dust. His name was Don Ben Bolt, we were both about eleven years old and we entered the sixth grade together. Right away I could tell he was the type I go for—he was sort of an eleven-year-old Marlon Brando. Not shy, exactly; he just couldn’t have cared less about things. Girls, especially.

That boy really sent me. I used to nudge and kick and scuffle with the other fellows to see if he’d notice me, but he never did.

When, wonder of wonders, his family moved right next door to mine in Burbank, I thought I had Don trapped for sure. He couldn’t get away. That’s what I thought. Oh, he was a rough one!

Winter afternoons he’d be out, barefoot, kicking a football till the sun went down. I could watch—he knew I was there, all right—but he wouldn’t let me play. When we played tag and I was It, I always chased Don. He never chased me. He could eat like a horse, so I made pot after pot of candy and took it next door. He just ate it, that’s all.

Once he told his mother, who told my mother, who told me, that Don liked me, and I was richer than if I had a pocketful of gold nuggets. I think about the kindest words he ever said to me personally were, “Get away, will ya? Leave me alone!”

Even when the Bolts moved down to San Diego, I never stopped badgering that boy. I used to go down and visit, and the family took me for granted; I was one of them. In fact, it was accepted—by everyone but him—that I was Don Ben Bolt’s girl. I did have a date with him down there, if you can call it a date. I said, “We’re going skating, and you’re going to take me!”

“What for?” Don asked, but we went and we had a real fun time.

Then things changed, as they do when you start to grow up. We both got interested in other things, other people, which must have been quite a relief to Don. Time passed so quickly that before I knew it, five years had elapsed with no seeing him. One night, being in the town where he went to school, I called his fraternity house. The boy who answered the phone said Don was washing dishes or on duty or something—I don’t remember exactly. What I do remember is how long it took him to come to the phone, and I lit right into him. “Donald Bolt,” I said, “who do you think you are to keep me waiting like this?”

He didn’t even ask who it was. After five years. “Oh,” he said in his patient tone, “it’s you.”

Don is still around here somewhere, happily married to a girl who must have been able to run the 100-yard dash faster than I could. I hope he reads this and gets the devil razed out of him. And I hope he knows that if his family hadn’t moved to another town, he wouldn’t have the distinction of being The One That Got Away From Jane Russell. Because there is one final little twist I like to remember about my first love. That night when I called Don at the fraternity house, we had our one and only real date. It was such a lovely evening that he would have had to be less than a gentleman not to kiss me good night when he took me home. I like to remember that kiss, because then and there I discovered that Don Ben Bolt wasn’t nearly so indifferent to my charms as he had been pretending since he was eleven years old.
Magic makes the difference!

Perma-lift stitched cup bra with the Magic Insets—the "Lift that never lets you down"

There's magic in these "Perma-lift" garments—a magic that lifts you, smooths you, slims you in unbelievable comfort and beauty. Your "Perma-lift" Stitched Cup Bra is designed with the exclusive Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups. Soft, yet firm, the insets support your breasts from below and that support lasts for the long life of these grand new bras.

Illustrated—On figure. "Perma-lift" Bra #161—$2.50 in fine cotton.
Left panel, #160 finest quality broadcloth—$3; Right panel, beautiful embroidered cotton—$3.

Comfortable Perma-lift Pantie with the Magic Oval Crotch—Can't Ride Up—Ever

"Perma-lift's Magic Oval Crotch Pantie"* just can't ride up ever. Run or walk, sit or stand, the scientific design guarantees that your "Perma-lift" Pantie will stay comfortably in place all day long. Let the Magic of "Perma-lift" make your dream of a beautiful figure come true. Get a personalized fitting at your favorite corset department today.

Illustrated—Magic Oval Pantie #3803—$7.50—others $5 to $19.95.
(Continued from page 6) Robert Montgomery's old friends, who knew him when he was just a movie star and not a White House adviser, are pretty miffed with him. One of them acted in one of Montgomery's TV shows, and says Bob ignored him completely and sent word, via an underling, on how he should say his lines. It seems odd now that their names are always spoken together, but Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy haven't been married for too long. She used to be married to Jack Hawkins, the British actor you see in so many movies. Eric Severeid is unbelievably fuzzy about the way his office help type. There had better not be any erasures! Evo Marie Saint's favorite form of recreation is sailing in her and her husband's two-passenger Chris Craft. They go out every weekend they can. Sometimes they ask friends out for the day, but they purposely bought a small boat so that they could be alone together some of the time. You've never seen a woman more in love than Eva Marie. She talks about her husband constantly, and when he's with her she lets him do all the talking—hardly says a word herself. He's the reason she doesn't want to make any more movies: it would mean leaving Jeff... Pinky Lee lies about his age. He's more than forty-two. But he doesn't lie about liking children. He is crazy about them, and you couldn't find a father more fatherly than Pinky is with his three offspring... Charlie Ruggles used to be a championship handball player... Pat Barry, who plays the young wife on First Love, is the daughter-in-law of the late, great American playwright, Philip Barry. Her husband, Philip, Jr., works for ABC, and they used to run summer theatres together—a cuter couple couldn't be found anywhere. One time, when they were running a theatre out on Long Island, Phil almost died before the doctors found out what he had. It was Pat who told them! He'd been bitten by a tick, she said, and he had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. She was right, too—and a good thing. It could easily have been fatal. One of Pat's few Broadway parts—and her only big one—was in the only play Steve Allen has ever done—Pink Elephant. It wasn't a very good play, but Pat and Steve had a lot of fun. She rewrote some of her lines herself to make the character she was playing sound more like Vanessa Brown's role in The Seven Year Itch—which Pat was dying to play. (She never did get to.) Steve just rewrote his to have fun!
what every girl should "NO"...

You're so smart to say NO... definitely NO... to paying a dollar for lipstick now that Cutex Stay Fast is here! This new indelible-type lipstick comes in the creamiest, dreamiest colors ever created! Stays on when you eat, smoke, even kiss. And because of lanolin-rich "Moisturizing Action," Stay Fast keeps lips soft as a rose!

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WHY PAY MORE? Stay Fast Lipstick is just 59¢ or 29¢, Spillpruf Cutex is only 25¢ or 15¢. Prices plus tax.
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SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE... SO SWEETLY CLEAN!
Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo!
It's caressably soft, yet so obedient! Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin,
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really clean ... fresh and sweet ... and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—
so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's wonderful!
Who is the mysterious mastermind making trouble for Rita and Dick?

In Hollywood's bizarre and colorful history many actresses have been condemned, pilloried and victimized. But no one has suffered more than Rita Hayworth.

She is a beautiful young woman who has never harmed anyone, who has gone out of her way to help countless people. Yet she now finds herself in the incredible position of fighting for the custody of her own children, fighting for her own husband, fighting for her own survival, fighting for one modicum of love and public understanding.

"What do they want from us?" Rita asks in desperation. "All Dick and I want is to be left alone, to be allowed to work out our own salvation. Still, we're attacked on every side. And all we want is a little peace."

The only peace Rita has known lately, she enjoyed at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, where she rented a house for herself and her two daughters, Rebecca, ten, and Yasmin, four.

Rita rented this house (only a few miles from the house where Ava Gardner was sitting out her divorce) while her fourth husband, Richard Benjamin Haymes, was fighting a battle in a Los Angeles court to prevent his deportation (Continued on page 74)
Everyone knows that Liz has not been well. But is it true that her recent illnesses stem from being sick at heart?

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

Time of trouble for Liz?

Lazy as they like to be, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding were lounging peacefully beside their pool. Mike went into the house for something or other, returned, sat down—and soared upward like the flying young man on the absent trapeze. He had sat on a bee, which took umbrage at the familiarity and expressed its displeasure with a direct hit. Maybe Mike sat a little gingerly for a few moments, but that's all there was to it. A bee had stung him.

Except that a short time later another bee stung his child bride, and the next day she was bedridden, unable to walk on a badly swollen leg. Same sort of bee, same sort of sting, but while Mike had forgotten his injury in half an hour's time, Liz could not have been more devastated by a machine gun bullet.

Which adds to the persistent and ubiquitous rumor that all is not well with Elizabeth Taylor. As the know-it-alls point out, she certainly has become fragile lately. In her childhood she was such a tomboy that admittedly she felt awkward and clumsy in feminine apparel. Romping about with her dogs, horses and chipmunks, she may not have been the most rugged kid on the block, but neither was she the most sickly. Her health didn't start to fail, in fact, until her present marriage.

She was on a holiday tour with Michael and the baby last year when she suffered what has been variously described as a heart attack, a heart cramp, a nervous heart, an undiagnosed nervous condition affecting her back, and complete nervous exhaustion. To the realistic, it didn't make sense. Something was wrong with Liz, but what? As the Wildings are not a fanatically athletic couple, it was hardly likely that she had overdone physically. And how could a vacation trip cause complete nervous exhaustion? It seemed odd—if she was happy.

Back home and at work in Rhapsody, Liz sustained a leg ailment which necessitated its being placed in a cast. There was no cause for real alarm, apparently, but production on the picture had to be held up because the injury inexplicably refused to mend. (Continued on page 104)
Here's the real story of the Debbie

In all the years I've been covering Hollywood, I've never been closer to the inception of a romance than the current heat wave blowing up between Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

We were all in Las Vegas together. In fact, Eddie was on the plane with me when reporters from rival papers were frantically checking the story that he was eloping with Debbie, who didn't actually
Reynolds-Eddie Fisher romance—told by Hollywood's greatest reporter, who was there when it all began!

One night—morning rather, it was about one A.M.—I found a note in my mailbox at the Sands Hotel.

Dear Ma: (it read) We're catching both Frank Sinatra's and Ann Sothern's shows tonight, so won't be in till late. Don't worry. And don't ring either of us until noon tomorrow. Will meet you at the pool for lunch. Debbie and Eddie.

Are they really in love?

Will they marry?

Let's take those questions one at a time.

If these two popular, phenomenally successful young people aren't completely out of this world, completely gone on each other as of now, then I don't know exciting young love when I see it!

One day when Eddie and I were alone, sunning (Continued on page 90)
Lonely on location trips, John always has his kids join him, finds work on the movie for Pat and Mike to make sure they're not excess baggage.

THE TWO YEARS OF EXILE ARE OVER. SURROUNDED NOW BY THOSE HE LOVES, THE DUKE'S IN HIS DUKEDOM

"From now on I'm going to do all my traveling on my own seven acres," John says. His redecorated home no longer holds sad memories.
Pilar takes over soon, but until then Melinda is lady of the house—however odd her duties!

Indian wrestling with Pat, exploring the countryside, John seemed relaxed and happy again.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!

A large man in a white shirt and apron opened the door and stepped out on the porch.

"Good evening, Mr. Wayne," he said. And then he grinned. "Welcome home."

"Thanks, Scotty," John Wayne said. "It's good to be here."

And then he threw himself into a comfortable chair, dropped his hat on the ground beside him and lay back. Through narrowed eyes he gazed about the land that was his and the house that he hoped would be his final home.

It was no pasture land. Seven acres of neatly clipped green grass stretched out and curved in a broad sweep to the top of (Continued on page 96)
by STEVE CRONIN

The whole town's talking about KELLY!

If ever a girl was in the running in Hollywood, it's Grace Kelly. And what the whole town wants to know is, how did she get so far so fast?

Some say it's the luck of the Irish. But that's too easy. Some say it's talent or sex or what she knows or whom she knows. But one who knows her well says, "I've read dozens of articles about Grace—how beautiful she is, how well-scrubbed, soft-spoken, ladylike, how smart and subtle and sophisticated—how talented and genuine and hard-working. But nowhere have I seen a mention of the one quality that is most characteristic.

"That quality," the friend continued, "is ambition. Grace Kelly is one of the most ambitious girls I know.

"How do you think she gets all her marvelous roles? By sitting back and waiting for producers to beat a path to her door? Hardly.

"This girl really knows how to operate. She's got a highpowered agency, MCA. And she knows what she wants."

And in the last three years this quiet blonde from Philadelphia has got what she wanted. Although she is only twenty-six, no other young actress has touched her record, qualitatively speaking, of eight top-notch movies with eight top-notch leading men.

No other young actress has such a record of romance rumors, either, some with the aforementioned leading men.

According to the gossips, Grace Kelly is a femme fatale, an American combine of Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, who has allegedly toyed with the affections of Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and Bing Crosby, to name only a few of the more famous men in her life.

Grace has still a further distinction: she is the envy of practically every other motion picture actress in the world. A few of these were gathered in a Beverly Hills restaurant discussing their sister actress.

"For my money," said one, "Grace Kelly is the most overrated actress to hit this town in years."

"I saw Clark Gable taking her to the Academy Awards," added another, "and all I can say is that the King's eyesight must be slipping."

"Compared to Lana Turner," a third volunteered, "she's got about as much sex appeal as a string bean."

When actresses start talking about one of their colleagues in this salty fashion, the conclusion is inescapable: Grace Kelly has arrived.

Now, what makes Grace so distinctive, so desirable, so (Continued on page 79)
LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Don’t look for trouble in the Allyson-Powell ménage. Junie has learned a few small ways to keep a marriage happy!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

On location in Utah with Dick, June surprised stepdaughter Ellen with a Sweet Sixteen party.

Among the guests was John Wayne’s son Mike, who is making his movie debut under Dick’s direction in The Conqueror—starring his father.

Ellen’s brother Norman is appearing in the picture, too, brought his sister along for a vacation—and “just to be with Dad.”

When June Allyson told some of her friends that she was going to St. George, Utah, “to be on location with Richard while he directs The Conqueror,” they told her she was making a mistake.

“Look,” one of them said, “you’ve just finished Strategic Air Command. You’ve been knocking yourself out in Ft. Worth and St. Petersburg and New Orleans. You’re dead tired.

“St. George is a nice little town, but in the summer the mercury shoots up to about 130 degrees. It’s no place to go for a rest, Junie.”

Mrs. Richard Powell cocked her cute little head to one side.

“I’m not going to St. George,” she announced in that perennially husky voice, “to rest. I’m going there to be with Richard.”

So June climbed into her Ford station wagon and with the Edgar Bergens beside her, headed for the miserable Utah desert. When she got to St. George she was assigned a room with her husband Dick in the Twin Oaks Motel.

Susan Hayward and John Wayne, who play the leads in The Conqueror (the story of Genghis Khan, the great Asiatic warrior), (Continued on page 103)
The Chinese room was the only spot in the twenty-five-room mansion not redecorated. Mama loved its vibrant tones, decided to mingle Chinese and modern motifs throughout house.

Over 300 yards of white carpet were laid down to lighten the large, dark rooms. The old-fashioned fireplace was re-done as a planting area for tropical greens. Note artificial flamingoes, toy dog—the Griffins have a live menagerie, too.
A dream-come-true is Debra’s new home—but it took Paget magic to keep it from being a nightmare!

BY MARVA PETERSON

The house looked like something out of an old Boris Karloff movie.
Vacant and slowly decaying, it stood surrounded by its own jungle of weeds and overgrown shrubbery. Here and there a window was broken and a part of the stone masonry had fallen away. Compared to the usual immaculate houses in this part of Beverly Hills, it seemed dilapidated and antiquated.
Debra Paget was so disappointed she could have cried.
For as long as she could remember, her indomitable mother, Maggie, had promised the five children that if they were good, watched their weight and worked hard, some day they’d live in a big house with a swimming pool. And now on this cool star-bright evening, her parents were seriously considering moving into a “white elephant.”
It was all Debra could do to stifle her tears. This deserted relic was hardly her dream of the ideal family homestead, particularly for a rising young movie star.
She looked around to see if anyone else shared her disappointment. In addition to her parents, there was Teala, her married sister, and William Barry, the friend who had (Continued on page 84)
EDMUND PURDOM:
From pauper to prince

BEFORE: Without a cent for passage home to England, unable to find work at a studio, not permitted by his visa to work anywhere else. Ed and wife Tita lived in this garage without hot water or refrigeration, ate when friends fed them. Three days after baby Lilan was born Tita was back to scrubbing diapers, washing Ed's one shirt and her only dress.

AFTER: Now living in this charming home, Ed and Tita regard the past as a nightmare, are grateful for big break which came when Mario Lanza refused to complete The Student Prince. Ed took over the role—with Lanza singing—and won raves. With four big productions coming up his future seems secure though some say he has a temperament problem.
Ever hear of Horatio Alger? He created the American rags-to-riches idea.

Ever hear of Edmund Purdom? He brought it to life!

Edmund Purdom is the man I was prepared to hate. When this English actor was given Mario Lanza’s part in *The Student Prince* and Mario’s God-given voice along with it, I rebelled. I had heard those Lanza recordings for the picture and thought they were the finest he’d ever done. To me it was unthinkable that Metro would hand the part over to an unknown Britisher. I said so in my column and, among other things, predicted the picture would be laughed off the screen.

Words don’t taste bad. I know. I’ve just finished eating some of my own. I went to the preview of *The Student Prince* as a Lanza rooter—I still am. But when I left the theatre I was predicting that Edmund Purdom would be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood. He was terrific in the part—he really was a prince.

It’s an uncomfortable experience watching such a replacement as this, but I can’t blame MGM. They had lots of money tied up in the picture and when Lanza refused to work, they had to finish it somehow. The same thing happened after Marlon Brando walked out on *The Egyptian*. Purdom inherited that part also and after I watched him do some scenes on the set I came to the conclusion he was better in the part than Brando would have been.

Purdom didn’t want to meet me until I’d seen *The Student Prince*. He has a (Continued on page 72)
It takes much more than beauty to give a girl a glamorous life. Here’s how it’s done by eight of Hollywood’s most exciting stars.

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**ESTHER WILLIAMS**
She’s got size. Esther is the tall girl’s inspiration; she’s proud of her height and capitalizes on it without making the fellows feel she’s bigger than they are mentally or physically. How? By being healthy and vital instead of languishing; by being able to do anything the men can do—but not quite so well!

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**ELAINE STEWART**
She’s got a surprise for everyone. She has a face of a dreamer—and the mind of a businesswoman. That fragile, famous form you’ll see in *Brigadoon* conceals the muscles of a wrestler (no kidding—prowlers beware!) and behind her reserved, seemingly concealed manner lurks a girl who hates compliments on her looks.

---

**KIM NOVAK**
She’s got everything What Monroe developed, Kim was born with. A sultry voice, a taste for luxury, a frank enjoyment of being voluptuous... plus an air that tells a man she doesn’t care if he’s five feet tall and homely—just as long as she knows he’d love her if she didn’t look so good either. But she’ll be frank about it if he doesn’t interest her at all.

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**ANNE BAXTER**
She’s got that rare combination: sex appeal and tact! She may be a femme fatale, but men know she’ll conduct her romances on a kiss-and-never-tell basis. She may win a top role in *Ten Commandments*, but her dates won’t have to listen to her crow about beating Jane Russell, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward and twelve other beauties for it.
MARLA ENGLISH
She's got the knack of talking with her eyes and keeping her mouth shut! You'll see her do it in *Living It Up*. Men relax with Marla; she's a good listener. Other talents: she paints, and can chin herself twelve times in a row!

PAT CROWLEY
She's got enthusiasm. Morning, noon and night, pretty Pat effervesces, never holds still long enough for a man to get bored. Dates find her more fun than a barrel full of monkeys—or raving beauties!

TERRY MOORE
She's got energy. Terry can do anything—fly a plane, do a nitery act, make headlines daily. She's apt to tell a man what she thinks he'd like to hear; it may have a faint flavor of double-talk—but it's sure to be both kind and clever!

JULIA ADAMS
She's got a grown-up, happy way of life. Her favorite word: Upbeat. Her philosophy: Never dislike anyone or anything. The result: Stardom in *Five Bridges To Cross*.
**IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND...**

here's what you'd have to know . . .

and put up with . . . and laugh at . . .

be proud of . . . and love!

---

**RICHARD WIDMARK** You'd never be happy unless you appreciate a high I.Q. and have one yourself. But intellectual snobs need not apply. A small town boy (Sunrise, Minnesota) Dick was an instructor at Lake Forest U., and it's never quite brushed off. His modesty approaches timidity, yet he finds equal satisfaction in conversations with truck drivers and sophisticated authors. Adults find him hard to understand, but kids know instinctively that he's a kindred soul. If you were married to Dick you'd never attend boring dinner parties with business friends—he refuses to “cultivate” people. Mr. Widmark stays close to home and has brushed off numerous little Hollywood blondes. Yet he has two girls he loves, his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Ann. When he vacations, the family lives the champagne life because he doesn't propose to take it with him. All he asks in return is companionship, and some day, he'd like a son to carry on his name. His latest film is Prize Of Gold.

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**HOWARD KEEL** There's a guy! Keel wants to be told—told what he's having for dinner, who's coming, what time it is. Demanding, though. You are a perfect wife and mother, or else! He'll let you have cooks, maids and nurses, but woe to you if you can't take over on servants' day off. This is the cover-up expert. Strangers say he's unsentimental, and true, he'll give a present like he's handing you a wet fish, but he'll shop frantically for your Christmas jewelry in July. The handsiest man known to man, he can paper the house, fix the plumbing, paint the furniture. Don't call him up; he hates telephones, and has two in the house so he can detest them double. (Most actors can't live without four.) He barely holds still for photographs in public but surely he's a dream boat in one respect: he'd rather sleep late than make another million. When his kids rush in at six A.M., he groans, but he gets up and fixes breakfast, before reporting for work on Jupiter's Darling.

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**VICTOR MATURE** He might hand you a $3.98 doll for your birthday to see if you loved him enough to keep quiet. Then two days later he'd pick you up and show you a new Caddy in the garage. He'd demand chili for breakfast, cut your allowance to lend money to a pal, then send your mom and dad to Honolulu for their anniversary. He'd disappear for days, and when you were about to consult a lawyer, he'd return, having been on a hunting trip in some remote spot where the only "other woman" was a 107-year-old Indian. He hates routine so much you'd get to bed at six A.M. or four P.M. You'd be expected not to complain if he played golf from sunup to sundown and your only defense would be to take up the game yourself. Any girl who weds Mature needs the balance of a lady juggler to stay happy in the perpetual emotional blizzard, but he's a spectacular provider, a wonderful father, loads of fun and a top-flight actor as he proves again in Betrayed.

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More pictures on following pages
IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND... continued

BURT LANCASTER The only genuine Hollywood non-conformist (and proves it by staying out of headlines) 41-year-old Burt can lick his weight in men half his age. Other men speak softly in his presence, and you'll find him generous. But he'll expect you to prepare dinner for fourteen on an hour's notice and get sore if you protest. He'll expect you to stay calm amid the bedlam of five kids and a couple of pals because noise doesn't bother him. He'll make you stand in line at a restaurant rather than use his name to get a table. He can drop a week's salary in a poker game (until he grows older and more mellow) and not go sour or raid the sugar bowl for your household money. You'll wish his conscience wouldn't hurt because he has five dollars more than the next fellow, but he's a great guy to grow up with. He'll always frighten you a little when you watch him in pictures like *Vera Cruz*—you'll be afraid that when he holds you he'll crush your ribs. But he won't. He has a heart like a wild animal but he's gentle as a lamb.

STEWART GRANGER The lazier the gal the better he likes her. Marry Granger and you don't have to worry about boiling water. But there are drawbacks. He prefers his female beautiful, but she'll spend most of her life in blue jeans. He likes to stay home and really does prefer a good book to people. His girl must love to swim, own a good pair of lungs and a sense of humor. She'll have to learn to take being ducked in the pool and give as good as she gets. He has an atom bomb temper, but when a row is over it's over for good. He hates intellectual snobs, but you'll have to argue intelligently—and loud. He takes pride in being a terrific host, will tell the servants to get lost while he serves the buffet. Know your shortcomings, because he will be the first to admit his. He'll also admit he's got a magic wallop for the opposite sex. But though he'll battle the world in his profession, and rise to new heights in a film like *Beau Brummell* he'll wind up just like a kid at night, with his head on your shoulder. Wow!

AUDIE MURPHY Warn your friends never to cross him. He has a memory to shame elephants. When he's moody he may not talk for hours; then he snaps out of it, but won't say what he was thinking. No matter how famous he becomes his friends remain the same, and he likes his wife to entertain old pals. He's not a heavy-handed father, and your son will be his shadow-companion. He likes horses and dogs but is not overly sentimental about them; his deep affection, not freely expressed, is strictly for his wife and family. Even when you're in the money he'll be content (and you'll have to be, too) to live slightly on the wrong side of the tracks because he has an abiding suspicion of too much luxury. In a movie like *To Hell And Back* he'll concentrate completely, but you'll find his understanding of the deepest variety and know that he'd give his life for you at a moment's notice. Disapproval he voices with a bleak look that delivers the message but doesn't linger. Trouble comes only if you dote on horror TV shows. He'll shut off the set in front of your nose.
FOR LOVERS ONLY

by William Barbour
If you've ever been in love you'll rejoice for June and Fred—and for their happy honeymoon. And you'll forget their troubles—recent and past—as they already have.

For June Haver and Fred MacMurray there was no honeymoon hideaway. Their bridal suite was a glamourless bungalow overlooking a forest of cameras and floodlights. Privacy? Not much, but June and Fred thought it was heavenly.

They drove to Moran, Wyoming, a picturesque village in the beautiful Grand Teton National Forest. Fred was on location working in Blue Horizons, a film about the Lewis & Clark Expedition, "trying to earn some money to pay for the house we just bought." (A month before they were married, June and Fred bought Nelson Eddy’s Hollywood estate for $130,000.)

While Fred was emoting with Charlton Heston and Donna Reed in front of the VistaVision cameras, June remained in their one-room bungalow, fighting the Wyoming mosquitoes and ironing her husband’s shirts on an ironing board borrowed from the prop department.

One morning Fred returned from the location with a little grin playing across his face. June was busy rinsing out a few of her own clothes.

Fred took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Listen, Shorty," he said, "how about a little fishing up in Yellowstone this afternoon? I finished early today."

"Just great!" June agreed. "I’ll pack a picnic lunch and we’ll have a ball."

Thirty minutes later the newlyweds were sitting in their grey Cadillac convertible, and Fred was driving to one of his favorite trout streams.

Arriving at the picnic site, June began to unpack the hamper while Fred with his fishing rod made a bee-line for the trout.

Once she had her picnic lunch set out neatly and properly, June flopped down on the grass, clasped her hands behind her neck, and closed her eyes. This was joy and love and peace and contentment—resting here on a river bank, waiting for the sound of a (Continued on page 64)
Fred took photos of June wherever they went. Both behaved, according to the crew, "like people who knew what marriage was all about. Not mawkish, but loving!"

The photo above, Fred's favorite honeymoon snapshot of June, was mailed home to the MacMurrays' adopted children, Sue and Bobby. The kids were the first to know about the marriage; they approved of it wholeheartedly.

(Continued from page 63) loved one's voice or the soft touch of his hand. And then it came, the moist pressure upon her forehead.

"Ah, Fred," June murmured, her eyes still closed in ecstatic bliss.

Another kiss, this one extremely wet. And then June MacMurray opened her big blue eyes and found herself looking up at a full-sized grizzly bear, one of the hundreds that are allowed to roam at will around Yellowstone National Park.

"Fred!" June shouted, scampering to her feet. "Fred!" And with that she broke all existing speed records sprinting down to the trout stream.

"A bear," she called out. "A bear, Fred. He's eating our picnic lunch. I thought he was you."

MacMurray edged his way out of the stream. He grabbed a small log. "You stay behind me," he cautioned. Then he advanced toward the grizzly, slowly and carefully.

He succeeded in frightening the bear away from the picnic lunch but not for long. The bear sniffed more food in Fred's car and shuffled toward the Cadillac. Fred was afraid the animal might dig its claws into the convertible top and rip it, so he took a sandwich and using it as bait, drew the bear from the car. Then he and June slid in and drove back to Moran, laughing most of the way.

That night when Fred and June told producer Bill Pine what had happened to them, Pine grinned.

"That," he said, "is exactly the kind of story the publicity department is accused of making up."

But to June the bear incident "will always remain one of the highlights of our honeymoon."

This honeymoon began on (Continued on page 94)
At any time, wherever I am, I am apt to pray. It isn’t a formal thing with me—just a simple matter of keeping in touch!

There is a stained glass window in the roof of St. Paul’s in Los Angeles which is a replacement. About eleven years ago I smashed a baseball through the original pane. I was a student at St. Paul’s parochial school and my class was playing ball in the yard during recess. When I saw what I had done the bat slipped from my fingers and I stood there trembling. At the age of twelve, having made my first Holy Communion only a few months before, I had brought the wrath of God upon myself—or so it seemed to me.

You know how boys are. Some of the other kids laughed nervously, and enough of them were so shocked—and looked it—that the enormity of my offense was something I had to believe. I watched dully as my older brother, Walt, ran into the church to find the ball and came out yelling to show that he had it. And then I went slowly to tell the priest what I had done.

Never again, since that day, has the church ever been a heaviness in my soul. I don’t remember what words the priest used to make me realize that love, not fear, is the keynote of worship, but in time, the effect of his words was complete. I am not on formal relations with faith and I never shall be. The business of coming to Mass late, and leaving early, and for that short duration being a religious man, has no (Continued on page 92)
Modern Screen photographer Bert Parry spent a day with Tony Curtis—trying to find out where he's going in such a hurry.

Knowing that the average man should go into training for at least six weeks before such a rash undertaking—and being an intelligent type—Bert did the next best thing. He bolted a mouthful of super-charged vitamin capsules and conned an overnight invitation from Janet and Tony in order to start his day the night before.

Arriving shortly after the dinner hour, Bert suggested that they get some art of a warmish nature while the opportunity presented itself, and the kids fell to with a goodly will. As the camera—which never lies—recorded every detail, Tony looked tenderly into the eyes of his beautiful wife and said, "Sweetie, I saw an ad in this morning's paper about a house in Coldwater Canyon that looks like just what we want."

"Kiss!" commanded Photographer Parry.

They obeyed with alacrity; then Tony lifted his lips from hers, and Janet asked, "How much?" When Tony told her the asking price on this paragon of houses, she winced. All that!

"Just one more," said Bert Parry.

The Curtises rubbed noses and puckered up again until they heard the shutter click. "It has a tennis court, sweetie," Tony wheedled.

"Well," said Janet, "but all that money—"

"Just one more," interpolated the voice of Mr. Parry like a broken record.

Janet fell into Tony's embrace with renewed ardor while the camera made noises like a Gatling gun. When it stopped, Tony made his big pitch. "I—uh—talked to the real estate agent today. He said that if we sign a two-year lease, they'll put in a pool!" His expression of triumph was a thing of beauty.

"Don't go way," muttered their guest. "Just have to reload the camera."

They ignored him. "I don't know." Janet was still evasive, but her protests were growing feeble. "Two years is a long time. Maybe we'll be able to save enough to buy our own home before then." That's the agreement between Janet and Tony; they'll pay cash on the barrelhead for the house they buy. Partly to escape monthly notes at a high rate of interest, but mostly because it has to be theirs right from the beginning.

"All set," announced Bert. "Let's get back to work."

"This is work?" Tony murmured as Jan leaned invitingly close.

Fifty-five shots later they broke it up. Bert Parry reclined on the couch, doubtless dreaming of a dark darkroom and all those exclusive pictures. Janet, having made a tentative promise to look at the house tomorrow, was let off the hook and disappeared. Tony settled down with the (Continued on page 68)
Want to know what keeps Tony going? Stagger along with him and a Modern Screen photographer—and don’t forget the aspirin!

BY TONI NOEL
(Continued from page 66) evening papers. Houdina went over and bit Bert on the ankle. All in all, it was a sweet domestic scene.

The peaceful silence was short-lived, however. Suddenly Tony shook his dark head disgustedly. "Jeez!" he said. "How do you like that?"

Bert looked up from the limb he was examining in the light of a possible damage suit. "Like what?"

"Listen," asked Tony. "How many pictures did you shoot this evening?"

"Sixty-seven, maybe?" offered our modest cameraman.

"At least that many. So I just get finished kissing my wife sixty-seven times, now I pick up the paper and read that we aren't getting along. The Curtises, it says in this column, are headed for a showdown!"

Their brooding over the injustice of it all was male, companionable—and of short duration. "Well," Bert said facetiously, "you know what they say about a kiss in time. Maybe you ought to try giving Janet a great big buss."

The smile Tony gave him was like sucking lemons. "For that witticism, pal, I'm going to let you walk the dog tonight. And it's with her usual time, so beat feet!"

"That's supposed to be your job," Bert protested, trying to feel like a put-upon guest. "And she doesn't like me, anyhow. What are you going to do?"

"Read the box score on the game the Giants played yesterday," retorted his host.

Which just goes to prove that it's pretty tough to earn a living in Hollywood. The skills of an expert cameraman are many and varied, but they don't include walking the dogs of movie stars. At that, Bert was lucky; during his stroll with Houdina, she only nipped him twice.

When he returned to the house, bleeding ever so slightly from the ego, he found Tony doing exactly what he had said—reading the sports section—with a broad grin of satisfaction. Janet was practicing a dance routine for her forthcoming My Sister Eileen to a playback, and Mr. Parry's countenance brightened at the sight of lithe convolutions intended to incite a man's baser instincts. His admiration was constrained, however, by the fact that he had no wish to invite a jealous belt on the dewlaps from Miss Leigh's husband, who was reportedly not getting along with his wife.

Maybe they weren't getting along, but Mr. Curtis was keeping an interested eye on the gyrations of Mrs. Curtis. Once, when she collapsed to the floor and lay supine, breathing deeply, he lowered his paper, regarded her with a jaundiced eye, and deadpanned, "If you're ever going to learn this number, may I suggest that you elevate your exquisite derriere from the floor and get with it?" Or words to that effect.

Janet answered, "Yes, master," and didn't move a muscle until Tony rose, extended a hand and pulled her gently to her feet. It's too bad that Bert hadn't time to grab his camera again before she had thanked her husband with a feathery kiss, but then, that picture would have been no more spontaneous than those he had already shot. Shared by these two, a kiss is a kiss is a kiss.

A little later they all said good night, and Bert retired to the couch. It seemed to him that he had no sooner rested his head on the pillow next to Houdina's (she either loved him too much to endure a separation or hated him enough to assure him a miserable night) than he was shaken roughly by the shoulder. "Rise and shine!" sang Tony Curtis, happy as a clam by the dawn's early light. He looked so young and vital and handsome that a mere mortal cameraman shuddered to view his own unshaven image in the bathroom mirror.

Better that Bert hadn't taken time to shave, because as a result he had no breakfast. Janet, whose picture was still in the rehearsal stage, sat down to a reasonably leisurely (Continued on page 87)
photograher, panting after Curtis. "Who—me?" said Tony. "This was nothing—just an ordinary day!"
THE FIRST YEAR IS THE

By Jack Wade
"WE VOWED," LANA SAYS, "NEITHER OF US WILL EVER SAY 'I'M LEAVING! WE'VE STUCK TO IT!"

For Mrs. Alexander Crichlow Barker, 2d, of Holmby Hills, California, it was one of those times when a lady doesn't know whether to laugh, cuss or cry.

Here she was on her dainty knees, scouring the bathroom tile with her newly restored blonde coiffure waddled up in a scarf and a feeling of desperation beneath it. The couple who took care of her big house had walked out that morning and the upstairs maid had given notice. Fourteen dinner guests were due in a few hours and out in front the newly widened driveway was a fresh mass of gooey tar. A cement mixer rasped dismally beside the new guest wing which gave no indication whatever that it would be ready for the arrival of her sister-in-law from the east. The carpenters had just built the steps in front of the place instead of behind it as designed and the warm grey paint she'd chosen had come out an asphyxiation blue and would have to be done over. There was silver to polish, the house to clean and a hundred urgent items hammering at her nerves.

A discordant crash of piano keys smote them next, along with a frustrated wail from her daughter Cherry. "I'll never learn to play this silly thing!" Mrs. B. had all she could take.

"Cheryl! Christina!" she yelped, using the full, formal tag reserved for discipline, "you put your mind to your practicing and not another peep out of you! I'm in no condition." Then, unkinking her cramped legs, she dragged herself wearily into the den and collapsed on the sofa, with feet propped on the arm for relief. At this point of surrender a blandly handsome giant, irritatingly cool, calm and dripping pool water, strolled into the room and inquired pleasantly, "Hi, Mama—taking it easy?"

Mama leaped to her feet as if a bee had stung her. "Taking it easy!" she cried indignantly. "Why, (Continued on page 99)
from pauper to prince

(Continued from page 53) justifiable ego and he was angry at what I had written before seeing him on the screen. But my enthusiasm was at its peak when I did see him that the atmosphere was cleared, and we were buddies when he and his wife Tita sat down to tell me the story of their Hollywood struggles. I'm a sucker for a sob story.

They're a stunning couple. He has had $15,000,000 invested in him by two studios before the public has even had a chance to see him. Purdom is handsome in the romantic tradition—wavy black hair, dark eyes and classic features. Hollywood has tied the "glamour boy" tag on him but he's a lot more than that. He has a fiery temperament, a cultural education, musical knowledge, talent and a world of charm. And his bubbling blonde wife Tita is as frank and communicative as a child; gay, pretty, talented (she's a ballet dancer) with a rare zest for life.

When Purdom was throwed out of a Shakespearean acting bit at Stratford-on-Avon after what he describes as a "disagreement with the management," famous director and colleague Arthur Rankin said: "It won't hurt him. He'll eitherstarve or be a star in five years."

That was four years ago and both predictions were correct. It's hard to think of these two as hungry, cold and broke they didn't even have bus fare. They were many times without a roof over their heads during a grizzly year in which they fought for a foothold in movies. It's hard to understand how some of their compatriots gave them nothing but such advice as, "Go home. There are many more British actors here already." Nor is it easy to conceive that agents told Edmund: "Your accent is hopeless. We can't get parts for any more British actors." But it's heart-warming to learn that helping hands with folding money were held out by sympathetic strangers the Purdoms had met casually in their search for work—new friends who fed them.

Purdom's salary jumped overnight from $350 a week to $2000 a week. We met for dinner because he was working day and night and we met him in a Turkish bath. The Purdoms arrived in a sleek Alvis.

"This is a celebration," he told me. "We got our things out of hock this afternoon. That was long and engagement rings and her father's watch—they've been in and out of pawnshops a dozen times this past year. We paid interest so they wouldn't be sold—two dollars a month—and sometimes we went without dinner to scrape the money together."

"But how," I asked, "did you ever get into such a jam?"

"I came here for a contract test at Warners," Purdom said. "We had been in New York. I had a small part in Caesar And Cleopatra with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The arrangements for the test had been made in London when a scout saw me there. At the close of the play Warners advanced me $500 and a ticket to Hollywood. By that time practically every studio here had offered me a test, but I was committed to Warners. I felt if that didn't work out, I was pretty certain to land something else. Twentieth offered to test me for My Cousin Rachel, among other things. When I accepted the $600 advance I cut myself off from having my fare paid back to England by the Olivier company. So I made the Warners test with Mike Curtiz, but nothing came of it.

"It didn't happen so quickly, however. There was a month of encouragements and delays before my option was dropped. Tita had joined me here. My chance at Rachel was gone as Richard Burton had been signed. Other things were cropping up and Mr. Curtiz advised me to stay on and Tita and I talked it over and agreed this was the time to gamble as both Universal-International and Twentieth were offering tests for a contract. I decided on Twentieth. The test was made by Sammy Fuller. It was a sort of a Scotland Yard thing, a fast-talking detective. It was without meaning and when studio heads saw it they lost interest. Then our finances were almost gone but I wasn't afraid. I thought I'd take a job at anything, any sort of work, to keep going. But when I tried to get work at a market I learned that my visitor's permit allowed me to work in America only in a picture studio."

Tita took up the story: "We were in real trouble; we were entering on what we call our abject misery period. We were living in a garage on Berendo Street which cost us $20 a month, but then an unreasonable amount considering our lack of cash. Sometimes we had ten dollars a week for food, but the time came when good became a matter of luck. We had a bed, two chairs, cold water only, no refrigerator. There was no insulation and in August the heat was indescribable. I was expecting a baby—our first. I lived in one dress and Edmund had one good shirt which I washed out every night."

"Americans we'd meet would ask us to dinner or slip a ten-dollar bill in my coat pocket along with words of encouragement," Purdom said. "There was always something in view but the timing was bad. Timing is so important, not only in acting but in being available for opportunities when they are offered. You feel here you can make good if you get the chance, but in my case so many things were contingent on opportunity timings. Our visa was running out at the same time of being deported. If you're sent out of the country it's almost impossible to get back. We were conscious, too, of how our parents were left behind. We had two presents or mine would gladly have helped but they were not allowed to send money into a dollar country."

"We couldn't go to a clinic when it was time for the baby to be born," said Tita, "because we were here on temporary stay. I'll never forget Millie Gussy's face when I asked her where the charity hospital was located. Millie has been one of our most faithful friends from the day we met her. She was casting director at Universal-International. She was horrified at the idea of my having a baby under such circumstances, so she arranged to have her brother-in-law, Dr. James Winsberg, see me. He was wonderful and kept me supplied with pills. He was a real friend and told me he'd deliver the baby without fee since my father and brother both were doctors. Millie tried so hard to get Edmund a job, but didn't work out she introduced him to Paul Gregory and to some TV people who were casting. She gave us all the clothes for the baby, blankets and everything. She has been great."

"Then when Tita was due for the hospital I got a job in Julius Caesar," Edmund told me. "A small part—two days' work. I had a few dollars. I paid my notice and said, 'I am sorry, my lord.' That's as close as I ever got to him. That day I hitch-hiked a ride to Twentieth to check on a part in Titanic. Nothing. I was walking down the street to Culver City. I was so nervous I'd be late that I ran half the way. But I got the part and I immediately borrowed $150 advance and went right over to the Culver City Hospital and arranged for Tita to enter. The night EINVAL—she called Mrs. Doddy—was hers I'm sure with her. She was like the hand of God."

"Another time when I was up for the part of Mr. Lightoller in Titanic, I had little hope since they turned me down on a horror film. But I decided to take a one-in-a-million chance. I waited and waited, but no word. It seemed everyone knew I had the part but they thought I had been turned down. People would neglected to tell me. We were going around in circles. We couldn't go home, we didn't have any money. Our parents were worried—they were slowly giving up in their minds. Then we heard the good news."

"In another desperate moment I put an advertisement in a local paper to sell my gramophone and record collection. I sold it. Then in the mail came a check for $100 from another American who insists on not being named. He merely told us to use it and pay it back when we could. Those were the wonderful things."

When Tita Purdom went into the hospital with that $150 advance, she could stay only three days.

"Then back to the garage," she said. "I was up washing dishes and cooked and everything else the day after they brought me home. There was an old two-burner..."
stove but only one burner and the oven worked. Fortunately I breast-fed the baby because, having no refrigerator—not even an old ice chest—we had no way to keep milk in summer weather. But my brother, who is a doctor, used to work in the East End of London and knew that the baby was practically infallible. Children who have been breast-fed for at least three months seldom get infantile paralysis. It isn't proven, however, until the soles were out of shoes and often had a full meal only when some thoughtful person invited him and his wife home for dinner.

"When I think back on how we literally clawed our way into a desperate survival," he told me, "how we had to beg and borrow and go without—I wonder how we came through that. At the time we were very used to it and the best of it from day to day. Looking back, it seems as unreal as a nightmare and I hope it will fade from our minds as quickly as dreams do."

But the sour side of stardom has already reared its ugly head. Among the fan letters have been many roundly abusing him for daring to take over the Mario Lanza role.

After news of his increase in salary was printed, he had to have the gearshift of his English car repaired. He located the garage and told the man who had come around $100 or $125 at the most and told him where to go. But the car came back with a $530 bill. "Worst of all," he fumed in telling the story, "the thing worked only in one gear."

I talked with Millie Gussie, their good angel. She had been at an auction with Ty and Tita in New York, and the night before and tells me she sees a great deal of them. She tried hard to sell Purdom to U-I. It's amazing how many studios missed the boat.

"You know the boy now, and you know how he would attract anybody who looked at him," she said. But when I told her that the Purdums had enumerated all the things she had done for them, she replied, "All I want in exchange is the baby, Mrs. Doody, but they won't give her to me. When you meet her, you'll want her, too."

Tita fascinates everyone who meets her. "She was five months pregnant when I met her," Millie told me, "and she still hadn't been to a doctor. She has amazing energy, and I don't know how she can manage to have her baby and run a house, too."

ThOMPSON’S HIDEAWAY
Let others go to parties—Carlos would rather stay home and write a good book!

- Shades of the day when Peter the Hermit was more famous than the stars—Hollywood now has another man who is forsaking its glamorous streets. Carlos Thompson, MGM’s famous import from Argentina, has moved out of Beverly Hills to a retreat in Topango Canyon, two thirds of the way up a mountain. There, surrounded by his books in a rustic house, safe from prowlers because of the rattlesnakes outside, Carlos intends to live.

The blond, six-foot-two star of Valley Of The Kings, who first attracted attention in this country in Flame And The Flesh, simply became weary of having people continually dropping in on him in his Beverly Hills home. Carlos, despite his extreme popularity as an escort for eligible glamour girls, is not simply long on profile and short on brains. He writes books—cracking good ones. His first, a collection of short stories under the title All Is God has had a fabulous sale in South America. His second, a highly controversial novel under the title The Other Cheek, will shortly be published. So far none of his writings has been translated from the Spanish, but he’s working on that in his hideaway.

In South America Carlos played heavy, sadistic roles and he’s a little frightened at suddenly popping out in movies as a singer. "I’m afraid that when they see me in my home country the audiences will rise up and shout, ‘Oh no, not that, Carlos!’"

He needn’t worry. Even among hostesses, Carlos is second in popularity only to Gable. South of the border, it’s no doubt the same.
who is the mysterious master mind?

(Continued from page 39) from the United States.

Rita's peace at Tahoe was purely physical. She and her two little girls swam in the lake and sunned themselves on the shore. But the little girls much much to themselves. But Rita was wracked by thoughts of persecution.

In her own mind, she is convinced that a big Immigration picture is cumulative. This is determined to ruin her life unless she gets rid of Dick Haymes. And this is one move she will not make, one threat she will not accept.

She is deeply in love with the Argentinean crooner, may even be carrying his child at this very moment, and no matter how rough things are for her, she is determined to sacrifice everything for love and family.

Rita has had rough sledding ever since she married Haymes in Las Vegas last summer. After the wedding, which was staged at the Sands Hotel under the supervision of press agent Al Freeman, Rita and Dick and her two little girls flew to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Rita rented a fourteen-room house from a Mr. Joseph Kraepler.

Last summer when she was asked why she had left Hollywood, she said, "I think we will be happier in the east. Things are less frantic there."

It didn't work out that way. For example, when Rita and Dick decided to leave Connecticut early this year and move into the Plaza Hotel in New York City, a deputy sheriff held most of their personal belongings, charging that they owed $407.50 rent and had inflicted $4000 worth of damage on Kraepler's house. In order to obtain their belongings, the Haymeses had to post a $5000 bond.

Once in New York, Rita and Dick were exhausted and decided that they could do with a little Florida vacation. So they put Rebecca and Yasmin under the care of Mrs. D., an old friend of the Haymes family. She is a wonderful woman who owns an antique shop in Westchester County.

Rita and Dick were in Florida, a mysterious "someone" filed charges with the Westchester County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that Rita's two daughters were being shamefully neglected.

Rita has a pretty good idea who instigated the charges but she's keeping the identity of the culprit to herself. You can imagine how Rita felt, however, when she picked up a newspaper one morning last spring and read that a Child's Court Judge had issued an order placing her two little girls in the protective custody of the Westchester sheriff.

If the person who had made the charges were really concerned about the welfare of the girls, why didn't he pick up the phone and make a collect call to Rita in Florida to say, "The woman in charge of your children is neglecting them shamefully."

Why? Wasn't it that instead of filing charges with the Child's Court Society? As Mrs. Chambers herself said at the time, "I wish to God I knew who started this. I'd slap him with a suit for defamation of character. It's beautiful and it's pathetic. Nobody is really thinking of these children would do a thing like this."

Rita, of course, raced home from Florida with two subpoenas she was carrying. The governmental charges: Rita HAYWORTH ACCUSED OF CHILD NEGLECT. RITA FACES NEGLECT CHARGES.

It was ironic. Rita has looked after those two children from the days of their births while their two fathers, Orson Welles and Aly Khan, have been cavorting all over Europe with beautiful women. They contribute practically nothing to the support of their children, although every now and then one reads that Aly Khan is about to settle a million on Yasmin. One is prompted to ask, "A million what?" Thus far, he has only promised to pay $8,000 a year for her support, and Rita has yet to see the $8,000.

When Rita turned up at the Children's Court in White Plains, New York, on April 26, Judge George W. Smyth absolved her of neglecting her daughters. She was told she could keep custody of Rebecca and Yasmin, but at the same time she was cautioned to keep Rebecca in school.

There was closed hearing for two hours after which the judge disclosed that he had been in contact with Prince Aly Khan and actor Orson Welles and that both had characterized Rita as "a loving mother."

The judge intimated that the neglect charges had been filed because Rebecca was out of school while her mother was away. Just who was keeping such close

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defbbie reynolds

is in the headlines again

and on modern screen's

november cover, too!

at your newsstand

october 7

Haymes' lawyer, David Marcus, is convinced that, "someone has been trying to make Haymes the scapegoat. Just who wants him out of the country? I don't know. I've heard it said that if Haymes gets shipped, Hayworth will be more tractable. I don't think so. If Haymes is deported, I'm sure Mrs. Haymes will follow."

"But at this point it doesn't look as if Dick will be deported so easily. His warrant of deportation has been canceled and the Immigration Board of Appeals has been scrupulously fair."

It is significant that while Haymes' hearing was in progress, Rita's studio gave out that the distributor was interested in the outcome. This is meaningful because it has been suggested in many quarters that it is Rita's studio that lies behind all her heartache and trouble. Rita has her own film company, Beckworth Productions. Only recently her company filed suit against Columbia Pictures asking for an accounting of $13,000,000 worth of film product.

One well-known Hollywood observer says, "It's really very simple. Some of the big shots think that Dick inspired the suit against Columbia Pictures if they can get rid of Dick, Hayworth will be very easy to handle. They think Haymes is the 'heavy' in the case."

Columbia publicists dismiss this and similar allegations as "ridiculous." Rita is under suspension for refusing to make pictures at Columbia, and as soon as she returns, expressing her willingness to work, she will be paid the payroll at approximately $5000 a week.

It is no secret that Rita wants to get out of her Columbia contract. She will do anything short of a court order and has influenced that particular studio. She will give up her lawsuit, her claims to any money due her, her residual interests in films, everything. She just doesn't want to make another picture for Columbia.

As a result of this adamant attitude, she is dead broke and living on borrowed money.

Haymes, of course, has no money, and is being sued for non-support by two of his former wives, Joanne Dru and Nora Edgington.

So, all things considered, it's really pitiful. These two people have devoted the best, most fruitful years of their lives to show business.

The woman, Rita Hayworth, is broke, harried, condemned, subjected to the most unfair attacks, private and public, ever directed at any famous figure.

The man, Dick Haymes, is broke, too, threatened with jail and deportation.

In the whole world these two have only each other to count on for support and encouragement. They are so convinced that eventually they will fight their way through the darkness that threatens now to engulf them. And the beacon of light that will see them through is their potent and unquenchable love.

"It is very easy to love and be happy," Rita once said, "when you have your health, when your career is going well and things are good at home. When the bottom drops out, it's much more difficult."

The bottom of pretty nearly everything has dropped out for Rita and Dick. But they are so convinced that eventually they will fight their way through, that for a foundation, there are no heights to which they cannot ascend.

Certainly after all these months of persecution, they deserve one good break. It is hard to see who could be served by deporting Haymes and thereby driving Rita and her children from their own country.
New and exciting shoe style for fall! Jeanne Crain, Fox star now in Warner Bros. *Duel In The Jungle*, accents her wool costume with smartly styled flats of cork tan glove leather, a Connie Shoe Creation. See this flat style and other new fall Connie styles in detail on page 76. Costume ensemble by McArthur.

Cyd Charisse gives stocking hints—choose evening and day shades to complement your skin tone—choose the right stocking style for each shoe style! Cyd enhances her olive skin with Cameo's Rose Beige for evening, Rose Mauve for day. All about Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on page 77. Cell Chapman gown. The jewels are by Volupté.

Connie Shoe Creations can be purchased in person or by mail from stores listed on page 84.

Leather flat. Cork tan, multi-tan trim or black, multicolor trim. About $5.95.

Leather crepe sole wedge, contrast trim. Tan, black or cream. About $6.95.

Classic d'Orsay pump, gunmetal strip trim. Black or blue suede. About $7.95.

Open-toe, sling back suede pump, nailhead trim. Black or brown. About $6.95.
STAR BRIGHT

Ann Miller wears Bur-Mil Cameo’s newest complexion stocking shades to flatter her pink skin—Peachbloom for evening, Crackerjack for daytime. Bur-Mil Cameo makes daytime and evening stocking shades to complement the five key complexion tones—olive, ivory, pink, medium and radiant—in a complete range of stocking styles. Ann wears sheer full-fashioned stockings; Cyd chooses complete nude-foot seamless, page 75. Both stars are in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Ann’s next picture is *Hit The Deck*; Cyd’s, *Brigadoon*.

**BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.**

John Engstead
modern screen fashions

A new fashion star is born! The Playtex Living Bra! Peggy Castle, next to be seen in United Artists' The White Orchid, was Chairwoman of the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board that approved this wonderful new item. Minus wiring, boning or stiffening, the Playtex Living Bra (worn by model below) lifts, controls and separates; gives you a flattering uplift, comfort and ease. The bra cups are a combination of nylon taffeta with nylon marquisette, the low-cut back, bias-cut sides and V-plunge neckline are batiste elastic. Will not wrinkle, creep or ride up. 32A to 40C. White only. About $4. This award-winning bra by Playtex at leading department and specialty stores. Other Modern Screen Board Members included Polly Bergen, star of TV's Hit Parade, Rita Moreno, now in 20th's Untamed and Renie, 20th clothes designer for Untamed. Golden metal compact by American Beauty.
talking about kelly

(Continued from page 46) popular with men and so much in demand by the industry. When she came out to Hollywood four years ago to test for a role in Taki, she was turned down for the lead. One cameraman says, “Because on film she just didn’t come across. She generated absolutely nothing—no sex, no vitality, just a kind of subdued prettiness.”

A few months later when Grace was signed for a small part in Fourteen Hours, she again made little or no impression. Of the millions of people who saw the film, hardly anyone can remember Grace in it.

From this standing start, how did Grace Kelly suddenly burgeon into “the hottest young actress in the business”? How, for instance, did she outdistance all the acting ladies in Hollywood who were plotting for the role opposite Bing Crosby in The Country Girl?

The old acquaintance who believes that it’s Grace’s ambition that moves her along tells how it was done.

“Grace told her agent that she wanted the role very badly. Then she called the producer, Bill Perlberg. She told him the same thing. Perlberg hedged. Grace had done a wonderful job for him in The Bridges At Toko-Ri, but Bill knew that MGM wanted Grace back for Green Fire with Stewart Granger. And he knew something else: He knew that Bing Crosby wasn’t particularly anxious to have Grace as his leading lady. So Bill stalled for a while, diplomatically, of course. He was convinced Metro wouldn’t let Grace remain at Paramount for a second picture.

“But Bill didn’t reckon with Kelly’s ambition. She pressed for the part, day after day. When Metro finally told her a loanout was impossible, Grace led with her trump.

“If I can’t play the roles I want,” she said, “there is no point in my being in this business. I’ll pack up and go home.”

“Grace has a big advantage. She doesn’t need money. Her father is rich. Metro knew that of course, and in Hollywood as in Wall Street, people who have money are not kicked around—not very much, anyway. So Metro gave in and Grace was cleared for The Country Girl.”

Bing says now that he never did object to Grace’s joining the cast of the picture. And apparently he didn’t. Of course Bing was aware of Grace’s alleged affinity for leading men—as in the case of Ray Milland.

No sooner had Dial M For Murder started when stories that Milland was leaving his wife and hoped to marry Grace began to circulate.

At that time Bing was being mentioned in connection with both Mona Freeman and Margot James, and he didn’t want any more publicity like that. When The Country Girl began Bing and Grace were polite to each other.

Bing has never been a man to offer his friendship freely, and Grace sensed that. She has an unerring facility for judging men. At the start of the production the Kelly-Crosby relationship was purely professional. Gradually it thawed and grew into a personal relationship. Bing and Grace have a great deal in common. They are both of Irish descent, both Catholic, both hard-working and both emotionally restrained.

Before the picture was finished, Bing was dating Grace quite frequently. Once, Bing took her dancing at the Mocambo, where the photographers gathered around and shot him without his hairpiece, an indelicacy which always arouses the Crosby ire.
Some of Grace's rivals would have you believe that she appeals to men like Crosby, Gable, Milland and Cooper "because they are well on in years and are always afraid they will grow too old. They don't want me to look too old." They say that Grace's outstanding professional virtue is the maturity of her appearance.

When drunk Gable was in London, he was, as usual, reluctant to say anything. Asked about Grace, he answered, "She is a very sweet and refined actress, somebody with lots of inner warmth and talent."

Was it true that while they were making Mogambo in Africa, they fell in love? "I don't know," he said. "We just hang together a couple of times. That's about all."

A British newspaperman who had accompanied Grace on her round of shows throughout Kenya, was a bit more expansive.

"Very quickly," he reported, "Grace Kelly became the darling of the outfit. John Ford, the director, took a liking to her right away. She wore his favorite capes and began calling her Kelly.

"The general feeling among members of the cast was that Kelly was one regular girl."

"I don't know whether she fell for Gable first or vice versa but they certainly struck up a close friendship. When they returned to Hollywood they took up where they left off in Nairobi."

"I saw them dining together several times and I later ran into them at the New York Majestic."

In fact, I believe they were sort of mobbed when they tried to see Paint Your Wagon.

"Once when I rang up Kelly, I asked her about Gable."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "Mr. Gable is a very dear friend and a very kind man who was very considerate on location and she has always been very kind to him."

"But it's nothing serious," she remarked.

The friendship may not have been serious, but somehow Grace's mother, Mrs. Margaret Major Kelly, got wind of it and next day she telephoned me, Mrs. Kelly was in London living with Grace in the Savoy Hotel and Gable was staying over at the Connaught. Al Lyons was his old friend from California was on his way to join Clark as a tour of the continent.

When Mrs. Kelly took her beautiful young daughter to the Savoy, Mrs. Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Menasco went on to Paris. It was there that Gable met Schiaparelli model Suzanne Dodiall D'Abadie.

Suddenly, and before the eyes of Gable and his Majesties, rumors began to drift back to Hollywood that in that statuesque French beauty, Gable had found his fifth wife.

Grace had heard of Grace Kelly nobody knows. Nobody but Grace, that is, and she is not one to talk about her personal life. She's a sensible girl, and perhaps she has reason. She's been in pining for a man who was thousands of miles across the Atlantic, apparently having a great time with a French model on the sands of Capri.

Grace threw herself into her television work in New York, starring in one playlet after another until the day Jay Kasem called the right number and asked, "How would you like to go to Hollywood and play opposite Ray Milland in Dial M For Murder?"

Grace had seen the play on Broadway and she was enthusiastic—in her own quiet way. Little did she know that she was destined to be attracted to Reginald Truscott-Jones, the Household Guard. Mr. Truscott-Jones acts under the name of Ray Milland.

Grace's friends say, "She never would have fallen for Milland if she hadn't been under the impression that he was separated from his wife. She has far too much self-control for that. She is an idealistic girl, and she would sooner cut off her arm than deviate from it."

Anyway, Milland was extremely taken with Grace during the filming of Dial M For Murder, and it was no secret on the set that there was a beautiful wife Mal and marry Grace Kelly.

"Naturally enough, Milland, now reconciled with his wife, refuses to discuss the matter. But the rumour of the romance had begun under false pretexts—Grace called the whole thing off.

In the Gable problem, Grace's mother was in a difficult situation, the problem of Ray Milland. It was said that henceforth Mrs. Margaret Kelly would act as Grace's chaperone in Hollywood.

"Grace is very close to her."

She is self-reliant, blessed with integrity and thoroughness, and would never do anything embarrassing to herself or to her family. Her best chaperone will always remain the love and consciousness and her parents know that.

Once the Milland rumors blew clear, Mrs. Kelly went back to Philadelphia, and Grace contacted Truscott-Jones for South America to star in Green Fire.

When she returned she began to see Clark Gable again, but the time had passed. She had to leave for Cannes and Catch A Thief.

Grace Kelly is near-sighted and wears glasses, is blessed with natural beauty and understands the secrets of make-up.

From whom she got this understanding it is difficult to say. Some believe it came from her father, a rugged athlete who is known in Philadelphia with $70,000 borrowed from two wealthy brothers. That bricklaying business is now an eighteen-million-dollar concern.

Others say Grace learned how to handle men by handling her brother John, a world champion oarsman. But a girl who got everything for herself is capable of appreciation of men and women has never been her kind to him.

"She was in New York and eventually they might have married. But he died last year."

"Someone else insists that Kelly, before movie fame, used to go out regularly with Gene Lyons, an excellent stage and TV actor. Supposedly Lyons was smitten by her born-to-the-purple manner.

Grace's technique apparently consists of being natural, quiet, and attentive.

Bill Holden said, "I've never known her to take advantage of being a woman. In Toko-Ri she was always on time, always kept her word, always got a good deal to the scene." And Grace has a wonderful way of contributing without being pushed. She talks in modulated tones and makes it a point never to hurt anyone.

Grace has made her own living, more or less, since she was seventeen or eighteen. Her father is a lawyer and she goes to Bennington College in Vermont—but scho-}

"I've been very lucky and I know it. Grace was a woman while that happens to someone in Hollywood and it's happened to me."

Ask her how she feels about things and her blue eyes light up and she says modestly, "I've been very lucky and I know it. Grace was a woman while that happens to someone in Hollywood and it's happened to me."

As for her appearance, Grace is described as "just lucky." Certainly she's been lucky in birth, background, beauty, career, and lately, in gambling. One wonders if she will be as lucky in love.
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abracadabra

(Continued from page 51) found this house.

Obviously, they were all too overcome by the sheer size of the three-story mansion notice that it was terribly run down. Wisely, Debby kept her thoughts to herself. She climbed out of her Cadillac convertible and followed the rest of them as they filed up the flight of stone steps leading to the main entrance. Bill Barry turned the key in the lock and ushered them into the vast emptiness.

There was no electricity in the house so Bill and Deb's dad had to carry flashlights. As they moved from the livingroom to the diningroom to the Chinese room, the two men played their footsteps into the far their dark corners. Their footsteps echoed loudly on the bare floors and there was dust everywhere. Debby shivered.

I took Bill Barry over an hour to show the Griffins (Debb's real family name is Griffin) the complete house from the basement to the top floor. He didn't omit one of the twenty-five rooms or seven baths. He pointed out how the various bedroom suites included their own small kitchenettes so that they could function as separate apartments in case anyone wanted to live independently of the family and yet under the same roof.

He showed them three different playrooms with outside entrances so that a gang in one room needn't disturb a party in another. He demonstrated the hotel-size stove and refrigerator which are permanent equipment in the kitchen. He flashed his light along the walls of built-in closets and the marble-lined bath with the steam cabinet. He even included a side trip to the small guest cottage beside the three-car garage. Then he led his visitors around the outskirts of the property so they might see how completely private the pool and gardens were.

When the inspection trip was completed, a kind of contagious excitement spread through the Griffin group. "Can we afford such a big place?" Debby asked. Did she think of that rustic gameroom? Where will we ever get enough furniture to fill twenty-five rooms? Won't the pool be heavenly?"

Only Debra and her mother were completely quiet. Debra was trying to fathom Bill Barry's reason for bringing them to this creepy place. And Mother Maggie was silently figuring and weighing the alternatives before making up her mind.

Finally, Mrs. Griffin declared herself.
"We can either go forward or slide back," she said, voicing one of her pet beliefs, "but we can't stand still. I think we should take it. What do you say, Fran? Teala? Debby?"
"I think we should talk to the others," Debby's father suggested.

And so, like every other big decision that faces this unusual show-business family, the question of moving to Beverley Hills was debated around the diningroom table late that night. It's the custom among the Griffin clan to give everyone a voice in family affairs. And there are nine strong voices in Debra Paget's family.

First, of course, come her parents. Next come Teala and her husband, Gene Ben- nett, who gave this same address along with their two little girls, Kim and Jeneene. Between Teala and Debra comes Frank, Jr. Frank is an actor under contract to RKO. Debra follows Teala in age. Eighteen months younger than Debby is Leslie, or Lisa Gaye, as she is called professionally. And last of all is their precocious little sister, six-year-old Marcia.

With so many different theatrical personalities under one roof, you'd expect nothing but jealousy and continual friction, but there is none. With an admirable spirit of cooperation the Griffin family manages to live together in harmony. Mother Maggie explains this by saying that "my kids are all too busy to fight."

But there is more to this remarkable family than their show business. The Griffins happen to like each other. The girls are good friends. All the grown-ups pamper and love the children. And everyone adores Mama.

In addition, the family has evolved a workable system of living. Each capable member contributes to the family fund, and everyone has a say in how the money gets spent. All share in the housework. Over the years, they've found that by pooling their incomes and energy they can live like the rich.

The move into the big house in Beverley Hills is a wonderful example of the "Griffin System" in operation.

The night before they saw the house on Crescent Drive, Debra recalls, "we sat up until two in the morning arguing. At first, I was completely against our taking such an old house. It seemed to be a hopeless wreck, but Mama soon set me straight. She said that all it needed was a thorough cleaning indoors and out. Dad agreed."

Then she outlined some of her ideas about how we'd furnish the place. She

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CONNIE SHOE CREATIONS—BY WOHL SHOE CO.
Pages 75, 76

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Or write to Connie Shoe Creations, Wohl Sho Co., 390 S. Second St., Washington Avenue—St. Louis, Mo.
said she'd like to put white cotton carpets all over the house to lighten the rooms and to mix a lot of big comfortable modern chairs with some Chinese chests. It sounded pretty wonderful.

"In the end we all decided that the house had everything we'd always wanted —a home with plenty of rooms and a pool. We were willing to work to pay for it."

Two nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin signed the lease for their new Beverly Hills home, a three-year rental with option to buy. With that the work began.

IT HAPPENED TO US

According to Maggie, "We really should have taken before-and-after pictures. Without photographs people can't begin to appreciate what a wonderful transformation the decorating firm of Mann & Field wrought on that out-of-date house."

The first stage was the clean-up. Mr. Griffin and Gene Bennett worked on the yard, while Debra and her mother tackled the house. "To give you a small idea how wild the grounds were," Debra's dad explains, "Gene and I worked around outside for a week and we didn't know we had a huge outdoor barbecue and grill hidden under some ivy!"

The changes were almost as surprising inside. Right from the beginning Maggie worked with Bob Gilbert, Mann & Field's head decorator. She ordered over 300 yards of white carpeting with them. She chose her big comfortable couches and chairs in their showrooms. Bob Gilbert helped plan the seating arrangement in the living room. He also suggested that she move the old dining room furniture into the breakfast room for everyday use. Then he sold her a very striking new dining room set for parties and company dinners.

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"Hon," I said, "I have something to tell you.""I'm pregnant! ... Charlton ... don't choke!"

"I saw the doctor today. He says I'm fine."
"I won't need a hospital bag for months!"

"But I don't want to go to bed. I feel great."
"And don't bobby me... well, if you insist..."

Most of Debby's white satin and rose velvet furnishings came from the Griffins' old Hollywood Boulevard house, but Mrs. Griffin did have some adorable cupids made especially for the new room. Leslie chose the sleeping porch overlooking the pool for her private world. The furniture in this room has a Cordovan finish and is as tailored as Debby's feminine. Leslie has twin beds because she loves to have girl friends like Lori Nelson and Julia Adams spend the night.

Teala and her husband have a separate apartment with rooms for their tow-headed little daughters. And for the first time in his married life, Frank Griffin has a den of his own where he can go off by himself, read the paper, and take a midday snooze. He also has a new desk for which he can thank little Marcia.

On about the 428th trip to the Mann & Field headquarters, Marcia and Debby were waiting while their mother looked at curtain material for the solarium. Debby was engrossed in her favorite pastime of clipping recipes from magazines. Suddenly little Marcia suggested, "Let's buy Daddy a desk. He needs one terribly. He has to keep all his papers in boxes."

Debra threw her arms around her baby sister. "Angel, what a divine idea!" she agreed. And so Debra bought one.

The whole family received a wonderful surprise from an old friend and artist, Arne Nybak. Arne's specialty is commercial murals and stage sets. His commissions keep him busy all over the country. When he dropped by the Griffins' place one Sunday to see the new house, he was so struck by its dramatic quality that he promised to give the family a special housewarming gift.

"Why not a sample of your work?" Debby asked. She never dreamed he'd take her seriously.

A few days later Arne arrived at the door with his paints and brushes. He tied an apron around his business suit and went to work. For three days he painted a wonderful three-dimensional mermaid mural in the front hall.

"It's the first thing people see when they come to visit us," Debby says, "and it really takes their breath away. Honestly, the jeweled mermaids kind of set the tone for this whole story-book house."

Debra and her family have been living in their new home a little more than three months. By now, they're used to the luxury of private rooms and adjoining sun decks and five telephones. They've got the housework down to a science. This is one movie star's family that doesn't have a servant problem. It has no servants.

Each girl looks after her own clothes and cleans her own room. Maggie and Teala share the cooking but Debby likes to do some of the baking. All the children help with the dishes and bed-making. Then race outside and sit by the pool.

"If people used to criticize me for not dating and always sticking close to home," Debby says, "they're really going to blast me now. I plan my whole day just so that I can spend the best sun hours swimming. I even had my hair cut to make it easier to manage when it gets wet. I really love this beautiful place. Honestly, it takes a pretty sensational date to lure me away."

To be sure, a lot of the younger movie crowd gather at the Griffins' place. And you never can tell when one of them may prove to be the man in Debra Paget's life. But this much is certain. If a man does win Debby's heart, he'll have to marry her fabulous family, too. This is one clan that believes in sticking together. END

(Debra Paget can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Gambler From Natchez.)
Tony's grin vanished. "Them bums!" he said bitterly. "They ought to be flattered to carry the Giants' gloves."

"I like the Dodgers," Bert Parry said mildly.

Tony wheeled and stared at him. "Who's this layout for Modern Screen? Remind me, never, never to do another layout for Modern Screen. Nowhere in my contract does it say I've got to consort with Brooklyn rodents. Let 'em suspend me—I'll sue." He parked the car, hopped out and departed in a cloud of dust, yelling over his shoulder, "Meet me in the commissary in ten minutes, Bert. We'll have breakfast!"

Off on some errand of his own, Tony ran all the way. On his way back he met a close friend, Nicky Blair, and invited him to breakfast. "How'd Willy Mays do last night?" he asked.

"He got another homer," Nick answered, and Tony was happy again.

In the commissary he checked his favorite waitress under the chin. "Good morning, El-ee-nor! How's my sweetheart today?" She likes it, she likes it, and she wishes he'd always have to eat in such a hurry. It's bad for his stomach.

He does have to hurry, though, because he has only a few minutes to get over to wardrobe and into his costume before he's due on the Five Bridges To Cross set. Tony always has only a few minutes' grace.

On this particular set he was met by make-up man Frank Westmore, who refused to be baited into a discussion of baseball. "We're running late," he squeaked. "Hold your head still."

By nine o'clock the cameras were rolling. Experienced had run, but the set constantly seethed with activity in preparation for them. The stage was finally set. Director Joseph Pevney had rehearsed the scene to his satisfaction, an assistant director shouted out the warning, "Quiet, please, everyone," a bell clanged, and they were in business. With luck, the second or third take was good, not. They would do the scene another dozen or so times before they heard the welcome words, "Print it!"

Tony retired to his dressing-room to go over his next lines. His door is never closed, so he had little time to relax alone, listening to the new Frank Sinatra album. "Absolutely the greatest thing he's ever done!" he said to Jeff Chandler, who had ambled over to the set.

"Yeah, and you're not going to give him much competition," needled the big guy.

"I know it," Tony admitted.

Co-star Julia Adams appeared to ask about his mother, who was in the hospital after surgery. Tony hadn't had time to call yet, so he did it that minute. "She had a good night," he reported cheerfully to Julia, then said into the phone, "Give Momma all my love, and tell her I'll see her later."

George Nader, getting his first big break in the picture, loomed in the doorway to report that Sherman Clark, still photographer on the picture, wanted him in the set for some candids. Tony rose immediately and went out with him. "C'mon, you bum, smile pretty for the man," he ribbed the more serious young actor.

"Can't," George answered with marked gravity. "You get wrinkles that way. I never smile unless the script calls for it."

Another scene and another before the company broke for lunch. Tony walked over to the studio with Julia Adams, holding hands; en route he was heard to say, "Tony's so cute enough to be mascot to the Giants. I'm gonna speak to Leo about you."

At lunch he sat with Joe Pevney and his producer, Aaron Rosenberg. There was very little horsing around; the three men...
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Don't let your hair look dull, drab, old.

Tony was back on the set in an hour. He is anything but flippant about his career, and he's a bear for punishment. For instance, he's always two weeks ahead of the shooting schedule in memorizing his lines. It's the intense way young Mr. Curtis is built. This character he's playing—he has to have time to pull it apart, examine all the facets of its personality and put it back together as an understood integer. What makes Tony run? His career, maybe.

He was dead serious, talking on the set. "There are times," he said, "in every guy's life when he has a choice of two roads to take, and if he knows what kind of person he is, he always knows which is the right road for him. Me, I spread myself in six directions at once, and you know what that is? Wasting energy, throwing it away. "Like I said, I just want to understand one guy—me. I don't want to overreach myself, which is easy to do in a business where there are always people around to tell you how good you are. Even I don't want to waste anything I've got, either, I want to know." What makes Tony run? Tony?

Then he dropped the subject to demonstrate a purely personal talent for entertaining. Children, that is. There are three little ones in Five Bridges To Cross; they're great favorites of Tony's and they know it. Between scenes that afternoon he performed simple feats of magic until the two boys, Ronnie Anton and Larry Turner, were bug-eyed. Then he captured one of them.

"Tell me, young man," he asked, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

As a silly question and get a silly answer, of course," replied the Tony Curtis of 1974.

This year's idol frowned fiercely at his young colleague. 'That is merely secondary, my friend. He has not a clue as to what he's going to be first is a Giant rooter. Shall we live it up a little and have a coke?"

Nearby stood tiny Kathleen Hooper, at whose diminutive feet Tony's heart lay. When Tony, with no regard whatsoever, turned his attention to her rag doll; he crooned to it tenderly, rocked it, performed ridiculous aerial antics with it until Kathleen's solemn little face broke up in delighted chuckles. She was won, and until Tony was called for the final scene of the day, she nestled contentedly in his arms.

Swooping over, Tony and Nicky Blair looped over to the projection room to look at the day's rushes. At a more sedate pace followed a photographer named Bert Parry, who was beginning to feel the effects of Tony's day. Tony was still in a hurry, though, because one of the things that makes him run fastest is his wife. He has caught up with her careerwise, and that's why he had to catch up with her and a date to look at a house.

The rushes looked fine, they emerged from the projection room, blinking in the afternoon sun, and were trapped by Bob Palmer of the casting department. "Tony," he said, "you've got to come in Wednesday.

Tony looked outraged. "You promised I could have next week off!"

"Can't help it," Bob insisted. "We've got to have you next Wednesday."

"All I ask," murmured the martyred Mr. Curtis, rolling his baby blues heavenward, "is one week off. One week—seven beautiful days—and you have to break it up in the middle! Publicity gave me the week off; Betty Mitchell said I didn't have to do anything next week. Do you realize I haven't had any time off in a year?"

Nobody's in the least impressed by his histrionics. Tony loves being needed. He also loves to horse around about how abused he is.


He had just played his biggest scene of the film, and he's known to be about as cooperative with studio and press as an actor can get.

He already had the Cadillac's engine running when Bert Parry dropped into the seat beside him with a tired sigh—but he didn't get away. Somebody called his name frantically. Tony slapped on the brakes, and Joe Thompson of the Publicity Department raced up with a huge package.

it could be worse!

Bet you've heard that often enough—just when you were so low you felt ten feet underground. Cheer up, someone said—things might be much blacker! Personally, we never found that the thought helped much...especially when we were worried about money. Possibly you feel the same and would prefer a little constructive advice...in which case we're right on time. Because starting now you can save money without cutting down on your fun. All you have to do is subscribe to MODERN SCREEN right away instead of buying it at the newsstand and you have a guaranteed yearly saving! Figure it out. Then fill out the coupon below, send it in and really cheer up; things will be much better!

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"Been trying to catch up with you all day?" he panted. "I guess you got another present from a fan. Will you sign here, Tony?"

Finally they were out the gates and in the heavy late afternoon traffic. Bert thought he might as well have a catnap on the way and afterward he said, "Maybe it's a good thing I didn't look. We got back to the house so fast that my nerves probably would have given way if my eyes had been open."

Tony parked before the house and took the stairs two at a time, fresh as he had been at six that morning. "Hi, doll!" he greeted Janet, who opened the door. Then his mouth stayed open, because she definitely wasn't dressed for a house inspection. "Hey, what gives?"

NURSERY RHYME

Last summer I sat at the table next to Dinah Shore and her little girl in a large hotel diningroom. Everything was quiet until I heard the familiar Shore voice softly singing, "Mabel, Mabel, big and able, Take your elbows off the table!"

With that her little daughter Melissa removed her elbows and smiled an acceptable smile.

Mrs. Johnny Apple
Kansas City, Missouri

"Thank heaven you got here, sweetie," Jan said, lifting her lips for a kiss. "I've been trying to call you, and just wrote you a note. I've got to meet Dean and Jerry in Cleveland; we're doing a PA for Living It Up tomorrow for the matinee."

"Oh," Tony said. Then, uncertainly, "Can I drive you to the airport?"

"No, honey. The studio car is on its way to pick me up now. There wouldn't be time."

In less time than it takes to tell, she was gone. Tony sat down and started shaking clothes. Every two minutes the telephone rang. "Hello?" Tony would say. "Gee, sweetie, I'm sorry but I can't. You know me and my mind—I never write anything down. Well, it turns out that I have to do an interview and they're due in about five minutes. No, it would be too late afterward—but thanks for calling."

After a while he said to Bert Parry, who was studiously avoiding the attentions of Houzina. "I don't really have an interview to do tonight."

"But you must be tired," said Bert, who certainly was.

"No, I'm not tired. I'm lonely. You know what I think I'll do? I'll go look at the house anyway—and then I'll stop at a drive-in and have a hamburger for dinner. You want to come along?"

"Not without Janet," Bert admitted truthfully.

"I don't blame you," Tony agreed dolefully. "Neither do I."

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frantic romance

(Continued from page 43) ourselves by the pool, I asked him, "Do you love Debbie?" And before he had a chance to catch his breath, I hurled another one at him, "Do you want to marry her?"

He literally gasped. "Gee, Ma," he said where he was able to get anything out, "that's a large order to fill on a second's notice."

I was amused by my young singing friend's fluster. "I repeat the questions," I stated.

Eddie, who had been stretched out beside the pool, sat up, moved his towel closer and sat down beside me, suddenly very serious.

He didn't answer right away. When he did, he said: "I've got it bad for Debbie. If you want to marry her, you've worked too long for the most wonderful girl you've ever met and that you want to go on with her—I suppose it could be called an engagement."

But, "look, Ma," he went on, "don't say we're engaged because maybe Debbie doesn't love me that much. Maybe she doesn't want me."

No sooner had I thought, I had been spending a lot of time with these two and if Debbie isn't equally, maybe more, in love with Eddie than he with her, I miss my guess. But being faithful to my sex, I didn't speak my thoughts.

I was thinking back over the five or six evenings Eddie and Debbie and I had spent together in Las Vegas.

I had watched Debbie when the autograph fans had swarmed around them as we went on our rounds in this playground of America.

Every place the kids went they were mobbed. But much to my surprise, whenever a pencil was shoved into Debbie's hands, she immediately handed over the pencil and the book to Eddie first—as if to say, "Here, it's your autograph they want."

And I claim that Hollywood girl as cute and popular as Debbie is doesn't make this gesture toward a man unless she means it!

Another thing. If we were sitting in a cafe and some of the chorus girls in the assorted revues dropped by to meet us, I could just feel Debbie watching Eddie to see if he was attracted to any one of them which he wasn't.

She was happiest, I think, when we were driving from place to place, the kids sitting on the back seat with their arms around one another. Sometimes Eddie sang to her—his beautiful voice sending chills down even my back.

He is such a sweet, thoroughly unspoiled kid I don't see how anyone can resist him.

Only once during the whole week did they faintly approach a tiff.

This was the day Debbie had promised her mother she would bring my Eddie didn't want her to go. He even asked me to call Mrs. Reynolds asking permission for Debbie to stay over.

"Before I could reply Debbie said to Eddie, "Please, darling. There's nothing I want to do more than stay with you. But I promised Mother. Some of her relatives whom I haven't seen in a long time are visiting us for this one day, and I promised I would be home to meet them. I have to keep my word."

Eddie, fiercely piqued, turned and started to walk out of my suite. Debbie just stood her ground and watched him disappear.

"Not before either of us could say, "Scout," he dashed back, took Debbie in his arms and kissed her neck and pretty face. "I understand, baby," he whispered, "I'm just disappointed."

I thought this was about time for me to do a disappearing act into my bedroom. And I did.

Do they see so much in love, and everything is going so brightly in both their careers, what then is to keep these two from immediate marriage?

Now, we did not discuss this point but I am sure it will catch up with them. Are they as yet mature enough to take on marriage at this moment when girls are making fools of themselves over Eddie in the same way they once did over Frank Sinatra; and when a lot of young men, whether they know her or not, look on Debbie as a favorite dream date?

You think this is a small matter? Don't fool yourself.

Both of these kids know the game they're in. They know the temptations and pitfalls.

And, we're young, too, and too hard not to be wise beyond their years.

They also have responsibilities to their public and to their families.

Eddie was brought up in Philadelphia and his singing records, his nightclub appearances, his TV show and public appearances have made him in a few short years one of the most popular singers our country has ever known.

It is so characteristic of this boy that when he opened at the Cootanout Grove in Los Angeles he had an entourage of about ten people who had been good to him when he was a child!

Groucho Marx went shopping along Beverly Hills with his daughter Melinda, eight. She lingered in front of the shop windows, and he called her to, "Hurry up!" She snapped back, "Don't yell at me! I'm not your wife!"

There was the woman who owned the car and who paid him handsomely when he minded the store for her. There was his father, to whom he sings his favorite, "Oh My Papa." There were the two successful young songwriters Dick Adler and Jerry Roth, boyhood friends of Eddie's—and he is as delighted as they are over their Broadway hit, The Panama Game.

At Eddie's table also was Jenny Growsers, an actress from Groucho's Famous Hotel where Eddie once sang and where he was discovered by Eddie Cantor.

And last, but far from least, Debbie was there, which ever shying over his success on the West Coast. It would take the rest of this article to list all the celebrities and socialites who turned out to welcome young Fisher—in fact, that's what Debbie has never been as cute in her career as she is as Susan.

When we came out of the theatre, everyone flocked around Debbie, congratulating her, telling her how wonderful she is, doing raves, really.

Her eyes were dancing with happiness. Her mother,确切ly Shane and though there were an electric light behind it. Yet, always she reached for Eddie's hand and kept him close beside her.

We went to the Hollywood Derby for a bite to eat, and for the first time I realized how very serious Debbie is about her career.

"I look like a kid. I'm really twenty-two," she said as though that age is beyond
THE NUMBERS RACKET

- None of us is getting any younger no matter how young we are, as the cliché goes. But you may find some surprises in the ages of famous movie folk, many of whom have the same birthdays—perhaps even the same as yours. Here is a partial list of stars who made their first appearance on some bright fall day in the not-too-distant past. Modern Screen publishes these vital statistics with no guarantee that there hasn't been a little cheating here and there. But what does it matter so long as they all stay glamorous and exciting?

Star | Birthday | Age
---|---|---
Peter Lawford | Sept. 7 | 31
Claudette Colbert | Sept. 13 | 49
Scott Brady | Sept. 13 | 29
Dick Haymes | Sept. 13 | 38
Lauren Bacall | Sept. 16 | 30
Anne Francis | Sept. 16 | 24
Greta Garbo | Sept. 18 | 48
Shelley Winters | Sept. 18 | 31
Paul Muni | Sept. 22 | 57
Martha Scott | Sept. 22 | 38
Marge Champion | Sept. 22 | 28
Walter Pidgeon | Sept. 23 | 56
Mickey Rooney | Sept. 23 | 34
Gail Russell | Sept. 23 | 30
Aldo Ray | Sept. 25 | 28
Greer Garson | Sept. 29 | 46
Lizabeth Scott | Sept. 29 | 32
Bud Abbott | Oct. 2 | 59
June Allyson | Oct. 7 | 31
Diana Lynn | Oct. 7 | 28
Cornel Wilde | Oct. 13 | 39
Rita Hayworth | Oct. 17 | 36
Joan Fontaine | Oct. 22 | 37
Jack Carson | Oct. 27 | 44
Teresa Wright | Oct. 27 | 35
Dale Evans | Oct. 31 | 36

Youth. "I have seven years of bucking this game behind me. And I'm just now hitting the headline spots.

'Ve watched the careers of other girls,' she went on, "and I've noticed the inegues don't last long. Not after the dew of youth is off 'em. I honestly want to do something serious. I hate sappy kid parts."

Eddie, surprised at his baby's vehemence, said, "But, honey, most of your fans think of you as a teen ager."

Debbie batted those big, beautiful eyes at him. She winked. "But I'm not, my boy," she giggled.

The more I see of her the more I am convinced that there is a strong cross streak of real maturity in Debbie's youthful appeal. I think she knows what she's doing all the time.

Once, when I was interviewing her on the set of Susan Slept Here toward the finish of the shooting, she said:

"I'm good in this picture. Ask Harriet. I know that doesn't sound particularly modest—but I'm not particularly modest. I know what I can do—and what I can't."

Despite her cuteness and her ability to sing, dance and imitate almost from her cradle in El Paso, Texas, her birthplace, making headway in her career has not been too easy for Debbie.

When she was eight, she moved to Los Angeles with her parents (her father was an employee of the Southern Pacific Railroad) and her elder brother Bill, 15, bought a modest home in Burbank. It is indicative of Debbie's character that she still lives with her family in the same house.

She was no smash getting starter in films. Even in high school plays, the leading parts went to other girls and Debbie took what was left—usually a bit.

But in 1948 she put on such a hilarious imitation of Betty Hutton in a talent contest, she was chosen "Miss Burbank of 1948" and her luck started to turn.

Her first screen role in Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady led to a job at MGM playing Helen Kane, the boop-boop-a-doop gal in Three Little Words, and from there on she was on her way.

She first came to my attention in a publicity way when she and Robert Wagner were touted as being "madly in love." Perhaps they were. What happened to this youthful romance, I don't know. But its ending is supposed to have left Debbie a little disillusioned.

Since that time, she's dated many boys. But I don't believe she's been in love before Eddie came into her life.

One big, bright factor the kids have in favor of an early and successful marriage is that they are very happy home. Eddie is devotion itself to his family of four sisters and two brothers—and Debbie's home life is ideal.

The last time I saw the kids, before leaving for my vacation in Europe, was at the birthday party I gave for Jimmy McHugh. Jimmy had asked that they be seated at his table and knowing how fond of him they are, I was surprised when they were not at the house at eight o'clock.

About nine they called. "Ma," they chorused, "we're lost.

And, I guess they were—lost in a fog. They didn't arrive until dinner was over.

"Who can eat?" Eddie said, gazing into Debbie's eyes.

And, until two o'clock in the morning there they sat, Eddie never more than two inches away from Debbie, holding her hand, teasing her and reaching for her, and she putting her head on his shoulder and looking up at him—lost in a little world of their own while Judy Garland, Jane Wyman, Margaret Whiting and Roz Russell sang love songs in their direction.

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91
my everyday God

(Continued from page 65) attraction for me. Instead I live generally conscious at all times, no matter what I may be doing, that I have a spiritual affiliation. I don't mean that I walk with pious manner and expression. My faith doesn't get in my way. I just try to live so it is my way.

Maybe I should explain about my Catholicism. When some of my friends have said that I am an "amazing kind of Catholic," they don't mean my devoutness. They mean the way I came to enter my church. I will try to tell the story because it illustrates so graphically the wonderful and tolerant philosophy of a lady whose outlook on life has always inspired me—my mother. My mother is not a Catholic. She is the founder of Unity. In a sense I was taken from her arms and conveyed to Catholicism while her attention was engaged in earning a living for my brother and me. So she learned what had happened she uttered no protest, insisted on no change, permitted both my brother and me (it happened to both of us) to consider ourselves Catholics and continue as such. She gave us no reasons, but in the years to come we felt we knew what they were.

My parents separated early after my birth so that I don't remember my father. Mother got work as a nurse with the Matson line. We went with Walt and me (neither of us yet five) with a Catholic family. With Mother away for long periods, these good people felt more than an ordinary responsibility. They felt we should have a religious identification and since our lives were so closely entwined with theirs they took us with them to their church.

Later, at a time when Mother was seriously ill, she consented to having us baptized in their faith which was already so familiar to us. To Mother, as I came to realize in time, there is no divorce from life. The baptism of her children in another church might well be a part of it. She would not interfere.

And so, in what was probably a unique family relationship, we continued to live together thereafter, Mother in Unity, and her two sons in Catholicism. There was no clash. Instead, the fact that she granted us just two small boys, such autonomy and independence, not only gave us a feeling of freedom we'll never forget, but more than this, the rich eternally beneficent look of the Unity philosophy is so important as a source of self-respect and well-being.

In Unity the teaching is that thought is omnipotent. Mother would put it this way, sometimes: "Thoughts are things. If you think right thoughts, the right things will happen." I fell into believing her and I have never failed to heed that my outlook is the same. I belong to Unity. Catholicism, worked out into a basis for what I have mentioned before—the feeling that my God is an everyday one, not just a Sunday divinity.

At any time I am apt to pray. If this sounds a little stuffy I should make it plain, perhaps, that to me prayer is not the formal thing others too often take it to be. To me prayer is just being "in touch." When I drive, for instance, I talk to St. Christopher a lot. If you need reasons for this habit, I am apt, quite naturally, to speak to him. I guess friends have heard me burst out, "Oh, thanks, St. Chris!" No matter how tired I am at night, I pray as I do-while. I am so tired I know I'll never finish. What better way of falling asleep than in the middle of your prayers? If I see a little child in the street I don't go by without a thought, a prayer—thought for her. When I pass a church I don't keep looking straight ahead as if I haven't seen it, or as if this isn't the time for such matters. I turn and look and I say a sort of prayer—hello.

I don't want to sound naive about this, or childish. What I am again trying to make clear is that I am not one for formal piety— I don't even like such a picture of myself—but that I consider that my church is my friend as well as my source of salvation. For instance, I love to go to Lake Arrowhead on a Sunday and attend Mass outdoors at the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. But if on a Sunday morning I also want to waterski, and the water is best for this at just about the time of the two Masses because the sun is up, I wouldn't it be all right to miss the Mass?

Maybe you are a little ahead of me and figure that the answer is yes and that is why I call the church friendly. But it doesn't work out that way. When I was faced by the problem I decided I should not miss Mass. Having made this decision, I don't do what I know would be to me later and say, "Oh well, I'll enter Mass at Lake Arrowhead where a six A.M. Mass is held every morning for the patients and nurses. The next Sunday there was in attendance at that Mass, held in a small chapel in the hospital, ten patients in wheelchairs, six nurses and one water skier. There was a mixture between "friends," and my friend the church was naturally serving me a good turn.

I don't want to sound forgiving about myself. I would like to sound forgiving about everyone. I have told lies, I have hurt people and I have stolen. But I have always done what I knew was right. If I make it so much harder that I won't be able to do it at all. And maybe because I know how much understanding I need, I always want to have understanding in stock for anyone else.

Robert Q. Lewis was being interviewed by a group of high school editors. One editor asked, "Who is responsible for getting you where you are now?" Bob answered, "The elevator man."—Paul Deans

The kindest face I can think of belonged to an old workman in the West Indies who was the first to open the gate of an estate in Jamaica where we were shooting scenes for Isle Of Desire four years ago. I noticed two things about him, and the fact that his feet were bare and unprotected from the hard rocks and gravel of the path. One day I gave him one of the pairs of new sneakers I had bought. But next day he was still walking barefoot. I wondered about it and some of the others in the company kidded me. They said I was too gullible to believe that the old gate man was one of the biggest drunkards in the district, and that he had undoubtedly pawned the sneakers for rum.

"The fact is," said one of the fellows, "you probably contributed to his downfall, rather than helped him." They all laughed and I felt foolish and rather annoyed about it. One of the other men noticed this and talked to me later about it. "You know, you have no right to resent the old gate man in any way," she said. "You had no reason for helping him or the sneakers and nothing he did with them can in any way lessen what the giving meant to you. Now what was it those people said to you which they haven't done—that has bothered you? If he is an old man who has had the curse of heavy drinking on him all his life were you going to cure it with your small gift? Did you wish to commit a miracle? And are you angry because you didn't?"

I saw what he meant, of course. I'll never
in my life again ever give anything to any-
one without also giving the understanding that it does not commit them in any way.

Since I need such understanding for myself, how can I deny it to others? I pray that I'll stop telling lies, for instance. Yet this, as I know, doesn't guarantee that I will stop. When an occasion turns up in which I get the idea that a lie can help me, out comes the lie, as likely as not. And of course it comes out even though I know that more often than not it won't help me at all, that, in fact, it will jam me up!

Back in Jamaica, when we were making that same picture, the director asked me two questions in succession and my answer to each was a lie. He asked me if I could throw a javelin and I said yes. He also asked me if I could chop up a coconut tree and I said yes. I had, of course, never thrown a javelin and had never climbed a coconut tree. About the javelin—

I learned one night that on the next day I would not only have to throw it, but hit a bunch of papayas with it. I started prac-
ticing and kept at it so furiously that the next day my arm was so sore I couldn't flip a toothpick, let alone hurl a javelin.

About the tree—that was a mess, too. Talking over some forthcoming scenes with an assistant director, I learned that one was coming which required me to climb a coconut tree. Again I practiced and again too late. When it was time for the scene I was a very good climber of an eight-foot tree, but I had not straight up for forty feet. I hadn't a chance and they had to fall back on some make-
shift handling of the problem which emb-
arrassed me plenty. They filmed me doing my eight-foot climb from the bottom of the tree. Then they chopped off the top of the tree, stood it up on the ground and had me climb that small section, filming me so it looked as if I had climbed all the way.

So I don’t need to get hit over the head to realize I must have a spirit of un-
derstanding and forgiveness for others. I need only to review how much under-
standing I have taken from others all my life. I can even go back to a time in San Francisco when, as a four-year-old, I was a sore trial to my usually understanding
brother who was all of five. Wherever his adventurous soul drew him he had to take me, not only because he was supposed to look after me, but because I was such a

cry baby in those days I’d get him in a jam if he didn’t. (I continually jammed him up anyway, I guess, because I have a tiny piece of scar tissue just northeast of my left eye where he caught me with a BB pellet one day for “telling on him.”)

My mother had to show a lot of under-
standing, too. One day Walt and I, still

kindergarten age, wandered away from home and found ourselves down at the Fisherman’s Wharf at nightfall. We had lost our shoes and stockings (or had

thrown them away most likely) and of course we hadn’t a bite to eat. Then Walt got the idea that if we could get men around he figured they needed bait, so we started digging for worms we could
catch to them. It worked indirectly. A man asked us what we were doing and, giving us a carfare, put us on the trolley for home.

When I got into my early teens I went horse-crazy. I just had to go riding every day. Naturally I didn’t have the money to ride as much as I wanted to and I got a little sticky-fingered to take care of the emergency. The victim was my mother. I would take loose money from her coat pocket, I would keep the change when she

sent me to market and I’d snatch anything that was lying around loose. For a long time this went on without a word from her. Then one day I stole from her pocket-

book. That was the end of it.

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NO MORE CRYING

for a new star—

happy Johnny Ray!

“Last year I came to Hollywood to

make a movie test for 20th Century-

Fox and I was so nervous I had to ex-
cuse myself in the middle of the film-
ing so I could steal away and be sick
to my tummy.” So said Johnny Ray

on the set of Show Business where he’s

“having a ball.” What relaxed him?

He was waiting for his first scene,
jittery as a hangover. A young fellow

walked up to him, shook his hand, and

said, “Johnny, you’re the greatest.
The best of luck to you!” That

was Bob Wagner, and Johnny has felt

at home in Hollywood ever since.

The famed cry singer is on the spot

and he knows it, for he sings only one

song in the picture and in the later

scenes he plays a young priest. The
tension is eased by an amusing situa-
tion. Johnny, with Mitzi Gaynor and

Donald O’Connor, plays one of the

children of Ethel Merman and Dan

Dailey.

After hours, Johnny and Dan have

been dating the same girl, Charlotte

Austin. The morning after Dan takes

Charlotte out, Johnny buttonholes

him. “Pop,” he bellows for everyone

on the set to hear, “you stay away

from my girl. You’re too darned old

to be running around with such a

sweet young thing!” Next day it’s

Dan’s turn to grouse. “Look here, in-

fant,” he’ll bellow. “I don’t want a

son of mine hitting the nightclubs.

Charlotte is a lovely kid and I’m

warning you to stay away from her.”

When they reach the stage of a mock

fight, Mother Merman breaks it up.

Mitzi Gaynor tried to settle the feud

by offering to chaperone them while

the two dated Charlotte together.

The studio workers are more than

impressed with Johnny. Most of them

expected another conceited singer, and

are amazed to find a down-to-

earth guy, long gone from the head-

lines.
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(Continued from page 8) June 28 when Fred and June were married. After the ceremony, Fred and June were married and were married in a double ring civil ceremony at the Ojai Valley Inn.

"It was really very exciting," June recalls, "because Fred worked until two o'clock in the afternoon on the day we were married.

"We tried to keep the wedding a secret because we didn't want to get married in front of a lot of our friends and camera men. I have lots of friends in the press and I love them all, but there's a time and place for everything.

"And we were sure that when Fred left the studio on Monday one or two press cars would follow him. Hedda Hopper had called me a day before and said, 'I'm sure you're going to get married Monday. Where's the wedding to be kept?'

"I said we weren't sure, and that was really the truth because Fred and I didn't even have a marriage license. As a matter of fact, the license bureau in Ventura stayed open after five o'clock on Monday so that we could get a license.

"And when June and I went to the inn at Ojai, and it was there in Don Burger's apartment—his a friend of ours—that we were married.

"The rites were performed by Superior Court Judge Charles F. Blackstock with Mr. and Mrs. Bo Roos of Beverly Hills as witnesses. Bo is Fred's business manager. Fred's mother, whom he had never met, and June's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Ottestad, were present.

"The ceremony was short and neither June nor Fred was nervous. June never looked lovelier. She wore a champagne-colored silk dress with a full skirt, pearl buttons, a Peter Pan collar and a tiny silk hat. Fred wore a dark blue business suit.

"The actor slipped a wedding band of five diamonds in a platinum setting, on June's finger. His ring was a plain band of solid gold.

After the ceremony, Fred and June phoned his two adopted children, Susan, fourteen, and Robert, ten, who were staying at the MacMurray cattle ranch in Healdsburg.

"We just got married," Fred announced. "That's Bobby shouted. "Let me talk to Mom." June took the phone and her luminous blue eyes were filled with tears of happiness. In her heart, she knew that her days of sorrow and loneliness were over. This, for her, was the beginning of a new life, a life in which the most important thing was to keep Fred happy.

That night the newlyweds drove to Fresno. They spent the first night in a small motel at the edge of the city. The following morning they read in the newspapers that they were on their way to St. George, Utah, to visit actor John Wayne at whose Christmas party they had met, thus beginning their love affair.

The papers gave erroneous information about their plans which they enjoyed reading. But the newspapers were correct about one thing. That was the effect of June's marriage upon her status in the Catholic church. By marrying MacMurray, a Presbyterian, in a civil ceremony, June deprived herself of the sacraments in the Catholic Church of which she has been a devout member since 1912 and is a member of the Church of which she was converted to Catholicism twelve years ago. This is because the Catholic church does not recognize June's divorce from musician Jimmy Zito. Before she married Fred, June consulted the marriage court of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles for a special papal dispensation, praying that the Church would annul her marriage to Zito. But when she was told that such a procedure might take years and would even then, the decision might go against her, she decided to marry MacMurray anyway.

She knew she would be ineligible for such sacraments as Holy Communion and Penance, but in her own words, "I fell in love with Fred, and I had a great decision to make—one of the greatest in my life, and now I'm glad I made it."
WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Presenting Roberta Linn—and one of her favorite secrets!

While Shirley Temple stays home with the kiddies these days, and many another child star has long since been forgotten, the name of Roberta Linn is going down in Hollywood history as the movie moppet who proved it can be done...

Once upon a time, Roberta worked with little Miss Temple in Little Miss Marker. She worked in Our Gang comedies and in many other pictures. But when she graduated from high school, she ran smack into the wall marked, “No Hope for Kid Stars.” She turned to singing, filling the solo spot with such bands as Joe Reichman, Jan Garber and Lawrence Welk. Then, before she could worry about movies again, television took her to its heart and in two years she has captured seven statuettes, sixteen scrolls and twenty-one laudatory certificates, including the “Emmy,” for being the “Most Outstanding Female Performer of 1953.”

Roberta, just twenty-two years away from her birth in Gravity, Iowa, simply doesn’t have time for sports to keep her figure superb. Like Laraine Day, Arlene Dahl and other glamour notables, her secret is a little machine, smaller than an overnight case, called a RelaxAczor.

“Let’s face it,” Roberta says. “Every girl has some part of her proportions that can stand conditioning. While I don’t have to lose weight in a hurry, I could if I wanted to with my RelaxAczor, which can trim inches off your tummy in jig time. I use mine for the thighs. All I do is put the pads in the proper place, connect the cords to the little machine and lie back while the electronic impulses go to work.”

If Roberta knows any other beauty secrets, she keeps them locked up in her clever little head—and the heart from which emerges that inner sparkle that is making her one of Hollywood’s top personalities.

moon without a radio?” Red demanded. “How can you keep up with the baseball scores?” And he handed Fred a large portable Zenith.

Later that evening the MacMurrays headed for Reno. “And there,” June recalls, “Fred won two dime jackpots playing the slot machines. He got a big kick out of it.”

The MacMurrays spent the first week of their honeymoon on the road and while they were recognized everywhere there was no invasion of their privacy. Fred is a dignified, conservative man.

When he and June arrived in Wyoming on July 6 (when Blue Horizons got under way) it was Fred who suggested that they stay at a lodge that was thirty-five miles away from the location.

“I think this is better,” he said, “than staying at the same place with the rest of the crew.” Fred isn’t snobbish. He was afraid of the usual honeymoon kidding.

June, as ever, was completely agreeable.

“Anything you say, darling.”

So Fred drove up to a dude ranch and asked the manager what the rates were.

“Forty to fifty dollars a day.”

“Sorry,” Fred said. “That’s too much.”

“But doesn’t the studio pay while you’re on location?” June asked later.

Fred nodded. “Sure the studio pays,” he said. “But I don’t throw my money around and I’m not going to throw Paramount’s around either. Come on, Shorty. We’ll stay up at Moran with the rest of the crew.”

That night Fred and June MacMurray checked into Jackson Lake Lodge.

They occupied a one-room bungalow with double bed and throughout the entire production not one member of the location crew made “honeymoon” remarks.

“I’ve never seen two finer people,” one of the production assistants said, “than June and Fred. Never a gripe, never a complaint. The mosquitoes were something awful and when the wind blew, our rooms were full of dust. But Fred and June never blew their tops. They are calm, polite, friendly. They seemed to be very much in love but they didn’t act like honeymooners.

“They acted like people who knew what love and marriage was all about. June used to come down for lunch and Fred would always kiss her hello and goodbye but there was never any mawkish or silly or embarrassed love-making.

Although Fred’s welfare and the happiness of her two stepchildren come first for June, she says she has no intention of giving up her screen career.

“I’ve spoken to Fred about it,” she asserts, “and he’s said anything I want to do about it is okay with him.

“I was offered a part in Oklahoma but if I had taken it I would’ve had to give up my honeymoon with Fred. And there isn’t a screen role big enough to make me do that. However, if any good parts come along, I’m certainly in the market for them.

“After all, Bobby is ten and Sue is fourteen, and they both go off to school, and we have help to take care of the house; and I’ve always liked to stay busy. And pictures is the one business I know a little about, so I might as well stick to it.”

Despite rumors to the contrary, June has no intention of altering her religious affiliation. She is still a devout Catholic. On her honeymoon she said a rosary for Fred each time he went fishing.

“I wanted him to catch his full allowance of five trout a day,” she explained. MacMurray, who is seventeen years older than his twenty-eight-year-old bride, is happy. And for one reason: “Life isn’t too much fun unless a man can share his living with someone he loves.”

End

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96


t he big man comes home

(Continued from page 45) a hill on which
sat the house, almost obscured by pepper
trees. He had parked the car and cut off
across the lawn, past a caretaker's house,
across the lawn, past a caretaker's house,
a riding ring, across the lawn, past a
stable and a stable. Then he had climbed to
a wide play area beside a large swimming
pool. He had inspected the water before he
trudged up a steep hill. The most
steep hill. The most
steep steps that hugged the contour of the
hill.

Here at the top was the house. A large
house of fourteen rooms, two stories high
and built to contain the hill's top and
take advantage of the many trees.

Yes, it was a homecoming. This
was the first evening in more than two
years that John Wayne had been back to a
house that was really his. During that
time he had lived in rented houses
and had spent many months of his time in far
places, mainly because he had no base
in Hollywood that offered the security
comfort and peace he craved. He had owned
this property for a long time, but until
he started remodeling a year ago it had been
nothing more than a hill of burned
grass—a place that held unhappy memories
and he had shunned it.

Now it was a home again, and the girl
who walked across the lawn and met him at the
porch. Peruvian beauty he was going to marry
and who had supervised the remodeling
and decorating, would soon come driving
through his house to show her. John Wayne
grunted in anticipation and he spoke aloud to
noyed in particular.

"From now on," he said, "I'm going
to do all the running near this."

And like an old movie streaming
through a familiar projector, the journeys he
had made, the junkets to far places he'd staged
ran through his mind. They were episodic
fragments of the past that he'd think
of once more and then banish to some
small storehouse in his head. Of course many
of them were necessary to his movie work.

LOCATION TRIPS are hardly considered
journeys by movie stars, maybe because
about fifty per cent of the movies made in
America are never released. But it is inter
esting that to John Wayne these
enforced departures from his base are the
most trying. And he suffers like a lost
dog for his fireside and family. Consequently
on every location trip he makes he some
how manages to have his four children go
along for a short time, at least. They went
to Honolulu for Big Jim McLain and to
Mexico for Honda and to St. George, Utah,
for his latest film, The Conqueror.

But to a code he established long ago
their first ring and a series of horse stalls
in the farthest area, he will not
visit. And on the way back, he will
visit. He will only visit the
way back. He will only visit the
way back.

In Mike's scene, Duke, playing Genghis
Khan, strides up to Mike, who, in the
story, has been accused of larceny on his
post. The father looks at the lad in great
anger. He turns to an aide.

"Is this the man?" he asks.

"It is," says Wayne.

"Hang him," says Wayne and walks
away.

On the trip to Utah, the children, Mike,
Toni, nineteen, Patrick John, fourteen, and
siblings, came with their future stepmother,
Pilar Pallete, who herded them in a private plane
and delivered them to Dad's doorstep. The kids
adore Pilar and she is crazy about them.

J ohn Wayne was a local boy. That is,
he was raised in Glendale, a suburb
of Los Angeles, now a part of Hollywood. Like
most normal boys he wanted to travel, but the
farthest he had ever been by the time he
was twenty-one was the half-way mark to
San Francisco. He had not been
blessed by authority. He wound up in jail.

He had been working in pictures as a
laborer when he could get the work and
money for a train ticket was just enough.
He hitched-hiked to San Francisco and
smuggled himself aboard one of the Matson liners
bound for Honolulu. With the
surf at Waikiki almost audible in his ears,
he secured before he was a story out-of-the-
way locker. The ship set out to sea and
as the hours passed the pleasant surf
sounds were replaced by a more imme
diately, the noise of the sea and the

On the third day out, all of young Duke
Wayne's dreams of Honolulu sunlight
and moonlight exploded and were re
placed by a very sad story. The
ship had hit a log and had to abort
out, tagged the first ship's officer
he saw and suggested the fellow pinch him
immediately as a stowaway and lead him to
the lens. The ship's steward, the

Mr. Wayne was ejected to the captain,
given a thorough tongue-lashing and the
liner lay to while Duke was shipped to the
dezign, a young ship's

In the city by the Golden Gate, he was
promptly locked up in the pokey and
charged by the company that was later
to enjoy his passage many times—the occupant
of the best suite on the ship
with stealing a ride.

"I sure sweated out those three
days in the can," says Wayne, "but I got a real
break just before I was due to trial.
I knew George O'Brien in Hollywood.
His father was the Chief of Police of San
Francisco and he came to see me. He
wasn't impressed and had the charges
dismissed. And I walked out a free man
with an admonishment never to board a
Matson liner again unless I had a ticket.
I thought of how close my stomach got
to my backbone and decided to take the

But I was still a frustrated traveler."

A lthough he'd been born in Iowa, the
eastern part of the United States was
a really distant place to John Wayne
and he always had wanted to go there. But
they weren't passing out railroad tickets
on street corners, so Wayne stayed west.
He made his first trip shortly after he met
John Ford. He held little significance at
the time, he probably didn't even
begrudged it. They had gone to Annapolis,
Maryland, and Wayne had played a small
part—as a midshipman—in a service
picture. But the experience

"Young man," he said, "you're probably
the worst actor in the world. But I have a
feeling that someday we'll do something
together that will make you a star."

That was really the beginning of a re-

Who is showing Guy Madison
the way back to happiness?

Read the
revealing truth
in November's MODERN SCREEN
relationship between a star and director that has become a Hollywood legend.

In the summer of 1954, John Ford was to make a picture called The Long Gray Line. He is meticulous in his choice of actors, often spending weeks searching for just the right player for even a minor part. One day he called Wayne.

"Duke," he said, "I took you to Annapoli to play a midshipman more than twenty years ago because I thought you were the right guy for the part. Now I want to ask a favor. There's a small part in this thing I'm doing now that I haven't been able to find the right guy for, but I just saw the face of the lad I want. It's your boy, Pat. Let me take him along."

Pat, all six feet of him, and only fourteen, went. His dad was so pleased that he flew east and drove to West Point and stood behind the camera with Ford and watched his son step into his own footsteps.

Some of the more amusing anecdotes in the life and travels of John Wayne have to do with the publicity jaunts he has been obliged to make.

Shortly after he was signed by Fox Films and starred in an epic western called The Big Trail, Wayne was informed they were going to change his name from Duke Morrison to John Wayne. He didn't like the idea much, but he had little choice. And then he was told that he was leaving immediately for a tour of the east, in order to familiarize the country with Fox's new star. Duke and a publicity man boarded a train and had an eventful ride to within fifty miles of Manhattan. Then the press agent opened a suitcase and took out an outlandish costume and told Wayne to put it on.

Wayne took a look at the get-up and said he wouldn't even wear it in a movie.

Marge and Gower Champion gave a "hodge-podge pot-luck" dinner party for six couples—everyone to bring his favorite dish. Each couple arrived with a cake! And Marge, knowing they were coming, baked a cake.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

The suit was buckskin, with plenty of shredded-buffing on. The shirt was the loudest thing Wayne had seen that didn't explode and there was an improvement on a ten-gallon hat. Duke shuddered and refused to get into the clothes.

"Look, Bud," said the press agent, "you're supposed to be a gunfighter, a frontiersman. Now get into the suit."

"But I'll look like an idiot," said Duke.

"You just get into the suit," said the press agent, "and leave all the thinking to us. And remember your name is John Wayne!"

Fresh from the days of dining in hamburger joints, Wayne got the message.

"Yes, sir," he said.

It was a sight to behold in New York and Philadelphia. Wayne was attempting to hide behind pillars and in doorways as he was led about for display by the press agent. But the payoff came in Chicago. Wayne was at a press conference and fed up to the neckline of his loud shirt.

"Do you always dress this way, Mr. Wayne?" a reporter asked.

Wayne turned his back on his keeper (who was nodding his head vigorously) and almost snarled an answer.

"What do you think I am? A monkey?" he roared. "I not only don't always wear this outfit, I'm never going to wear it again!"

And he stalked into the bathroom where he began to tear off the clothes and fling

M

The ONE and ONLY Vaginal Suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE that can offer all these claims!

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that morning I turned on the radio. Suddenly, I was listening to a story that really could have been my own! In fact, it nearly was—the same sorrows, the same heartaches, the same problems I had to face alone and here was a solution that hadn't occurred to me. Imagine my surprise—my own life on the air, and this program actually helping me to solve my problems."

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FLIGHT OF THE HUMBLE BRANDO
Walking in New York City, we recognized Marlon Brando and Monica, strolling in the opposite direction. We turned to follow them but something made us look back and follow. Maybe they heard us gasp, "That's Marlon Brando!" and feared we would start an avalanche of autograph hunters. In any event, Monica dashed across the street and Brando ducked into a café. Really! That wasn't necessary. We were just admiring Streetcar fans who would have been too shy and considerate to invade their privacy.

Marian Randell Black River, New York
the first year is the hardest

(Continued from page 71) why—and amid tears Lana Turner sputtered out her woes.

Half-way through the outburst the strong arms of Tarzan reached out for his mate and lifted her up even with his six feet, four. "It must be very rugged," grinned Lex Barker. "But tell me—sorry you married me?" And he didn't let her down until the answer came: "Not for one minute!" And along with it, a confession to Mrs. Barker that kicked away all the cares—real and fancied.

Legally speaking, you might say Lana Turner's statement that recent trying day was obtained under duress and therefore should be stricken from official records. But just for this record, she meant every word she said. Lana wouldn't trade places with any other girl in the world. As Lana and Lex Barker toast their first anniversary in champagne she can count almost as many blessings as bubbles.

For the first time in her life Lana has a husband who treats her as a partner—not a toy.

For the first time, too, Lana is solvent—and winning in the bank! Only a few months ago she was heavily in debt. Today she doesn't owe a penny outside current bills; she has annuities, blue chip stocks and interest in some oil wells.

For the first time, too, the girl aura that palled is gone. For the first time Lana isn't escaping from an anxious, unhappy home life to court the frantic "pleasures" of Hollywood's saucepans. Running home instead of letting it run her away. The girl who used to make sensational headlines every week, hasn't made even a mild splash in the past months.

For the first time, too, she has a happy, congenial and rounded family—the sister that Cheryl always longed for in Lex's life. The little brother "Zan." What's more, there are plans and good prospects for new babies of her own.

Lana's career has jumped back into high gear, with the high powered, glamorous kind of pictures that made her famous. She's playing super-sexy Astaire in The Prodigal, MGM's showiest effort of the year, so expensive that it doesn't even have a budget. And this on a brand new contract for five more years at $5000 a week, with an option for two more.

Most of this—and more—Lana Turner knows is a direct result of the happiness, peace and stability she has found in her marriage with Lex Barker. And that is a solid surprise to almost everyone—including the lucky lady herself. If cynics viewed the union as just another marriage and L&'s didn't give the union an outside chance at the start, Lana herself gave it an even harder time. Not much more than a year ago, "marriage" to Lana was understandably an unpleasing word. No girl ever gagged more at the scent of orange blossoms.

Lucille Ball has been telling her studio crew her favorite psychiatrists joke: A man was notified by his psychiatrist, "If you don't pay your bill, I'm going to let you go crazy." —Paul Deits

The big house on Mapleton Drive that she had salvaged from the wreck of her marriage with Bob Topping was up for sale. Lana never thought she'd need it again. She had grabbed at the chance to leave Hollywood and its memories for Paris to make Flame And The Flesh, taking her mother Mildred and Cheryl—all the family she had—with her. But before she left, she made the happy mistake of accepting an invitation to dinner at Lex Barker's Westwood apartment. After a home-cooked meal she almost dropped the wine glass when that calm character observed, "Now, when we get married—" "I beg your pardon," gasped Lana. "When who gets married?" "Us, of course," grinned Barker. "Who else?"

"I think," Lana cooled him off, "you've had too much of this wine and I think you had better take me home." Which he did. But he's pretty stubborn.

Only a few weeks later when Lana boarded the transatlantic plane to Idlewild airport there was A. C. Barker II, in the seat next to hers pretending to be surprised, as she definitely was. He explained that he'd been to see his folks in

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New York and was on his way to Italy to make a couple of pictures for Cinemex. He didn't say why he was going by way of Paris or why his seat happened to be next to hers. But she 'could get' the idea without mincing words Lana corrected all mistaken impressions before they took off.

"I'll look forward to seeing you in Europe," she promised. "But marriage is out—Never again. I've had it." But that, of course, was where Lana Turner was wrong.

When you review an actress' courtship, marriage and what has followed on a first anniversary eve, events are prone to be tinted in rosy hues, especially when things happen instantly: beautifully, have been done for her. But Lana is not the type to paint any lily. "Believe me, I was putting on no act. I wasn't being coy about anything," she says, starting toward the 900th. "I just plain didn't want to get married. I thought certainly experience had proved it wasn't for me ever again."

LEX WAS NO stranger to Lana before all this began. Most people remember their highly-publicized exchange of escorts at Marion Davies' big party. Lana came with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl came with Lex—and after the public fireworks they switched partners. Since then Lana has seen Lex off and on.

She knew friends from a good New York family, a graduate of Phillips-Exeter Academy headed for Princeton until a weakness in math and a break on Broadway changed his course to engineering. She knew he was variously talent—formerly a Manhattan commercial artist, had been the liaison officer with the French Zouaves in Italy—whom he spoke like a native. She knew he had all the social graces, was well-traveled and a gourmet who liked his own cooking, that he was an outstanding figure at golf, tennis and skiing. She knew he was witty, affable, friendly and of course handsome as all get out with a Greek god body. He'd had, and was having, a discovery of himself destined for better things than his ape-man roles. She also knew he had a way with the ladies and that she liked it.

But if Lana Turner had been on the prowl for her fourth husband—which she wasn't—Lex Barker definitely would have been a real find for the world she'd have picked as her quarry.

She knew about Lex's unhappy first marriage and even more about his brief second marriage. Strenuously enough, these domestic demerits—both Lana Turner's and Lex Barker's—actually drew them together and have held them together in a way we can all appreciate what they've found in each other.

As Lex says today, "Lana's the first woman I've ever known who listens to me. I tell her just as I am. I suppose I'm the first man I've ever known who would discuss everything with me." In short, they have companionship in addition to adult love. I can understand the Lex Barker's capacity for that is really what changed her mind. In Europe she saw a side of him she hadn't known before—a side she liked too much to lose.

For eight months Lana and Lex carried on a European courtship. Mostly it was a courtship lacking family style, with Lex making tours in Italy, Cheryl and Lana's mother in Paris. Both the things they did—their sightseeing rambles throughout Italy, France and England, their shopping at Di Capri, Paris, London, Capri—were with kids and in-laws around. When picture locations pulled them apart there was something missing, not only for Lex and Lana but for Cheryl, Lynne and Zan. Lana found herself in the puzzling posi-

tion of refusing to admit she was seriously in love with Lex Barker—and at the same time knowing she was kicking fate right in the teeth. "Even when I was saying—Oh, well, I'll take you and your real estate agent back home and yank my house off the market," she remembers, "Now why would I do a thing like that?"

But marriage was out—when all England closed shop tight—when was Lana's resistance finally weakened. She was in London for interiors of The Flame And The Flesh, "where we're all going to be seeing me."

They drove up to Maidenhead on the Thames, and a lovelier place, Lana thinks, she's never seen—with willows sweeping the river and beauty all about. "Anyone who could be in Maidenhead and not get romantic isn't human," she sighs. "Nobody ever accused me of that—Least of all me.

"And the time, "When are you going to marry me?" she found herself answering that she was going to the minute the picture was finished. And that is about what they did, one year ago September 7.

Among Lana's first-year memories naturally the ceremony in Italy stands out above all. There was another ceremony, of course, last Christmas Eve in Hollywood—just to wrap up the union without question. But the rites in Turin are the ones that Lana and Lex Barker are celebrating the September 7th of Turin did at the time, despite Lana's careful plans to make a "quiet affair"—still remembering the showy rites with Bob Toppling and the disastrous results.

At a preview, a fan rushed up to Walter Brennan and gushed: "May I have your autograph, Mr. Hayes?" Brennan, playing it straight, wrote, "Gabor Hayes."
who married us gave me. How he knew that was my favorite flower I'll never know."

The honeymoon was more romantic although Lana worked throughout most of it. Mildred Turner spirited all the kids back to Paris by train, then off to Hollywood for school. The newlyweds drove back, picking out every idyllic inn they could find on the way. They stayed in Lana's Paris apartment while Pierre Balmain fitted her wardrobe for Betrayed. Then Mr. and Mrs. Barker went to Holland on location. They spent most of the time there in the romantic forest of Arnhem in the Knoings Jacht, a king's vast hunting lodge. The leaves were turning crimson and gold, deer came right up to their window and in the evenings geese streaked south across the sky. No wonder Lana remembers Betrayed, despite its ominous title, as the most heavenly picture job she ever had. She worked almost every day while Lex caught up on his golf with Vic Mature. There were relaxed evenings by the fireplace and good companionship with Vic and a fellow Lana's been soft on in a filial way for years, Clark Gable. By the time they flew back to Hollywood last December, Lana and Lex realized what they

had together and made some resolutions. "They were pretty simple ones," Lana reveals. "Just those—that no matter what happened we'd never say two things—either, 'I'm leaving' or mention the word 'divorce.' If you don't say those things they just can't happen. Of course, we've had arguments, she admits frankly, "some hot and some heavy. The first year is always the hardest. Neither Lex nor I am perfect. We've had our adjustments to make. But we've never gone to sleep without saying 'I'm sorry' and we've never held a grudge. I know the word seems strange applied to me—but the thing Lex and I try to be is sensible."

Lana's ring. Of past performance not even the bitter most keen could be level-headed adjective in her direction. "Maybe I've caught some sense from Lex," she guesses, "or perhaps I've finally grown up. After all, it was about time." Anyway on the first year's record both Lana and Lex have demonstrated sane thinking. Take the house they live in. It's the same house Lana and Bob Topping bought, the one that was up for sale when she left for Europe—and reasonably so. Just Lana and Cheryl would never need a fourteen-room mansion. Like all honeymooners, the Barkers dreamed of something new, designed just for them. "But then," says Lana, "we asked ourselves why. It's perfect—handy for both of our studios, big enough for our family, a large yard for the kids, a tennis court and pool. All it needed was changing for our particular needs. Instead of selling and finding something else probably half as good, we just fixed it up.

Actually, the big chateau looks very much as it did before Lana left it. The décor and furnishings are of the Topping era. Besides Lex's sword, dagger and gun collection in the living room, some paintings and souvenirs brought back from Europe, there's nothing different inside. They added a new guest wing over a double garage. Lex's sister, Fredricka and her son Peter stayed there and Lynn and Zan sleep there when they come over from Jack and Connie Adams' house in Westwood nearby. The garage and expanded driveway is to handle their collection of cars—Lex's Lincoln Capri, the red and black Volkswagen baby bus, and Lana's new yellow racer, the Ghia Fiat that's already the talk of car-happy Hollywood. The other improvement was to convert an upstairs porch into a walk-in wardrobe closet for Lana, although there's not too much to fill it with these days. Here again, Lana has changed.

There was a time when Lana would romp off to 'kill a couple of hours and spend $1500,' as she remembers a little unbelievingly now. Then if she saw a dress she liked she'd buy it in all colors. Now she's lucky if she buys it for home. Another smart move Lana made the minute she returned to Hollywood was to hire a business manager. "I never used to know what my money went. I didn't know whether I had fifty cents or $5000. I still don't prize money for money's sake, but for the first time in my life, I know what a comfort I'm feeling little nest egg is." Lana has more than that—although as late as 1952 she wondered how she'd ever pay off her back taxes. Beatrice Halstead, the gentleman who handles her finances helped work the miracle. She tells Lana, "This is for expenses. This is for taxes. This is to play with—and this is to be saved." There's no back talk. Lex and Lana have just saved in their family finances. He makes less than half Lana's salary and the arrangement they have divides the household expenses in proportion.

All this doesn't mean that Lana has turned pinchpenny. Nor does she have to. The Ghia Fiat is proof of that. Lana bought the flashy sports car and herds it around Hollywood considerably under the 130 m.p.h. it can do, but actually it was Lex who had his eye on the beauty ever since he and Gary Cooper took a spin in one at the Paris auto show and drooled. Knowing that, when Lana spied hers at Dutch Dann's chateau in Hollywood she said, "Wrap it up," although the price equals a down payment on a fair-sized house. There's only one other like it in America. So far she hasn't collected a traffic ticket—although the other day when Lex called her at the beauty shop and said he wanted to see her, he had hardly put down the phone before he was stopped and given a stop in the drive way. "How did you get here?" he gasped, "Fly?" And that's another thing.

Since Lana and Lex were married they've hardly been apart longer than brief hours like that—consciously, too. Both know how two careers can split up a home.
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that in Hollywood absence is not likely to make two hearts grow fonder. So they've resolved to stick closer than glue. When Lex was called back to New York at his father's last minute, Lana went with him. When he went off to the drab desert town of Mojave to shoot Yellow Mountain, Lana trotted along, too, living in a motel where there wasn't nothing to do but night or day—except be with her old man. But that's where she was.

How long they can keep up that side-by-side thing, only time will tell. Doubt that both careers are starting to roll again. Lex's new contract with Universal—International might take him almost anywhere and Lana hasn't had to have him check in forever at Culver City after The Prodigal and My Most Intimate Friend, which follows, with Lana's most intimate friend, has been finished. But the sweet breaks they've had since they came home is career idleness. It's been great for companionship but as both complain, "By now we're getting a little buggy." There's nothing a career couple can do when the studio doesn't call except wait.

Fortunately, they've had plenty to do with the house projects, catching up with the friends in the evergrowing number three kids happy by day. Lex and Lana home have Lynne and Wan every weekend and they're hoping to have them more and more. That's where the new film and new bedrooms for. Fortunately, Lex and his first wife, Connie, and her husband, Jack Adams, are on friendly terms. As for Cherry, life is not all kids new, their father she calls "Po." Lex is the type who understands ladies of all ages and knows how to please them. He started Cherry off on her present ice skate career when he was ever the piano lessons got tough takes her side against mama as Lana wishes "he does in most everything"—but she's not really too mad about it.

WHEN CHERRY begged to leave for a Girl Scout camp, Lana acted like a flutter mother hen and forbade the overnight excursions with tears and stormy protests until Lex softened in, learned the issue and broke it up with, "Why not? That's what Girl Scouts are even taught to do. You'll have to be induced in and wound up driving the whole troop to the mountains and bringing them back. Almost every day it's a family struggle to see what good mama is doing. The best thing was Lex's idea that cherry go along when he took Lana to Acapulco for a second honeymoon after their remarriage.

Of course, things work for the Barkers. Both Lex and Lana are still out for adult good times, although what they call good times today aren't escaping from nervous lovelorn high school kids.

They get around—with Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding, Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor, Cubby and Nedra Broker, and a lot of others, to get around in the town—but not so often. The other night they took their house guest, Fredricka, to see Joe E. Lewis on the Strip and they ended up there just as Lex went around two-thirty A.M. But mostly it's a prosaic married folks back-and-forth dinner deal, at which Lana confesses she's hopelessly in debt. "We owe everybody in this town," she sighs, "and that's one thing my business manager can't fix." This delinquency leaves Lex Barker strangely unobtrusive. According to him, Hollywood is the most sensible idea about Hollywood social life.

"Hollywood actors just get in trouble when they party around," observes Lana's husband, "but that's just one thing. There are a lot of things people don't know about Lana. Guess what I married? An athlete! You ought to see this girl swim, play tennis and golf. Why the pro at Air says she has the most per-
little things mean a lot

(Continued from page 49) had rented private houses for their location stay in St. George. All Dick and June had was a single motel room. Here, June washed Dick's socks every evening and hung them in the window to dry. They'd nagged with Dick's two children by a previous marriage, Norma and Ellen.

Norman and Mike Wayne (Duke's son) have roles in The Conqueror. June came along just to be with her dad.

June knew that Ellen's sixteenth birthday was coming up and she arranged a surprise party for her daughter.

In short, June worked herself to a frazzle just keeping her family happy. She's flying, but one weekend she flew back to Los Angeles and then bought a new motorcycle for her daughter. She left everything behind to help her daughter.

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This rumor began several months ago when June and Dick were out to dinner with friends. The Powells began to quarrel. June (who is so emotional she cries at card tricks) jumped up from her seat, ran out, and hailed a cab.

Next day Hollywood was whispering that the Powell-Allson marriage had turned sour. Said one know-it-all: "It figures. Let's face it, they were married nine years. That's par for the course.

"And Richard was dying. There was no doubt about it. Another operation was necessary. He was giving him blood transfusions and feeding him intravenously and it looked like the end for sure.

"A priest went into Richard's room and then walked out, and said, 'You'd better go in, Mrs. Powell.'

"And I can't tell you how I felt when I walked in and saw Richard on that bed, almost incapable of hearing me talk to him, telling him that he must live, must live. I don't know what I said. But after a while his eyes opened ever so slowly and he managed a way weak smile. I'm quitting. Isn't it, June?" And once he said that I knew he'd pull through."

Such experiences bind a man and wife together and it's incredible that anyone might think a picayune quarrel could nullify such love as theirs.

To others it is nothing incredible at all. A prominent director, for example, who has known the Powells for years, says, "The reason many Hollywood people expected June's marriage to fail is relatively simple. At the time of their marriage, Junie had nothing in common with Dick except a show business background. She was a middle-class girl, insecure and incapable of helping him socially, domestically or professionally.

"She couldn't sail, couldn't play tennis or golf, didn't know how to run a house, was too complicated and stammered when speaking to the servants. In short she was a New York City kid who had been raised in poverty.

"Her acting career, was going great guns, and Dick's was not. The wise…"
gus though that sooner or later jealousy would ruin the marriage. They didn’t un-
derstand that June and Dick are intelli-
gent and have great strength of character.

"In the years he’s been married to Junie,
Dick has not felt like a first-timer. He is now
a fully-fledged member of the club. He tells
his friends that June is a wonderful wife and
he loves her very much."

June was wise enough to ask for children
to solidify the marriage.

She wrote Dick about his first steps in adopting
children. (He had two by his previous marriage to Joan Blondell.) But only be-
cause he wasn’t at all sure that June could
care for a child.

In 1949, when Joan Crawford told the
Powells about an adoption home in Mem-
phis, Tennessee, they adopted their daugh-
ters from that home.

Two years later on her way back to
Memphis to adopt a brother for Pam, June
found that adoption wouldn’t be necessary.
She and Dick adopted Richard Keith on
Christmas Eve that year.

It has surprised many people, but June
turned out to be a model mother thereby
winning her husband’s heart.

When Dick married June she had rela-
tively few friends in Hollywood. He in-
trduced to her his own world, a con-
summated one of prominent, wealthy, influ-
ential people. June had to do some drastic
adapting, and while she made many
errors at first, she gradually learned to
feel at home with all kinds of people.

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energy effectively.
The engagement of Liz and Bill was announced on June 7, 1949. Three months later, at the request of his fiancée, Mr. Pawley, it was announced that the engagement was off. An optimistic lad, he hoped that the new arrangement was only temporary. Yes, they were in love. The problem was a spilt Atlantic between Bill and Liz—laboring in Hollywood—a full continent away. He hoped that things could be worked out, Bill told the press. They couldn't. The way was clear for Liz to give up her career and live in Florida, his home. Possibly in the first blush of romance the picture looked rosy, but with the passage of time the red marks of a bad marriage began to show. 

It was at this point that the London Sunday Pictorial suggested someone "should look to the past," the smacks behind of (Liz's) latest Paris creation for silly and irresponsible behavior. For the first time in her young life Elizabeth Taylor was getting a bad press, and, because it was a British newspaper taking her to task, having spent the first eight years of her life in England, she had always been a favorite there. 

When you look at the record, she hadn't done anything so terrible. She had been engaged twice, and twice she had disen- gagued herself. She had given up her happiness to marry, and the place where she was engaged was "Oh, really! And who's next?" She was 'silly," she wanted to be sure, and Nicky courted her a full eight months. 

A month after the Pawley situation had been disposed of, Liz met Nicky Hilton and did not fall in love at first sight. Liz was growing cautious, as well she might, since Hollywood's reaction to her third engagement was, "Oh, really! And who's next?" She was 'silly," she wanted to be sure, and Nicky courted her a full eight months. 

At that time Liz told no less a reliable source than Louella O. Parsons. "There is no doubt whatever that he is the one I want to marry. If I had never lived in Hollywood, and I would have never had one quarrel, one moment of misunderstanding. Every day I love him more," they were married on May 6, 1950, in the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd. Liz had even begun taking instruction in the Catholic faith because Nicky is a Catholic. 

The only trouble was, a time of mutual understanding had ended a day or so after they exchanged vows. First reports from Europe, where they honeymooned, were that the very wealthy marriage didn't have a ghost of a chance. By the time they came home, it looked pretty much confirmed; Liz had lost too much weight, was overly miserable, and the usually affable Nicky had turned sulky, difficult.

WANT TO TAKE A HIDEOUT? 

People immediately and inevitably took sides. "Nicky is a spoiled brat," said the Taylor camp. "Even on their honeymoon he left her alone while he drank and gambled and chased around. He used language abusive enough to crush a sensitive girl like Liz." 

To which the Hilton retinue retorted, "Nobody's denying that Nick is headstrong or even spoiled. But he's also a very attractive guy, and he's only beautiful. There's nothing below the beautiful surface. He probably went out because he was bored silly." Cruel words, accusing them both, helping them not at all. 

The doom-shaped pattern was unfolding. In October Liz Taylor went to Palm Springs alone to "rest," denying that she had had another fight with Nicky or that she intended to give up her career in an attempt to save her marriage. "My husband has no objection to my career," she said then. "We are very happy." Yet, with the passage of time, she filed suit for divorce after a little more than six months of marriage. The charge was cruelty, which covers a multitude of sins that have nearly crushed her heartbreak. By her own admission, Liz cried for days and nights on end after receiving her interlocutory decree. Was it the thing that nearly drove her to the cold, and apparently Nicky didn't, either, because two months after that initial decree was granted, the manager of the Thunderbird Hotel in Palm Springs was informed and Nicky and Liz were there, dancing and dining, holding hands and kissing for all the world to see. They got together again the same time before they were all over. That October Hollywood was rocked by the news that Elizabeth Taylor, accompanied by Nick's brother, was flying to Houston to see her while husband "did not live to tell," Nick said with poker-faced shrug. "I'm here on a business trip." But when Liz was bedded down with a cold in New York and unable to make the trip, he flew up to keep the rendezvous. "Liz is emotionally upset by rumors that Nicky is engaged to Betsy von Furstenberg and will marry her as soon as the divorce is reported," Nick's MGM representative of MGM. Assuming that it was true, there was still nothing to get upset about. Miss Von Furstenberg has been engaged to practically every eligible male in the American theatre without having once been brought to altar. 

The story was not allowed to be true, however, MGM's West Coast office of the film news assumed responsibility for the story. It was a likely story, and it was the time for no property to discuss. Liz had already said she wanted nothing from Nicky other than a divorce. What's more, Nicky's father had given her the huge sum of money she still held in the Hilton Hotel stock for a wedding present. 

The odds are that the two confused kids got together to talk about a possible reconciliation one last time. Who knows, except the people involved? All the world knows is that if such was their intention, someone's proud neck still refused to bow. 

The story of Elizabeth Taylor is a strange story of that living year of her life for little Elizabeth Taylor. She went home to her family when she left Nicky Hilton, then moved away into an apartment of her own. Talk around town was that the divorce prospects for the Taylors was

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THE RIVALS
When Julius La Rosa appeared at La Guardia Field in New York a group of girls gathered outside under his dressing-room window and to the tune of "ta-ra-Boom-de-ay" chirped: "We're Eddie Fisher fans, we're Eddie Fisher fans!" Grimming, Julius yelled back, "So am I!" and dragging his portable record player to the window sill, he put on one of Eddie's records and played it—but loud! The girls listened a moment and then roared back to the same tune, "Now we're La Rosa fans, and Eddie Fisher fans!"

Betty Vogel
Brooklyn, New York

LIZ has fallen into the trap laid for unwary, unhappy celebrities. Trusting a puppy, she gave interviews far and wide, and every time she opened her mouth, something wrong came out in print. She was advised to stop talking, but she got hurt another way, because any star who refuses to discuss personal problems is automatically tagged temperamental.

Granted, her marriage to Nick Hilton was a bad mistake. Liz has always acknowledged more than her share of blame for the failures. "I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage, and I wasn't. I had always had my own way. Instead of pointing out my faults, people always agreed with me. I never learned responsibility." And after the breakup, she erred further in expressing herself too freely. But Liz had never been through the relatively mild Hollywood marriage mill before—how was she to know?

Through the mistakes she learned about responsibility—and humiliation and heartache. In her new marriage she learned that she couldn't be emotionally dependent on Nicky, because he was equally immature. Then she went home to her family and realized that the role of baby daughter no longer fitted. She could no longer give her life blindly into the hands of her parents. No more a child, no more a low road forward. Liz went out and rented an apartment of her own—for precisely the reasons she gave: she had to learn independence. That incredible child" was growing up in self-defense.

Shortly after her final meeting with Nicky, Liz left for London to paint. Liz has shipped off to England again to portray Rebecca in Ivanhoe. Indicative of her emotional growth, this time she was accompanied by her second husband. It caused no stress within the family, rumors to the contrary. The Taylors understood and accepted that their daughter must stand or fall alone.

She fell.—like a plummet—at the feet of a sweet, shy, sensitive fellow named Michael Wilding. This, curiously, was their second encounter. Mrs. Taylor, in writing of the five-month sojourn in London when Liz was nineteen, spoke of her as "so very shy," and "knew that except for Glenn, the man in Elizabeth's life would be Michael Wilding." This time there were no "excepts" or "ifs." Liz was ready to know everyone. She had made up her mind.

Way back when she was seventeen, Mike had said lightly, "Some day you should marry me, you know," and now he said, "You know, I did tell you, you should have waited for me!"

When word of their love leaked out, it was received with almost universal skepticism. They were viewed as different, hardly a pair for each other. Mike was twice Elizabeth's age. He was a man already settled while she still had a dainty fistful of wild oats to sow. This was going to be murder. Too bad—and to top it all, she was a gossip! A few people believed in them. One was Michael Wilding, who said, "She was everything a record player who will love and protect her, and that someone—by some heaven-sent luck—turns out to be me. I won't let her down!"

Her best friends, the Stewart Grangers, believed they would make a go of it. After all, Jean Simmons' beloved Jimmy is six-

ten years older than she, and Hollywood cynicism has used a battering-ram on their marriage with absolutely no effect. Elizabeth Taylor believed—in all but her own heart—these words Michael loved her. She told reporters, "I want to be married as quickly as possible, because happiness is a fragile thing, and we have so little time for it. She had yet to be convinced that happiness isn't sometimes a thing, but she had found the man who could give her whatever there was of it.

LIZ and MIKE WILDING have now been married almost three years. Careerwise, if Mike's child-wife soars any higher, she's going to be lost in a cloud. His own reputation as an actor's actor grows more solid every day. They have the baby boy of their dreams, and the world's warmest welcome is extended to any brothers and sisters who might join young Michael Howard in the house. And they have each other, Liz and Mike. Seeing them together, it's plain that they still have each other so utterly and completely that if there is trouble, it will have to come from something outside this marriage.

We hope there is nothing—ever. We hope that Liz Taylor's times of trouble are all behind her.

END
Wrap the big hand around the little hand ... for now begins a little heart's journey into prayer ... the guide is Dad, the goal is a security not even he can provide.

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modern screen

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LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD

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and they kissed...
for this was Paris,
the city of love,
in its hour of joy!

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and VAN
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bittersweet romance
by the spell of
the song...

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DONNA REED

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with
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand there's an actress in Hollywood named Mary Trouble-In-Front. For whom does she work? —V.E., New Orleans, La.

A. Mary Trouble-In-Front is the name of a Sioux Indian girl hired by Universal-International in South Dakota for a bit part in Chief Crazy Horse.

Q. How many times has Donna Reed been married, also Marge Champion? —N.N., Bath, N. Y.

A. Both twice.

Q. I've been told on good authority that Victor Mature is afraid of horses and that doubles are used for his riding scenes. Is this true? —E.K., Detroit, Mich.

A. Mature does not feel at home on a horse.


A. She was married to his son when she was fifteen.

Q. Would you please settle a bet? Who has more hair: Fred MacMurray or Gene Kelly? —L.I.H., Bordinatown, N.Y.

A. MacMurray.


A. Ten per cent of the pictures gross.

Q. Does John Wayne wear a toupee or a hairpiece in pictures? —G.K., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A. Sometimes.

Q. What is the name of Mario Lanza's new son and how many children does he now have? —Y.R., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. Lanza's new son is named Marc. There are now two girls and two boys in the family.

Q. I've read that the richest woman in Hollywood is Sonja Henie. Does she have more money than Loretta Young? —N.R., San Francisco, Cal.

A. Yes, according to reports.

Q. What is the relationship between Mona Freeman and Bill Holden? —H.H., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Good friends.

Q. That woman Bob Wagner is supposed to be crazy about—isn't she really Barbara Stanwyck? —V.E., Spencer, Ind.

A. Yes.

Q. What is the connection between two women named Jill Winkler and Jean Garceau and Clark Gable? —E.D., Van Nuys, Cal.

A. Jean Garceau is Gable's private secretary. Jill Winkler is the widow of press agent Otto Winkler who was killed in a plane crash with Carole Lombard, Gable's third wife, on January 16, 1942. After the tragic accident Gable generously bought Mrs. Winkler a house in the San Fernando Valley.

Q. Wasn't June Havner's engagement ring once owned by Mrs. Red Skelton? —F.E., Fenton, Neb.

A. Yes. It was turned in by Mrs. Skelton to a jeweler who repolished and reset and resold it to Fred MacMurray.

Q. Who has the most expensive house of all the movie stars? —R.G., Salem, Ore.

A. Probably the Gary Cooper's.


A. Not yet.

Q. Will Deborah Kerr ever make motion pictures again or is she through with Hollywood? —A.D., Baltimore, Md.

A. Miss Kerr is currently making a film in England, plans to make many more in Hollywood.

Q. Is it true that Corinne Calvet followed her lover all the way to Rome? —B.R., Frankfort, Ky.

A. Corinne didn't like being separated from Jeffrey Stone (who under the name of Johnny Anderson was once married to Barbara Lawrence). So she followed Stone to Rome, where she is working in a film.


A. There are religious difficulties involved in securing an annulment or dispensation.

Q. What's happened to Peter Lawford since his marriage to Patricia Kennedy? I've seen him in no pictures. —H.D., Danbury, Conn.

A. Lawford is starring in a tv series, Dear Phoebe, about a male lovelorn columnist who uses a female name.

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and Julia Adams once were a big thing? —T.W., Chicago, Ill.

A. Yes.
JUDY GARLAND
JAMES MASON

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OF POOLS AND PONIES

- Hollywood editors and reporters are lucky people. They have Alan Ladd's private telephone number. On the still warm October days in California they can give the star a ring and announce, "I'm coming over for a swim." They don't even have to bring their own towels. Such generous hospitality is rare in Hollywood, not because of the towels, but because most big stars pretend to be horror-stricken at the idea of an advancing photographer or newsman.

The latest poolside report on the Ladds is that they are ready to swing into action with their newly formed Jaguar Productions (named for a car Alan liked) as soon as they decide which is the best of three scripts.

Meanwhile, Alan is going into The McConnell Story on his Warner contract, with June Allyson as his leading lady. While resting, the whole family is shuttling back and forth between their town home and the ranch where Alana is having a ball riding her horse, Key, a Spanish stallion which she rented to her dad to ride in Drumbat. The horse is one of eleven Spanish horses, all of which were named after Alan Ladd pictures. One is called Dahlia for The Blue Dahlia, another Beret, a third, pardon the expression, Hell for To Hell and Back. It tickles Alan to report that the horse named Shane was sold for about five times what it was really worth before it got that name, and he says he's been getting fan letters from new mothers who are calling their new sons Shane. "It's all right, I suppose," he says, "but I hope thefad doesn't grow. Imagine a lot of little tikes running around answering to the name Drumbat!"

It doesn't bear thinking on.
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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News  Hollywood Snapshots  The letter box

Love story of the month  I was miffed at Jane Powell  I nominate Martha Hyer

Timothy Patrick McNulty makes his debut with Mama, Ann Blyth.
louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I FEEL FREE AND HAPPY for the first time in two years." Susan Hayward told me. I had thought Susie would be down in the dumps over Jess Barker's decision to fight Judge Walker's ruling that he is not entitled to any community property in their divorce and that Susan gets custody of the children with only rights of visitation for Jess.

But I didn't know my girl. She telephoned me and said, "I've been through so many months of horror I'm completely accepting the judge's decision as final."

"At no time did I want to drag our dirty linen through the courts. I even offered Jess a settlement because of the children. This he turned down, preferring to make a bad fight of it."

I had heard that Susan wanted to give Jess $100,000 to get her freedom and he turned it down! If this is true he must feel like jumping out the closest window, now that he gets nothing!

The irony of it is that at the time of their marriage it was Jess who insisted that Susan make a pre-nuptial arrangement that the California Community Property Law be waived and that she would get nothing from him, should they separate!

He was earning much more at that time than Susan was.

What few people know is that they separated in a matter of months after their marriage. She came to see me at that time. It never has been my policy to advise my friends about their marriage troubles. That's a personal thing. But I couldn't refrain from saying to the weeping Susan, "Oh, Susie! If he hit you and walked out on you once there's nothing to keep him from doing it again."

Susan, today, says: "You were right, Louella. But if I had taken your advice I might not have my wonderful twin boys."

WHEN THE BELLES GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER at parties and talk "girl talk," they say Gene Kelly is the actor who puts the least ardor into love scenes.

Gene heard about his "rep" and cracked: "I don't mind roughing them up if they like it. I just worry about their make-up."

Jack Palance admits that he blew his top and was way out of line when he shouted and raved at two extra girls playing (Continued on page 12)
BING CROSBY and Phil Harris caught salmon. Bing wrote, "Fishing with Harris is a lot of laughs. He talks to the fish, even sings to them."

ROY ROGERS and Dale gave awards to high school kids who won accident prevention contest, talked to some who had been accident victims.

JUDY GARLAND is in Monte Carlo with Sid and Jack Warner. I hope pictures like this stop the silly talk of a feud between Judy and Jack.

GENE KELLY and his lovely wife are almost strangers, they've been overseas so much for Gene's films. Betsy still hopes to do some acting.

HEAVY RUMORS of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini marrying, but Grace's friends disapprove.

LIGHT TALK for Pier Angeli and James Dean. He's a Brando type—no car, many T-shirts.

BRIGHT PAIR are cute Rita Moreno and Geordie Hormel, Leslie Caron's almost ex-husband.
Like father, like son

The resemblance between Jerry Lewis and his 9-year-old Gary just amazes me—especially when they’re doing their “mugging duet.” (These special photographs are the cutest I’ve ever seen!) They learned that mournful look from a cocker spaniel!

(Continued from page 10) slaves just because they were chattering on the set of The Silver Chalice.

The company was shocked by his language and Jack is sincerely sorry it ever happened.

He called me to say, “The reason for my outburst is that I was working with a terrible case of poisoning from a snake bite on location. My doctor advised me to stay at home for several days under medical treatment.

“I didn’t want to do this because there were about 1000 extras working in the scenes we were shooting and I didn’t want to put the director and producers to the expense of keeping these people idle because of my illness.

“All I can say is that my nerves snapped when the girls kept chattering between scenes when I was trying desperately hard to memorize my lines under my terrific physical strain.”

Okay, Jack. What more can you say than that you are sorry, and I’m sure you told the girls as well as me.

ALTHOUGH BARBARA RUSH and Rock Hudson sent me a beautiful scarf from Ireland when I was in London, I didn’t get to see them emote in Captain Lightfoot for the very good reason that I didn’t get to Ireland and they couldn’t get to London.

So I was surprised my first day back at my desk in Hollywood to get a phone call from Barbara who returned home the day after I did.

She was both happy and upset—happy to be home and upset over rumors which had been flying that she and Jeff Hunter were on the verge of parting.

“The only parting we’ve had is that my work took me to Ireland and Jeff’s picture took him to Mexico City.

“Really, there’s not a bit of truth in the reports of a rift,” she told me, and I believe the gal. In fact, she was so eager to see Jeff she was flying to Mexico to catch up with her traveling bridegroom.

Speaking of Rock, he stayed on in Europe for a holiday on the continent, not a honeymoon with Betty Abbott, as had been freely touted.

Betty was the script girl on Captain Lightfoot as well as being Rock’s best girl, so she had to return with the company to Hollywood to work on the cutting of the film and so on.

Sooner or later I believe Rock and Betty will get around to getting married. He dates others now and then, but she seems to be the real heart interest in his life.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was the lovely affair hosted by Cyd Charisse for her ever lovin’ husband, Tony Martin, following his debut at the Hollywood Bowl.

Cyd took over the new room at Ciro’s and turned it into a garden of flowers. At first some of the candid camera boys got miffed because Cyd wouldn’t let them in to take pictures. But when Tony, who is a very easygoing guy, showed up, he had a little chat with Cyd and said, “Come on in, boys.”
Esther Williams surprised everyone by dancing all evening in her bare feet. Someone asked her, “Do your shoes hurt?”

Esther said, “Nope, I just like to dance this way,” and that was that.

Late arrivals were surprised to see Nancy Sinatra, ex of Frankie, apparently teamed up with Harry Karl, estranged husband of Marie McDonald. But Nancy laughingly explained that Harry wasn’t her date. He was just her supper partner and later drove her to her car which she had left in front of Barbara Stanwyck’s house.

Speaking of Barbara, she decided to have some fun and showed up in the red wig which she wears in her new movie. Everyone thought it was striking but preferred her own natural silvery locks.

Gary Cooper and Rocky looked thoroughly made-up. They danced mostly with one another and he was quite devoted to her.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft were excited about leaving the following day for Europe, all expenses paid by the boss, Jack Warner. Judy looked cute in a black and white chiffon.

No one admires Audrey Hepburn more than I. She is a superb actress.

But I’ve got some news for her firsthand: She has hurt a lot of friends and estranged many of the press by making—then breaking—interview appointments in New York and by later refusing to talk with even the people who have helped her build her career when she arrived in London.

I was in London at the time and some of her closest friends told me they were unable to reach her even by phone.

She left immediately for Switzerland where she again went into hiding.

There are many reports that Audrey’s health is bad. It is also pretty generally believed that she is emotionally upset over Mel Ferrer, the big romance in her life.

Although Mel is divorced, he is devoted to his children and is in constant communication with Mrs. Ferrer.

Audrey, apparently, is so deeply in love with the actor, without whom she made no appearances in New York, that she is unduly jealous and unhappy about him.

**Speaking of Audrey,** I bet she never expected to be compared to cute, peppery Debbie Reynolds. But one of the London critics wrote:

“Debbie Reynolds in *Susanne Slept Here* is the logical successor to Audrey Hepburn.”

Pretty nice compliment to Debbie, I calls it.

**I Guess I’m the Least Surprised** person in the world that Vic Mature and his wife, Dorothy, got in such a battle at Del Mar that they went flying to their lawyers to talk divorce.

Like the Matures, I used to spend my own vacations at the little racetrack by the sea, and each season Vic and Dorothy staged some sort of a head-on collision.

This one was more spectacular than usual. They had been sitting in the cocktail lounge of the hotel before going in to dine, apparently very friendly.

Then, Dorothy (Continued on page 14)

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I was really miffed about

**JANE POWELL**

- I really don't know what got into Jane Powell to deny so vehemently that she had any idea of marrying Pat Nerney—and then, a bare ten days later, to announce to the world that she had received her engagement ring and that the marriage would take place soon!

As I told you in this department last month, I didn’t believe Jane’s denials even when she herself was making them to me.

Who in the world did she think she was fooling? She and Pat have been inseparable ever since they fell in love and all the stuff about their “never even discussing marriage” was a lot of nonsense and I knew it. And printed it!

A reporter friend of mine wasn’t so lucky. This writer spent two hours with Jane at her home interviewing her about her romance with young Nerney. Now get this:

*Not only did Jane say she wasn’t marrying Pat, she indicated that she was still in love with another man in her life!*

My friend wrote her story as Miss Powell gave it to her and it was in publication, too late to stop, when the blonde actress sprang her plans to marry Nerney just a few days later.

All we reporters ask is a little fairness and honesty now and then. Is this asking too much?
I nominate for stardom: MARTHA HYER

She has the same look of quality Grace Kelly has and an even more exciting figure. In Sabrina Martha loses Bill Holden (temporarily) to Audrey Hepburn but she's so lovely to look at it's understandable that she gets him back.

She's twenty-five years old, weighs 116 pounds, is five feet, six inches tall and is currently redheaded. Her hair has been bleached, dyed and tinted different colors so often she has almost forgotten she's a natural brownette.

Every time she's cast in a new picture she has to switch her hair color to contrast with that of the woman star.

She says she will know she has reached official stardom when another girl has to dye to contrast with her.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, where her father is an assistant district attorney. She's one Texan who doesn't hesitate to admit she prefers living in California.

For two and a half years she was married to Ray Stahl, the writer-director son of the late John Stahl. At that time she rated (careerwise) only leads in westerns.

It's probably just a coincidence that her career took a sharp upturn just about the time she divorced Stahl. She had excellent roles in So Big, Sabrina and Lucky Me.

Unlike many babes in the Hollywoods, Martha has had solid training in her profession at both Northwestern University and the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

An important man at Paramount tells me, "Watch Martha Hyer. She can and may be another Grace Kelly."

(Continued from page 13) went to a phone booth. Suddenly, in a towering rage, Vic went to the booth, jerked the door open, stepped inside and other cocktail loungers were treated to a full view of the battle through the glass door although not a sound came through!

Sooooo, they say they are headed for divorce although you can pick up some easy bets that before this latest vacation brawl reaches the judge, these two ardent battlers will make it up as they have done three times in the past.

SHORT SHOTS: Two new children are living at Lana Turner's house these days. Don't get excited; they are the son and daughter of Lex Barker who have come to live with Lana and Lex while their mother is in Mexico City for a year. Lana is a good mother, wonderful with the kids, and they adore her.

Can't make up my mind whether I like Arlene Dahl's new short and straight hair cut or not. But with that face she can do almost anything.

The reason Ava didn't divorce Frankie when her six weeks were up in Nevada is because not only does she want him to pay all court costs but also defray all expenses on the big house which she occupied with her family at Lake Tahoe. And he ain't about to do it, he ain't.

Ethel Barrymore is crazy about Frank Sinatra, whether Ava is or not. The Grand Lady of the theatre took to Frankie and vice versa like chocolate syrup to ice cream. Ethel couldn't get over Frankie's blowing her to a champagne and cake birthday party on the set of Young At Heart. "Frank is," drawls the one and only Ethel in that magnificent voice of hers, "a livin' doll."

Speaking of dolls, no one in years has given such expensive gifts to the crew and cast following a picture as those Johnny Ray handed out after There's No Business Like Show Business—gold watches and cuff links, traveling bags, cases of champagne, expensive briefcases, and to the assistant prop boy, a new TV set!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Joan Crawford got award as Fur Fashion Woman of 1954 from top furrier Al Tielbaum.
My favorite love story of the month: The Glenn Fords relive their romance.

It all started on their 11th wedding anniversary when Glenn and Ellie discovered a trunk full of their old letters, written during Glenn's Marine Corps days.

Glenn dragged out his uniform, swore he could get into it, but didn't. He was a sergeant when he married Ellie—she had her pick of Hollywood's most eligible stars.

First on their memory lane was the house they were married in. Pat O'Brien had introduced them, told Ellie, "I know a guy you'd get along with real good!"

Next, the scene of Glenn's proposal—a sidewalk ice cream cafe. (Glenn had wanted an un-Hollywood atmosphere.) "I can't recall what I said when I asked her," he confessed. "But I know that I ordered a chocolate soda—and I hate chocolate!"

Glenn gave Ellie a tiny diamond ring—all he could afford on his Marine Corps pay. Ellie, then at the top of her career as a movie star, insisted that he take her to St. Augustine's Episcopal Church (where Glenn had been a teacher) to put it on.

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE
the letter box

(First, a word of explanation to those of you who complain that I fail to use your letters in this department: I try to use comments of general interest to all fans and if you’ll just bear this in mind, I’m sure you’ll see print. Thank you.) Now let’s hear from:

JUDY TIKWORTH, Bradenton, Florida, who resents a letter from Pat Kennedy (not Mrs. Peter Lawford) criticizing Robert Wagner’s upstage conduct while on location. “I, too, had the opportunity to watch Mr. Wagner making scenes and I found him gracious to the fans and a delightful young man to meet, very modest and a gentleman.”

“In my opinion,” pens BETTY CAMPBELL of Dorchester, Mass., “John Agar is the best-looking man in Hollywood and one of the finest actors. I am glad Universal-International is giving him the break he has so long deserved.” Evidently John is very popular in Massachusetts. CAROL SHELL, of Boston, also writes glowingly of him in Bait.

RUTH VLEISIS, Naugatuck, Conn., spent part of her vacation in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and writes: “As I came out of a small cafe I saw a crowd gathered around a big car—and there were June Havner and Fred MacMurray. They were all smiles, giving autographs right and left and thanking the people for asking for them! How do you like those dolls?” Pretty nice, I agree.

MARGARET CANELLIS would like to make three comments: “One, Three Coins In The Fountain is the year’s most delightful picture. Two, Robert Stack is the year’s most improved actor in The High And The Mighty. Three, I had Fernando Lamas all wrong. He’s my favorite again since he married Arlene Dahl.”

Wow! Did I start something when I challenged Robert Mitchum to prove himself in Not As A Stranger. Lots of letters, mostly agreeing with me. But not BETTE COLLIER, Coal City, Ill., who blasts: “I bet you won’t be able to dig yourself out of the mail you’ll receive from Robert Mitchum’s many fans protesting your comments. He is perfect for Mort Thompson’s novel about the young doctor. Don’t say I didn’t give you your say, Bette.

After their honeymoon Glenn skipped out for a year. (That’s when they wrote those letters!) When he came home they lived over a garage, thought the beach the world’s most romantic place.

They ended their reminiscences with a trip to The Beachcombers, their favorite restaurant, then drove down the Old Ox Road near Malibu, where they had first told their dreams to each other.
OFFERS

A FREE CADILLAC A WEEK

FOR 6 WEEKS and $1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win ...

$27,000

in cash prizes

IN THE

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

JINGLE CONTESTS

Here's your big chance to win a gorgeous, new Cadillac like mine! You'll be as thrilled with it as I am! What a car ... complete luxury on wheels ... and wonderfully easy to drive!!

Jane Russell

Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl—starring in

HER NEW

UNDERWATER PICTURE

Produced by RKO-Radio Pictures.

Color by Technicolor

Enter Now! Try for these

EXCITING PRIZES!

6 Weekly Contests

FIRST PRIZE EACH WEEK
One new 1954 Cadillac Series 62, 4-door Sedan plus $1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win!

SECOND PRIZE EACH WEEK
$1,000 in cash!

10 THIRD PRIZES EACH WEEK
Ten $100 prizes in cash!

100 Additional Prizes Each Week
One hundred $25 prizes in cash!

You have many chances to win ... 6 weekly contests for weeks ending Sept. 18, 25 and Oct. 2, 9, 16, 23, 1954.

It's easy to enter!

Go to your favorite cosmetic counter; get Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the Official Contest Entry Blank*, on which you'll see the jingle at right. Then, just fill in the last line of the jingle, ending with a word that rhymes with “shampoo.” Example:

"Leaves hair like satin, too!"

These tips may help you win!

• Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin ... never dries your hair ... it beautifies it!

• Even in hardest water, its rich lather leaves hair soft, shining, fragrantly clean and easy to manage!

• The favorite shampoo of 4 out of 5 top movie stars! Try it—in Cream or new Lotion Form! You'll be inspired to finish the jingle in winning form!

HERE'S THE JINGLE:

No wonder the movie stars' choice Is Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
It never d... It beautifies!

*Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Cream or Lotion

Get Your Official Entry Blank today—available only at your Lustre-Creme dealer's—for complete Contest Rules.
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2-way stretch power net that bends and blends with every move!

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Send for your FREE copy of "Lewella's Secrets of FigureLoveliness." Write Dept. D. Give name of store nearest your home.

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NEW MOVIES by Florence Epstein

Brigadoon isn't on their map, but Gene Kelly and Van Johnson wander into it on the dream town's one day of existence in the 20th Century.

Gene and Brigadoon's prettiest girl, Cyd Charisse, fall in love, dance together, sing "The Heather On The Hill." Gene did choreography.

After taking part in the festivities for a wedding, Gene and Van return to New York—but not permanently. Other songs in this adaptation of the Broadway musical are "Almost Like Being In Love," "Come To Me, Bend To Me," "Waitin' For My Doogie," "I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean."

Picture of the Month: BRIGADOON

For those who fancy fantasy here's Brigadoon rising in the Scottish Highlands like a misty dream. And that's what Brigadoon is, a dream town whose perfection is preserved because it comes into existence only one day in every hundred years. The day that Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson stumble on it while grouse hunting. A wedding is in progress and gaiety prevails—until the jilted suitor (Hugh Laing) declares he's leaving Brigadoon. If he does, the village will disappear forever. Van Johnson saves the day. Giving Gene Kelly time to fall for Fiona (Cyd Charisse) and sing that popular ballad, "Almost Like Being In Love." Trouble is, Kelly has a fiancée in New York. Not that he really cares. She (Elaine Stewart) is a social climber. But if Kelly stays in Brigadoon he'll be lost to our civilization, swallowed up, as it were, in a dream. Johnson persuades him to come home. However, it isn't easy to forget Fiona. Kelly broods about her and finally goes back to Scotland. "I know Brigadoon isn't there," he says, "but I've got to see where it was." You know what they say about true love. They say when you love someone anything is possible, especially miracles. It's a warm, romantic musical with excellent dancing and the Technicolor is beautiful. A smash hit as a Broadway musical, it should be just as much of a success as a movie. Cast includes Barry Jones, Virginia Bosler, Jimmy Thompson.—MGM
In these 3-hour danger periods your skin "dies" a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed":

Dryness . . . "shriveling"
Stretched pores . . . roughened, grainy texture

Read what skin specialists recommend to prevent these serious skin problems . . .

After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:
The "drawn" feel of your face.
Flakiness; often a splotchy look.
These are the first warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, more disturbing problems can take root. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause enlarged pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than Nature
A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always leave on a bit of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime
Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking clear, vibrant!

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Soon your friends will be saying—"Your skin looks marvelous lately!"

Among society beauties who use Pond's
MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT II
THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS
LA COMTESSE JEAN DE CARAMAN
MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
LA COMTESSE DE LA FALAISE

Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr.

Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond's Cold Cream every night at bedtime."
Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New “Puff Magic” is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don’t cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

- Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.
- Honey Fair—for that “lit-from-within” look.
- Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.
- Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.
- Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

THE DETECTIVE A comedy that’s gentle, soft spoken, unexpected, can be lots of fun. This one is. It stars Alec Guinness as a priest with the refreshing point of view that anyone can commit crime but most people don’t because, fortunately, they don’t want to. His self-appointed mission is to convert criminals into good citizens. He’d rather save them than send them to prison. This doesn’t sit well with Scotland Yard but it sits rather jauntily on Guinness who for his work has acquainted himself with jujitsu and various thugs. Now he becomes involved with a master thief, Flambeau (Peter Finch), who makes off with a treasures cross that Guinness is taking to Rome. Guinness resolves to find Flambeau, lead him into the fold. Flambeau is a tough customer, but Guinness exhibits saintly patience and persistence along with quite human frailties that delightfully pay off. With Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker.—Col.

SHIELD FOR MURDER Any killer is dangerous but when a cop turns homicidal in the name of the law that’s worse. Detective Nolan (Edmund O’Brien) has a reputation for being trigger happy. Now he shoots a lookermaker in the back, lifts the 25,000 dollars he was carrying and claims to Detective John Agar that the shooting was accidental. But Nolan was observed by a deaf mute and even if he hadn’t been, his actions are suspicious. He overplays his hand by taking his girl friend Maria English to see an expensive model home and telling her he’ll buy it. The story builds to a high pitch as Nolan’s sanity gives way and he fights desperately with himself, with a gang boss to whom the hooch was delivering the 25,000 and with his friend Agar. Nolan is a hot-headed and somewhat simple minded guy, but Edmund O’Brien gives depth to his characterization that raises it above the usual chase theme.—U.A.

DAWN AT SOCORRO Too bad there weren’t any psychoanalysts in New Mexico in the 19th century. Would have saved a lot of gunpowder. Take Romy Calboun, a gambler with an odd sense of honor. It surely made him sad to kill people but he had such good aim. And it made him sad to see a flower like Piper Laurie plant herself in David Brian’s gambling casino at Socorro. (Piper’s father had disowned her because he thought she was wicked which, of course, she wasn’t.) Right from the start Calboun doesn’t want to do anything but retire to Colorado Springs because he has a racket coach due to a bullet lodged in his lung. But he has to shoot down about six men before he can get to the railway ticket office and gamble away his life’s savings and rescue Piper from herself—and from David Brian. That’s a large order for a man with a cough that shakes his ankles.

Technicolor—U-I.
everything comes *Alive*

in

CINEMASCOPE

As in the 20th Century-Fox Romantic Comedy

**"WOMAN'S WORLD"**

Color by DeLuxe

the natural beauty of your legs comes "alive" in

GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY

new LIBERALACE top ... gives perfect fit

Reveal the true beauty of your legs in Glen Raven Full-Fashioned Hosiery. New, slim-whip seams and fashion-trim heels spell total glamour in "true-life" colors ... that show him it's a woman's world.

Excitingly feminine in 66 Gauge Hosiery.

GLEN RAVEN KNITTING MILLS, INC.  265 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
The story of a Love that was greater than Honor... and a Courage that stood alone against the fury of India's Great Rebellion!

A Universal-International Picture starring ROCK HULLSON, ARLENE DAHL, URSULA THIERS

THE LAW VS. BILLY THE KID The law wasn't good enough for Billy The Kid (Scott Brady). He didn't even trust the governor, a nice old guy, who promised him freedom if only he'd stop drawing blood. Billy wanted freedom and he wanted Betta St. John for a bride, but most of all he wanted revenue against a crooked sheriff and his men who planned to take over all the ranches in the territory. Billy had found a little peace on this particular ranch owned by Paul Cavanaugh. He may have gone straight, too, under his influence if Cavanaugh hadn't been shot down in cold blood by said sheriff and men. There are some kids whose destinies are marked by violence and tragedy, and I suppose Billy was one of those kids. Although it gets kind of boring to hear them tell it. Even in Technicolor. With Alan Hale, Jr., James Griffith.—Col.

AFRICA ADVENTURE If you want to go to Africa, go alone. After seeing what it's really like I'm not budging. Robert C. Ruark, the newspaper columnist who made this documentary, has omitted all the fraud. "So much nonsense about African safaris" has been pawned off on the public, he says. I like the nonsense; it made everything so romantic. Now we see the heat, the drought, the nomads digging for water, the vultures fighting over a carcass, the bull rhino showing his temper. "And if the camera shakes," says Ruark, "it's because the cameraman was frightened." Well, the camera doesn't shake too often. A rather absorbing record of an African safari that starts in Nairobi, Kenya, heads for the northern frontier, moves along the Abyssinian border. You'll see some fascinating shots of native tribes and of Ruark's party turning Africa into a bit of home. Pathecolor—RKO

NAKED ALIBI With all this emphasis on brutality in movies it's no wonder some teen-agers take it for granted. Sure the murderer pays, but first he has a ball. Slaps cops around, drives toward Mexico to live it up with a blonde night club singer (Gloria Grahame) and almost gets away with three slayings. Only thing that stops him is Detective Chief Sterling Hayden, who is fired because newspapers think he's soluble. Hayden spots Willis (Gene Barry) for a killer the minute he's hauled in on a drunk charge. Next day detective Casey Adams, who questioned him, is murdered. But Willis leads a respectable life, has a wife (Marcia Henderson) a child and a bakery, so what if he acts insane? Nobody can prove it. Hayden proves it on his own time, tracks him to Border City, kidnaps him, brings him home kicking. It's exciting, it's suspenseful—and Hayden gets his job back, which apparently puts this film on a high moral plane.—U.J.
Jackpot of the Month:

WHITE CHRISTMAS

If the title White Christmas is familiar, it should be. It's the song Irving Berlin wrote and Bing Crosby introduced twelve years ago in the musical Holiday Inn. Aside from that there's nothing old about this film. Its score includes fourteen fresh-off-the-piano hits by Berlin. It's the story of a retired Major General (Dean Jagger) who has no place to go when the Army has finished with him. So he opens an inn in Vermont. But even a general can't order snow or requisition customers. That's where Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye come through. They met in the Army, teamed up afterward and hit it big on Broadway. The boys found out about the inn when they went to Vermont to visit a sister act (Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen). Now they want to do Jagger a good turn, promote a little business for him. Naturally, the sisters misunderstand Crosby's and Kaye's intentions; they think they want to promote themselves. Naturally, the sisters are in love with Crosby and Kaye. There are all kinds of romantic, sentimental complications that resolve themselves in snow flakes and good will on Christmas Eve. Meanwhile there's dancing on costly Technicolor sets, and singing and a kind of glow which these four stars can project like nobody's business. Besides all this, White Christmas is the first picture ever filmed in VistaVision, a really exciting development that gives you an even larger picture than the other new techniques. It's unusual, too, in that VistaVision can be adapted to any size screen—even for drive-in movies—and still give you a clear, sharp picture.—Para.

THREE HOURS TO KILL When Dana Andrews comes back to town everybody reaches for a gun. Dana is not liked. Dana makes everyone in Furnace Flats feel guilty because three years ago they tried to lynch him for a murder. The corpse was Donna Reed's brother (Richard Webb) who opposed her marrying Andrews. Now the sheriff (Stephen Elliot) gives Dana three hours of freedom. Who was guilty—saloon owner James Westerfield, barber Whit Bissel, gambler Lawrence Hugo? Maybe it was Dick Coogan who married Donna and was supposedly her brother's best friend. Anyway, all of these boys were right up there with the noose and tree three years ago. It's quite a shock for Donna to see her lost fiancé again. Hotel owner Dianne Foster is more thrilled than terrified. Anyway, a few hours is plenty of time for Andrews, who not only finds the murderer but also patches up his love life.—Technicolor.

Look Out Red

Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red... hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is all red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that stays red and stays on—hour after hour!

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet
Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Cashmere Bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you’d be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on “me first” hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That’s why, on those days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special flat pressed ends!

To dress up a plaid suit, add a —

☐ Frilly blouse  ☐ Fallie purse  ☐ Tom

All wrong—the answers above! It’s a sad plaid that’s teamed with ruffles, a silky purse; instead, add an elegantly simple blouse or sweater, good leather handbag. Smart tailored accessories are what’s needed. And for certain needs, try the 3 sizes of Kotex—there’s one just “tailor-made” for you. P.S.: No mistakes with Regular, Junior or Super, as Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!

Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled you were when “that” day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster now who’s in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new free booklet “You’re A Young Lady Now!”. Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, beforehand. Write P.O. Box 3483, Dept. 1011a, Chicago 11, Ill.

SUDDENLY Here’s an interesting, fast-paced little study of a man who tries to assassinate the President of the United States. Happens in a small town called Suddenly where nothing has happened in years. One day the place is flooded with FBI men. They’re clearing the way for the President who’ll get off his train at Suddenly on his way to a fishing trip. Frank Sinatra (the assassin) and his buddies arrive about the same time and take over a house above the station in which live Nancy Gates, a war widow, her young son (Kim Charney) and her Manhattan (James Gleason). Nancy is terrified of violence, terrified of life and for months has been turning down Sheriff Sterling Hayden’s offer of marriage. The ordeal she goes through now teaches her plenty. And Sinatra, as the “nobody” who became a “somebody” when they handed him a gun in World War II, sheds a lot of light on what makes madman kill.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BROKEN LANCE (20th-Fox) : This dramatic story of early rascals is not an ordinary Western. Fast-paced and well written, it deals with the struggle for power between rugged Spencer Tracy and his scheming son, Richard Widmark. Bob Wagner, Katy Jurado are on Spencer’s side. There’s romance with Jean Peters as well as plenty of action. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

REAR WINDOW (Para) : The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, this has Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there’s humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH (U-I): If you like Tony Curtis in armor and Janet Leigh in danger, you’ll love this one. Barbara Rush is in it, too—and enough justifying, intriguing and revenging to satisfy the most avid knighthood fan.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (U.A.): This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movies ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn’t love them enough.

BETRAYED (MGM) : Clark Gable, Lana Turner and Victor Mature star in a story of spies and counter-spies (though no one knows which one is which) during World War II. Filmed in Holland in Eastman Color, it is suspenseful and exciting.

THE EGYPTIAN (20th-Fox) : A really big film, this epic of love and excitement in ancient Egypt stars Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi and has Technicolor and CinemaScope as well.

SABRINA (Para) : Wonderful Audrey Hepburn and her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, make this charming comedy about the chauffeur’s daughter who falls in love with the rich man’s son an absolute delight. Light, and lots of fun.

HOBSON’S CHOICE (U.A.): A really funny British comedy, this one stars Charles Laughton as a father so stingy he’d rather have his daughters stay single than give them a dowry. But daughters have minds of their own—and husbands, too, eventually.

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (MGM) : One of the best musicals to come along in ages, this one even has a plot in the shenanigans of seven uncouth, youngish men he-men who kidnap their ladies. Jane Powell and Howard Keel, Technicolor, CinemaScope, good tunes and top-notch dances.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year’s best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.
HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY B?

by Barbara Stanwyck

Here's Barbara's secret for keeping young at heart.

Every woman should accept the necessity for thinking outside herself. An actress must do it; otherwise, how can she depict a variety of characters from the study she has made of others? A mother must think outside herself; otherwise, how can her children benefit from her observations and understanding? But women who are neither mothers nor actresses sometimes must train and discipline themselves especially hard to think of others—or drift into thinking that life revolves around them.

There is less danger, of course, of becoming self-absorbed if one is busy. Idleness is a destructive force. I sympathize with people who do not have enough to do. I, personally, get into a black mood when I'm not making a picture or preparing for one. I feel vital—alive—when I have so much to do I don't know how I am going to make hours in a day for it. And I'm sure all busy people feel the same way. An interest in others and in many things will make one more interesting to others and more interested in other things.

I try to give Stanwyck as little thought as possible. Keep her neat and clean and healthy—then forget the mirror. I find this a more satisfying existence—and a good way to keep really young.
**3 quick tricks to eye beauty**

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!

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As a means of hygienic protection in feminine hygiene, a suppository is unequalled for convenience and ease. Zonitors offer so many extra advantages:

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless. They require no extra equipment. Young wives are delighted with their ease of use, compactness and ease of concealment.

2. Zonitors contain the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing type of medication as world-famous Zonite liquid.

3. When inserted, Zonitors form a protective hygienic coating which lasts for hours. They're not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melts away.

4. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. Safe to the most delicate body tissues.

5. Zonitors completely deodorize. They keep you so dainty. A blessing to fastidious young wives.

Buy Zonitors today. Only 98¢ per dozen.

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**WORDS AND MUSIC**

Peggy Lee wanted fame and fun . . . and got them for a song!

Shoppers on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles sometimes see a tall, leggy blonde making her way into a smart shop and, because she looks like one, they usually think she's a model. But the natives regard the young lady with knowing admiration. "There," they will point out for visitors, "goes the lady Irving Berlin!"

In Jamestown, North Dakota where she was born; this blonde was known as Norma Egstrom. To Hollywood, New York, nightclubbers and TV viewers, she is Peggy Lee.

In fewer years than it takes most people to get started on just one career, Peggy has enjoyed several. First she became a favorite as a singer of popular songs. Now she writes them.

When she started her motion picture career it was as a star, opposite Danny Thomas in *The Jazz Singer*. Now she is making two more, one of them *The Benny Goodman Story*. She was a featured vocalist with his band. She has not neglected nightclub and her appearances in San Francisco and Reno have added to her fans.

Peggy has published more than seventy songs. "It's A Good Day" and "Mañana" sold over two million platters. She did the lyrics for the title song of *Johnny Guitar*, the theme song for *About Mrs. Leslie* and an entire score for Walt Disney's soon-to-be-released *The Lady And The Tramp*. She is the voice of five characters in the picture. She has just written and recorded for Decca a song with her guitarist titled "The Gypsy With The Fire In Her Shoe."

"I just drifted into composing," Peggy says. "It sort of comes naturally to me."

When she isn't really busy, she writes poetry—some of which is soon to be published.
I Saw BLACKHEADS GO IN 10 MINUTES!

by CLAIRE HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A skin specialist today demonstrated a simple 10-minute way to rinse away blackheads. To the face of a woman who had suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores and a spotty complexion for nearly 12 years, I applied a peculiar, plastic-like cream, 10 minutes later... when he lifted this cream from her skin with a moist facial tissue, I saw ugly blackheads rinsed away! They were clinging to the tissue that the doctor held out for all to see—actually rinsed away from the skin with a simple 10-minute home medical treatment anyone can use at home.

Actually Draws Pimple and Blackhead Material Out of Clogged Pore Openings — In Minutes!

"You will notice," continued the doctor, "as he motioned us closer, "that all the blackheads are gone. That would be too much to expect from just one treatment. Especially with our subject, Miss —, has suffered from these externally caused blemishes for a good many years. "But now, watch closely! Because you will notice that this first blackhead treatment has not merely floated away a considerable number of blackheads, but it has also loosened and softened the more stubborn plug formations, that I can now gently Glasgow even more of them away. Here is the tissue for your examination."

As we all strained forward to see the results of this amazing medical demonstration, a large magnifying mirror was now placed before the woman's face, revealing the pore openings with startling clarity.

Why Many Women Confuse Enlarged Pores With Clogged Pores

"The next point of our demonstration concerns the pores. I will now...

STEP-BY-STEP

Here Is How Doctor's Skin Treatment Acts To Draw Out Blackheads And Clear Enlarged Pore Openings

First, to prepare your skin for treatment, you get the skin ready, and loosen the buried filth cemented into your pores. The laboratory-developed blackhead-forming material of this famous specialist's treatment, is unlike any other cleanser you have used in your lifestyle, regardless of how much you can afford to pay. And here is how it works: We will select the right one for you.

Apply the specially compounded pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now look at your face. When you see the dirt and filth pouring through those tiny passages, you will see the infections and indelible substances that may have been causing your blemishes and lesions... then and today only will you begin to understand why you need a drastic change in your complexion care.

2) The second part of your treatment is a medicated cream designed to stop the formation of blackheads, and externally caused pimples which are from so much material.

Apply it to your face with your fingertips as though you would apply a little cream. A little becomes a lot when the "dead" matter... mainly around the nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a strong stimulation. This is the managing action of the medicated ingredient working on the skin. Your face will feel hot and cold. You will feel the new blood rushing through the arteries and veins. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage without irritation, bringing fresh, purifying blood to your skin to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action goes away, and a wonderful relaxation of all your tense, overwork facial muscles sets in. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this: A wonderful area of correcting absorbing agent called ARGILA-LA is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a film, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasurable, soothing feeling, and feeling. There is a corrective action, and an astringent action. You feel the ARGILA-LA drying on the surface of your skin. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened oils, the dirt matter, the fatty substances, whatever filter is buried in the pores, including some of the bacteria, materials, perspiration and poisons given off by skin.

After 10 minutes rinse the mask away. Hot or cold water makes no difference. It dissolves in a second. Your skin feels clean, refreshed, sparkling, smoother! Like velvet! But wait... you haven't finished your first treatment yet!

Now Apply Step 3 Of Your Treatment — The Astringent

This draws away a portion of the alcohol that tickles your skin for a few seconds it penetrates into your pore. It performs a final cleansing, sponging, dissolution action. But even more important, tightens the pore openings and leaves an invigorating film on your skin that lasts for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help protect your pore openings!

Now Look Into Your Mirror

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and blackheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the privacy of your nose, around your mouth, your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened. Your skin will feel alive! You may actually see minor wrinkles gone... and this fresh, buoyant, youthful eff ect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly, simply because this is a medicated formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "slick skin" to use it too. You may be a woman past 30 who has a really terrific problem, but who finds herself annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who knows that your skin is not as beautiful as it should be, and as fresh-looking as it could be... but your cosmetic cream's can't give you that. In this case... we think you'll be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, clear beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand... if you have a mature, adolescent, broken-out skin, if you are a man who is troubled by blemishes or a "sadpaper skin" and you have not been able to use a so-called "woman's treatment" for this month... if your own home or if you are a woman who has chosen to abuse her complexion with improper and expensive care... then this is vital.

You will see positive improvement with your first-10-minute home treatment. Your mirror will show it to you. And come next week we will see further rapid improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover that that you have to keep using this product part of the treatment every day, once a week, or once a month depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

How You May Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking A Penny

The name of this 3-way formula is the Queen Helene skin treatment. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula should... and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Ariel Argila in Doctor's Skin Treatment has many drawing, lifting action.

Blackhead Cap has already started to lift out and treated pores are clear.
Controlling care for short hair

WOMEN, too, acclaim this new cream shampoo that leaves short hair completely manageable with a natural radiance. Use Vita-Fluff SPECIAL FOR MEN as the ideal care to control your short hair in its most beautiful manner.

Exclusively with professional beauticians—sold only in beauty salons and barber shops.

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Now—a new Kurlash* to give you sparkling eyes, the wide-awake look.
It's so easy! You just touch your lashes with Kurlene cream...then, curl them with new Kurlash.
Shaped to your eye, Kurlash cushions lashes gently up in a laughing curve...your eyes look bright...

Open KURLASH w-i-d-e Rubber bow pops out—no pins or screws

Refill slips in—locks automatically when you close KURLASH

For personal advice—write Jane Heath, Eye-beauty Consultant, Dept. M.

Kurlash COMPANY, INC. • Rochester 4, N. Y.

Being the tender tale of two star-cross'd lovers, doomed to part.

MY FIRST LOVE
by Mitzi Gaynor

- My first fellow happened to me at the same time as my first show. The show was Song Without Words, which we were playing in San Francisco. He was one of the ushers and his name was Fred.

I didn't know him from nothing till a girl in the show uttered those famous last words, "There's a fellow working here who's just dying to meet you."

"I have no time for men," I answered. "I am an artiste!" Knowing nothing about men or artistes.

I thought Fred was terribly old—nineteen—and terribly romantic looking. He always went around with a pipe. It never had any tobacco in it, but it gave him such an air.

We were madly, but madly, in love. Every night after the show we had dinner together in a little French restaurant. We fought about everything. If Fred said it was a nice day, I retorted, "It is not!" Just to show him that I was pretty sophisticated and knew my way around, too.

Then the show moved to Los Angeles. When Fred came to the train to see me off, he brought me an orchid. An orchid! And said, "Mitzi, do you know what this means?"

Not wanting to show my naiveté, I said in my most regal manner, "I certainly do not. Perhaps you have better explain yourself."

"It means we're engaged," Fred said, and I could have flown to Los Angeles under my own power. When we got there, oh joy, there was even a letter waiting for me. He must have written it between the matinee and evening performance on Saturday. He had a nickname for me, "Almond Eyes." I pictured myself as a sort of Theda Bara.

Letters—that was the sour note in our love song. I hate to write letters.
Poor Fred would write and write without getting an answer, and finally I'd get a cheery, impersonal note, saying, "Well, I'm engaged again." He never was, of course, but I knew I had better write or else.

I think our Great Romance lasted about a year and a half. Did I date anyone else when I was away from him? Certainly not. I had the soul of an artiste—would I betray the Man I Loved? Besides, I didn't know any other boys.

It all ended when I went to New York. Fred came down from San Francisco to see me off. Oh, that leavetaking. When the train pulled out, I really played the scene to the hilt. There I was, hanging out the window, waving my handkerchief, shouting, "Farewell, farewell! I shall never forget you!" while Mother held on to my ankles. How I loved suffering.

In spite of my fine words, I did forget him. New York was so exciting I just didn't get around to answering Fred's letters. But I overplayed it. This time I got a wire. It said, "Engaged. Wedding set for such-and-such a date. Too bad you can't be here." Not even "love."

That wedding didn't come off, either. Fred is still single—but not carrying any torch, heaven knows. He's in the Army now and writes to me now and then. And the things we remember about our big, dramatic romance are funny enough to break up both of us and send Jack Bean, the man I'm really going to marry, into hysterics!

---

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That's why lovely women use FRESH Cream Deodorant, always!

Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new FRESH with "Moisture-Shield" formula has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. And it is this astringent action that keeps underarms dry and free from odor. Use gentle, effective FRESH daily.

**ONLY FRESH HAS THIS NEW "MOISTURE-SHIELD" FORMULA TO KEEP UNDERARMS REALLY DRY!**

Fresh is a registered trademark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.
TV TALK

Steve Allen is moody . . . Audrey Hepburn has future in-law trouble.

Jack Poor, whose career is really zooming, is one of the most relaxed characters in the business when the cameras are turned on. In private life he is a nervous wreck. He eats hardly any breakfast, gulps iced tea or coffee for lunch, and keeps taking pills to keep himself going. His dialogue offscreen comes so fast that you wonder how he can keep it up and not collapse. He’s a worrier, too. He frets over stories about him when they appear in the papers and keeps seeing double meanings in them when there aren’t any. He keeps thinking his whole career is in jeopardy from one innocuous sentence in somebody’s story. It’s amazing that detrimental things aren’t printed about him, in fact, for he has an uncanny—and unfortunate—knack for sticking his foot in his mouth. He’s a little like Godfrey in that way (although much easier to see, of course). Both of them, once they start talking, can’t stop; and both of them come out with statements that make them look pretty silly when they show up in print . . .

Don’t think that Audrey Hepburn’s family and friends are the only people against her possible marriage to Mel Ferrer. Some members of Ms. Ferrer’s family don’t approve either. It isn’t that they don’t like Audrey—they all do—but they are very religious and do not recognize divorce. They still consider Fran Ferrer (who divorced Ms in Mexico a few months ago) his wife . . .

Steve Allen seems like one of the easiest-going guys in the world. But he’s not. He gets into blue-indigo moods, and no one can get him out of them. And his show sometimes suffers from Steve’s funks; when he’s in one, he’s not so quick with the quips—and sometimes just a little high-handed with his studio audiences. Any little thing can set him off—a misplaced camera, a wrong note, a slow stagehand. The worst time to meet Steve, however, is in the morning. He doesn’t start operating, or even thinking, until around noon. It’s a good thing his show is a latenight one. He’d probably flop with a thud if he had to take over Garroway’s work . . .

It’s surprising in such a suave guy, but Robert Montgomery has a stutter. The more he talks, the more pronounced it is . . . One reason you don’t read more about Arlene Francis is that she’s so nice many editors claim that any story about her would be dull . . . Even the smartest producers make mistakes, and Howard Lindsay is no exception. Kim Stanley once went to him to audition, armed with a letter from a mutual friend, and Lindsay told her to go back to Texas. Kim, who is essentially very shy, had spent two years getting up the nerve to use the letter and she was heartbroken. But she is also a very determined girl and she went on to her TV and Broadway successes. She had her moment of triumph when Lindsay saw her act and marched right up to her to say, “I’m so glad you didn’t go back to Texas.” . . .

Al Hodge, who has been playing Captain Video practically since TV was born, is a big, husky, amiable boy who is the envy of many actors for one reason: They might not want to spend years playing in a science fiction TV show, but they wish they could learn their lines as fast as he does. He doesn’t even have to go to rehearsals sometimes! He can just take the script, read it over and go on! . . . Rex Thompson is unique among child actors. The adult thespians just give up and let him steal their scenes when he’s on stage. But—show-business miracle though it seems—they don’t mind. They like little Rex. He’s a very selfpossessed boy—but not at all in an obnoxious way—and he’s been known to cue far more experienced actors in their lines because he often knows their lines as well as his own! He’s a real trouper, too.
One time he had laryngitis and the doctor said he could not act that night. But Rex was determined that the show would go on—and it did, and he did! Another thing that's amazing about Rex is that he doesn't have to have his directors explain a part to him. Even at his age, he understands the characters he plays. Rex's accent is legitimate, by the way. His father is English, and has kept his accent even after some twenty years in this country. And Rex Thompson is his real name, although his father, a part-time actor, uses the name of Jack Beanwell. Seems that when he came to this country, there was another actor named Jack Thompson, so he changed his last name, taking his mother's maiden name. But his son uses the family's real name... Lots of people have commented on how much Leo G. Carroll sounds like the late Roland Young when he plays the role of Cosmo Topper. What few of them realize, however, is that although Carroll and Young were friends for years, Carroll has always talked the way Topper does. Carroll is a little bit like Topper, too—a dry wit and a befuddled air that belies the brains underneath. Carroll, in fact, is quite a scholar; he's an omnivorous reader who likes nothing better than a good philosophical or literary conversation. But he also has a side interest in magic and is not averse to placing a few bets on the horses... You wouldn't think it to see Tony Randall and Wally Cox (one with a pale face and the other with a skinny frame), but they often work out in a gym during their lunch hour... Color television is going to be very hard on some female stars. Dyed blonde hair shows up as just what it is, and every little scar on a girl's cheeks looks like a cave. Quite a few actresses who don't have perfect complexities are doing something about them right now. Some are even undergoing those sandpaper or wire brush operations to smooth up their faces. One musical comedy star who does quite a bit of TV work had one a few months ago, and the difference is amazing! They're very painful and take weeks to recuperate from (weeks when work would be out of the question), but this particular star never could have sung in front of a color TV camera without one... Walter Cronkite was a very unhappy man when CBS gave his Morning Show spot to Jack Paar. Not that he was delighted to get up every morning before five to make it to the studio, but the pay checks were mighty nice—and mighty necessary with a fancy apartment on the East River and two young girls in private school. Walter's ambition, however, is—and has been for a long time—to have a straight fifteen-minute news show. The trouble is, you can't get one just for the asking. Walter, although he enjoys emceeing, still considers himself primarily a newsman.

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THE REASON—ENAMELON! Only Cutex, world's largest selling nail polish, contains this miracle, Chip-pruf ingredient that prevents peeling—keeps fingertips glowing with a chip-resistant lustre that stays perfect from manicure to manicure!

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Try Cutex "Double Action"
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Your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal

Simple two-way treatment helps blemished skin. Suddenly your skin looks like a little girl's. Gone are hateful blackheads, pimples, oily shine, flaky dryness. That's your thrilling reward for making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your daily routine... How does Cuticura work such wonders? Cuticura Soap is superfatted, the mildest, best kind of complexion soap. It preserves the natural moisture as it cleanses. And Cuticura Ointment softens, gently stimulates, visibly improves your skin as it helps clear up externally caused blemishes. Millions of women thank world-known Cuticura for their exquisite skin—why don't you try Cuticura!

At the climax of the music Cyd Charisse leaped energetically onto partner James Mitchell's shoulder. They held the position like statues.

Director Stanley Donen turned to the group around the camera. Eugene Loring nodded his approval of the intricate choreography. Jean Coyne was positive not a strand of Cyd's hair was twirled out of place. A woman from the censor's office affirmed that Cyd's skirt, which was slit above the knee, had remained provocative, but not too provocative. Finally, a short eternity later, the director called, "Cut! It's a lily."

A "lily" means great, perfect. To Cyd Charisse it meant the completion of 160 hours of work for a guest specialty in Deep In My Heart. The number would last a slim seven minutes on the screen.

According to Cyd, "My shoes go flying off in the middle of an arpeggio, my hair tangles in my partner's teeth as I lean against his arm doing a high kick and my earrings take off at the slightest spin."

She has found several off-beat remedies. She brushes the inside of her shoes with toupee paste. "Then they stay on like paper on the wall. The paste is washable so it doesn't harm stocking, foot or shoe."

"I feel like a wired candelabrum every time I wear earrings in a dance. They're spin-tested first to see how long they'll stay on the ear before the force of the twirl will snatch them off. Then they run a wire around my ear and connect it to the back of the earring and dab the front with paste."

Eugene Loring, who has known Cyd for eleven years, helped to remind her of other dance "eccentricities" that had to be developed. "Cyd, as you know, has the longest legs of any dancer in town. We always used to have trouble keeping the opera length hose she wore from twisting." Now, she wraps a penny in the top of her stocking, binding it with elastic and tying it to the stocking belt. Thosenylons hug her leg for dear life, and she's never lost a penny yet.

The most nerve-racking accident is the run in the stocking. The entire costume has to be taken off section by section since it is entirely sewed or hooked together.

"The dance for Deep In My Heart was a rough one," Loring explained. "We couldn't shoot it in sequence since neither Cyd nor anyone else could endure the pace. We'd film the harder leaps and spins in the morning when she was fresh and taper off after noon."

"There are so many other items to check besides the correct steps," Cyd sighed. There are the dance skins, flesh-fitting leotards made of porous latex. Every dancer wears this flesh-tone second layer of skin to keep the perspiration from soaking the costume. "As it was I had four rehearsal costumes worn out before I ever tried on the white lace and jersey one I wear for the number. They had a duplicate of it just for protection."

A good thing, too, for after testing thirty-four pairs of shoes, Cyd had finally chosen the high heels that would have balance, style and endurance. She hadn't taken more than a few steps when the rubber-tipped heel caught in the hem of her dress. It was good to know there was an extra.

She must remember other details: lacquering her hair until it fits like a cap and removing all rings so they won't cut her partner or herself. She tries to keep daisy fresh by packing her wrists in ice cubes. If these aren't available she uses cologne.

So next time you see Cyd gliding over the dance floor like whipped cream on a banana split, just be content with your comfortable seat in the theatre, your box of popcorn and your two left feet.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill
DEBBIE REYNOLDS agrees: Planning is the first step to happiness

Lovely Debbie Reynolds has learned that happiness doesn't just happen. More often than not, it is the result of careful planning. And Debbie believes that a Lane Cedar Chest should be an important part of those plans.

A Lane Chest has a way of gathering fine linens and lingerie, and the girl who starts collecting them early will have more—and lovelier—things for the home of her dreams. What's more, a Lane Cedar Chest will keep precious blankets and woolens fresh and sweet-smelling—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can!

Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores. And there's something worth thinking about: Just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane Cedar Chest!

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Easy terms Many at... $49.95*
How you can stop odor, check moisture...

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Instantly checks perspiration moisture. Instantly stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer . . . even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Blend Tussy Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to the sides. It's a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . smooths the skin.

Won't fade out! You can't become immune to its effects. Each time you use it . . . it protects you. Safe for normal skin and fabrics. 50¢ & $1.

When you travel, carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant in your purse. Easy to use any place. Only $1.

ADAM'S FALL

The only thing
Julia couldn't resist
was the temptation
to cut loose for once!

Until recently, every time a movie villain shot a flaming arrow into the air, it fell to earth in Julia's hair. As an invariably long-haired, demure heroine, she was slapped, drowned and incinerated. Finally, tired of taking her life in her hands, she took her scissors to her hair.

"No more demure darlings," she thought happily, having chopped off a bank in the middle. "From now on I'm the fiery type."

Netless result: the "crazy cut" above, the role of an un-battered wife—and a nice long wig to wear in part of the film!!

Julia Adams was in a rebellious mood, which was unusual. She stomped into the office of U.L.'s chief hairdresser, and shook loose her hair. "Cut it," she exclaimed. "And no arguments!"

"Very well," the hairdresser replied, and excused herself to check with the front office. Julia hit her lip. She knew that by the time Joan came back she'd doubtless have word that she'd better let the hair stay the way it was. She reached for the scissors, pulled out a big strand from the top of her head and snipped same emphatically. That's how Julia's new "crazy cut" was born.

The sequel to the crazy cut is that one week later Julia flew to Boston to start work in Five Bridges To Cross, in which she stars with Tony Curtis. For the early sequences, the studio had to slap a wig on her head, but then came the lapse of twenty years, the way they do it in movies, and Julia gets a chance to introduce her crazy cut on the screen. "And if anyone likes it, I don't own the copyright," she says, "only they're forewarned that I'm not responsible for the way it looks on any head but my own."
When Clark Gable made a fast trip to the hospital to pick up his old friend Kay Williams Spreckels who had suffered a slight accident, many people jumped to the conclusion that romance was in the air. Actually, Clark maintains friendship of long standing with Kay, as with Virginia Grey, and if he ever talked of marriage to either, no one says so.

Clark, who will be fifty-three on February 1, has confided to intimates that there is only the slimmest chance that he'll ever wed again. Furthermore, he is not going to dispose of his ranch on Petit Avenue in Encino, as rumored. "Every time I think maybe I'll let it go because it's a huge place for one man to rattle around in," Clark has said, "I visualize other people living there, and I just can't bring myself to put it up for sale."

About ten years ago, this place was considered way out in the country, and he liked it that way, with the mountains between himself and the studio, but the San Fernando Valley population has grown so swiftly that the Gable ranch is now considered the center of town. The only way Clark's life has changed is that he no longer hangs out of a Sunday morning with the hot rod car specialists who used to count him one of their regulars. Too many Sunday drivers spotted him and clustered around for autographs.

Clark's chief interest at the moment is in his new 20th Century-Fox picture, *The Tall Men*. It will be his first picture since he left MGM. Starring in it with him will be Jane Russell and Guy Madison, as Clark once again becomes the hard-riding cowboy in a story about the Old West.
Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulehaye were soaked in detergents. Only her right hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. Not even 100% lanolin did better (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your guarantee of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn. O.
Since her wedding Marilyn Monroe has been living in two worlds. One is at home with Joe in the evening—which she considers most important—and the other is her own daytime career world which keeps her famous and content.

These two worlds are separate and Joe wants Marilyn to keep them that way. And she, of course, is willing.

The vital question is: Are these two worlds antagonistic or complementary?
Can Marilyn be one sort of woman during the day and another sort at night?
Can she have one set of friends from eight A.M. (Continued on page 72)
Debbie: "What do I want from marriage? Well . . . I need a lot of security, a lot . . . hey! Let me ask you something for a change!"

"What's with this marriage-expert business? How come everyone's asking me? I'm just a working girl, I guess I always will be."

"Ohhh . . . you want to know about Eddie and me . . . Why didn't you say so? In that case—why don't you ask Eddie?"

Eddie: "Now don't throw questions at me. Let me think. Well . . . or . . . we're just good friends!"

"Who's stalling? Me? Well, all right, you can have it straight. I've got it bad for Debbie. I think she's wonderful."

"But look . . . don't say we're married! Don't even say we're engaged. Why, I don't know if Debbie loves me that much!"

BY STEVE CRONIN

Are Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds married?

There is no point any longer in asking if they plan to be married. Any eye which fell on them during Eddie's trip to Hollywood, before he took his European vacation, any ear which caught their words to each other, saw and heard enough to clinch the fact that matrimony was in the air.

"You've got a career started and I wouldn't want to interfere with it," Debbie said one day at a Beverly Hills gathering when someone kidded both of them about seeing a minister.

Eddie came back quickly and earnestly. "The best thing about my career is meeting you," he said. The ordinarily blithe Debbie, who has no trouble fluffing off a compliment when the fellow doesn't mean anything, turned as rosy as the tomato-colored shirt she was wearing (with matador pants) and started tripping over her consonants before she was able to reply.

"That's different," she said. "Maybe it won't be interference then."

It wasn't long after this exchange that Debbie and Eddie met in New York—with both their mothers. At the airport Debbie was in her old form when she was questioned about Eddie. Her replies were quick and easy, but not exactly answers. But when she started back to California, Debbie was wearing a new ring and planning a wedding, probably to be in January in California. About that interference, maybe they could be wrong. Back of Eddie stand men who have helped him to success and for whose good business judgment he has great respect (much more than he has for his own, as he will frankly admit) and even as they insist that they are open minded about Eddie's acquiring a wife, the possibility of it makes their faces set (Continued on page 77)
There's a ring on Debbie's finger and a gleam in Eddie's eye; there may be wedding bells right after New Year's—but only weeks ago (left) look what they were saying!

She looks like a bride
Ingrid Bergman, once regarded here as the perfect wife, shocked America by her conduct with Rossellini—but Europeans accepted it calmly.

REPORT FROM EUROPE:
WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE?
By Sheilah Graham

The British just couldn't believe it. There was a stunned silence as Errol Flynn, grinning fatuously and foolishly, followed his wife Pat Wymore off the London Palladium stage. It was the Night Of A Hundred Stars—the “Midnight Matinee” organized by Noel Coward for a charity. Royalty was in the stalls, represented by seventeen-year-old Princess Alexandria, daughter of the Duchess of Kent.

For no reason anyone could guess, Errol Flynn, late of Hollywood, had elected to read The Kinsey Report from the stage. It was shockingly tasteless, and to make it worse, Mrs. Flynn performed a just-as-vulgar semi-striptease.

“But why was there no mention of this strange exhibition of bad manners in the press?” I asked a newspaper friend of mine a few days later.

“That's what Flynn wanted,” he replied, “so we decided to punish him by ignoring the incident.”
Insult Their Hosts—But They Make Many Horrifying Headlines!

Errol has always loved to shock and startle. But I was amazed on my recent trip to Europe, to discover that other movie stars who are usually cautious in their statements and conservative in their behavior, had lost popularity because of sounding off and acting up.

I was surprised, for instance, to find that Clark Gable had lost face in Paris over the Suzanne Dadelle affair. Now it's one thing not to marry a girl. But in France you are not a gentleman if you deny you are engaged to a lady, after she has announced it. It is not gallant. Actually, poor Suzie might have grabbed Hollywood's best bachelor if she had realized how easily film stars are frightened by ladies who announce, "We are engaged to marry." But all the same, I'm sure that if the same thing had happened in Hollywood, Clark would have remained noncommittal and gone off shooting or something instead of flatly denying that his intentions were matrimonial. Such ungraciousness wasn't like the King.

And Gene Tierney. No one is more sedate in Hollywood than Gene—when she's here. Gene was born and raised in Brooklyn. She has a passion for titles, and she longs to be a princess. All this palaver about trying to decide whether she should or should not marry Prince Aly Khan is stuff and nonsense. If the old Aga Khan would give the word, it is my opinion that Gene would marry Aly faster than she could say yes. Ironically, one of the Aga's objections to Gene as a daughter-in-law, I'm told by one of his close friends, is that Gene tries too hard to act like a princess—or rather she conducts herself as she thinks a princess does—haughty, cold and disdainful. I haven't met many princesses, but the real article has always been warmly gracious.

And Gene's technique with Aly was, shall we say, a little clumsy. True, she was surrounded (Continued on page 79)
Every week Jeff drives from his studio dressingroom ("my town headquarters") to his new house in the Apple.
New love has brought new happiness to Jeff Chandler’s lonely life. But this time he wants to be sure!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

A time to work things out

Jeff Chandler must rearrange his life, now. In his new kind of life, there must be a woman, sooner or later. Most of Hollywood believes that woman will be pert, petite, beautiful Gloria De Haven. Jeff and Gloria have been going around together ever since their estrangements and divorces.

That they care deeply for each other is obvious. When Gloria recently opened at El Rancho Vegas, a swank nightery in Las Vegas, Jeff flew in from Hollywood to lead the opening night applause. A few weeks later when he was on location in Kingman, Arizona, making Foxfire with Jane Russell, Jeff again took off to visit Gloria on the week-end.

This jaunt from Arizona was supposed to be a surprise, but it backfired. When Chandler arrived in Las Vegas, he found that Gloria had another guest—Marty Himmel, the husband she was then in the process of divorcing.

The newspapers said that Marty and Jeff exchanged strong words, that the tall, burly actor invited Himmel to step outside and that while Gloria was singing to the cash customers, the two men in her life squared off. But Gloria says it isn’t true.

“I read in the newspapers, too, how Jeff and Marty were supposed to have fought over me. It’s a lot of bunk. Jeff happened to fly up to see me. I didn’t know he was coming. And Marty happened to fly in from New York. My divorce from Marty was very friendly and I was glad to see him. I was glad to see Jeff, too. There was no fight of any kind. “After the week-end, Jeff flew back to his location and Marty went on to Los Angeles. Two weeks later I got my divorce from Marty. (Continued on page 70)
I seem to have done it again. I didn’t think the dress was so shocking, but the roof fell in, as usual.
And there I was, as usual—flat on my face!

How to take Criticism

BY TERRY MOORE

The editors of Modern Screen have nominated me a likely authority on criticism and how to take it.

Thank you. I think.

Well, it’s true that I have had a little more practice in this particular field than a lot of people I could name. Certainly there have been more times than one when I have felt that the world was not a hundred per cent behind Terry Moore.

But on the whole, I think I have benefited more than I have suffered from the barbs—and I am not talking in the sense of publicity. I’ll get to that. I believe I have benefited by evaluating constructive criticism and turning it to my own uses. I believe that—by a somewhat painful process, I grant you—I have learned to accept criticism and even antagonism with some grace.

I have a friend who collects quotations the way some people collect stamps, and he has lent me a couple of them for this occasion.

He says that Ernest Hemingway has defined courage as “grace under pressure.” I like that. I don’t say I’m a brave woman yet, but I’m trying to learn to be one.

And it was Oscar Wilde, this friend says, who once remarked: “Experience is the name men give to their mistakes.” It seems to me Mr. Wilde was being more clever than sound. This would be true only of a person who never learned a thing from being wrong. The value of criticism lies in what your critic might be able to teach you, doesn’t it? And if you do learn from it, then that is experience. I didn’t come here to tangle with Oscar Wilde, but sometimes a girl has to speak (Continued on page 80)
but Rita drove the jeep. They turned out to be equally gleeful at wading in icy brooks—and at eating, of course!

and next morning got up early to explore. First discovery: a calf. Second: novice Rita could handle a horse!

...until the prospect of a square dance sent both girls (slightly bowlegged) to change for the party and goodbyes.
Trips to her beloved seashore are a necessity for Jane, who overworks when making a picture, has been known to crack up from the strain.

Bob prefers fishing in the mountains for vacations, so, Jane says, "We compromise. He goes to the mountains—and I go to the beach!"

Why try to change me now?

JANE'S STUBBORN AND SHE KNOWS IT, TEMPERAMENTAL AND ADMITS IT—BUT YOU CAN'T TEACH "THE OLD ONE" NEW TRICKS!

Shortly before she left for Europe this fall to star in the first Russfield production, Gentlemen Marry Brunettes, Jane Russell sat with a couple of friends in her beach house at Malibu. The dove-and-pink livingroom with the clean modern lines has almost become a trademark of hers. This was during the time that she was making Foxfire with Jeff Chandler and, as always, Jane was dog-tired midway through the picture. She isn't a girl who takes her film emoting lightly. Because she was tired, she had done what she always does when a blessed free week-end unfolds—beat feet for the seashore.

It was particularly quiet there that Sunday afternoon. After an active morning on the beach, her kids, Tracey and Thomas, had needed no urging to fall into bed for their naps. Robert had gone fishing with a couple of cronies. The beach house had no (Continued on page 89)
It isn't arrogance that makes Clift hide from the public, flee from romance. It's a deep-rooted fear of failure that's turned him into Filmdom's Vanishing Man!

BY RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

WHAT MAKES MONTY

After every film Monty disappears, usually turns up somewhere like Varadero in Cuba, where he can relax, go yachting with friends like Italian socialite Marcel Grief—and feel fairly safe from reporters.

Monty has dated girls like Judy Balaban (above), Liz Taylor, but the women he admires most are older, "complicated" ones like Libby Holman, Natasha Lytess (Monroe's dramatic coach), Mira Rastova.

- It's always shocking to discover that a good friend has it in him to be a heel. It can be just as surprising to learn that a person you've written off as impossible is really a nice guy, after all.

Well, Montgomery Clift is really a nice guy, after all. The reportedly snobbish, standoffish, elusive, boorish, reserved Clift has given the infuriating impression that he just can't be bothered with people and that he has stayed single all this time for the want of a good enough girl.

The only trouble is, you've got to get to know Monty to find the niceness under his hard-shell—and it's very hard to get to know him because once he gets the idea that you want to, he scuttles away like a crusty turtle. Or, more exactly, a frightened one. For Monty has a peculiar defense mechanism: he's so afraid of not being "true" to his own picture of himself, that he'll readily risk offending people rather than let them think, perish the thought, that he's a glad-eyed hail-fellow in pursuit of them. So he runs away.

A typical incident occurred in New York last summer. Late one night a young photographer mounted the rickety steps backstage at the Phoenix Theatre on lower Second Avenue. From the alley below rose the hubbub of the departing audience (Continued on page 83)

Serious about his work, Monty appeared for minimum salary in The Seagull in New York and in DeSica's Indiscretion Of An American Wife in order to work with artists he admires.
RUN ?
Good for each other

by Marva Peterson
IN THEIR NEW HOME FERNANDO AND ARLENE DISCOVERED THAT THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE EVERYTHING IN COMMON—JUST AS LONG AS THEY DO HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!

The Lamas' Dutch Colonial house stands in a quiet Bel Air canyon. Built against a mountain slope (for privacy), it has glass-walled patio and livingroom. Fernando promptly named it "Happy House."

One of their very few brand new purchases was a spinet piano; now Arlene can accompany Fernando, who loves to sing at parties. "Most of the adjustments," Arlene admits cheerfully, "have been mine."

One month after they moved in their home was ready for a housewarming. Both Arlene and Fernando work best under pressure, love to be rushed and to meet deadlines.

The livingroom is furnished with pieces from Fernando's former apartment and Arlene's. For two months before they were married they secretly decorated the house.

The picturesque California coastal town of Carmel is such a popular honeymoon spot that the citizens are especially considerate of newlyweds. They are friendly and courteous and they leave them to their blissful ways.

When Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas strolled into a Carmel curio shop recently, the saleswoman retired discreetly into the background.

She had recognized the movie stars immediately. Only the night before she had read of their elopement to Las Vegas. And it seemed perfectly natural that they, too, should choose to honeymoon in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"Darling," Arlene murmured as she glanced around the curio shop. "This place is jammed with treasures. We can get simply wonderful things for our livingroom shelves."

"Why not buy books?" Fernando asked with masculine logic. Arlene shot her husband a wifely look. She prowled and poked among the curios, examining and pricing every object. Some minutes later she found a black and gold musical cigarette box. She carried it to Fernando.

"When you open it," she explained, "it plays two tunes— 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' and 'Two Cigarettes In The Dark.'"

"I like it," Lamas announced. Arlene noticed that he, too, had made a purchase.

"What did you buy?" she asked (Continued on page 68)
"I've got a secret!"

JAN STERLING: Jan takes even more pains than most Hollywood stars to keep looking her best. Yet her extremely unglamorous role in The High and The Mighty, in which she wiped off her make-up before the cameras, and her equally unattractive part in her latest film, Women's Prison failed to frighten her. Her secret: "I remembered that the most important person in my world—my husband—often sees me at my worst. If he can forgive this face, I can show it to the rest of the world!"

DONNA REED: Donna wanted to go to college. To support herself, she took the first job offered at the first price that was suggested—washing dishes for meals and a dollar a week. Too late she learned that the regular salary was $10 a month. Now she's a high-priced, high-rated star in The Last Time I Saw Paris. Her secret: "Take your time, investigate, don't make a decision until you know the facts. And most important, don't underrate or over-rate yourself... know your own value and stick to it at all times."

LINDA DARNELL: As a young star, Linda was nervous, chewed her fingernails, forgot errands, needed to relax but didn't know how. Then she found a way. Her secret: "Music. I keep my radio or recorder going practically 24 hours a day. I eat to music, drive to music, study scripts to music (her latest is This Is My Love) and even sleep to music all night. My friends sometimes jokingly refer me to their favorite psychiatrists, but I find music—from swing to symphony—a great relaxer." (This, by the way, is the secret of many famous people: find something that always relaxes you—whether it's music, murder mysteries or finger painting—and turn to it when necessary.)
Here are little-known facts about well-known stars; secrets that account for their success with people and with careers—and may be the answers to your problems, too!

MARILYN MONROE: Marilyn knows that her primary appeal is her sexy beauty. Her secret: "Variety. For example, I change my hair color for almost every film. Honey, champagne, amber. Now silver blonde for Show Business. I experiment with different shades of lipstick often too. A woman can't really change her face, of course, but subtle coloring can make an interesting difference."

ANNE BAXTER: In Ten Commandments Anne wears ornate toe-rings, popular in Biblical times. On impulse she ordered a few for her personal wardrobe—and she'll wear them! Then just watch her start a new fad! Her secret: "Do at least a few of the things that really seem fun. Nobody should be afraid to have fun . . . even if it's silly."

VIRGINIA MAYO: In her high school days, Virginia never dated, was so shy that others thought her aloof and snobbish. Now starring in The Silver Chalice, Virginia is poised and charming. Her secret: "I learned that people are basically kind. When they didn't seem friendly, it was usually something in me that was pushing them off."
MITZI GAYNOR

Mitzi has a new look—you'll see it in T.V. series No Business Like Show Business. It's a combination of beauty, grace, sincerity—and sophistication, carried just far enough. Knowing where to stop took a lot of thought, planning and effort. Her secret: "Sophistication is wonderful if you really understand yourself. But don't forsake your own personality by trying to be someone else. Be yourself. It's the starting point for all real self-improvement."

MARY MURPHY

Starring in Love Is A Weapon, Mary is a conversational acrobat. She can discuss philosophy—then switch in a second to baseball! Her secret: "I've found that men can't bear a girl who takes over the conversation, but they like her to hold her own."

JEAN SIMMONS

Jean's wardrobe is a trademark. Her secret: "I'm an extremist. I love really elegant gowns for evening, rather bare and of lovely, fine fabrics. But I prefer jeans and shirts for everything else—whenever I can get away with them!" Jean's in Desiée.

JUNE ALLYSON

Like every popular star, June has critics. Unlike most, she isn't bothered by being called a "professional sweetheart with a knack for nasty niceness." She just grins and admits that no one is perfect. Her secret: She pokes fun at trouble. She has organized "The Allyson Obnoxious Club" and includes among the other revolting members Dick Powell and Jim Stewart.

MITZI GAYNOR

Mitzi has a new look—you'll see it in T.V. series No Business Like Show Business. It's a combination of beauty, grace, sincerity—and sophistication, carried just far enough. Knowing where to stop took a lot of thought, planning and effort. Her secret: "Sophistication is wonderful if you really understand yourself. But don't forsake your own personality by trying to be someone else. Be yourself. It's the starting point for all real self-improvement."
The higher and faster a guy climbs, 
the more successful and secure he becomes, 
the more you can be sure 
there's been a woman's love behind him!

Man, man 
is for the woman made

FRANK SINATRA
Marriages may come and go, but Nancy Sinatra gets the sole credit for being the backbone of Frank's sincerity, for having an uncanny knack of bringing out the best in this turbulent man. Now, his stormy second marriage a failure, Frank seems to realize that he has found peace only with Nancy and his family. He may not be the world's best husband, but he is a truly fine father, proud of his kids and conscious that Nancy is responsible for their turning out so well. Since she has known him, during their marriage and even after the divorce, Nancy has given Frank unwavering loyalty. May their most recent happy date not be their last!

ROBERT WAGNER
Not one but several women have had the molding of Bob. Perhaps the most influential now is Barbara Stanwyck, who has shown him the intricate ins-and-outs of Hollywood living, from how to take direction to how to avoid gossip. He learned the ways of young love from his romance with Debbie Reynolds (though neither was ripe for marriage then) and lovely Jean Peters taught him the importance of pure friendship. But no one knows which woman will eventually show Bob the beauties of adult love.

RORY CALHOUN
In private conversation she's his Moll and he's her Blackie—and when you see them together you know why. Lita has all the loyalty of the moll for her man—even goes sailing with Rory though the sight of the ocean turns her green. And he's as tough as they come—ex-logger, miner, cow-puncher. Rory was once the guy who'd just as soon take a poke at a producer as say "Good morning." Now that she's reformed him, Lita occasionally takes a job (she is a successful professional singer) just to prove she can be independent. But neither she nor the head of the house wants to roam. One might say they're thicker than thieves.
ALAN LADD

"Give-everyone-else-credit" Ladd is less the product of the women of his life than of his own stature as a genuinely honest human being who concentrates more on others than himself. Yet it is Sue Ladd who has managed his career, advised him, added the smooth finishing touches to the hardy gentleman from Hot Springs, Arkansas. And together they are a team that has never been matched in Hollywood, the people's choice, as the town's most ideal married couple. Not only do they have a wonderful family of kids, but Alan, far more than a mere one of Hollywood's ten most popular stars, seems headed for another long stretch of big box office pictures and admits, "I never could have done it without Sue."

BOB MITCHUM

Few Hollywood wives envy Dorothy Mitchum. Hars has been the hardest job in town, keeping her big, tough mug's feet on the ground when everyone, including Bob, had almost given him up. But Dorothy has succeeded. She once told him, "Before you do something, ask yourself how it will reflect on your boys." Since then, most of what has reflected on his sons has been Mitch's superb acting and now his courage in leaving the soft berth of a studio to start his own producing company. The job has been a tough one, but now the rewards are in—and they are big ones in the fields of love and laughter. Though she will always need a supply of patience, Dorothy Mitchum, secure at last, envies few movie wives.

JIMMY STEWART

At age forty, Jimmy The Paradox was the shy one, the glamorous war veteran who played the field as an untouchable bachelor. Forty-one he found Gloria and plunged like a pleased puppy into the sea of matrimony and family life. Twin girls joined Gloria's two sons to fill out the family and Jimmy's famous smile became less wistful, more contented. The magic influence became suddenly apparent when career-conscious James paid less attention to movies and more to picnics, even letting Gloria select his scripts . . . a job which she handled with such success that The Glenn Miller Story and others made him approximately $4,000,000 richer than he was as a bachelor. Two, it seems, don't have to live as cheaply as one.

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

It's not always funny to be a comedian's wife. Dean's wife, Jeanne Biegger, had to come from way behind in the care and handling of her man . . . but today she has the upper hand—and rules well with it. It took her encouragement to help Dean break into recording, it required her stabilizing influence to bring Dean home from his wanderings as Don Juan Supreme. Jerry's wife Patti had it equally rough; she found herself married to a lovable guy who trusted people so little that he slept with a gun under his pillow! She gave him the first home he had ever known, calmed his nerves, became more important to him than his beloved audiences. Someday, under the same management, he will have big money in the bank—and all his much-needed security will be courtesy of Patti.
And no matter what kind of madness Hollywood calls it, the tyrant and the martyr are about to celebrate their fourth happy anniversary!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"Cough once," said Granger. Jean coughed like an ailing butterfly. "Cough big!" She coughed big while he leaned from his height to bend a judicial ear.

Flu had felled her on the set of Desirée. Just out of bed, she was bound for the doctor's. "You think I'd better go back to work tomorrow?"

"Over my dead body."

"Why?"

"Because I'm bigger than you are."

Though the day sweltered, even on their sky-reaching hill, Jean was winter-clad. A scarf tied snug under her chin. A dark wool slack suit covered her from throat to ankle. She looked small and woebegone, a bunny huddled against nameless perils. To ward them off, she clasped her husband's waist, dug her head against his chest. His arm went round her. "Can I have some moola?" she asked, piteous.

The other hand fished out bills. "This one? Or are you planning to take a boy friend out to dinner?"

She plucked the larger one. "I'm a gold-digger."

"Come along, gold-digger. The taxi waits."

This homespun domestic scene (Continued on page 62)
CALL IT LOVE
THE GRANGERS CALL IT LOVE

continued

Despite their preference for hearth and home, the Grangers do go nightclubbing occasionally when Jean feels like dancing. Both have excellent senses of humor, enjoy wits like vivacious Shelley Winters.

(Continued from page 60) left a pleasure feeling as of bells rung in tune. It's a tune that has always sounded good to the Grangers. For reasons hard to assess, Hollywood seems to enjoy playing it jangled.

Consider last winter. Granger works for MGM. By and large, although with an occasional struggle, he goes where they send him. They sent him to England to make Beau Brummell. Jean stayed behind. Columns, having subsided for a while, broke into new and fevered rashes. He was sore because she'd refused to go along. She was sore because he’d left her flat. While she moped at home, he was living it up with the Wildings. Even—tsk, tsk—dating Elspeth March, his ex-wife.

So much for creeping innuendo. Now for the facts. With more weariness than ire, being past ire, Granger lays them on the line. Yes, he saw Elspeth March. "She's the mother of my children. We had matters to discuss concerning their welfare. I also happen to be fond of her. So is Jean. We’re rational people. That Elspeth was once my wife doesn’t now make her my arch enemy." The Wildings, baby and all, shared his apartment. "If this be living it up, make the most of it." As to who got sore, his look said louder than words that some asininities sink too low for comment.

Jean stayed behind for the same reason he went. She had to—by the terms of her contract with Hughes. In the hope that she’d be able to join him later, Granger took what he calls a woman’s apartment. "Double bed, silk sheets. Wouldn’t be caught dead in it by myself." At the last minute she was shoved into a picture. "Which was rather worse than saying goodbye, period. Knowing it's for months, one steals oneself. But this other sort of teasing thing—she's coming, she's not, she'll be here, she won't—that’s murder. Someone else said it more tastefully, ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’"

It's true that he kept her in tears while he was gone. By his own peculiar methods. When she was sixteen, Jean's father died, but he remained a living part of her life. "You loved him so dearly," said her husband. "I can't understand why you don't have a photograph of him."

"Mummy's got the only one and she won't let me have it."

This offered no insuperable obstacle. In England he asked Mummy for the photograph, vowing to guard it with life and honor. As she went to fetch it, he insists he grew panicky. "I'd heard so (Continued on page 87)
Grandmother and the Good Life

There's nothing so helpful in keeping a marriage happy as learning to get along with yourself!

by Janet Leigh

When I got back from Hawaii a year ago last summer after losing the baby I had expected, I learned that my grandmother Lita was dying of cancer. For two months all of us were in attendance on her, my mother and father, my two aunts and their husbands. To help out, I made it my business to have dinner for everybody cooked in my house every evening, and when I got home from work I would bring it over to my grandmother's house where they were gathered.

While the others, who had been with grandmother all day, ate, I would sit with her, stroke her forehead with a cool cloth, and hum or sing to her if she didn't feel like talking. Sometimes this could soothe her to the point of forgetting her pain and she would drop off into blessed sleep. When this happened we used to weep sometimes in gratitude at her surcease from agony—and perhaps weep all the more because she never once complained.

Grandmother's trust in ultimate goodness, as shown by her acceptance of her lot, was a beautiful one. She never moaned, she never asked once why this had happened to her, she never once lashed out at anyone or anything in retaliation as stricken people sometimes will. More than this, she even retained a sense of responsibility; she could not, even in the teeth of convulsive pain, shirk what she felt was (Continued on page 85)
At every stop, kids gathered. Doris signed six dozen pictures, answered questions. One girl asked what they did on the train. "Not even Scrabble," Doris laughed. "We're just resting this trip."

Doris posed for many snapshots with the train's crew. She and Marty preferred the leisurely train ride to flying direct to their destination, New York. "We're not in a hurry," they agreed. "Why rush?"

Breakfast, in the famous Harvey manner, consisted of ham and eggs, potatoes and steak! The Melchers ate in their compartment. At Chicago their car was transferred to the New York train.

"I think Marty and I never talked so little as during that breakfast," Doris recalled later. "No, we hadn't quarrelled; mostly we couldn't take our eyes off the scenery. Indian country... so beautiful."

"Next time I take a vacation," Doris said happily, "I won't bother with going somewhere. I'll just..."
When Doris Day and her husband Marty Melcher boarded the Super Chief for Chicago, en route to New York, it was with the distinct understanding that they were just ordinary passengers. "No autographs," Doris had said firmly. "No special favors. No publicity. We're on vacation. See?" The management of the Super Chief saw. In fact for twenty minutes after Doris boarded the train, the superintendent refrained from inviting them to dinner on the house. And for almost ten seconds the ever-hungry Marty refrained from accepting. Although the telegraph operators wired ahead to every station on the line that there were celebrities aboard, no one except porters, waiters, conductors, passengers and assorted fans gathered at the Melcher's compartment door for autographs. And as to Doris Day, girl hermit, it was at least five minutes before she got lonesome in the peace and quiet she had requested and flung open the door of the compartment to the first fans, settled happily down to signing autographs and told Marty, "Gee. Isn't it just awfully nice of everyone to make such a fuss?"

get on a long-distance train and stay!"
The T-Shirted Terror is tame at last—in more ways than one. Here for the first time is how Marlon himself explains his sudden change of heart!

“Look,” Marlon Brando said. “I'm not going to pose in any T-shirt. I'm tired of that screwball routine. From now on, I'm not going to have people say I'm a souped-up wack.” Brando was talking to a group of photographers who were trying to shoot him on the set of Desirée where he had a few minutes off between scenes.

He looked around and borrowed a jacket from a friend. Slipping into it, he said, “Okay.” And the shutters started clicking. “Got enough?” Brando asked presently.

The amazed photographers looked at each other. Was this docile, gentle, pleasant young man really Marlon Brando? Was this the enfant terrible, the holy terror, the actor with the blazing, unpredictable temperament? Was this the very same fellow they’d been warned against, the actor Twentieth Century-Fox had sued for $2,000,000 because he’d walked away from The Egyptian?

He was humble, cheerful and helpful—and on the Twentieth lot, too. Jean Simmons, his leading lady in Desirée, passed by and said voluntarily, “Marlon Brando is the greatest.”

The publicity men, notoriously jaded and sophisticated, agreed that they never had worked with a more cooperative player.

Were they all sincere or were they merely climbing on the bandwagon because Brando is expected to win an Oscar for his superlative performance in On The Waterfront?

The answer is that Marlon Brando, the most enigmatic and talented young actor Hollywood has ever known, has turned over a new leaf. Ever since April, Brando has been a relatively new man—new in his attitude and in his behavior.

He has become outgoing. He has developed great warmth in (Continued on page 92)
good for each other

(Continued from page 51) nonetheless, thinking she was hiding her curiosity.
Fernando shook his handsome head. "Not until we’re home.
A trial that no amount of teasing or pleading could make him divulge his secret. "Honestly," she said, looking as though she might stamp her foot a little. "I think you’re terrible." They both smiled.

The morning after Mr. and Mrs. Lamas officially moved into their small Dutch colonial house in Bel Air—they had been furnishing it secretly two months before their wedding—Fernando unwrapped his mystery purchase and hung it on the wall outside the master bedroom.

The oversize, square mirror Arlene had ordered stopped unpacking and began investigating. Her eyes fell on a brightly painted wooden disc about the size of a ten-inch pie plate. The frame had one clock hand, and around its outer edges were painted such adjectives as "tender, sullen, hungry, passionate, tired."

"It’s called a marriage barometer," Fernando explained. "Especially designed to help a new wife anticipate her husband’s moods."

At that Arlene burst out laughing and collapsed weakly against her husband’s chest. "Of all the crazy things," she began. And then she was off on another wave of laughter. "I promise," she announced between giggles, "I’ll check it every morning, noon and night."

Although Fernando planned the barometer as a gag, it has its semi-serious aspects as well. Of all the recent Hollywood marriages, none might use a barometer quite as well as the Lamas-Dahl union. This was one love affair most of the married couples’ observers did not expect to see grow into a marriage.

These two people are completely opposite in background and temperament.

Arlene’s ancestors are pure Scandinavian from away back. Born and reared in Minneapolis in a neighborhood that is still a section of transplanted Denmark, Arlene was taught to be reserved, poised, composed and always in control of her emotions.

Fernando, on the other hand, suffered a disruptive childhood in Buenos Aires where he was brought up by his grandparents. He fought and struggled for everything he ever won. Emotionally, he has a thrill, a sizzle suddenly and boils over quickly.

A great athlete, he loves all outdoor sports, riding, hunting, swimming. Arlene does not. Her hobbies run to painting, cooking and sewing.

"And yet despite our differences," Fernando says, "we are becoming more alike all the time. I am not sure of the reason for this yet, but because we are very much in love or is it because we are only now discovering the fundamental ways in which we are truly the same?"

Arlene agrees that she and Fernando are growing together but this is because in every marriage someone has to make adjustments in the other. "I don’t know why," he says, "so I’ve changed my hairstyle at a loose page boy cut."

"Fernando likes to sing at parties, so I’ve started taking singing lessons again so I can accompany him. His favorite colors for me happen to be black and green so now I find myself buying only black outfits. And I had our friend and interior decorator Larrie Mako change the color scheme of my bedroom from pink to gold.

"Then there are Fernando’s eating habits. He comes from Argentina where dinner is served at ten P.M. As a result we eat late. Not that I wait until ten, but sometimes I can last until nine."

"Also he has a habit of falling in love with certain foods—French toast or beef stew or real cutlets or Bologna sausage and crackers. When one of these spells hits him I dutifully accept my fate and serve his current specialty for breakfast, lunch and dinner."

"I don’t have to share his enthusiasm, however, so I specialize in liver which the doctors tell me I should eat regularly."

The Lamas’ good friend Larrie Mako says Fernando understands her very well.

"Six months ago," she says, "I would’ve agreed with everyone else that they are as different as night from day. But now that I’ve been working with them on getting their little house furnished, it’s surprising to learn that they do have a good deal in common."

"They both love movies, good wines, formal parties and surprises. They’re both ambitious and strong-willed and they both love to work. I don’t think there’s anything they can’t accomplish. They love to have their fingers in many pies."

Arlene is busy these days designing a new line of lingerie for an eastern manufacturer. She also writes a beauty column twice a week, and she’s just finished a Woman’s World for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Fernando is rehearsing a nightclub act for Las Vegas in addition to starting an import-export business and reading half a dozen scripts.

Their friends expect that within a year Fernando and his bride will have organized a corporation to be called Lamas-Dahl Enterprises, Inc.

Between the time the false prophets predicted that Fernando would never marry Arlene and the wedding day, these two stars began to shop for a home. They searched together on Sundays and they hunted apart on weekdays. They wanted a smallish place that combined beauty with complete privacy. Ultimately they found their honeymoon home in one of the garden-like culs-de-sac of Bel Air.

Their house is Dutch colonial with two bedrooms, a den, and a charming garden. It nestles gently against a mountain slope so that the glass walls in the living room and patio are completely protected from the neighborly curious.

Fernando calls it "Happy House."

Two months before they moved in, the couple began to work on the furnishings. Happy conspirators, they had a great fun working together. Myths of the gossip writers insisted that it was all over between them.

"First of all," Arlene recalls, "we started decorating the living room. We decided to do it black, grey and gold, using old pieces that we owned. I took my four television chairs and had them covered in a grey and gold nook and Fernando had his couch covered in grey.

"Practically the only new things we had to buy were a few lamps and a spinet piano."

The Lamas den was another joint operation. Fernando covered the floor with one big square of cotton shag carpeting, and Arlene brought in a white plush couch from her old house.

"This room," Fernando likes to point out, "doubles as an office for our business affairs. We wanted it to be light and pleasant and I think it is."

The diningroom and foyer were left untouched but upstairs Arlene turned the second bedroom into "Fernando’s Hideaway."

"We kid about this room," she explains, "with its sign on the door and everything. But the truth is that it is a nifty hideaway for us both. We can both be better under pressure," he says, "so Arlene gave us a deadline of one month. ‘After one month,’ she said, ‘I want us to be ready for housewarming.’"

And the results were ready, even though Arlene had to sit up until two A.M. the night before finishing the curtains for Fernando’s Hideaway.

The housewarming party was memorable. It showed a lot of skeptics that the Dahl-Lamas marriage was well planned and carefully executed—not an impetuous one.

A pair of white doves in a huge gilt cage hung above the door set the theme for the party. There was a buffet dinner for sixty-five, ten to a table. The tables were covered with red organza and the centerpieces were gilt birdcages filled with red and white carnations.

"There were no place cards," Fernando says, "and I’m sure you can’t believe in place cards. What kind of thing is it to take friends who are enjoying cocktails and say, ‘Sorry, but you must separate now. You sit here and you sit there.’ I think guests should choose their own company. That’s why at our house, never place cards."

The party was a huge success and it went on until the small hours of the morning and after the last guest had left Fernando was still wearing the shirt in his arms. ‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘and you must be honest. If you had to do it all over again, would you still marry me?’"

"I made a cute, pouty face at her husband.

"Ask me in the morning," she said, "after I’ve checked my barometer."
I dreamed I was a living doll
in my maidenform bra
a time to work things out

(Continued from page 43) “As to the future and Jeff—that’s hard to say. He’s a wonderful guy and I enjoy his company.” He says, “He’s got a sharp but subtle sense of humor, and no matter what they write about his being moody and complex, I’ve never known him to take himself too seriously. You can’t say that about many actors.”

How does Jeff feel about Gloria? He’s very careful about discussing girls, all he will say is, “Gloria is as fine a young woman as I’ve met in this business. She’s sweet, she’s sparkling, she’s a lot of fun to be around.”

“I like to be with her or I wouldn’t be seeing her. But we’ve both been through emotional ups and downs. My divorce won’t be final until next year, and if I know Gloria, she doesn’t want to get married either. After all, she just got divorced.”

Still, Jeff Chandler is not one to lead a lonely life. Nor is he likely to turn sour on marriage because his first one failed.

“What I need most of all,” he says, “is time to work things out. Basically I’m a simple guy. I confront problems as they come up.”

“I’ve got the kind of face that makes me look moody or miserable, so that people are always attributing deep and complex motives for my actions.”

“They say that I’m carrying a torch for Marge (Jeff’s ex-wife) or that I’m pining away for Gloria or that there’s a big thing between me and Joan Crawford. They say that I’m the worst kind of a Casanova. But actually I’m not trying to be anything except real.”

“The only thing that I’ve been searching for lately has been a house on the desert and I’ve found it.” Two months ago Jeff decided to move from New York to Los Angeles, a decision that proved too fast for him, so he moved out of his apartment in Westwood and rented a house in Apple Valley in the Mojave Desert.

It’s a small house with two bedrooms and a small desk where Jeff is working. He’s not working, this giant of a grey-haired actor races his Cadillac into Hollywood, picks up his two daughters, Dana and Janice, the kids of his second ex-wife, and takes them to their school. Here he plays with and swims with them, cooks dinner for them or takes them to the Apple Valley Inn. And here he finds the peace and quiet that he needs.

On Sundays Jeff gets his little girls back to Marge in time for dinner and then drops in to see Gloria De Haven.

If he has to report for work the next day he spends the night in his dressing-room at Universal-International. He uses the dressing-room as his town headquarters. But his home, he says, is Apple Valley, 104 long miles from the bright lights and the beautiful women of Hollywood.

How long Jeff will go for the simple, quiet and solitary desert life, no one knows.

A friend of his says, “This desert kick Jeff’s on is just a stage. It’s a reaction to his divorce. He can’t take it for any appreciable length of time.”

He’s the city boy, born and bred in Brooklyn. All of a sudden he’s crazy about the desert, in love with sand and driftwood.

“Why do I love the desert? He’s tired of all those dames calling him up in Westwood. De Haven is something else again. He’s really stuck on her. But she’s not about to give up show business and even if she did, Jeff isn’t thinking of taking two kids and live twelve months a year in the Mojave Desert. I don’t care who she loves.

“Not that I’ve got anything against the desert, but it’s a wonderful place for a couple of months. But I don’t think Chandler can take it all year round.”

Jeff says time will tell. That is why he rented a house instead of buying one. But he did have to pay $7000 for an acre and a half of land in Apple Valley, and if he doesn’t tire of the place, he plans to build his own house there next year.

His present lease is final then and he will be in position to marry again, which brings us back to Gloria De Haven.

Although she is not yet thirty, Gloria has been married and divorced twice. Her first husband was actor John Payne, by whom she had two children, Kathy, eight and Sandy, who is now a wealthy New York contractor Marty Kimmel.

One reason these two marriages ended in divorce was because Gloria renounced her career in favor of domesticity, a demand of both of her ex-husbands. “Show business happens to be in my blood,” Gloria says, “and I just can’t get it out of my system. I know that I understand that and I’m sure he appreciates it.”

Gloria is the daughter of the late Flora Parker and Carter De Haven, one of the greatest of all the stage and screen teams of yesteryear.

She was sent to various dramatic schools, music academies and dancing schools. When she was十六, Selnick offered her, but by one unexplained bug she wasn’t ready, Gloria had outgrown the part.

A few months later, a well-known producer who was a family friend, begged Gloria’s parents to let their daughter play a small part in Susan And God. “Just for the sake of theatrical tradition,” he urged. They agreed, and Gloria was in the hands of the Devil.

She was a featured soloist with Bob Crosby’s orchestra, sang next with Jan Savitt’s band, and presently went to MGM for De Havens. There she met Jeff.

She played with June Allyson and Gene Kelly, Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

After her marriage to John Payne she went to work at U-I and Twentieth Century-Fox. Then she went back to RKO. Early this year she went to U-I and starred in So This Is Paris with Tony Curtis and Gene Nelson.

It happens that Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis are close friends. One afternoon Jeff wandered onto the So This Is Paris set and found Tony De Haven. One look is all that’s necessary.

Jeff’s growing interest in music added fuel to the fire. Sonny Burke, head of Deca Records, the west coast head of A&R, had liked Jeff’s singing, called him into singing some solos for the kids at Balboa Beach. Jeff had done so well that Sonny had offered him a Deca recording contract.

Gloria is under contract to Decca, too. So these two handsome people had something in common right from the very beginning—records, royalties, disc jockeys, Sonny Burke, orchestrations.

Jeff says, “We’ve had our first two recordings, ‘I Should Care’ and ‘More Than Anyone’. We were afraid they’d flop.”

Gloria said, “I don’t think so.” She was right. More than 150,000 copies have been sold.

Jeff was so encouraged that he began to do something he had always wanted to do—to write—to create something out of my own inspiration.” He wrote the lyrics to one melody and entitled it “That’s All She’s Waiting To Hear.” Then he recorded the song and backed it up with “Lamplight.”

He made exploitation recordings for the discs of the track in the Brocks. Way department store in Los Angeles and autographed his records for hundreds of admirers. Gloria De Haven remained in the background, happy and glum at heart that he was finding himself with work that gave him satisfaction and stimulation.

Jeff Chandler is a paradox, and Gloria De Haven realizes it. He’s “lazy and I all want to do is sleep and take it easy.” But give him a modicum of spare time and he’s renting an office in Beverly Hills, organizing the Chandler Music Company, working on the plans for a series of Jeff Chandler comic books or doing research for a transcribed radio program he hopes to put on the air.

Gloria understands this apparent contradiction because she herself is blessed or handicapped by the same nature.

Jeff Chandler says, “I don’t give a damn about people who say, ‘and just do nothing.’ But the minute she has nothing to do, guilt assails her and she’s out of her agent pleading for work. She knows the different backdrops, Jeff and Gloria are two of the same kind. Superficially they appear phlegmatic. Inwardly they are both ambitious workers. Ambition is necessary for screen stars. At least it is in the Hollywood marriages.

For example, it is commonly held that one of the reasons Jeff’s marriage to Marge had failed was that Marge coveted fame and subconsciously resented Jeff’s success. Marge was under contract to Warner Brothers when she married Chandler and he was not at all known. As Marge took time off to bear his children, her career waned and his rose.

The same thing happened at the same time in Gloria’s case. Jeff and Marge were married only two months later. Jeff married Gloria and within a year, Gloria married John Payne and three months later she was pregnant. Temporarily, she abandoned her screen career, and because of that, MGM switched the build-up plans of John Payne to Lauren Bacall. Then Gloria was having another baby and it wasn’t until the spring of 1948 that she was ready to return to screen work. By that time the star had already been golded by the audience and the award winner and Gloria De Haven was regarded as a promising performer who had passed up show business in favor of housework and the care of her children.

Gloria set out to dispel this alleviation and to regain her former standing as a bright young actress. This led to arguments with John Payne.

Gloria has learned from her past mistakes and so has Jeff. They aren’t kids any more. They have no intention of going back to the days when they realize the cares and responsibilities of marriage and the price, tangible and intangible, of failure.

So Jeff works almost all time. He doesn’t play golf or tennis. He owns neither a plane nor a boat. He used to play a little softball once in a while. But because he has a fair degree of stability as a motion picture actor, he is currently concentrating on the things he’s always wanted to do: writing, singing, living in nature and financially that he can afford the luxury of possible failure in these lines.

Jeff realizes that no matter how enthusiastic a man is about his new work, there comes a time when without the love of a good woman, life deteriorates into mere existence. He wants a complete life, and this human condition.

Since he started going around with bewitching, good-natured little Gloria, he has dated no other girl. And he seems to be harmonious with her. Jeff and Gloria are making beautiful music together. It might lead to wedding music.
A fashion-first in movie-going is the 20th Century-Fox romantic comedy in CinemaScope, *Woman's World*, with June Allyson, Arlene Dahl and Lauren Bacall wearing the wonderful clothes designed by Charles LeMaire.

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GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES
the two worlds of marilyn monroe

(Continued from page 37) to six P.M. and another set from six to midnight.

The chances are good that as you read this, Joe and Marilyn have been separated, geographically speaking.

Joe should be somewhere in the east covering the World Series, and Marilyn should be somewhere in the west making a comedy called The Seven Year Itch.

It is probable, too, that you will read—in fact, may already have read—that the Di Maggio marriage isn't exactly paradise. The idyllic twosome has become more realistic with the passage of time, which is the normal course of marriage.

But Marilyn's marriage happens to be unusual in several ways. She married a great athlete who was already retired when she met him. At the time of their marriage, January 14, 1954, Marilyn was approaching the zenith of her career; her husband no longer had one.

Besides their mounting and undeniable love for each other, the Di Maggios have relatively little in common. Joe knows very little about acting and dramatics, and Marilyn knows just as little about baseball. Marilyn has no intention, certainly, of becoming an athlete, and Joe refuses to try to mastermind his wife's career.

Joe and Marilyn have completely different backgrounds. Joe was raised in a large, happy, healthy household filled with laughter and companionship. Marilyn lived the youth of an unwanted orphan, alone, afraid, insecure. Because of all this, some people are now saying trouble will come.

Some of these have gone so far as to suggest that Joe is jealous of his wife. "Why," they ask, "does he refuse to visit her on the set? Is that normal for a movie husband?"

They ask further, "Why won't he pose with her for home layouts? Why does he object to publicity? One of his best friends, a New York newspaper editor, asked him why he refused to pose for some photos. Why should Joe turn down his friend? "Why won't he take Marilyn to parties or present any public appearances? Hasn't he made the slightest sacrifice for her career?"

"Sooner or later the girl has got to re-

sent his indifference."

W HAT THESE PEOPLE don't seem to realize is that beneath her exterior of naive and breathless bewildermint, Marilyn Monroe is one of the most sensible and naturally bright beauties in Hollywood. She can hold her own with any sophisticated glamour star you care to mention. And she knows in her heart that Joe's so-called difference isn't at all. It is independence and self-reliance.

"It may be okay for other guys to manage their wives' careers," one of Joe's friends says, "Sid Luft and Tony Garlitz, Marty Melcher and Doris Day, Freddie Brisson and Rosalind Russell, Tom Lewis and Loretta Young. But they've all got shows and business backgrounds.

"Joe's background is baseball. Just because he was one of the greatest outfielders the game has ever known, he doesn't feel entitled to call the shots on Marilyn's career."

"The only time I've ever heard him give her any advice is when she and Twentieth were negotiating a contract. The publicity is swell; he told Marilyn, 'Only be sure to get the money.'"

As for Joe's refusal to pose for pictures with Marilyn or to visit her on the set, he isn't buying anything. He knew there would be a difference to dispel them by visiting his wife on the set. Quietly and unobtrusively, he showed up and stood in a corner while she sang her part in a heat wave on a hot set. He says, "I'm here," he announced, "because the newspapers insist that there must be something wrong between Marilyn and me because I don't visit her at work."

When she finished her song, she ran over to him and said anxiously, "I hope you liked it, dear."

"I liked it all right," Joe said, "but it takes so long to shoot so little. It makes me nervous hanging around here watching everybody get ready."

A moment later, Di Maggio posed for a picture with Irving Berlin and then as quietly as he had entered the studio, he drove out in his 1953 Cadillac.

"He never has liked parties or previews," Marilyn says, "he just likes to show business celebrations. And before we were married, he never would take me to any. I didn't expect marriage to change his habits or his likes and dislikes."

So far as anyone knows, Joe has posed in the studio with Marilyn for only two shots. On each occasion there was a third person along.

One time Joe visited Marilyn on the set of Monkey Business, a film she made with Cary Grant. Joe agreed to stand up for a photo with Marilyn and Cary. After the negative was printed, Grant's face was cropped out.

On another occasion Joe visited Marilyn with her and基金管理 who had arranged their first date. This time March's face was cropped out.

Joe has been offered large sums of money to pose with Marilyn at home.
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"My private life is private," he says, "and that's out. Right now too many kids know where we live because the picture of the house we're renting was published in the magazines. They ride up and down the street and even ring the front door bell." "As soon as our lease expires," Marilyn says, "we're moving. I don't know where, but we're moving."

After ten months of marriage, Marilyn still insists, "Joe comes first." But the studio has preempted most of her time.

Marilyn has said on many occasions that Joe has no objections to her continuing her career so long as she spends her evenings at home with him. But still she was lonely because she felt in her mind that she belonged to no one. In case of illness to whom would she turn? In case of unemployment, who would lend a hand? Marilyn doesn't like to say how much she realizes this, or how much she fears her career, Marilyn feels that she still has Joe, and this situation gives her more courage and independence than she's ever known before.

It also helps her career immeasurably, since the studios rarely take advantage of a girl who has a financial alternative. Before she married Joe, Marilyn was suspended by her studio because she refused to make Pink Tights.

Marilyn's salary at the time was $750 a week. The studio knew that she had saved practically no money, that sooner or later she would be hard up.

Once Marilyn got married, the situation changed completely. The girl had someone to support her. This called for new tactics. The studio signed Sheree North in an attempt to stampede Marilyn into Pink Tights, a script she had refused.

Movie Director Mike Curtis told Peter Arnell he was looking for a week-old baby for a movie role. "Preferably," he said, "one with experience."

Earl Wilson
The New York Post

But Marilyn refused to be stamped. She had Joe for a husband, and she didn't care who the studio signed Joe, Marilyn was suspended by her studio because she refused to make Pink Tights.

This was her first triumph in studio negotiations, and Marilyn realizes that she is valued largely because she has a husband to back her up.

You can see therefore what Joe means to this girl, and why she is willing to live in two worlds on his terms.

When Marilyn is with Joe in San Francisco, there is no studio discussion whatever. She helps her sister-in-law Marie with the food, occasionally cooks spaghetti for her. Joe has a habit of taking the rounds of the relatives, dines at the Di Maggio restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf which is run by Joe's brother Tom, and Marie. He does everything to please his husband.

In most homes it's the husband who goes off to work in the daytime and returns at night to the waiting for her loving wife. When Joe and Marilyn are living in Hollywood the setup is reversed. This doesn't necessarily mean, as many detractors say, that the marriage will last longer. It all means is that Joe and Marilyn have developed a way of life that fits their own particular set of circumstances.

The Di Maggios' new headquarters are usually limited to immediate plans and problems: where to move, to buy or to build, the welfare of Joe's relatives (since Marilyn has virtually no family and practically no close friends). By nature, neither Joe nor Marilyn is talkative. Nor do they crave excitement and wild times. They are a peaceful, very-much-in-love couple. Joe's friends are the quiet, stimulating conversation, sparkling dialogue, or the furtherance of her career. She married purely for love, a family and a home.

"I never had these things as a child," she says. "With Joe beside me I'm never alone any more."

Loneliness is frequently a state of mind. When Marilyn was single there were hundreds of men in the motion picture industry intensely anxious to cultivate her friendship. By marriage and loneliness because she felt in her mind that she belonged to no one. In case of illness to whom would she turn? In case of unemployment, who would lend a hand? Marilyn doesn't like to say how much she realizes this, or how much she fears her career, Marilyn feels that she still has Joe, and this situation gives her more courage and independence than she's ever known before.
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she looks like a bride

(Continued from page 38) in grim lines.

"You never can tell about the reaction of feminine fans to a young romantic singer who is no longer eligible," said one representative of Eddie's management group. "The women don't seem to hold the more mature crooners, Crosby, Como or Sinatra, personally responsible for the sentiments expressed in the lyrics of their songs. Or if they do, these older fellows have been around long enough to develop a following strictly on the basis of the music in their voices rather than on personality alone. But when a younger like Eddie sings about the loneliness and heartbreak that is so often the subject of ballads, he is much more convincing if he is single. After all, married men are not supposed to be lonely!"

This psychological notion about the girls who make up the bulk of his audiences is something Eddie is well aware of; so are his friends, and of course Debbie knows about it. She is strongly career-minded, having many times said she must get her own career going before she thinks of marriage. She still talks like that, even though, with her success in *Susan Slept Here* and the great work she is doing in *Hit the Deck* at MGM, there is no doubt about the firm status of her stardom. And it is a safe bet, too, that if she marries Eddie, theirs will be a double star family. Debbie won't abandon her career. "I'm a working girl, you know, and I probably always will be," she told him late one afternoon when he laid plans for a great evening and she begged off so she could rest for an early studio call.

Few young couples who are altar-bound can keep from revealing their plans in one way or another. So much like a loyal and dutiful young wife has Debbie acted toward Eddie, and so close to the attitude of a young bridegroom does his become sometimes, that a report claiming they have already secretly eloped has got a lot of credence. Probably those who do believe this are the type who not only are quick to add fact to rumor, but often multiply the one by the other. Yet if you were at the Hollywood Bowl the night Eddie sang there, or at the Mocambo on an early morning date with them as he crooned in Debbie's ear on the dance floor, or heard their dialogue the dozens of times she "dropped in for a minute" to see Eddie and was still having her hand held by him hours later... you would admit that the best description was "newlyweds."

All summer, when they didn't happen to have a formal date they had a little informal routine that picked up the slack in this phase of their romance. The big white mansion Eddie lived in was on the Coldwater Canyon route Debbie always used driving home from the studio. You could always tell when Eddie was in because he never parked his black Cadillac in the garage—always in the driveway right at the front door. It is doubtful if on her way home after work Debbie once drove past that "standing" invitation to drop in. She would pull up behind the Cadillac in her salmon and cream Pontiac, slip inside the main hall of the house and peek through the back windows to the pool in the yard. That was all she had to do. Eddie, whose eyes are as sharp as his singing notes are true, would jump up from whatever he was doing (usually lounging in the sun) and run to get her.

Then would begin the business about her being able to stay only a little while. Eventually, to hold her around, Eddie began to use counter-strategy. He would
claim that the drive home would be too much for her unless she had something to eat before she started. Or else he would freeze her hands, she knew she would go into the pool with him. "Isn't it true," he asked her one such evening, "that this is the best time to swim in California? Just before Hollywood gets too cold and too tight.

Debbie replied that this was true of the San Fernando Valley, where she lived, but she didn't know about the fancier Beverly Hills. "They usually stayed in the house, but she did stay around and that was the big idea.

You couldn't be blamed for thinking that Debbie was a snotty, snobbish, con- scientious wife and daughter-in-law, if you saw her the night of Eddie's concert at the Bowl. Eddie got the best seats in the place for Debbie and her parents; center and smack in front of the stage. Debbie's folks were in it, all right. But not Debbie. She quietly walked to another box where Eddie's father, Joseph Ford, was alone and sat with him.

Before the concert began she was back-stage with her folks and they all gave Eddie their good wishes, Debbie sealing his dressing room and re-sealing them several times. And Debbie came back again after the show, of course, and you could tell it meant a lot to Eddie. After which the whole band gathered and revealed a fine understanding of the professional niceties involved in the event. She took a chair out of everyone's way—and let the rest of the world come and deliver accolades to the young artist.

Besides other singers, actors, musicians, managers, songwriters and producers who trooped to Eddie's dressing room to congratulate him, a whole girls' club had somehow wrangled permission to get autographs en masse. They lined up to see Eddie. At this, Debbie, for fear she might get necessary and intrude on his big night, shifted further into the shadows to be sure no one would notice.

Eddie had sung some of Irving Berlin's songs on the concert which were there planned for him to do Berlin's life on the screen. When the famous songwriter came back stage he wanted to take Eddie out for the evening. Eddie agreed and re-sealing the contract.

There were others in Irving Berlin's party that night but, except for rare moments, it was a boozing as far as Eddie and Debbie were concerned.

"You've got a real flip girl there," Berlin said to Eddie once, as they took seats at a Mocombo table.

"Yeah, she comes up with the good line," Eddie agreed.

Up to that particular period in the evening Debbie had been talkative. But a little later when they were on the dance floor, and Eddie was singing to her, she was a girl existing in rapt silence.

"They were really sufficient unto each other that night," said a friend of the pair who was there that evening. "Believe it or not, but when he drank wine between them from the time they came in until they left. One drink and two straws. If it weren't for their evening clothes they wouldn't have been small town kids on soda fountain date."

Eddie's birthday gift from Debbie was a pair of gold cufflinks inscribed, "A wonderful thing happened today—yours.

"It seems to think it important to point out his youth to him (he's twenty-five) and emphasize that he has a great future if he doesn't get lost. But the only thing it tells him to his face that marriage would be a mistake but it is plainly the general idea. Eddie, a kid who hasn't had an easy life (although he always says, "It wasn't okay with me having been poor; I didn't know any different"), sometimes gets fed up on this trend of conversation. And they often can be heard unconsciously to try to create the impression that he is older than his years.

"I bet you think I haven't been around much," he said to Irving Berlin once, "but how about this song?" And he sang one of his own old favorites, written so long ago that Berlin barely recalled it.

"You weren't even born yet, when I wrote that one," Berlin said.

"Who's going to know?" Eddie replied.

He is also a little sensitive about complaints that his tremendous success has so complicated his life with an endless round of engagements and interviews and conferences that nobody can get in to see him. He can't forget that for most of his life nobody ever wanted to get to him.

He was a judge on Peter Potter's Juke Box Jury TV program in Hollywood last summer when Donald O'Connor guest-starred and published by O'Neill's firm.

"That's the kind of song I would have liked to do last season on my Coca-Cola program," Eddie commented.

"Why didn't you?" Potter wondered.

"Nobody asked me," Eddie replied.

Potter turned to O'Connor and asked him why he hadn't brought the song to Eddie's attention since its use by Eddie would have meant a lot to O'Connor's career.

"You do get to Eddie?" he asked. "You have to climb over people."

PRESS-AGENT SUPREME

Two years ago, I was standing outside of Lюсь's Restaurant in Hollywood when a group of movie stars came out. A crowd of autograph seekers formed, and the majority of these excited girls and boys, I finally heard booming out, "Get Jean Simmons! Get Jean Simmons!" Presently the owner of the voice, a tall and slender figure, entered, that fine British actor, Robert Newton. To my surprise, he took the trouble to read out the advice. His name was Victor Mature. Miss G. H. St. Paul, Mississippi.

The others laughed but there was truth to Donald's excuse and Eddie was a bit embarrassed. For a simple boy from south Philadelphia, the demands of the amuse- ment world to which he has ascended present many complications. The demand is not only for his professional services as a singer, but the pressure to live up to the expectations of his fans. His love for Debbie. One way or another there'll be repercussions in his career if they marry, maybe, maybe not. It was clear that the evening was one to Europe that his romance would certainly be one subject he would discuss with his manager, Milton Blackstone, whom he wishes to have just my manager, but my friend," Eddie pointed out a few days before he began his trip. "When things have come up I have listened and come to my own conclusions, but always, too, I have passed the problems on to him. He's got my interest at heart, I know."
why can't they behave?

(Continued from page 41) by other guests and servants when she stayed at his houses in Paris, London and Deauville but I would have betrayed her chances of becoming a princess if she hadn't. And that dash to join Aly in Mexico was a triffe less than discreet.

But how can movie stars be discreet? Rita Hayworth didn't have any chance for privacy when she traveled with Prince Aly Khan half way around the globe before they were married. And when the deluded film star hoped to have their baby in Switzerland with surrounding publicity, she was surrounded by reporters from practically every newspaper in the world.

The same or worse befell Ingrid Bergman. I wanted to put on record that I knew about the baby before the story broke, as Ingrid's former press agent, Joe Steele, can testify. I had received the amazing news from a close friend of Ingrid's in Rome. And I talked about it with Joe, who was very worried, but I assured him I would never break such a story. I felt too sorry for Ingrid, who until then had been regarded in this country as almost saintly. I'm sure she herself had no idea of what the warm Italian sun and the Warner Italian director would do to her northern personality—or I know she would have taken her daughter Pia with her. She did not mean to abandon Pia. But Ingrid was trapped by her emotions. This could not have been Ingrid's way.

Naturally she loves it over there. Apparently, no one was shocked by her behavior and no one refers to it. When I saw her in Paris, surrounded by her three children and doting husband, she told me she was completely happy—and the situation with Pia was improving.

"I've decided not to fight any more: there have been too many fights. But I am in touch with Pia and I know that one day she will forgive me and come to see me of her own free will," said Ingrid with calm assurance.

Ava Gardner's big romantic escapade in Italy and Spain didn't turn out so well. She fell with a thud that was heard all over Europe for the fascinating charms of bullfighter Luis Dominguez, and she planned to do a Shelley Winters and help him to a movie career in Hollywood. But the best laid plans of mice and movie stars sometimes go astray. The matador came to Hollywood while Ava was in Nevada to shed Frank Sinatra. He left her then after a short visit and was seen with this and that glamour purs around the night spots of Hollywood. And if there's one thing Ava can't stand, it's having her man make eyes at another woman.

But it was fun while it lasted. When I was in Rome, I was told that Ava had made herself inaccessible to the press, the public and her alma mater, Metro, that she would disappear for days at a stretch with the handsome bullfighter.

To go back to Sinatra, it wouldn't be correct to say that he behaves badly in Europe. Sinatra is himself whether he's in London, Paris, Rome, Las Vegas or Hollywood. And himself can be pretty sweet sometimes and sometimes on the very sour side. I don't know what happened at the fashionable Milroy Club in London, but I heard that John could hardly read Frank's membership card. And London clubs fall over themselves to have Hollywood stars for members.

Shelley Winters is usually herself wherever she happens to be working. And I've seen her very temperamental in Holly-

wood. But when she was making Mambo in Rome, shell really let herself go. I was told the intimate details of the fracas. It seems that Shelley was working in a scene with her husband, Vittorio Gassman, from whom she was then estranged. His girl friend, eighteen-year-old Anna Maria Ferrero, was on the set.

"Get her off," hissed Mrs. Gassman between takes. Vittorio's reply was to go over to the younger actress and embrace her, I find it hard to blame Shelley for losing her temper and throwing a glass of water into the pretty face of her rival.

Jane Russell was very worried about returning to England where she filmed part of Gentlemen Marry Brunettes for two reasons. The last time she was there, Janie had made the headlines as the heroine of a raucous party. Jane denied the story and it seemed very strange to me at the time because in Hollywood Jane is a quiet, easy-going, church-going girl.

The other reason for Jane's fear of Europe is to her credit, although the actual facts were just as surprising to me. I refer to Jane's leaving England with the little boy she later adopted. The emigration authorities over there were on her neck for taking a British subject out of the country without official sanction. And more foolish, when there are so many unwanted anonymous babies here who could use Jane's good home, why did she take a European child whose parents knew her and might try to regain the child at any unforeseen time? In fact, I heard recently they were planning to come here to live within a few acres of Jane's home in the valley in order to be near their son.

When Gregory Peck lived in Hollywood, he was regarded as a model husband and father. There was one short period when

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he and Greta separated, but they both explained it was an unimportant quarrel and didn't mean a thing. It took a long stay in Europe to reveal the serious state of the Peck marriage. I've always con-
tended that the woman has yet to be born who can break up a happy home. The Pecks came to the parting of the ways in Europe, but they made up. In 1924 Miss Passani began decorating the big house he bought near London. As of now, she is slated for the position of Mrs. Peck, number two, after Miss Passani. There has only ever been one Mrs. Peck instead of a bushel, if Greg had made his pictures here.

Gary Cooper came back to this country just in time to regain his equilibrium and his wife Rocky. Coop is an easy target for a designing female. They tell me that Gary is just too lazy to make the first move. I believe he was really in love with Pat Neal, but the complications of getting his freedom represented too much work for this easy-
going guy. But the truth is, the Dutch have only ever had one Mrs. Peck instead of a bushel, if Greg had made his pictures here.

Victor Mature, for instance. No one ap-
preciates a buck more than Victor, but
no one can be more generous or more
champion. Good for him, there. Little
things, but they count in a big way.
Like when Vic was in Holland co-starring
with Lana Turner and Clark Gable in
Betrayed. His driver was a young Dutch-
man whose whole family had been killed
while he worked for the Allies in the
Underground Army. Now he was setting
aside some of his earnings to pay for his
neglected education. Came the last day
of the picture and the chauffeur looked as
blue as his uniform. Then spake Mr. Ma-
ture, "Let's fly back to England. Let's
drive through Germany and then stay in
Paris for a week. And I must have my chauffer, of course. They
said they'd have anybody in Paris.
Vic could have hired anybody in Paris.
He could have driven himself through
Germany. But the extra money and the
table of the chauffeur—$

And Lana Turner, aided and abetted by
Lex Barker, was just as kind. Some of
the picture was shot in front of a Catholic
church. The picture was only eight
little orphan girls and Lana promised to take them to the circus.
They were all dressed up and ready to go when Lana said they had
mature, that's just a simple mistake. I've never seen a more
amazing girl in my life. Only the day a
French model discovered her, she was
looking awfully good, but didn't mean a thing. I mean when
Lana and Lex took them to the hotel, fed them ice cream,
cake and soda pop and took them to a show in a park instead.
The girl in the last number sent an appreciation
plaque to Bob Hope for the money he has
raised and donated to the British version
of Boys Town. On one visit, Mr. Hope
who is a thorough schoolteacher, was
asked by a group of little girls how
England is doing in the war—some four-
teen thousand pounds. And then there
are the dozens of stars in Hollywood—Danny
Kaye, Jack Benny and many others who
who go regularly to Army bases in Europe,
Asia and wherever there is a lonely G.I.
These make up the real aristocracy of
Filmland. And it is good that Europe can
see and meet them in order to erase
the bad behavior of what is still, thank
goodness, a minority.

END

how to tackle criticism

(Continued from page 44) her mind. And sometimes not.
I personally find it harder to keep 'si-
lent when the charge is made that I'm
publicity mad. Perhaps I should let it
pass. My advisors usually tell me: "Don't get
into that fight. It'll just make it
worse." But I get into a hassle anyway,
because if you do not reply sooner or
to criticism that is merely destructive
or irrelevant, it gains time, and the
point where you can't live with your-
self.
I'm told that someone once said of me
that I sought publicity with all the ardor
of a salmon upstream to
spawn. Even if this were true, which it is
not, the simile is wrong. The salmon
knows perfectly well it's going to lay an egg.
I always have been hoping to do
something that can't be done.
Here's an example. I came my
latest cropper at Las Vegas—lastest at the
time of writing, that is. It was over a gown
I wore in the finale of my act there. It was
considered overdaring.
I was in Vegas on account of criticism
anyway. Friendly and good-natured, but
it was a challenge. Eddie Fisher told me
I had the worst singing voice he'd ever
heard. So naturally I had to get together
an act and sing. Show Eddie Fisher, who
—imagine this—doesn't
mind—is my idol among singers.

New in town but west like this in
the act, I was to go through three phases
First I was costumed and made up as a
very young girl, no more than high school
age. In the middle part, I was post-
debutante size, and in the finale ultra
sophisticated, something like Lana Turner.
For that, naturally, we ordered a sophis-
ticated dress—but not an ultra daring
one. You'll see.

Here is what the papers didn't bother
to report:
Tolwyn arrived no more than an hour
before show time, so there couldn't have
been a change even if we'd thought it
desirable. But why should it have been
desirable? The gown wasn't transparent
above the waist, as written. It had a flesh-
tone foundation. (I think Miss Dietrich's
didn't, too. Didn't she say something about
a camera being there? I hope it's true
thing? And how right she is if she did!)
I tried it on for the kids in the company
and they loved it. So I wore it in the last
number with no forebodings at all.

Jack Poor recalls the time he
was under three-year contract to
RKO: "But I didn't do a day's
work in three years. I asked to
announce me for pictures due to
be canceled."

—Paul Deni

Then the roof fell in. It seems to me I'm
climbing out of the debris of some roof
or other every time I look around.
The newspapers wrote what wasn't true
—and never let anyone tell you a camera
can't lie because a camera can, often does.
Nothing could have stopped me
that the pictures of me and the gown had
been retouched for a shocking effect.
But the damage was done. Everybody got
inside the story. The affair of the empire
bathing suit was resurrected and Terry
Moore was back in the soup.
I made my big mistake then and there.
I turned chicken and put up a fight.
Opening night was its first and only
appearance. It shouldn't have been. I should
have kept right on wearing it. By not doing so, I seemed to plead guilty.

I kept it hanging in the dressing room, though, and friends would drop in and say, “What ever happened to that gown?” “That’s it,” I’d say, “hanging over there.” And the inevitable response: “You mean, this is what all the fuss was about?”

Yet I can hear my advisors now as they look through these words: “Yes, but why bring it up again? Let sleeping dogs lie.” No. Not so long as they let cameras lie, I won’t. To my mind, that wasn’t criticism, that was wanton damage, and wanton damage is something I must fight back against—or give up and live in a cave.

I suppose there are all kinds of degrees of criticism, and you have to sort them out. I got a rough press stateside—never from the Army—when I wore the ermine bathing suit in Korea, and part of it I could understand. No, not understand—that isn’t quite right. But it struck me that if people thought I had lapsed from taste in wearing it, then they had a right to think so. Wait. My quotation-happy friend may have one that goes with this—and he has. “I do not agree with a word you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.” That was how I felt.

But then they called it a Bikini, I cried. Because it wasn’t and I have never worn one of those and never will. I’ve made a lot of mistakes in my young lifetime so far and will make a lot more.

I expect to be called on the carpet for them and hope to learn from the lecture. But I hope just as hard that I shall never bow to untruth or unjustified abuse.

There’s always such a good chance that your critic, who is looking at you from a comparatively objective viewpoint, may be right.

One writer said that I was always trying to please everybody, and in that way sort of crossed myself up, if I got his idea correctly.

That was true at the time. As a consequence of the piece, it is not so true now. It would be nice to please everybody, yes, but I’m afraid it won’t be practical until we get the forty-eight-hour day.

Roger Price, who divorced his last wife, Anita Martell, recalls how he persuaded her to marry him: “I threatened to hold my breath until she gave in.”

—Paul Devis

Not that I’ve broken away from the habit completely, or probably ever will. This eagerness to please goes hand-in-glove with being sensitive to criticism and both are very much a part of me.

For instance, a few months ago I put on a little weight between pictures, and a friend mentioned it to my mother.

“For pity’s sake,” Mother told him. “Don’t tell Terry. She’ll go right out and starve to death.” I imagine she was right. But that has to do with vanity as well.

This other trait, this wanting so badly to see it the other person’s way can have serious consequences.

It’s supposed to be Christian to put yourself in the place of others, and I’m reasonably sure it is, but it’s surprising how thoroughly you can stumble doing it.

I made a well-meaning effort to cooperate in a campaign involving some cheesecake poses, brief costumes but cute, and positively nothing offensive.

Therefore, I was startled, to put it mildly, to read a few weeks later that I had instigated the whole thing, practically announcing my candidacy for Miss Sexy Dish of that or any other year.

Now this sort of fiddletadaddle doesn’t do a girl any good—and it was fiddletadaddle. Not a word of it true, not even the sub-

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Check your local newspaper for time and station.
I'm not combative by nature. When experienced and wise Hollywood commentators like Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper take my side, I accept what they say and try like fury to take their advice and use it. Miss Parsons, to paraphrase her, wrote that I was putting on a good show and that I had begun to look to her as if I'd do "anything for publicity." I hadn't meant to be like that, really, but I could see the point and it was the only right way, so I got no thank yous and ensued, to the Terry Moore calls that. I think she has forgiven me.

Miss Hopper, during a gaudy period of mine, suggested I wouldn't spend so much time behind the eight-ball. But all counsel doesn't. And this you should know about me—I am one of the most reluctant of Terry in all Hollywood, where advice is as free and as plentiful as smog. I take good advice when I can. If it isn't available, I take none. And when they're finally out of that, too, I take any old kind.

I'm like the inveterate gambler in the place with the crooked roulette wheel. Told it was dishonest, he replied, "I know, but it's the only game in town."

A UL THAT MAY seem a trifle far afield from the subject of criticism and me, but I assure you it is not a part of the package. The time may eventually come when I will go for a year or even a decade without putting my foot into my mouth or myself into a position of too long. That's what I'm working on now.

It's not that I'm ashamed of anything I have done. I'm not. I might be if I had actually done some of the things I've been accused of, but since I didn't, then the only shame would have to be that of the misinformed writers for themselves. But no guilt emphasized the film career of Terry Moore, likes to be in the middle of a certain type of uproar. No publicity is worth it. I don't believe for a moment the axiom that any publicity is good publicity if it were so, then I'd rather skip publicity altogether. No, what I want to stay clear of from now on is misunderstandings, misinformations, violations of my beliefs. I mean the stuff. But my toke seems to stub more easily than the average. In New York quite a while ago, at a party I was there with a woman and any adept. I was in a bit of a spot at the time, as usual, and I thought it might strike my hooting section as undignified, so I declined around Terry Moore's so hoity she won't even pose with an epe. So I agreed. Word got around fast again: Terry Moore's so nuts for publicity, she'll pose with an epe! How do you win? Incidentally, I had plenty of advisors on both sides, but not one to advise me to get up and go home.

Another time in a Hollywood premiere, I was contacted by an officer from the Korean theatre, a friend of mine. We stopped in the lobby to be photographed, and who appears to have a camera in the photographs, my friend was a little in the background. To, of course, didn't realize it. I'd looked where the photographers asked me to look, as an exercise in having a picture taken. But at least one of the columnists next day didn't see it that way. Do you know what I did? I had upstaged a Korean war hero. It's not terribly easy to forgive the person who wronged you. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a saint and I don't claim privileged immunity from attack. In my line of work, it's foolish to cry every time you're hurt.

And as I say, criticism can be a good thing, beneficial and constructive. But where it is not, where it is malicious, I guess there are two alternatives: ignore it with grace or fight back. Under no circumstances, I believe, should you let it get you in any other way. I don't want to overact this. I don't want to see him sick, physically sick, when they hear something adverse about themselves. I'm sorry for them. No one likes it. We like to的理想或者现实之间的界限。
what makes monty run?

(Continued from page 48) that had just applauded the final curtain of Anton Chekhov's moody masterpiece, The Sea-gull. On the dark landing the youth stopped, and blushed in the bright light as it opened to reveal the grease-painted face of Kevin McCarthy, one of Clift's closest friends.

"I'd like to see Mr. Montgomery Clift," the youth said a little timidly.

"Then come on in and see him," said McCarthy, and pointed to the dressing table where his and roommate, bare to the waist, stood, work with town and cold cream. Clift half turned around, said "Hi," and gestured with one hand to show he couldn't shake hands yet.

He had been injured himself, "I know everybody has been after you," he said, "but my editor and I thought if I showed you some of my work, maybe we could make an agreement to take pictures of you—yes, know, the kind you'd like yourself."

"Sure, I'd like to see your stuff," said Clift, and in a few minutes he and McCarthy were examining the natural-lighted portraits. While Clift sized up the work, the photographer sized up Monty Clift: the thin eyes looking a bit tired this night, the ruddy skin, the naked chest far from muscle-bound but looking healthy, hairy and sun-tanned.

"I like them; I really do," Clift was saying. "I think you would take the kind of pictures I like—natural, no posed-looking stuff, maybe a bit of a pose, but here's my problem: I've had to turn everybody down till the run of this play is over. I'm putting everything I've got into it. And while you probably wouldn't distract me, if I can have one day in the studio to look at you and I could run ragged, just can't have that; I gotta concentrate on this job till it's over." The eyes and the frank voice were designed to impress the young man to believe this.

"Well, all I'd need would be an hour or so some morning," the photographer persisted, perhaps the type of man who's never met a Monty before. But Monty Clift shook his head. "Let's get in touch the day we close here, or the day after, and I'll see what I can do. Okay?"

After the interview, the small clothes, a disconsolate goodnight to Clift and the sympathetic McCarthy and picked his way down the stairs, Monty Clift heard from him the day he went south, close after a successful run. But the photographer didn't hear from Monty Clift because the actor fled almost at once to rest (and to grow a beard) in Ogunquit, Maine, in the labor of love which had netted him the Equity minimum for playing frustrated sweetheart to Mira Rostova and frustrated son to Judith Evelyn.

The young camerist artist still feels snubbed and baffled. But he has the consolation of being in good company, for with rare exceptions, he has been running away from the press for years. Except for the George Evans agency, which built him up as a natural, T-shirted, male Garbo, he has been denied more than a few newspaper lines. He vanishes just as rapidly after a million-dollar movie, when he's needed for publicity. Not that he's truly uncooperative or boorish (as his loyal friends have grown a little weary of explaining), but that he's less afraid of seeming that way than of seeming to be on the make. He remains grimly determined to sell himself on his work alone.

At thirty-four (October 17) this fear of seeming pushy would seem a little unreasonable, if not actually groundless. But it is not Monty Clift's only fear. Apart from all his positive attributes he retains an abiding fear not of success, but of what success might do to him—make him lose touch with the "real" world. And it is fear of failure in marriage that keeps him running away from serious romance.

There have been, and still are, women in Montgomery Clift's life. His friends say that he has been in love, and not just once. But he has seen love enter nearby lives only to go out the window leaving bitterness. His heart has been broken. He has no time to be a romantic interest in his life.

The lack of one has not always stopped writers from inventing one, like the mythical Mary, a wealthy Eastern girl who was on the point of marrying him only to marry, for no apparent reason, someone else.

During and after the making of A Place In The Sun Monty had many dates with Elizabeth Taylor. It wasn't the publicity uses of public lighting that they enjoyed each other's company, but they never considered that they were cut out to marry each other. He was already seen in the company of his own brother, the theatrical owning clan. Off and on for several years he has dated Libby Holman, the torrid torch singer widowed by Smith Reynolds. Many contemporaries in the TV Home show were told the conclusion that he "prefers older women," where the truth is merely that he prefers complicated women he can respect and with whom he can talk. Because his fear of phoniness keeps Monty out of New York's bigger, brassier celebrity hangouts, he and Libby have been seen most often in smaller spots, even in the neighborhood of his tastefully furnished East 61st Street bachelor apartment. What they find to talk about, Monty and Libby don't say. Some columnists have speculated that they talk of love, others say they just talk.

In Hollywood he also used to date Natasha Lytess, who is Marilyn Monroe's exotic coach. But the real mystery of Monty's life—because nobody can quite figure out where she stands with him—is the one who has been his own dramatic coach. Mira Rostovskaya Lebedeva, billed in her United States acting debut in The Seagull as Mira Rostova, is a petite blue-eyed brunette, at once bird-like and intense, whom Monty and Kevin have known for more than ten years.

Mira, born in Russia, was an actress in Europe before the war. Monty formed an immediate friendship for her from their first meeting. She was attractive, with some of the foreign and frightened-looking beauty of a Luise Rainer, and she had the same kind of small, appealingly-accented voice. She also had brains. She needed Monty's

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nance which does have to be striven for.

She even went onto the stage stages with him, rehearsing him between takes, unerringly identifying points on the camera. Nobody on the set was ever quite sure what she did do, but as long as Clift came out good, nobody minded. Not from personal sources. But then, some said at the studio's request, and Clift still came out good—and stronger than ever—as Private Prewitt.

Mira Rostova had a lot to do with Monty's decision for peanuts this year, at a time when Stanley Kramer was bounding him to play in Not As A Stranger, when John Huston wanted him for Ishmael. When the late Leonard Goldstein was after him for The Leather Saint. They were waving up to $200,000 under his nose.

"Kevin, Monty and I have been promising ourselves for years that some day we would get together and do a play," Clift said. "We read plays by the dozens, (nothing new for Monty), who builds screenplays while smoking and chain-drinking cups of coffee, ever searching for just the right part) "but the only one we felt right for the three of us was an effect. People like was need a live audience. Many an actor on top of the world and his career at the same time, does his soul good with a little comurgamusce, which he gets most effectively across the footlights."

BEING A TRIO of perfectionists, Clift and Monty and Mira Rostova couldn't accept a standard translation. Night after night (usually in Monty's roomy living room) they worked at constructing their own version, the original Russian and the three of them worrying out each line of dialogue! Add it up and undoubtedly there is affection between Monty and his Mira, but if it were ever to ripen into marriage it should have done so long ago.

"Just where does all this leave the people who (in print) have been stubbornly trying to prove that one of the men in his life? It leaves them holding the bag. If he had been the eccentric they had mistaken him for, he might have rushed into marriage. But he's not really an eccentric, and certainly he isn't a radical, despite his reputation as the pre-Brando Marlon Brando who went to Hollywood on $150,000-per-film, but building a built-in stucture. (He happens to like grey flannels and grey tweeds, often dresses as today he did yesterday—but not necessarily in the same suit!)

ON THE OTHER hand, he is one of the most conservative actors on either coast. It is considered serious business about his work, that makes him fear losing contact with the real world where an actor finds his roots and inspiration. He feels that his love for his money around, or in his 1940 Buick coupé on a 1955 Caddy convertible, or getting to spend his time with famous people to the point where he'd be lost. Playwright Arthur Miller once put this feeling as one of "having to build a neighborhood around me."

It was the same kind of earnestness that led Monty and to seven months off and go to Europe with Mrs. McCarthy and their son Flip, so that Monty and Kevin could labor over a screen treatment of You Touch Me, the Tennessee Williams play that shot Clift to Hollywood and thence to stardom in Howard Hawks' Red River. No studio ever bought their product, but they believe it was worth doing anyway—because they had to.

"Monty's that intense, earnest and dedicated. If anything, he's a bit overwrought," his brother says admiringly. "He could have been a tennis champion if he'd wanted to bother. He still goes to the gym all the time, but he prefers to spend his spare time playing tennis and doing nothing.

... I think he'd make a great director; he has a director's point of view and an un-canny sense of what an author means by a character. It's like they've both got 'em Themselves and if it were a job, playing on his part the way he'd work on a theatre part and not settling for anything but his best."

DEBORAH KERR, who can be pretty intense herself, tells this story: "When we were making From Here To Forever, if one of us, especially, got most excited by the work," she recalls, "the book was gripping, and Danny Tatarash's script was wonderful. We all worked very hard toward understanding our roles. It was a work of art and we all worked too much, and at the end of the day we'd often discuss something else.

One afternoon Fred Zinneman, Burt Lancaster and Don Sinatra and I were having tea. We were talking about Harry Truman, what kind of person he was, how you could dislike him or like him, but couldn't ignore him. I suggested we include him at all as a fighter. Monty joined us when the conversation had already reached the pronounced stage. He pitched it as a scene for a film and we all agreed beforehand we realized that he was talking not about Mr. Truman but about Maggio, the part Sinatra was playing in the film."

"The only thing about that," was his real life for that when he was working on it. And bear in mind that he wasn't just concerned with his own part, he was involved, deeply involved, with the whole character. I knew any actor who works so thoroughly and completely on whatever he does. We would sometimes relax, but Monty always thought of the film and of the part a little."

It was because he admires thoroughness, sensitivity and directorial greatness that Monty sought out Vittorio DeSica in Italy a few years ago for a directing job knowing very well that the pay, if he landed it, would be closer to off-Broadway scale than to his $150,000-per-film Hollywood salary over, and thanked Monty for saying all those nice things about Bicycle Thief and Miracle In Milan. Monty got acquainted with Cesare Sbandi, with whom Sbandi, gnomelike genius who writes most of DeSica's screenplays, and convinced Zavattini that he was really serious about it. So Monty got the role opposite Jennifer Jones in Indiscretion Of An American Wife, the poignant vignette laid in Rome's modern railway terminal. No picture part in the world could have been happier, because only this one gave him the opportunity to sit at the feet of DeSica.

BEFORE HE BRANCHES into directing himself—and it appears plain that this is where he's headed—Monty would like to do some comedy roles, either in films or on tv. He'd also like to play in The En-"
grandmother and the good life

(Continued from page 63) still her duty. Has Grandpa eaten his dinner?" she'd want the servants to be sure we didn't give him any greasy gravy? Were things going well generally? How was I doing in the studio? Thoughts of death might be in our minds, but not in hers. She was too occupied with thoughts of the living. And sometimes, as she lay sleeping, I would look at her fine Christian features and the convictions I have come to in my life.

Her body, I saw, was just a shell, a place in which was stored love and experience and longing. It might be lost when the shell cracked and to be laid away! Why, this little gentlewoman, as she lay dying, was still developing in stature. She showed it in her superiority over her pain and her indifference to her mortal fate! Why, this was beyond the flesh and into the realm of the divine; this must go on. There could be no doubt.

This, in essence, is my faith.

I am pretty sure that I am held to be a lighthearted person, not only by those who knew me, but by those who had occasion to read about me. And this is true. So what I have said, or rather the way I think, may be a surprise. Let me then make it clear. I am an associate with the quality of happiness, credit should go to the fact that I do think the way I do.

I have always, even as a child, had a sense of being lightly placed in this world. I have not been concerned whether I was looked down upon or whether I was put under stress. I have always felt quite proud. And it takes energy to be good. While driving the other day I found myself trapped behind a truck making an improper left turn, and I just knew I wasn't going to be able to fight off the temptation to be angry. So I let go. "Go ahead and have yourself a ball, girl," I told myself. And I did. Out and out swore. (Not that he nor anyone else could hear me!) But such relinquishing of my main drive to improve myself as a person is very difficult for me. It is pretty infrequent that I can be nearly perfect; but I'rever quit trying.

In this I am not just working for benefits to come in another world. Believe me, it is making me in this world that is my happiness. What I have pointed out in this one. What I can face today I never could have faced when I was younger. It is pretty comforting to feel this about myself. It is worth striving for in itself, even if it were not part of a whole faith.

There is no one religion which interprets existence for me, both here and beyond, as I have come to interpret it for myself. Not Presbyterianism, into which I was born and will forever hold fondly; not Unitarianism, which has stimulated so much of my thinking; nor Christian Science, which I devotedly read. Yet in all three of these, and partly in others as well, I have found inspiration and needed. They have helped me come closer to knowing that which, perhaps, I shall never know—but must always go on seeking.

This search began seriously at the time my first marriage was breaking up. I didn’t find it easy to contemplate divorce; I was sad and frightened. I would sit and try to imagine how it would feel to be single again. And though there were pleasant aspects my predominant reaction was uneasiness.

At this point my husband’s mother suggested that he and I both read Christian Science. I know she did this not only because she felt it might help keep the marriage, but because she knew it would bring us comfort. She was right about that and I will always be grateful to her.

As I read, and mulled over what I read, certain ideas seemed to be forming between me and the future; and I saw that with courage I could walk through glorious vistas ahead. With courage, that is, and with truth. To fear the end of my marriage was not being in truth, but in weakness.

To continue to be a wife when wifedom was not making me happy was simply to be afraid of losing a label which supposedly gave me distinction because it read "Married." Actually it was a misrepresentation, and I was the one most fooled by it. I was no Christian Scientist but I still read Science. I need it as I need essentials of my Presbyterianism and Unitarianism. I discovered that my mind was of a type which was not satisfied to stay on any one path to spiritual understanding and thereby close off all the others. Being what I was I had to think my way spiritually, and my thinking is still going on. God has to make sense to me—at least as far as I can understand. It is good that His teachings

Esther Williams spent all the day climbing down a mountainous road. After she started her first descent Esther Williams found herself in the canyon where the rocks, which furnish the "bed" at the bottom of the wall in this particular scene for Jupiter’s Darling, then spiraled nervously, at Howard Keel, and said: "What happens if I slip?" "Don’t worry, Esther," said Keel, "it’s the last scene in the picture!"

When people anywhere in the world talk about a "fully developed man" don’t they always mean that in addition to whatever fields of knowledge he has specializations, and more in the moral? Is it not acknowledged that a clever man, who is not good, is incompletely developed?

Ten years ago (just to use a good comparison point in my life) it is my opinion that I was about as bad a person as I was good. About this time my leanings toward either direction were about equal, I figure. There was a period of time during which I felt that I was being rejected by a series of temptations to be bad. Before this my major impulses belonged to childhood and could be discounted. Since then, I know I am developing in a direction which I may even in time become a good person.

To be good is the basis of my belief.

Maybe I should make what I said more clear. I don’t mean that I am less evil today than I was as a child, but rather that I am better for having improved those qualities of character that come with time: wisdom, tolerance, understanding. After all, a child can be willful, greedy, argumentative, noisy, impolite—and yet truly innocent in that he is not any of these things at all. Woe if we persist in them beyond the phases of growing up, would he take on guilt.

In my religious lexicon there is no such word as punishment, so that a state of guilt does not mean that one is damming himself in an active sense. That you are good does not necessarily mean that you are the best. Neither can any of us be all of one or the other.

I know there are days when a test will find me wanting and other times when I will undergo it in a manner to make myself feel quite proud. And it takes energy to be good. While driving the other day I found myself trapped behind a truck making an improper left turn, and I just knew I wasn’t going to be able to fight off the temptation to be angry. So I let go. "Go ahead and have yourself a ball, girl," I told myself. And I did. Out and out swore. (Not that he nor anyone else could hear me!) But such relinquishing of my main drive to improve myself as a person is yer difficult for me. It is pretty infrequent that I can be nearly perfect; but I never quit trying.

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through Jesus did not encourage passivity, that religion is properly dynamic, because God to me represents a search I must make, not a goal I have achieved. It may seem that life might be a little different for someone, who could not accept a formal faith because none answers all my questions. And it is true that for those who can fulfill their spiritual needs by worshipping in an established church of their choice there would seem to be less time-wasting indecision. But for a Jain there can be no other spiritual disposition; because wherever a question arises she cannot forget it, but must keep asking it.

What would be the point of sitting in any one church if your mind kept asking a question that might only be answered in another church; or sitting in the second church when queries arose that could best be satisfied in the first church? And so I feel that all I have just said, no matter how separated their temples. I know that to many I would seem to be floating nowhere, but I can assure you that here and there I find a marker which tells me I am not astray. It may be, just like the one in Mary Baker Eddy's Christian Science writings, "Life is a showing forth of God." From this, in a simpler interpretation of life, I know that if there is a God the only way He can be expressed on earth is through people. And there was a singular happiness in this for may I was not there. "Well, my job is to express God through me," but that I will be able to see God now many times in what other people do. I have in the little things and in the big.

I sat in the Brown Derby restaurant with friends the other day as a waiter—a little, old waiter—gave me a second cup of coffee when he saw that my first one had got cold. Then, As I had taken out for talking. It came to me as he did this that while being attentive was part of his duties, he was really at an age when he could not be a nuisance to us. But instead of annoyance there was a bond, almost fatherly, look of understanding in his eyes, as he put the second cup in front of me, and then went away. For a split second as we looked at each other, we were more father and daughter than we were waiter and patron. I am afraid of course for that split second we were human and real and I think—God's good.

Now comes further benefit from this phase of my faith. If God can do His work through others, then I believe others become important to me; the waiter, the truck driver who delayed me, the girl who waits on me in the drugstore—there is as much to their lives as there is to mine. And with this my relationship to my fellow man becomes clearly a responsibility I must never evade or hold cheaply.

A few years ago I met a group of people, and when we talked about religion I mentioned some of the ideas I have given here and they acted as if I were silly. It threw me a little. I admired a few of them and thought I had been wrong, if perhaps I had not had the courage to say my particular kind of "good." Then a few nights later I found myself alone with one of these people. After a while they told me she had been greatly helped by my words of the previous evening. More than this—she had needed the help inherent in mine in a time when they wanted to reveal her trouble to everyone, of course, so she had said nothing. She hadn't wanted to tell me either, for that matter, but who had. I am sure, she would have been glad to have the comfort she had gotten, and, you might say, to practice the preaching which had helped her. Here was the continuity of good again: from Grandmother to me this friend and back to me again; enriching all to whom it came.

There are side benefits to such an attitude. I remember last spring when I sprained my ankle. I had dozens of plans which necessitated my being on my feet, not off them. My first reaction was to get myself steamed up into as much activity as possible, and then I talked myself out of it. I decided to see if I could possibly profit from that sprained ankle. I did. Tremendously.

I did it by thinking. For the two weeks that the ankle was broken I tried to do all the thinking I could about my life and the problems in it. As a matter of fact, I did my thinking for practically the next five and a half months, and then went back and did it all over again for Tony as well. And the things I got to know, as a result of this, of what we should and shouldn't do, in our private lives and in our professional ones, and all the reasons for same; I mean the actual worth of the information made us feel twice as rich.

It's incredible what you can do for yourself just by keeping quite still and letting these little things spin around in your head turn; you can't afford not to.

Last May, for instance, Tony and I were getting ready for a real vacation—a three-weeks' vacation without a worry. But one night Tony walked in with his face way down to here and announced that he was in a new picture and would have to leave for Boston location for those three weeks. Anger flared up in me. Something was wrong somewhere. Either the studio had an awful nerve to intrude into Tony's vacation period or he had said yes when he should have said no. But where previously this would have been the extent of my thinking and I would have acted on it, now my mind carried on unbidden to a sad and better end.

If I raised the devil and demanded that Tony keep to our original plan for our vacation, he would. This would mean通知 the studio that they would either have to change the schedule for the picture, or use someone else for the lead. This in turn would mess up the studio's production plans, and their friendship with the studio so that he would feel miserable, and when it was all over what would I have gained? Answer: nothing.

Mike Connolly reports that Corinne Calvet calls the décor of Johnnie Ray's new house "Early Miscellaneous."
the grangers call it love

(Continued from page 62) much about him. Suppose I hated to look at his face! The face was strong, sensitive, beautiful. He stared for a good two minutes and paid tribute. "No wonder she loved him." He had it enlarged and framed, reproduced in sizes small, big and various—for a billboard, a locker, a dresser—sent them all to Jean. From having no picture of her father, she was suddenly surrounded. She cried.

The trip was something she'd hungered for. "I'll never take up the London streets," she moaned, "and get lost in the fog and smell the Thames. I'm homesick for London." The cry echoed in Granger's ears. By good chance, he met an artist who specialized in London scenes—fabled places like Fleet Street and The Mall. With a certain diffidence he broached his scheme, which involved a tiny little street in Hendon. "Its artistic interest may be all. It's not very beautiful except that my wife was born there. Would you go down and draw it for me?" The artist obliged, delivering his sketch to the studio. The cameraman on Beau Brummel, an old friend of Jean's, took a look. "Very nice," he said, "and it wasn't born there. Family moved to Hendon when she was three. If it's her birthplace you want, go to Holloway. Right near the Holloway Jail. Wonderful old pub on the corner. You'll like it." Hendon, the Atlantic, arriving on that strategic day when Jean's hope of joining her husband was finally quashed. She cried again.

BALCONY SCENE

In the Chicago Theatre Rosemary Clooney was midway through one of her songs when she came to a line something like, "I'm just a little girl with no place to go." A joker in the balcony immediately let out a long and loud "Come-on-a-my-house!" and the audience went into hysterics—while Rosie giggled so hard she had to stop singing.

Jack Ramsey
Pocahontas, Virginia

Let's concede there's nothing noteworthy about a man's thoughtfulness for his wife. It does, however, indicate sound relations. Yet the snipers snipe, taking what seems to be almost gleeful aim at the Granger marriage. They can do it no real harm. But when the peppering grows so heavy as to bring phone calls from Jimmy's mother in England, it acquires nuisance value. It also begins to bore the man who holds no personal stake in the game.

Granger is the target, not Jean. Jean is the martyred darling. (A darling she is, though singularly unadored.) What makes him a target is what we profess to admire—individualism. He refuses to be—more accurately, he's incapable of being—anyone but himself. In many communi-

ties, life goes more smoothly if you're cut to a pattern. Granger isn't.

He's a fighter for one thing, and fighters risk treading on people's pet corns. When his spirit yells no, you won't hear his mouth mumbling yes. His are honest batons. When he barks he believes it to be a script that seems ill-suited to himself, a contract he considers one-sided or further lengthy separations from his wife. He's a prideful man, and in England he delivered an ultimatum. "I won't leave Jean again." "Sorry, old boy," they told him, but you're going to South America with Greer Fire. Roger returns in two weeks. He stood his ground, and collision threatened. Though you may have heard hints to the contrary, studios are often human and Granger is reasonable. They pared the two weeks to six days. Granger won.

Moonfleet, which he's making here, presents no problems. But a cloud lurks over the horizon. They want him to do Blow-awn Junction in India. He'd be all for it, if Jean could play the girl. "Or even if they'd let her do a film in Burma," he suggests dryly. "At least we could nip across and see each other. It's this awful sensation of 8000 miles between you's soul destroying. Cables and phone calls don't help much. Hang up the phone and then I feel so I'm blind to MGM's viewpoint. We'll have to work it out together, that's all."

This hardly sounds like the mulish—truculence with which he's sometimes charged. That he's no Job for patience he'd be the first to grant. Inefficiency irks him. His standards of workmanship are high. He won't sacrifice them on the altar of popularity. Universal popularity doesn't head the list of things-he-can't-live-without. Hollywood is an open-armed town, where yesterday's stranger is tomorrow's darling. Not so with Granger, a Britisher and a Scotman, to boot. If one Britisher is more self-contained than another, it's the Scot. Those friends of his and their ambitions tried, he keeps for life. Easy intimacies fail to attract him. "We ask people up here because we want to see them, enjoy talking to you. You can't fit to four hundred at a check. So we have six or ten or even two. What's wrong with that?" The answer, of course, is nothing. You like big parties or you don't, and neither inclination is a subject for censure. But tell that to the critical, who tag him snoopy and bewail the fact that he won't even take poor little Jean out dancing. Either little Jean feels the pain. True, she likes dancing and he's tepid about it. "It's a difference," she points out, "not a yawning abyss." He recognizes the difference. Often, he says, he'll strangle his reluctant pet, "There's this little jive joint somebody told me about." (Both prefer little jive joints to glamour clubs.) "Come on, you dance, I'll dance". Often as not she'll be the one to protest. "Darling, I'm tired. Anyway, Groucho's on tonight."

Others may cavil. His wife feels not the slightest yen to change him. She's purring—content with what he is. They talk the same lingo, the same kind of nonsense exaltrates them. Where Holly- wood is effusive, they thrive on understatement. And so the Granger partnership makes them squirm. "In simple affection," he explains gravely, "we call each other idiot." If she does it, it's cute. It he does it, eyes glaze and turn you into all the papers. "What Granger said" Most are perceptive enough to realize that one man's "idiot" can hold more tenderness than another's gibl "sweetheart." But they need fillers.

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With an adult outlook, each respects the other's need for fulfillment in work. Granger's masculinity doesn't require the prop of a little woman dressing dependence. So long as Jean wants a career, he'll encourage her in it because of the bred-in-the-bone conviction that every person has the right to choose his own way. In acting, she has found her medium. He hasn't.

Physically equipped as few men are to play poorly dressed, poorly fought heroes give him a pain. "They're dull creatures. Nor do I consider that by dressing a wig and sword, you achieve anything much. Half the audience is looking at the studio's viewpoint. His derring-do films bring home the bacon. And who's to argue with bacon? Yes, I'd like to slip out of ruffles now and again into the skin of a real character. But if I don't fight too hard for a change of pace, it's because I'm not all that keen about acting. Acting leaves me feeling fenced in, a little frustrated. I fancy myself creative along some line."

His far-from-secret goal is to be a director. Although it's a serious ambition—most actors don't have one. "I've never known, if the kid's it. I've yapped about it so much, I'll probably never do it. In which case, I can always tell my grandchildren what a film I directed but I have."

They have to have children, though not yet. Through his formal contract, Jean's career stagnated. Now it's blossoming again. She'd like to concentrate on it for a while. "We don't believe in turning up in a yea to a nursery. That planned to go to La Paz. Green Fire was due to finish the first of the month, Desirée to start on the sixteenth. Restorations were made, fingers crossed, then they were told to go. Then Green Fire dragged on through the twelfth and La Paz went a-glimmering. They sighed and swore, each according to his temperament, but they're holding in the twelfth. The twin career holds no terror for them."

"What," demands Granger, "would I do with a woman who's never known the exhaustion of a day at the studio? What would she do with a man who wants only to flop and put his feet up? Words, I imagine, would flow like Niagara, and words have been known to lead to drastic action. Jean and I understand without too many words, but never, be possessed by the thorns of the same profession."

REAR WINDOW

A few years ago as I was driving to a friend's house, I needed to stop for gas in the car in front of me was looking out of the back window and thinking faces. He was so funny that I couldn't help laughing. He pointed his finger at the car and continued to make faces at me and other cars that went past. Then I recognized that versatile face—it belonged to Bob Hope!

Linda Young
Austin, Texas

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Needless, he plunges on. "Whereas my wife can sleep through thunder, earthquakes and dogs licking her face. On those rare moments when she was employed, Rush Ion brings in the coffee. I drink it, with this dead body beside me. I shower, I dress, I go out and putter around the garden. Contrary to popular report, I do not uproot trees with my bare hands. My horticulture consists in meditating on what to tell the gardener to do next. I change the truck, take a plunge in the pool. By now it's ten, so I look in on my sleeping beauty. She continues to lie motionless. I drop a heavy object. Nothing happens. I get up, I clunk her over the head three or four times."

"With a soft hammer," she prompts. Then they eye each other. "Uh-uh. Somebody might hear you." A hammer deleted. What I actually do is open the door to the clustered animals and let them climb over her."

The animals number four. Two cats called Traybert, in combined honor of Spencer Tracy and agent Bert Allenberg. Two miniature poodles—Young Bess from the movie of the same name, Old Beau after Beau Brummell. Granger is this kind of despot. Jean says: "I would like a cat." He says: "Darling, you don't want a cat," and orders a couple of Siamese.

**Finally dragged from unconsciousness,** Jean breakfasts in bed with the newspaper, nothing but the funnies. Every picture and word of the funnies from stem to stern. Then the columns. If she's mentioned, she yells. If I'm mentioned, she yells, too, though not quite so loud. If she devours them in silence, it's a sign that nobody she knows got a tumbler that day. If she developed whether she's relieved or disappointed.

"A smidgen of both," she tells him. They putter some more, they inspect their once barren hillside, now blooming like paradise. They bask in the sunlit hours of a lazy day. "How can you itemize these activities," she asks him, "and find that anyone should be interested in the trivia of their daily lives, but doing his best to obligé. Friends may drop in. They're reputedly British circle is liberally sprinkled with Americans—Tracy and Allenberg, Garland and Luft, directors Cukor and Kazan. Jimmy cooks up some dinner. Jean hears. Then the minor arts fascinate her at a distance. She eats what he gives her, criticizing all the while. "This meat's too well done. There's not enough pepper."

"I think I had it right. I'll think about it. Ask me in fifty years."

**W hen they're alone evenings, TV holds them enthralled.** "Being competition, it makes us feel slightly guilty. We swallow our guilt and tune in just the same." He's mad for baseball and the fights. She playbrows, too. Baseball likes. "Unless the blokes paste each other too hard."

"Then she ducks. Our attachment to TV seems to grow from the programs than the sociability. It's cozy lounging together on the couch with a bottle of beer in your hand. You watch the Rhenigold commerical and take another slug of Budweiser.

"For that remark Rhenigold will doubtless curse you."

"It's a typographical error. It's also time for you to pop back into bed."

We caught a final glimpse of them in the doorway, Bess' tufted head peaked out of the nest of Jean's arms. Looking for something to chew, Beau took a sniff at Jimmy's shoe. The Grangers, big and little, stood close. They stood close in more than the physical sense. They're happy. They love each other. Let's leave 'em be.

**End**

**why try to change me now?**

(Continued from page 49. Telephone, no TV set, not even a radio to invade one's privacy. There was only the hypnotic tone of the surf beyond the picture window. . . .

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**End**

**Next time a writer asks me for a story idea,** she announced, "I'm going to come up with one for him. A story to be called if You Don't Like It, Lump It."

Ah! you might well think. Now that she has formed her own picture company, now that she isn't tied down by a contract, Miss Jane shouldn't concern herself with what the public says.

No such thing. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the controversial storms she has shrugged her way through with apparent indifference, Jane has always needed approbation more than most movie stars. She goes out of her way to avoid antagonizing anyone; she's deeply how the public feels and she isn't about to develop one of those 'I'm-bigger-than-all-my-critics' complexes.

**T here was a reason for her saying what she said, however. One of the friends relaxing with her that Sunday was a writer, now a writer, who was a tiresome, uninhibited, for your own good advice about a certain current Russell project which had nothing whatever to do with the making of motion pictures. The**
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crazy music, ran into a columnist who reported the following day that Miss Russell considered the Almighty "a Livin' Doll when you get to know Him." A national magazine then noticed the comment, and there were sanctimonious howls of outrage at her blasphemy and retorts from cooler heads pointing out that if Old Jane knew more about Him a Livin' Doll, she was in much better shape than people who didn’t know Him at all. Jane was mildly surprised but not at all upset by the publicity, as it confirmed placidly. "It sounds just like me—why, you’ve heard me say it a hundred times." She doesn’t regard that as one of her mistakes. But she’s a wicked one, all right. At the end of her nightly prayer she has even been known to implore the Lord to take care of Himself.

WHEN MAGAZINES begin to put out in a round of stories asking whether success has immortalized Jane Russell, they’ll just be words. Currently the Old One’s (Miss Russel’s four brothers’ pet name for her) favorite song is a standard called, "Why Try to Change Me Now?" and it ought to be her theme song. Nobody is going to change Jane, for her own good or otherwise. She’s as stubborn as a mule, unapproachable in her loyalty—and she’ll stay that way. She indulges whims she knows will land her in hot water up to her chin. She always listens to people who know more about making movies than she does and, unaccountably, she sometimes listens to people who wouldn’t know a camera angle from a hole in a doughnut. She’s convinced that she’s a sound judge of character and yet, jokingly or not, she sets quite a store by astrology. "I don’t even know why I like you," she often complains to one of her friends. "Everyone knows that Gemini can’t stand Taureans!"

She’s, curiously as a squirrel about strangers—some strangers—but never try to make book on which one will trip. When they don’t, she ignores them. "I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life," relates a member of the RKO publicity team. "We were in the gallery, shooting some art for a magazine cover, when the editor of the magazine came in. I introduced them, and Jane said, ‘Hi,’ in that disinterested voice that I ought to recognize by now. Then she worked right through that woman for two hours. I nearly wore myself out trying to make small talk.

"Still, you can’t get mad at her. After all, just to do these addresses, she was giv ing up a day when she could have been at the beach. She made every costume change we asked; she did everything the photographer said... wherever else—and if I had said anything to her about it, she’d have answered with something sarcastic, like, ‘Who’s going to put my mind on a magazine cover?’ You can’t get mad at her.

When she thinks a stranger is bright or cute or funny, believe it or not, Jane is shy. The highest compliments paid her head and you, sneaking only an occasional glance of appraisal. She becomes a model of decorum, causing studio representatives to shift uneasily from foot to foot. If she’s satisfied that this one is worth the time, for instance, she might pull a complete switch in the next moment and become the Legend. This myth, perpetuated and carefully nurtured by a lunch-hour-to-voted crew, insists that Miss Russell is mean as a snake, arrogant, temperamental, unreasonable—and her mother should bite her when she gets home. I feel unfortun ate about it—except that she always has given up her free time in the past. The way it used to be, Jane was up at the crack of dawn in order to drive in from

This work is derived from Wikipedia. This sentence does not appear to be an error.
the valley and arrive at the studio on time. She worked through the morning, ate her way through a lunch interview, and hurried back to the dressing-room. Usually there were other writers visiting the set, waiting to talk to her between scenes, and a member of the RKO publicity department was made to order the phone calls—all urgent—that came in for Jane in the course of a single day. Small wonder that she cracked up. 

Stella Kamp  
Miami Beach, Florida

The woman's touch

I went to the première of Lucky Me in Miami Beach and sat next to a man wearing a black sports outfit with a blazing white tie. When the lights went up for the floor show I must have been staring at this strange outfit for the man smiled at me and said, "Kinda loud, huh? But my wife made it for me and I love it." It was Robert Cummings.

Now she has cute Penny Sweeney of the dandelion cellulure to screen the calls and the visitors, and she keeps her lunch hour free. Know what she does with it, besides resting, praying and crying? She answers the calls that worry her the most. That's what that you're in trouble. The phone rings, you answer, and this flat, unemotional voice says, "Hi, this is Jane. How are you today?" After the first time, you won't want to talk. After the third or fourth time you stop puzzling about the rest of it. There doesn't have to be a reason why she concerns herself with you; she just does. Her voice doesn't seize solicitude with every syllable, she doesn't comfort you in worldly affectionate terms of affection a la Hollywood, she doesn't preen yourself, she comes as it were, as simple, hard-head logic, "Look, do you have a really good doctor?" Or lawyer or candlestick maker, depending on your particular need. "Be careful if you haven't, mine is the best." It's entirely possible that Jane's doctor, lawyer and candlestick maker do more charity work than professional philanthropy, and apparently they're happy about it. They scheme payment for whatever service they have rendered warmly but firmly, "Anyone who's a friend of Jane's is what they say.

Of course she believes in miracles and kill-or-cure methods. There is a reporter in Hollywood rumored to be sitting in a corner gibbering and playing with a piece of string, on account of Jane. It seems that he had a blue-ribbon assignment on her, one of those directives that said, "IMPERATIVE DROP EVERYTHING ELSE, DEADLINE." So he went to U-I to visit her on the Foxfire set. He was moping around her dressing-room when she came in, and immediately Jane asked, "What's the matter with you?" "I dunno," he answered. "Picked up some kind of bug; I guess." "So what are you doing here?" "Well," the reporter was vague, as reporters usually are, "it has this assignment on you." Jane clobbered him with a look. "I'm not going to talk to you," she said with abso-

lute finality. "You look horrible. Go home and go to bed." "But my story—" "I said, go to bed. I'll call you later." She did. She called that day and the next and the next. The second day she had a personal physician at hand. The third day she turned up with the most novel idea in publishing history; she had a writer from a competitive publication in her dressing-room when she called. "I told you about this," she said. "He says he'll be glad to help you out in any way he can. Write your story for you or anything." Big joke.

The only thing she was steadfast in refusing to do, other than the telephone or otherwise, was to hold still for any interview. "My doctor says you're too sick to work," she said stubbornly, "and if I don't give you any money I'll never see a story." And if he didn't write the story, he's probably peddling pencils on a street corner, or playing with that piece of string.

But why try to change her now? She's a magnificent, complex creature of fantastic impulses and pedestrian caution which are almost always in conflict. Like quicksilver and the sea, Jane is changeless. She's only in a different mood right now. A grave, adult mood acknowledging that this might well be the most important year of her life. For the first time since she appeared on the Hollywood scene, Jane is a free agent.

While she was under contract to Howard Hughes, Miss Russell probably didn't realize how relatively sheltered she was. When she read a script, she didn't have to look into a crystal ball and decide whether the part would be a hit or lay an egg; she merely had to play the role written for her. The outcome involved neither her money nor any responsibility. Now it's all changed. She and Bob Waterfield will sink or swim on the strength of Russfield, and Robert admits knows nothing yet about making movies. Jane will judge script and visualize a picture, buy it or turn it down. Dicker for co-stars and directors. Rely on her own judgment regarding promotion, publicity and a dozen other facets.

It's enough to make anyone serious, but Old Jane faces the future confidently because she's not unduly delusional, that she has mustered a very dirty word: compromise. She hasn't, of course, since in her books compromising doesn't include making compromise up with anything less than she wanted originally.

How does she compromise? "Well, take music. Bob Thiele of Coral likes me to try anything," she said. "I like to make another kind of my own. So I do four that he wants, and then he lets me do four of my own." "Or in picture-making Universal wanted me for Foxfire and we want to borrow Jeff Chandler for a Russfield production. So we compromised."

"Or in private life. If Robert wants to go fishing in the mountains and I want to go to the beach, we can't both do so we compromise—he goes fishing and I go to the beach." Jane was perfectly serious, explaining all this, although in every instance she cited, Jane Russell ended up getting what she wanted. Apparently "compromise" means that she gets what she wants immediately or five minutes later.

Lastly, the Old One smiled, and her eyelids dropped to cover some secret thought of her own. "It let you in on some thing. There are some situations where it looks like I'm compromising, I let people think I am. Only, I'm not—I'm just didn't my time." The thought had mischief in it, but why try to change her now?
it's a brand new brando

(Continued from page 6) his personal relationships. He likes people instead of fearing them. His conduct with Joanne Mari-

ian, is different from his old manners with women. Joanne is a black-haired, brown-eyed, eleven-year-old girl from the Orient. When Joanne came to Hollywood, she visited him on the Desirée set every day. He was kind, considerate and attentive to her. He was always careful not to show any affection to a girl, particularly in public. But with Joanne he was every inch the courting gentleman.

When Parachute War was shooting, Brando might take her picture with him, Brando grinned and shook his head. "You better not," he said. "Don't you think a picture goes right to intrude on her privacy." Because Brando was so gracious, the photographers agreed.

They saw Joanne around Hollywood a great deal. Phil Rhodes, Brando's friend, used to drive her to and from the studio, and they could have photographed her a dozen times. But why get Bud Brando sore with the producer out of his way to help? Who is responsible for Brando's new attitude? Why has he changed his tune? Only a year ago he was saying, "I've had enough of the screen for a long time. I'm going to take the next two years off for two reasons: to get some experience. Now I've got 'em both and I'm pulling out." He talked about going to Europe and to the Far East and making pictures that would be financed by royalty on Hollywood and its ways. He claimed that unjustifiably he had been depicted as an irresponsible screwball. After Julius Caesar, he was more of a long while before he hit the West Coast again.

For a while he was true to his word. He flew back to the East and presently his girl friend, whom he then called Movita, Gradually, Movita helped weaken Bud's prejudice against Hollywood.

"You're too sensitive," she told him. "You're typical of your kind. You're a long way from understanding. Why do you care what they say about you? They think you're rough and crude and crazy. But all the people who know you respect you. You're good. You do something well with you like and respect you." But Bud was still hurt.

When Julius Caesar opened in New York, Brando was asked, explaining, "I just couldn't go through it." Asked if he'd read the wonderful reviews, he said, "I never read reviews. They either praise you or kick you. But they don't help you.

Then Stanley Kramer, the producer for whom Brando had made his first Hollywood movie, The Men, telephoned to say that he was making a picture to be called The Wild One, and he wanted Brando, that he needed him badly. Would Bud come out of the West Coast and do this one favor? Bud went. He has an indescribable sense of loyalty and friendship.

He understood that certain of his pals were getting minor parts in The Wild One. They didn't want him to present it deeply. After the film was finished, he said, "I'm getting out of Hollywood and this time I'm really going."

One more time he flew to New York where he signed to play in summer stock for a friend at $125 a week. Bud has great admiration for Elia Kazan, the talented stage and film direc-

tor. It was Kazan who gave Brando his first big break by casting him as Stan Ko-

walski in A Streetcar Named Desire. In New York, Kazan began to talk with Bud about another movie, Schubert, dealing with waterfront scandals.

Brando agreed to make the picture. Most 92 of it was shot in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Bud loved making the picture. He reported to work each day in work trousers and leather jacket. He rode the trains and subs, home hardly ever being recog-

ized. When Bud promised to go to the graphs until his fingers were numb. Never in his life has he refused an autograph.

In the Waterfront film, for example, Sam Spiegel, the producer, was not very happy in paying some of the featured players their salaries. Marlon raised a fuss about it.

"Sam," he said, "you've got some nerve keeping this up. You know the money. Where do you come off with that stuff? Spiegel paid off quickly.

After On The Waterfront was com-

pleted Marlon Brando, Sr., that a cattle ranch to be put up for auction in eastern Colorado. "I've got about 600 head of cattle out in Nebraska," Brando thought it would be a good idea to have them feed on my own ranch. I'm partners with my father—we have a company called B. R. Ranch. Inc.

I need another $150,000.

"Just about then MCA, my agents, called and said that Fox wanted me for The Egyptian. I could get $150,000 for the picture. That seemed to be the answer.

When Brando arrived in Hollywood early this year, he knew in his heart that he was about to make a film for one reason—money. That realization ate into him. He is a sensitive young man who takes money from time to time has denounced money—

Howard Hawks is in Egypt, filming Land of the Pharaohs. He hired 3,000 extras for the opening scene. It was at the quarry where the stones for the Pyramids were cut. The preparations began before dawn. At 1:30 P.M., after long hours in the sun, the 3,000 extras finally were in their proper places. Just as the director gave the signal for the cameras to start grinding, his Hungarian aide noticed that an extra's toupee was askew.

He shouted a signal in Hungarian, over the loudspeaker, to an-

other Hungarian who was in charge of that section. In less than a minute two extras had rushed off. Hawks and his aide later learned that the Hungarian word sounded like the Egyptian word for "LUNCH.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

bad persons as "uncionscious hucksters." The resulting struggle with himself turned Marlon so sick that he felt he must have the help of a psychiatrist. So he went to the doctor before The Egyptian started and flew to New York and the care of psychiatrist Dr. Bella Mittellmann.

Immediately, the studio filed suit and the doctors ordered Marlon to go on a medical leave. A few weeks later Brando was told that his mother, Mrs. Dorothy Brando, was ill in Pasadena. He flew back to California at once. When he got there, Dr. Mittellmann told Bud and his mother had always been very close. Mrs. Brando knew that in Marlon she had something of a maverick. She loved Marlon and sympathized with him, and tried to bring him comfort and hope. Before she died, she said, "Bud, I want you to get along with people, to love them instead of fighting them. Don't fight with the world, you can't win with anyone. Sometimes it's hard but you must get along with people. You love this life. It's the only one.

Marlon said he would do his best.

His mother died on March 31. A few weeks later Brando made his peace with the studio and agreed to report for the role of Napoleon in Desirée.

The studio believed that he would be vindictive and antagonistic.

Instead Bud has been all sweetness and light. He is even trying to divorce "I promised my mother that things would be okay."

When Bud was asked about his reported breakup with Movita instead of knowing his top as he would have done in the old days, he said calmly, "We're still friends and Movita is still a very lovely person., but there was an embargo on that subject."

Movita spoke more freely.

"Isn't it possible," she asked, "for a man and woman to have a friendship without its being a formal marriage? I think we are. I am still friends. We talk over the phone every few days. But I never had any intention or desire to marry him. Ap-

parently, he's never wanted to marry."

"Before he settles down to family re-

sponsibilities he wants to travel. Marlon is a wonderful person involved in the some-
time, Bud wants to find himself."

Another young beauty who dated Bud in Hollywood and is convinced that he possesses all the virtues is Rita Moreno.

"I went out with Marlon a couple of times," Rita said, "and he was a perfect gentleman. He's relatively quiet, but when he speaks he says something worthwhile."

"When you look out for the stories of his alleged weirdness is simple. The press," he says, "is responsible for spreading all those wacky stories. When I was in a theater in New York I didn't want to go to the resort to do The Men, the publicity guys told me to go around and visit another columnist at home. I didn't have anything to say, and when they left he knew I wasn't about to go visiting, I became 'naughty, naughty Marlon Brando."

"Then I was interviewed by some writers and reporters and they asked—they asked—so intimate, such an out-and-

out infringement on a man's privacy."

Marlon admits he wasn't too diploma-

tic years ago. "But I've learned," he says, "and that's why I'm not posing for any pictures in blue jeans and a T-shirt. I've got suits. I know how to look well, I won't want to do."

When Marlon finished Desirée, he was heading for the Venice Film Festival where Waterfront was to be entered in the con-

test.

"How about that Mariana girl?" he was asked. "Will you see her in Europe?"

Brando grinned. "I'm trying to be very cooperative. I'm not a press person," he said. "I'm trying to be helpful and helpful. But somehow I don't ever think I can get to the point of discussing girls I know. A man is entitled to his private life even if he is an actor, and attempts to invade it—well, I still consider them out-

rageous." But he said it good-naturedly.

A year ago he would have grown sullen.

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